

**S**

*from the*

**P D**

, ,

*by*

First edition,

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**C**

Abide with me .....  
 America .....  
 America the Beautiful .....  
 Am I Not Fondly Thine Own .....  
 Annie Laurie .....  
 The Ash Grove .....  
 The Battle Hymn of the Republic ..  
 The Battle Prayer .....  
 The bell doth toll (Round) .....  
 Be Still, My Soul .....  
 The Birds' Ball .....  
 The Blue Bells of Scotland .....  
 Boating Song .....  
 Bonnie Doon .....  
 Bride Bells .....  
 Brightly dawns our wedding day .  
 A British Tar .....  
 By the Sad Sea Waves .....  
 A Capital Ship .....  
 Catch Round the Table (Now we are met).  
 Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing.  
 Come again, sweet love .....  
 Come Follow (Round) .....  
 Come Follow Me Merrily (Round) ..  
 Come Let Us All A-Maying Go (Round).  
 Could I a maiden find .....  
 The criminal cried .....  
 Darby and Joan .....  
 De Brevitate Vitæ (Gaudeamus Igitur).  
 The Distant Shore .....  
 Dixie .....  
 Dreaming of Home and Mother ....  
 Dublin Bay .....  
 Ego sum pauper (Round) .....  
 Ein Prosit .....  
 Fairy Belle .....

The Flight of Love .....  
 The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring.  
 Flow Gently, Sweet Afton .....  
 For he's a jolly good fellow .....  
 Gaudeamus Hodie (Round) .....  
 Gaudeamus Igitur (De Brevitate Vitæ).  
 The Girl I Left Behind Me .....  
 Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken.  
 Glory be to Jesus .....  
 God be with you till we meet again.  
 God so loved the world .....  
 Good Night Ladies .....  
 Hail! Smiling Morn .....  
 The Hand that Holds the Bread ....  
 Happy Hours at Home .....  
 Hard Times .....  
 Hark! the vesper hymn is stealing.  
 The Harp that Once Through Tara's Halls  
 The Hazel Dell .....  
 The Heart Bowed Down .....  
 He that Will an Alehouse Keep (Round).  
 Home Sweet Home .....  
 A Hot Time in the Old Town .....  
 How can I leave thee .....  
 How Lovely Is the Evening (Round) .  
 I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls ....  
 Integer Vitæ .....  
 In the Spring .....  
 It was a lover and his lass .....  
 Jamie's on the Stormy Sea .....  
 Jenny the Flower of Kildare .....  
 Jesus, Lover of my soul .....  
 Jesus! the very thought of Thee ..  
 John Anderson, my jo .....  
 Johnny Sands .....  
 Killarney .....

La ci darem la mano .....  
 Lead Kindly Light .....  
 Let Us Sing (The Waits) .....  
 A Life on the Ocean Wave .....  
 Listen to the Mocking Bird .....  
 The Little Tin Soldier .....  
 Live we singing .....  
 Loch Lomond .....  
 Long, Long Ago .....  
 The Lorelei .....  
 Love's Chidings .....  
 Love's Young Dream .....  
 Maid of Athens .....  
 The March of Prohibition .....  
 Merrily Greet the Morn (Round) ...  
 Merrily Sing .....  
 The Midshipmite .....  
 The Minstrel Boy .....  
 Mister Speaker, though 'tis late (Round).  
 My bonny lass she smileth .....  
 My Old Kentucky Home .....  
 Nancy Lee .....  
 Night Song .....  
 Now is the month of maying .....  
 Now we are met (Catch Round the Table).  
 O Calm of Night .....  
 Ode to Joy .....  
 O Fair Dove, O Fond Dove .....  
 Oft in the stilly night .....  
 Oh, happy is the man that hears .  
 Oh My Love (Round) .....  
 Old Dog Tray .....  
 The Old Folks at Home .....  
 The Old Musician and His Harp .....  
 The Old Time .....

On the Banks of the Wabash, Far Away  
 O Sole Mio .....  
 Praise of Spring .....  
 Punchinello .....  
 Red is the Rose .....  
 The Roast Beef of Old England .....  
 Robin Adair .....  
 Rule Britannia .....  
 Sailing .....  
 Saint Patrick's Day .....  
 Santa Lucia .....  
 Saved From the Storm .....  
 Scotch Lassie Jean .....  
 Shoot false love I care not .....  
 The Sidewalks of New York .....  
 Since first I saw your face .....  
 Skating (Round) .....  
 Soldier's Hymn .....  
 Song of Spring .....  
 The Spacious Firmament on High.  
 Sweet Genevieve .....  
 The Tailor and the Mouse .....  
 There's Music in the Air .....  
 Tit-Willow .....  
 Trust .....  
 'Twere vain to tell .....  
 Vive L'Amour .....  
 The Waits (Let Us Sing) .....  
 A Warrior Bold .....  
 When I go out of door .....  
 When I in pain and sorrow moan .  
 When Jesus Wept (Round) .....  
 When You and I Were Young, Maggie.  
 Where There's a Will There's a Way.  
 With Horse and Hound .....



# H! S M

Reginald Spofforth (-)

*f*  
Hail, \_\_\_\_\_ smil-ing morn, smil-ing morn that tips the hills with

*f*  
Hail, Hail, smil - ing morn, smil - ing morn that tips the hills with

*f*  
Hail, Hail, smil-ing morn, smil-ing morn, that tips the hills with

*f*  
Hail, Hail, smil - ing morn, smil - ing morn, \_\_\_\_\_

*p* *f*  
gold, that tips the hills with gold, whose ro - sy fin-gers ope the

*p* *f*  
gold, that tips the hills with gold, whose ro-sy fin-gers ope the

*p* *f*  
gold, that tips the hills with gold, whose ro-sy fin-gers ope the

*p* *f*  
\_\_\_\_\_ that tips the hills with gold, whose ro - sy fin-gers ope the

11

gates of day, \_\_\_\_\_

<sup>8</sup> gates of day, \_\_\_\_\_

<sup>8</sup> gates of day, \_\_\_\_\_ ope the gates of

gates of day, \_\_\_\_\_

Detailed description: This block contains measures 11 through 15 of a musical score. It consists of four staves. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff is an alto clef with a key signature of one sharp. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are: 'gates of day, \_\_\_\_\_' on the first staff, 'gates of day, \_\_\_\_\_' on the second staff, 'gates of day, \_\_\_\_\_ ope the gates of' on the third staff, and 'gates of day, \_\_\_\_\_' on the fourth staff. There are various musical notations including eighth notes, quarter notes, and half notes, some with slurs and ties.

16

— ope the gates, the gates of day, Hail Hail Hail!

<sup>8</sup> — ope the gates, the gates of day, Hail Hail Hail Hail!

<sup>8</sup> day, ope the gates, the gates of day, Hail Hail Hail Hail!

— ope the gates, the gates of day, Hail Hail Hail Hail!

Detailed description: This block contains measures 16 through 19 of a musical score. It consists of four staves. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. The second staff is an alto clef with a key signature of one sharp. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are: '— ope the gates, the gates of day, Hail Hail Hail!' on the first staff, '— ope the gates, the gates of day, Hail Hail Hail Hail!' on the second staff, 'day, ope the gates, the gates of day, Hail Hail Hail Hail!' on the third staff, and '— ope the gates, the gates of day, Hail Hail Hail Hail!' on the fourth staff. The music ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. There are various musical notations including eighth notes, quarter notes, and half notes, some with slurs and ties.



21 *f*

Who the gay face of nature doth un - fold, \_\_\_\_\_

*f*

Who the gay face of nature doth un-fold, Who the gay face of nature doth un-

*f*

Who the gay face of nature doth un-fold, Who the gay face of nature doth un-

*f*

Who the gay face of nature doth un-fold, Who the gay face of nature doth un-

28 *p* *pp*

\_\_\_\_\_ at whose bright presence, darkness flies a-way, flies a - way, \_\_\_\_\_ flies a-

*p*

fold, at whose bright presence, darkness flies a-way, flies a-way,

*p*

fold, at whose bright presence, darkness flies a-way, flies a-way,

*p*

fold, at whose bright presence, darkness flies a-way, flies a-way,

35 *cresc.*

way, \_\_\_\_\_ dark-ness flies a-way, dark-ness flies a - way, at whose bright

*pp*

flies a-way, dark-ness flies a-way, dark-ness flies a - way, at whose bright

*pp*

flies a-way, dark-ness flies a-way, dark-ness flies a - way, at whose bright

*pp*

flies a-way, dark-ness flies a-way, dark-ness flies a - way, at whose bright

42 *fz fz p cresc.*

presence, dark-ness flies \_\_\_\_\_ a-way, flies a - way, \_\_\_\_\_

*fz fz*

presence, dark-ness flies \_\_\_\_\_ a-way, dark-ness flies a-

*fz fz cresc.*

presence, dark-ness flies \_\_\_\_\_ a-way, flies a - way, \_\_\_\_\_

*fz fz*

presence, dark-ness flies \_\_\_\_\_ a-way, dark-ness flies a-

50 *f*

Hail Hail Hail Hail Hail Hail Hail Hail!

*f*

way, dark-ness flies a-way, Hail Hail Hail Hail Hail Hail!

*f*

Hail Hail Hail Hail Hail Hail Hail Hail!

*f*

way, dark-ness flies a-way, Hail Hail Hail Hail Hail Hail Hail Hail!

# H L I E

(R)

Oh, how love - ly is the eve - ning, is the eve - ning,

When the bells are sweet - ly ring - ing, sweet - ly ring - ing!

Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding dong.

# P S

## (Lob des Frühlings)

Johann Ludwig Uhland (-)

Felix Mendelssohn (-)

*p* *cresc.* *sf* *sf* *dim.*

Op-'ning buds, black-bird's call, Lark's sweet carol, sun-ny days, Fruit-ful

*p* *cresc.* *sf* *sf* *dim.*

show-ers, balm-y gale! When of such sweet things we're chant-ing, Say, O

*p* *cresc.*

9 *cresc.* *sf* *p*

Spring, what is there want-ing Here on earth to swell thy praise, here on swell thy

*cresc.* *sf*

13 *f cresc.* *p*

earth to swell thy praise, here on earth to swell thy praise? Op-'ning

praise, *f cresc.* *p*

17 *p* *cresc.* *sf* *f* *f*

buds, blackbird's call, Lark's sweet car-ol, sun - ny days, Fruit-ful

*p* *cresc.* *sf* *f* *f*

Op-'ning buds, blackbird's call, Lark's sweet carol, Fruit-ful, fruitful

21 *dim.* *p* *cresc.*  
 show - ers, balm - y gale, balm - y gale! When of such sweet things we're  
*dim.* *p* *cresc.*  
 show - ers, balm - y gale!

25 *cresc.*  
 chant - ing, Say, O Spring, what is there want - ing Here on earth to swell thy  
*cresc.*

29 *p* *f*  
 praise, here on earth to swell thy praise, here on earth to swell thy  
 swell thy praise,  
*p* *f*

33 *p* *cresc.*  
 praise, here on earth to swell thy praise, here on earth to swell thy  
*p* *cresc.*

37 *f* *mf* *dim.*  
 praise, here on earth, to swell thy praise, on earth to swell thy praise?  
*f* *mf* *dim.*

# L

Moritz Hauptmann (-)

$\text{♩} = 92$   
*mf*

Live we sing-ing, danc-ing, spring-ing, Al-ways full of plea-sure, Live we but for

happi-ness, Not for care and grief; Live we sing-ing, live we danc-ing, spring-ing,  
Live we sing-ing, danc-ing, spring-ing,

Al-ways full of plea-sure, Live we but for hap - pi-ness, Not care and  
Al-ways full of plea-sure, Live we but for hap-pi-ness, Not for care and

grief, Live we sing-ing, live sing - - ing, live we sing-ing, And  
grief; Live we sing-ing, live we danc-ing, spring-ing, Al-ways full of plea-sure,  
*mf*  
Live we sing-ing, danc-ing, spring-ing, Al-ways full of plea-sure,

21

al-ways full of plea - sure, Not care and grief, Live we singing,  
 Live we but for hap - pi-ness, Not care and grief, Live we singing, live  
 Live we but for happi-ness, Not for care and grief; Live we singing, live we

26

danc-ing, spring-ing, Al-ways full of plea-sure, Live we but for hap-pi-ness,  
 sing - - ing, live we sing - ing, And al-ways full of plea - sure,  
 danc-ing, spring-ing, Al-ways full of plea-sure, Live we but for hap - pi-

31

Not for care and grief, Live we sing-ing, live we danc-ing, spring-ing,  
 Not care and grief, Live we sing-ing, danc-ing, spring-ing,  
 ness, Not care and grief, Live we sing-ing, live sing - -

35

Al-ways full of plea-sure, Al-ways full of plea-sure, Not care and grief.  
 Al-ways full of plea-sure, Al-ways full of plea-sure, Not care and grief.  
 ing, live we sing - ing, And al-ways full of plea-sure, Not care and grief.

# T W

Jeremiah Savile,

Let us all sing, mer-ri-ly sing, let us all sing, mer-ri - ly sing, Till

ech - o a-round us, ech-o a-round us, ech-o a-round us re -

spon-sive shall ring! Fa la la la la la la la, Fa la la la

*poco rit.*  
la la la la, Fa la la la la la la la, la\_\_ la la la, Fa la la la la la!

# N

Thomas Morley (-)

1. Now is the month of may-ing, When mer-ry lads are play-ing,  
 2. The Spring, clad all in glad-ness Doth laugh at Win-ter's sad-ness,  
 3. Fie then! why sit we mus-sing Youth's sweet delight re-fu-sing?

1. Now is the month of may-ing, When mer-ry lads are play-ing,  
 2. The Spring, clad all in glad-ness Doth laugh at Win-ter's sad-ness,  
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 2. The Spring, clad all in glad-ness Doth laugh at Win-ter's sad-ness,  
 3. Fie then! why sit we mus-sing Youth's sweet delight re-fu-sing?



1. 2.

fa la la la la la la, fa la la la la la, Now The Fie Each And Say,

fa la la la la la la, fa la la la la la, Now The Fie Each And Say,

8 fa la la la la la, fa la la la la la, Now The Fie Each And Say,

8 fa la la la la la, fa la la la la la, Now The Fie Each And Say,

fa la la la la la, fa la la la la la, Now The Fie Each And Say,

11

with his bon - ny lass Up - on the gree - ny  
to the bag - pipe's sound The nymphs tread out their  
dain - ty nymphs, and speak, Shall we play bar - ley -

with his bon - ny lass Up - on the gree - ny  
to the bag - pipe's sound The nymphs tread out their  
dain - ty nymphs, and speak, Shall we play bar - ley -

8 with his bon - ny lass Up - on the gree - ny  
to the bag - pipe's sound The nymphs tread out their  
dain - ty nymphs, and speak, Shall we play bar - ley -

8 with his bon - ny lass Up - on the gree - ny  
to the bag - pipe's sound The nymphs tread out their  
dain - ty nymphs, and speak, Shall we play bar - ley -

with his bon - ny lass Up - on the gree - ny  
to the bag - pipe's sound The nymphs tread out their  
dain - ty nymphs, and speak, Shall we play bar - ley -

1. 2.

grass. ground. break? Fa la la la la, fa la la la la la la la, fa la la la. And la. Each Say

grass. ground. break? Fa la la la la, fa la la la la, fa la la la la la la la. And la. Each Say

grass. ground. break? Fa la la la la, fa la la la, fa la la la la, fa la la la la. And la. Each Say

grass. ground. break? Fa la la la la, — fa la la la la la, fa la. And la. Each Say

grass. ground. break? Fa la la la la la, fa la la la la la, fa la la la la la. And la. Each Say

# M

Thomas Morley (-)

1. My bon-ny lass she smil-eth, When she my heart be-guil-eth  
2. When she her sweet eye turn-eth, O how my heart it burn-eth.

1. My bon-ny lass she smil-eth, When she my heart be-guil-eth  
2. When she her sweet eye turn-eth, O how my heart it burn-eth.

1. My bon-ny lass she smil-eth, When she my heart be-guil-eth Fa la la la  
2. When she her sweet eye turn-eth, O how my heart it burn-eth.

1. My bon-ny lass she smil-eth, When she my heart be-guil-eth Fa la la la  
2. When she her sweet eye turn-eth, O how my heart it burn-eth.

1. My bon-ny lass she smil-eth, When she my heart be-guil-eth Fa la la la  
2. When she her sweet eye turn-eth, O how my heart it burn-eth.

Fa la la la la la la. Fa la la la la la. Fa la la la la la. la. 1. Smile  
2. Dear

Fa la la la la la la la la. Fa la la la. Fa la la la. la. 1. Smile  
2. Dear

la la la. Fa la la la. Fa la la la la. Fa la la la la la. la. 1. Smile  
2. Dear

\_ la la. Fa la la la la la la la la. Fa la la la la la la. la. 1. Smile  
2. Dear

la la la. Fa la la la. Fa la la la la. Fa la la la la la. la. la.

15

less dear love there-fore. And you shall love me more. Fa la la la la la. Fa love call in their light, Or else you'll burn me quite.

less dear love there-fore. And you shall love me more. Fa la la la la love call in their light, Or else you'll burn me quite.

less dear love there-fore. And you shall love me more. Fa la la. Fa la la love call in their light, Or else you'll burn me quite.

less dear love there-fore. And you shall love me more. Fa la la la la la love call in their light, Or else you'll burn me quite.

1. And you shall love me more. Fa la la. Fa la la  
2. Or else you'll burn me quite.

22

la la la. Fa la la la la la la la. 1. Smile la.  
2. Dear

la la la. Fa la la la la la la la la. 1. Smile la.  
2. Dear

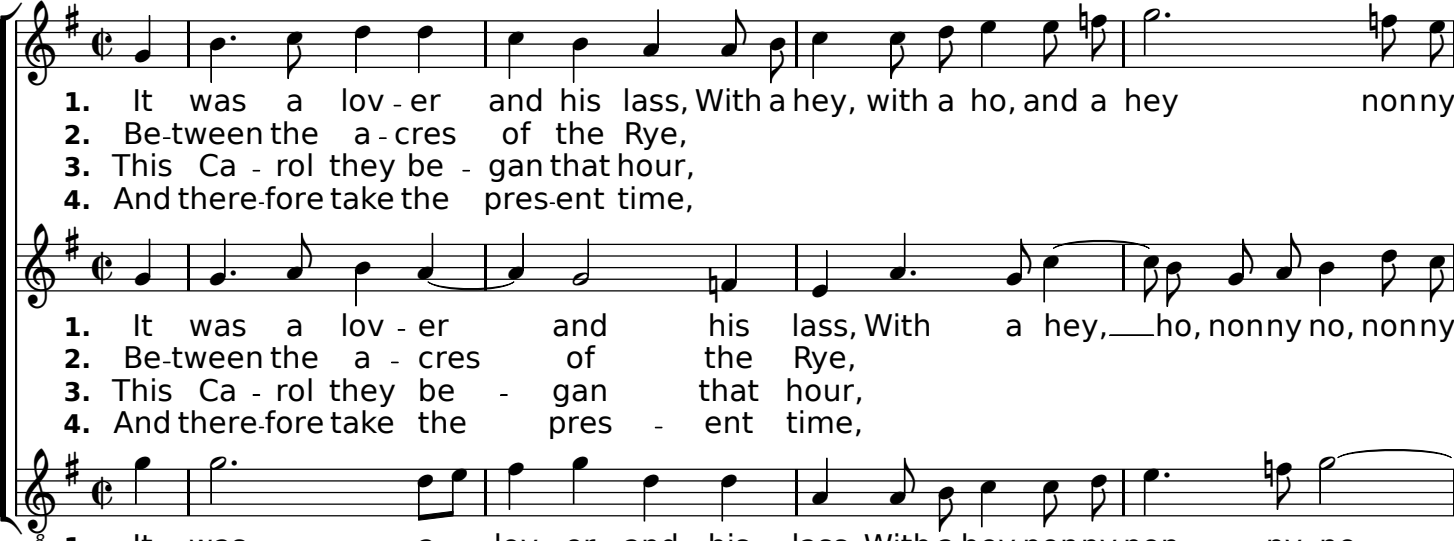
la. Fa la la. Fa la la la la la la la la la la. 1. Smile la.  
2. Dear

la la la la. Fa la la la la la la la. 1. Smile la.  
2. Dear

la la la la. Fa la la la la la la la la la la. la.

William Shakespeare (-)

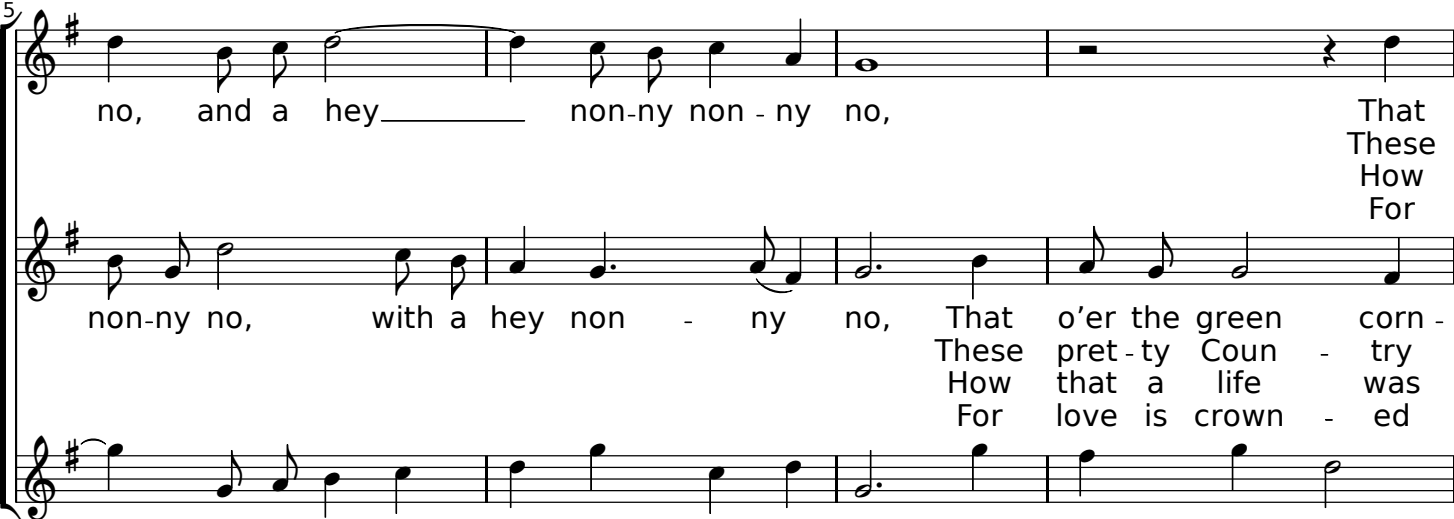
Thomas Morley (-)



1. It was a lov - er and his lass, With a hey, with a ho, and a hey nonny  
 2. Be-tween the a - cres of the Rye,  
 3. This Ca - rol they be - gan that hour,  
 4. And there-fore take the pres-ent time,

1. It was a lov - er and his lass, With a hey, — ho, nonny no, nonny  
 2. Be-tween the a - cres of the Rye,  
 3. This Ca - rol they be - gan that hour,  
 4. And there-fore take the pres - ent time,

8 1. It was a lov - er and his lass, With a hey nonny non - ny no, —  
 2. Be-tween the a - cres of the Rye,  
 3. This Ca - rol they be - gan that hour,  
 4. And there - fore take the pres-ent time,



5 no, and a hey — non-ny non - ny no, That  
 These  
 How  
 For

non-ny no, with a hey non - ny no, That o'er the green corn -  
 These pret - ty Coun - try  
 How that a life was  
 For love is crown - ed

8 — with a hey ho non - ny non - ny no, That o'er the green  
 These pret - ty Coun -  
 How that a life  
 For love is crown -

9

o'er the green corn - fields did pass, In spring - time, in  
pret - ty Coun - try folks would lie, that these o'er pret - ty Coun - try folks would lie,  
but a life was but a Flow'r, with the crown - ed with the prime, prime, prime,

8

fields, the green corn - fields did pass, In spring - time,  
try, these Coun - try folks would lie,  
was, a life was but a Flow'r,  
ed, is crown - ed with the prime,

12

spring - time, in spring - time, the on - ly pret - ty ring - time, When  
In spring - time, the on - ly pret-ty ring - time, When  
in spring - time, in spring - time, the on - ly ring - time, When

8

16

birds do sing Hey ding-a-ding-a-ding, hey ding-a-ding-a-ding, hey ding-a-ding-a-ding, Sweet  
birds do sing Hey ding-a-ding-a-ding, hey ding-a-ding-a-ding, lov-  
birds do sing Hey ding-a-ding-a-ding, hey ding - a - ding - a -

8

20

lov - ers love the spring, in spring - time, in spring -

- ers love the spring, sweet lov - ers love the spring, the

ding, Sweet lov - ers love the spring, in spring - time, in

24

time, the on - ly pret - ty ring - time, when birds do sing hey dingadingading, hey

spring, the on - ly pret - ty ringtime, when birds do sing hey dinga-

spring - time, the on - ly pretty ring - time, when birds do sing Hey ding-adinga-

29

ding-a-ding-a-ding, hey ding-a-ding-a-ding, Sweet lov - ers love the spring.

ding-a-ding, hey ding-a-ding-a-ding, lov - ers love the spring.

ding, hey ding - a - ding, Sweet lov - ers love the spring.

# S I

Thomas Morley (-)

1. Shoot, false love, I care not, Spend thy shafts and spare not. Fa la la la la la  
2. Long thy bow did fear me, While thy pomp did blear me

1. Shoot, false love, I care not, Spend thy shafts and spare not. Fa la la la la la  
2. Long thy bow did fear me, While thy pomp did blear me

1. Shoot, false love, I care not, Spend thy shafts and spare not. Fa la  
2. Long thy bow did fear me, While thy pomp did blear me

1. Shoot, false love, I care not, Spend thy shafts and spare not. Fa la la  
2. Long thy bow did fear me, While thy pomp did blear me

1. Shoot, false love, I care not, Spend thy shafts and spare not. Fa la la  
2. Long thy bow did fear me, While thy pomp did blear me

la. Fa la\_ la la. Fa la la la la la la. la. 1. I fear not I thy might, And  
2. But now I doper-ceive Thy

la. Fa la\_ la la. Fa la la la la la la. la. 1. I fear not I thy might, And  
2. But now I doper-ceive Thy

la. Fa la la. Fa la la la la la la. la. 1. I fear not I thy might, And  
2. But now I doper-ceive Thy

la la la la la. Fa la la la. Fa la la la la la la. la. 1. I fear not I thy might, And  
2. But now I doper-ceive Thy



13

less I weight thy spite, All naked I un-arm me, If thou canst now shoot and  
art is to de-ceive, And ev'ry simple lov-er All thy false-hood can dis-

less I weight thy spite, All naked I un-arm me, If thou canst now shoot and  
art is to de-ceive, And ev'ry simple lov-er All thy false-hood can dis-

less I weight thy spite, All naked I un-arm me, If thou canst now shoot and  
art is to de-ceive, And ev'ry simple lov-er All thy false-hood can dis-

less I weight thy spite, All naked I un-arm me, If thou canst now shoot and  
art is to de-ceive, And ev'ry simple lov-er All thy false-hood can dis-

less I weight thy spite,  
art is to de-ceive,

18

harm me, So light-ly I esteem thee, As now a child I deem thee. Fa  
cov-er: Then weep, love, and be sor-ry, For thou has lost thy glo-ry.

harm me, So light-ly I esteem thee, As now a child I deem thee. Fa  
cov-er: Then weep, love, and be sor-ry, For thou has lost thy glo-ry.

harm me, So light-ly I esteem thee, As now a child I deem thee. Fa  
cov-er: Then weep, love, and be sor-ry, For thou has lost thy glo-ry.

harm me, So light-ly I esteem thee, As now a child I deem thee.  
cov-er: Then weep, love, and be sor-ry, For thou has lost thy glo-ry.

So light-ly I esteem thee, As now a child I deem thee.  
Then weep, love, and be sor-ry, For thou has lost thy glo-ry.

28

la la la la la la la la la la. 1. I la. 2. But

la. Fa la la la la la. Fa la la la la la la. 1. I la. 2. But

la. Fa la la la la la la la la la la. 1. I la. 2. But

la la la la la. Fa la la la la la la. 1. I la. 2. But

# T

Johann Rudolf Zumsteeg (-)

*p*

1. Cloud-rifts must van-ish, cloud-rifts must van-ish, Griev-ing to  
 2. Star-light ef-ful-gent, star-light ef-ful-gent, Sheds its in-  
 3. Ev-er-more dar-ing, ev-er-more dar-ing, Nev-er de-

*mf* *cresc.*

ban-ish, Look to the mor-row, Search-ing with-in,  
 dul-gent Ra-di-ance, shed-ding Heav-en-ly rest,  
 spair-ing, Brave I then ev-er Fate's dir-est ways,

*p*

11 search-ing with-in. End-ed is sor-row, Joy may be-  
 heav-en-ly rest. Earth-ward 'tis spread-ing, Peace in my  
 fate's dir-est ways. Faint-heart-ed nev-er, Up-ward my

*p*

Faint-heart-ed nev-er,  
 Earth-ward 'tis spread-ing,  
 End-ed is sor-row,

16 *p*

gin! End - ed is sor - row,  
 breast, Earth - ward 'tis spread - ing,  
 gaze! Faint - heart - ed nev - er,

Up - ward my gaze!  
 Peace in my breast,  
 Joy may be - gin!

Faint - heart - ed  
 Earth - ward 'tis  
 End - ed is

19 *mf*

Joy may be - gin!  
 Peace in my breast,  
 Up - ward my gaze!

Joy may,  
 Peace,  
 Up - ward,

nev - er,  
 spread - ing,  
 sor - row,

Up - ward my gaze!  
 Peace in my breast,  
 Joy may be - gin!

22 *f* *p* *p* *dim.* *pp*

joy may, joy may be - gin!  
 peace, peace in my breast,  
 up-ward, up - ward my gaze!

Joy may be - gin!  
 Peace in my breast.  
 Up-ward my gaze!

# C ,

John Dowland (-)

1. Come a-gain! sweet love doth now in - vite thy  
 2. Come a-gain! that I may cease to mourn through

1. Come a - gain! sweet love doth now in - vite thy  
 2. Come a - gain! that I may cease to mourn through

1. Come a - gain! sweet love doth now in - vite thy  
 2. Come a - gain! that I may cease to mourn through

1. Come a - gain! sweet love doth now in - vite thy  
 2. Come a - gain! that I may cease to mourn through

8

grac - es that re - frain To do me due de - light; To see,  
 thine un - kind dis - dain; For now left and for - lorn, I sit,

grac - es that re - frain To do me due de - light; To  
 thine un - kind dis - dain; For now left and for - lorn, I

grac - es that re - frain To do me due de - light; To  
 thine un - kind dis - dain; For now left and for - lorn, I

grac - es that re - frain To do me due de - light; To  
 thine un - kind dis - dain; For now left and for - lorn, I

16

to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die,  
I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die,

see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die, to  
sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die, I

see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die, to die with thee a -  
sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die, I die in dead - ly

see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die, to die with  
sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die, I die in

22

with thee a - gain in sweet-est sym - pa - thy.  
in dead-ly pain and end-less mis - er - y.

die with thee a - gain in sweet - est sym - pa - thy.  
die in dead-ly pain and end - less mis - er - y.

gain, with thee a - gain in sweet-est sym - pa - thy.  
pain, in dead - ly pain and end - less mis - er - y.

thee dead - a - ly - gain in pain and sweet - est sym - pa - thy.  
dead - ly - gain in pain and end - less mis - er - y.

# S I

Thomas Ford (c. -)

*p*

1. Since first I saw your face I re - solv'd To  
 2. If I ad - mire or praise you too much, That  
 3. The sun whose beams most glo - ri - ous are, Re -

3

hon - or and re - nown ye;  
 fault - you may for - give me.  
 ject - eth no be - hold er;

*cresc.* *pp*

If now I be dis - dain'd, I wish my  
 Or if my hands had stray'd but a touch, Then  
 And your sweet beau - ty, past com - pare, Made

7

heart had nev - er known ye.  
 just - ly might you leave me.  
 my poor eyes the bold er.

*p*

What I that lov'd, and you that lik'd, Shall  
I ask'd you leave, you bade me love; Is't  
Where beau - ty moves, and wit de - lights, And

What I that lov'd, and you that  
I ask'd you leave, you bade me  
Where beau - ty moves, and wit de -

*cresc.*

we be - gin to wran - gle?  
now a time to to chide - me?  
signs of kind - ness bind me,

lik'd, Shall we be - gin to wran - gle?  
love; Is't now a time to to chide - me?  
lights, And signs of kind - ness bind me,

*p* *pp*

No, no, no, no, no, my heart is fast And can - not dis - en - tan - gle  
No, no, no, no, no, I'll love you still What for - tune e'er be - tide me.  
There, O there, O there! where - e'er I go, I leave my heart be - hind me.



# S S

Arthur Pearson (-)

$\text{♩} = 126$

Come ye where gold of May is shin-ing, Come ye where buds of

7

flow'rs are twin-ing; As to the bells of fair-ies chim-ing, Trip we thro'

14

bow'rs of ra-diant Spring. Glad-some the morn-ing, The land is gay,

21

O-ver the mead-ows trip (trip) a - way; Ech-oes the brook-let by wood and  
O'er

28

lea: "Sing, sing, O heart, be glad with me!" Come ye where gold of

35

May is shin-ing, Come ye where buds of flow'rs are twin-ing, As to the

42

bells of fair-ies chim-ing, Trip we thro' bow'rs of ra-diant Spring.

49

$\text{♩} = 104$   
*mp* *cresc.*

Trip we, oh, so light-ly, where dewy grass is sway-ing, Where 'mid the fair

8  
Trip we, oh, so light - ly, where dewy grass is sway-ing, Where 'mid the fair

*Basses humming*

54

*mp*

blos-som the but-ter flies are stray-ing. 'Tis the hour of play-ing; all

8  
blos - som the but-ter-flies are stray-ing. 'Tis the hour of play - ing; all

59

*cresc.*

voi-ces are say-ing: "Come, come ye forth a May-ing; to joy a-wake!"

8  
voi-ces are say-ing: "Come, come ye forth a-May - ing; to joy a - wake!"

65 *f* *cresc.*

Light of Day re - turn-eth, glo-ry of Spring burn-eth; Joy notes

Light of Day re - turn - eth, glo-ry of Spring burn-eth; Joy-notes

Light of Day re - turn - eth, glo-ry of Spring burn-eth; Joy-notes

Light of Day re - turn - eth, glo-ry of Spring burn-eth; Joy - notes

70 *rall.* *p*

peal-ing, gay mu-sic make. Light return-eth,

peal - ing, gay mu-sic make. Light return-eth,

peal - ing, gay mu-sic make. Light return-eth,

peal - ing, gay mu-sic make. Ligh return-eth,

75 *ff* *molto rall.*

Glo-ry of Spring burn-eth;

*mp* *a tempo*

Glo-ry of Spring burn-eth; Gai-ly is the lark sing-ing, Up-ward wing-ing,

*Tenors humming*

Glo-ry of Spring burn-eth; Gai-ly is the lark sing-ing, Glad - ness

80 *mp*

"Wel-come, Wel - come, Wel - come the May!"

gladness ring-ing, Un - to all the message bring-ing: "Wel-come the May!"

ring - ing, Un - to all the message bring-ing: "Wel - come the May!"

85 *mf*

Gai - ly is the lark singing, Upward winging, gladness ring-ing, Un-to all the

Gai - ly is the lark singing, Upward winging, glad-nes ring-ing, Un-to all the

Gai - ly is the lark singing, Upward winging, gladness ring-ing, Un-to all the

Welcome, Wel - - - come, Welcome,

90

message bring-ing: "Wel-come the May!" Come,

message bring-ing: "Wel-come the May!" Come,

message bring-ing: "Wel - come May!" Light-ly trip-ping,

Wel - come May!" Light-ly trip-ping, come,

95

D.C. al Coda  $\text{ff}$

oh, come. "Sing, O heart! be glad with me!"

light-ly trip-ping, come. "Sing, sing, O heart! be glad with me!"

come, oh, come. "Sing, O heart! be glad with me!"

oh, come. "Sing, sing, O heart! be glad with me!"

# W H H

H. L. D'arcy Jaxone (d. )

Alfred J. Caldicott (-)

**Allegro vivace** (♩. = 116)

*ff* Ta-ran-ta - ra, Ta-ran-ta - ra, Ta-ran-ta - ra, Ta-ran-ta - ra \_\_\_\_\_ 1. For horse and  
2. The fox is

The first system of the musical score is in 6/8 time, key of D major. It features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The melody starts with a quarter note D, followed by eighth notes E, F, G, A, B, C, D. The bass line consists of eighth notes D, E, F, G, A, B, C, D. The system ends with a repeat sign and a fermata over the final note.

hound the horn doth sound, Ta-ran-ta - ra, Ta-ran-ta - ra, Ta-ran-ta - ra, ta -  
found, the horn doth sound, Ta-ran-ta - ra, Ta-ran-ta - ra, Ta-ran-ta - ra, ta -

The second system continues the melody and bass line. It includes a crescendo hairpin and a dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte). The melody has a fermata over the final note.

ra. The horn doth sound For horse and hound, Ta-ran-ta - ra, Ta-ran-ta -  
ra. The horn doth sound, For the fox is found, Ta-ran-ta - ra, Ta-ran-ta -

The third system continues the melody and bass line. It includes a crescendo hairpin and a dynamic marking of *f* (forte). The melody has a fermata over the final note.

ra, Ta-ran-ta - ra, ta - ra. So the dogs be - gin to bark and bay, And the  
ra, Ta-ran-ta - ra, ta - ra. To be in at the death the hunt-ers ride, And

The fourth system continues the melody and bass line. It includes a crescendo hairpin and a dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte). The melody has a fermata over the final note.

26

hors - es am - ble a - long the way, While the red - coats mus - ter in  
skim like the wind o'er the coun - try side, For the brush is the Queen of

32

*cresc.* *ff* *mf*

strong ar - ray, They mus - ter in strong ar - ray, Ta - ran - ta - ra. A -  
Beau - ty's pride, The Queen of Beau - ty's pride, Ta - ran - ta - ra. A

38

**Allegretto** (♩ = 138) *f*

hunt - ing we will go, A - hunt - ing we will go, Through ma - ny a

47

*mp*

co - zy cov - ert, For the scent is keen I trow, A - hunt - ing

55

*mf* *cresc.*

we will go, A - hunt - ing we will go, With horse and

63 *f* *cresc.* *ff*

hound, where game is found, A - hunt - ing we will go, Tar - an - ta - ra. —

## T F L

*p* Folk Song

1. If I a bird - ling were, And with two wings could fly,  
 2. Though far a - way from thee, Dream - ing I'm e'er with thee,  
 3. There is no hour at night When thy dear im - age bright

*f* *dim.* *p*

I'd fly to thee; But, as no wings are mine,  
 Whis - p'ring to thee; But, when I wake at last,  
 Strays from my heart. Thou'st said ten thou - sand times,

*cresc.* *f rit. e dim.* 3

But, as no wings are mine, That can - not be.  
 But, when I wake at last, Then I'm a - lone.  
 Thou'st said ten thou - sand times, That mine thou art.



## O

Thomas Moore (-)

Scotch Air

*p* *p*

1. Oft in the stil - ly night, Ere slum - ber's chain hath bound me,  
2. When I re - mem - ber all The friends so link'd to - geth - er,

*p* *p* *mf*

Fond mem - 'ry brings the light Of oth - er days a - round me. The  
I've seen a - round me fall Like leaves in au - turn weath - er, I

*cresc.* *f* *f*

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

13 *rit.*

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

17 *pp*

Thus, in the stil-ly night, Ere slum - ber's chain hath bound me,

21 *pp* *pp* *rit.*

Sad mem - 'ry brings the light Of oth - er days a - round me.

# T M B

Thomas Moore (-)

Irish Air, *The Moreen*

*mf*

1. The min-strel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll  
2. The min-strel fell, but the foe-man's chain Could not bring his proud soul

4

find him; His father's sword he hath gird-ed on, And his wild harp slung be-  
un - der; The harp he lov'd nev-er spoke again, For he tore its chords a-

8 *f*

hind him. "Land of song!" said the war - rior bard, "Tho'  
sun - der, And said, "No chains shall sul - ly thee, Thou

11

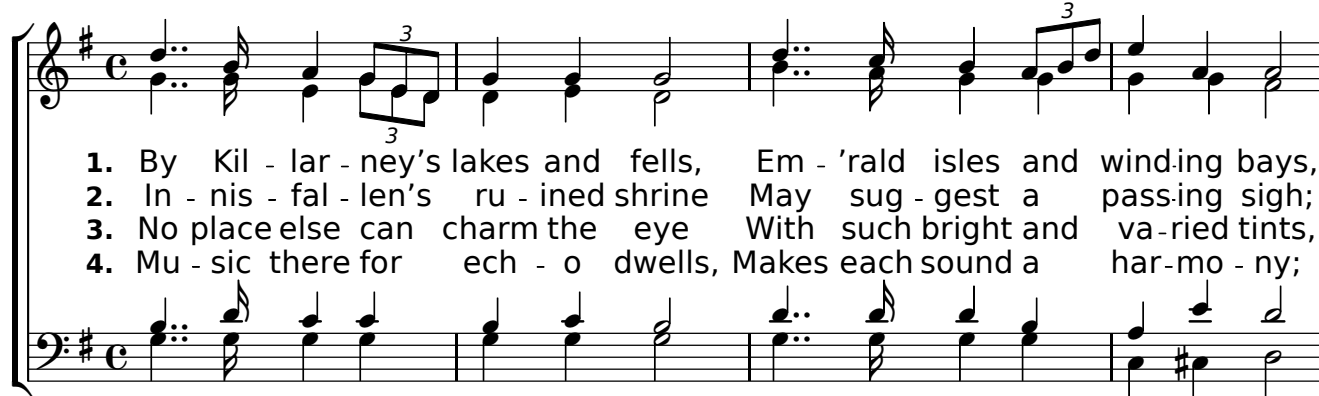
all the world be - tray thee, One sword at least thy  
soul of love and brave - ry! Thy songs were made for the

14

rights shall guard, One faith - ful harp shall praise thee."  
pure and free, They shall nev - er sound in slave - ry."

# K

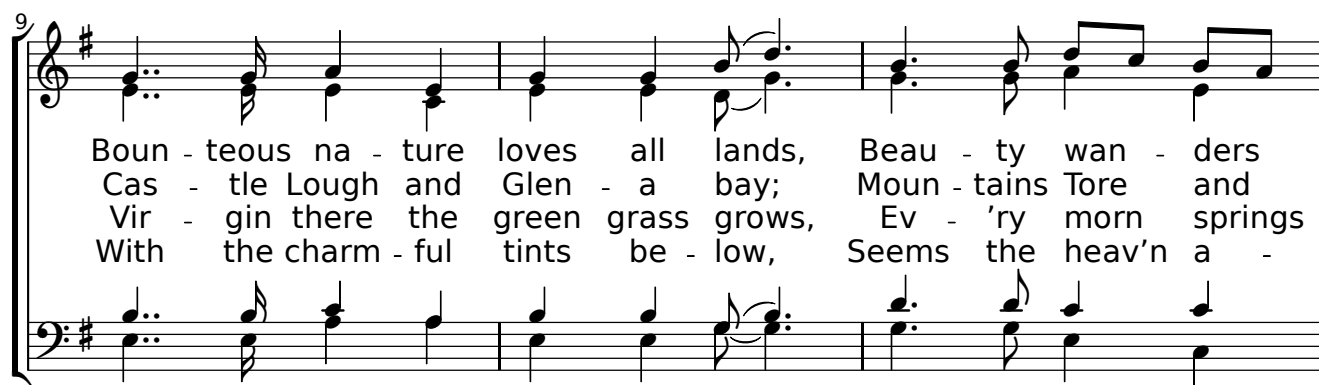
Michael William Balfe (-)



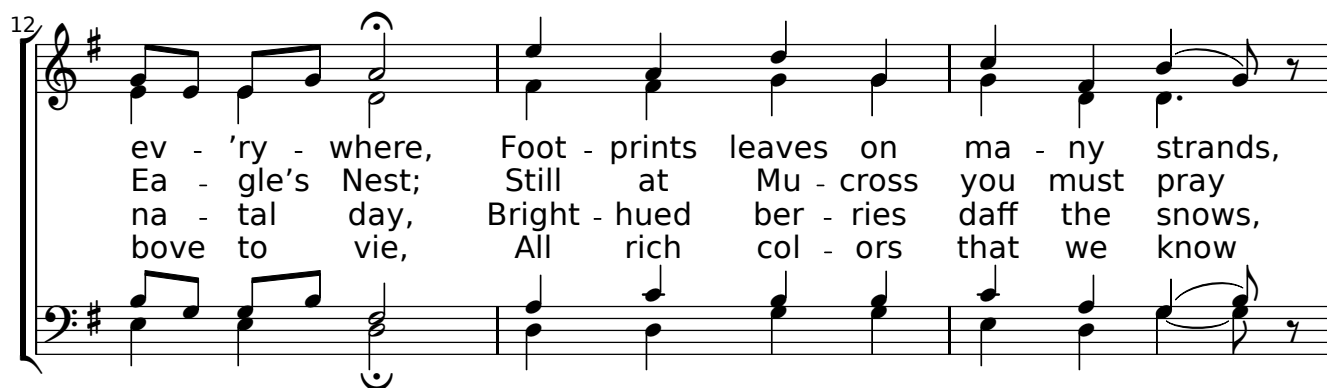
1. By Kil - lar - ney's lakes and fells, Em - 'rald isles and winding bays,  
 2. In - nis - fal - len's ru - ined shrine May sug - gest a passing sigh;  
 3. No place else can charm the eye With such bright and va - ried tints,  
 4. Mu - sic there for ech - o dwells, Makes each sound a har - mo - ny;



Moun - tain paths and wood - land dells, Mem - 'ry ev - er fond - ly strays.  
 But man's faith can ne'er de - cline Such God's won - ders float - ing by;  
 Ev - 'ry rock that you pass by, Ver - dure broid - ers or besprints.  
 Ma - ny - voiced the cho - rus swells, Till it faints in ec - sta - sy.



Boun - teous na - ture loves all lands, Beau - ty wan - ders  
 Cas - tle Lough and Glen - a bay; Moun - tains Tore and  
 Vir - gin there the green grass grows, Ev - 'ry morn springs  
 With the charm - ful tints be - low, Seems the heav'n a -



ev - 'ry - where, Foot - prints leaves on ma - ny strands,  
 Ea - gle's Nest; Still at Mu - cross you must pray  
 na - tal day, Bright - hued ber - ries daff the snows,  
 bove to vie, All rich col - ors that we know

15 *rall.* *pp a tempo*

But her home is sure - ly there! An - gels fold their  
 Though the monks are now at rest. An - gels won - der  
 Smil - ing win - ter's frown a - way. An - gels oft - en  
 Tinge the cloud - wreaths in that sky. Wings of an - gels

18

wings and rest, In that E - den of the West,  
 not that man There would fain pro - long life's span,  
 paus - ing there, Doubt if E - den were more fair,  
 so might shine, Glanc - ing back soft light div - ine,

21 *cresc.* *f*

Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.  
 Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.  
 Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.  
 Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.

## L'YD

Thomas Moore (-)

Irish Air

1. Oh! the days are gone, when beau - ty bright My heart's chain  
 2. Though the bard to pur - er fame may soar, When wild youth's  
 3. No! that hal - low'd form is ne'er for - got, Which first love

4

wove; When my dream of life from morn till night, Was love, still  
past; Though he win the wise, who frowned be-fore, To smile at  
traced; Still it ling-'ring haunts the green - est spot On mem-'ry's

8

love; New hope may bloom, and days may come Of mild - er, calm-er  
last; He'll nev - er meet a joy so sweet In all his noon of  
waste; 'Twas o - dor fled, as soon as shed; 'Twas morn-ning's wing-ed

12

beam, But there's noth-ing half so sweet in life As love's young  
fame, As when first he sung to wom-an's ear His soul - felt  
dream; 'Twas a light that ne'er can shine a - gain On life's dull

16

dream, No! there's noth - ing half so sweet in life As love's young dream.  
flame, And at ev - 'ry close she blushed to hear The one loved name.  
stream, Oh! 'twas light which ne'er can shine a - gain On life's dull stream.

1. I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls, With  
2. I dreamt that suitors sought my hand; That

5  
vas - sals and serfs at my side,  
knights up - on bend at my knee,

And of all who as - sem - bled with - in those  
And with vows no maid - en heart could with -

12  
walls stand, That I was the hope and the pride.  
They pledged their faith to me,

I had rich - es too great to count; could  
And I dreamt that one of that no - ble

20

boast Of a high an - ces - tral name;  
host Came forth my hand to claim;

But I al - so dreamt, which pleased me most, That you  
But I al - so dreamt, which charmed me most, That you

29

loved me still the same, that you loved me you loved me  
loved me still the same, that you loved me, you loved me

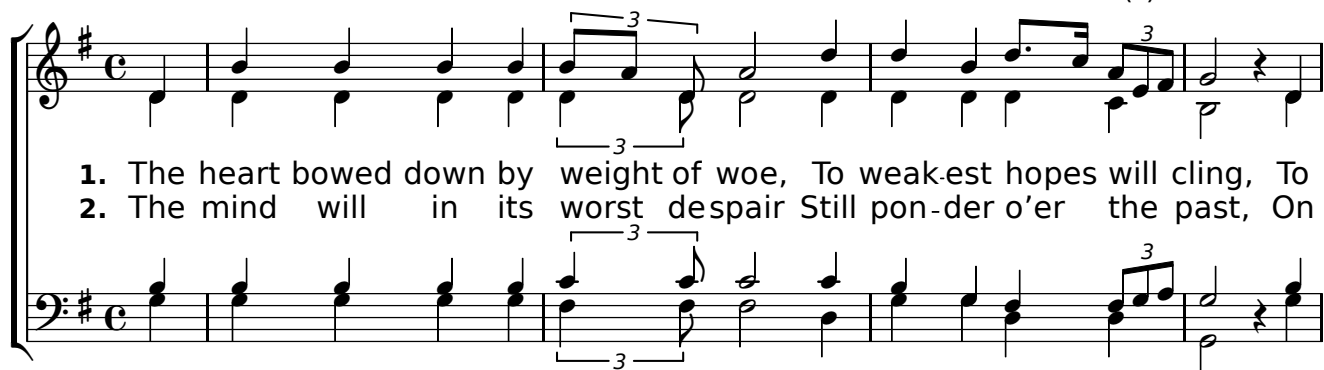
34

still the same, That you loved me, you loved me still the same.  
still the same, That you loved me, you loved me still the same.



# T H B D

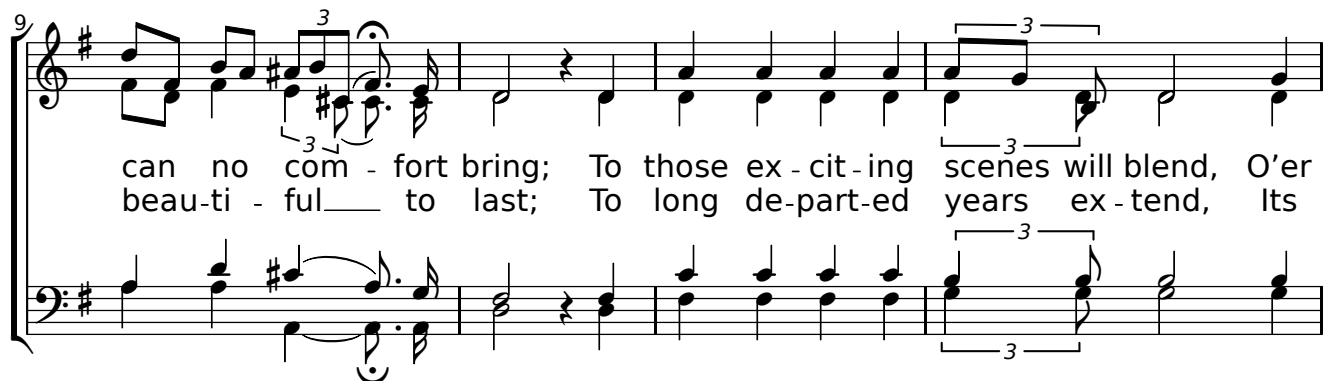
Michael William Balfe (-)



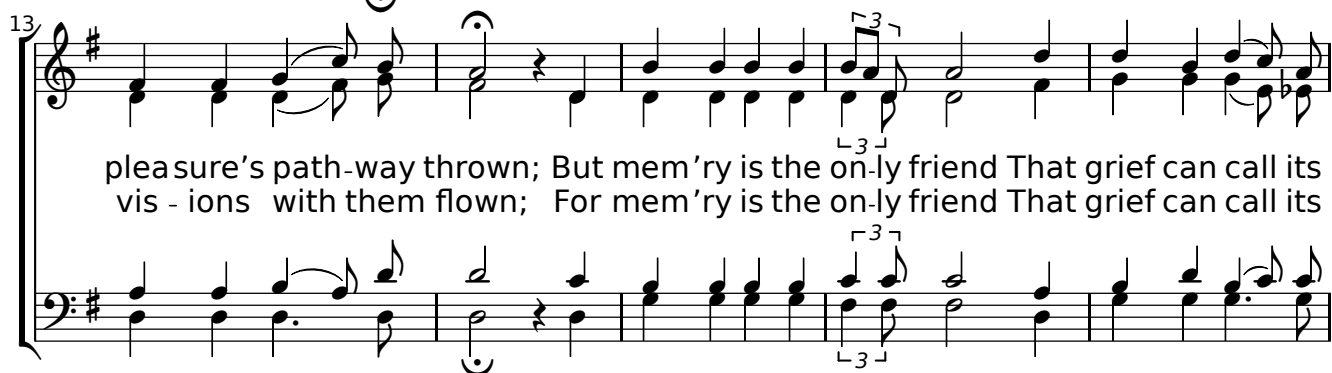
1. The heart bowed down by weight of woe, To weak-est hopes will cling, To  
2. The mind will in its worst despair Still pon-der o'er the past, On



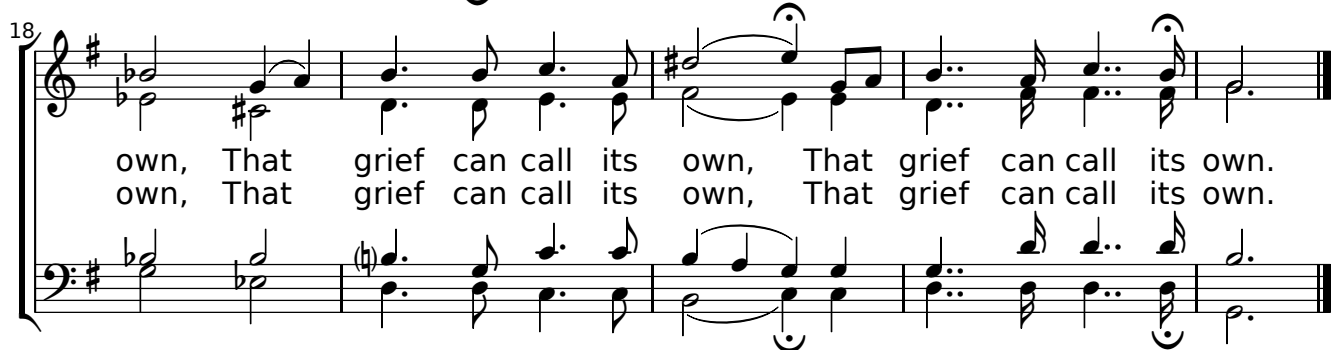
thought and impulse while they flow, That can no com-fort bring, that can, that  
mo-ments of de-light that were Too beau-ti-ful to last, that were too



can no com-fort bring; To those ex-cit-ing scenes will blend, O'er  
beau-ti-ful to last; To long de-part-ed years ex-extend, Its



pleasure's path-way thrown; But mem'ry is the on-ly friend That grief can call its  
vis-ions with them flown; For mem'ry is the on-ly friend That grief can call its



own, That grief can call its own, That grief can call its own.  
own, That grief can call its own, That grief can call its own.

# J A,

Robert Burns (-)

Harmonized by Max Vogrich (-)

1. John An-der-son, my jo, John, When we were first ac-quent, Your

This system contains the first four measures of the song. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the staff.

locks were like the ra-ven, Your bon-nie brow was brent; But now your brow is

This system contains measures 5 through 8. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staff.

10 bald, John, Your locks are like the snow, Yet, blessings on your frost-y pow, John

This system contains measures 9 through 12. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staff.

15

An-der-son, my jo. 2. John An-der-son, my jo, John, We clamb the hill to-

20

gith-er; And mon-ie a cant-y day, John, We've had wi' ane an-

24

ith-er. Now we maun tot-ter down, John, But hand in hand we'll

28

*più adagio*

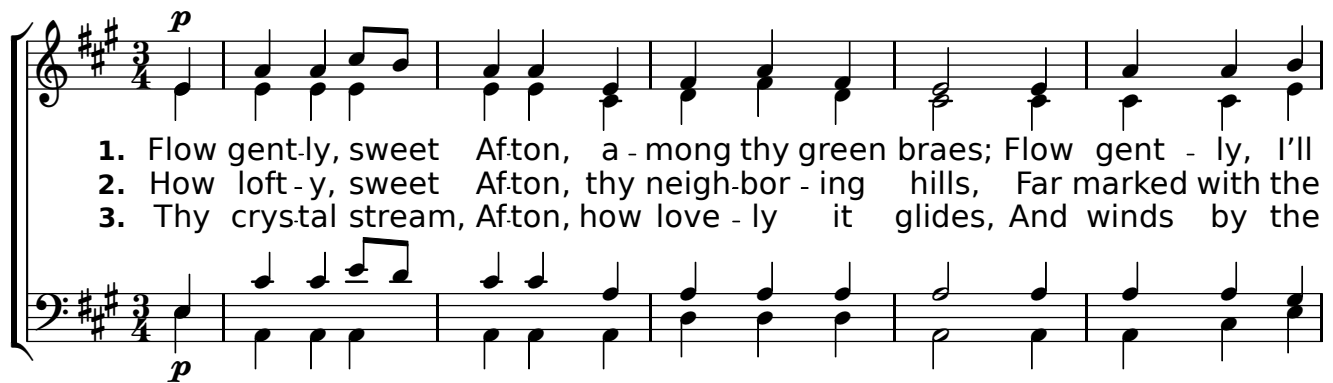
go, And we'll sleep to-gith-er at the foot, John An-der-son, my jo.

# F G, S A

Robert Burns (-)

Jonathan E. Spilman (-)

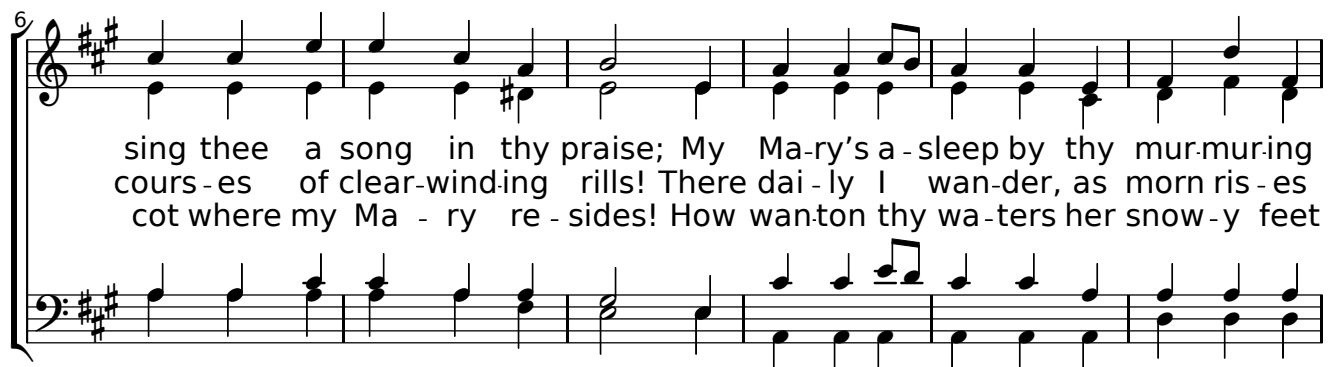
*p*



1. Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes; Flow gently, I'll  
2. How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills, Far marked with the  
3. Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides, And winds by the

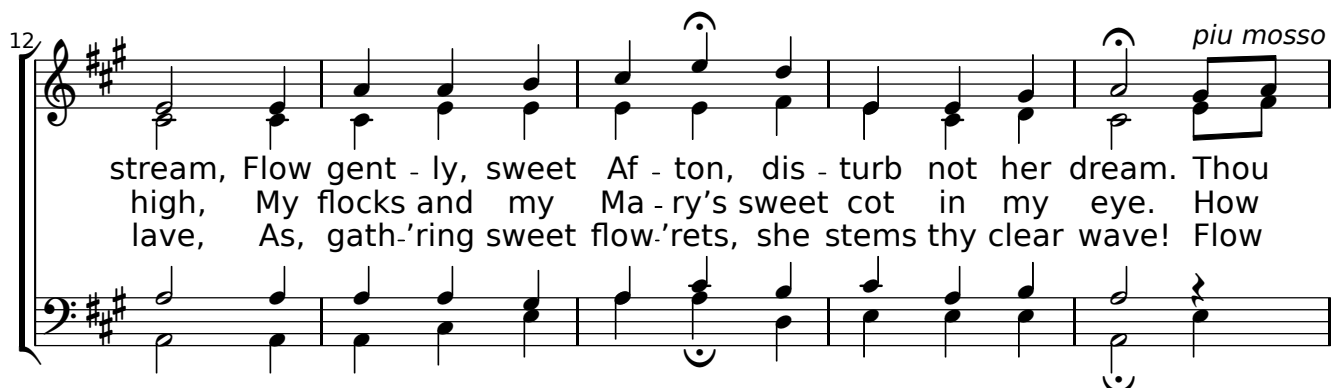
*p*

6



sing thee a song in thy praise; My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring  
courses of clear-winding rills! There daily I wander, as morn rises  
cot where my Mary resides! How wanton thy waters her snowy feet

12



stream, Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream. Thou  
high, My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye. How  
lave, As, gathering sweet flow'rets, she stems thy clear wave! Flow

*piu mosso*

17

stockdove, whose ech - o re-sounds from the hill, Ye wild whist-ling  
pleas-ant thy banks and green val - leys be - low, Where wild in the  
gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, a - mong thy green braes, Flow gent - ly, sweet

22

*poco rit.* *f* *a tempo*

black-birds in yon thorn-y dell, Thou green-crest-ed lap-wing, thy  
wood-lands the prim - ros - es blow! There oft, as mild eve-ning creeps  
riv - er, the theme of my lays; My Ma - ry's a - sleep by the

27

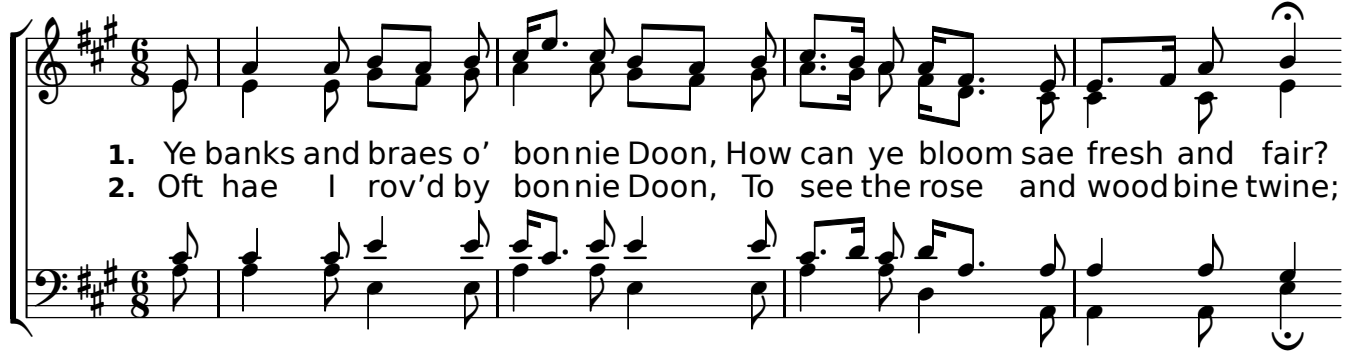
*p* *pp*

screaming for - bear, I charge you, dis-turb not my slumber-ing fair.  
o - ver the lea, The sweetscent-ed birk shades my Ma - ry and me.  
mur - muring stream, Flow gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, dis-turb not her dream.

# B D

Robert Burns (-)

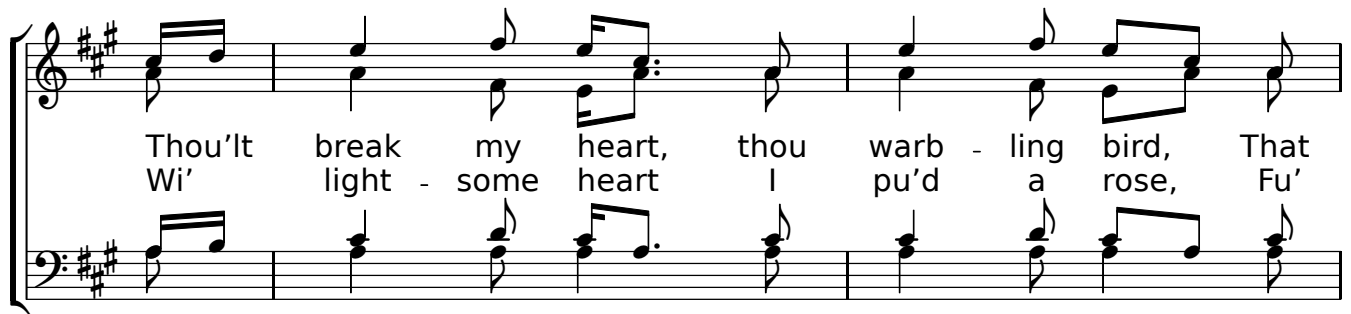
Scotch Air, *The Caledonian Hunt's Delight*



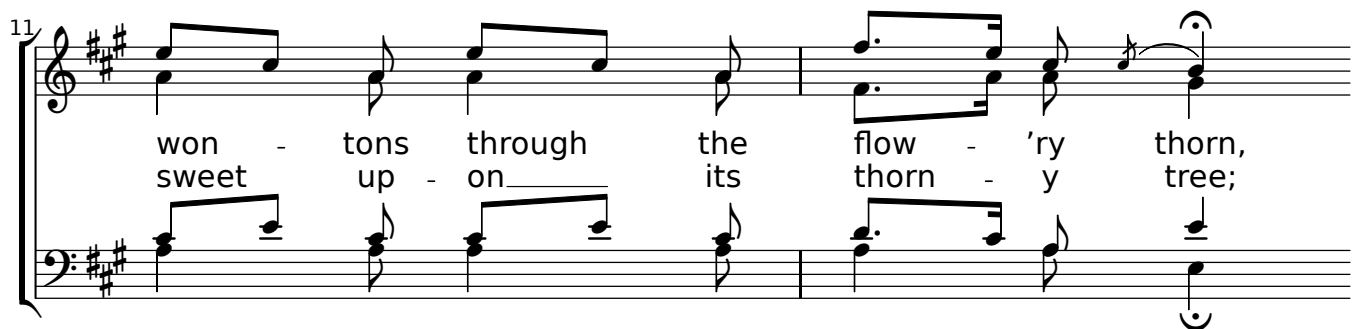
1. Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?  
2. Oft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon, To see the rose and woodbine twine;



How can ye chaunt, ye lit-tle birds, And I sae wea-ry, fu' of care?  
When il-ka bird sang o' its love, And fond-ly sae did I o' mine.



Thou'lt break my heart, thou warb-ling bird, That  
Wi' light-some heart I pu'd a rose, Fu'



11  
won'tons through the flow-'ry thorn,  
sweet up-on its thorn-y tree;



Thou mindst me o' de-part-ed joys, De-part-ed nev-er to re-turn.  
But my fause lov-er stole my rose, And, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

# H!

Folk Song

1. Hark! the ves - per hymn is steal - ing O'er the wa - ters soft and clear;  
2. Now like moon - light waves re - treat - ing To the shore it dies a - long;  
3. Once a - gain sweet voic - es ring - ing Loud - er still the mu - sic swells;

5 Near - er yet and near - er peal - ing Soft it breaks up -  
Now like an - gry sur - ges meet - ing Breaks the min - gled  
While on sum - mer breez - es wing - ing Comes the chime of

8 on the ear, Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, A - men.  
tide of song. Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, A - men.  
ves - per bells. Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, A - men.

13 *p* Far - ther now and far - ther steal - ing Soft it fades up - on the ear.  
Hark! a - gain like waves re - treat - ing To the shore it dies a - long  
On the sum - mer breez - es wing - ing Fades the chime of ves - per bells.

# I S

Folk Song

*p* *mf* *f*

1. In the Spring, in the Spring, Sweet and fresh is ev - 'ry-thing;  
 2. As God will, as God will, My fond heart yearns toward Him still.  
 3. Hush, my heart, hush, my heart! Joy will come and pain de-part.

5 *p* *cresc.*

Win - ter winds no more are blow - ing, Blossoms fair a -  
 Should the heav'ns be o - ver - cloud - ed, All the earth in  
 If in sor - row thou art weep - ing, Great - er peace thou

8 *f*

gain are grow - ing, Gai - ly mounts the lark on high!  
 dark - ness shroud - ed, Light will sure - ly shine a - gain.  
 shalt be reap - ing, Ev - er lift thine eyes a - bove.

11 *p* *cresc.* *f*

In the Spring, in the Spring, Sweet and fresh is ev - 'ry-thing.  
 As God will, as God will, My fond heart yearns toward Him still.  
 Hush, my heart, hush, my heart! Joy will come and pain de-part.



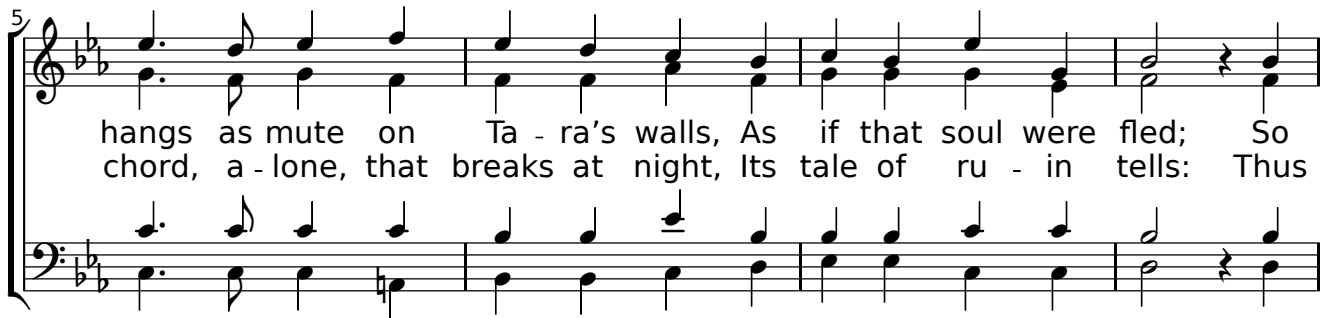
# T T'

Thomas Moore (-)

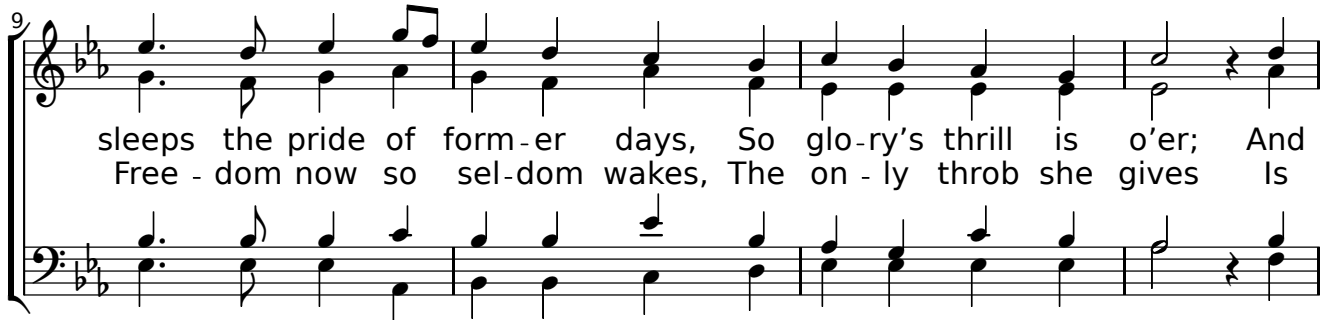
Irish Air, *Gramachree*



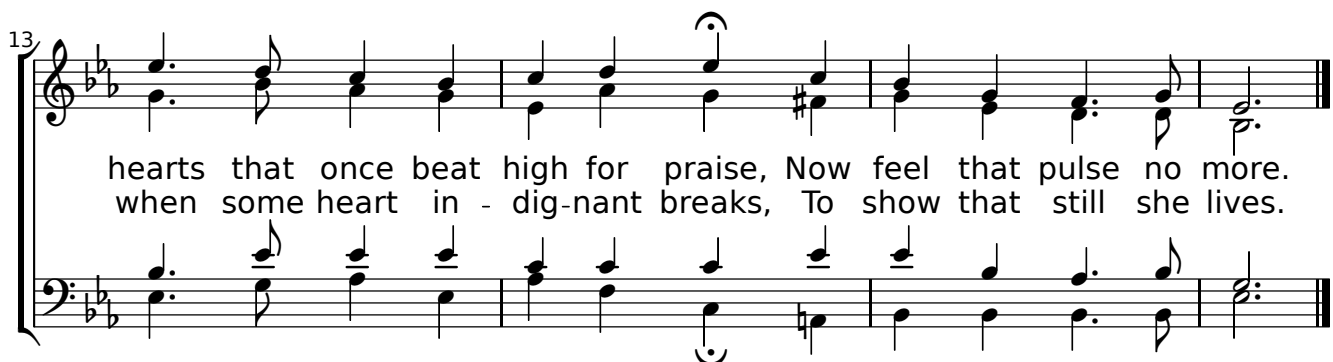
1. The harp that once through Ta-ra's halls, The soul of mu-sic shed, Now  
2. No more to chiefs and la-dies bright, The harp of Ta-ra swells; The



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



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



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

# C I

Folk Song

*mf*

1. Could I a maid-en find, As good and sweet as kind, And  
 2. Her hair is fine and brown, She looks de-mure-ly down, Her  
 3. And when I came to sue, She said she would be true, I  
 4. And she will be my bride, And liv-ing side by side, As

5

fine as silk her nut-brown hair, And dark her eyes, a twink-ling pair:  
 eyes are dark, her lips are red, She's all I've thought and all I've said:  
 gave her, bloom-ing fra-grant-ly, Of Clove and fair-est Ros-ma-ry.  
 one we'll laugh, as one we'll cry, Un-til we bid the world good-bye:

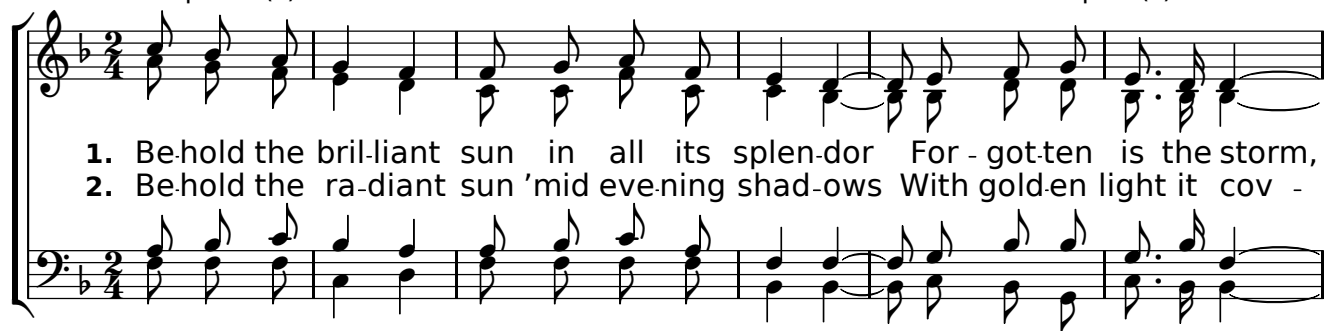
*mf* *cresc.* *f*

Then she, *then she*, then she, *then she*, then she my love should share.  
 And she, *and she*, and she, *and she*, and she's the one I'll wed.  
 My love, *my love*, my love, *my love*, my love is fair to see.  
 Then love, *then love*, then love, *then love*, then love, good-bye, good-bye!

# OSM

Giovanni Capurro (-)

Eduardo di Capua (-)



1. Be-hold the bril-liant sun in all its splen-dor For - gotten is the storm,  
2. Be-hold the ra-diant sun 'mid eve-ning shad-ows With golden light it cov -




the clouds now van-ish. The fresh-'ning breez-es, heav-y airs will  
- ers all cre - a - tion Un - til it sinks be - low the world's foun -



ban-ish Be-hold the bril-liant sun in all its splen-dor! A sun I  
da - tion Be-hold the ra-diant sun 'mid eve - ning shad-ows!



know of that's bright-er yet, This sun, my dear-est 'tis naught but thee -



- Thy face, - so fair to see, - That now my sun shall ev-er be! -

# O C N

(I S N)

Swabian Folk Song

Arranged by Johannes Brahms (-)

1. O calm of night, when stars shone bright, A soft voice sad - ly  
2. The gold-en moon is sink - ing soon, It can - not glow for

4  
sing - ing. The winds that blow, re - ech - o low The  
sor - row. No more at night the stars shine bright, My

7  
sad tones sweet - ly bring - ing; There's no re - lief from  
pain they too would bor - row; No more we'll stray through

10

woe and grief, My heart's in sor-row seek-ing The  
mead-ows gay; I pass my days in weep-ing. For

13

one who's gone; pain lin-gers on, Haunts me a-wake or sleep-ing.  
love I yearn; till its re-turn My vi-gil I'll be keep-ing.

## EP

Folk Song

Ein Pro-sit, ein Pro-sit der Ge-müt-lich-keit. Ein

5

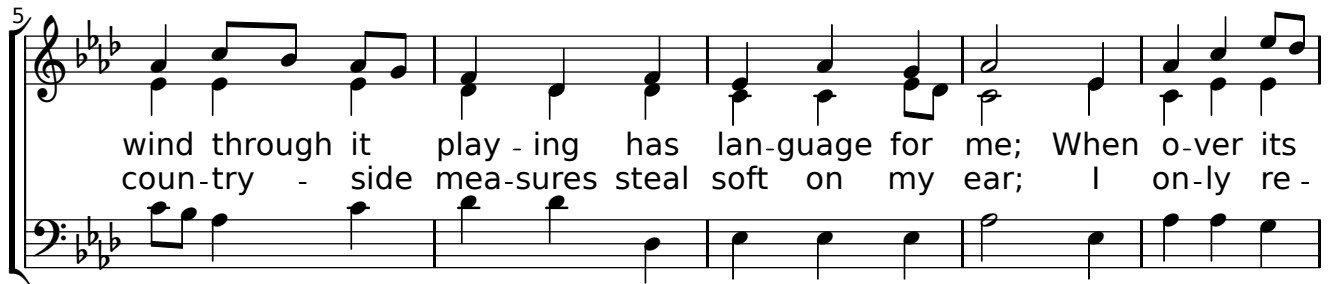
Pro-sit, ein Pro-sit der Ge-müt-lich-keit!

# T A G

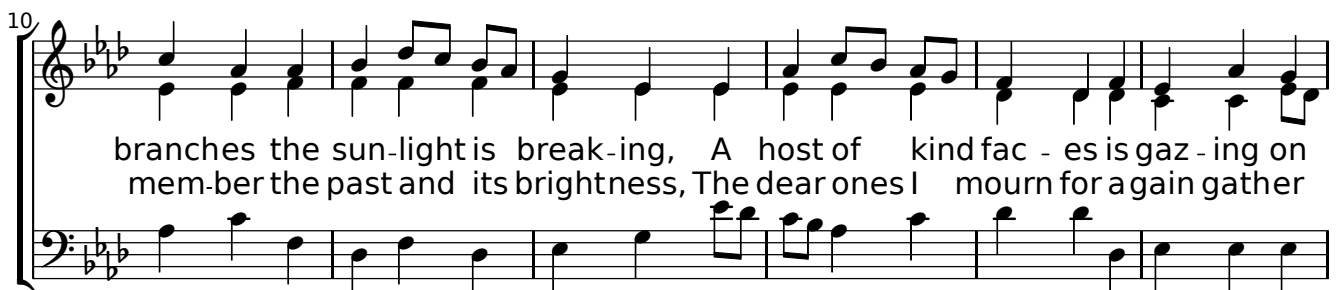
Welsh Folk Song, *Llwyn Onn*



1. The ash grove, how grace-ful, how plain-ly 'tis speak-ing, The  
2. My laugh-ter is o-ver, my step los-es light-ness, Old



wind through it play-ing has lan-guage for me; When o-ver its  
coun-try - side mea-sures steal soft on my ear; I on-ly re-



branches the sun-light is break-ing, A host of kind fac-es is gaz-ing on  
mem-ber the past and its brightness, The dear ones I mourn for a gain gather

16

me; The friends of my child-hood a - gain are be - fore me, Fond  
here. From out of the shad-ows their lov-ing looks greet me, And

Friends of\_\_  
Out of the

21

mem-o - ries wak - en, as free-ly I roam; With soft whis-pers lad-en its  
wist-ful-ly search-ing the leaf-y green dome, I find oth-er fac-es fond

27

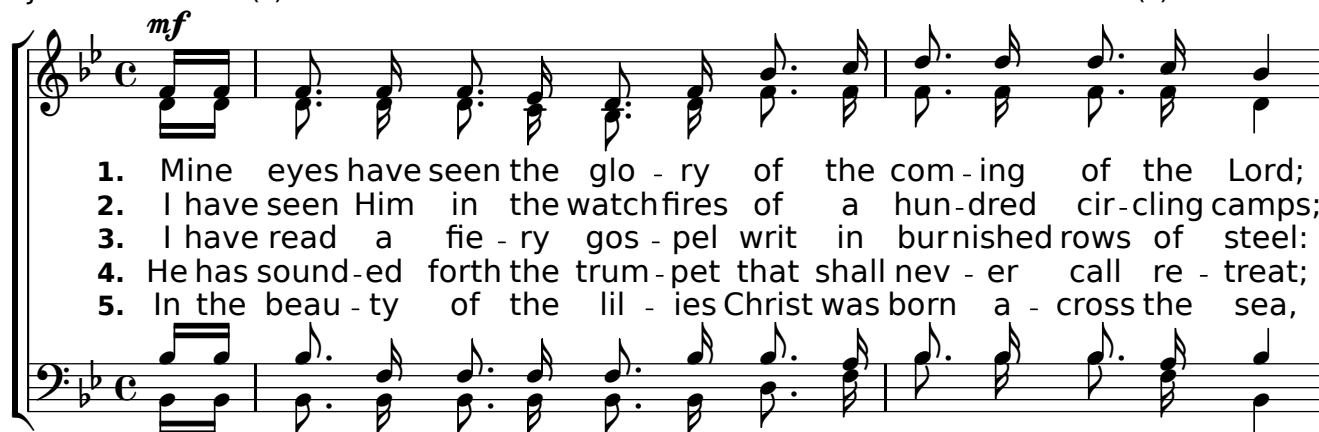
leaves rus-tle o'er me, The ash grove, the ash grove that sheltered my home.  
bend-ing to greet me, The ash grove, the ash grove a - lone is my home.

# T B H R

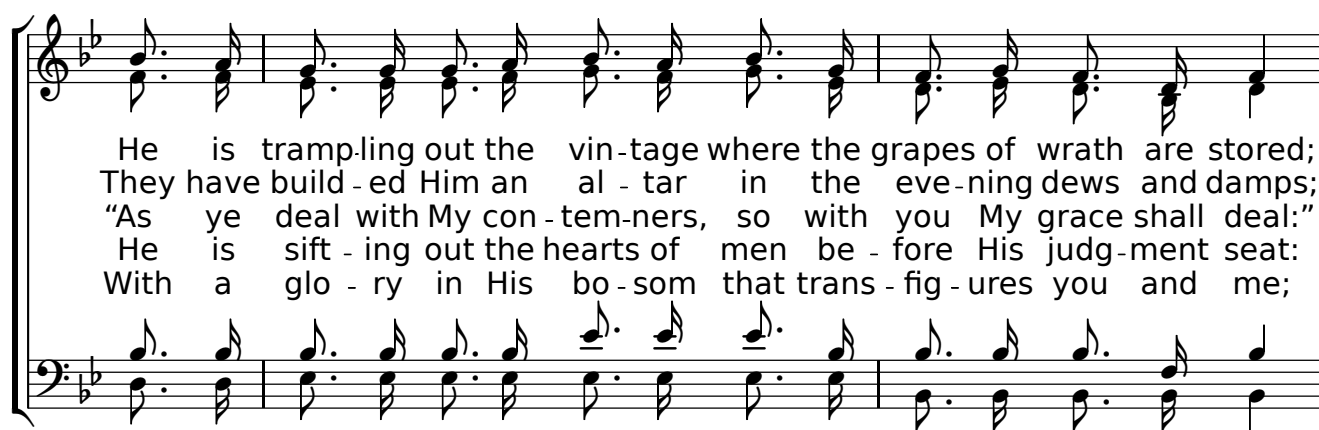
Julia Ward Howe (-)

William Steffe (-)

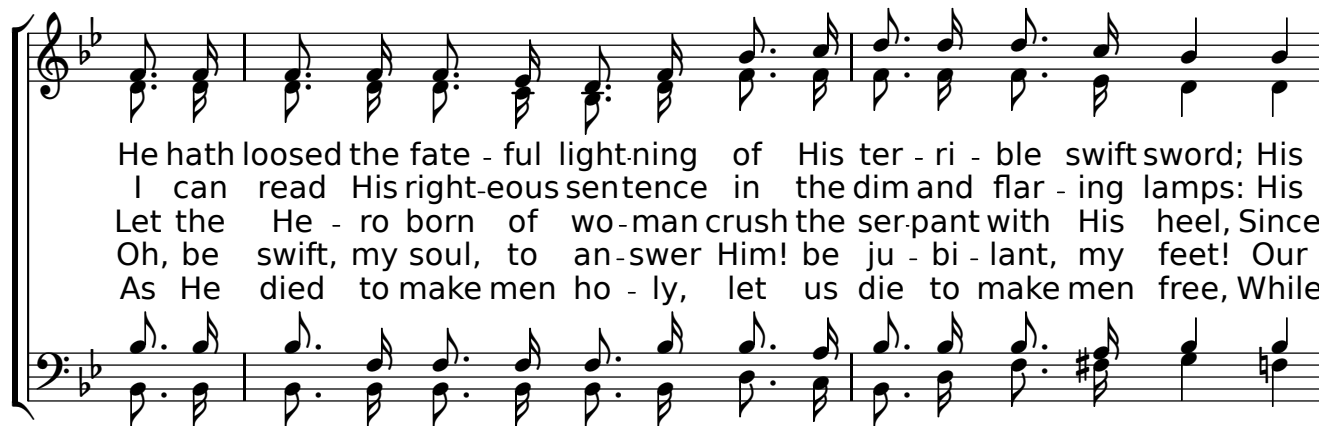
*mf*



1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord;  
 2. I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps;  
 3. I have read a fie - ry gos - pel writ in burnished rows of steel:  
 4. He has sound - ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat;  
 5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea,



He is tramp - ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored;  
 They have build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dew and damp;  
 "As ye deal with My con - tem - ners, so with you My grace shall deal:"  
 He is sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment seat:  
 With a glo - ry in His bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me;



He hath loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword; His  
 I can read His right - eous sentence in the dim and flar - ing lamps: His  
 Let the He - ro born of wo - man crush the ser - pant with His heel, Since  
 Oh, be swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our  
 As He died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While

*f*



truth is march - ing on.  
 day is march - ing on.  
 God is march - ing on. Glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le -  
 God is march - ing on.  
 God is march - ing on.



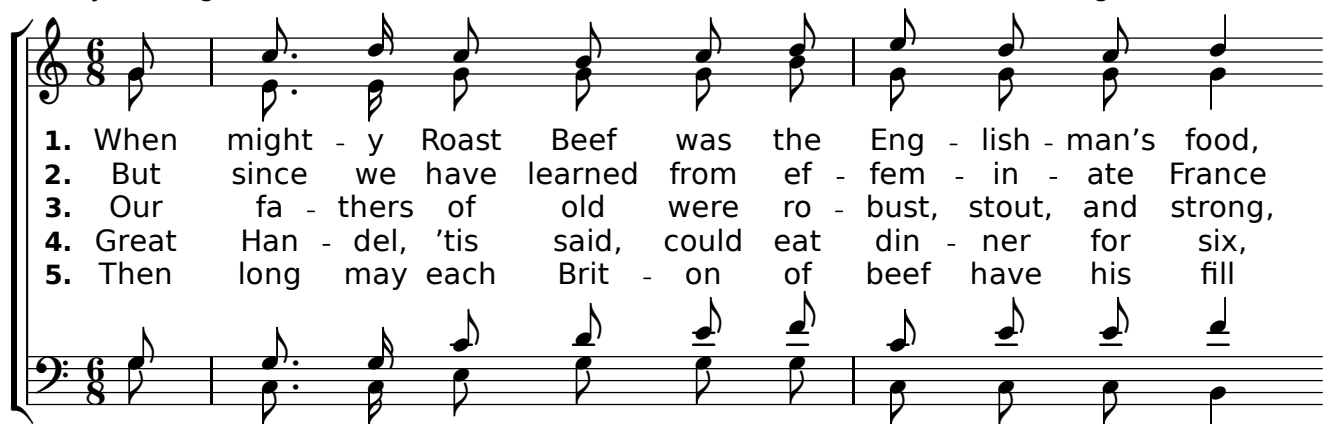


lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo-ry, Hal-le - lu - jah! His truth is march-ing on.

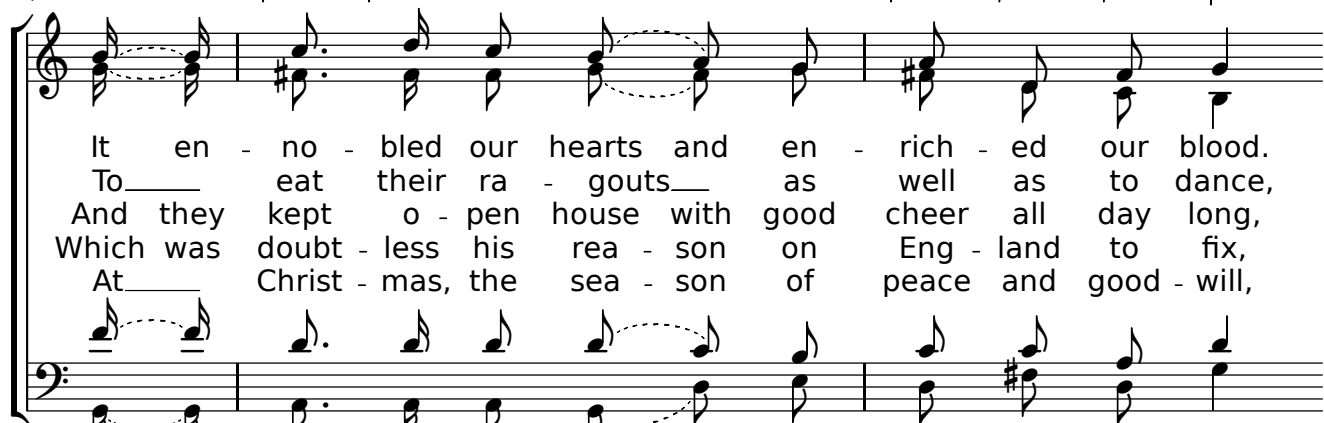
## T R B O E

Henry Fielding (-) and others

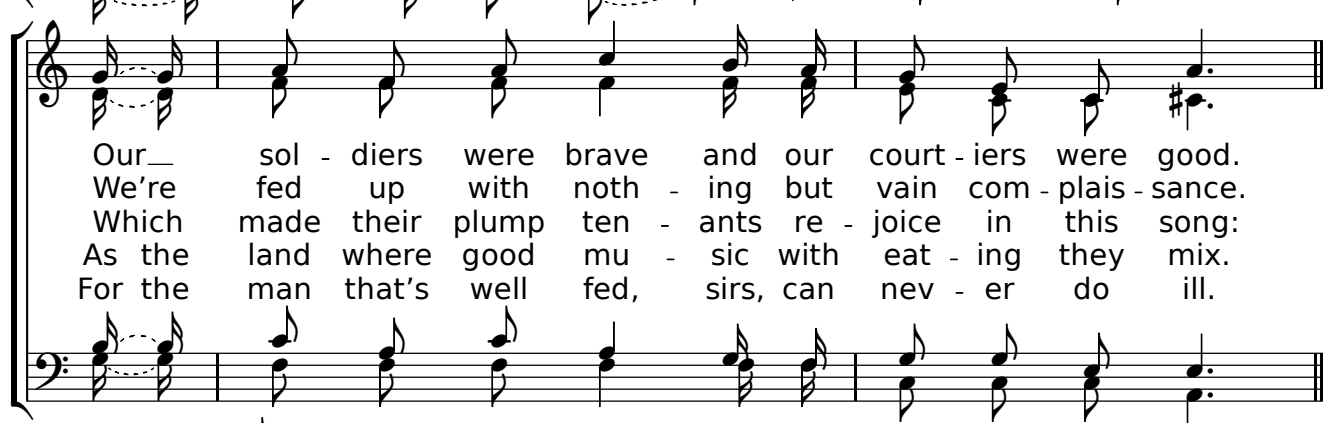
Richard Leveridge (-)



1. When might - y Roast Beef was the Eng - lish - man's food,  
2. But since we have learned from ef - fem - in - ate France  
3. Our fa - thers of old were ro - bust, stout, and strong,  
4. Great Han - del, 'tis said, could eat din - ner for six,  
5. Then long may each Brit - on of beef have his fill



It en - no - bled our hearts and en - rich - ed our blood.  
To eat their ra - gouts as well as to dance,  
And they kept o - pen house with good cheer all day long,  
Which was doubt - less his rea - son on Eng - land to fix,  
At Christ - mas, the sea - son of peace and good - will,



Our sol - diers were brave and our court - iers were good.  
We're fed up with noth - ing but vain com - plais - sance.  
Which made their plump ten - ants re - joice in this song:  
As the land where good mu - sic with eat - ing they mix.  
For the man that's well fed, sirs, can nev - er do ill.



Oh! the Roast Beef of old Eng - land, And oh for old Eng-land's Roast Beef!

# **D B V**

## **( G )**

Anonymous, c. , some verses, c.

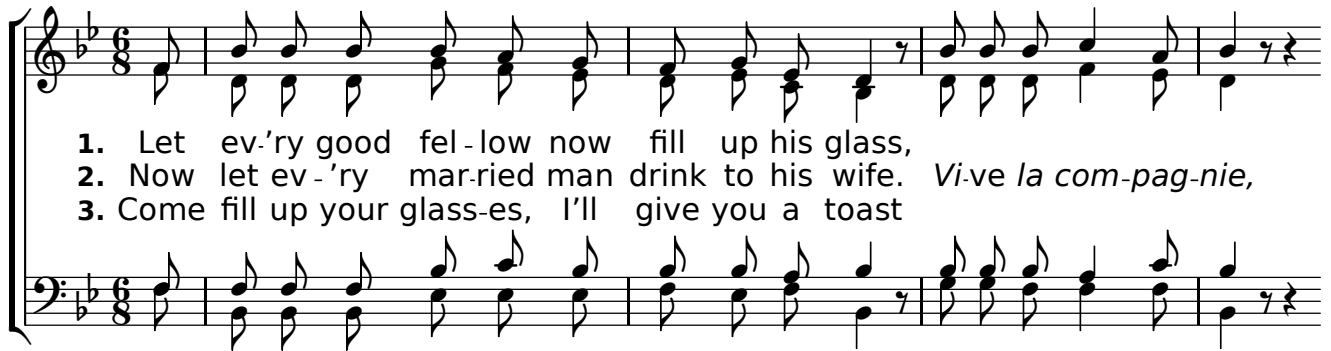
German Melody

1. Gau - de - a - mus i - gi - tur, Ju - ve - nes dum su - mus;  
2. U - bi sunt, qui an - te nos In mun - do fu - e - re?  
3. Vi - ta nos - tra bre - vis est, Bre - vi fi - ni - e - tur;  
4. Vi - vat a - ca - de - mi - a, Vi - vant pro - fes - so - res,

5 Post ju - cun - dam ju - ven - tu - tem, Post mo - les - tam se - nec - tu - tem  
Va - di - te ad su - pe - ros, Trans - i - te ad in - fe - ros,  
Ve - nit mors ve - lo - ci - ter, Ra - pit nos a - tro - ci - ter;  
Vi - vat mem - brum quod - li - bet, Vi - vant mem - bra quae - li - bet;

9 Nos ha - be - bit hu - mus, Nos ha - be - bit hu - mus.  
U - bi jam fu - e - re, U - bi jam fu - e - re.  
Ne - mi - ni par - ce - tur, Ne - mi - ni par - ce - tur.  
Sem - per sint in flo - re, Sem - per sint in flo - re.

# V L'A



1. Let ev'-ry good fel-low now fill up his glass,  
 2. Now let ev-'ry mar-ried man drink to his wife. *Vi-ve la com-pag-nie,*  
 3. Come fill up your glass-es, I'll give you a toast



And drink to the health of our glo - ri - ous class,  
 The joy of his bo - som and plague of his life. *Vi-ve la com-pag-*  
 A health to our dear friend, our kind wor-thy host.



8  
 nie. **ff** *Vi-ve la, vi-ve la, vi-ve l'a-mour, Vi-ve la, vi-ve la,*



12  
*vi-ve l'a-mour, vi-ve l'a-mour, vi-ve l'a-mour, vi-ve la com-pag-nie!*

# AINFTO

German Folk Song

1. Thou, thou reign'st in this bos - om, Here, here hast thou thy throne;  
 2. Then, then, e'en as I love thee, Say, say, wilt thou love me?  
 3. Speak, speak, love, I im - plore thee; Say, say, hope shall be mine;

Thou, thou know'st that I love thee, Am I not fond - ly thine  
 Thoughts, thoughts, ten - der and true, love, Say wilt thou cher - ish for  
 Thou, thou, know'st that I love thee, Say but that thou wilt be

own? Yes, yes, yes, yes, Am I not fond - ly thine own?  
 me? Yes, yes, yes, yes, Say wilt thou cher - ish for me?  
 mine; Yes, yes, yes, yes, Say but that thou wilt be mine.

## IV

Quintus Horatius Flaccus (- BC)

Friedrich F. Flemming (-)

1. In - te - ger vi - tæ scel - e - ris - que pu - rus Non e - get Mau - ris ja - cu - lis, nec  
 2. Si - ve per Syr - tes i - ter æs - tu - o - sas, Si - ve fac - tu - rus per in - hos - pi -  
 3. Nam - que me sil - va lu - pus in Sa - bi - na, Dum me am can - to La - la - gen et  
 4. Qua - le por - ten - tum ne - que mi - li - ta - ris Dau - ni - as la - tis a - lit æs - cu -  
 5. Po - ne me pi - gris u - bi nul - la cam - pis Ar - bor æ - sti - va re - cre - a - tur  
 6. Po - ne sub cur - ru ni - mi - um pro - pin - qui So - lis in ter - ra do - mibus ne -

ar - cu, Nec ve - ne - na - tis gra - vi - da sa - git - tis, Fus - ce, pha - re - tra.  
 ta - lem Cau - ca - sum, vel quæ lo - ca fa - bu - lo - sus Lam - bit Hy - da - spes.  
 ul - tra Ter - mi - num cu - ris va - gor ex - pe - di - tis, Fu - git in - er - mem,  
 le - tis Nec Ju - bæ tel - lus ge - ne - rat, le - o - num A - ri - da nu - trix.  
 au - ra, Quod la - tus mun - di ne - bu - læ ma - lus - que Jup - pi - ter ur - get;  
 ga - ta: Dul - ce ri - den - tem La - la - gen a - ma - bo, Dul - ce lo - quen - tem.

# N S

Swedish Folk Song

*p*

Gent - ly the breez - es blow through the for - est; Birds voic - es call - ing;

*p*

still is the night. Wa - ters be - neath them gleam - ing in moon - light

*mf*

Send back their an - swers danc - ing in light. My dear - est heart, Oh

10

heark - en to me! Thou art a - far, my soul cries to thee.

*rall.*

13

No an - swer comes from for - est or stream - let; Ech - o but mocks at me.

# R A

Scottish Folk Song

1. What's this dull town to me? Rob-in's not near. What was't I  
2. What made th'a - sem - bly shine? Rob-in A - dair. What made the

wished to see, What wished to hear? Where's all the  
ball so fine? Rob - in was there. What, when the

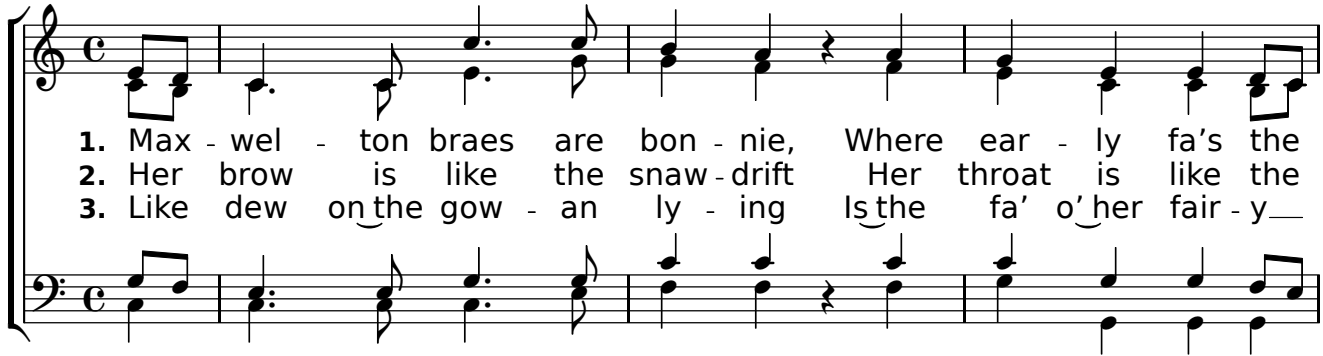
joy and mirth, That made this town a heav'n on earth?  
play was o'er, What made my heart so sore?

Oh! they're all fled with thee, Rob - in A - dair.  
Oh! it was part - ing with Rob - in A - dair.

# A L

William Douglas (c. -)

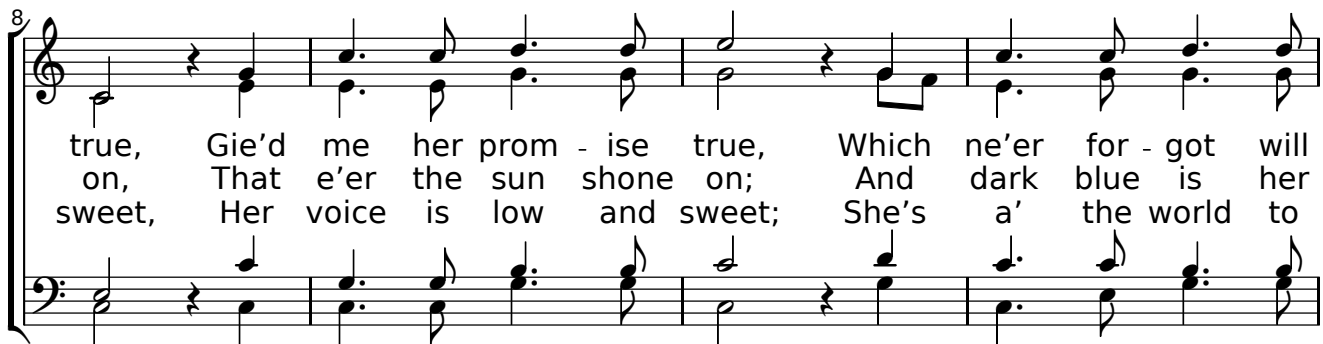
Lady John Scott (-)



1. Max - wel - ton braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the  
 2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift Her throat is like the  
 3. Like dew on the gow - an ly - ing Is the fa' o' her fair - y\_\_



dew, And it's there that An - nie Lau - rie, Gie'd me her prom - ise  
 swan, Her face it is the fair - est, That e'er the sun shone  
 feet, Like the winds in sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and



true, Gie'd me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for - got will  
 on, That e'er the sun shone on; And dark blue is her  
 sweet, Her voice is low and sweet; 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.

# LL

Scottish Folk Song

1. By yon bon-nie banks, And by yon bon-nie braes, Where the  
 2. 'Twas there that we part - ed In yon shad-y glen On the  
 3. The wee bird-ies sang And the wild flow-ers spring And in

sun shines bright on Loch Lo-mond, Where me and my true love Were  
 steep, steep side of Ben Lo-mond Where in pur-ple hue The  
 sun-shine the wa-ters are sleep-ing, But the broken heart it kens Nae

ev-er wont to gae On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lo-mond. Oh!  
 Highland hills we view And the moon com-in' out in the gloam-ing. Oh!  
 sec-ond Spring a-gain Tho' the wae-ful may cease frae their greet-ing. Oh!

ye'll take the high road and I'll take the low road, And I'll be in Scot-land a-

fore ye, But me and my true love we'll nev-er meet a-gain On the

bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo-mond.

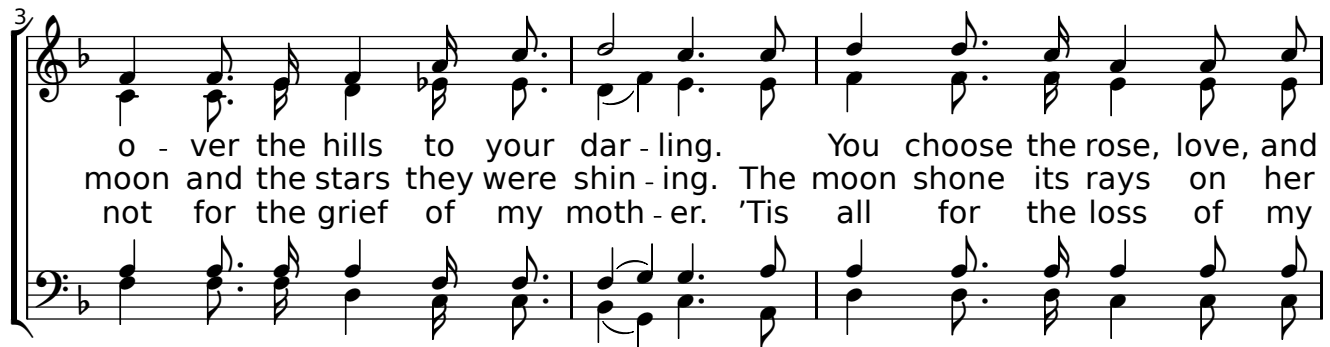


# R R

Irish Folk Song



1. Come o - ver the hills, my bon - nie I - rish lass, Come  
 2. 'Twas down by Kil - lar - ney's green woods that we strayed When the  
 3. It's not for the part - ing that my sis - ter pains; It's\_\_\_



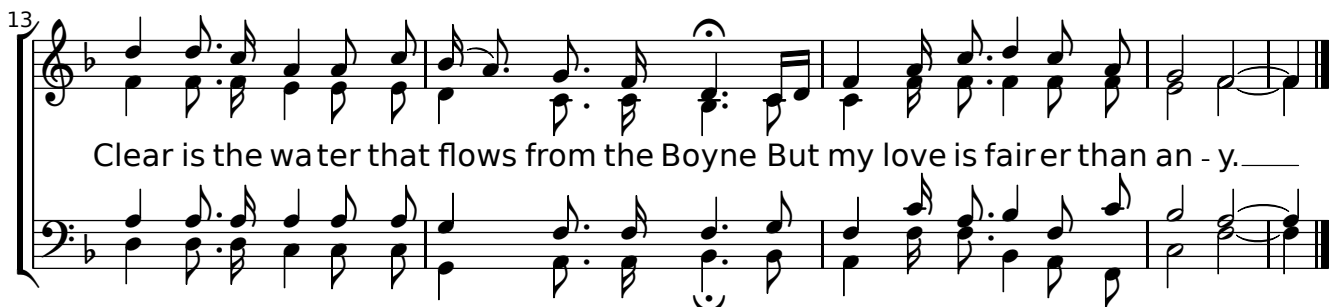
o - ver the hills to your dar - ling. You choose the rose, love, and  
 moon and the stars they were shin - ing. The moon shone its rays on her  
 not for the grief of my moth - er. 'Tis all for the loss of my



I - 'll make the vow, And I'll be your true love for - ev - er.  
 locks of gold - en hair And she swore she'd be my love for - ev - er.  
 bon-nie I - rish lass That my heart is break - ing for - ev - er.



Red is the rose that in yon - der garden grows; Fair is the lil - y of the val - ley;



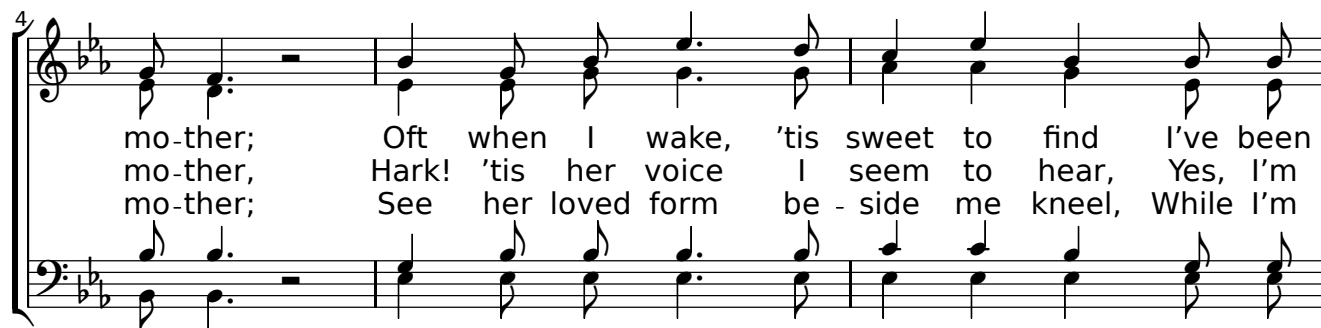
Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne But my love is fairer than an - y.---

# D H M

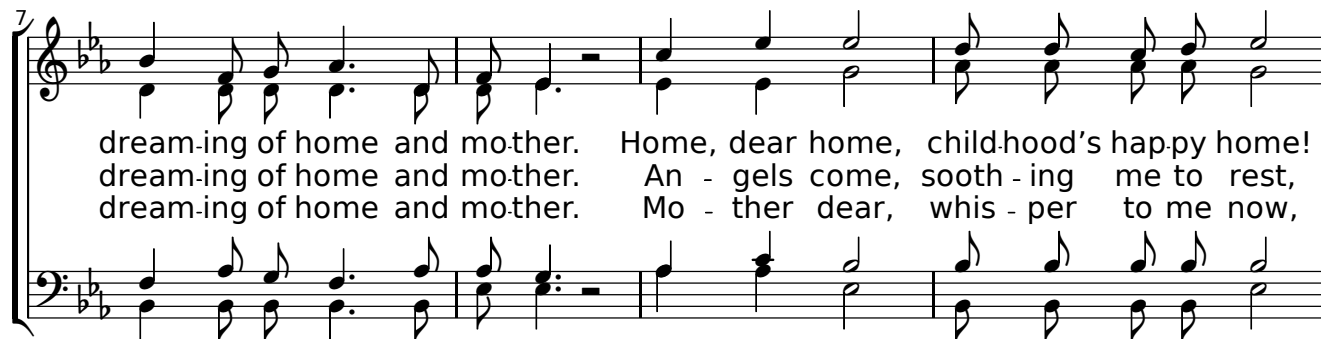
John P. Ordway (-)



1. Dream - ing of home, dear old home! Home of my child-hood and  
 2. Sleep, balm - y sleep, close mine eyes, Keep me still think - ing of  
 3. Child - hood has come, come a - gain, Sleep-ing, I see my dear



mo-ther; Oft when I wake, 'tis sweet to find I've been  
 mo-ther, Hark! 'tis her voice I seem to hear, Yes, I'm  
 mo-ther; See her loved form be - side me kneel, While I'm



dream-ing of home and mother. Home, dear home, child-hood's happy home!  
 dream-ing of home and mother. An - gels come, sooth - ing me to rest,  
 dream-ing of home and mother. Mo - ther dear, whis - per to me now,

11

When I played with sis - ter and with brother; 'Twas the sweet-est joy when  
I can feel their presence and none oth - er; For they sweet-ly say I  
Tell me of my sis - ter and my brother; Now I feel thy hand up -

14

we did roam, O - ver hill and through dale with mo-ther.  
shall be blest With bright vis - ions of home and mo-ther.  
on my brow, Yes I'm dream - ing of home and mo-ther.

17

Dream-ing of home, dear old home! Home of my child-hood and mo-ther;

21

Oft when I wake, 'tis sweet to find I've been dream-ing of home and mother.

# B S S W

Sir Julius Benedict (-)

1. By the sad sea waves, I lis - ten while they moan A la -  
2. From my care last night by ho - ly sleep be - guiled, In the

ment o'er graves of hope and plea - sure gone. I was  
fair dream - light my home up - on me smiled. Oh, how

young, I was fair, I had once not a care, From the  
sweet 'mid the dew, Ev - 'ry flow'r that I knew, Breathed a

7

ris - ing of the morn to the set - ting of the sun; Yet I a -  
gen - tle wel - come back to the worn and wear - y child. I a -

9

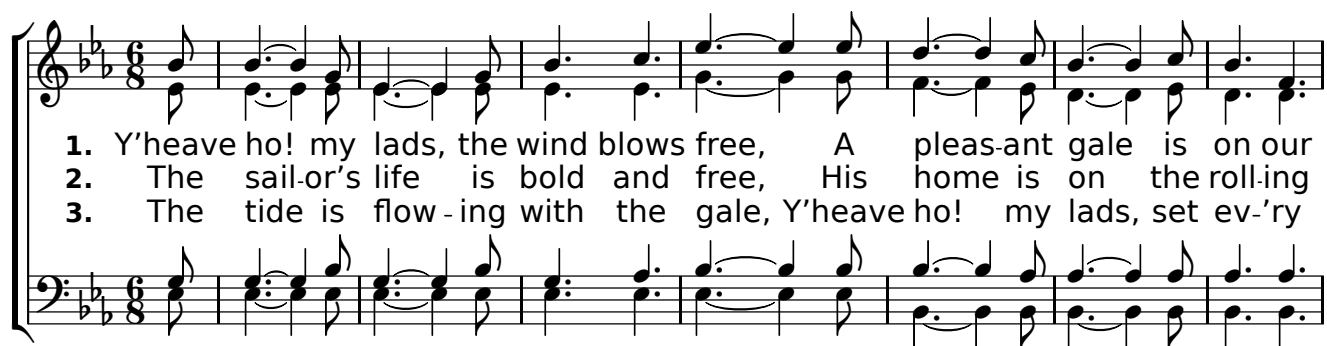
pine like a slave by the sad sea wave. Come a - gain, bright days of  
wake in my grave by the sad sea wave. Come a - gain, dear dream so

12

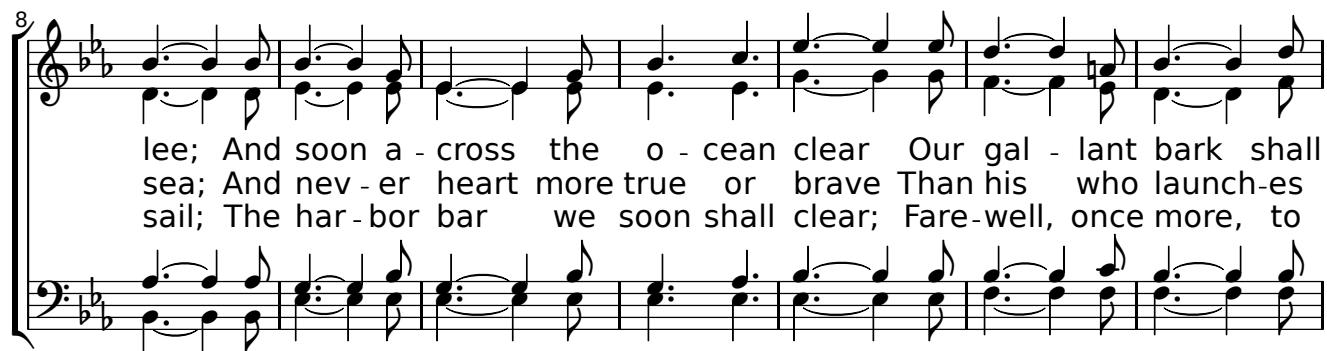
hope and pleasure gone, Come a - gain, bright days, Come a - gain, come a - gain.  
peace - ful - ly that smiled, Come a - gain, dear dream, Come a - gain, come a - gain.

# S

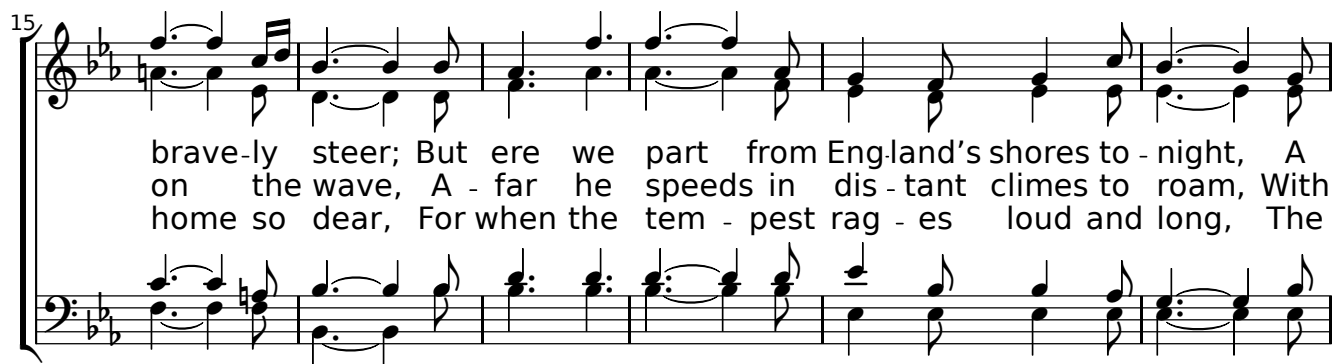
Godfrey Marks (-)



1. Y'heave ho! my lads, the wind blows free, A pleas-ant gale is on our  
 2. The sail-or'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 bark shall  
 sea; And nev - er heart more true or brave Than his who launch-es  
 sail; The har - bor bar we soon shall clear; Fare-well, once more, to



brave-ly steer; But ere we part from England's shores to - night, A  
 on the wave, A - far he speeds in dis - tant climes to roam, With  
 home so dear, For when the tem - pest rag - es loud and long, The

21

song we'll sing for home and beau - ty bright.  
jo - cund song he rides the spark-ling foam. Then here's to the sail-or, and  
home shall be our guid - ing star and song.

27

here's to the heart so true, Who will think of him up-on the waters blue! Sail-ing,

33

sail-ing, o-ver the bound-ing main; For many a storm-y wind shall blow, ere

38

Jack comes home a - gain! Sail - ing, sail - ing, o-ver the bound-ing

43

main; For many a storm-y wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home a - gain.

# H I

Thuringian Folk Song

*p*

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

6 *mf* *p*

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

11 *f* *p* *rit.*

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



# O F D, O F D

Jean Ingelow (-)

Alfred Scott Gatty (-)

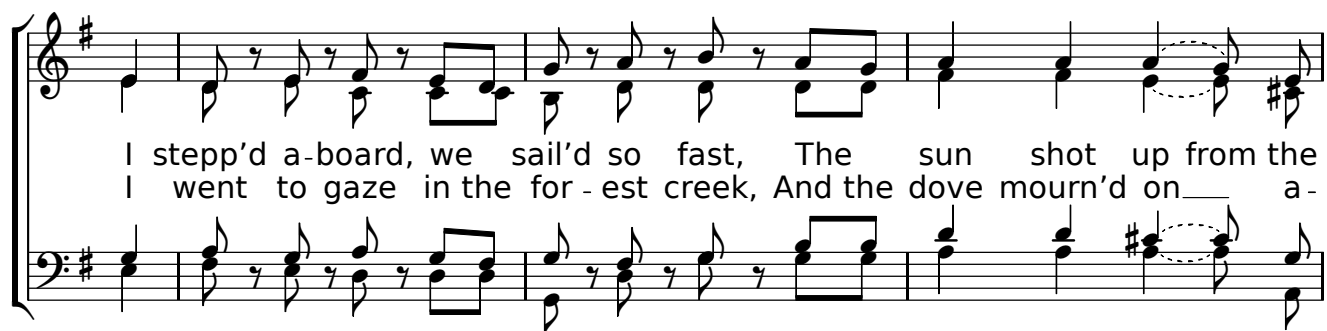
$\text{♩} = 126$



1. Methought the stars were blink-ing bright, And the old brig's sails unfurled;  
2. My true love fares on this great hill, Feeding his sheep for aye;



I said, "I will sail to my love this night At the oth-er side of the world."  
I look'd in his hut, but all was still, My love was gone a - way.



I stepp'd a-board, we sail'd so fast, The sun shot up from the  
I went to gaze in the for - est creek, And the dove mourn'd on a -

12  $\text{♩} = 92$



bour; But a dove that perch'd up - on the mast Did mourn, and mourn, and  
pace; No flame did flash, nor fair blue reek Rose up to show me his

16



mourn. O fair dove! O fond dove! And dove with the white, white breast,  
place. O last love! O first love! My love with the true, true heart,

Let me a - lone, the dream is my own, And my heart is full of rest.  
To think I have come to this thy\_ home, And yet we are a - part.

3. My love! He stood at my right hand, His eyes were grave and sweet.

Methought he said, "In this far land, O, is it thus we meet? Ah! maid, most dear,

I am not here; I have no place, no part, No dwelling more by sea or shore,

But only in thy heart." O fair dove! O fond dove! Till night rose over the bourn

The dove on the mast, as we sail'd fast, Did mourn, and mourn, and mourn...

# A B

Katherine Lee Bates (-)

Samuel Augustus Ward (-)

*mf*

1. Oh beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of grain,—  
2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern im-pas-sion'd stress,—

For pur-ple moun-tain maj-es-ties A-bove the fruit-ed plain!—  
A thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat A-cross the wil-der-ness!—

*f*

A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee,— And  
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God mend thine ev-'ry flaw,— Con-

13 *rall.*

crown thy good with bro-ther-hood From sea to shin-ing sea!  
firm thy soul in self con-trol, Thy lib-er-ty in law!

# T' M A

George Frederick Root (-)

1. There's mu-sic in the air, When the in - fant morn is nigh, And  
2. There's mu-sic in the air, When the noon-tide's sul - try beam Re -  
3. There's mu-sic in the air, When the twi-light's gen - tle sigh Is

faint its blush is seen On the bright and laugh - ing sky.  
flects a gold - en light On the dis - tant moun - tain stream.  
lost on eve - ning's breast, As its pen - sive beau - ties die:

Ma - ny a harp's ec - stat - ic sound Thrills us with its joy pro - found,  
When be - neath some grate - ful shade Sor - row's ach - ing head is laid,  
Then, O, then, the loved ones gone Wake the pure, ce - les - tial song;

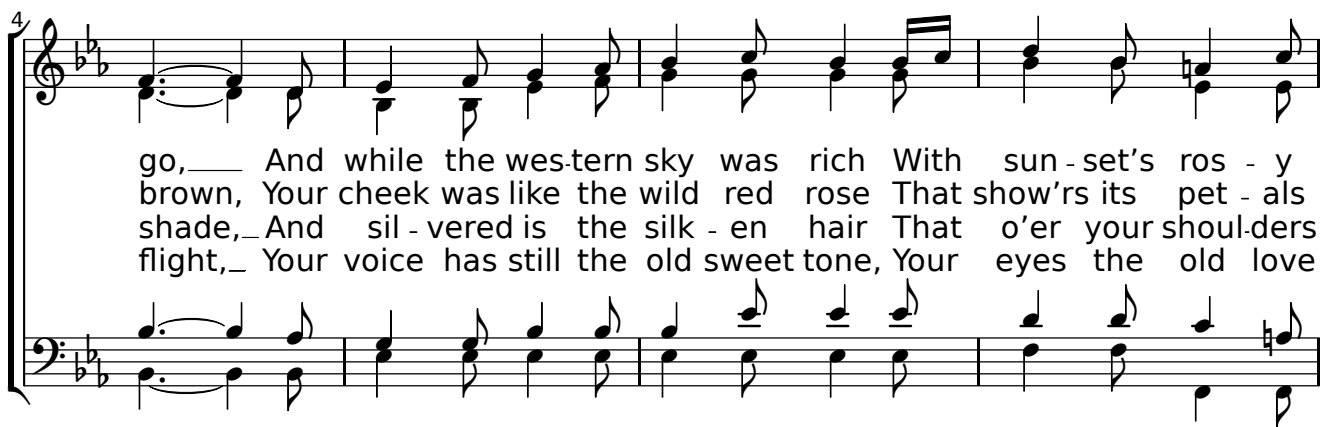
While we list, en - chant - ed there, To the mu - sic in the air.  
Sweet - ly to the spi - rit there Comes the mu - sic in the air.  
An - gel voi - ces greet us there With the mu - sic in the air.

# T O T

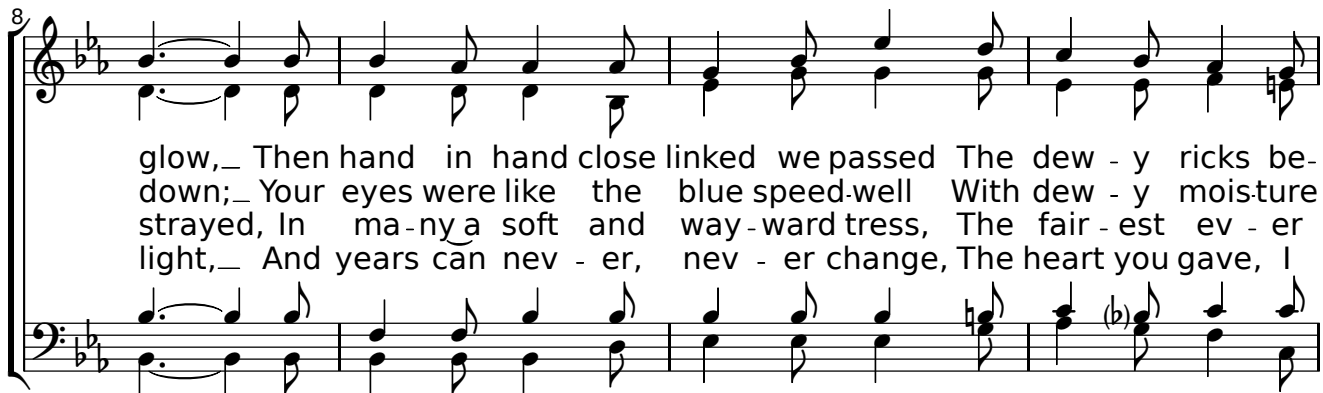
J. R. Thomas,



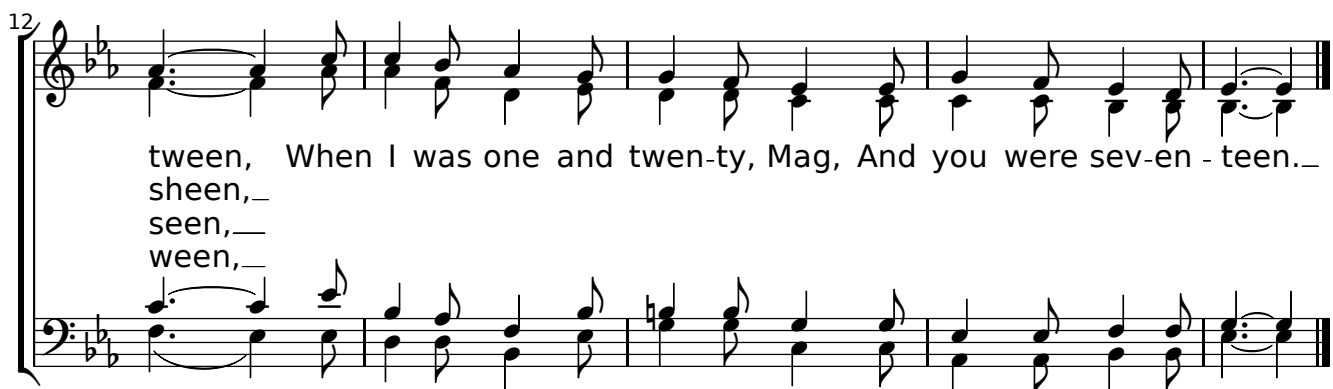
1. 'Twas when the hay was mown, Mag-gie, In the long years a -  
 2. Your voice was low and sweet, Mag-gie, Your wav - y hair was  
 3. The years have come and gone, Mag-gie, With sun - shine and with  
 4. Though gen - tly chang-ing time, Mag-gie, Has touched you in his



go, — And while the wes-tern sky was rich With sun-set's ros - y  
 brown, Your cheek was like the wild red rose That show's its pet - als  
 shade, — And sil-vered is the silk - en hair That o'er your shoulders  
 flight, — Your voice has still the old sweet tone, Your eyes the old love



glow, — Then hand in hand close linked we passed The dew - y ricks be-  
 down; — Your eyes were like the blue speed-well With dew - y moisture  
 strayed, In ma - ny a soft and way - ward tress, The fair - est ev - er  
 light, — And years can nev - er, nev - er change, The heart you gave, I



tween, When I was one and twen-ty, Mag, And you were sev-en - teen. —  
 sheen, —  
 seen, —  
 ween, —

# D

Dan Emmett (-)

*mf*

1. I wish I was in the land of cotton, Old times there are not forgotten, Look a-

*p*

way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dixie Land! In Dix-ie Land where I was born in,

11

Ear-ly on one frost-y mornin', Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dixie Land!

*f*

3

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

22

take my stand To live and die in Dix - ie; A - way, A - way, A -

*rall.*

27

way down south in Dix-ie; A - way, A - way, A - way down south in Dix-ie.

# T L (D L)

Heinrich Heine (-)

Friedrich Silcher (-)

1. I know not what is the mean - ing that wear - y, sad am I,  
 2. A - bove on the rocks is lean - ing a maid - en strangely fair,  
 3. A boat - man be - low is heark'ning, it fills him with grief and love;  
 4. *Ich weiß nicht, was soll es be - deu - ten, Daß ich so trau - rig bin;*  
 5. *Die schön - ste Jung - frau sit - zet Dort o - ben wun - der - bar*  
 6. *Den Schif - fer im klei - nen Schif - fe Ergreift es mit wil - dem Weh;*

Of an - cient times I'm dream - ing a  
 Her gold - en jew - els are gleam - ing, she  
 He heeds not the rocks so dark - 'ning, he  
*Ein Mähr - chen aus al - ten Zei - ten, Das*  
*Ihr gold - 'nes Ge - schmei - de - blit - zet, Sie*  
*Er schaut nicht die Fel - sen - rif - fe, Er*

leg - end long gone by;  
 combs her long gold - en hair;  
 sees but the form a - bove.  
*kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.*  
*kämmt ihr gol - de - nes Haar.*  
*schaut nur hin - auf in die Höh'.*

The day is fad - ing to twi - light, and  
 She combs it with fair - y comb gold - en, a  
 Ah me! that the waves will have swal - lowed both  
 Die Luft ist kühl und es dun - kelt, Und  
 Sie kämmt es mit gol - de - nem Kam - me, Und  
 Ich glau - be, die Wel - len ver - schlin - gen Am

11

soft - ly flows the Rhine,  
 song the while she,  
 boat - man and boat ere long,  
 ru - - hig fließt der Rhein;  
 singt ein Lied da - bei;  
 En - - de Schif - fer und Kahn;

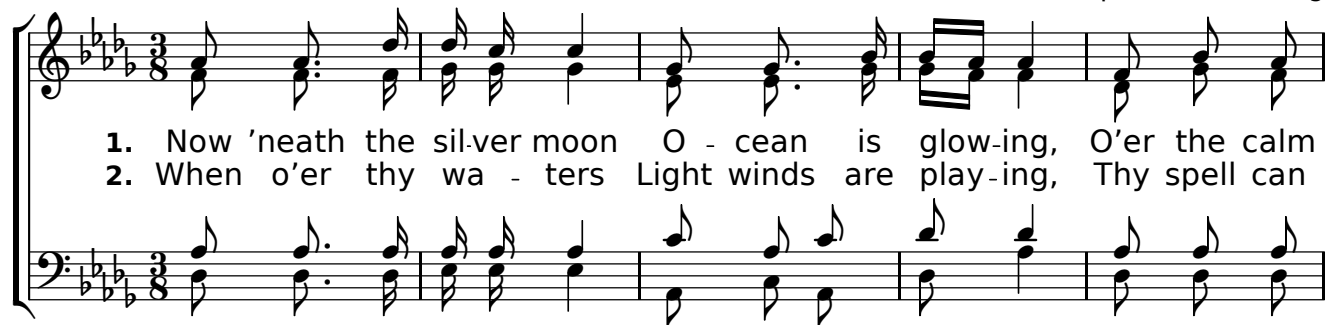
*poco rit.*

The mountains a - far are gleam - ing, in sun - set's gold - en shine.  
 Of mean - ing un - earth - ly and old - en, a pow - erful mel - o - dy.  
 And this by the charm un - hal - lowed of the Lo - re - lei with her song.  
 Der Gip - fel des Ber - ges fun - kelt Im A - bend - son - nen - schein.  
 Das hat ei - ne wun - der - sa - me, Ge - wal - ti - ge Mel - o - dei.  
 Und das hat mit ih - rem Sin - gen Die Lo - re - Lei ge - than.

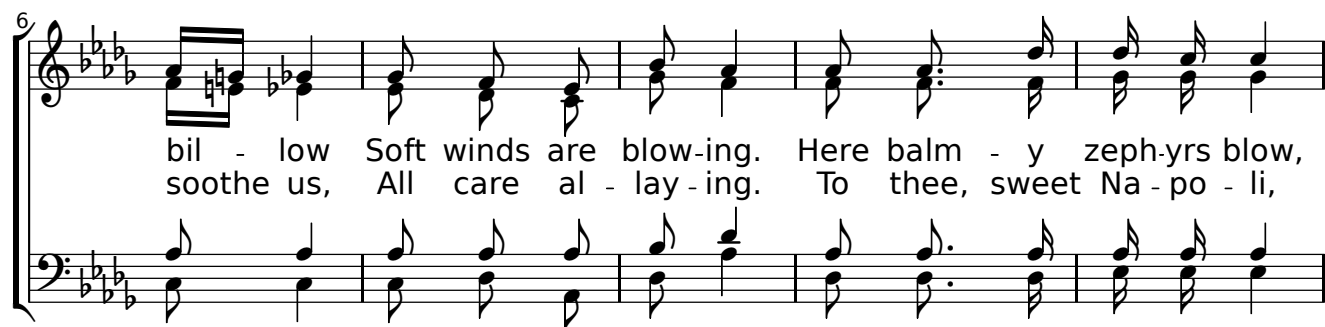


# SL

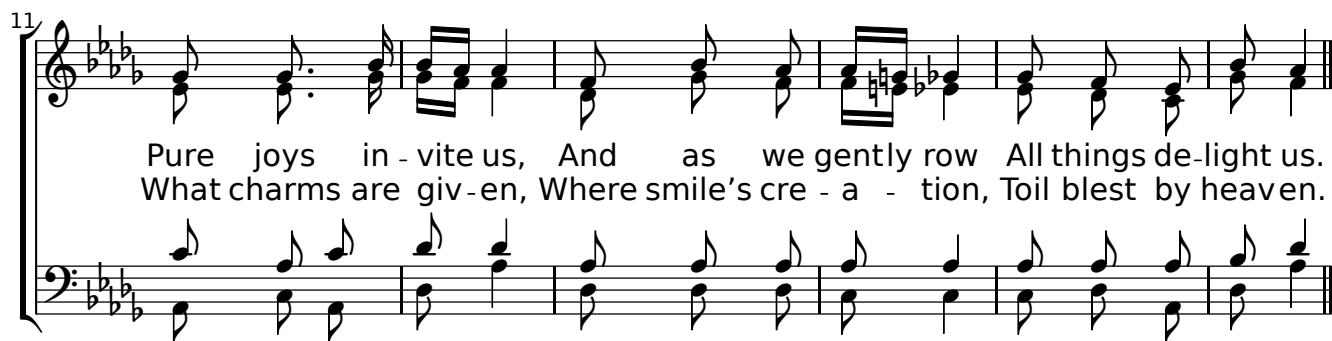
Neapolitan Folk Song



1. Now 'neath the sil-ver moon O - cean is glow-ing, O'er the calm  
2. When o'er thy wa - ters Light winds are play-ing, Thy spell can



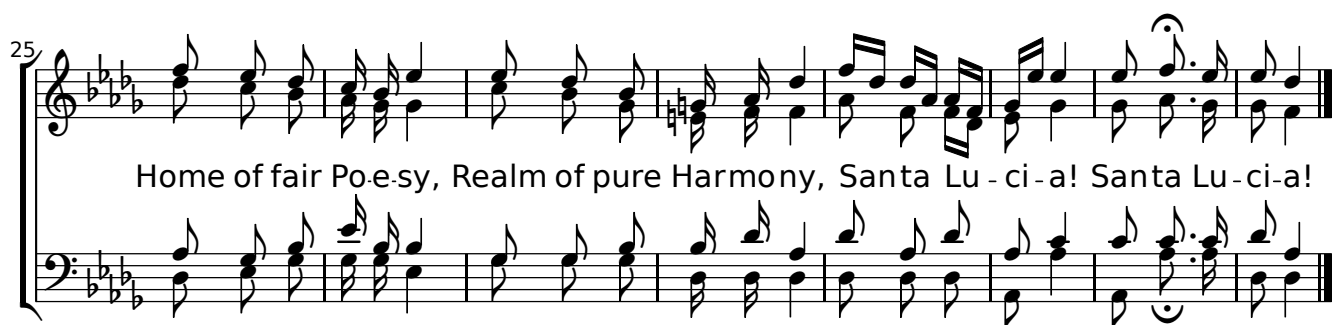
6 bil - low Soft winds are blow-ing. Here balm - y zeph-yrs blow,  
soothe us, All care al - lay-ing. To thee, sweet Na - po - li,



11 Pure joys in - vite us, And as we gently row All things de-light us.  
What charms are giv-en, Where smile's cre - a - tion, Toil blest by heaven.



17 Hark how the sailor's cry Joyously echoes nigh: Santa Lu - ci-a! Santa Lu-ci-a!



25 Home of fair Po-e-sy, Realm of pure Harmony, Santa Lu - ci-a! Santa Lu-ci-a!

# T H D

George Frederick Root (-)



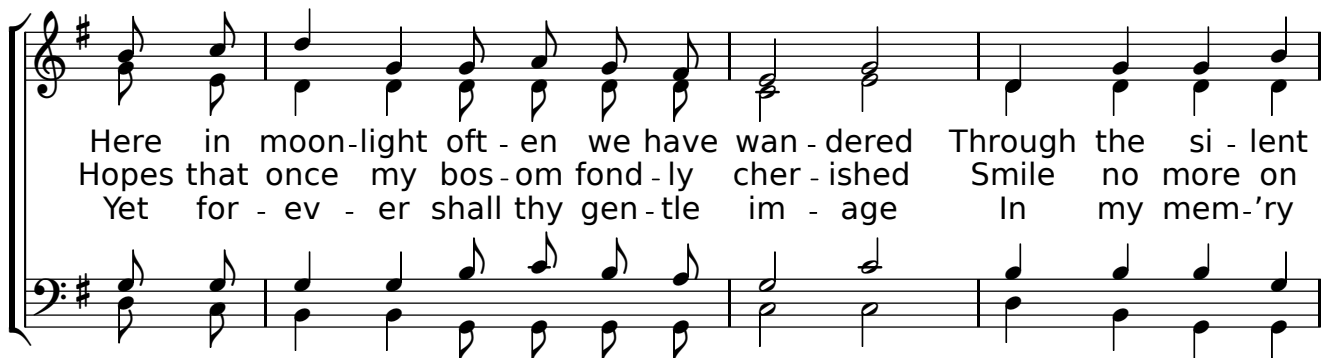
1. In the Ha-zel Dell my Nel-ly's sleep-ing, Nel-ly loved so long!  
2. In the Ha-zel Dell my Nel-ly's sleep-ing, Where the flow-ers wave,  
3. Now I'm wea-ry, friend-less, and for - sak - en, Watch-ing here a - lone,

The first system of the musical score for 'The Hazel Dell' by George Frederick Root. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and common time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are presented in three numbered lines, corresponding to the three verses of the song.



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

The second system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are presented in three lines, corresponding to the continuation of the three verses.



Here in moon-light oft - en we have wan - dered Through the si - lent  
Hopes that once my bos-om fond-ly cher - ished Smile no more on  
Yet for - ev - er shall thy gen - tle im - age In my mem-'ry

The third system of the musical score. It concludes the piece with the final lines of the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are presented in three lines, corresponding to the final lines of the three verses.

12

shade, Now where leaf - y branch-es droop-ing down-ward, Little Nel - ly's  
me, Ev - 'ry dream of joy a - las has per - ished, Nel-ly dear, with  
dwell. And my tears thy lone - ly grave shall moist - en, Nel-ly dear, fare-

16

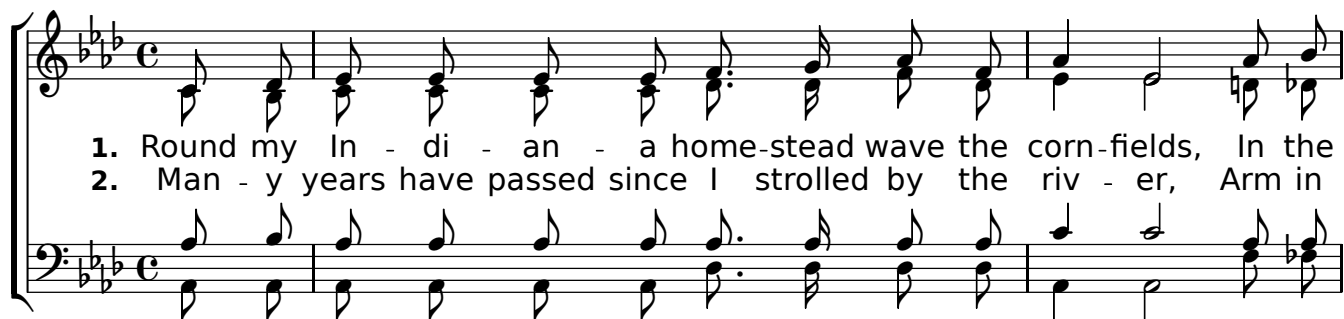
laid. thee. well. All a-lone my watch I'm keep-ing In the Ha-zel Dell,

For my dar-ling Nel-ly's near me sleep - ing, Nel-ly dear, fare - well.

# O B W, F A

Paul Dresser (-)

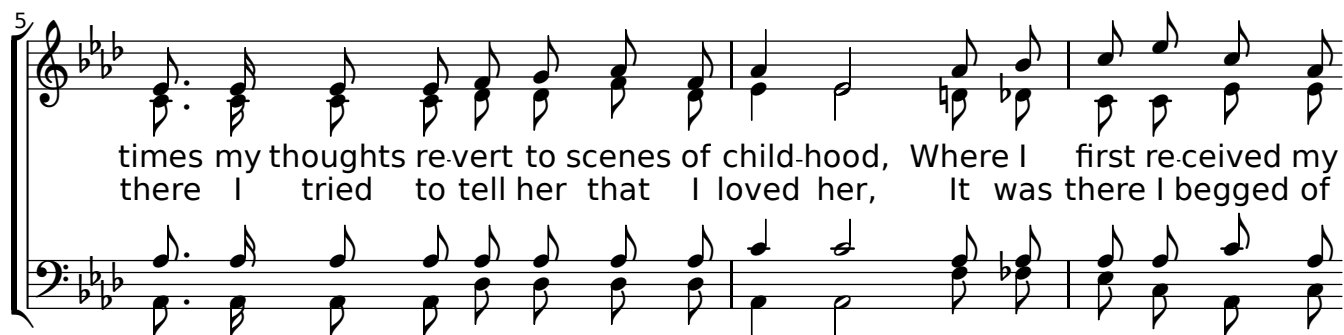
Paul Dresser (-)



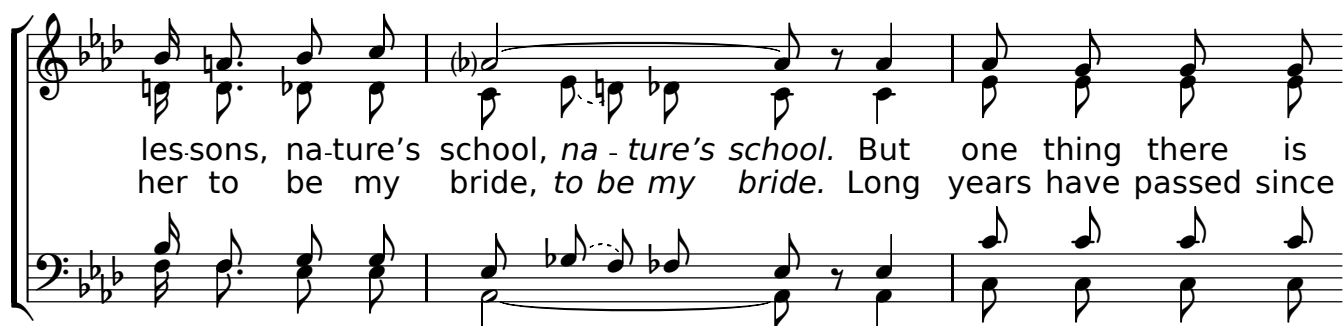
1. Round my In - di - an - a home-stead wave the corn-fields, In the  
2. Man - y years have passed since I strolled by the riv - er, Arm in



dis - tance loom the wood-lands clear and cool, *clear and cool.* Of-ten-arm, with sweet-heart Mar - y by my side, *by my side.* It was



times my thoughts re-vert to scenes of child-hood, Where I first re-ceived my there I tried to tell her that I loved her, It was there I begged of



lessons, na-ture's school, na - ture's school. But one thing there is her to be my bride, to be my bride. Long years have passed since

mis - sing from the pic - ture, With - out her face it  
I strolled through the church - yard. She's sleep - ing there, my

seems so in - com - plete. I long to see my moth - er in the  
an - gel, Mar - y dear, I loved her, but she thought I did - n't

14

door - way, As she stood there years a - go, her boy to greet.  
mean it, Still I'd give my fu - ture were she on - ly here.

Oh, the moon - light's fair to - night a - long the Wa - bash, From the

19

fields there comes the breath of new - mown hay. Through the syc - a - mors the

candle lights are gleaming, On the banks of the Wabash, far a - way.\_

This musical score is for a piano accompaniment. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support through chords and single notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

## A H T O T

Joseph Hayden

Theodore August Metz,

When you hear dem a bells go ding, ling, ling, All join 'round And

This musical score is for a piano accompaniment. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support through chords and single notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

sweet-ly you must sing, And when the verse is through, In the

This musical score is for a piano accompaniment. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support through chords and single notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

cho-rus all join in, There'll be a hot time in the old town to - night.

This musical score is for a piano accompaniment. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support through chords and single notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

# B S

1. Jol - ly boat - ing weath-er\_ And a hay har-vest breeze;\_  
2. Twenty years hence such weath-er\_May call us from of - fice stools;\_ We

Oars on the feath-er,\_ Glid - ing by the trees;\_  
may be slow on the feath-er\_ And called by the boys, old fools;\_

*f*  
Swing, swing to-geth-er,\_ With your bod - ies be-tween your knees;\_  
Still we'll swing to-geth-er,\_ And\_ swear by the best of schools;

*poco rit.*  
Sing, swing to-geth-er,\_ With your bod - ies be-tween your knees.\_  
Sing, swing to geth-er,\_ And\_ swear by the best of schools.

# L, L A

Thomas Haynes Bayly (-)

1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a-go,  
 2. Do you re-mem-ber the path where we met, Long, long a-go,  
 3. Though by your kind-ness my fond hopes were raised, Long, long a-go,

Long, long a-go; Sing me the songs I de-light-ed to hear,  
 Long, long a-go? Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would for-get,  
 Long, long a-go; You by more el-o-quent lips have been praised,

Long, long a-go, long a-go. Now you are come, all my  
 Long, long a-go, long-a-go. Then, to all oth-ers my  
 Long, long a-go, long a-go. But by long ab-sence your

grief is re-moved, Let me for-get that so long you have roved,  
 smile you pre-ferr'd, Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,  
 truth has been tried, Still to your ac-cents I lis-ten with pride,

Let me be-lieve that you love as you loved, Long, long a-go, long-a-go.  
 Still my heart trea-sures the praises I heard, Long, long a-go, long a-go.  
 Blest as I was when I sat by your side, Long, long a-go, long a-go.

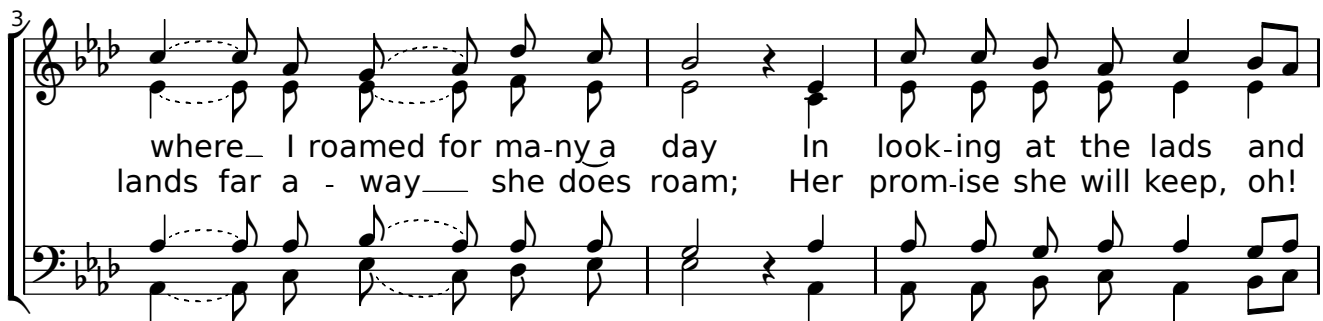


# SLJ

Harry Miller,



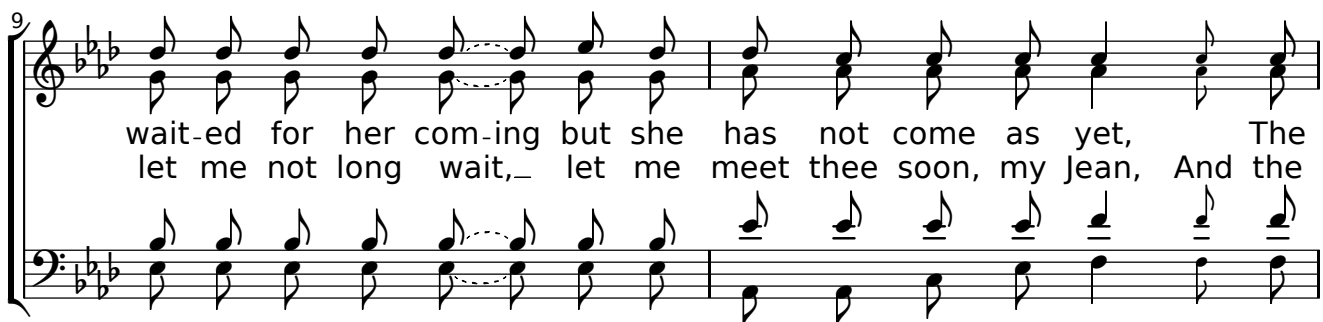
1. In Scot-land's fair lands\_ o - ver moun-tains and rills, That's  
2. She said she would meet me, but I've wait-ed long in vain, In\_\_



where\_ I roamed for ma-ny a day In look-ing at the lads and  
lands far a - way\_\_ she does roam; Her prom-ise she will keep, oh!



las-sies on the green, In the fair old land of Scot-land far a - way. I have  
break it not, my Jean! We'll be hap-py in our bon-nie little home. O then



wait-ed for her com-ing but she has not come as yet, The  
let me not long wait,\_ let me meet thee soon, my Jean, And the

11

truth seems to dawn up-on me plain; They say she is false, but I  
 heav - ens\_ will smile\_ on our love; And when life is dead we will

14

still be - lieve her true, She's my dar - ling blue-eyed Scotch las-sie, Jean.  
 leave this earth-ly scene, And our hearts will dwell in joy and bliss a - bove.

16

*f* Oh, Jean, my bon - nie Jean, come to your lad-die once a -

19

gain! They *p* say that you are false, but I

21

still be-lieve you mine, You are my bon-nie blue-eyed Scotch las-sie, Jean.

# L' C

Nannie,

1. Why thus do you try me, Why thus do you fly me,\_\_\_\_  
 2. Thee have I loved dear - ly, Yes, mad - ly, sin - cere - ly,\_\_\_\_  
 3. Ah! then must we sev - er? Part - ed\_\_\_\_ for - ev - er!\_\_\_\_

Why thus de - ny me, Day af - ter day?\_\_\_\_  
 But thou hast near - ly, Made Hope grow grey!\_\_\_\_  
 And wilt thou nev - er Think, love, of me?\_\_\_\_

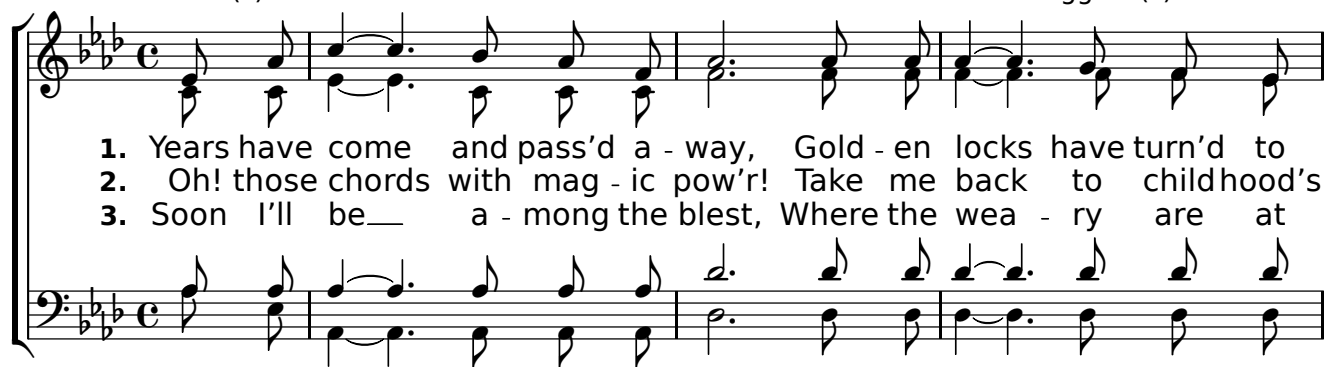
Hast thou no feel - ing, To see me kneel - ing,\_\_\_\_

My love re - veal - ing, Day af - ter day?

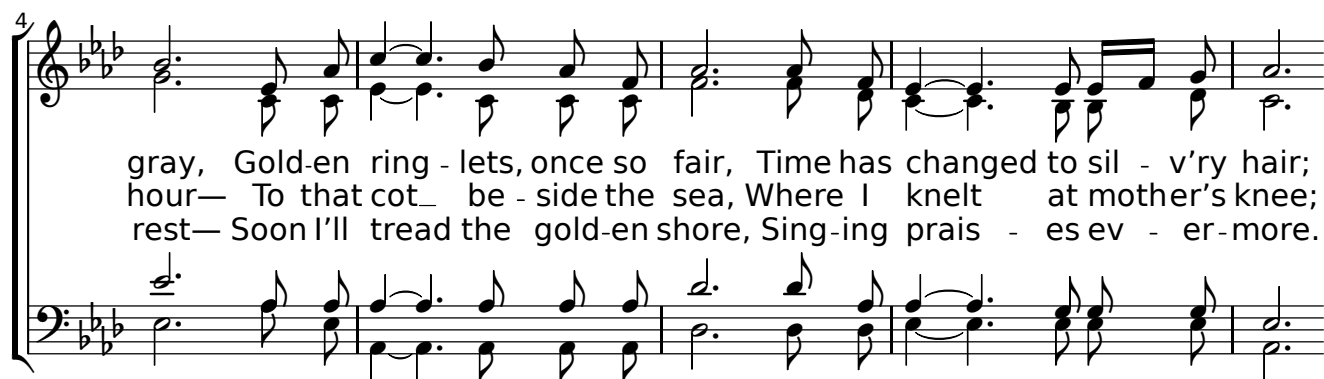
# T O M H H

William S. Pitts (-)

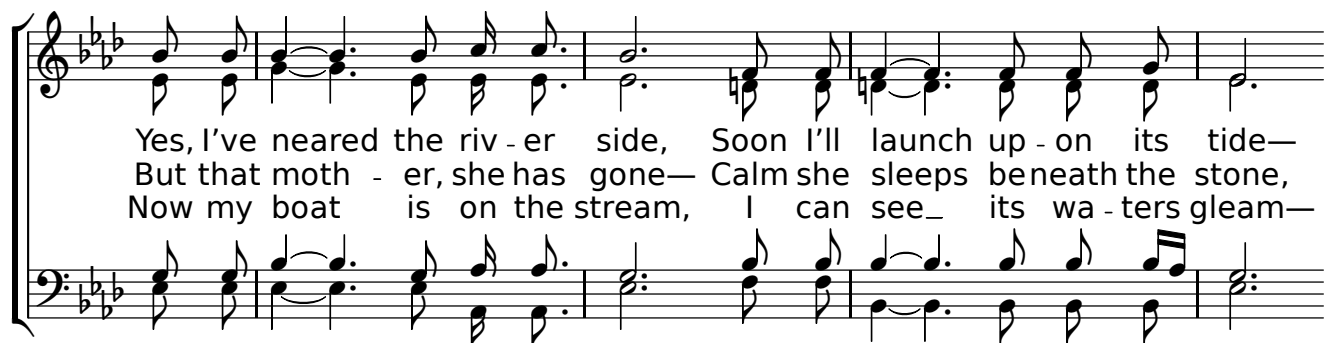
H. M. Higgins (-)



1. Years have come and pass'd a - way, Gold - en locks have turn'd to  
2. Oh! those chords with mag - ic pow'r! Take me back to childhood's  
3. Soon I'll be\_ a - mong the blest, Where the wea - ry are at



gray, Gold-en ring - lets, once so fair, Time has changed to sil - v'ry hair;  
hour— To that cot\_ be - side the sea, Where I knelt at mother's knee;  
rest— Soon I'll tread the gold-en shore, Sing-ing prais - es ev - er-more.



Yes, I've neared the riv - er side, Soon I'll launch up - on its tide—  
But that moth - er, she has gone— Calm she sleeps beneath the stone,  
Now my boat is on the stream, I can see\_ its wa - ters gleam—



Soon my boat, with noise-less oar, Safe will pass\_ to yon-der shore.  
While I wan - der here a - lone, Sigh-ing for\_ a brighter home.  
Soon I'll be\_ where an - gels roam— Dear old Harp, I'm go - ing home.



Bring my Harp to me a-gain, Let me sing\_ a gen-tle strain— Let me

21

hear\_ its chords once more, Ere I pass to yon bright shore.

*rit.*

## A L O W

Epes Sargent (-)

Henry Russell (-)

1. A life on the o - cean wave, A\_ home on the roll-ing deep,\_  
2. Once more on the deck I stand Of my own\_ swift-glid-ing craft,\_  
3. The land is no long-er in view, The clouds have be-gun to frown,

Where the scat-tered wa - ters rave, And the winds their rev - els keep:\_  
Set\_ sail! fare-well to the land,\_ The\_ gale fol-lows far\_ a - baft.\_  
But\_ with a stout vessel and crew\_ We'll say, "Let the storm come down!"

*mp*

Like an ea - gle\_ caged I pine\_ On this dull, un - chang-ing  
We\_ shoot thro' the spark - ling foam,\_ Like an o - cean bird set  
And the song of our heart shall be,\_ While the winds and the wa - ters

*Sing first verse in D.C.*

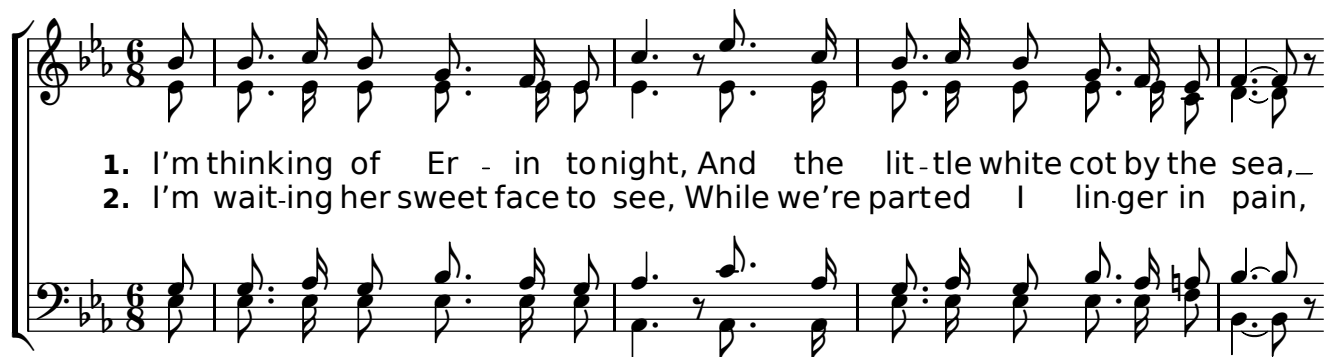
12

shore; Oh!\_ give me the flash-ing brine, The spray and the tem - pest roar!  
free; Like the o - cean bird, our home We'll find\_ far out on the sea!\_  
rave,\_ A\_ life on the heav-ing sea,\_ A home on the bounding wave!

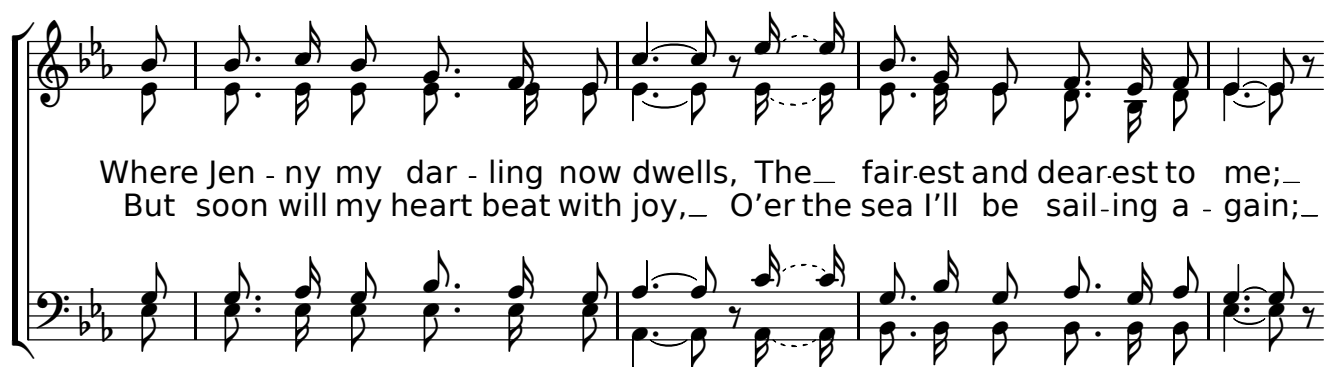
# J F K

Frank Dumont

James E. Stewart (b. )



1. I'm thinking of Er - in tonight, And the lit-tle white cot by the sea, -  
2. I'm wait-ing her sweet face to see, While we're parted I linger in pain,



Where Jen - ny my dar - ling now dwells, The\_ fair-est and dear-est to me; -  
But soon will my heart beat with joy, - O'er the sea I'll be sail-ing a - gain; -



I know that she waits for me day af - ter day, My  
A - gain her sweet kiss - es of love to re-ceive, For

11

heart ev - er longs to be there,  
her the sea's storms I will dare,

To meet her, my dar-ling, my own, - Sweet Jen-ny, the flow'r of Kil - dare.\_  
To meet her, my dar-ling, my own, - Sweet Jen-ny, the flow'r of Kil - dare.\_

I know that she's wait-ing for me, - My heart ev-er longs to be there; -

To meet her, my dar-ling, my own, - Sweet Jen-ny, the flow'r of Kil - dare, -

The flow'r of Kil - dare, The flow'r of Kil - dare, Sweet

27

Jen - ny, the flow'r of Kil - dare, of Kil - dare

## C F (R)

Come fol-low, follow, fol-low, Fol - low, fol-low, follow me!  
Whither shall I fol-low, follow, fol-low, Whither shall I fol-low, follow thee?  
To the gallows, to the gallows, To the gallows, gal - lows tree.

## C F M M (R)

Come fol-low me mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly Lads come fol-low me mer-ri-ly, ah:  
And we will sing sol do do sol do fa do sol sol do.  
Put sol be-fore La and Do after Ti sol La ti do ti La ti do.



# W Y I W Y, M

George W. Johnson (d. )

James Austin Butterfield (-)

1. I wan - dered to day to the hill, Mag - gie, To  
2. A cit - y so si - lent and lone, Mag - gie, Where  
3. They say I am fee - ble with age, Mag - gie, My

3  
watch the scene be - low,  
young and the gay and the best,  
steps are less spright - ly than then;

The creek and the creak - ing old mill, Mag - gie, As  
In pol - ished white man - sions of stone, Mag - gie, Have  
My face is a well - writ - ten page, Mag - gie, But

7  
we used to long, a - go. The green grove is gone from the  
each found a place of rest, Is built where the birds used to  
time a - lone was the pen. They say we are a - ged and

10

hill, Mag-gie, Where first the dai - sies sprung; The  
 play, Mag-gie, And join in the songs that were sung, For we  
 gray, Mag-gie, As sprays by the white break-ers flung, But to

13

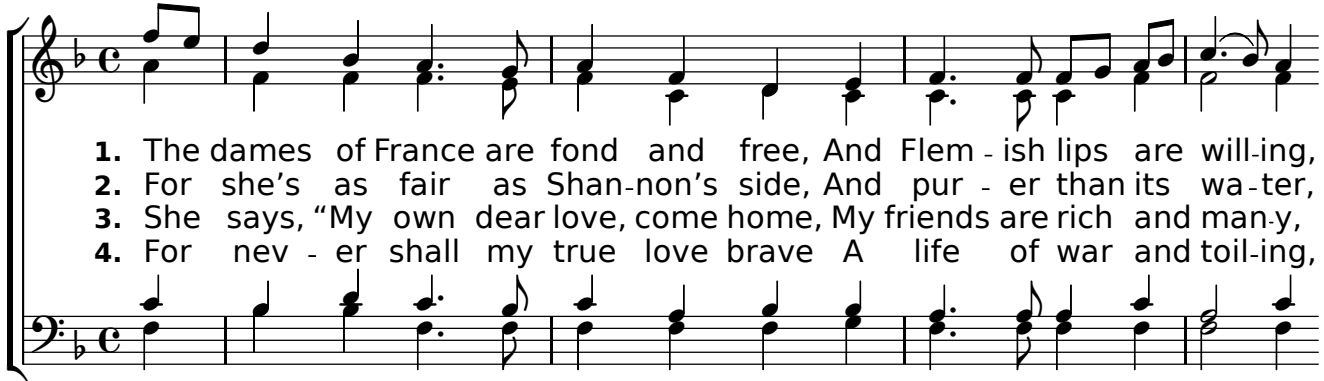
creak - ing old mill is still, Mag-gie, Since you and I were young.  
 sang just as gay as they, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.  
 me you're as fair as you were, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.

And now we are aged and gray, Maggie, And the trials of life nearly done.  
 Let us sing,

Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie, When you and I were young.

# T G I L B M

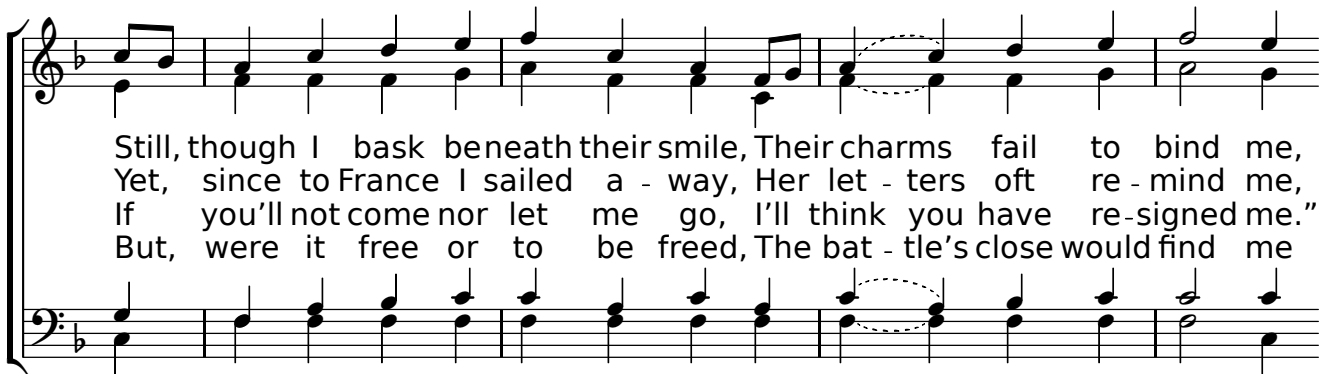
Folk Song



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



And soft the maids of It - a - ly, And Span-ish eyes are thrill - ing;  
 But she re - fused to be my bride, Though man - y a year I sought her;  
 Or else, a - broad with you I'll roam, A sol - dier stout as an - y;  
 And nev - er as a skulking slave I'll tread my na - tive soil on;



Still, though I bask beneath their smile, Their charms fail to bind me,  
 Yet, since to France I sailed a - way, Her let - ters oft re - mind me,  
 If you'll not come nor let me go, I'll think you have re - signed me."  
 But, were it free or to be freed, The bat - tle's close would find me



And my heart falls back to E - rin's Isle To the girl I left be - hind me.  
 That I prom - ised nev - er to gain - say The girl I left be - hind me.  
 My heart nigh broke when I answered, "No," To the girl I left be - hind me.  
 To Ire - land bound, nor mes - sage need From the girl I left be - hind me.

# D B

Mrs. Crawford

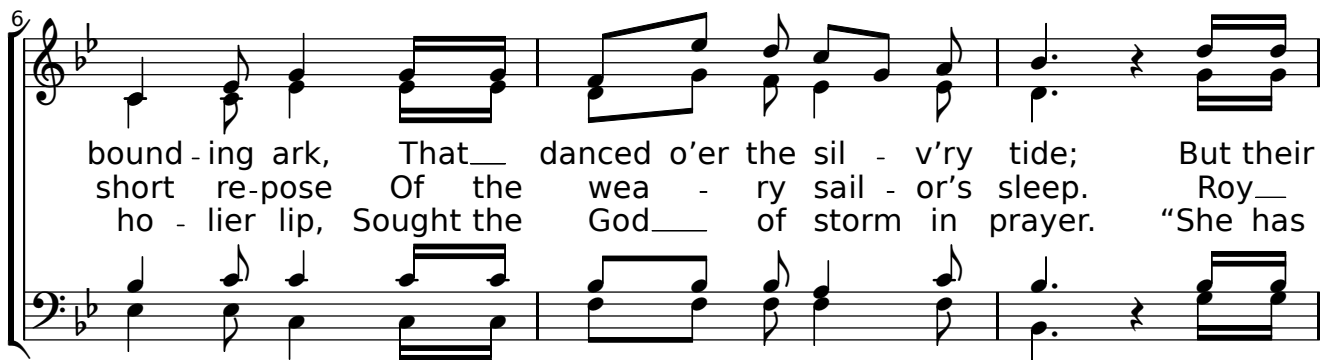
George Barker (-)



1. They sailed a - way in a gal - lant bark, Roy\_  
2. Three days they sailed when a storm a - rose, And the  
3. On the crowd - ed deck of that doom - ed ship, Some



3  
Neal and his fair young bride; They had ven - tured all in that  
light - ning swept the deep; When the thun - der crash broke the  
fell in their mute de - spair, But some more calm, with a



6  
bound - ing ark, That danced o'er the sil - v'ry tide; But their  
short re - pose Of the wea - ry sail - or's sleep. Roy\_  
ho - lier lip, Sought the God of storm in prayer. "She has

9

hearts were young and spi - rits light, And they dashed the\_ tears a -  
 Neal he\_ clasped his weep - ing bride, And he kissed the\_ tears a -  
 struck on a rock!" the sea - men cried, In the depth of their wild dis -

12

way, As they watched the\_ shore re - cede from sight Of their  
 way, "Oh, love, 'twas a fear - ful hour," he cried, "When we  
 may; And the ship went down with that fair young bride, That\_

1-2 3

own\_ sweet Dub - lin Bay. sailed from Dub - lin Bay.  
 left\_ sweet Dub - lin Bay."

# D J

Frederic Weatherly (-)

James Lynam Molloy (-)

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

*cresc.*  
 wed - ding day, Shad - ow and sun for ev - 'ry one as the  
 ba - by child, Un - til you whis - pered, "Heav'n knows best!" and my  
 hair is gray, Shad - ow and sun for ev - 'ry - one as the

years roll on: Dar - by dear, when the world went wry,  
 heart found rest; Dar - by dear, 'twas your lov - ing hand  
 years roll on: Hand in hand when the long night-tide

11

Hard and sor-rowful then was I, Ah! lad, how you cheered me then,  
 Show'd me the way to the bet - ter land; Ah! lad, as you kissed each tear,  
 Gent - ly cov-ers us side by side: Ah! lad, tho' we know not when,

15 *rall.* *p meno mosso*

"Things will be bet-ter, sweet wife, a - gain!"  
 Life\_\_grew bet-ter and Heav'n more near: Always the same, Darby my own,  
 Love will be with us for - ev - er then:

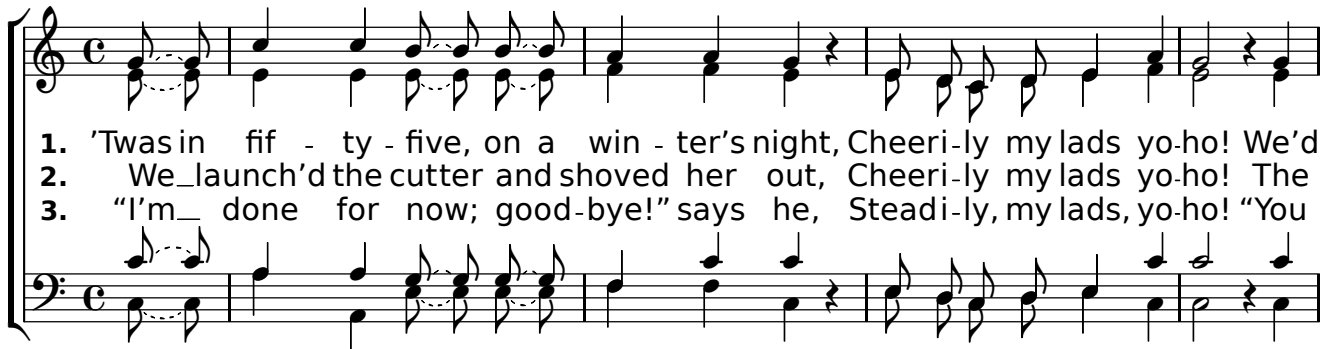
19

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

# T M

Frederic Weatherly (-)

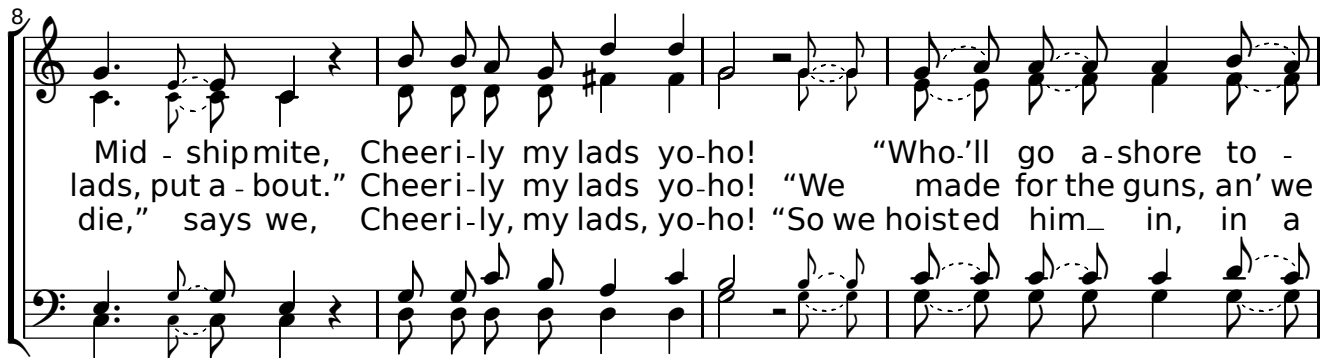
Stephen Adams (-)



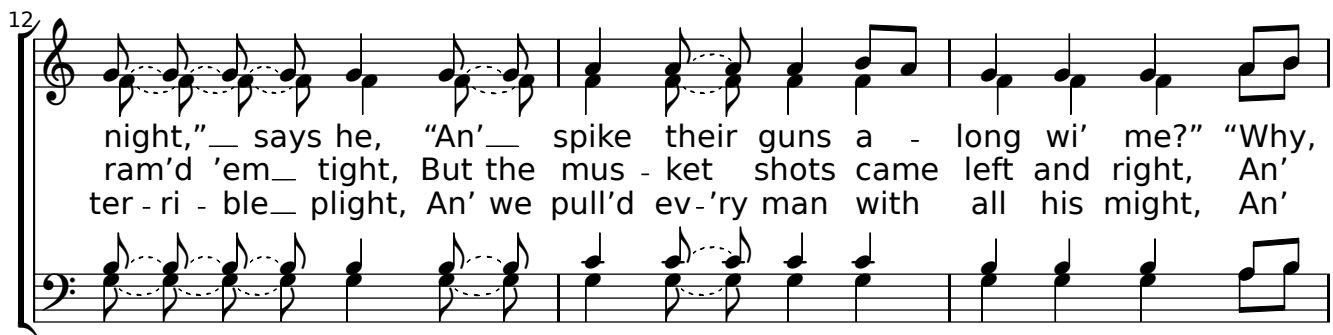
1. 'Twas in fif - ty - five, on a win - ter's night, Cheer-i-ly my lads yo-ho! We'd  
2. We launch'd the cutter and shoved her out, Cheer-i-ly my lads yo-ho! The  
3. "I'm done for now; good-bye!" says he, Stead-i-ly, my lads, yo-ho! "You



got the Roo - shan lines in sight, When up comes a lit - tle  
lub - bers might ha' heard us shout, As the Mid - dy cried, "Now, my  
make for the boat, nev-er mind for me!" "We'll take 'ee back, sir or



Mid - shipmite, Cheer-i-ly my lads yo-ho! "Who'll go a-shore to -  
lads, put a - bout." Cheer-i-ly my lads yo-ho! "We made for the guns, an' we  
die," says we, Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo-ho! "So we hoisted him in, in a



night," says he, "An' spike their guns a - long wi' me?" "Why,  
ram'd 'em tight, But the mus - ket shots came left and right, An'  
ter - ri - ble plight, An' we pull'd ev-'ry man with all his might, An'



15

bless 'ee, sir, come a-long!" says we,  
down drops the poor lit-tle Mid-ship-mite, Cheer-i-ly my lads yo-ho!  
saved the poor lit-tle Mid-ship-mite,

19

Cheer-i-ly my lads yo-ho! With a long, long pull, An' a

25

strong, strong pull, Gai-ly boys, make her go! An' we'll drink to-

32

night To the Mid-ship-mite, Sing-ing cheer-i-ly, lads, yo-ho!

## H S H

John Howard Payne (-)

Sir Henry Rowley Bishop (-)

1. 'Mid plea-sures and pal-a-ces though we may roam, Be it  
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And  
3. An ex-ile from home, splen-dor daz-zles in vain; Oh!

5

ev - er so hum-ble, there's no\_\_place like home; A\_\_ charm from the  
 feel that my moth-er now thinks of her child; As she looks on that  
 give me my low - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain; The birds sing-ing

10

skies seems to hal - low us there, Which, seek through the  
 moon from our own cot-tage door Through the wood - bine whose  
 gai - ly, that came at my call; Give me them and that

14

world, is ne'er met with else-where.  
 fra-grance shall cheer me no more. Home, home, home, sweet  
 peace of mind, dear - er than all.

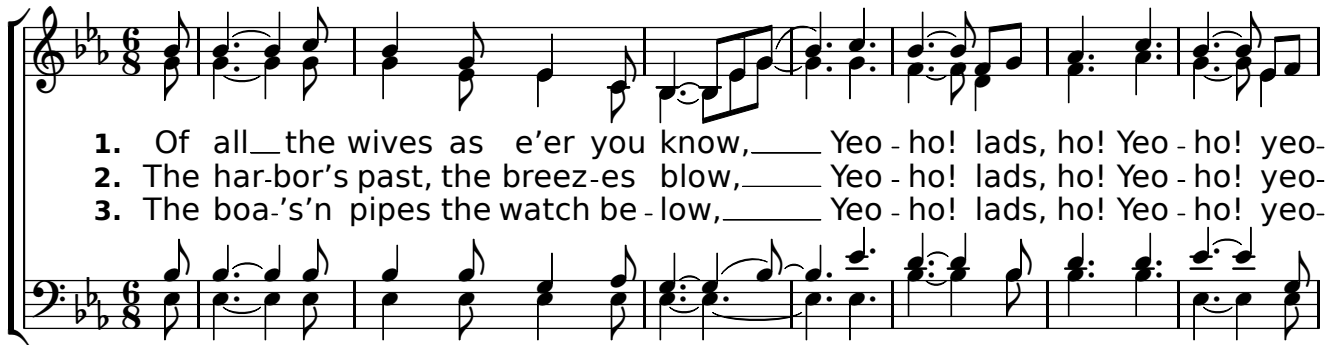
20

home, There's no\_\_place like home, Oh there's no\_\_place like home.

# N L

Frederic Weatherly (-)

Stephen Adams (-)



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



8  
 ho! There's none like Nan - cy Lee, I trow, Yeo - ho! lads, ho! yeo-  
 ho! 'Tis long ere we come back I know, Yeo - ho! lads, ho! yeo-  
 ho! Then here's a health be - fore we go, Yeo - ho! lads, ho! yeo-



15  
 ho! See there she stands and waves her hands up - on the quay, An'  
 ho! But true and bright, from morn till night, my home will be, An'  
 ho! A long, long life to my sweet wife, and mates at sea; An'

21

ev - 'ry day when I'm a - way, She'll watch for\_ me, An' whis-per low, when  
all so neat, an' snug, an' sweet For Jack\_ at\_ sea, An' Nan-cy's face to  
keep his bones from Da - vy Jones Wher-e'er\_ you\_ be, An' may you meet a

26

tem-pests blow, for Jack\_ at sea, Yeo - ho!\_ lads, ho!\_ yeo-ho!  
bless the place, an' wel - come me; Yeo - ho!\_ lads, ho!\_ yeo-ho!  
mate as sweet as Nan - cy Lee, Yeo - ho!\_ lads, ho!\_ yeo-ho!

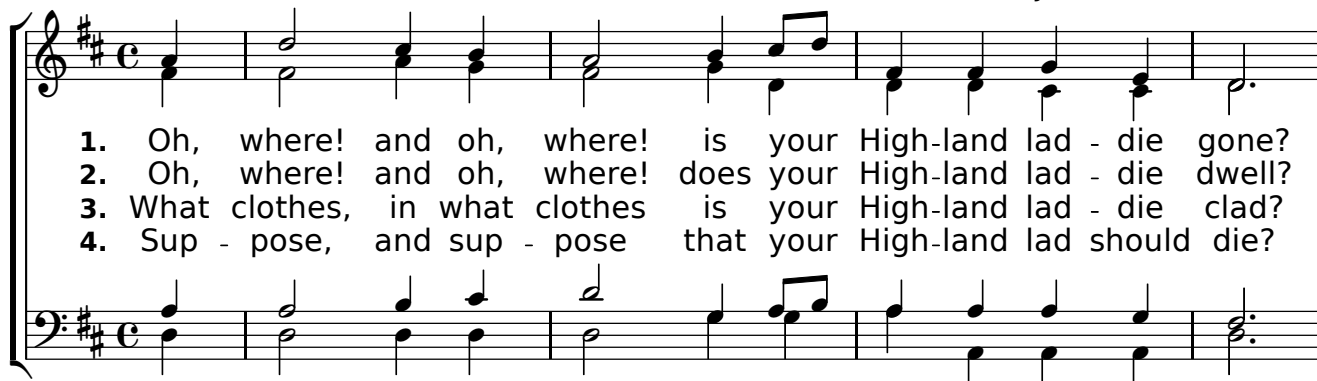
32

The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be, Yeo - ho!\_ we go a - cross the sea,.

The sail-or's wife the sailor's star shall be, The sailor's wife his star shall be.

# T B B S

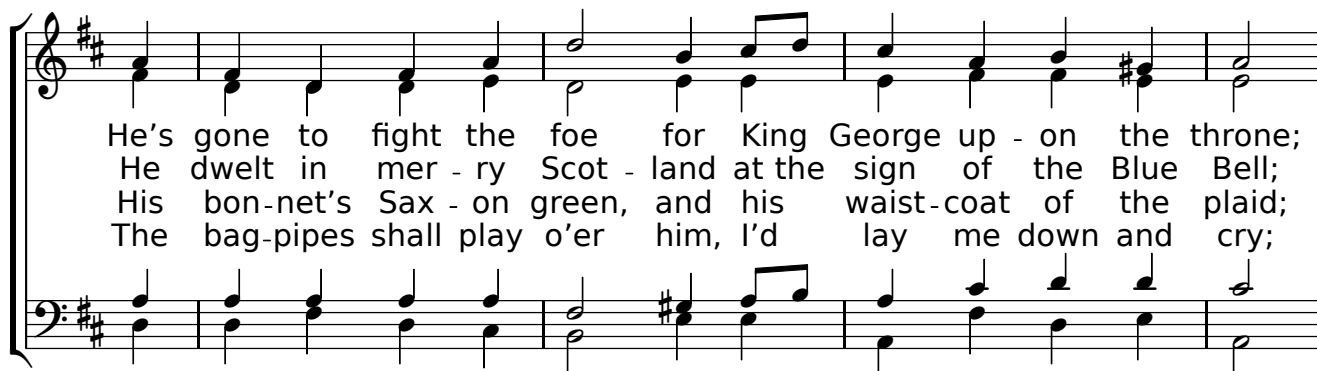
Dorothea Jordan (-)



1. Oh, where! and oh, where! is your High-land lad - die gone?  
2. Oh, where! and oh, where! does your High-land lad - die dwell?  
3. What clothes, in what clothes is your High-land lad - die clad?  
4. Sup - pose, and sup - pose that your High-land lad should die?



Oh, where! and oh, where! is your High-land lad - die gone?  
Oh, where! and oh, where! does your High-land lad - die dwell?  
What clothes, in what clothes is your High-land lad - die clad?  
Sup - pose, and sup - pose that your High-land lad should die?



He's gone to fight the foe for King George up - on the throne;  
He dwelt in mer - ry Scot - land at the sign of the Blue Bell;  
His bon-net's Sax - on green, and his waist-coat of the plaid;  
The bag-pipes shall play o'er him, I'd lay me down and cry;



And it's oh! in my heart, how I wish him safe at home!  
And it's oh! in my heart, that I love my lad - die well.  
And it's oh! in my heart, that I love my High-land lad.  
And it's oh! in my heart, that I wish he may not die!

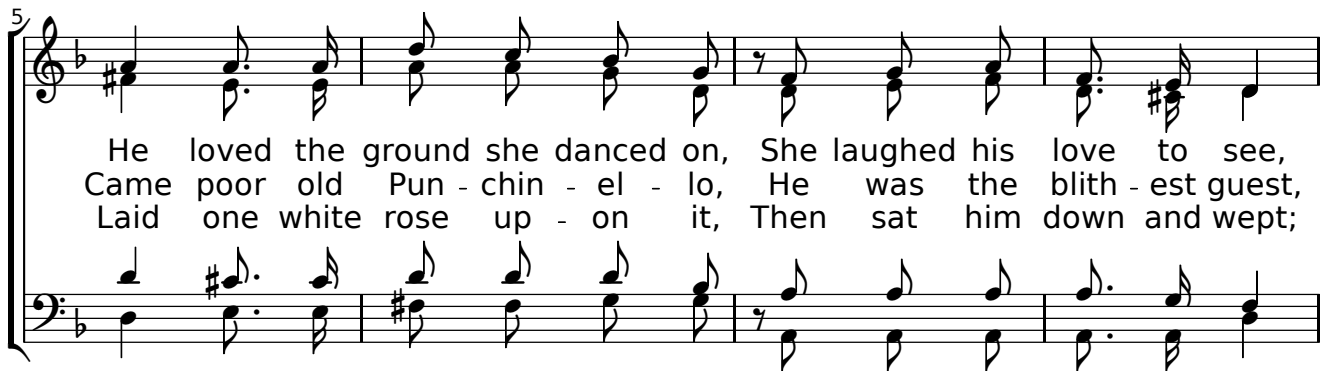
# P

Frederic Weatherly (-)

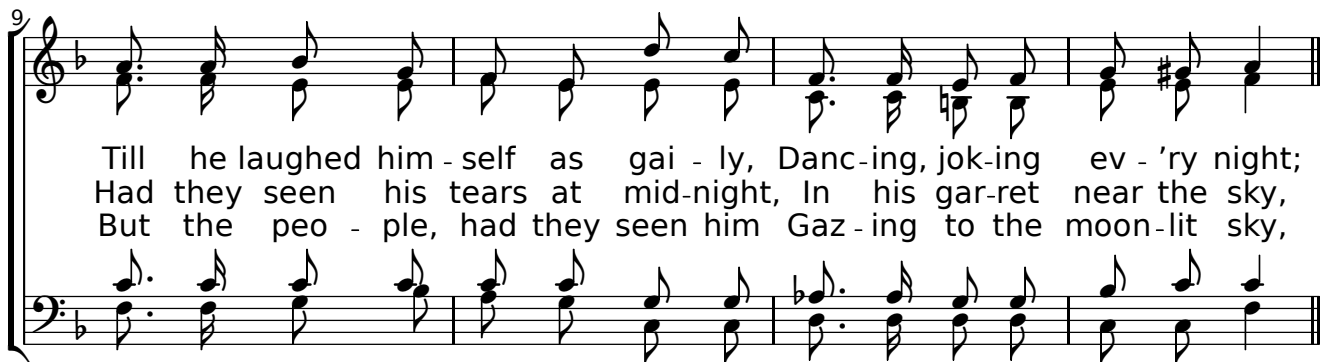
James Lynam Molloy (-)



1. He was a Pun - chin - el - lo, Sweet Col - um - bine was she,  
 2. Bright was the day she mar - ried, And there a - mong the rest,  
 4. But when the play was o - ver, Forth to her grave he crept,  
*Sing 4th verse slowly and with feeling.*



He loved the ground she danced on, She laughed his love to see,  
 Came poor old Pun - chin - el - lo, He was the blith - est guest,  
 Laid one white rose up - on it, Then sat him down and wept;



Till he laughed him - self as gai - ly, Danc - ing, jok - ing ev - 'ry night;  
 Had they seen his tears at mid - night, In his gar - ret near the sky,  
 But the peo - ple, had they seen him Gaz - ing to the moon - lit sky,



1, 3. "He's the mad - dest, mer - riest fel - low!" Cried the peo - ple with de - light.  
 2, 4. "He's the mad - dest, quaint - est fel - low!" That would still have been their cry.

17 *rall.*

“Bravo! Bravo! Bravo! Bravo! Bravo! Punchinel-lo! Bravo, Punchinel - lo!”

23 *p More slowly, with feeling*

3. One win-ter morn they told him Sweet Col-um - bine was dead;

27

He nev-er joked so gai - ly As that night, the peo-ple said,

31 *poco rall.*

Nev - er sang and laughed so mad-ly, Ah! for his heart that night!

## ODT

Stephen Foster (-)

1. The morn of life is past, And eve-ning comes at last, It  
 2. The forms I call'd my own Have van-ish'd one by one, The  
 3. When thoughts re-call the past, His eyes are on me cast, I

3

brings me a dream of a once hap - py day, Of  
 loved ones, the dear ones have all pass'd a - way, Their  
 know that he feels what my break-ing heart would say; Al -

5

mer - ry forms I've seen Up - on the vil-lage green,  
 hap - py smiles are flown, Their gen-tle voic-es gone, I've  
 though he can - not speak, I'll vain-ly, vain-ly seek A

7

Sport-ing with my old dog Tray.  
 no - thing left but old dog Tray. Old dog Tray's ev-er  
 bet - ter friend than old dog Tray.

10

faith - ful, Grief can-not drive him a - way; He's gen-tle, he is kind, I'll

14

nev-er, nev-er find A bet-ter friend than old dog Tray.



# S S

Frederic Weatherly (-)

Odoardo Barri (-)

1. It was a Bret-on vil-lage, That lay by the sea, She was a fish-er-maid-en,

Ma-riner stout was he; Fare-well true heart, for we must part, The winds are

call-ing down the sea, But for me thou'lt pray in the chap-el gray, Na-vitas Sal-va,

Do-mine, Navitas Salva, Do-mine. 2. It was a night of ter-ror, Wild, wild was the

sea! He in the storm is drifting, Watching in prayer is she, Watching in prayer is

29

she, Sweet heart! sweet heart! And must we part? No boat can live in such a

33

sea, But still she cries with stream-ing eyes, Na-vi-tas Sal-va, Do - mi-ne,

38

*f*

Navitas Salva, Do - mine! 3. Bright was the Breton village, Bright, bright was the

44

*a tempo*

sea, She was a fisher maiden, Mariner stout was he, 'Twas Heav'n a - bove that

50

*mf*

saved me, love! and brought me back from the storm to thee, In the chapel gray We'll

54

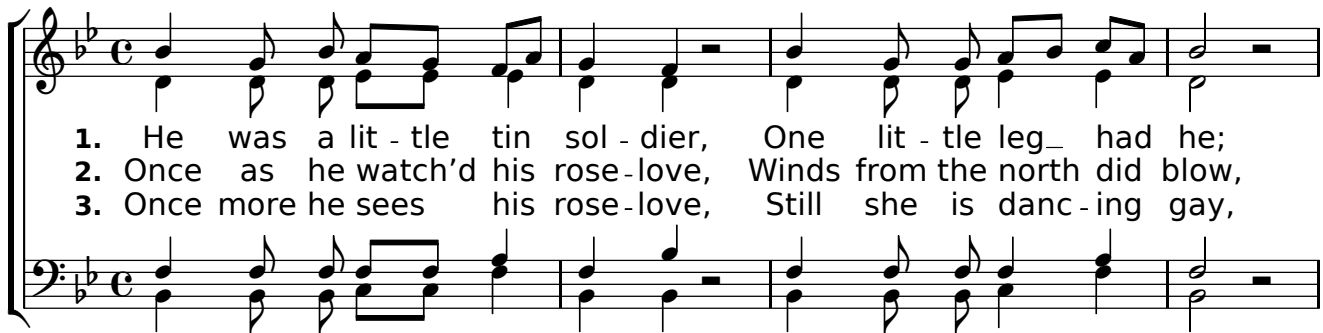
*f* *a tempo*

kneel and pray, Glo-ri - a ti-bi, Do-mi-ne, Glo-ri - a ti-bi, ti - bi, Do - mine!

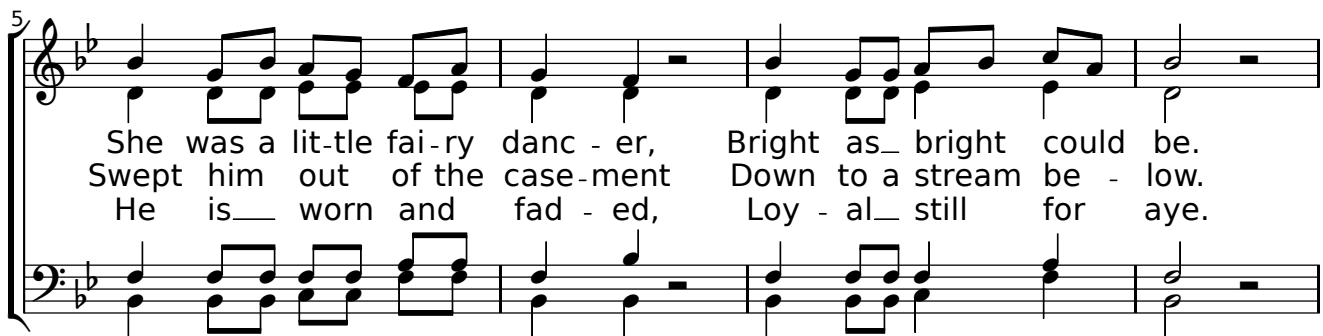
# TLTS

Frederic Weatherly (-)

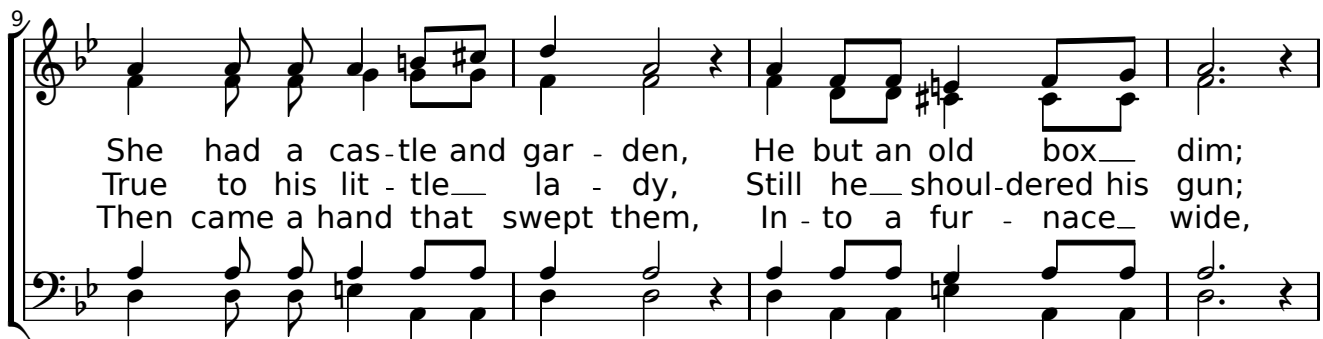
James Lynam Molloy (-)



1. He was a lit - tle tin sol - dier, One lit - tle leg\_ had he;  
 2. Once as he watch'd his rose-love, Winds from the north did blow,  
 3. Once more he sees his rose-love, Still she is danc - ing gay,



5 She was a lit - tle fai - ry danc - er, Bright as\_ bright could be.  
 Swept him out of the case - ment Down to a stream be - low.  
 He is\_ worn and fad - ed, Loy - al\_ still for aye.



9 She had a cas - tle and gar - den, He but an old box\_ dim;  
 True to his lit - tle\_ la - dy, Still he\_ shoul - dered his gun;  
 Then came a hand that swept them, In - to a fur - nace\_ wide,

13 *poco rall.*

She was a dain - ty rose - love, Far too grand for him.  
 Soon, ah, soon came the dark - ness, Life and love un - done.  
 Part - ed in life, in dy - ing They are side by side.

17

He was a lit - tle tin sol - dier, One lit - tle leg had he;  
 He was a lit - tle tin sol - dier, One lit - tle leg had he;  
 Ah! for the lit - tle tin sol - dier, Ah! for her cru - el - ty,

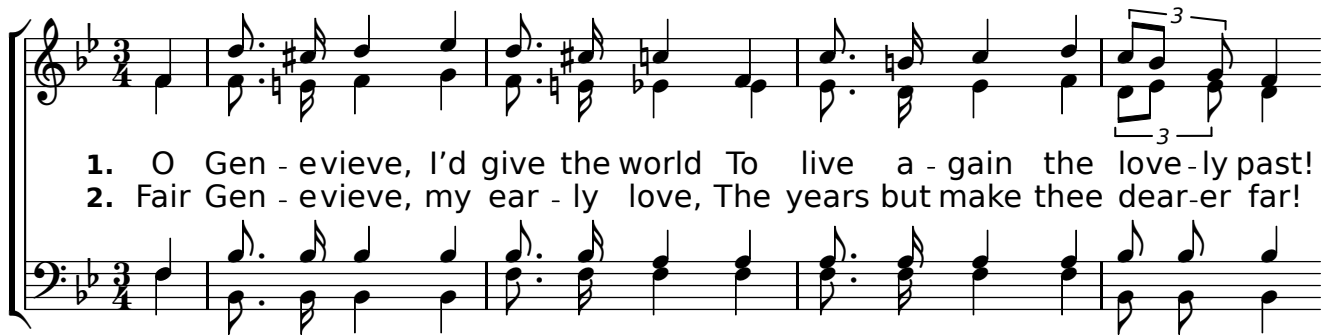
21

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

# S G

George Cooper (-)

Henry Tucker (-)



1. O Gen - evieve, I'd give the world To live a - gain the love - ly past!  
 2. Fair Gen - evieve, my ear - ly love, The years but make thee dear - er far!



The rose of youth was dew-impearled, But now it with - ers in the blast.  
 My heart shall nev - er, nev - er rove: Thou art my on - ly guid - ing star.



I see thy face in ev - 'ry dream, My wak - ing thoughts are full of thee;  
 For me the past has no re - gret, What - e'er the years may bring to me;

Thy glance is in the star-ry beam That falls a - long the sum-mer sea.  
 I bless the hour when first we met, The hour that gave me love and thee!

O Gen - e-vieve, Sweet Gen - e-vieve, The days may come, the

days may go, But still the hands of mem-'ry weave The

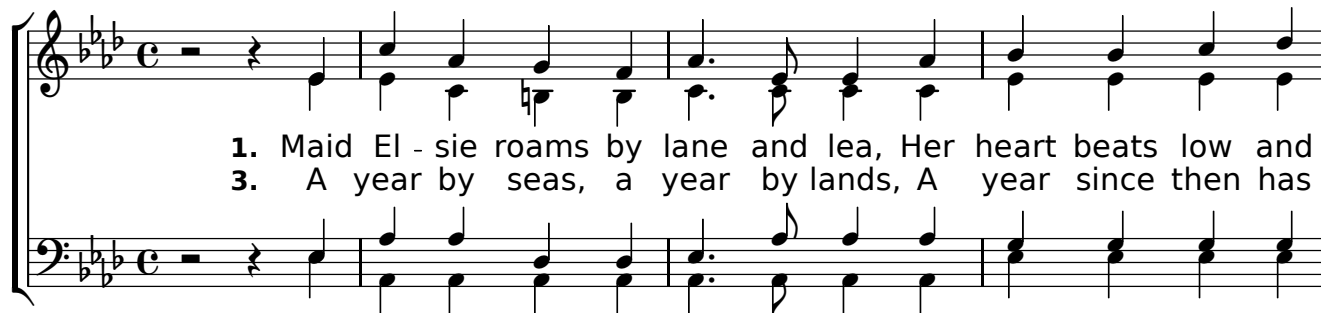
bliss - ful dreams of long a-go. O Gen - e-vieve!

*CODA ad lib.*

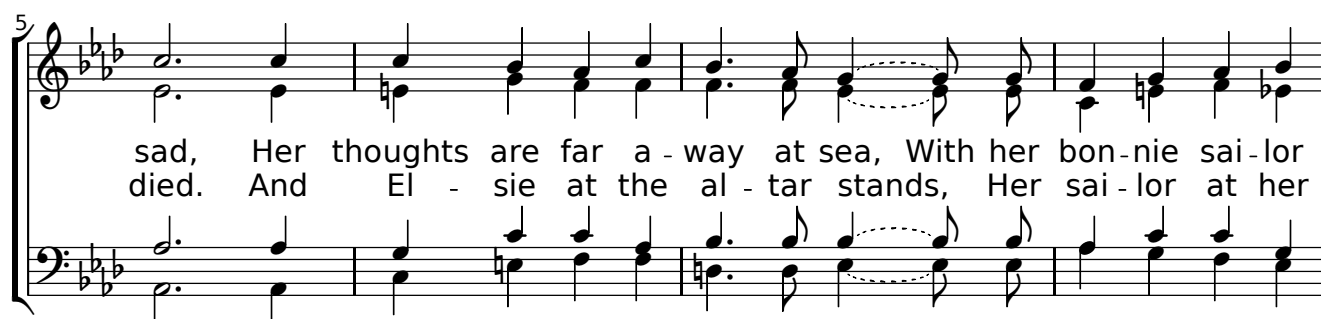
# B B

Frederic Weatherly (-)

Joseph Leopold Röckel (-)



1. Maid El-sie roams by lane and lea, Her heart beats low and  
3. A year by seas, a year by lands, A year since then has



5 sad, Her thoughts are far a-way at sea, With her bon-nie sai-lor  
died. And El-sie at the al-tar stands, Her sai-lor at her



9 lad, With her bon-nie sai-lor lad. But Kling, lang, ling, She  
side, Her— sai-lor at her side, While Kling, lang, ling, Their



14 *pp*  
seems to hear her bride bells ring, Kling, lang, ling, Kling, lang, ling,—  
bon-nie bride bells gai-ly ring, Kling, lang, ling, Kling, lang, ling,—

20

*f* *rit.* **F.**

— She seems to hear her bride bells ring, her bride bells ring!  
 — Their bon - nie bride bells gai - ly ring, their bride bells ring!

*piu lento*

2. That night her lov-er's good ship rode The fu-rious Bis-cay foam, And

29

as the stream-ing deck he trod, He thought of her at home, He

33

*molto rit.* *p*

thought of her at home; While Kling, lang, ling, He seem'd to hear his



38 *mf* *pp*

home bells ring! Kling, lang, ling, Kling, lang, ling, He

44 *f*

seem'd to hear his home bells ring, his home bells ring!

## G H

(R)

Gau - de - a - mus, Gau - de - a - mus, Gau - de - a - mus ho - di - e!

5

Gau - de - a - mus, Gau - de - a - mus ho - di - e!

## E

(R)

E-go sum pau - p̄r. Ni-hil ha-be - o. Et ni-hil da - bo.

# J' S S

Bernard Covert,

1. Ere the twi - light bat was flit - ting, In the sun - set,  
 2. Warm - ly shone the sun - set glow - ing; Sweet - ly breathed the  
 3. Cur - few bells re - mote - ly ring - ing Min - gled with that  
 4. "Blow ye west winds! bland - ly hov - er O'er the bark that  
 5. How could I but list, but lin - ger, To the song, and

4 at her knit - ting, Sang a lone - ly maid - en, sit - ting  
 young flow'rs blow - ing; Earth with beau - ty o - ver - flow - ing,  
 sweet voice sing - ing, And the last red ray seemed cling - ing,  
 bears my lov - er; Gent - ly blow, and bear him o - ver  
 near the sing - er, Sweet - ly woo - ing heav'n to bring her

7 Un - der - neath her thes - hold tree; And, ere day - light  
 Seemed the home of love to be. As those an - gel  
 Lin - g'ring - ly to tower and tree; Near - er as I  
 To his own dear home and me; For, when night winds  
 Ja - mie from the storm - y sea; And while yet her

10



died be - fore us, And the ves - per stars shone o'er us,  
 tones as - cend - ing, With the scene and sea - son blend - ing,  
 came, and near - er, Fin - er rose the notes and clear - er!  
 bend the wil - low, Sleep for - sakes my lone - ly pil - low,  
 lips did name me, Forth I sprang, my heart o'er - came me;

13



Fit - ful rose her ten - der cho - rus, "Ja - mie's on the storm - y sea!"  
 Ev - er had the same low end - ing, "Ja - mie's on the storm - y sea!"  
 Oh! 'twas heav'n it - self to hear her, "Ja - mie's on the storm - y sea!"  
 Think - ing of the foam - ing bil - low, "Ja - mie's on the storm - y sea!"  
 "Grieve no more, sweet, I am Ja - mie, Home re - turned to love and thee!"

# T B' B

Septimus Winner (-)

1. Spring once said to the night - in - gale,\_\_\_ I  
 2. Soon they came from the bush and tree,\_\_\_  
 3. The Wren and Cuck - oo\_\_\_ danced for life,\_\_\_ The  
 4. A Wood - pecker came from his hole in the tree,\_\_\_ And  
 5. They danced all day till the sun was low, 'Till the

mean to give you\_\_\_ birds a ball;\_\_\_ Pray, ma'am ask the\_\_\_  
 Sing - ing sweet their songs of glee:\_\_\_ Each one fresh from its  
 ra - ven waltzed with the yellow-bird's wife, The\_\_\_ awk - ward owl and the  
 brought his bill to the com - pa - ny, For the cher - ries ripe and the  
 moth - er birds pre - pared to go, When one and all both

bird - ies all,\_\_\_ The birds and\_\_\_ bird - ies,\_\_\_ great and small.  
 co - zy nest,\_\_\_ Each one\_\_\_ dressed in its Sun - day best.  
 bash - ful jay,\_\_\_ Wished each other a\_\_\_ "very good day."  
 ber - ries red; 'Twas a very long\_\_\_ bill so the bird - ies said.  
 great and small,\_\_\_ Flew home to their nests from the bird - ies' ball.

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

Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la.

# L M B

Septimus Winner (-) and Richard Milburn

1. I'm dreaming now of sweet Hal-lie, my sweet Hal-lie, my sweet Hal-lie,  
2. Ah! well I can yet re-mem-ber, I re-mem-ber, I re-mem-ber,  
3. When charms of spring a - wak-en, a - wak-en, a - wak-en,

The first system of the musical score for 'L M B' features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and common time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are numbered 1, 2, and 3, corresponding to the three parts of the song.

I'm dreaming now of my Hal-lie, For the thought of her is one that nev-er  
Ah! well I can yet remember, When we gath-ered in the cot-ton side by  
When charms of spring a - wak-en, And the mock-ing bird is sing-ing on the

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are numbered 1, 2, and 3, corresponding to the three parts of the song.

8 dies; She's sleeping here in the val-ley, in the val-ley, in the val-ley, She's  
side; 'Twas in the mild mid-September, in September, in September, 'Twas  
bough, I feel like one so for-sak-en, so for-sak-en, so for-sak-en, I

The third system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are numbered 1, 2, and 3, corresponding to the three parts of the song.

13 sleep-ing here in the val-ley, And the mock-ing bird is sing-ing where she  
in the mild mid-Sep-tem-ber, And the mock-ing bird was sing-ing far and  
feel like one so for-sak-en, Since my Hal-lie is no long-er with me

The fourth system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are numbered 1, 2, and 3, corresponding to the three parts of the song.

16

lies.  
wide.  
now.

Listen to the mock-ing bird, Listen to the mock-ing bird, The

19

mocking bird still sing ing o'er her grave; Listen to the mocking bird, Listen to the

22

mock-ing bird, Still sing-ing where the weep-ing wil-lows wave.

## T O F H

Stephen Foster (-)

1. Way down up - on the Swa - nee riv - er,  
All up and down the whole cre - a - tion,  
2. All round the lit - tle farm I wan - dered,  
When I was play - ing with my broth - er,  
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong the bush - es,

3

Far, far a - way. There's where my heart is  
 Sad - ly I roam, Still long - ing for the  
 When I was young, Then ma - ny hap - py  
 Hap - py was I, Oh! take me to my  
 One that I love, Still sad - ly to my

6

turn - ing ev - er There's where the old folks stay.  
 old plan - ta - tion, And for the old folks at home.  
 days I squan - dered, Ma - ny the songs I \_\_\_\_\_ sung.  
 kind, old moth - er, There let me live and \_\_\_\_\_ die.  
 mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I \_\_\_\_\_ rove.

9

All the world is sad and drear - y, Ev - 'ry - where I roam,

13

O darkies, how my heart grows wear-y, Far from the old folks at home.

# F B

Stephen Foster (-)

1. The pride of the vil - lage and the fair - est in the dell Is the  
 2. She sings to the mead-ows and she car - ols to the streams, She  
 3. Her soft notes of mel - o - dy a-round me sweet-ly fall, Her

queen of my song, and her name is Fair - y Belle; The  
 laughs in the sun - light and smiles while in her dreams, Her  
 eye full of love is now beam - ing on my soul. The

sound of her light step may be heard up - on the hill Like the  
 hair like the this - tle down is borne up - on the air, And her  
 sound of that gen - tle voice, the glance of that eye, Sur -



7

fall heart, round of like me the snow-drop hum-ming bird's, rap-ture or the drip-ping of the rill. free from ev-'ry care. oth-er heart could sigh.

9

Fair-y Belle, gentle Fair-y Belle, The star of the night and the lil-y of the day,

13

Fairy Belle, the queen of all the dell, Long may she revel on her bright sunny way.

# M O K H

Stephen Foster (-)

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck - y home, 'Tis  
The young folks roll on the lit - tle cab - in floor, All  
2. They hunt no more for the pos - sum and the coon, On the  
The day goes by like a shad - ow o'er the heart, With  
3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-  
A few more days for to tote the wea - ry load— No

3  
sum-mer, the dark-ies are gay: The corn-top's ripe and the  
mer - ry, all hap - py and bright; By-'n - by hard times comes a -  
mead-ow, the hill, and the shore; They sing no more by the  
sor - row where all was de - light; The time has come when the  
ev - er the dark-ey may go; A few more days, and the  
mat - ter, 'twill nev - er be light; A few more days till we

6 1.

mead-ow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the  
 knock-ing at the door, Then my  
 glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in  
 dark-ies have to part, Then my  
 trou-ble all will end, In the field where the su-gar-canes  
 tot-ter on the road, Then my

8 2.

day.  
 door.  
 grow;  
 old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night! Weep no more, my

10

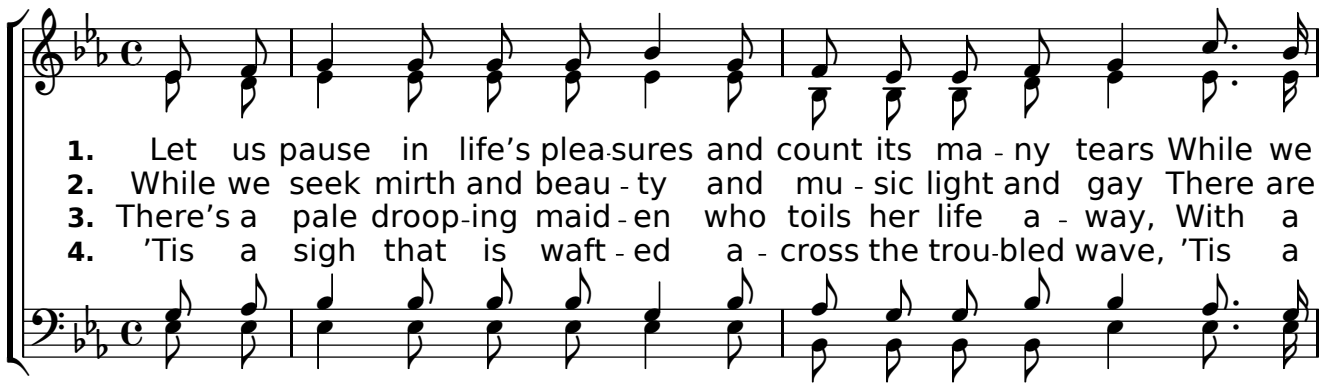
la-dy, O weep no more to-day! We will sing one song for the

14

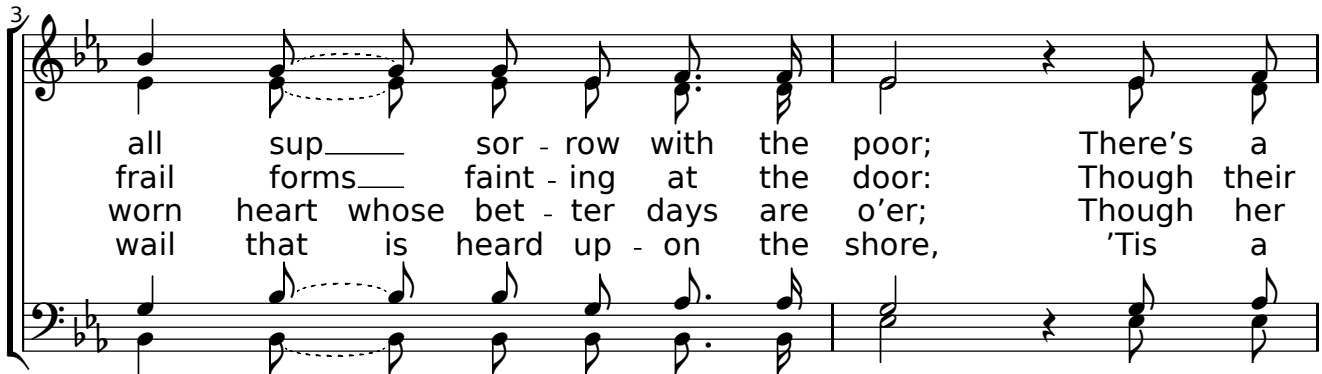
old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Ken-tuck-y home, far a-way.

# H T

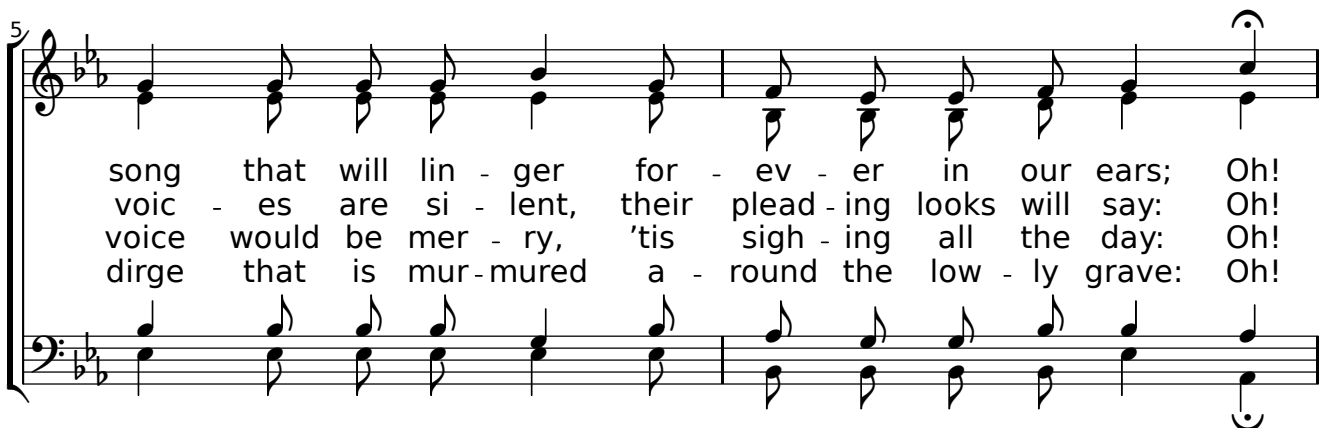
Stephen Foster (-)



1. Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its ma - ny tears While we  
 2. While we seek mirth and beau - ty and mu - sic light and gay There are  
 3. There's a pale droop-ing maid-en who toils her life a - way, With a  
 4. 'Tis a sigh that is waft-ed a - cross the trou-bled wave, 'Tis a



all sup - sor - row with the poor; There's a  
 frail forms faint - ing at the door: Though their  
 worn heart whose bet - ter days are o'er; Though her  
 wail that is heard up - on the shore, 'Tis a



5 song that will lin - ger for - ev - er in our ears; Oh!  
 voic - es are si - lent, their plead - ing looks will say: Oh!  
 voice would be mer - ry, 'tis sigh - ing all the day: Oh!  
 dirge that is mur-mured a - round the low - ly grave: Oh!

7

Hard Times, come a - gain no more.  
 Hard Times, come a - gain no more.  
 Hard Times, come a - gain no more.  
 Hard Times, come a - gain no more.

'Tis the song, the sigh of the wea - ry; Hard Times, Hard Times,

12

come a - gain no more: Ma - ny days you have lin - gered a -

14

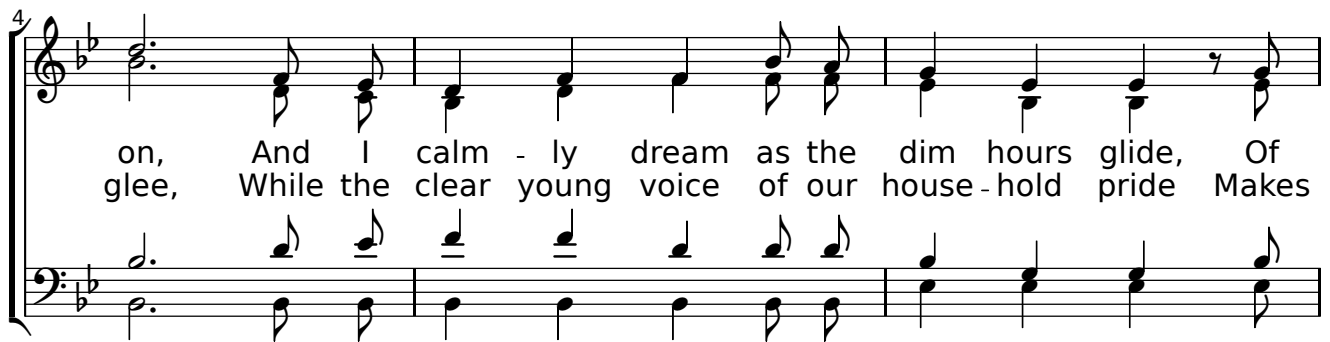
round my cab-in door, Oh! Hard Times, come a - gain no more.

# H H H

Stephen Foster (-)



1. I sit me down by my own fire-side When the win-ter nights come  
2. I sit me down by my own fire-side Where the chil-dren sport in



on, And I calm-ly dream as the dim hours glide, Of  
glee, While the clear young voice of our house-hold pride Makes



ma-ny plea-sant scenes now gone; Of our health-ful plays in my  
mel-o-dy that's dear to me. And by ev-'ry art that can

10

school-boy days, That can nev - er come a-gain; Of our sum-mer joys and our charm the heart, They al - lure my cares a-way, To pre-pare my soul as the

14

Christ - mas toys, And ram-bles o'er the stream - let and plain.  
swift hours roll, For the du - ties of the bright com-ing day.

17

Hap-py hours at home! Hap-py hours at home! How the  
Hap-py hours at home!

21

mo-ments glide by the bright fire-side, In the hap-py hours at home.

# 'T V

J. A. Wade (-)

Swiss Air

1. 'Twere vain to tell thee all I  
2. Thou'st oft - en called my voice a

feel,\_\_\_\_ Or say for thee I'd die, or say for  
bird's,\_\_\_\_ Whose mu - sic like a spell, whose mu - sic

thee I'd die; I find that words will but con - ceal\_ What my  
like a spell, Could change to rap - ture e'en the words\_ Of our

soul\_\_\_\_ would wish to sigh. Ah,\_\_\_\_ well-a-day! the sweet-est  
slow\_\_\_\_ and sad fare - well.

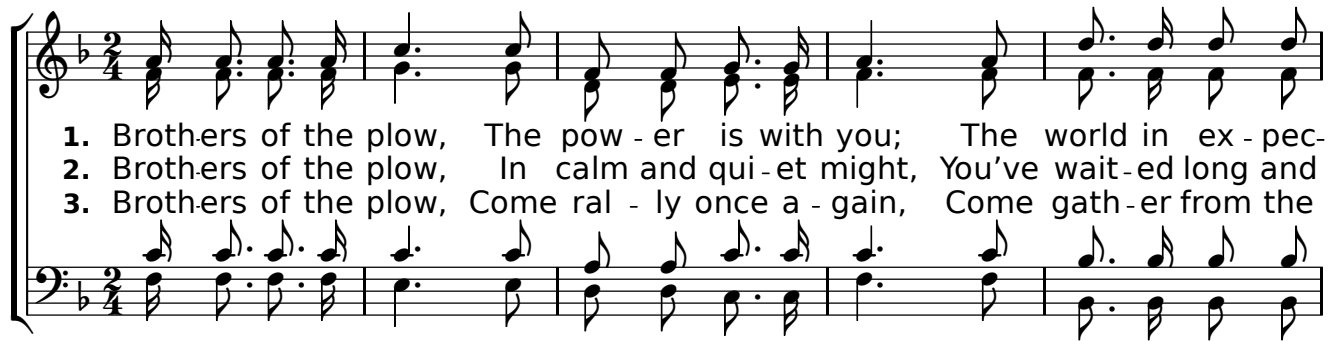
mel-o-dy Could nev-er, nev-er say one half my love for thee, Then let me

si - lent-ly re - veal\_ What my soul\_\_\_\_ would wish to sigh.



# T H H B

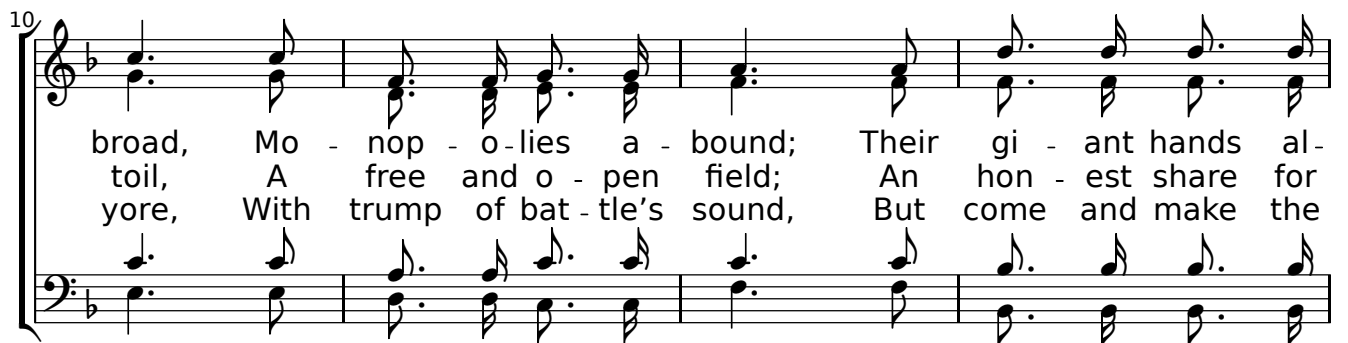
George Frederick Root (-)



1. Brothers of the plow, The pow - er is with you; The world in ex - pec -  
 2. Brothers of the plow, In calm and qui - et might, You've wait - ed long and  
 3. Brothers of the plow, Come ral - ly once a - gain, Come gath - er from the



ta - tion waits For ac - tion prompt and true, Op - pres - sion stalks a -  
 pa - tient - ly For what was yours by right; A fair re - ward for  
 prai - rie wide, The hill - side and the plain; Not as in days of



10 broad, Mo - nop - o - lies a - bound; Their gi - ant hands al -  
 toil, A free and o - pen field; An hon - est share for  
 yore, With trump of bat - tle's sound, But come and make the

14

read - y clutch The till - ers of the ground.  
 wife and home Of what your har - vests yield. A - wake, then, a -  
 world re - spect The till - ers of the ground.

18

wake! the great world must be fed, And heav-en gives the pow-er To the

23

hand that holds the bread, Yes, broth-ers of the plow, The peo-ple must be

28

fed, And heav-en gives the pow-er To the hand that holds the bread.

# M S

James Henry Fillmore (-)

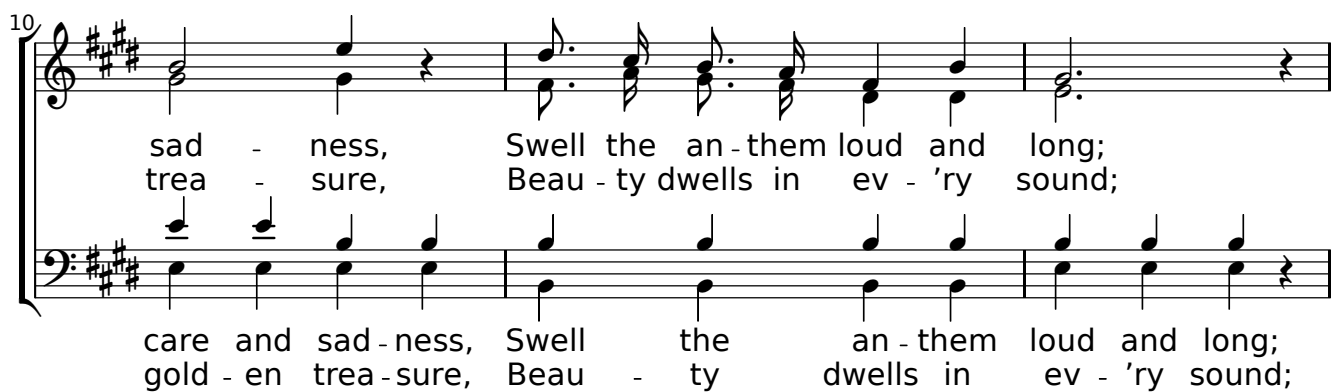
1. Mer-ri-ly sing our hap-py eve-ning song, mer-ri-ly sing, Cheer-i-ly  
 2. Joy-ful-ly sing, the cho-rus now we raise, mer-ri-ly sing, Crown-ing the

now the joy-ful notes pro-long; mer-ri-ly sing; Heart-i-ly  
 night with mu-sic's grand-est lays; mer-ri-ly sing; Sing-ing will

join our cheer-ful, hap-py throng, mer-ri-ly sing, mer-ri-ly  
 bless and bright-en all our days, mer-ri-ly sing, mer-ri-ly

sing, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly sing. Chase a-way all care and  
 sing, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly sing. Mu-sic is a gold-en  
 Chase a-way all  
 Mu-sic is a

10



sad - ness, Swell the an - them loud and long;  
 trea - sure, Beau - ty dwells in ev - 'ry sound;  
 care and sad - ness, Swell the an - them loud and long;  
 gold - en trea - sure, Beau - ty dwells in ev - 'ry sound;

13



Lift your hearts to joy and glad - ness With the ech - oes of our  
 Joy is found in ev - 'ry mea - sure, Let its plea-sures now a -  
 Lift your hearts to in joy and glad-ness  
 Joy is found in ev - 'ry mea-sure,

16



song; bound; Then sing our hap-py eve-ning song, mer-ri-ly sing, Cheer-i-ly

19



now the joy-ful notes pro-long, mer-ri-ly sing; Hearti-ly join our cheer-ful, happy

22



throng, mer-ri-ly sing, mer-ri-ly sing, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly sing.

## G N L



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

5



Good night, la - dies! We're go-ing to leave you now.  
Fare - well, la - dies! We're go-ing to leave you now.  
Sweet dreams, la - dies! We're go-ing to leave you now.

## O M L

(R)



Oh my Love Lov'st thou me, then Quickly come and save him who dies for thee.

# T M P

M. Rebecca Darr

Jas. L. Orr

1. Hail to the crys - tal foun-tain flow - ing Pure, bright and clear;  
 2. Let not Co - lum - bia's sons and daugh - ters The wine ex - tol;  
 3. No lur - ing blush shall chain the hours\_ That Free - dom loves;

5  
 Touch not the ru - by wine-cup glow-ing, Shun it with man-ly fear.  
 But let us quaff the spark-ling wa - ters, Wine to the he-ro's soul.  
 No lurk-ing fiend shall steal the pow - ers Vir-tue so well ap-proves.

9  
 A - way the daz-zling soul of mad - ness, Of grief and pain!  
 We need no oth - er in-spir - a - tion Than truth and right;  
 No sting the spark-ling wa - ter hid - eth, No dead - ly care;

13  
 We hail the spark-ling fount of glad-ness, It can-not leave a stain.  
 Cool heads and hands must guard the na - tion, Her hon - or is her might.  
 No mis - e - ry or woe be-tid - eth, For sparkling truth is there.

17

Hail the march of Pro - hi - bi - tion! May its ban - ner float,

21

Up-held by temp-'rance leg-is - la - tion, Hon-ored by voice and vote.

## G

William G. Tomer (-)

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His coun-sels guide, up-  
 2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings pro - tect - ing  
 3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's per - ils thick con-  
 4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's ban - ner float - ing

4

hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly  
 hide you, Dai - ly man - na still pro -  
 found you, Put His arms un - fail - ing  
 o'er you, Smite death's threat - 'ning wave be -

6

fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain,  
 vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain,  
 'round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain,  
 fore you, God be with you till we meet a - gain,

Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet,

11

meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet

Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.  
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,



# A W B

Edwin Thomas

Stephen Adams (-)

1. In days of old, when knights were bold, And ba-rons held their  
2. So this brave knight, in ar - mor bright, Went gay-ly to the

sway, A war - rior bold, with spurs of gold, Sang mer - ri - ly his  
fray; He fought the fight, but ere the night, His soul had passed a -

lay, Sang mer - ri - ly his lay: "My love is young and fair, My  
way, His soul had passed a - way. The plight-ed ring he wore, Was

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

none with her com - pare, So what care I, though death be nigh, I'll  
kept the vow I swore, So what care I, though death be nigh, I've

21 1.

live for love or die, So what care I, though death be nigh, I'll live for love or die."  
fought for love and die, So what care I, though

26 2.

death be nigh, I've fought for love, I've fought for love,

29

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

## R B

James Thomson (-)

Thomas Arne (-)

1. When Brit - ain first at Heav'n's com-mand, A - rose  
2. The na - tions not so blest as thee, Shall in  
3. To thee be - longs the ru - ral reign, Thy cit -

6

from out the a - zure main, A-rose, a - rose, a - rose from out the  
 their turn to ty - rants bend, Shall in their turn, shall in their turn to  
 - ies shall with com-merce shine, Thy cit - ies shall with com-merce, shall with

11

a - zure main, This was the char-ter, the char-ter of the  
 ty - rants bend. While thou shalt flour-ish, shalt flour-ish great and  
 com-merce shine, And lands far o - ver, far o'er the spread-ing

16

land, And gaurd - ian an - gels sang this strain:  
 free, And to the weak pro - tec - tion lend.  
 main, Shall stretch a hand to grasp with thine.

21

Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the waves! Britons nev - er shall be slaves.

# T S N Y

James W. Blake (-)

Charles B. Lawlor (-)

1. Down in front of Ca - sey's\_ Old brown wood-en stoop,\_  
 2. That's where John - ny Ca - sey,\_ And lit - tle Jim - my Crowe,\_ With  
 3. Things have changed since those times,\_ Some are up in "G,"\_

9  
 On a sum - mer's eve - ning,\_ We formed a mer - ry group;\_\_\_\_\_  
 Jak - ey Krause the bak - er,\_ Who al - ways had the dough;\_\_\_\_\_  
 Oth - ers, they are wand' - rers,\_ But they all feel just like me;\_\_\_\_\_

17  
 Boys and girls to - geth - er,\_ We would sing and waltz,\_ While the  
 Pret - ty Nel - lie Shan - non,\_ With a dude as light as cork,\_  
 They'd part with all they've got,\_ Could they but once more walk,\_ With

25  
 "gin - nie" played the or - gan on the\_ side-walks of New York.\_  
 First picked up the waltz step on the\_ side-walks of New York.\_  
 their best girl and have a twirl on the side-walks of New York.\_

33  
 East side, West side,\_ all around the town,\_ The tots sang "ring around rosie"

44  
 "Lon - don Bridge is fall - ing down;" Boys and girls to - geth - er,\_ Me and

Mamie O' - Rourke, Tripped the light fantastic, on the sidewalks of New York.\_

This musical score is for the song 'Mamie O' - Rourke'. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in 2/4 time. The lyrics are: 'Mamie O' - Rourke, Tripped the light fantastic, on the sidewalks of New York.\_' The score ends with a double bar line.

# F ' (W ' )

Folk Song

For he's a jol - ly good fel - low, For he's a jol - ly good fel - low,  
We won't go home un - til morn - ing, We won't go home un - til morn - ing,

For he's a jol - ly good fel - low, And so say all of us;\_\_  
We won't go home un - til morn - ing, Till day - light doth ap - pear;

And so say all of us;\_\_ And so say all of us;\_\_ For  
Till day - light doth ap - pear; Till day - light doth ap - pear; We

he's a jol - ly good fel - low, For he's a jol - ly good fel - low,  
won't go home un - til morn - ing, We won't go home un - til morn - ing,

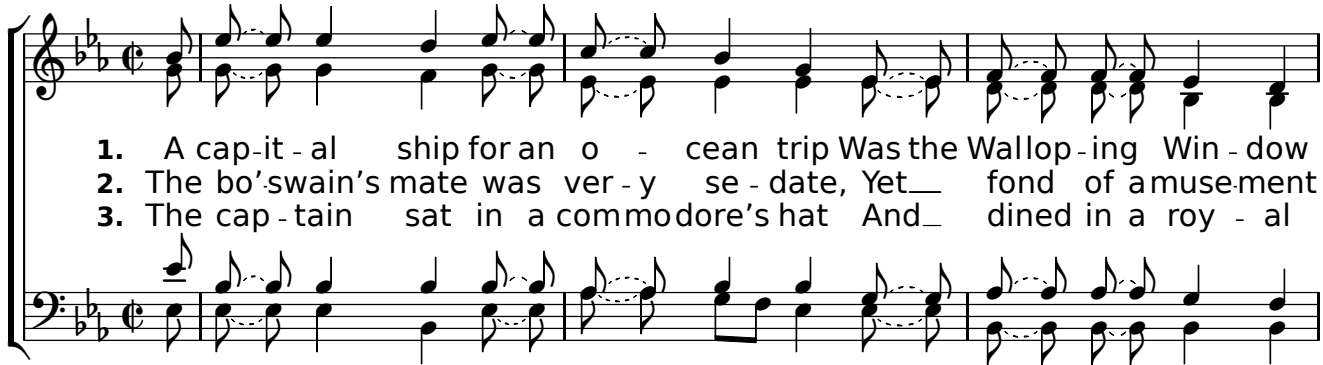
For he's a jol - ly good fel - low, And so say all of us.\_\_  
We won't go home un - til morn - ing, Till day - light doth ap - pear.\_

This musical score is for a folk song. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in 6/8 time. The lyrics are: 'For he's a jol - ly good fel - low, For he's a jol - ly good fel - low, We won't go home un - til morn - ing, We won't go home un - til morn - ing, For he's a jol - ly good fel - low, And so say all of us;\_\_ We won't go home un - til morn - ing, Till day - light doth ap - pear; And so say all of us;\_\_ And so say all of us;\_\_ For Till day - light doth ap - pear; Till day - light doth ap - pear; We he's a jol - ly good fel - low, For he's a jol - ly good fel - low, won't go home un - til morn - ing, We won't go home un - til morn - ing, For he's a jol - ly good fel - low, And so say all of us.\_\_ We won't go home un - til morn - ing, Till day - light doth ap - pear.\_' The score ends with a double bar line.

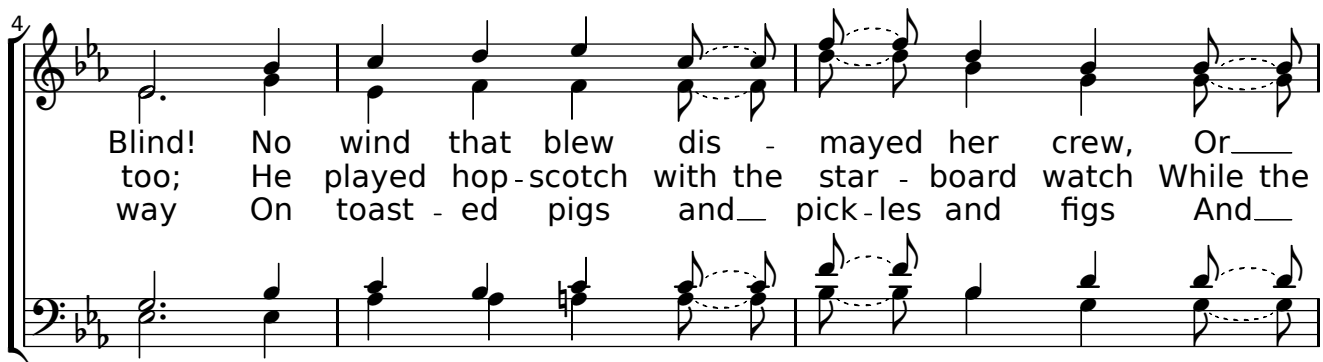
# ACS

Charles E. Carryl (-)

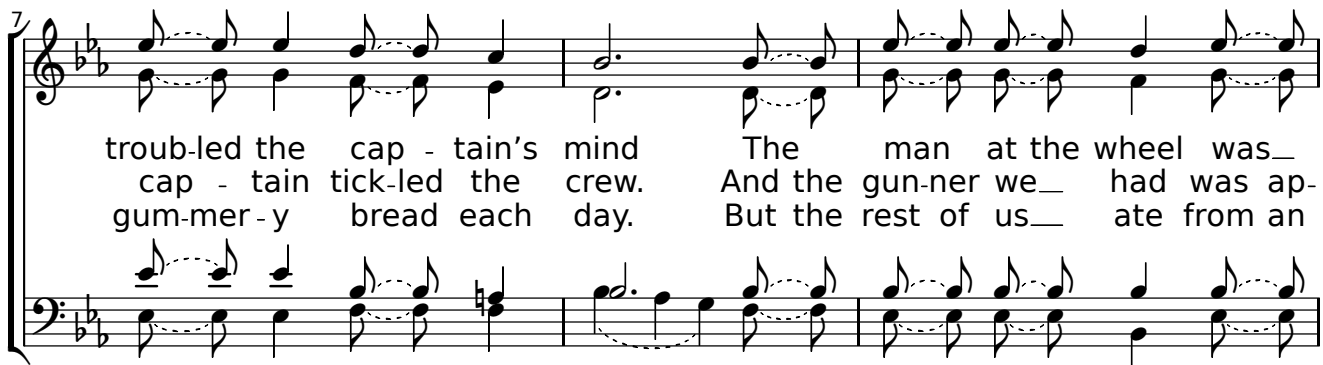
English Folk Song



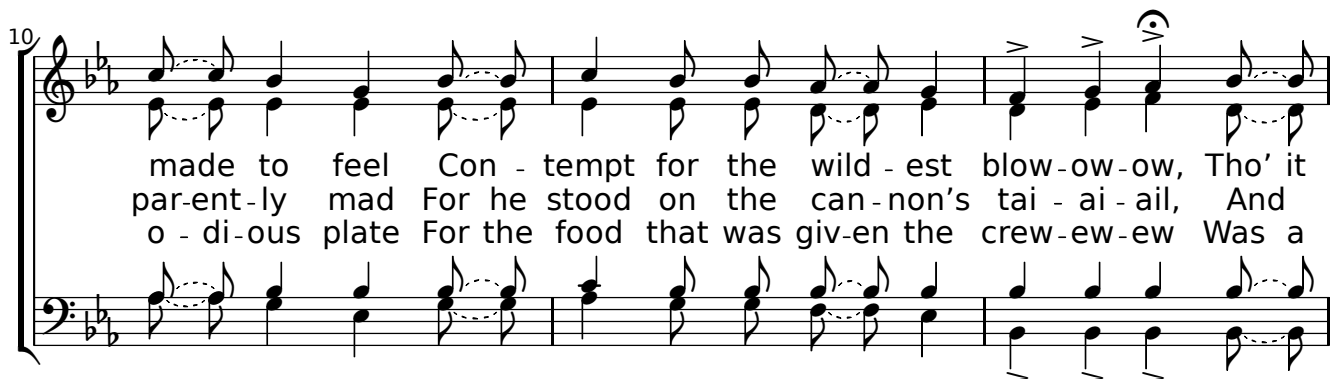
1. A cap-it - al ship for an o - cean trip Was the Wallop-ing Win - dow  
2. The bo'swain's mate was ver - y se - date, Yet\_\_ fond of amuse-ment  
3. The cap-tain sat in a commodore's hat And\_\_ dined in a roy - al



4  
Blind! No wind that blew dis - mayed her crew, Or\_\_  
too; He played hop-sotch with the star - board watch While the  
way On toast - ed pigs and\_\_ pick-les and figs And\_\_



7  
troub-led the cap - tain's mind The man at the wheel was\_\_  
cap - tain tick-led the crew. And the gun-ner we\_\_ had was ap-  
gum-mer-y bread each day. But the rest of us\_\_ ate from an



10  
made to feel Con - tempt for the wild - est blow-ow-ow, Tho' it  
par-ent-ly mad For he stood on the can-non's tai - ai - ail, And  
o - di-ous plate For the food that was giv-en the crew-ew-ew Was a

13

of - ten ap-peared when the gale had clear'd, That he'd been in his bunk be-  
fired sal - utes in the cap-tain's boots In the teeth of a boom-ing  
number of tons of hot cross buns Served up with su-gar and

16

low.  
gale. Then blow, ye winds, heigh ho! A rov - ing I will go! I'll  
glue.

21

stay no more on Eng-land's shore, So let the mu-sic play-ay-ay! I'm

25

off for the morn - ing train! I'll cross the rag - ing main! I'm

29

off to my love with a box-ing glove, Ten thou-sand miles a - way!

# A

Samuel Francis Smith (-)

Traditional

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,  
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,  
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees  
 4. Our fa - thers' God to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the  
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and  
 Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that  
 To Thee we sing. Long may our land be bright, With free-dom's

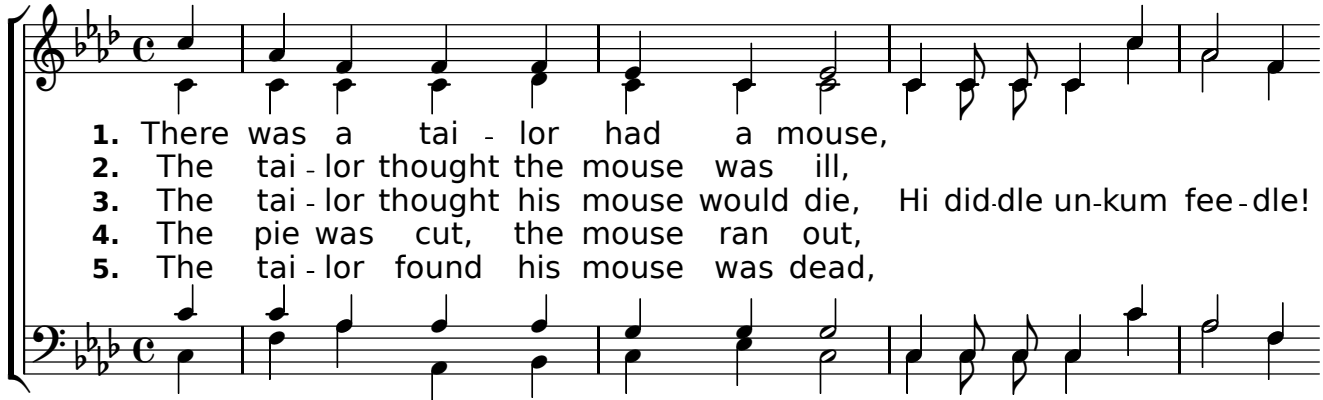
10 pil - grims' pride, From ev - 'ry moun-tain - side Let free-dom ring!  
 tem - pled hills; My hearts with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.  
 breathe par - take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro-long.  
 ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God our King.

*rit.*

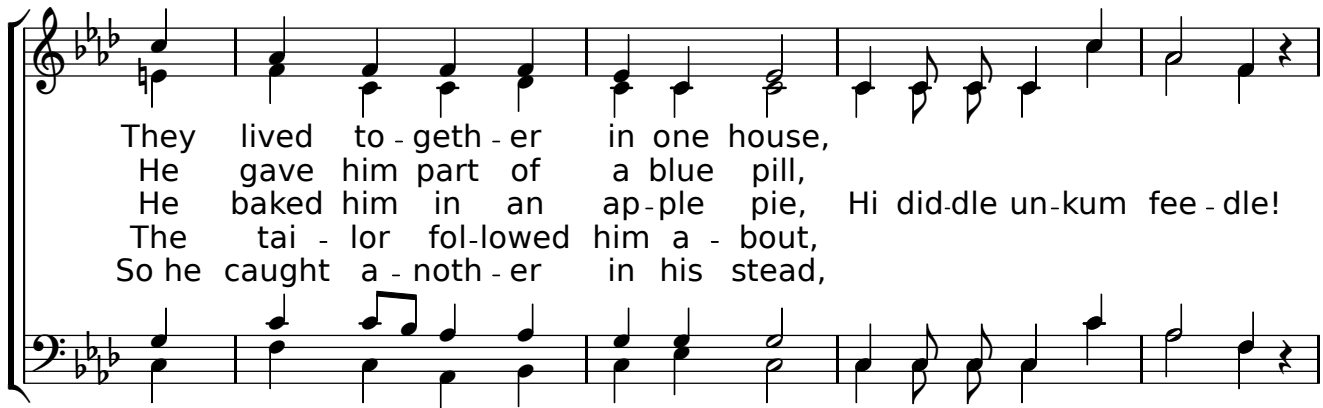


# TT M

English Folk Song



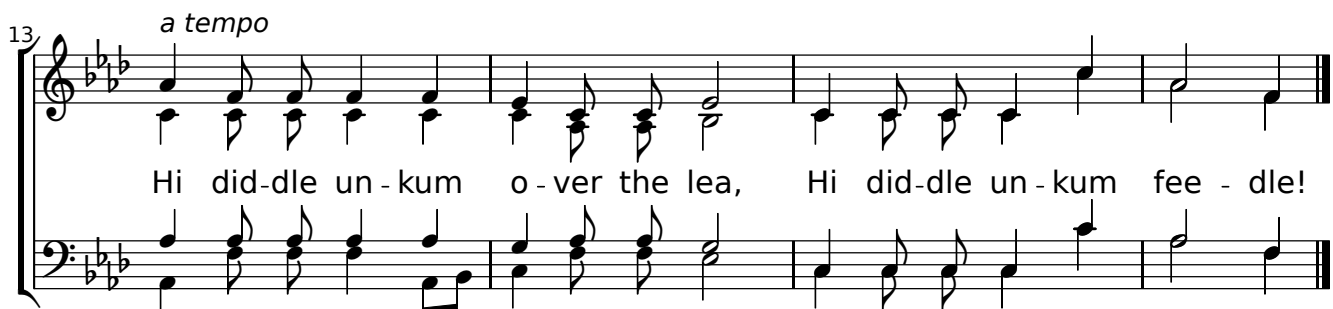
1. There was a tai - lor had a mouse,  
 2. The tai - lor thought the mouse was ill,  
 3. The tai - lor thought his mouse would die, Hi did-dle un-kum fee - dle!  
 4. The pie was cut, the mouse ran out,  
 5. The tai - lor found his mouse was dead,



They lived to - geth - er in one house,  
 He gave him part of a blue pill,  
 He baked him in an ap - ple pie, Hi did-dle un-kum fee - dle!  
 The tai - lor fol - lowed him a - bout,  
 So he caught a - noth - er in his stead,



Hi did-dle un-kum tar-um tan-tum Through the town of Ram - say,



Hi did-dle un - kum o - ver the lea, Hi did-dle un - kum fee - dle!

# M A

Henry Robinson Allen (-)



1. Maid of Ath-ens, ere we part, Give, oh, give me back my heart!  
 2. By those tress-es un-con-fined, Wooed by each Æ - ge - an wind,  
 3. Maid of Ath-ens, I am gone, Think of me, sweet, when a - lone,



Or, since that has left my breast, Keep it now, and take the  
 By those lids whose jet - ty fringe, Kiss thy soft cheeks' bloom-ing  
 Though I fly to Is - tam - bol, Ath - ens holds my heart and



rest! Hear my vow be - fore I go, Hear my vow be -  
 tinge, By those wild eyes like the roe, By those wild eyes  
 soul. Can I cease to love thee? No! Can I cease to

12

fore I go, My life, I love thee, My dear-est life, I  
like the roe, My life, I love thee, My dear-est life, I  
love thee? No! My life, I love thee, My dear-est life, I

16

love thee. Hear my vow, be-fore I go. My life, I love but thee.  
love thee. Hear my vow, be-fore I go. My life, I love but thee.  
love thee! Can I cease to love thee? No! My life, I love but thee.

**C** -

**(R)**

Come let us all a-may-ing go, and  
The bells shall ring, the bells shall ring, and the  
drums shall beat, the fife shall play, and

3

light-ly and light-ly trip it to and fro.  
cuck-oo, the cuck-oo, the cuck-oo sing; The  
so we'll spend our time a-way.

# S P' D

M. J. Barry

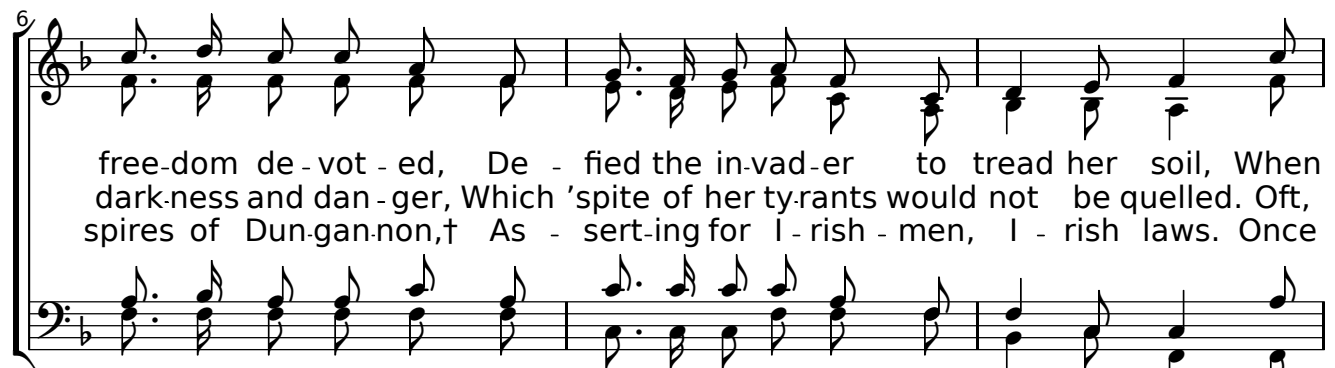
Irish Folk Song



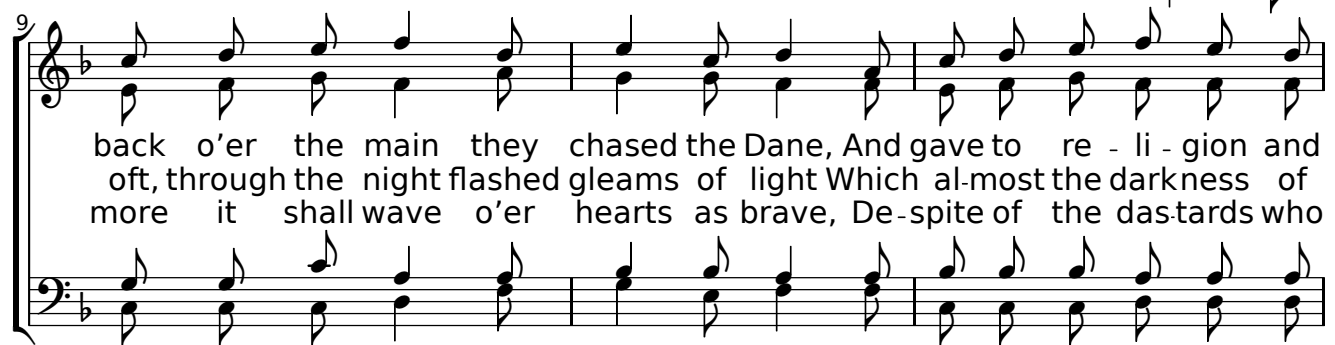
1. Oh! blest be the days when the green banner float-ed, Sub - lime o'er the  
 2. Her scep-ter, a - las! passed a - way to the stran-ger; And trea-son sur-  
 3. Oh! blest be the hour, when be - girt by her can-non, And hailed as it



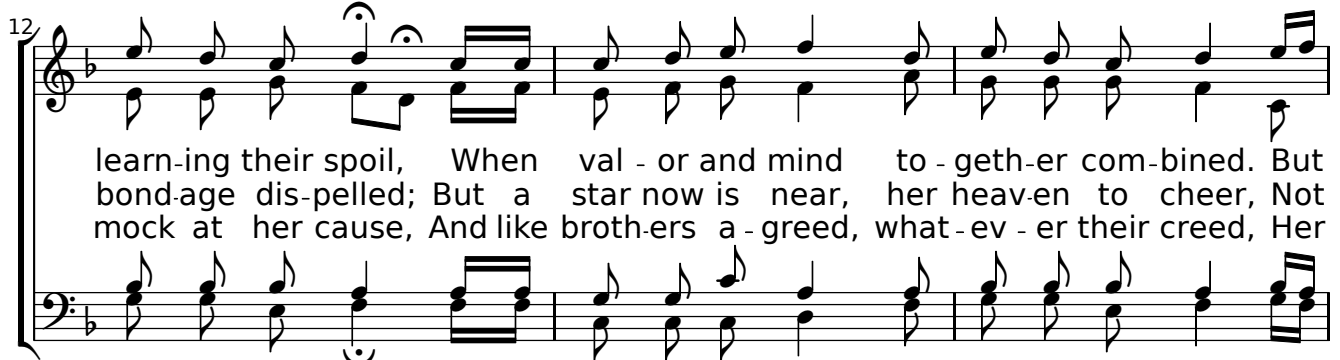
moun-tains of free In - nis - fail,\* When her sons to her glo - ry and  
 ren - dered what val - or hath held; But true hearts re-mained a - mid  
 rose by a na-tion's ap-prise, That flag waved a - loft o'er the



free-dom de - vot - ed, De - fied the in-vad-er to tread her soil, When  
 dark-ness and dan-ger, Which 'spite of her ty-rants would not be quelled. Oft,  
 spires of Dun-gan-non,† As - sert-ing for I - rish - men, I - rish laws. Once



back o'er the main they chased the Dane, And gave to re - li - gion and  
 oft, through the night flashed gleams of light Which al-most the darkness of  
 more it shall wave o'er hearts as brave, De-spite of the dastards who



learn-ing their spoil, When val - or and mind to - geth-er com-bined. But  
 bond-age dis-pelled; But a star now is near, her heav-en to cheer, Not  
 mock at her cause, And like broth-ers a - greed, what - ev - er their creed, Her

\*An ancient name for Ireland. †A town in North eastern Ireland, once the chief seat of the Kings of Ulster.

15

where-fore la - ment o'er the glo-ries de-part-ed, Her stars shall shine  
like the wild gleams which so fit - ful - ly dart-ed, But long to shine  
chil - dren in - spired by those glo-ries de-part-ed, No lon - ger in

out with as viv - id a ray; For ne'er had she chil - dren more  
down with its hal - low-ing ray On daugh - ters as fair, and on  
dark - ness de - spond - ing will stay, But join in her cause like the

20

brave and true heart-ed, Than those she sees now on Saint Pat-rick's Day.  
sons as true heart-ed, As Er - in be - holds on Saint Pat-rick's Day.  
brave and true heart-ed Who rise for their rights on Saint Pat-rick's Day.

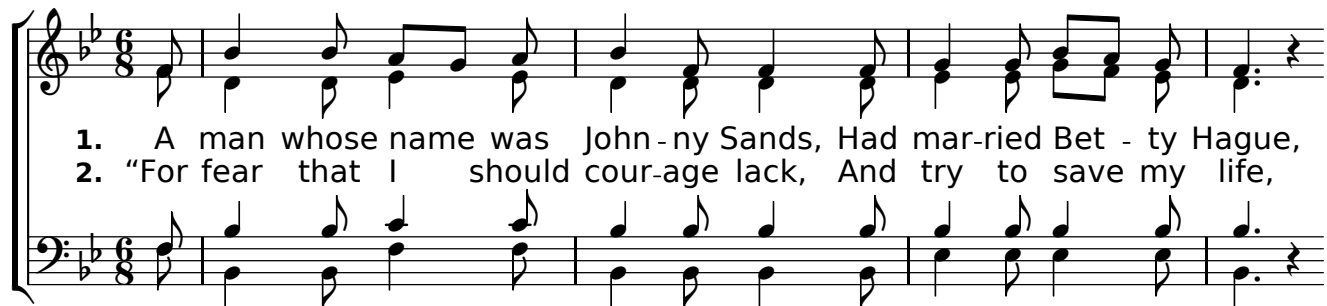
**T**

**(R)**

The bell doth toll, Its ech-oes roll, I know the sound full well;  
I love its ringing For it calls to singing With its bim, bim, bim, bom bell,  
Bim, Bom, Bim, bim, bim, bom bell.

# JS

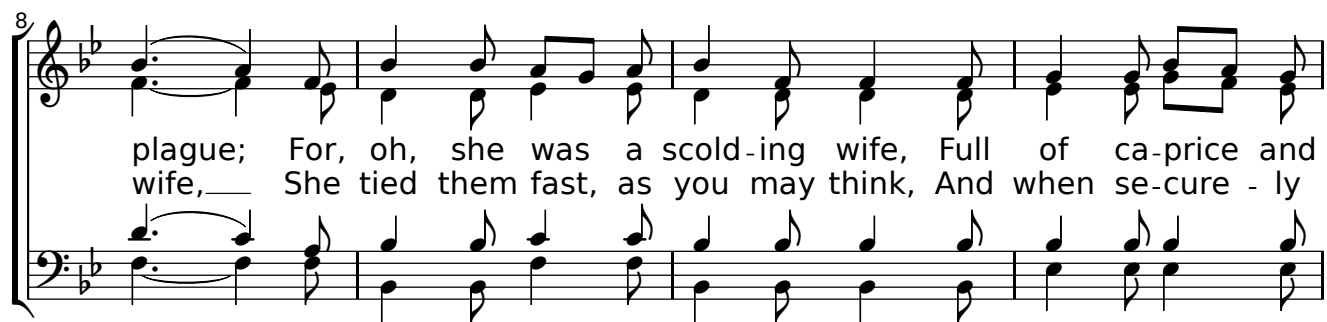
John Sinclair,



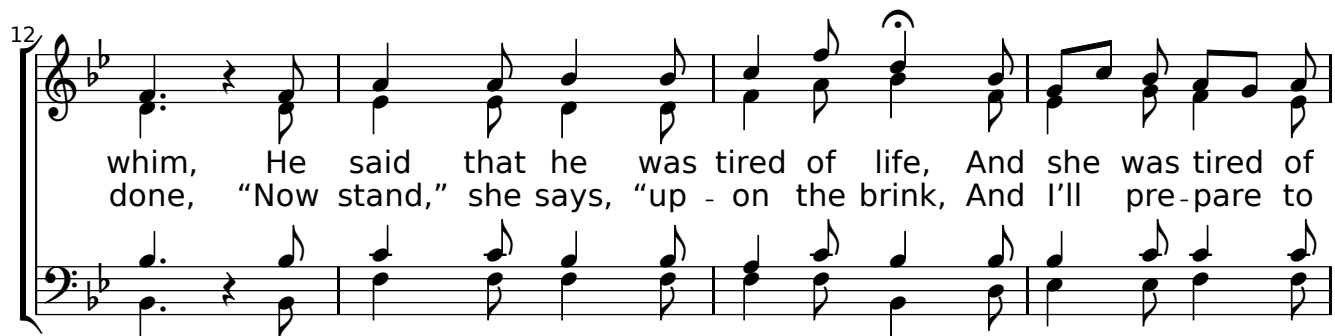
1. A man whose name was John - ny Sands, Had mar-ried Bet - ty Hague,  
 2. "For fear that I should cour-age lack, And try to save my life,



And though she brought him gold and lands, She proved a ter - ri-ble  
 Pray, tie my hands be - hind my back," "I will," re - plied his



8 plague; For, oh, she was a scold-ing wife, Full of ca-price and  
 wife, — She tied them fast, as you may think, And when se-cure - ly



12 whim, He said that he was tired of life, And she was tired of  
 done, "Now stand," she says, "up - on the brink, And I'll pre-pare to

16

him, And she was tired of him, And she was tired of him; Says  
run, And I'll pre-pare to run, And I'll pre-pare to run." All

21

he, "Then I will drown my-self, The riv-er runs be-low;" Says  
down the hill his lov-ing bride Now ran with all her force, To

25

she, "Pray do, you sil-ly elf, I wished it long a-go." Says  
push him in, he stepped a-side, And she fell in, of course; Now

29

he, "Up-on the brink I'll stand, Do you run down the hill, And  
splash-ing, dash-ing, like a fish, "Oh, save me, John-ny Sands." "I

33

push me in with all your might." Says she, "My love, I will," Says  
can't, my dear, though much I wish, For you have tied my hands, For

37

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

## H

(R)

He that will an ale - house keep, Must  
cham - ber and a fea - ther bed; A  
Hey non - ny non - ny Hey non - ny no, Hey

3

have three things in store, A  
chim - ney and a Hey non - ny non - ny  
non - ny no, Hey non - ny no.

## S

(R)

Round and round we go While the north winds blow.  
Swift - ly as the swal-lows go, A - cross the spark-ling ice we fly.  
Round and round and to and fro While loud the cold wind whis - tles by.



# W T' W T' W

Charles Edward Pollock

1. Though trou-bles per-plex you, Dis-heart-en and vex you, Re-tard-ing your
2. The task may be teas-ing, The du - ty un - pleas-ing, But he who con-
3. Mis - for-tunes un-count-ed Are of - ten sur-mount-ed, If on - ly we

pro-gress in som-ber ar-ray; To shrink from with ter-ror Is  
fronts it will soon win the day; The fight is half o-ver When  
quit not the field in dis-may; Then one more en-deav-or, Re -

sure-ly an er-ror, For where there's a will there is al-ways a way.  
once we dis-cov-er That where there's a will there is al-ways a way.  
mem-ber-ing ev-er, That where there's a will there is al-ways a way.

There's a way, there's a way, Wher -  
There's a way, there's a way,

ev-er there's a will there's a way, There's a way, there's a  
there's a way, There's a way,

way, Wher - ev-er there's a will there's a way.  
there's a way,

# T F B S

W. S. Gilbert (-)

Arthur Sullivan (-)

1. The flowers that bloom in the spring, Tra la, Breathe promise of mer-ry sun-  
2. The flowers that bloom in the spring, Tra la, Have no-thing to do with the

The first system of the musical score is in 6/8 time, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of three flats. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

shine,  
case,  
As we mer - ri - ly dance and we sing, Tra la, We  
I've got to take un - der my wing, Tra la, A

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

wel-come the hope that they bring, Tra la, Of a sum-mer of ros-es and  
most un - at - trac - tive old thing, Tra la, With a car - i - ca-ture of a

The third system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

10

wine, Of a summer of ros-es and wine; And that's what we mean when we  
face, With a car - i - cature of a face; And that's what I mean when I

14

say that a thing Is wel-come as flow-ers that bloom in the spring.  
say or I sing, "Oh both - er the flow-ers that bloom in the spring!"

Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, The flow - ers that bloom in the

20

spring. Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la la!

# L

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (-)

From *Don Giovanni*

**Andante**

**D G.** "Nay, bid me not re-sign, love, Cold-ly the hand I press, Oh! say thou wilt be

mine, love, Breathe but that one word, 'Yes.'" "I would and yet I

would not, I feel my heart mis-give, Shouldst thou prove false, I

could not Be - come thy scorn and live, Be - come thy scorn and

live." "Come then, oh, come then, dear-est." "Yet should thy fond-ness

22 D G. Z.

al-ter!" "Nay, love, in vain thou fear-est." "Still, still this heart will

26 D G.

fal-ter, this heart will fal-ter, this heart will fal-ter." "Come then,

29 Z.

come then! Nay bid me not re-sign, love." "I would, and yet I

33 D G. Z.

would not." "Oh, say thou wilt be mine." "I feel my heart mis-

37 D G. Z.

give," "Nay, love, in vain thou fear'st," "I feel my heart mis-give, Yet

41

should thy fond-ness al-ter, Still, still this heart will fal-ter, this heart will

45

D G. Z.

fal-ter, this heart will fal-ter," "Oh, come, then come," "I come."

**Allegro**

B

Yes, hand and heart u - nit-ing, Each oth-er's vows re-quit-ing, Our

1. 2.

53

D G. Z.

joy no bounds shall know, know, Oh, come, I

57

D G. B

come, I come. Oh, come! Our joy no bounds shall know, Our

62

joy no bounds shall know, Our joy no bounds shall know.

# T D S

W. S. Gilbert (-)

Arthur Sullivan (-)

1. A maid-en sat at her door, And sighed as she looked at the sea; "I've a  
2. The maid-en dried her eyes, And a smile shone o - ver her face, For she

5 dear, dear love, on a dis - tant shore, A - dy-ing for news of me, I've a  
saw bright hope in the chang-ing skies, As the wind flew off a - pace, She

*cresc.* 9 dear, dear love, on a dis - tant shore, A - dy-ing for news of me." And the  
saw bright hope in the chang-ing skies, As the wind flew off a - pace. And she *p*

13 wind was lis-ten-ing near, And saw that the maid was fair, So the  
bade the kind wind good speed, "Hur - ry, O wind," said she, "Oh,

17 *cresc.* *rit.*

kind wind whis-pered a hope in her ear, As he played with her bright brown  
say that I love him in-deed, and in-deed." And the wind cried o - ver the

20 *a tempo*

hair: "Be of good cheer, sweet heart, I fly to that dis-tant shore, Thy  
sea, "Be of good cheer, sweet heart, I fly to that dis-tant shore, Thy

25 *cresc.* *f rall.* *cresc.*

lover I'll tell thou lovest him well, Ever and ev-er more." 3. The wind tore over the  
lover I'll tell thou

30 *f*

wave, Scat-ter-ing o-cean spray, But a-lack! the lov-er he flew to save, He

35 *dim.*

met on his home - ward way, And his good ship sank in the gale, And



39 *rit.*

ev-'ry soul be-side, And the wind came sob-bing to tell the tale, And the

43 *p Slower*

maid-en drooped and died. Be of good cheer, poor heart, At rest on a distant

48

shore, Where thou and thy love walk hand in hand, Ev-er and ev-er more!

53 *cresc.*

Be of good cheer, dear heart, At rest on a distant shore, Where

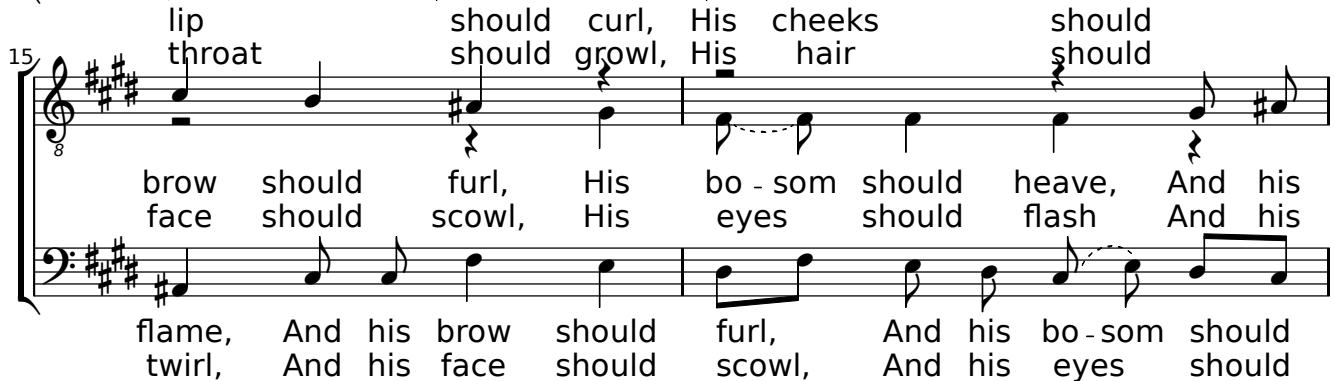
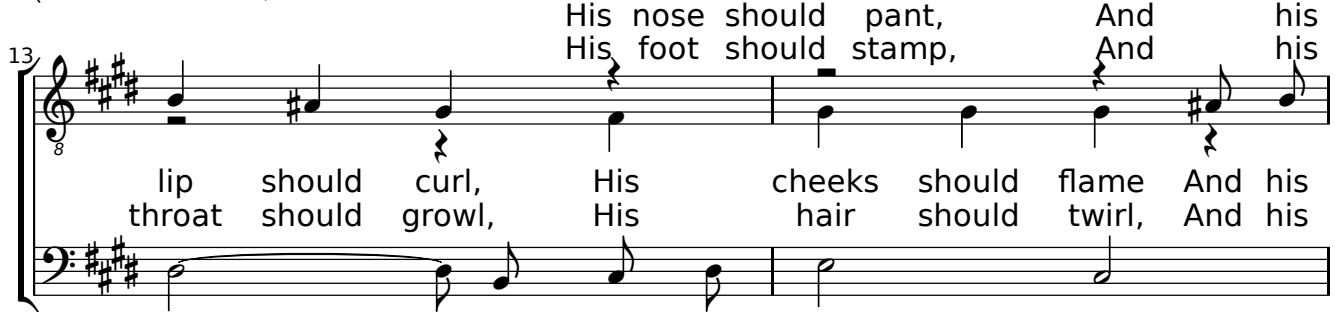
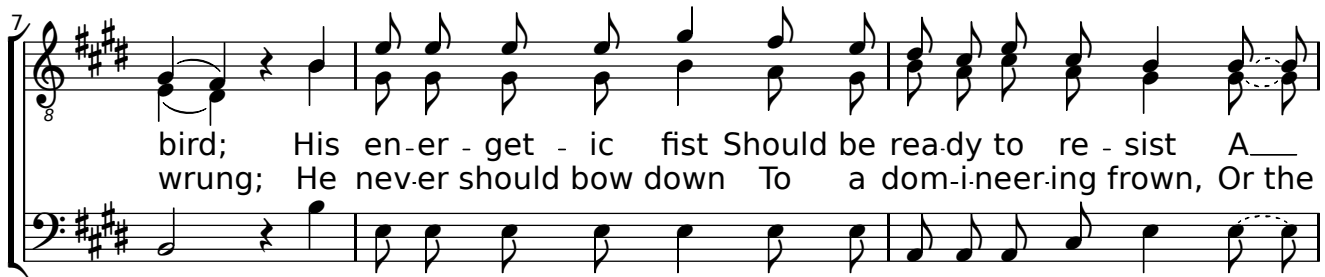
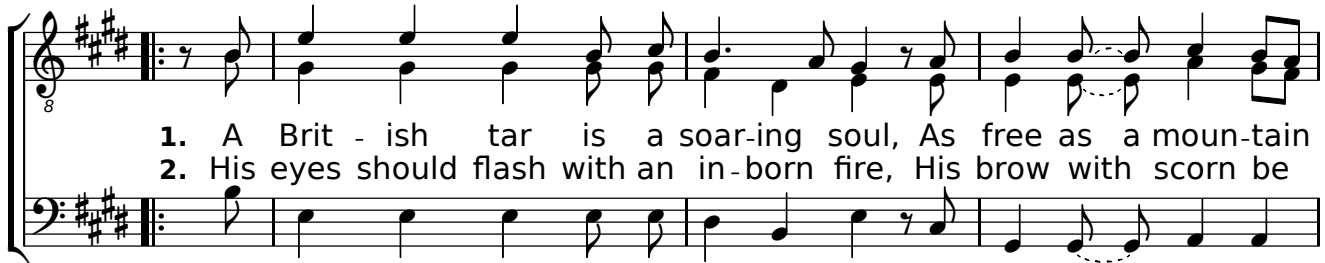
57 *rit.* *dim.*

thou and thy love go hand in hand, Ev - er and ev - er more!

# A B T

W. S. Gilbert (-)

Arthur Sullivan (-)



17  
8  
heart should glow, And his fist be ev - er rea - dy For a  
breast pro - trude. And this should be his cus - tom - a - ry

heave, And his heart should glow, And his fist ev - er  
flash, And his breast pro - trude, And this his

19  
8  
knock down blow. His nose should pant, And his  
at - ti - tude. His foot should stamp, And his

rea - dy for a knock - down blow.  
cus - tom - a - ry at *cresc.* ti - tude.

21  
8  
lip should curl, His cheeks should flame And his brow should furl, His  
throat should growl, His hair should twirl, And his face should scowl, His

24  
8  
bo - som should heave, And his heart should glow, And his  
eyes should flash And his breast pro - trude. And

26  
8  
*f*  
fist be ev - er rea - dy For a knock down blow.  
this should be his cus - tom - a - ry at - ti - tude, his

29  
8  
at - ti - tude, his at - ti - tude, his at - ti - tude.

38  
8

# B

W. S. Gilbert (-)

Arthur Sullivan (-)

1. Brightly dawns our wedding  
2. Let us dry the rea-dy

The first system of the musical score for 'B' is in common time (C) and B-flat major. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a whole rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff begins with a half note, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

7  
day; Joy - ous hour, we give thee greet-ing! Whi-ther, whi-ther art thou  
tear, Though the hours are sure - ly creep-ing, Lit-tle need for woe-ful

The second system of the musical score for 'B' is in common time (C) and B-flat major. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a half note, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff begins with a half note, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

11  
fleet-ing? Fick-le moment, pri-thee stay! Fickle moment, pri-thee stay!  
weeping, Till the sad sun-down is near, Till the sad sun-down is near.

The third system of the musical score for 'B' is in common time (C) and B-flat major. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a half note, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff begins with a half note, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

16  
What though mortal joys be hol-low? Pleasures come, if sorrows  
All must sip the cup of sorrow I to day, and thou to -

The fourth system of the musical score for 'B' is in common time (C) and B-flat major. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a half note, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff begins with a half note, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

21

Though the toc - sin  
This the close of

*f*

Ding dong! Ding

fol - low: Though the toc - sin sound ere long,  
mor-row: This the close of ev - 'ry song, Though the

Ding dong! Ding

25

sound ere long, Though the toc - sin sound ere long,  
ev - 'ry song, This the close of ev - 'ry song,

dong! Ding dong! Ding dong!

toc - sin sound ere long, sound ere long,  
close of ev - 'ry song, this the close,

Ding\_ dong! Ding\_  
Ding\_ dong! Ding\_  
Ding dong!

dong! Ding dong! Ding dong!

30

— dong! Yet un - til the shadows fall O - ver one and o - ver all, Sing a  
— dong! What, though solemn shadows fall, Sooner, lat - er, o - ver all.

Ding dong!

*f*

36 *f* merry madri-gal, Sing a merry madri - gal, Sing a merry madri - gal, Fa  
Fa  
Fa la la la

42 la. Fa la. Fa *ff* la la la la, Fa la la la la, Fa  
la la la la la, Fa la la la la la, Fa la la, Fa la, Fa la,  
la la la la, Fa la la la la, Fa la la la  
la, Fa la la la la la, Fa la la la la la, Fa

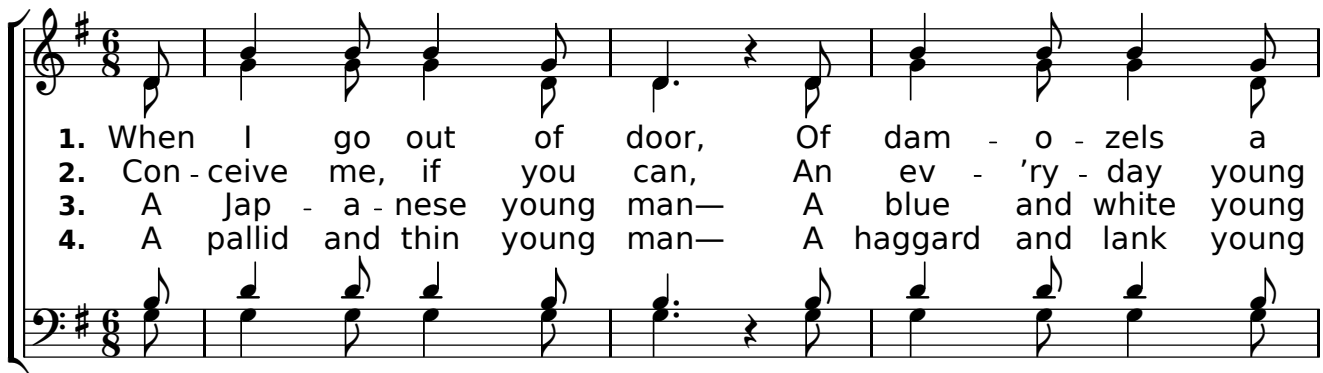
46 la la la la, Fa la la la la la la la la, la la la la, Fa  
*dim.*  
Fa la la la la la, Fa la la, Fa la la, Fa la la la, Fa  
la, Fa la la la la, Fa la la la la, Fa la la la la  
la, Fa la la la la, Fa la la la la, Fa la la la la la, Fa la

52 *p* *pp* 1. 2.  
la, Fa la la, Fa la la, Fa la la, la. la.  
la,

# W I

W. S. Gilbert (-)

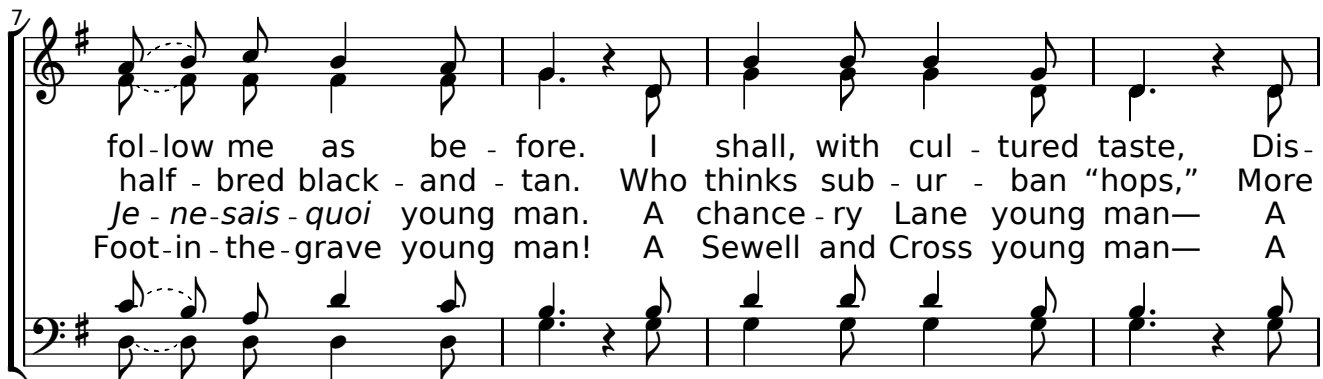
Arthur Sullivan (-)



1. When I go out of door, Of dam - o - zels a  
 2. Con - ceive me, if you can, An ev - 'ry - day young  
 3. A Jap - a - nese young man— A blue and white young  
 4. A pallid and thin young man— A haggard and lank young



score, (All sigh - ing and burn - ing, And cling - ing and yearn - ing) Will  
 man; A com - mon place type, With a stick and a pipe, And a  
 man— Fran - ces - ca di Ri - mi - mi, mi - mi - ny, prim - i - ny,  
 man— A green - e - ry - yal - le - ry, Gros - ve - nor Gal - le - ry,



fol - low me as be - fore. I shall, with cul - tured taste, Dis -  
 half - bred black - and - tan. Who thinks sub - ur - ban "hops," More  
*Je - ne - sais - quoi* young man. A chance - ry Lane young man— A  
 Foot - in - the - grave young man! A Sewell and Cross young man— A

11

tin - guish gems from paste, And "High did - dle did-dle" Will  
 fun than "Mon - day Pops." Who's fond of his din-ner, And  
 Somer - set House young man,— A ve - ry de - lec - ta - ble,  
 Howell and James young man— A push-ing young par - ti - cle—

14

rank as an id - yll, If I \_\_\_\_\_ pro-nounce it chaste! A  
 does - n't get thin-ner On bot - tled beer and chops. A  
 High - ly re-spec-ta - ble Three-pen-ny - bus young man! Con-  
 what's the next ar - ti - cle— Wa - ter-loo House young man! Con-

17

most in - tense young man, A soul - ful - eyed young man, An  
 com-mon-place young man— A mat-ter-of - fact young man— A  
 ceive me, if you can, A crot-chet-y, cracked young man, An  
 ceive me, if you can, A mat-ter-of - fact young man, An

21

ul - tra-po - et-ic-al, su-per-æ-s-thet-ic-al, Out of the way young man!  
 stea-dy and stol-id-y, jol-ly Bank-hol - i-day, Ev - e - ry - day young man.  
 ul - tra po - et-ic-al, su-per-æ-s-thet-ic-al, Out-of - the-way young man!  
 al - pha-bet-ic-al, a - rith-met-ic-al, Ev - e - ry - day young man!



# M G M

(R)

Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, greet the morn;  
 Cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly sound the horn.  
 Hark! to the ech - oes, hear the play O'er  
 hill and dale, far, far, a - way.

# C R T

(R)

Now we are met, let mirth a - bound,  
 And let the catch, and let the catch,  
 With joy go round, with joy go

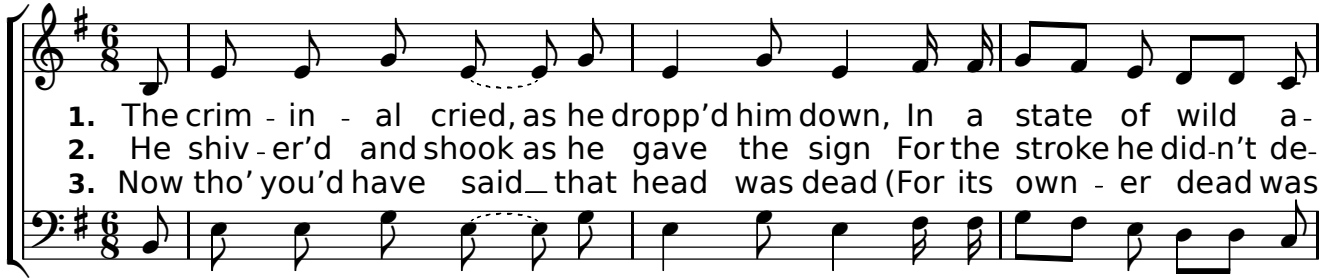
3

Now we are met, let mirth a - bound.  
 and let the catch with joy go round.  
 round, let the catch with joy go round.

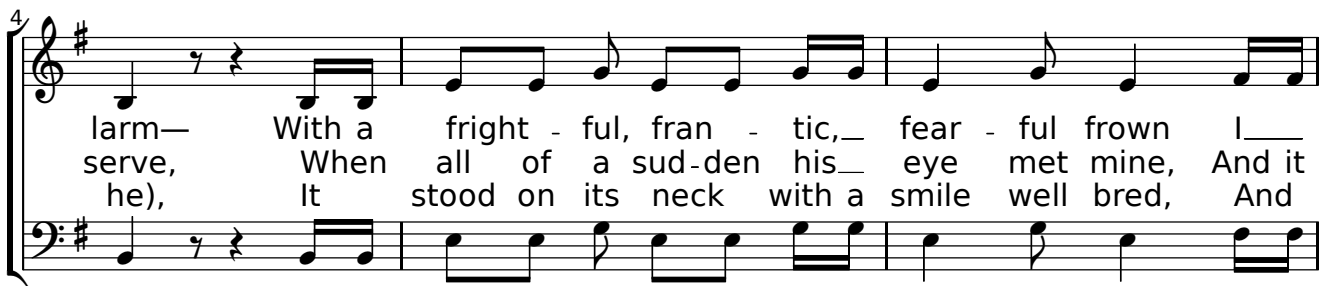
# T

W. S. Gilbert (-)

Arthur Sullivan (-)



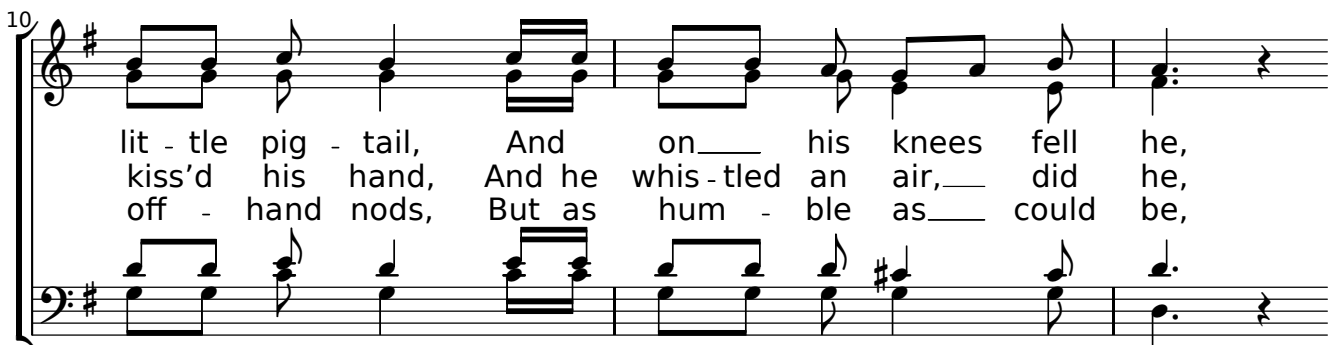
1. The crim - in - al cried, as he dropp'd him down, In a state of wild a-  
 2. He shiv - er'd and shook as he gave the sign For the stroke he did-n't de-  
 3. Now tho' you'd have said that head was dead (For its own - er dead was



larm— With a fright - ful, fran - tic, fear - ful frown I  
 serve, When all of a sud - den his eye met mine, And it  
 he), It stood on its neck with a smile well bred, And



bared my big right arm. I seiz'd him by his  
 seem'd to brace his nerve, For he nod-ded his head and  
 bow'd three times to me! It was none of your im - pu - dent



lit - tle pig - tail, And on his knees fell he,  
 kiss'd his hand, And he whis - tled an air, did he,  
 off - hand nods, But as hum - ble as could be,

As he squirm'd and strug-gled And gur-gled and gur-gled, I\_\_\_  
 As the sa-bre true\_\_\_ Cut clean-ly through His  
 For it clear-ly knew\_\_\_ The def-er-ence due\_\_\_ To a

15

drew my snick-er snee,\_\_\_ my snick-er snee!\_ Oh\_\_\_  
 cer-vi-cal ver-te-bræ,\_\_\_ his ver-te-bræ!\_ When a  
 man of ped-i-gree,\_\_\_ of ped-i-gree!\_ And it's

19

ne'er shall I For-get the cry, Or the shriek that shriek-ed he,\_\_\_  
 man's a-fraid A beau-ti-ful maid Is a cheer-ing sight to see;\_  
 oh, I vow, This death-ly bow Was a touch-ing sight to see;\_

As I gnash'd my teeth, When from its sheath I drew my snick-er-  
And it's oh, I'm glad, That mo - ment sad Was sooth'd by sight of  
Though trunk - less, yet It couldn't for - get The def - er-ence due to

26

snee!\_ We know him well, He can - not tell Un - true or ground-less  
me!\_ Her ter - ri - ble tale You can't as - sail, With truth it quite a -  
me!\_ The haugh-ty youth He speaks the truth When-ev-er he finds it

30

tales. He al - ways tries To ut - ter lies, And ev - 'ry time he  
grees; Her taste ex - act For fault-less fact A - mounts to a dis -  
pays, And in this case It all took place Ex - act - ly as he

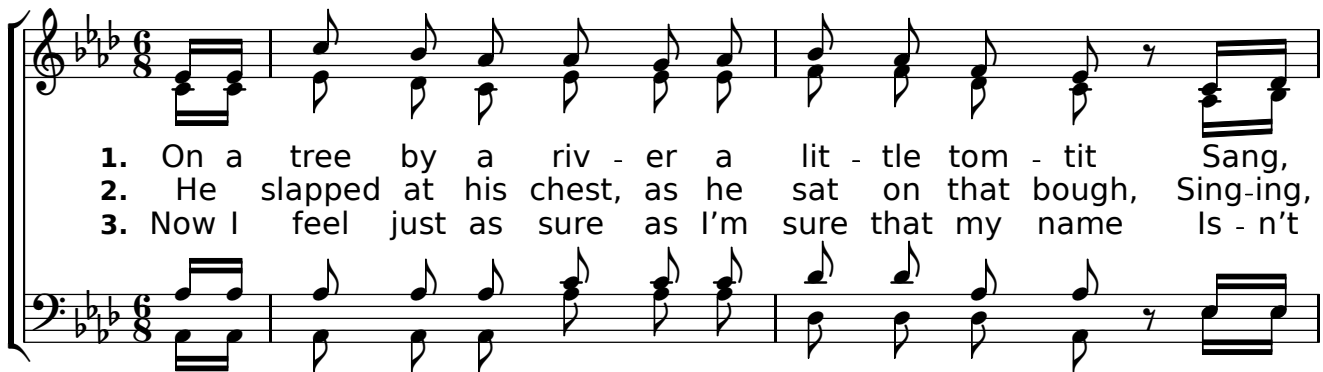
1. 2. 3.

fails. says! Ex-act-ly, ex-act-ly, ex-act-ly, ex - act - ly as he says!\_  
ease.

# T-W

W. S. Gilbert (-)

Arthur Sullivan (-)



1. On a tree by a riv - er a lit - tle tom - tit Sang,  
 2. He slapped at his chest, as he sat on that bough, Sing-ing,  
 3. Now I feel just as sure as I'm sure that my name Is - n't



3  
 "Wil-low, tit-wil-low, tit - wil-low!" And I said to him, "Dick - y - bird,  
 "Wil-low, tit-wil-low, tit - wil-low!" And a cold per-spi - ra - tion be -  
 Wil-low, tit-wil-low, tit - wil-low, That 'twas blight-ed af - fec-tion that



6  
 why do you sit Sing-ing, 'Wil-low, tit-wil-low, tit - wil-low?' "Is it  
 span-gled his brow, Oh, wil-low, tit-wil-low, tit - wil-low! He\_  
 made him ex-claim, "Oh, wil-low, tit-wil-low, tit - wil-low!" And if

9

weak - ness of in - tel - lect, bird - ie?" I cried, "Or a  
 sobbed and he sighed, and a gur - gle he gave, Then he  
 you re-main cal - lous and ob - du - rate, I Shall

11

ra - ther tough worm in your lit - tle in - side?" With a  
 plunged him - self in - to the bil - low - y wave, And an  
 per - ish as he did, and you will know why, Though I

13

shake of his poor lit - tle head, he re - plied, "Oh, willow, titwillow, tit-willow!"  
 ech - o a - rose from the su - icide's grave: "Oh, willow, titwillow, tit-willow!"  
 prob-ab-ly shall not ex-claim as I die, "Oh, willow, titwillow, tit-willow!"

# M S, '

(R)

Joseph Baildon (d. )

1. Mis-ter Speak-er, though 'tis late, Mis-ter Speak-er, though 'tis

*f* 2. Ques-tion, ques - tion, ques-tion, ques-tion, ques - tion,

*ff* 3. Or - der, or - der, or-der, *fff* hear him! hear him!

late, though 'tis late, I must length - - - en the de-

hear him! hear him! hear! *mp* Sir, I shall name you if you

hear him! hear him! hear! *mp* pray sup-port the chair, pray sup-port the

bate, I must length - - - en the de-bate, Mis - ter

stir, if you stir, Sir, I shall name you if you stir, Sir, I shall

chair, pray sup-port the chair, pray sup-port the chair, Ques - tion,

12 Speak - er, though 'tis late, I must length-en the de-bate.

name you, Sir, I shall name you, Sir, I shall name you if you stir.

Or - der, hear him! hear! pray sup - port, sup-port the chair.

# S' H

Franz Josef Haydn (-)

*f*

1. We, thy sol-diers, hail thee, hail thee, Great Re-pub - lic, mo - ther  
2. Forth to bat-tle march we, march we, We, thy sons have heard the

5

coun - try; We thy sol-diers hail thee, hail thee, On the eve of  
sum-mons; Forth to bat-tle march we, march we, We will fight for

10

bat - tle. Thou hast call'd us, "Arm ye, arm ye, O my brave and  
free - dom. God of bat-tles, be Thou with us, For our cause is



14

val-iant sons." Thou hast call'd us, "Arm ye, arm ye, Free-dom is in just and right; God of bat-tles, be Thou with us, Bring us home tri-

18

per - il." We, thy sol-diers, hail thee, hail thee: We go forth to war. um-phat! Forth to bat-tle march we, march we, Na-tion of the free.

## W J W (R)

$\text{♩} = 72$  William Billings (-)

When Je - sus wept, the fall - ing tear,  
In mer - cy flowed be - yond all bound;  
When Je - sus groan'd a trem - bling fear,  
Siez'd all the guilt - y world a - round.

# W I

Burkard Waldis (-)

Arranged by Michael Praetorius (-)

*mf*

When I in pain and sor-row moan, And feel for-sak-en and a-lone,

*f*

'Tis then I lift mine eyes on high To God, for help on Him re-ly;

*mf*

And wait in pa-tient pray'r be-low, Un-til His gra-cious love He show.

# J! T

Edward Caswall (-)

John Bacchus Dykes (-)

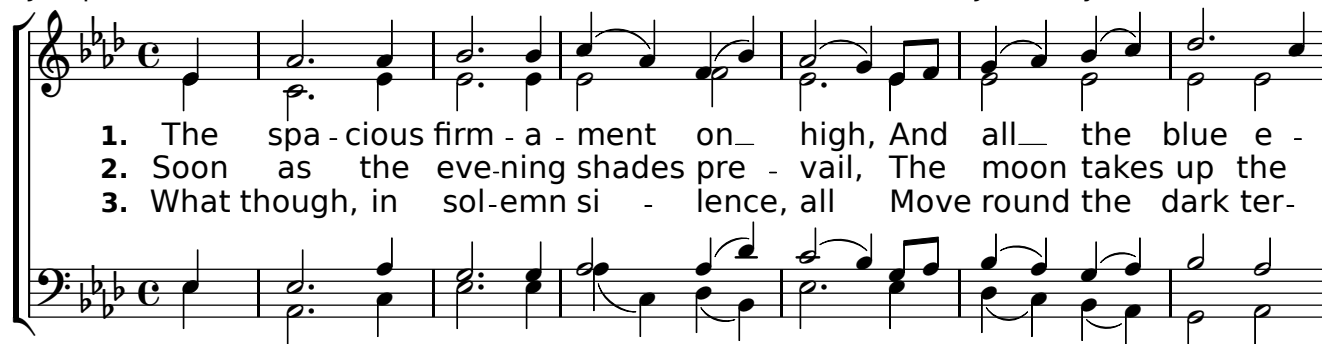
1. Je - sus! the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills my breast;  
 2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem-'ry find  
 3. O hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart! O joy of all the meek!

But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest.  
 A sweet-er sound than Thy blest name. O Sav-ior of man-kind!  
 To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!

# T S F H

Joseph Addison (-)

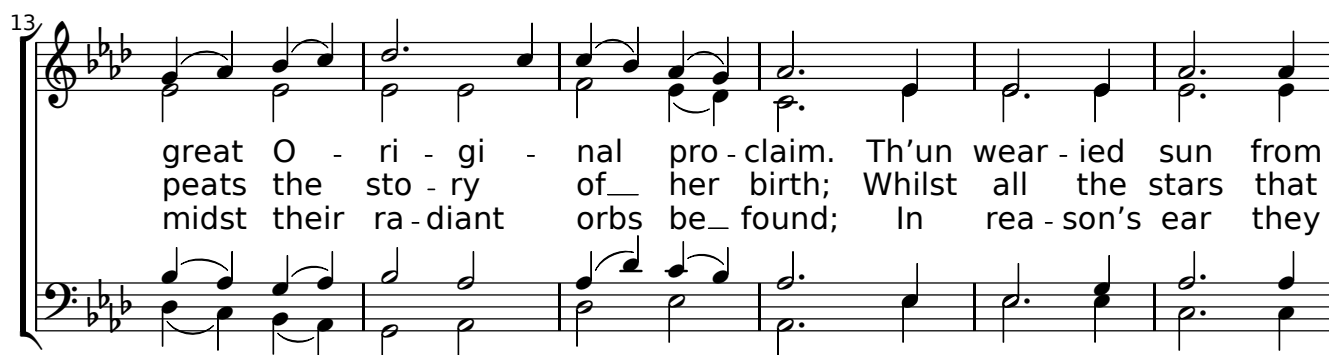
Franz Josef Haydn (-)



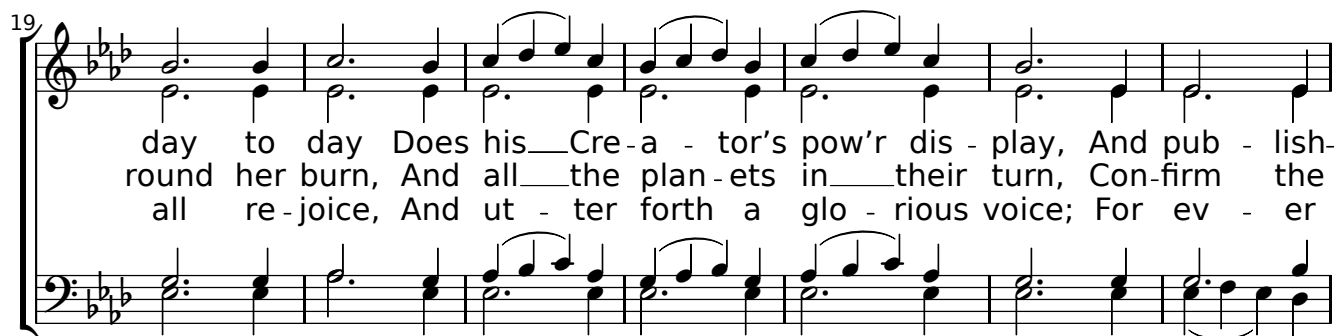
1. The spa-cious firm - a - ment on\_ high, And all\_ the blue e -  
 2. Soon as the eve-ning shades pre - vail, The moon takes up the  
 3. What though, in sol-emn si - lence, all Move round the dark ter-



the - real sky,\_ And span - gled heav'ns, a shin - ing frame, Their  
 won-drous tale,\_ And night - ly to the list - 'ning earth Re -  
 rest-rial ball; What though nor real\_ voice, nor sound A -



great O - ri - gi - nal pro - claim. Th'un wear - ied sun from  
 peats the sto - ry of\_ her birth; Whilst all the stars that  
 midst their ra-diant orbs be\_ found; In rea-son's ear they



day to day Does his\_ Cre-a - tor's pow'r dis - play, And pub - lish-  
 round her burn, And all\_ the plan-ets in\_ their turn, Con-firm the  
 all re-joice, And ut - ter forth a glo - rious voice; For ev - er



es\_ to ev - 'ry land The work\_ of an\_ al - might-y hand.  
 tid - ings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.  
 sing - ing as they shine: "The hand\_ that made\_ us is div - ine."

# O J

Friedrich von Schiller (-)

Ludwig van Beethoven (-)

1. Hail to Joy, from heav'n de-scend-ing; Hail Joy, all ye here be-low.  
 2. We, with whom kind for-tune fa-vors Lov-ing friend in-stead of foe,  
 3. Hail to Joy, from heav'n de-scend-ing; Bring-ing heav'n on earth to you!

5

At her shrine we now are bend-ing; Let the world our  
 We should be for-e'er re-joic-ing, For through him we  
 Broth-ers, in yon might-y spac-es Dwells our God whose

8

glad - ness know. Though by cus - tom's law di - vid - ed,  
 heav - en know. They who scorn the pledge of friend - ship  
 love is true. O ye mil - lions, bow be - fore Him;

11

Now we meet on com - mon ground. We\_\_\_ are broth - ers,  
 On - ly for them - selves do live, They\_\_\_ are doomed to  
 Seek Him, He is ev - er nigh! We\_\_\_ are broth - ers,

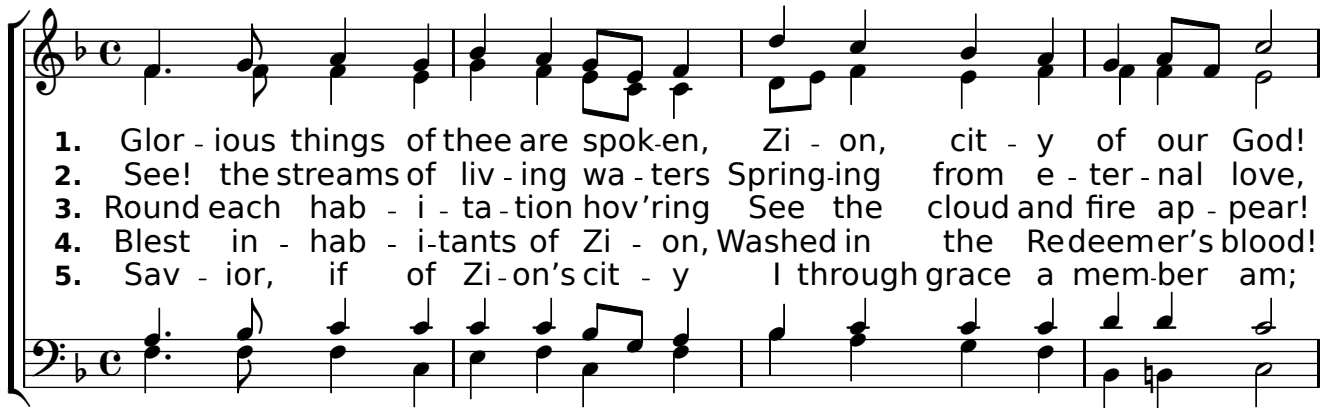
14

*rall.*

all u - nit - ed When joy in our hearts is found.  
 walk for - got - ten Who re - fuse their hearts to give.  
 all u - nit - ed, Fa - ther'd by one God on high.

# GT T A S

Franz Josef Haydn (-)



1. Glor - ious things of thee are spok-en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God!  
 2. See! the streams of liv - ing wa - ters Spring-ing from e - ter - nal love,  
 3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov'ring See the cloud and fire ap - pear!  
 4. Blest in - hab - i - tants of Zi - on, Washed in the Redeemer's blood!  
 5. Sav - ior, if of Zi-on's cit - y I through grace a mem-ber am;

5



He, Whose word can - not be brok - en, Formed thee for His  
 Well sup - ply thy sons and daugh-ters, And all fear of  
 For a glo - ry and a cov - 'ring, Show - ing that the  
 Je - sus, whom their souls re - ly on, Makes them kings and  
 Let the world de - ride or pit - y, I will glo - ry

8

own a - bode; On the rock of a - ges found - ed,  
 want re - move: Who can faint when such a riv - er  
 Lord is near: Thus de - riv - ing from their ban - ner  
 priests to God; 'Tis His love His peo - ple rais - es  
 in Thy Name; Fad - ing is the world - ling's plea - sure,

11

What can shake thy sure re - pose? With sal - va - tion's  
 Ev - er flows their thirst t'as - suage? Grace, which like the  
 Light by night and shade by day, Safe they feed up -  
 O - ver self to reign as kings, And as priests, his  
 All his boast - ed pomp and show! Sol - id joys and


14

walls sur - round - ed Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.  
 Lord the giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.  
 on the man - na Which he gives them when they pray.  
 sol - emn prais - es Each for a thank - of - f'ring brings.  
 last - ing trea - sure, None but Zi - on's chil - dren know.

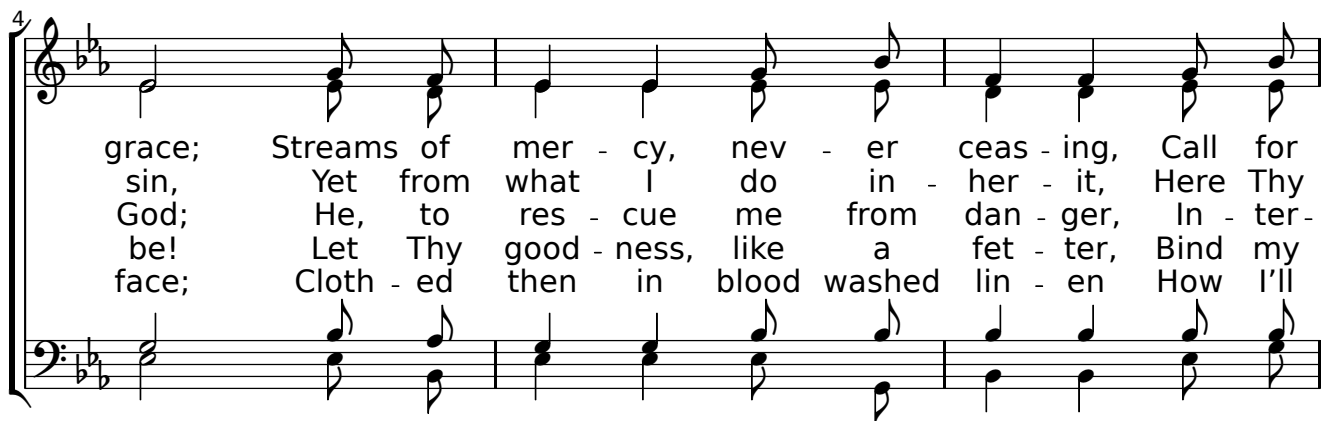
# C, T F E B

Robert Robinson (1735–1790)

from *Repository of Sacred Music, Part Second*, 1813



1. Come, Thou Fount of eve - ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy  
2. Sor - rowing I shall be in spi - rit, Till re - leased from flesh and  
3. Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, Wand'ring from the fold of  
4. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con - strained to  
5. O that day when freed from sin - ning, I shall see Thy love - ly



4  
grace; Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for  
sin, Yet from what I do in - her - it, Here Thy  
God; He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter -  
be! Let Thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my  
face; Cloth - ed then in blood washed lin - en How I'll



7

songs of loud - est praise. Teach me some mel - o - dious  
 prais - es I'll be - gin; Here I raise my Eb - e -  
 posed His pre - cious blood; How His kind - ness yet pur -  
 wan - d'ring heart to Thee. Prone to wan - der, Lord, I  
 sing Thy sov - 'reign grace; Come, my Lord, no long - er

10

son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove. Praise the  
 nee - zer; Here by Thy great help I've come; And I  
 sues me Mor - tal tongue can nev - er tell, Clothed in  
 feel it, Prone to leave the God I love; Here's my  
 tar - ry, Take my ran - somed soul a - way; Send Thine

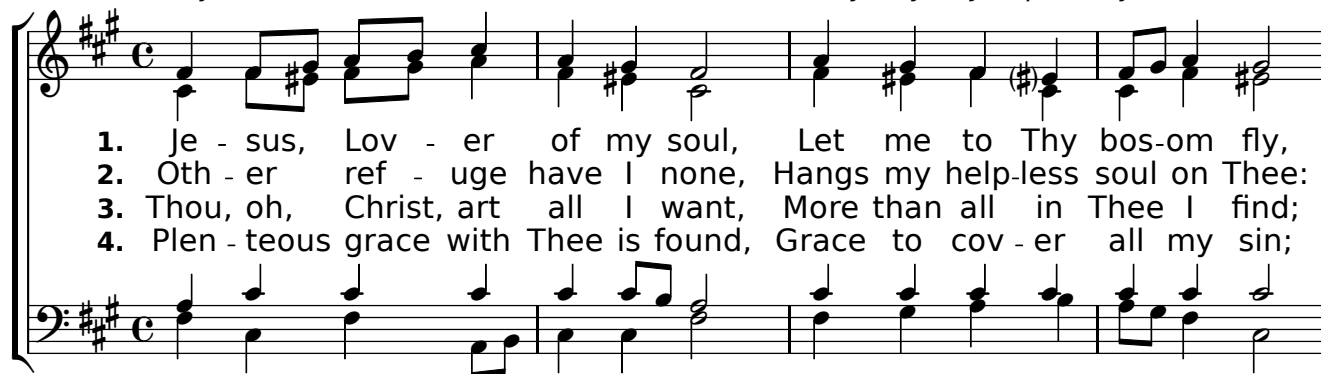
13

mount! I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of God's un - chang - ing love.  
 hope, by Thy good plea - sure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.  
 flesh, till death shall loose me I can - not pro - claim it well.  
 heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.  
 an - gels now to car - ry Me to realms of end - less day.

# J, L

Charles Wesley (-)

Aberystwyth, Joseph Parry (-)



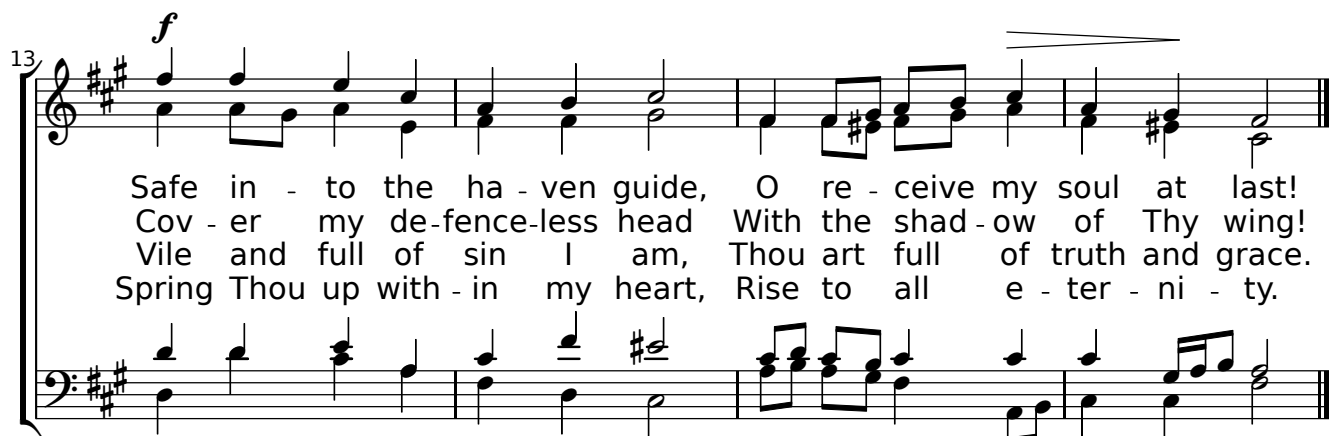
1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos-om fly,  
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help-less soul on Thee:  
 3. Thou, oh, Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find;  
 4. Plen - teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;



5 While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem-pest still is high!  
 Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com-fort me;  
 Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind,  
 Let the heal - ing streams a-bound; Make and keep me pure with - in.



9 *p* Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;  
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;  
 Just and ho - ly is Thy Name, I am all un - right-eous-ness!  
 Thou of life the foun-tain art, Free-ly let me take of Thee;



13 *f* Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!  
 Cov - er my de-fence-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing!  
 Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.  
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

# T B P

Friedrich Heinrich Himmel (-)

First system of music (measures 1-6). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is for Treble and Bass staves. Dynamics include forte (f), piano (p), crescendo (cresc.), and fortissimo (fz).

Second system of music (measures 7-12). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is for Treble and Bass staves. Dynamics include piano (p), crescendo (cresc.), forte (f), piano (p), pianissimo (pp), and fortissimo (fz).

Third system of music (measures 13-18). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is for Treble and Bass staves. Dynamics include piano (p) and crescendo (cresc.).

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

16 *f* *p* *cresc.*

Thou now canst shield it, From Thee it came, and to  
 Death did sur - round me, E'en at the can - non's mouth,  
 Life then shall yield, — When in the cold tomb, my

18 *f* *p* *cresc.*

Thee — I yield it, In life — or death for -  
 Death has not found me. Fa - ther, 'twas Thy will! I  
 fate shall be seal'd, — Fa - ther, my soul — take

20 *f* *p*

sake not me, Fa - ther, I bend to Thee!  
 trust in Thee. Fa - ther, still guide Thou me!  
 un - to Thee! Fa - ther, for - sake not me!

# L K L

John Henry Newman (-)

John Bacchus Dykes (-)

1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en - cir - cling gloom, Lead Thou me  
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me  
 3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me

on; The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me  
 on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me  
 on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till The night is

on. Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
 on. I loved the gar - ish day; and, spite of fears,  
 gone, And with the morn those an - gel fac - es smile,

13

The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.  
Pride ruled my will: re - mem - ber not past years.  
Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

## G J

tr. by Edward Caswall (-)

Bemerton, Friedrich Filitz (1804-1876)

1. Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Who in bit - ter pains Poured for me the  
2. Blest through end-less a - ges Be the pre-cious stream, Which from end-less  
3. Oft as earth ex-ult - ing Wafts its praise on high, An - gel-hosts, re-

6

life - blood From His sa - cred veins! Grace and life e - ter - nal  
tor - ments Does the world re - deem! A - bel's blood for ven - geance  
joic - ing, Make their glad re - ply. Lift ye then your voic - es;

11

In that Blood I find, Blest be His com-pas-sion, In - fin-ite - ly kind!  
Plead-ed to the skies; But the Blood of Je - sus For our par-don cries.  
Swell the mighty flood; Loud-er still and loud - er, Praise the precious Blood!

**O,**

Michael Bruce (-)

George Frideric Handel (-)

1. Oh, hap - py is the man that hears In - struc-tion's warn-ing voice;  
2. For she hath trea-sures great-er far Than east and west un - fold;  
3. She guides the young with in - no-cence In plea-sure's paths to tread;  
4. Ac - cord - ing as her la - bors rise, So her re - wards in-crease;

And who ce - les - tial wis-dom makes His ear - ly, on - ly choice.  
And her re - wards more pre-cious are Than all their stores of gold.  
A crown of glo - ry she be - stows Up - on the hoar - y head.  
Her ways are ways of plea-sant - ness, And all her paths are peace.

# G

John Stainer (-)

*Andanta ma non lento*

*p* *cresc.*

God so loved the world, God so loved the world that He gave His

10 *mf* *p*

on-ly be-got-ten Son, that who-so be-liev-eth, be-liev-eth in Him should not

18 *cresc.* *f* *p*

per-ish, should not per-ish, but have ever-last-ing life. For God sent not His

26 *cresc.* *mf*

Son in-to the world to con-demn the world, God sent not His Son in-to the



31 *p*

world to con-demn the world; but that the world through Him might be sav -

37 *pp* *cresc.*

ed. God so loved the world, God so loved the world that He

46 *mf*

gave His on-ly be-got-ten Son, that who-so be-liev-eth, be-liev-eth in Him

54 *p* *cresc.* *f* *cresc.*

should not per-ish, should not per-ish but have ev-er-last-ing life, ev-er-

61 *dim. rall.* *pp*

last-ing life, ev-er-last-ing, ev-er-last-ing life, God so loved the

70

world, God so loved the world, God so loved the world.

*ppp* *rall.*

## A

Henry Francis Lyte (-)

William Henry Monk (-)

1. A - bide with me; Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness  
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow  
3. Thou on my head in ear - ly youth didst smile, And though re -  
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no

6

deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When o - ther help - ers  
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in  
bel - lious and per-verse mean-while, Thou hast not left me,  
weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness. Where is death's sting? Where,

11

fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a-bide with me.  
all a-round I see; O Thou who changest not, a-bide with me.  
oft as I left Thee. On to the close, O Lord, a-bide with me.  
grave, thy vic - to - ry? I tri-umph still, if Thou a-bide with me.

# B S, M S

Katharina von Schlegel (-)

*Finlandia*, Jean Sibelius (1865-1957)

Translated by Jane L. Borthwick (-)

1. Be still, my soul; the Lord is on thy side; Bear pa-tient-ly the cross of grief or pain; Leave to thy God to fu-ture as He has the past. Thy hope, thy con-fid-dark-ened in the vale of tears; Then shalt thou bet-ter be for-ev-er with the Lord, When dis-ap-point-ment, or-der and pro-vide; In eve-ry change He faith-ful will re-ence, let no-thing shake; All now mys-te-rious shall be bright at know His love, His heart, Who comes to soothe thy sor-rows and thy grief, and fear are gone, Sor-row for-got, love's pur-est joys re-main. Be still, my soul; thy best, thy heav'n-ly Friend last. Be still, my soul; the waves and winds still know fears. Be still, my soul; thy Je-sus can re-pay stored. Be still, my soul; when change and tears are past, Through thorn-y ways leads to a joy-ful end. His voice who ruled them while He dwelt be-low. From His own full-ness all He takes a-way. All safe and bless-ed we shall meet at last.