

# SONGS *from the* PUBLIC DOMAIN

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*by*  
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# COME AGAIN, SWEET LOVE

John Dowland (1563–1626)

1. Come a - gain! sweet love doth now in - vite thy grac - es that re - frain  
 2. Come a - gain! that I may cease to mourn through thine un - kind dis - dain;

1. Come a - gain! sweet love doth now in - vite thy grac - es that re - frain  
 2. Come a - gain! that I may cease to mourn through thine un - kind dis - dain;

1. Come a - gain! sweet love doth now in - vite thy grac - es that re - frain  
 2. Come a - gain! that I may cease to mourn through thine un - kind dis - dain;

To do me due de - light; To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die,  
 For now left and for - lorn, I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die,

To do me due de - light; To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to  
 For now left and for - lorn, I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I

To do me due de - light; To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to  
 For now left and for - lorn, I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I

To do me due de - light; To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to  
 For now left and for - lorn, I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I

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

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

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

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

# SINCE FIRST I SAW YOUR FACE

Thomas Ford (c. 1580–1648)

*p*

1. Since first I saw your face I re-solv'd To hon - or and re - nown\_\_ ye;  
 2. If I ad - mire or praise you too much, That fault you may for - give\_\_ me.  
 3. The sun whose beams most glo - ri - ous are, Re - ject - eth no be - hold - er;

*cresc.* *pp*

If now I be dis - dain'd, I\_\_ wish my heart had nev - er known\_\_ ye.  
 Or if my hands had stray'd but a touch, Then just - ly might you leave\_\_ me.  
 And your sweet beau - ty, past com - pare, Made my poor eyes the bold - er.

*p* *cresc.*

What I that lov'd, and you that lik'd, Shall we be - gin to wran - gle?  
 I ask'd you leave, you bade me love; Is't now a time to chide me?  
 Where beau - ty moves, and wit de - lights, And signs of kind - ness bind me,

What I that lov'd, and you that lik'd, Shall we be - gin to wran - gle?  
 I ask'd you leave, you bade me love; Is't now a time to chide me?  
 Where beau - ty moves, and wit de - lights, And signs of kindness 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.

## TRUST

Johann Rudolf Zumsteeg (1760-1802)

*p*

1. Cloudrifts must van-ish, cloudrifts must van-ish, Grieving to ban-ish, Look to the mor-row,  
 2. Star-light ef - fulgent, star-light ef - fulgent, Sheds its in-dul-gent Ra - diance, shedding  
 3. Ev - er-more dar-ing, ev - er-more dar-ing, Nev - er despairing, Brave I then ev - er

*mf* *cresc.* *p*

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

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

*p* *mf*

gin! End-ed is sor-row, Joy may be - gin! Joy may,  
 breast, Earthward 'tis spreading, Peace in my breast, Peace,  
 gaze! Faint-heart-ed nev - er, Up - ward my gaze! Upward,

Joy may be - gin! End - ed is sor - row, Joy may be - gin! Joy may,  
 Peace in my breast, Earth - ward 'tis spreading, Peace in my breast, Peace,  
 Up - ward my gaze! Faint - heart-ed nev - er, Up - ward my gaze! Upward,

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

joy may, joy may be - gin! Joy may be - gin!  
 peace, peace in my breast, Peace in my breast.  
 up-ward, up - ward my gaze! Up-ward my gaze!

# HAIL! SMILING MORN

7

Reginald Spofforth (1769-1827)

First system of the musical score, measures 1-6. It features four staves (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major and 6/8 time. Dynamics range from *f* (forte) to *p* (piano). The lyrics are: Hail, \_\_\_\_\_ smil-ing morn, smil-ing morn that tips the hills with gold, that

Second system of the musical score, measures 7-13. It continues the four-part setting. Dynamics include *f* and *p*. The lyrics are: tips the hills with gold, whose ro - sy fingers ope the gates of day, \_\_\_\_\_

Third system of the musical score, measures 14-19. It concludes the piece with a repeat sign at the end. Dynamics include *f* and *p*. The lyrics are: ope the gates, the gates of day, Hail Hail Hail! ope the gates, the gates of day, Hail Hail Hail Hail! ope the gates of day, ope the gates, the gates of day, Hail Hail Hail Hail! ope the gates, the gates of day, Hail Hail Hail Hail!

21 *f*  
 Who the gay face of na-ture doth un - fold,  
 Who the gay face of na-ture doth un - fold, Who the gay face of na-ture doth un -  
 Who the gay face of na-ture doth un - fold, Who the gay face of na-ture doth un -  
 Who the gay face of na-ture doth un - fold, Who the gay face of na-ture doth un -

28 *p* *pp*  
 — at whose bright pres-ence, dark-ness flies a - way, flies a - way, — flies a -  
 fold, at whose bright pres-ence, dark-ness flies a - way, flies a - way,  
 fold, at whose bright pres-ence, dark-ness flies a - way, flies a - way,  
 fold, at whose bright pres-ence, dark-ness flies a - way, flies a - way,

35 *cresc.*  
 way, — dark - ness flies a - way, dark - ness flies a - way, at whose bright  
 flies a - way, dark - ness flies a - way, dark - ness flies a - way, at whose bright  
 flies a - way, dark - ness flies a - way, dark - ness flies a - way, at whose bright  
 flies a - way, dark - ness flies a - way, dark - ness flies a - way, at whose bright



42

pres-ence, dark-ness flies a-way, flies a-way, dark-ness flies a-

50

Hail Hail Hail Hail Hail Hail Hail Hail!

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

## HOW LOVELY IS THE EVENING

(ROUND)

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.

# PRAISE OF SPRING

(Lob des Frühlings)

Johann Ludwig Uhland (1787–1862)

Felix Mendelssohn (1809–1847)

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

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

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

gale! When of such sweet things we're chanting, Say, O Spring, what is there wanting Here on

*cresc.* *cresc.* *sf*

*cresc.* *cresc.* *sf*

earth to swell thy praise, here on earth to swell thy praise, here on earth to swell thy  
swell thy praise, —————

*p* *f cresc.*

*f cresc.*

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

*p* *sf* *sf* *f*

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

Op'ning buds, blackbird's call, Lark's sweet carol, Fruitful, fruitful

21 *dim.* *p* *cresc.* *cresc.*

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

show - ers, *dim.* *p* *cresc.* *cresc.*

balm - y gale!

26 *p*

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

*p*

31 *f* *p*

praise, here on earth to swell thy praise, here on earth to swell thy praise, here on

*f* *p*

36 *cresc.* *f* here on earth, here *mf* *dim.*

earth to swell thy praise, here on earth, to swell thy praise, on earth to swell thy praise?

*cresc.* *f* *mf* *dim.*

## LIVE WE SINGING

Moritz Hauptmann (1792–1868)

$\text{♩} = 92$   
*mf*

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

Not for care and grief; Live we sing-ing, live we danc-ing, spring-ing, Al-ways full of plea-sure,

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

Live we but for hap - pi-ness, Not care and grief, Live we sing-ing, live sing -

Live we but for happiness, Not for care and grief; Live we singing, live we dancing, springing,

*mf*

Live we singing, dancing, springing,

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

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

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

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

sing-ing, live sing - - ing, live we sing - ing, And al-ways full of

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

30

hap-pi-ness, Not for care and grief, Live we sing-ing, live we danc-ing, spring-ing,  
 plea - sure, Not care and grief, Live we sing-ing, danc-ing, spring-ing,  
 hap - pi - 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.

## THE WAITS

Jeremiah Savile, 1667

Let us all sing, mer-ri-ly sing, let us all sing, mer-ri - ly sing, Till ech-o a-round us,

ech-o around us, ech-o around us re-spon-sive shall ring! Fa la la la la la la, Fa la

11

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

# NOW IS THE MONTH OF MAYING

Thomas Morley (1557-1602)

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 de-light 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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 3. Fie then! why sit we mus-sing Youth's sweet de-light 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,  
 3. Fie then! why sit we mus-sing Youth's sweet de-light re-fu-sing?

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

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

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

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

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

11

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

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

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

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

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

15

la la la, fa la la la la la la la, fa la la la. Each And la.  
Say

la la, fa la la la la, fa la la la la la. Each And la.  
Say

8 la, fa la la la, fa la la la la, fa la la la. Each And la.  
Say

8 Fa la la la la, — fa la la la la, fa la. Each And la.  
Say

la la, fa la la la la, fa la la la la. Each And la.  
Say

# MY BONNY LASS SHE SMILETH

Thomas Morley (1557–1602)

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  
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 la la la. Fa  
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 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 la la la. Fa  
2. When she her sweet eye turn-eth, O how my heart it burn-eth.

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

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

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.

8 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.

8 less dear love there-fore. And you shall love me more. Fa la 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. 1. Smile la.  
2. Dear

8 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. 1. Smile la.  
2. Dear

# IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS

William Shakespeare (1564–1616)

Thomas Morley (1557–1602)

1. It was a lov - er and his lass, With a hey, with a ho, and a  
 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,\_\_\_\_\_  
 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 non - ny  
 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,

hey non-ny no, and a hey non-ny non - ny no,\_\_\_\_\_  
 ho, non-ny no, non-ny non-ny no, with a hey non - ny no,  
 non - ny no, with a hey ho non - ny non - ny no,

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

That o'er the green corn - fields did pass, that o'er the green cornfields did pass,  
 These pret - ty Coun - try folks would lie, these pret - ty Coun - try folks would lie,  
 How that a life was but a Flow'r, how that a life was but a Flow'r,  
 For love is crown - ed with the prime, for love is crown - ed with the prime,

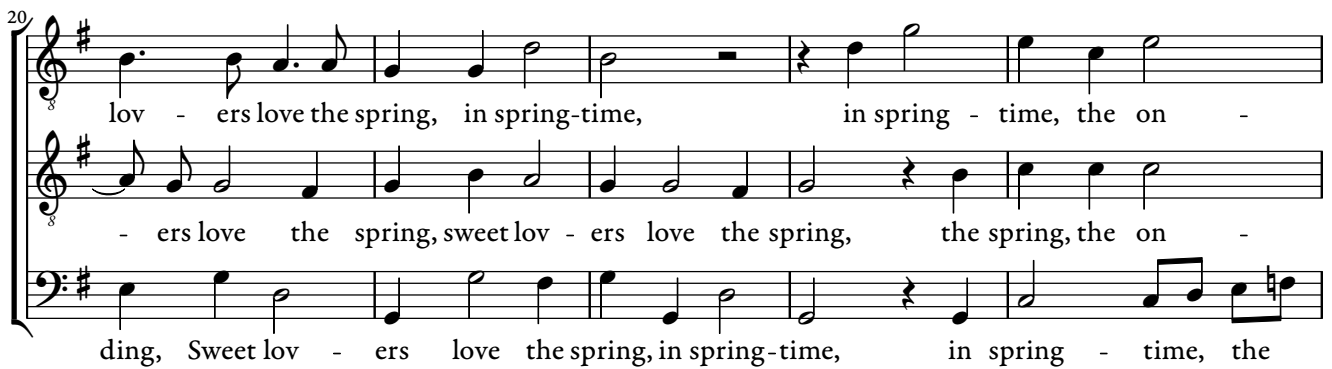
That o'er the green fields, the green corn-fields did pass, In spring - time,  
 These pret - ty Coun - try, these Coun - try folks would lie,  
 How that a life was, a life was but a Flow'r,  
 For love is crown - ed, is crown - ed with the prime,

12  

 spring - time, in spring - time, the on - ly pret - ty ring - time, When birds do sing Hey  
 In spring - time, the on - ly pret - ty ring - time, When birds do \_\_\_\_\_  
 in spring - time, in spring - time, the on - ly ring - time, When birds do \_\_\_\_\_

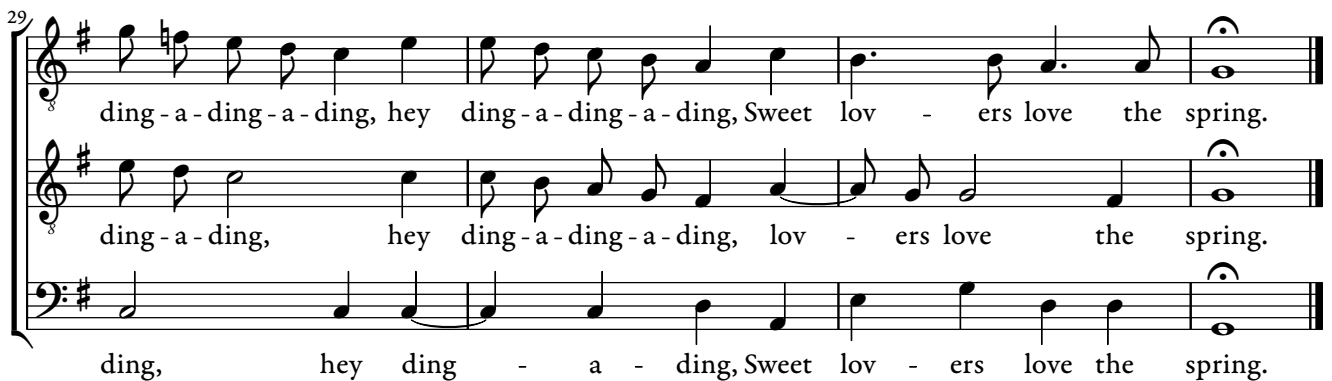
17  

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

20  

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

25  

 ly pret - ty ring - time, when birds do sing hey ding - a - ding - a - ding, hey  
 ly pret - ty \_\_\_\_\_ ring - time, when birds do \_\_\_\_\_ sing hey ding - a -  
 on - ly pret - ty ring - time, when birds do \_\_\_\_\_ sing Hey ding - a - ding - a -

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.

## SHOOT FALSE LOVE I CARE NOT

Thomas Morley (1557-1602)

1. Shoot, false love, I care not, Spend thy shafts and spare not. Fa la la la la la la. 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 la la la la. 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 la. Fa

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. Fa.

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 la. Fa

2. Long thy bow did fear me, While thy pomp did blear me

1. I fear not I thy might, And

2. But now I do perceive Thy

1. I fear not I thy might, And

2. But now I do perceive Thy

1. I fear not I thy might, And

2. But now I do perceive Thy

1. I fear not I thy might, And

2. But now I do perceive Thy

1. I fear not I thy might, And

2. But now I do perceive Thy

13

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

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

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

less I weight thy spite, All na-ked I un-arm me, If thou canst now shoot and  
art is to de - ceive, And ev-'ry sim-ple 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 es - teem 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 es - teem 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 es - teem 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 es - teem 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 es - teem thee, As now a child I deem thee.  
Then weep, love, and be sor - ry, For thou has lost thy glo - ry.

23

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

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

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

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

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

28

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

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

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

la. Fa 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

# THE HAND THAT HOLDS THE BREAD

George Frederick Root (1820–1895)

1. Brothers of the plow, The pow-er is with you; The world in ex-pec-ta-tion waits For  
 2. Brothers of the plow, In calm and qui-et night, You've wait-ed long and pa-tient-ly For  
 3. Brothers of the plow, Come ral-ly once a-gain, Come gath-er from the prai-rie wide, The

ac-tion prompt and true, Op-pres-sion stalks a-broad, Mo-nop-o-lies a-  
 what was yours by right; A fair re-ward for toil, A free and o-pen  
 hill-side and the plain; Not as in days of yore, With trump of bat-tle's

bound; Their gi-ant hands al-read-y clutch The till-ers of the ground.  
 field; An hon-est share for wife and home Of what your har-vests yield.  
 sound, But come and make the world re-spect The till-ers of the ground.

A-wake, then, a-wake! the great world must be fed, And heav-en gives the

pow-er To the hand that holds the bread, Yes, broth-ers of the plow, The

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

## SONG OF SPRING

Arthur Pearson (1866–1936)

$\text{♩} = 126$

Come ye where gold of May is shin-ing, Come ye where buds of flow'rs are

8

twin-ing; As to the bells of fair-ies chim-ing, Trip we thro' bow'rs of ra-diant

16

Spring. Glad-some the morn-ing, The land is gay, O-ver the mead-ows trip (trip) a -  
O'er the

24

way; Echoes the brooklet by wood and lea: "Sing, sing, O heart, be glad with me!"

33

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



41

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

49

*mp*  $\text{♩} = 104$  *cresc.*

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

Trip we, oh, so light - ly, where dew-y 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

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!"

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 peal-ing,

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

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

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

71 *rall.* *p* *ff molto rall.*

gay mu - sic make. Light re-turn-eth, Glo-ry of Spring burn - eth;

gay mu - sic make. Light re-turn-eth, Glo-ry of Spring burn - eth;

gay mu - sic make. Light re-turn-eth, Glo-ry of Spring burn - eth;

gay mu - sic make. Light re-turn-eth, Glo-ry of Spring burn - eth;

77 *mp a tempo* *mp*

Gai - ly is the lark sing-ing, Up-ward wing-ing, glad-ness ring-ing, Un - to all the

Tenors humming

Gai - ly is the lark sing-ing, Glad - ness ring - ing, Un - to all the

82 *mf*

Wel - come, Wel - come the May!" Gai - ly is the lark sing-ing, Upward wing-ing,  
 message bring-ing: "Wel-come the May!" Gai - ly is the lark sing-ing, Upward wing-ing,  
 Gai - ly is the lark sing-ing, Upward wing-ing,  
 message bring-ing: "Wel - come the May! Wel-come, Wel - - -

88

gladness ring-ing, Un - to all the message bring-ing: "Wel-come the May!"  
 glad-ness ring-ing, Un - to all the message bring-ing: "Wel-come the May!"  
 gladness ring-ing, Un - to all the message bring-ing: "Wel - come May!"  
 come, Wel-come, Wel - come May!" Lightly trip-ping,

94 D.C. al Coda *ff*

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

## WITH HORSE AND HOUND

H. L. D'arcy Jaxone (d. 1915)

Alfred J. Caldicott (1842-1897)

Allegro vivace (♩ = 116)

**ff** Taran-ta - ra, Taran-ta - ra, Taran-ta - ra, Taran-ta - ra\_\_\_\_\_ 1. For horse and hound the  
2. The fox is found, the

**mf**  
horn doth sound, Tar-an-ta - ra, Ta-ran-ta - ra, Ta-ran-ta - ra, ta - ra. The horn doth  
horn doth sound, Tar-an-ta - ra, Ta-ran-ta - ra, Ta-ran-ta - ra, ta - ra. The horn doth

**f**  
sound For horse and hound, Tar-an-ta - ra, Ta-ran-ta - ra, Ta-ran-ta - ra, ta - ra. So the  
sound, For the fox is found, Tar-an-ta - ra, Ta-ran-ta - ra, Ta-ran-ta - ra, ta - ra. To be

dogs be - gin to bark and bay, And the hors - es am - ble a - long the way, While the  
in at the death the hunt-ers ride, And skim like the wind o'er the country side, For the

**cresc.** **ff** **mf**  
red - coats mus-ter in strong ar - ray, They mus-ter in strong ar - ray, Taranta - ra. A-  
brush is the Queen of Beau-ty's pride, The Queen of Beau-ty's pride, Taranta - ra. A

**Allegretto** (♩ = 138)

38 hunting we will go, — A-hunt-ing we will go, — Through ma-ny a co-zy cov-ert, For the

50 scent is keen I trow, — A - hunt-ing we will go, — A-hunt-ing we will go, —

61 *cresc.* *f* *cresc.* *ff* .With horse and hound, where game is found, A - hunt-ing we will go, Taran-ta - ra. —

## THE FLIGHT OF LOVE

Folk Song

*p* *f* *dim.*

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

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

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

## OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT

Thomas Moore (1779-1852)

Scotch Air

*p* *p* *p*

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

*p* *mf* *cresc.* *f*

brings the light Of oth - er days a - round me. The smiles, the tears of boyhood's years, The  
 round me fall Like leaves in autumn weath - er, I feel like one who treads a - lone Some

*f*

words of love then spo - ken, The eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone, The  
 ban - quet hall de - sert - ed, Whose lights are fled, whose gar - lands dead, And

*rit.* *pp*

cheer - ful hearts now bro - ken!  
 all but he de - part - ed. Thus, in the stil - ly night, Ere slum - ber's chain hath

*pp* *pp* *rit.*

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

# THE MINSTREL BOY

Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

Irish Air, *The Moreen*

*mf*

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

*f*

fa - ther's sword he hath gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung be - hind him.  
 harp he lov'd nev - er spoke a - gain, For he tore its chords a - sun - der, And

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

13

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

## KILLARNEY

Michael William Balfe (1808–1870)

1. By Kil - lar - ney's lakes and fells, Em - 'rald isles and wind-ing bays,  
 2. In - nis - fal - len's ru - ined shrine May sug - gest a pass - ing 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. Boun-teous na - ture  
 But man's faith can ne'er de-cline Such God's won-ders float-ing by; Cas - tle Lough and  
 Ev - 'ry rock that you pass by, Ver - dure broid-ers or besprints. Vir - gin there the  
 Ma - ny-voiced the cho - rus swells, Till it faints in ec - sta - sy. With the charm-ful

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

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



20 *cresc.* *f*

of the West, Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.  
 long life's span, Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.  
 were more fair, Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.  
 light div - ine, Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.

3

Thomas Moore (1779-1852)

## LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

Irish Air

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

5 dream of life from morn till night, Was love, still love; New hope may bloom, and  
 win the wise, who frowned be - fore, To smile at last; He'll nev - er meet a  
 ling'-ring haunts the green - est spot On mem'-ry's waste; 'Twas o - dor fled, as

10 days may come Of mild - er, calm-er beam, But there's noth - ing half so sweet in life As  
 joy so sweet In all his noon of fame, As when first he sung to woman's ear His  
 soon as shed; 'Twas mornning's wing-ed dream; 'Twas a light that ne'er can shine a - gain On

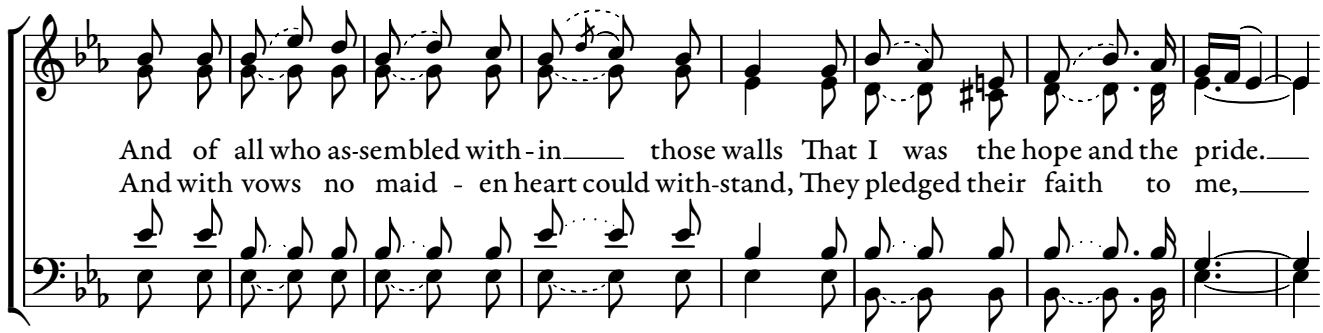
15 love's young dream, No! there's noth - ing half so sweet in life As love's young dream.  
 soul - felt flame, And at ev - ry close she blushed to hear The one loved name.  
 life's dull stream, Oh! 'twas light which ne'er can shine a - gain On life's dull stream.

# I DREAMT I DWELT IN MARBLE HALLS

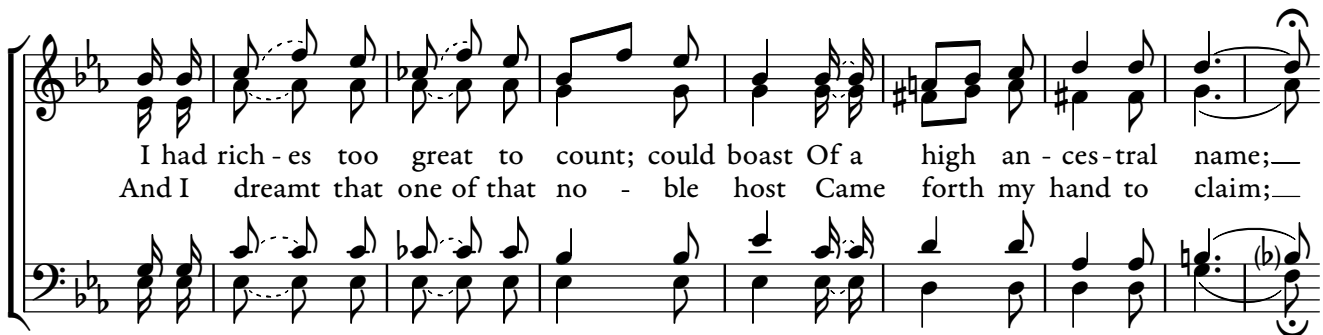
Michael William Balfe (1808–1870)



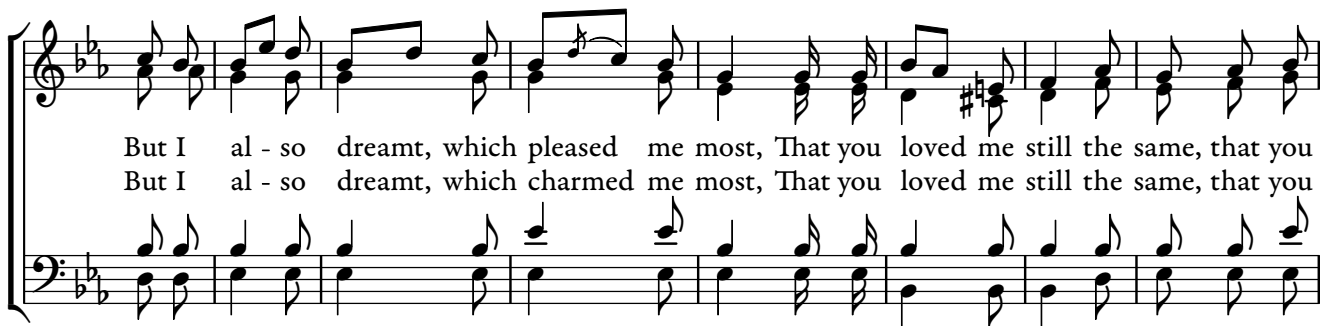
1. I dreamt I dwelt in mar - ble halls, With vas - sals and serfs at my side,\_\_\_\_  
 2. I dreamt that suit - ors sought my hand; That knights up - on bend - ed knee,\_\_\_\_



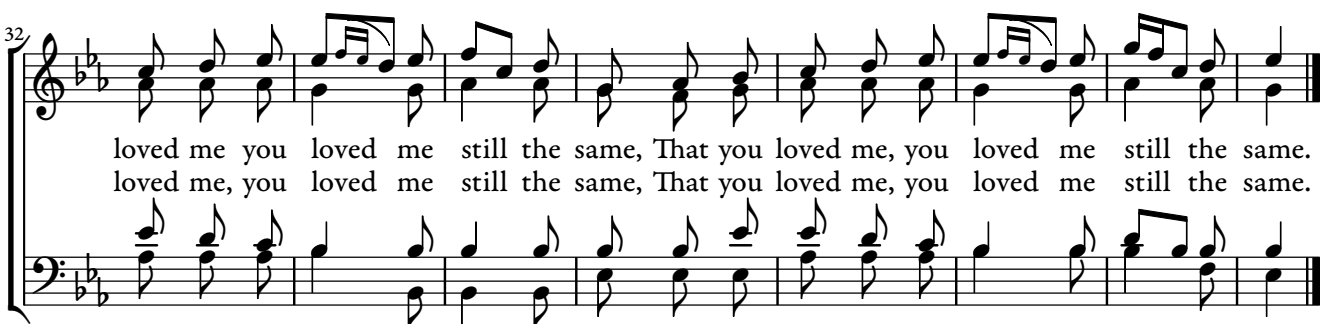
And of all who as - sembled with - in\_\_\_\_ those walls That I was the hope and the pride.\_\_\_\_  
 And with vows no maid - en heart could with - stand, They pledged their faith to me,\_\_\_\_



I had rich - es too great to count; could boast Of a high an - ces - tral name;\_\_\_\_  
 And I dreamt that one of that no - ble host Came forth my hand to claim;\_\_\_\_



But I al - so dreamt, which pleased me most, That you loved me still the same, that you  
 But I al - so dreamt, which charmed me most, That you loved me still the same, that you



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

# THE HEART BOWED DOWN

Michael William Balfe (1808–1870)

1. The heart bowed down by weight of woe, To weakest hopes will cling, To thought and impulse  
2. The mind will in its worst despair Still ponder o'er the past, On moments of de-

while they flow, That can no comfort bring, that can, that can no comfort bring; To  
light that were Too beautiful to last, that were too beautiful to last; To

those exciting scenes will blend, O'er pleasure's pathway thrown; But mem'ry is the  
long de-part-ed years ex-tend, 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.  
on-ly friend That grief can call its own, That grief can call its own, That grief can call its own.

# WHO WOULD NOT FIGHT FOR FREEDOM?

Old Scotch Air

*poco rit.*

**f**

1. Who would not fight for Free-dom?  
 2. Who would not fight for Bel-gium?  
 3. Who would not fight the Prus-sian?

4

Who would not draw the sword? Who would not up and ral - ly  
 Who would not fight for France? Who would not stand with Eng-land  
 What man would be a slave? Up, then, let ev - 'ry free-man

6

At the great Re - pub - lic's word? It - a - ly's fair plains are rav - aged,  
 To re - pel the foe's ad - vance? We have heard their wo - men call - ing  
 Fight, his coun - try's life to save. Ev - 'ry man whose heart is loy - al,

8

Ven - ice threat - en'd by the Hun, Quick - ly let us cross the o - cean  
 For our help a - cross the sea, We have heard their weep - ing chil - dren;  
 Ev - 'ry man of cour - age tried, Let him heed his coun - try's sum - mons,

10

Ere the cru - el deed is done.  
 Come and fight and set them free. Who would not fight for Free-dom?  
 Let him stand on Free - dom's side.

12

Who would not draw the sword? Who would not up and rally At the great Re-pub-lic's word?

## JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

Robert Burns (1759–1796)

Harmonized by Max Vogrich (1852–1916)

1. John Anderson, my jo, John, When we were first acquent, Your locks were like the ra-ven, Your

bon-nie brow was brent; But now your brow is bald, John, Your locks are like the snow, Yet,

7

bless-ings on your frost-y pow, John An-der-son, my jo. 2. John An-der-son, my jo, John, We

13

clamb the hill together; And monie a canty day, John, We've had wi' ane an-ither. Now we maun totter

19

down, John, But hand in hand we'll go, And we'll sleep together at the foot, John Anderson, my jo.

26

*più adagio*

down, John, But hand in hand we'll go, And we'll sleep together at the foot, John Anderson, my jo.

# FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON

Robert Burns (1759–1796)

Jonathan E. Spilman (1812–1896)

*p*

1. Flow gent-ly, sweet Afton, a - mong thy green braes; Flow gent - ly, I'll sing thee a  
2. How loft-y, sweet Afton, thy neigh-bor - ing hills, Far marked with the cours - es of  
3. Thy crys-tal stream, Afton, how love - ly it glides, And winds by the cot where my

*p*

7

song in thy praise; My Ma-ry's a - sleep by thy mur-muring stream, Flow gent - ly, sweet  
clear-winding rills! There dai-ly I wan-der, as morn ris - es high, My flocks and my  
Ma - ry re - sides! How wan-ton thy wa-ters her snow-y feet lave, As, gath'-ring sweet

14

*piu mosso*

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

20

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

hill, Ye wild whist-ling black-birds in yon thorny dell, Thou green-crest-ed  
low, Where wild in the wood-lands the prim - ros - es blow! There oft, as mild  
braes, Flow gent - ly, sweet riv - er, the theme of my lays; My Ma - ry's a -

26

*p* *pp*

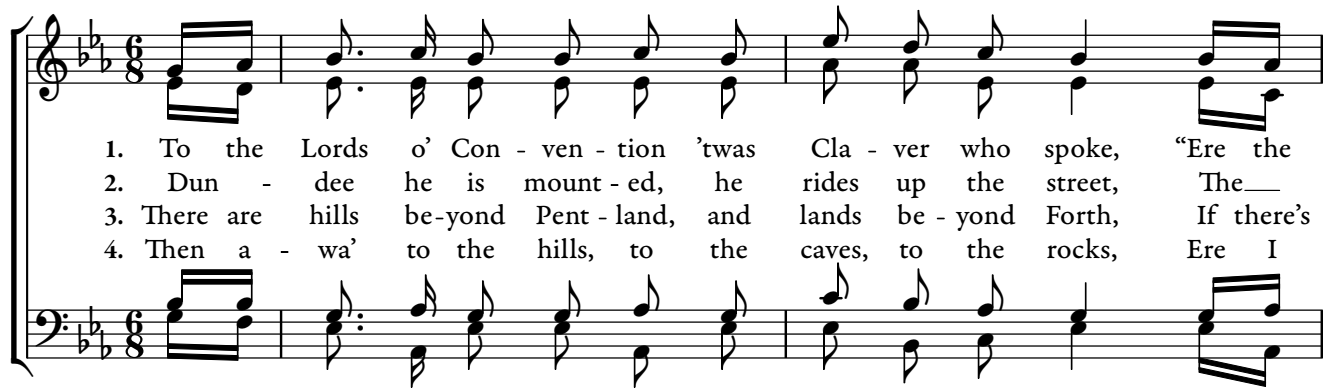
lap-wing, thy scream-ing for - bear, I charge you, dis-turb not my slum-ber-ing fair.  
eve-ning creeps o - ver the lea, The sweet-scent-ed birk shades my Ma - ry and me.  
sleep by the mur-muring stream, Flow gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, dis-turb not her dream.

*p* *pp*

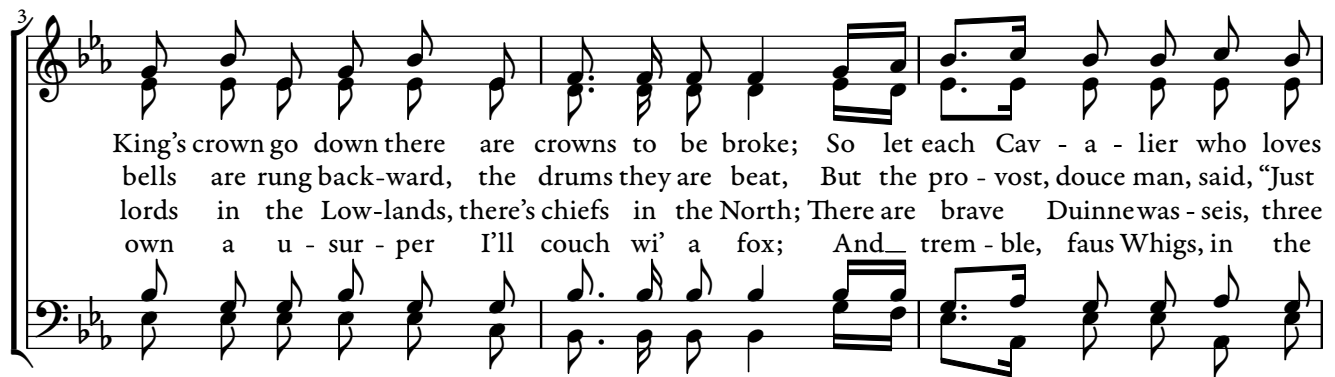
# BONNIE DUNDEE

Walter Scott (1771-1832)

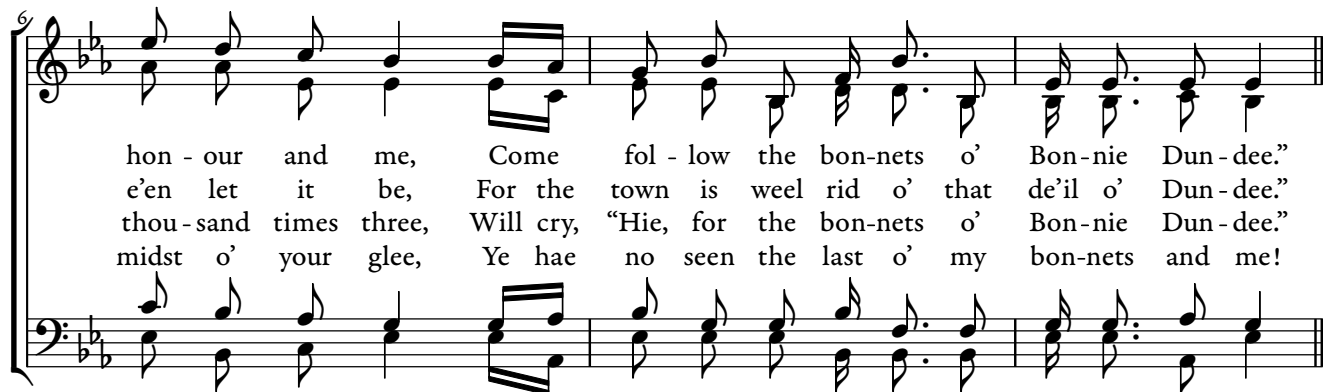
Old Scotch Air



1. To the Lords o' Con - ven - tion 'twas Cla - ver who spoke, "Ere the  
 2. Dun - dee he is mount - ed, he rides up the street, The—  
 3. There are hills be-yond Pent - land, and lands be - yond Forth, If there's  
 4. Then a - wa' to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks, Ere I



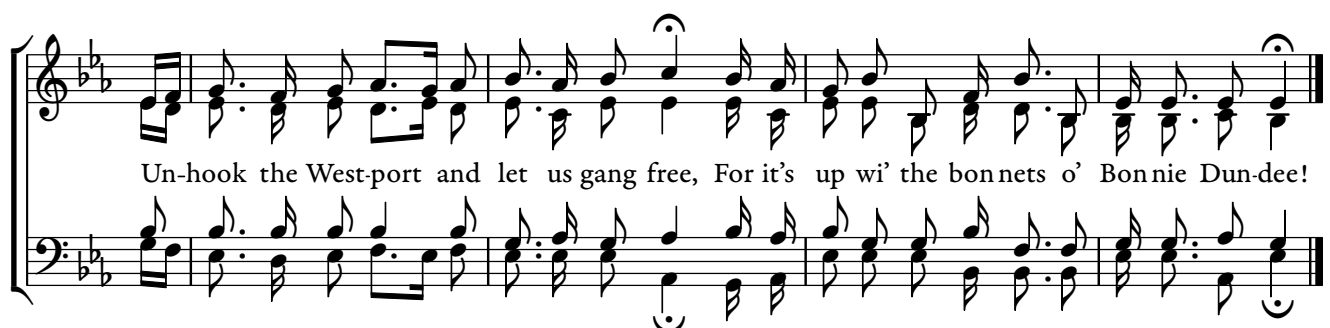
King's crown go down there are crowns to be broke; So let each Cav - a - lier who loves  
 bells are rung back-ward, the drums they are beat, But the pro - vost, douce man, said, "Just  
 lords in the Low-lands, there's chiefs in the North; There are brave Duinnewas - seis, three  
 own a u - sur - per I'll couch wi' a fox; And trem - ble, faus Whigs, in the



hon - our and me, Come fol - low the bon-nets o' Bon-nie Dun-dee."  
 e'en let it be, For the town is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dun-dee."  
 thou-sand times three, Will cry, "Hie, for the bon-nets o' Bon-nie Dun-dee."  
 midst o' your glee, Ye hae no seen the last o' my bon-nets and me!



Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come sad-dle my hors-es and call out my men;



Un-hook the West-port and let us gang free, For it's up wi' the bon nets o' Bonnie Dun-dee!

# BONNIE DOON

Robert Burns (1759–1796)

Scotch Air, *The Caledonian Hunt's Delight*

1. Ye banks and braes o' bon-nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?  
 2. Oft hae I rov'd by bon-nie Doon, To see the rose and wood-bine 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 won-tons through the flow-ry thorn,  
 Wi' light-some heart I pu'd a rose, Fu' 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.

# HARK! THE VESPER HYMN IS STEALING

Folk Song

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



6

near-er peal-ing Soft it breaks up - on the ear, *Ju-bi-la-te, Ju-bi-la-te, Ju-bi-la-te, A-men.*  
 sur-ges meeting Breaks the min-gled tide of song. *Ju-bi-la-te, Ju-bi-la-te, Ju-bi-la-te, A-men.*  
 breezes winging Comes the chime of ves-per bells. *Ju-bi-la-te, Ju-bi-la-te, Ju-bi-la-te, A-men.*

13

*p* *rit.*

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.

## IN THE SPRING

Folk Song

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

1. In the Spring, in the Spring, Sweet and fresh is ev - 'ry-thing; Win - ter winds no  
 2. As God will, as God will, My fond heart yearns toward Him still. Should the heav'ns be  
 3. Hush, my heart, hush, my heart! Joy will come and pain de - part. If in sor - row

6

*cresc.* *f*

more are blow-ing, Blossoms fair a - gain are grow-ing, Gai - ly mounts the  
 o - ver-cloud-ed, All the earth in dark-ness shroud-ed, Light will sure - ly  
 thou art weep-ing, Great - er peace thou shalt be reap - ing, Ev - er lift thine

10

*p* *cresc.* *f*

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

# THE SEPARATION

Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

J. C. Engelbrecht, 1857

1. With all my soul then let us part, Since both are anx - ious to be free,  
 2. We've had some hap - py hours to - gether, But Joy must of - ten change its wing,  
 3. Fare - well, and when some fu - ture lov - er Shall claim the heart which I re - sign,  
 4. I think I should be sweet - ly blest, If in a fond im - per - fect sigh,

And I will send you home your heart, If you will send back mine to me,  
 And spring would be but gloom - y weather, If we had no - thing else but spring.  
 And in ex - ult - ing joy dis - cov - er All the charms that once were mine,  
 You'd say while to his bo - som prest, He loves not half so well as I.

And I will send you home your heart, If you will send back mine to me.  
 And spring would be but gloom - y wea - ther, If we had nought else but spring.  
 And in ex - ult - ing joy dis - cov - er All the charms that once were mine.  
 And say while to his bo - som prest, He loves not half so well as I.

# BONNIE CHARLIE

Lady Nairne

1. Bon - nie Char - lie's now a - wa; Safe - ly owre the friend - ly main;  
 2. Ye trust - ed in your Hie - land men, They trust - ed you, dear Char - lie! They  
 3. Eng - lish bribes were a' in vain, Tho' puir and puir - er we maun be;

5

Mon - y a heart will break in twa, Should he ne'er come back a - gain.  
 kent your hid - ing in the glen, Death or ex - ile brav - ing. Will ye no come  
 Sil - ler can - na buy the heart That beats aye for thine and thee.

10

back again? Will ye no come back a - gain? Better lo'ed ye canna be— Will ye no come back again?

## AULD LANG SYNE

First verse, traditional

Traditional

Other verses, Robert Burns (1759–1796)

*p*

1. Should auld ac - quain - tance be for - got, And nev - er brought to mind? Should  
 2. We twa ha'e run a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gow - ans fine; But we've  
 3. We twa ha'e sport - ed i' the burn, Frae morn - in' sun till dine, But  
 4. And here's a hand, my trust - y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll

5

auld ac - quain - tance be for - got, And days of auld lang syne?  
 wan - der'd mon - y a wea - ry foot, Sin' auld lang syne. For auld lang  
 seas be - tween us braid ba'e roared Sin' auld lang syne.  
 tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet, For auld lang syne.

10

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

## CASTLES IN THE AIR

James Ballantine (1808-1877)

*Bonnie Jean o' Aberdeen*

1. The bon-nie, bon-nie bairn sits pok-in' in the ase, Glow'-rin' in the fire wi' his  
 2. He sees muck-le cas - tles tow'-rin' to the moon, He sees lit-tle sodg - ers  
 3. Sic a night in win-ter may weel mak' him cauld; His chin up-on his buf-fy hand will

wee round face; Laugh - in' at the fuf-fin' lowe— what sees he there?  
 pu'-in' them a' doon; Warlds whom-lin' up and down, blaz - in' wi' a flare,  
 soon mak' him auld; His brow is bent sae braid, oh pray that Dad-dy Care Wad

Ha! the young dreamer's big-gin' cas-tles in the air! His wee chub-by face, an' his  
 Losh! how he louns as they glim-mer in the air! For a' sae sage he looks, what  
 let the wean a - lane wi' his cas-tles in the air. He'll glow-er at the fire, an' he'll

tow - zy cur-ly pow Are laugh - in' an' nod-din' to the danc-in' lowe; He'll  
 can the lad-die ken? He's think-in' up - on nae-thing, like mon - y migh-ty men; A  
 keek at the light; But mon - y spark-ling stars are swal-owed up by night;

brown his ros - y cheeks and singe his sun - ny hair,  
 wee thing mak's us think, a sma' thing mak's us stare,— There are  
 Auld - er een than his are glam - our'd by a glare,

15

Glow - rin' at the imp's wi' their cas - tles in the air!  
 mair folk than him big - gin' cas - tles in the air!  
 Hearts are bro - ken, heads are turn'd wi' cas - tles in the air!

## MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND

John Gay (1685–1732), based on a song from 1665 or earlier

English Folk Song, 17th or 18th Century

1. My lodg - ing is on the cold ground, And hard, ver - y hard is my fare, But  
 2. I'll twine thee a gar-land of straw, love, I'll mar - ry thee with a rush ring; My

5

that which grieves me more is The cold - ness of my dear. Yet  
 froz - en hopes will thaw, love, And mer - ri - ly we will sing. Then

9

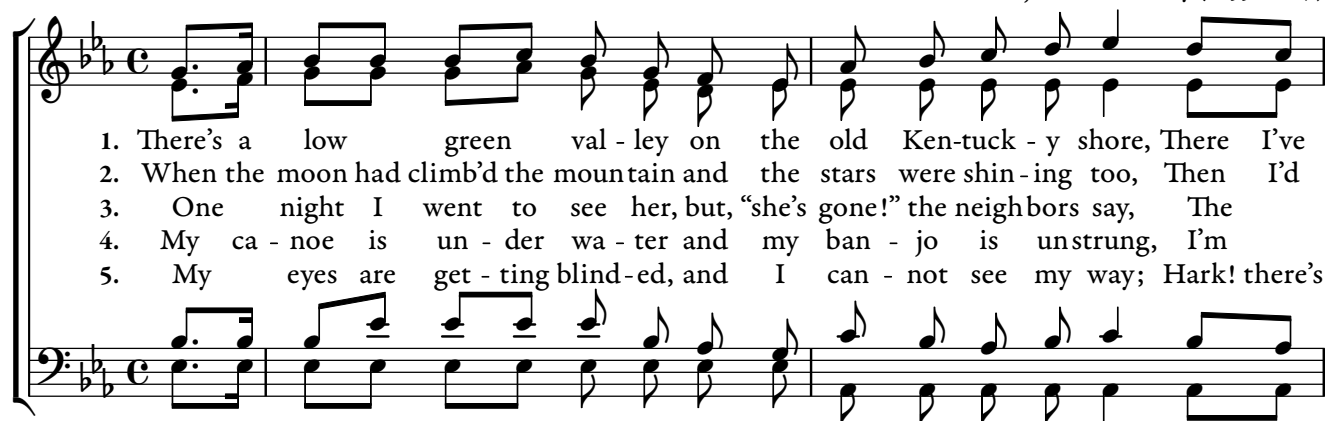
still I cry, oh! turn, love, I pri - thee, love, turn to me; For  
 turn to me, my own love, I pri - thee, love, turn to me; For

13


thou art the on - ly one, love, That art a - dor'd by me.  
 thou art the on - ly one, love, That art a - dor'd by me.

## DARLING NELLY GRAY

Benjamin R. Hanby (1833-1867)



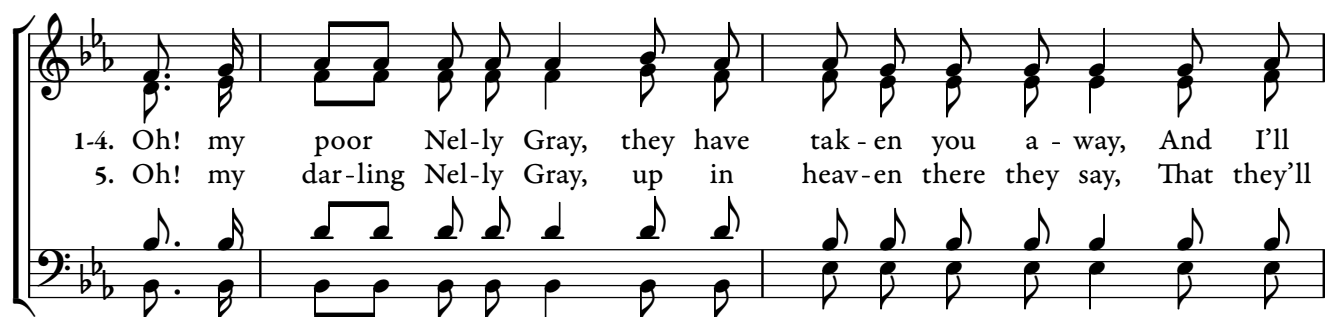
1. There's a low green val - ley on the old Ken-tuck - y shore, There I've  
 2. When the moon had climb'd the mountain and the stars were shin - ing too, Then I'd  
 3. One night I went to see her, but, "she's gone!" the neighbors say, The  
 4. My ca - noe is un - der wa - ter and my ban - jo is unstrung, I'm  
 5. My eyes are get - ting blind - ed, and I can - not see my way; Hark! there's



whiled ma - ny hap - py hours a - way, A - sit - ting and a - sing - ing by the  
 take my dar - ling Nel - ly Gray, And we'd float down the riv - er in my  
 white man bound her with his chain; They have tak - en her to Geor - gia for to  
 tired of liv - ing a - ny more, My eyes shall look down - ward, and my  
 some - bod - y knock - ing at the door— Oh! I hear the an - gels call - ing, and I



lit - tle cot - tage door, Where lived my dar - ling Nel - ly Gray.  
 lit - tle red ca - noe, While my ban - jo sweet - ly I would play.  
 wear her life a - way, As she tolls in the cot - ton and the cane.  
 song shall be un - sung, While I stay on the old Ken-tuck - y shore.  
 see my Nel - ly Gray, Fare - well to the old Ken-tuck - y shore.



1-4. Oh! my poor Nel - ly Gray, they have tak - en you a - way, And I'll  
 5. Oh! my dar - ling Nel - ly Gray, up in heav - en there they say, That they'll



nev - er see my dar - ling a - ny more, I'm a - sit - ting by the riv - er and I'm  
 nev - er take you from me a - ny more, I'm a - com - ing, com - ing, com - ing, as the

14

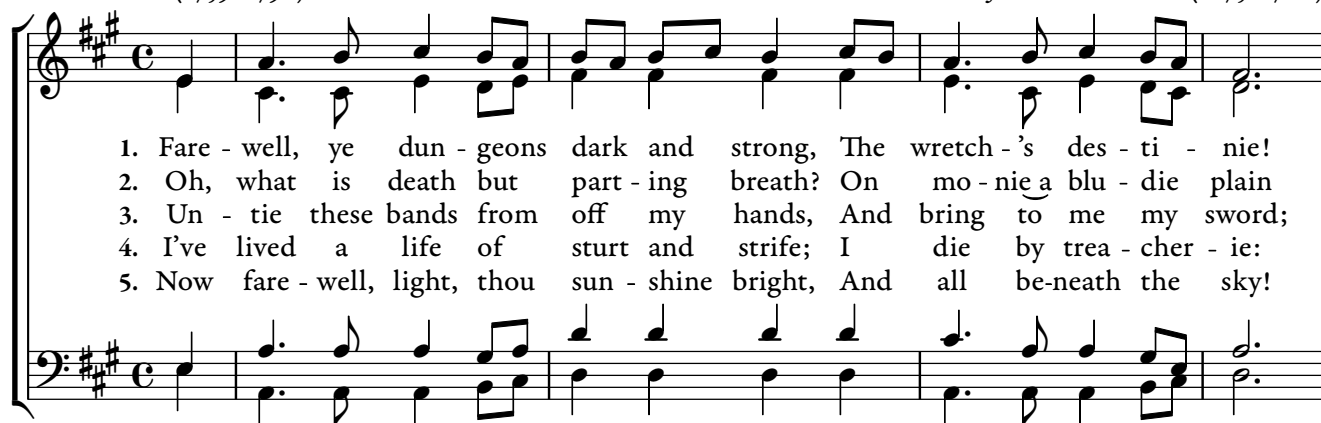


weep-ing all the day, For you've gone from the old Ken-tuck-y shore.  
an-gels clear the way, Fare - well to the old Ken-tuck-y shore.

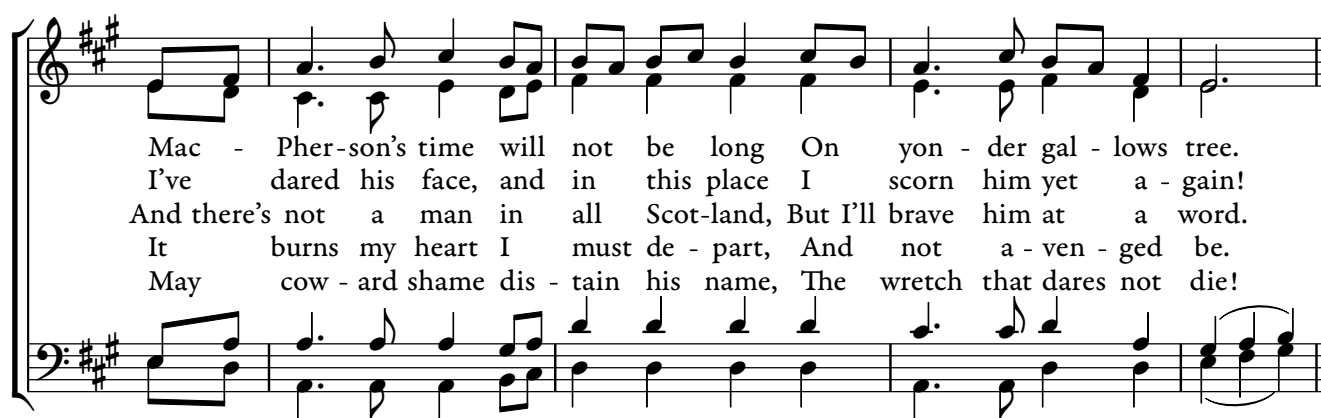
## MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL

Robert Burns (1759-1796)

Jamie MacPherson (1675-1700)



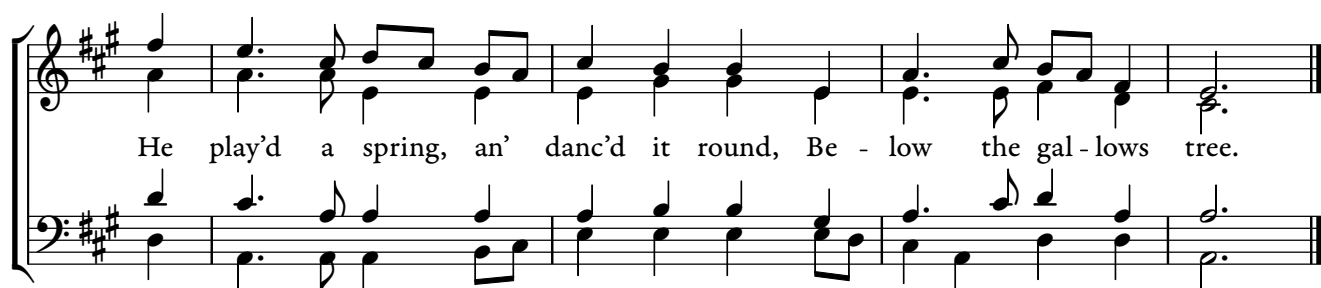
1. Fare - well, ye dun - geons dark and strong, The wretch - 's des - ti - nie!  
2. Oh, what is death but part - ing breath? On mo - nie a blu - die plain  
3. Un - tie these bands from off my hands, And bring to me my sword;  
4. I've lived a life of sturt and strife; I die by trea - cher - ie:  
5. Now fare - well, light, thou sun - shine bright, And all be-neath the sky!



Mac - Pher-son's time will not be long On yon - der gal - lows tree.  
I've dared his face, and in this place I scorn him yet a - gain!  
And there's not a man in all Scot-land, But I'll brave him at a word.  
It burns my heart I must de - part, And not a - ven - ged be.  
May cow - ard shame dis - tain his name, The wretch that dares not die!



Sae ran - ting-ly, sae wan - ton - ly, Sae daun - ting-ly gaed he;



He play'd a spring, an' danc'd it round, Be - low the gal - lows tree.

## FAREWELL TO FIUNARY

Norman MacLeod (1812-1872)

1. The wind is fair, the day is fine, And swift - ly, swift - ly runs the time; The  
 2. A thou-sand, thou - sand ten - der ties A - wake this day my plain-tive sighs, My  
 3. But I must leave those hap-py vales, See, they spread the flap-ping sails! A -

boat is float - ing on the tide That wafts me off from Fiu - na - ry.  
 heart with - in me al - most dies At thought of leav - ing Fiu - na - ry.  
 dieu, a - dieu my na - tive dales! Fare - well, fare - well to Fiu - na - ry.

We must up and haste a - way, We must up and haste a - way,

We must up and haste a - way, Fare - well, fare - well to Fiu - na - ry.

## WESTERING HOME

Hugh S. Robertson

*Chorus*  
 West - er - ing home, and a song in the air, Light in the eye and it's good - bye to care.

*Fine*  
 Laugh - ter o' love, and a wel - com - ing there, Isle of my heart, my own one.



9

1. Tell me o' lands o' the O - ri - ent gay; Speak o' the rich - es and joys o' Ca - thay.  
2. Where are the folk like the folk o' the west? Can - ty and cou - thy and kind - ly, the best;

13

Eh, but it's grand to be wak - in' ilk day To find your - self near - er to Is - la.  
There I would hie me and there I would rest At hame wi' my ain folk in Is - la.

D.C.

## GLENLOGIE

Scottish Folk Song

1. Three score o' no - bles rade up the King's ha' But bon - nie Glen - lo - gie's the  
2. "Haund your tongue, doch - ter, there's bet - ter than he," "O say na sae, mo - ther, for  
3. "There is, Glen - lo - gie, a let - ter for thee, O there is, Glen - lo - gie, a  
4. Then to Glen - fel - dy's but sma' mirth was there, An bon - nie Jean's mo - ther was  
5. Pale and wan was she when Glen - lo - gie gae'd ben, But ro - sy red grew she when

flow'r o' them a' Wi' his milk - white steed and his bon - nie black e'e,  
that can - na be; Tho' Doum - lie is great - er and rich - er than he,  
let - ter for thee!" The first line he look'd at, a licht lauch lauched he,  
tear - in' her hair, "Ye're wel - come, Glen - lo - gie, ye're wel - come," quo' she,  
e'er he sat down; She turned a - wa' wi' a smile in her e'e.

"Glen - lo - gie, dear mo - ther, Glen - lo - gie for me!"  
Yet if I maun tak' him, I'll cer - tain - ly dee."  
But ere he had read thro't tears blind - ed his e'e.  
"Ye're wel - come, Glen - lo - gie, your Je - nie to see."  
"O din - na fear, mo - ther, I'll may - be no dee!"

## SCOTLAND THE BRAVE

19th Century Scottish Folk Song

1. Hark! When the night is fall - ing, Hear! Hear, the pipes are call-ing, Loud - ly and  
 2. High in the mist - y High-lands, Out by the pur - ple is-lands, Brave are the  
 3. Far off in sun-lit plac - es, Sad are the Scot-tish fac - es, Yearn-ing to

proud - ly call-ing, down through the glen. There where the hills are sleep-ing,  
 hearts that beat be - neath Scot - tish skies. Wild are the winds to meet you,  
 feel the kiss of sweet Scot - tish rain. Where trop - ic skies are beam-ing,

Now feel the blood a - leap-ing, High as the spi - rits of the old Highland men.  
 Staunch are the friends that greet you, Kind as the love that shines from fair maid-ens' eyes.  
 Love sets the heart a-dreaming, Long-ing and dreaming for the home-land a - gain.

Tow - 'ring in gal-lant fame, Scot - land my moun-tain hame, High may your

proud stan - dards glo - ri - ous - ly wave, Land of my high en - deav - our,

Land of the shin-ing riv-er, Land of my heart for-ev-er, Scot - land the brave.

# UIST TRAMPING SONG

Hugh S. Robertson

John R. Bannerman

*Chorus*

Come a - long, come a-long, Let us foot it out to-geth-er; Come a - long, come a-long,

Be it fair or storm-y wea-ther, With the hills of home be-fore us And the

pur-ple of the hea-ther, Let us sing in hap-py cho-rus, Come a - long, come a-long. *Fine*

1. So gai - ly sings the lark, And the sky's all a - wake With the  
2. It's the call of sea and shore, It's the tang of bog and peat, And the

prom-ise of the day, For the road we glad-ly take; So it's heel and toe and for-ward,  
scent of brier and myr-tle That puts ma - gic in our feet; So it's on we go re-joic-ing,

*D.C.*

Bid-ding fare-well to the town, For the wel-come that a - waits us Ere the sun goes down.  
O - ver brack-en, o-ver stile; And it's soon we will be tramp-ing Out the last long mile.

# SCOTS WHA HAE

Robert Burns (1759–1796)

Old Scotch Air

1. Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled, Scots, wham Bruce has af - ten led, Welcome to your  
 2. Wha would be a trai-tor knave? Wha would fill a coward's grave? Wha sae base as  
 3. By op-pression's woes an' pains, By your sons in ser-vile chains, We will drain our

gor-y bed, Or to vic-to-rie! Now's the day, an' now's the hour, See the front of  
 be a slave? Let him turn an' flee! Wha, for Scotland's king and law, Free-dom's sword would  
 dearest veins, But they shall be free! Lay the proud u - sur-pers low! Ty-rants fall in

bat - tle lour; See ap-proach proud Ed-ward's pow'r, Chains an' sla - ve - rie!  
 strong-ly draw, Free-man stand, and free-man fa', Let him on wi' me!  
 ev - 'ry foe! Lib - er - ty's in ev - 'ry blow! Let us do or dee!

# DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES

Ben Jonson (1572–1637)

1. Drink to me on-ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine, Or leave a kiss with-  
 2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much hon - 'ring thee, As giv-ing it a

in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine; The thirst that from the soul doth rise, Doth  
 hope that there It could not with-er'd be; But thou there-on didst on - ly breathe, And

11

ask a drink di - vine, But might I of Love's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine.  
sent'st it back to me, Since when it grows, and smells, I swear, Not of it - self but thee.

## GAILY THE TROUBADOUR

Thomas Haynes Bayly (1797-1839)

7

1. Gai - ly the Trou-ba-dour touch'd his gui - tar, When he was has - ten - ing  
2. She for the Trou-ba-dour hope - less - ly wept, Sad - ly she thought of him  
3. Hark! 'twas the Trou-ba-dour breath - ing her name, Un - der the bat - tle - ment

7

home from the war: Sing - ing, "From Pal - es - tine hith - er I come,  
when oth - ers slept: Sing - ing, "In search of thee, would I might roam,  
soft - ly he came: Sing - ing, "From Pal - es - tine hith - er I come,

13

La - dy love! la - dy love! wel - come me home!" Sing - ing, "From Pal - es - tine  
Trou - ba - dour! Trou - ba - dour! come to thy home." Sing - ing, "In search of thee,  
La - dy love! la - dy love! wel - come me home!" Sing - ing, "From Pal - es - tine

19

hith - er I come, La - dy love! la - dy love! wel - come me home!"  
would I might roam, Trou - ba - dour! Trou - ba - dour! come to thy home."  
hith - er I come, La - dy love! la - dy love! wel - come me home!"

# THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS

Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

Irish Air, *Gramachree*

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

Ta - ra's walls, As if that soul were fled; So sleeps the pride of form-er days, So  
 breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells: Thus Free-dom now so sel-dom wakes, The

glory's thrill is o'er; And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.  
 on-ly throb she gives Is when some heart in - dignant breaks, To show that still she lives.

## COULD I A MAIDEN FIND

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

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!

## O SOLE MIO

Giovanni Capurro (1859–1920)

Eduardo di Capua (1865–1917)

1. Be-hold the bril-liant sun in all its splen-dor For - got-ten is the storm, the clouds now  
 2. Be-hold the ra-diant sun 'mid eve-ning shad-ows With gold-en light it cov - ers all cre-

van-ish. The fresh'ning breez-es, heav-y airs will ban-ish Be-hold the brilliant sun in  
 a - tion Un - til it sinks be - low the world's foun - da-tion Be-hold the ra-diant sun 'mid

all its splendor! A sun I know of that's brighter yet, This sun, my dearest 'tis naught but  
 evening shad-ows!

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

# O CALM OF NIGHT

(IN STILLER NACHT)

Swabian Folk Song

Arranged by Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

1. O calm of night, when stars shone bright, A soft voice sad - ly sing - ing. The  
2. The gold - en moon is sink - ing soon, It can - not glow for sor - row. No

winds that blow, re - ech - o low The sad tones sweet - ly bring - ing; There's  
more at night the stars shine bright, My pain they too would bor - row; No

no re - lief from woe and grief, My heart's in sor - row seek - ing The  
more we'll stray through mead - ows gay; I pass my days in weep - ing. For

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.

# EIN PROSIT

Folk Song

Ein Pro-sit, ein Pro-sit der Ge-mütlich - keit. Ein Pro-sit, ein Pro-sit der Ge-mütlich - keit!



# THE ASH GROVE

Welsh Folk Song, *Llwyn Onn*

1. The ash grove, how graceful, how plainly 'tis speaking, The wind through it play-ing has  
 2. My laugh-ter is o-ver, my step los-es lightness, Old coun-try - side measures steal

lan-guage for me; When o-ver its branch-es the sun-light is break-ing, A host of kind  
 soft on my ear; I on-ly re-mem-ber the past and its bright-ness, The dear ones I

fac-es is gaz-ing on me; The friends of my child-hood a-gain are be-  
 mourn for a-gain gath-er here. From out of the shad-ows their lov-ing looks

Friends of—  
 Out of the

fore me, Fond mem-o-ries wak-en, as free-ly I roam; With soft whis-pers  
 greet me, And wist-ful-ly search-ing the leaf-y green dome, I find oth-er

With—  
 I—

laden its leaves rus-tle o'er me, The ash grove, the ash grove that shel-tered my home.  
 fac-es fond bend-ing to greet me, The ash grove, the ash grove a-lone is my home.

# THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Julia Ward Howe (1819–1910)

William Steffe (1830–1890)

*mf*

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord;  
 2. I have seen Him in the watch - fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps;  
 3. I have read a fie - ry gos - pel writ in bur - nished 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 sen - tence 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.

12 59

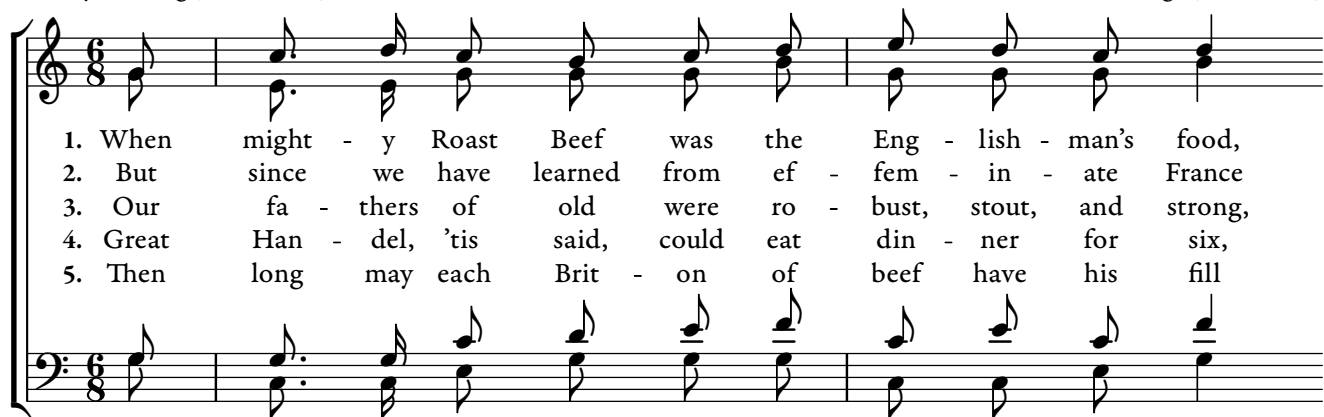


lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

## THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND

Henry Fielding (1707-1754) and others

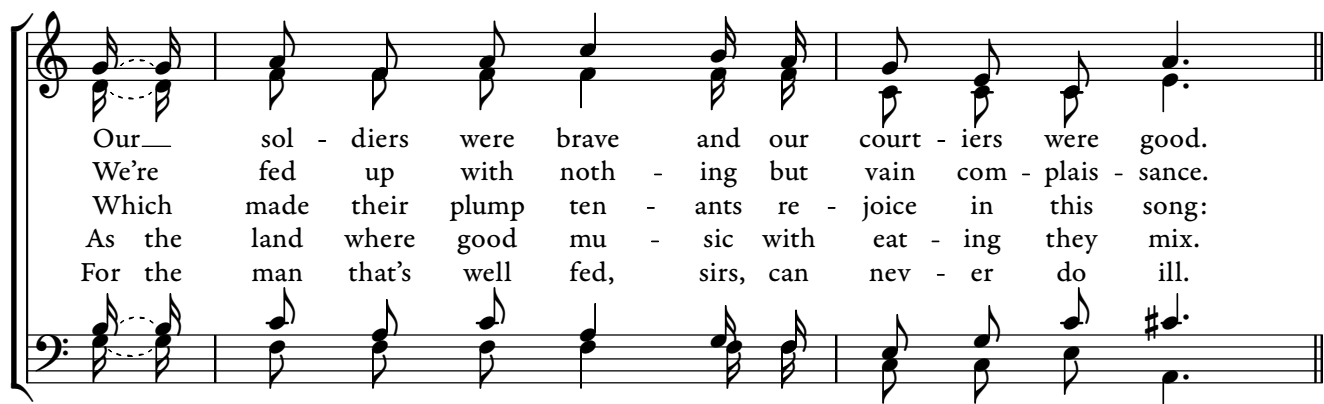
Richard Leveridge (1670-1758)



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.

7



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

## DE BREVI-TATE VITÆ

Anonymous, c. 1710, some verses, c. 1287

(GAUDEAMUS IGITUR)

German Melody

1. Gau-de - a - mus i - gi-tur, Ju - ve - nes dum su-mus; Post ju - cun - dam ju-ven-tu-tem,  
 2. U - bi sunt, qui an - te nos In mun-do fu - e - re? Va - di - te ad su-pe-ros,  
 3. Vi - ta nos - tra bre-vis est, Bre - vi fi - ni - e - tur; Ve - nit mors ve - lo - ci - ter,  
 4. Vi - vat a - ca - de - mi - a, Vi - vant pro - fes - so - res, Vi - vat mem - brum quod - li - bet,

Post mo - les - tam se - nec - tu - tem Nos ha - be - bit hu - mus, Nos ha - be - bit hu - mus.  
 Trans - i - te ad in - fe - ros, U - bi jam fu - e - re, U - bi jam fu - e - re.  
 Ra - pit nos a - tro - ci - ter; Ne - mi - ni par - ce - tur, Ne - mi - ni par - ce - tur.  
 Vi - vant mem - bra quae - li - bet; Sem - per sint in flo - re, Sem - per sint in flo - re.

## VIVE L'AMOUR

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 comp-ag-nie. ff Vi-ve la, vi-ve la,*  
 A health to our dear friend, our kind worthy host.

*vi-ve l'amour, Vi-ve la, vi-ve la, vi-ve l'amour, vi-ve l'amour, vi-ve l'amour, vi-ve la comp-ag-nie!*

# AM I NOT FONDLY THINE OWN

German Folk Song

1. Thou, thou reign'st in this bos - om, Here, here hast thou thy throne; Thou, thou know'st that I  
 2. Then, then, e'en as I love thee, Say, say, wilt thou love me? Thoughts, thoughts, ten - der and  
 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 own? Yes, yes, yes, yes, Am I not fond - ly thine own?  
 true, love, Say wilt thou cher - ish for me? Yes, yes, yes, yes, Say wilt thou cher - ish for me?  
 love thee, Say but that thou wilt be mine; Yes, yes, yes, yes, Say but that thou wilt be mine.

# INTEGER VITÆ

Quintus Horatius Flaccus (65–8 BC)

Friedrich F. Flemming (1778–1813)

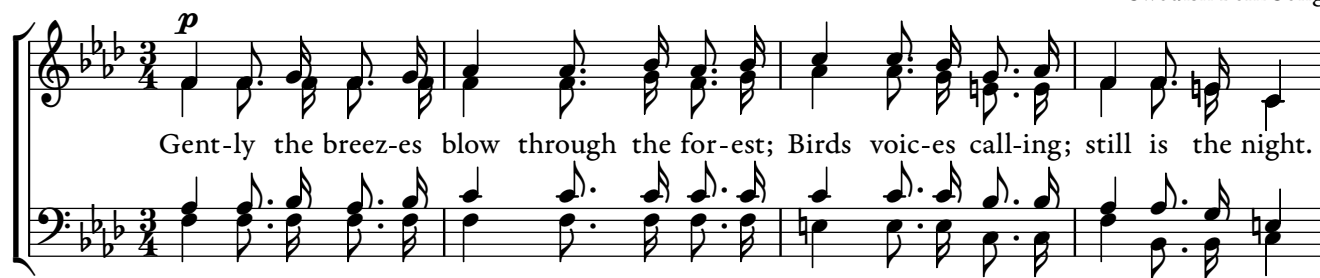
1. In - te - ger vi - tæ scel - e - ris - que pu - rus Non e - get Mau - ris ja - cu - lis, nec  
 2. Si - ve per Syr - tes i - ter æs - tu - o - sas, Si - ve fac - tu - rus per in - hos - pi -  
 3. Nam - que me sil - va lu - pus in Sa - bi - na, Dum me - am can - to La - la - gen et  
 4. Qua - le 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 - mi - bus 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.

# NIGHT SONG

Swedish Folk Song

*p*



Gent-ly the breez-es blow through the for-est; Birds voic-es call-ing; still is the night.

*p*




Wa-ters beneath them gleam-ing in moon-light Send back their an-swers danc-ing in light.

*mf*



My dear-est heart, Oh heark-en to me! Thou art a-far, my soul cries to thee.

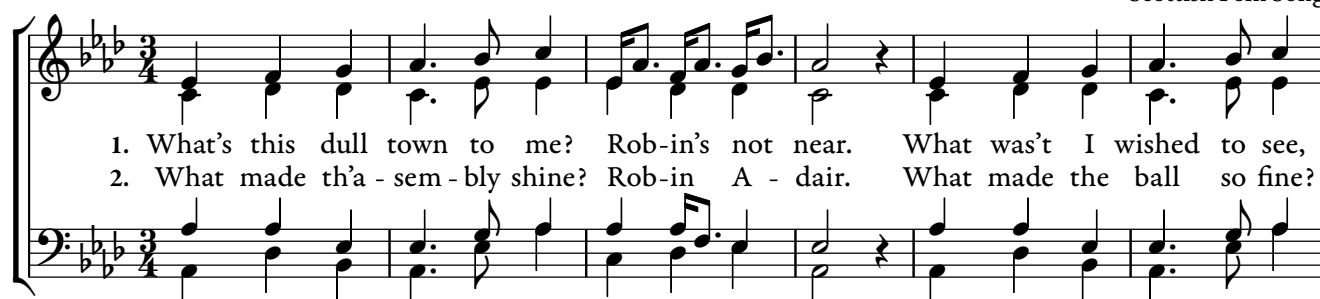
*rall.*



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

# ROBIN ADAIR

Scottish Folk Song



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

7 63

What wished to hear? Where's all the joy and mirth, That made this town a  
Rob - in was there. What, when the play was o'er, What made my

12

heav'n on earth? Oh! they're all fled with thee, Rob - in A - dair.  
heart so sore? Oh! it was part - ing with Rob - in A - dair.

## ANNIE LAURIE

William Douglas (c. 1672-1748)

Lady John Scott (1810-1900)

1. Max-wel - ton braes are bon-nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew, And it's there that An-nie  
2. Her brow is like the snawdrift Her throat is like the swan, Her face it is the  
3. Like dew on the gow - an ly - ing Is the fa' o' her fair-y\_ feet, Like the winds in summer

6

Lau - rie, Gie'd me her prom - ise true, Gie'd me her prom - ise true, Which  
fair - est, That e'er the sun shone on, That e'er the sun shone on; And  
sigh-ing, Her voice is low and sweet, Her voice is low and sweet; She's

11

ne'er for - got will be; And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me down and dee.  
dark blue is her e'e, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me down and dee.  
a' the world to me, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me down and dee.

## LOCH LOMOND

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

3  
 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 brok-en heart it kens Nae

6  
 ev-er wont to gae On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo-mond. Oh!  
 High-land 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!

9  
 ye'll take the high road and I'll take the low road, And I'll be in Scot-land a-fore ye, But

13  
 me and my true love we'll never meet a-gain On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lo-mond.



## RED IS THE ROSE

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 gar-den grows; Fair is the lil-y of the val - ley;

Clear is the wa-ter that flows from the Boyne But my love is fair-er than an - y.—

## DREAMING OF HOME AND MOTHER

John P. Ordway (1824-1880)

1. Dream - ing of home, dear old home! Home of my child-hood and mo-ther;  
 2. Sleep, balm - y sleep, close mine eyes, Keep me still think - ing of mo-ther,  
 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 dream-ing of home and mo-ther.  
 Hark! 'tis her voice I seem to hear, Yes, I'm dream-ing of home and mo-ther.  
 See her loved form be - side me kneel, While I'm dream-ing of home and mo-ther.

Home, dear home, childhood's happy home! When I played with sis - ter and with brother;  
 An - gels come, sooth - ing me to rest, I can feel their pres-ence and none oth - er;  
 Mo - ther dear, whis - per to me now, Tell me of my sis - ter and my brother;

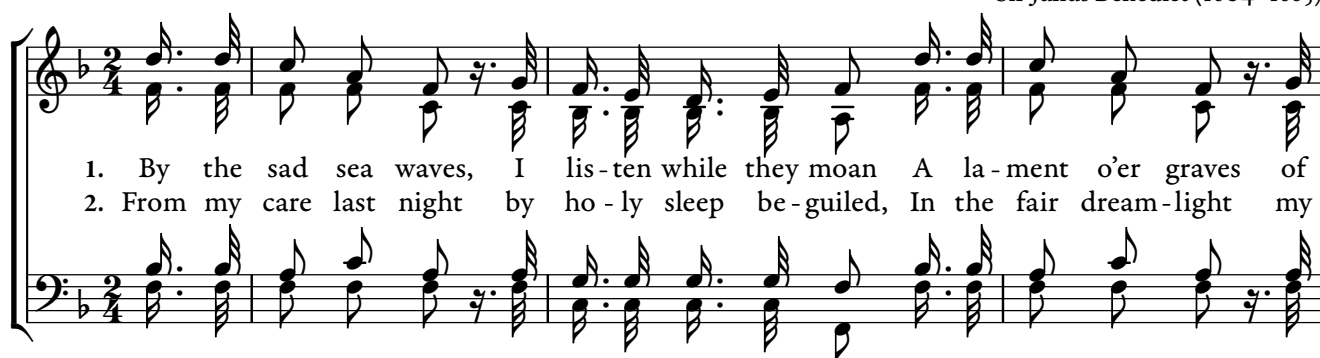
'Twas the sweet-est joy when we did roam, O - ver hill and through dale with mo-ther.  
 For they sweet-ly say I shall be blest With bright vis - ions of home and mo-ther.  
 Now I feel thy hand up - on my brow, Yes I'm dream-ing of home and mo-ther.

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

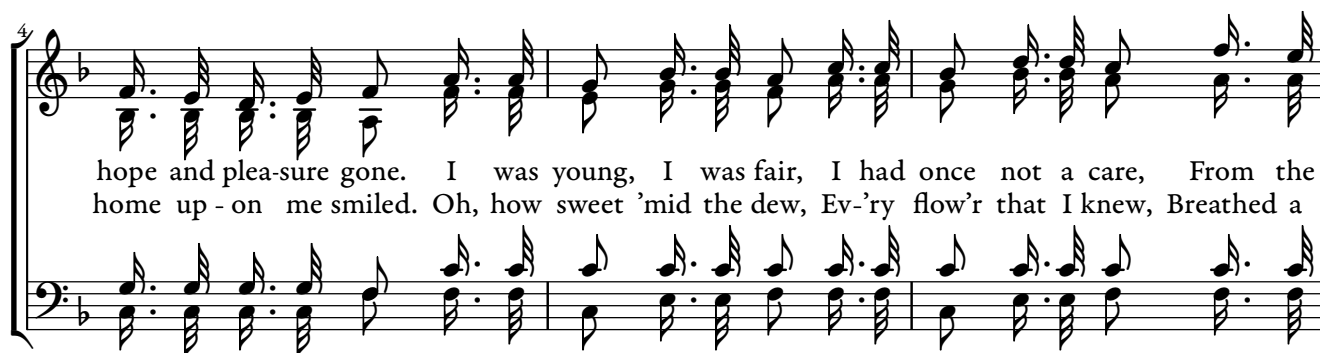
Oft when I wake, 'tis sweet to find I've been dream-ing of home and mo-ther.

# BY THE SAD SEA WAVES

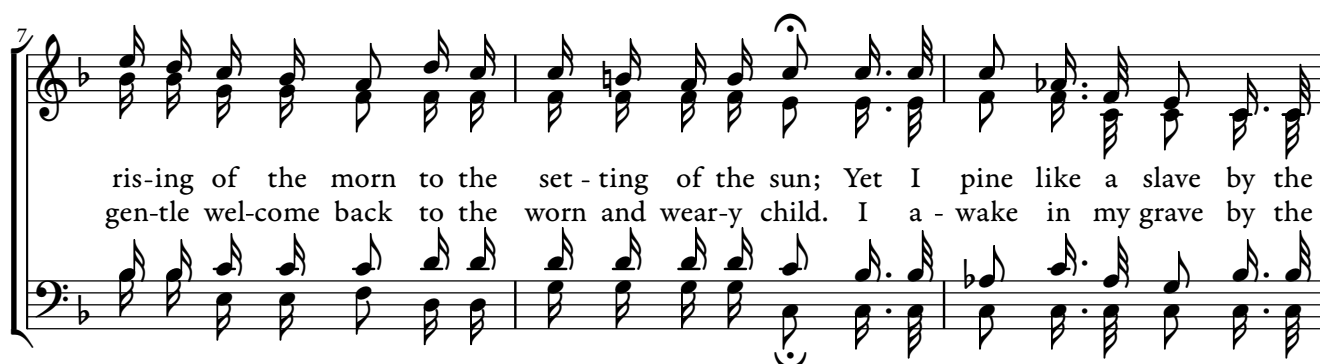
Sir Julius Benedict (1804-1885)



1. By the sad sea waves, I lis-ten while they moan A la-ment o'er graves of  
2. From my care last night by ho-ly sleep be-guiled, In the fair dream-light my



hope and plea-sure gone. I was young, I was fair, I had once not a care, From the  
home up-on me smiled. Oh, how sweet 'mid the dew, Ev-'ry flow'r that I knew, Breathed a



ris-ing of the morn to the set-ting of the sun; Yet I pine like a slave by the  
gen-tle wel-come back to the worn and wear-y child. I a-wake in my grave by the



sad sea wave. Come a-gain, bright days of hope and plea-sure gone, Come a-  
sad sea wave. Come a-gain, dear dream so peace-ful-ly that smiled, Come a-



gain, bright days, Come a-gain, come a-gain.  
gain, dear dream, Come a-gain, come a-gain.

## SAILING

Godfrey Marks (1847-1931)

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

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

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

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

think of him up - on the wa-ters blue! Sail-ing, sail-ing, o - ver the bound-ing main; For

36 69

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

42

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

## HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE

Thuringian Folk Song

*p* *mf*

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

7 *p* *f*

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

12 *p* *rit.*

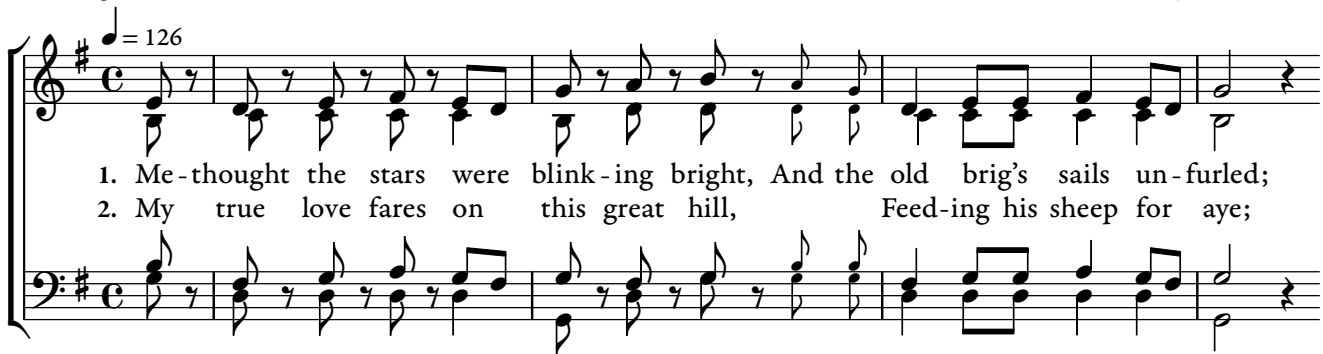
bound to thine, No oth - er can I love, Save thee a - lone!  
us shall stay That can - not pass a - way, Sis - ter, be - lieve.  
feet should lie, Thou sad - ly shouldst com - plain, Joy - ful I'd die.

# O FAIR DOVE, O FOND DOVE

Jean Ingelow (1820–1897)

Alfred Scott Gatty (1847–1918)

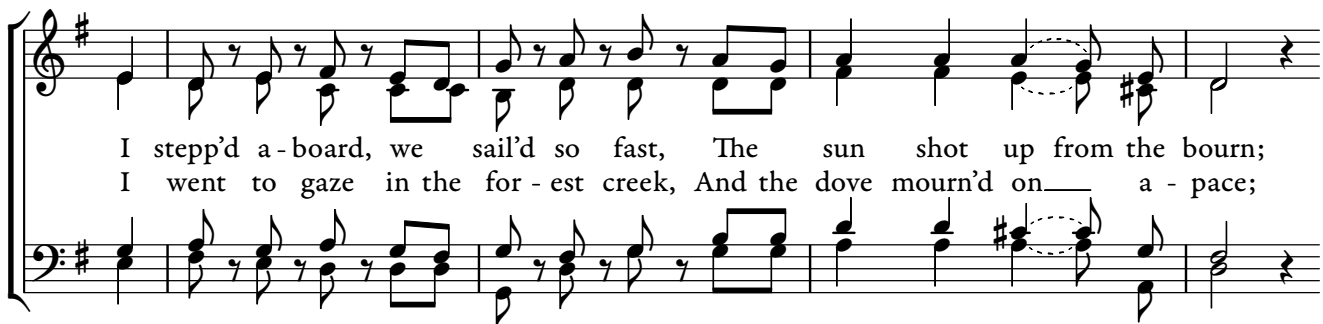
$\text{♩} = 126$



1. Me-thought the stars were blink-ing bright, And the old brig's sails un-furled;  
2. My true love fares on this great hill, Feed-ing 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.

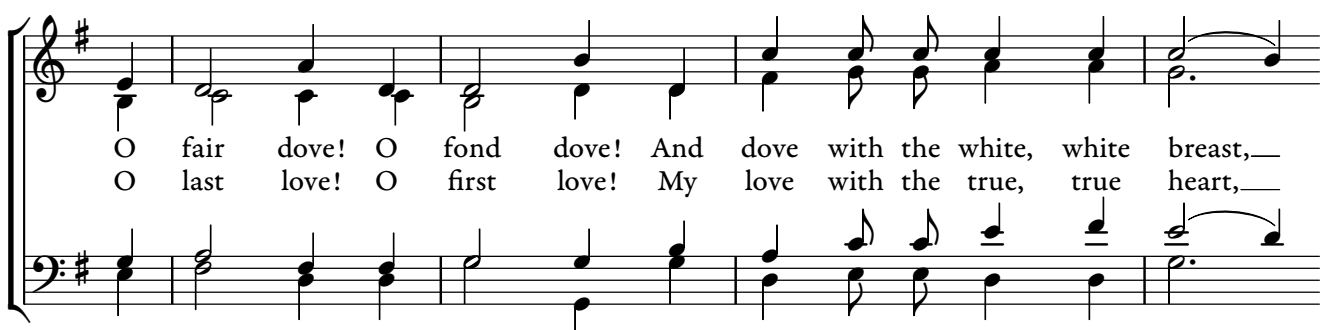


I stepp'd a-board, we sail'd so fast, The sun shot up from the bourn;  
I went to gaze in the for-est creek, And the dove mourn'd on a - pace;

$\text{♩} = 92$



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



O fair dove! O fond dove! And dove with the white, white breast,—  
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.

Me-thought 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 dwell-ing more by sea or shore,

But on-ly in thy heart." O fair dove! O fond dove! Till night rose o-ver the bourn

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

# AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

Katherine Lee Bates (1859–1929)

Samuel Augustus Ward (1847–1903)

*mf*

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

*f*

maj-es-ties A-bove the fruit-ed plain!—A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on  
 free-dom beat A-cross the wil-der-ness!—A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God mend thine ev-'ry

*rall.*

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

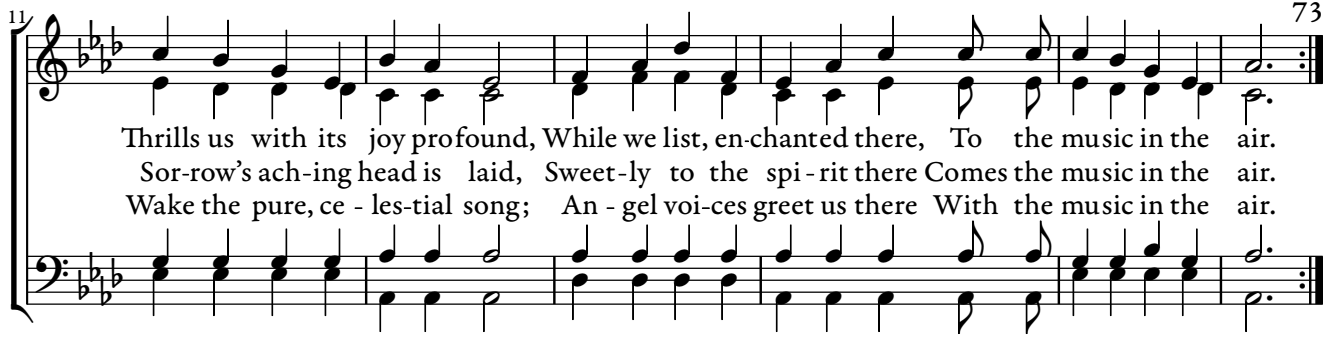
## THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR

George Frederick Root (1820–1895)

1. There's mu-sic in the air, When the in-fant morn is nigh, And faint its blush is  
 2. There's mu-sic in the air, When the noon-tide's sul-try beam Re-flects a gold-en  
 3. There's mu-sic in the air, When the twi-light's gen-tle sigh Is lost on eve-ning's

seen On the bright and laugh-ing sky. Ma-ny a harp's ec-stat-ic sound  
 light On the dis-tant moun-tain stream. When be-neath some grate-ful shade  
 breast, As its pen-sive beau-ties die: Then, O, then, the loved ones gone

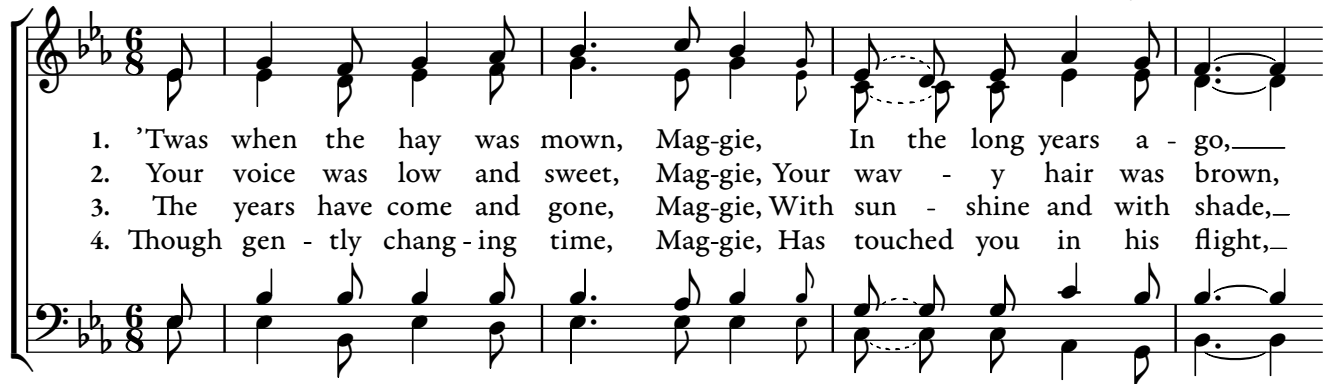




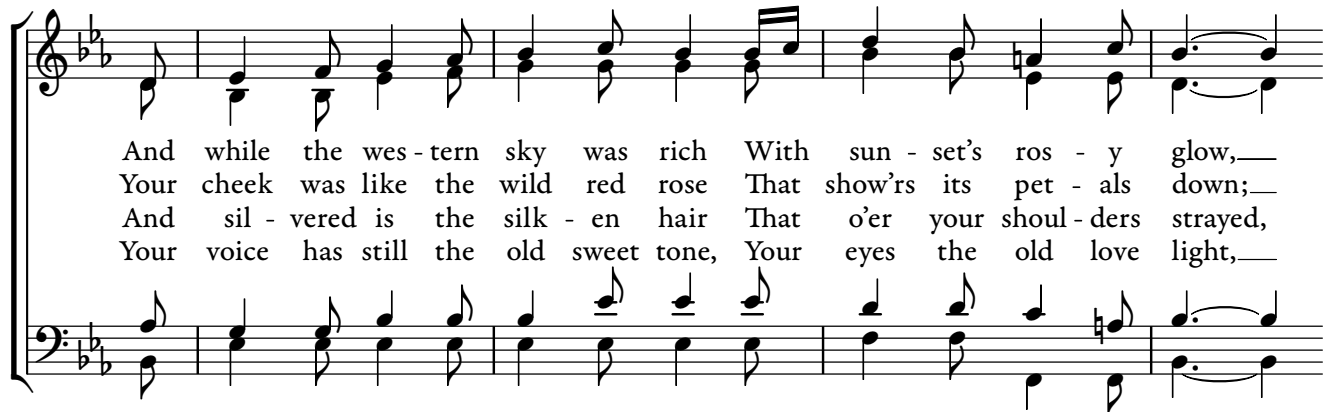
Thrills us with its joy profound, While we list, en-chanted there, To the music in the air.  
 Sor-row's ach-ing head is laid, Sweet-ly to the spi-rit there Comes the music in the air.  
 Wake the pure, ce - les-tial song; An - gel voi-ces greet us there With the music in the air.

## THE OLD TIME

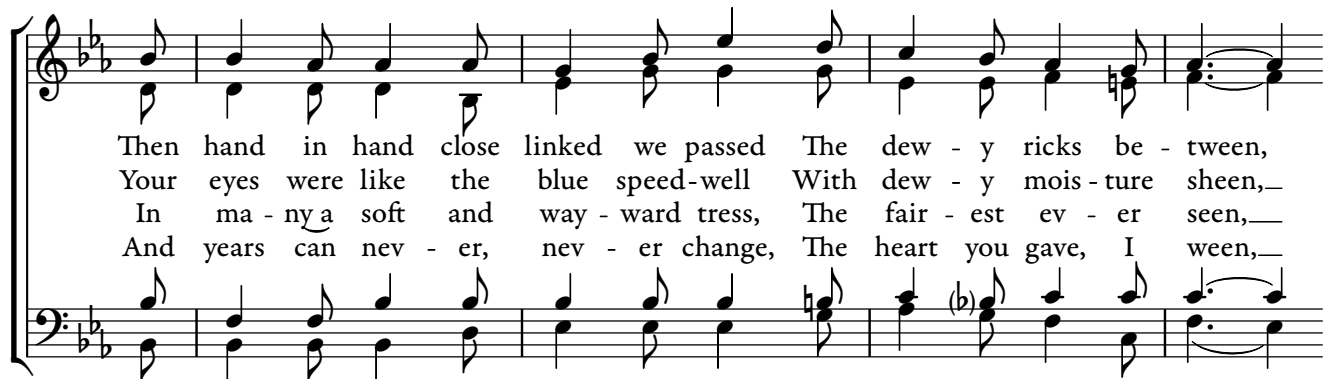
J. R. Thomas, 1873



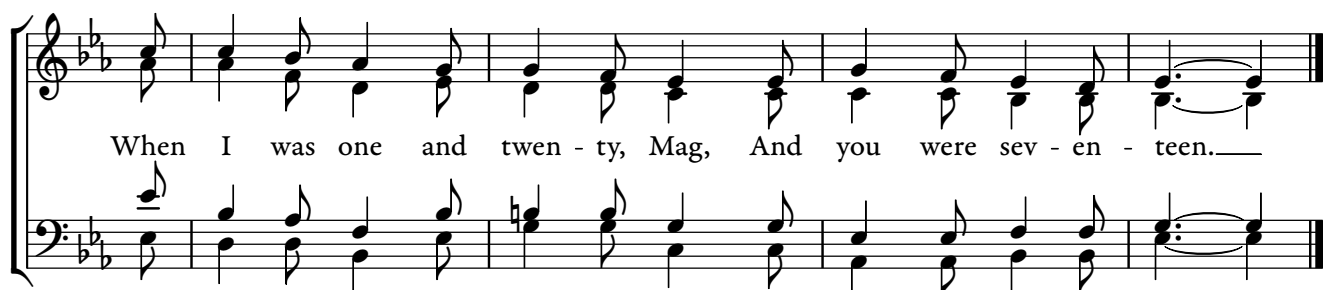
1. 'Twas when the hay was mown, Mag-gie, In the long years a - go,—  
 2. Your voice was low and sweet, Mag-gie, Your wav - y hair was brown,  
 3. The years have come and gone, Mag-gie, With sun - shine and with shade,—  
 4. Though gen - tly chang - ing time, Mag-gie, Has touched you in his flight,—



And while the wes - tern sky was rich With sun - set's ros - y glow,—  
 Your cheek was like the wild red rose That show'rs its pet - als down;—  
 And sil - vered is the silk - en hair That o'er your shoul - ders strayed,  
 Your voice has still the old sweet tone, Your eyes the old love light,—



Then hand in hand close linked we passed The dew - y ricks be - tween,  
 Your eyes were like the blue speed-well With dew - y mois - ture sheen,—  
 In ma - ny a soft and way - ward tress, The fair - est ev - er seen,—  
 And years can nev - er, nev - er change, The heart you gave, I ween,—



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

## DIXIE

Dan Emmett (1815-1904)

*mf*

1. I wish I was in the land of cot-ton, Old times there are not forgotten, Look a-way! Look a-

*p*

way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land! In Dix-ie Land where I was born in, Ear-ly on one

*f*

frost-y mornin', Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dixie Land! Then I wish I was in

*3*

Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! In Dix-ie Land, I'll take my stand To live and die in Dix-ie; A-

*rall.*

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

# THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG

Harry McCarthy, 1861

Folk Song, *The Irish Jaunting Car*

1. We are a band of brothers, and na - tive to the soil, — Fight - ing for our  
 2. As long — as the U - nion was faith - ful to her trust, — Like friends and like  
 3. Then here's to our Con - fed - e - ra - cy, so strong we are and brave, Like pa - tri - ots of

Lib - er - ty, With trea - sure, blood, and toil; — And when our rights were  
 Bro - thers, kind were we and just; — But now, when North - ern  
 old we'll fight, our her - i - tage to save: — And ra - ther than sub -

threat - ened, the cry rose near and far, — Hur - rah — for the  
 treach - e - ry at - tempts our rights to mar, — We hoist on high the  
 mit — to shame, to die we would pre - fer, — So cheer — for the

Bon - nie Blue Flag that bears a sin - gle star. —  
 Bon - nie Blue Flag that bears a sin - gle star! — Hur - rah! — Hur - rah! — For  
 Bon - nie Blue Flag that bears a sin - gle star. —

South - ern rights hur - rah! — Hur - rah for the Bon - nie Blue Flag that bears a sin - gle star!

# THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM

George Frederick Root (1825–1895)

1. Yes, we'll ral - ly round the flag, boys, we'll ral - ly once a - gain,  
 2. We are spring-ing to the call of our bro - thers gone be - fore,  
 3. We will wel - come to our num - bers the loy - al, true, and brave,  
 4. So we're spring-ing to the call from the East and from the West,

Shout-ing the bat-tle cry of Free - dom, We will ral - ly from the hill - side, we'll  
 Shout-ing the bat-tle cry of Free - dom! And we'll fill our va - cant ranks with a  
 Shout-ing the bat-tle cry of Free - dom! And al-though they may be poor, not a  
 Shout-ing the bat-tle cry of Free - dom; And we'll hurl the reb - el crew from the

gath - er from the plain, Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom!  
 mil - lion free - men more, Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom!  
 man shall be a slave, Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom!  
 land that we love best, Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom!

The U-nion for-ev-er, Hur-rah, boys, Hurrah! Down with the trai-tor, Up with the stars;

While we ral-ly round the flag, boys, ral-ly once again, Shout-ing the bat-tle cry of Free-dom.

# THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM

## (CONFEDERATE VERSION)

W. H. Barnes

George Frederick Root (1825-1895)

1. Our— flag is proud - ly float - ing on the land and on the main,  
 2. Our— gal-lant boys have marched to the rol - ling of the drums.  
 3. They have laid— down their lives— on the blood - y bat - tle field.  
 4. While our boys— have re - spond - ed and to the fields have gone.

Shout, shout the bat-tle cry of Free - dom! Be - neath it oft we've con-quer'd, and we'll  
 Shout, shout the bat-tle cry of Free - dom! And the lead - ers in charge cry out,—  
 Shout, shout the bat-tle cry of Free - dom! Their mot-to is re - sis - tance— "To the  
 Shout, shout the bat-tle cry of Free - dom! Our— no - ble wo - men al - so have

con-quer oft a - gain! Shout, shout the bat-tle cry of Free - dom!  
 "Come, boys,— come!" Shout, shout the bat-tle cry of Free - dom!  
 ty - rants nev - er yield!" Shout, shout the bat-tle cry of Free - dom!  
 aid - ed them at home. Shout, shout the bat-tle cry of Free - dom!

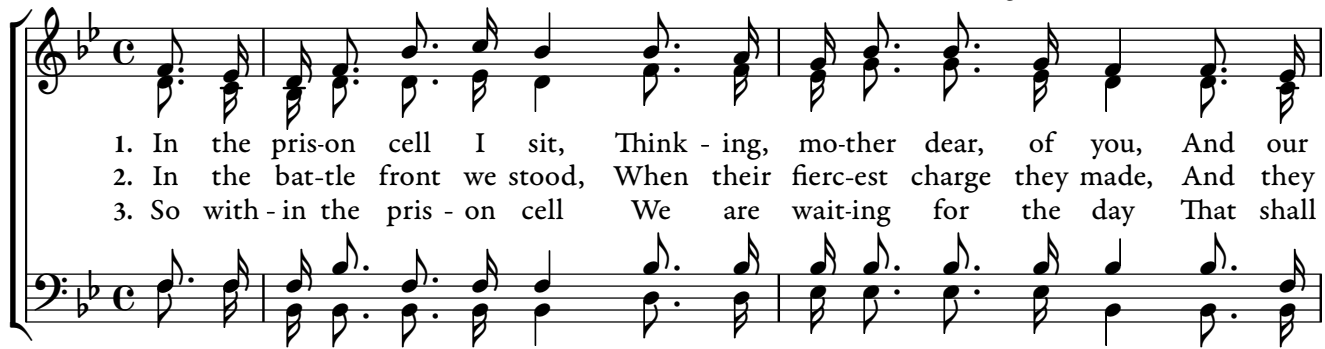
Our Dix-ie for-ev-er! She's never at a loss! Down with the eagle and up with the cross

We'll ral-ly 'round the bonny flag, we'll ral-ly once again, Shout, shout the battle cry of Free dom!

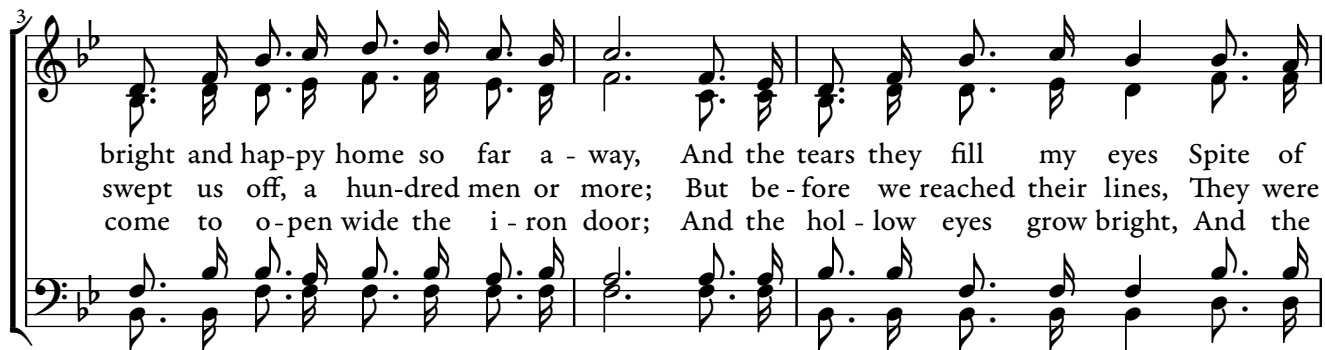
# TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

## THE PRISONER'S HOPE

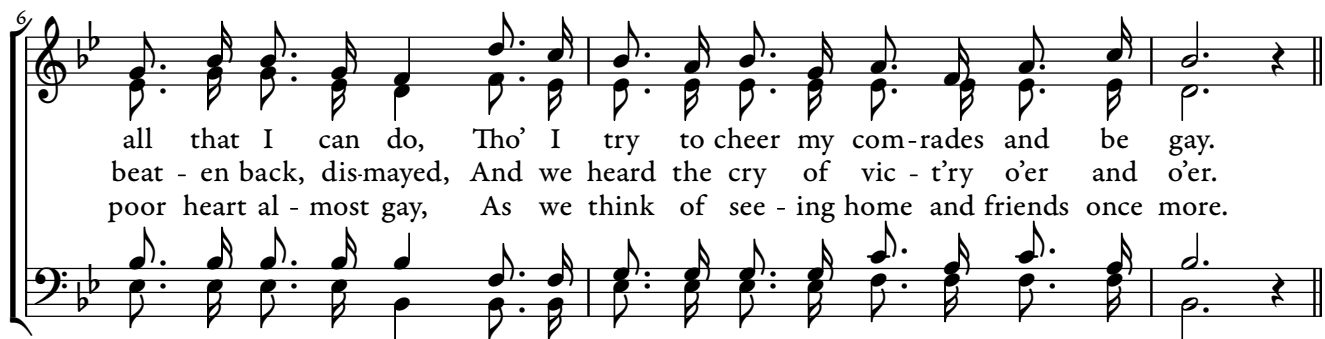
George Frederick Root (1825-1895)



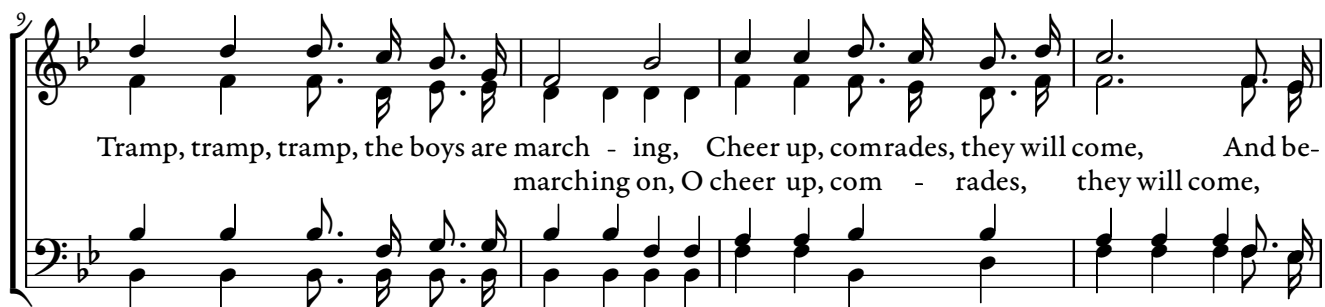
1. In the pris-on cell I sit, Think - ing, mo-ther dear, of you, And our  
2. In the bat-tle front we stood, When their fierc-est charge they made, And they  
3. So with - in the pris - on cell We are wait-ing for the day That shall



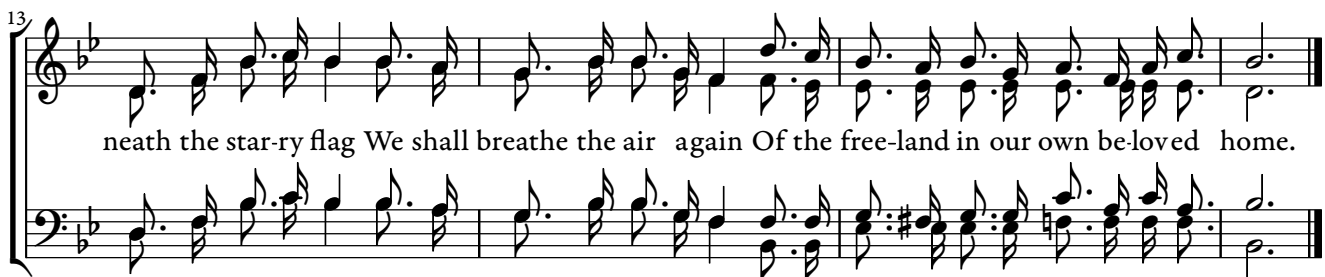
bright and hap-py home so far a - way, And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of  
swept us off, a hun-dred men or more; But be - fore we reached their lines, They were  
come to o - pen wide the i - ron door; And the hol - low eyes grow bright, And the



all that I can do, Tho' I try to cheer my com-rades and be gay.  
beat - en back, dis-mayed, And we heard the cry of vic - t'ry o'er and o'er.  
poor heart al - most gay, As we think of see - ing home and friends once more.



Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march - ing, Cheer up, comrades, they will come, And be-  
marching on, O cheer up, com - rades, they will come,



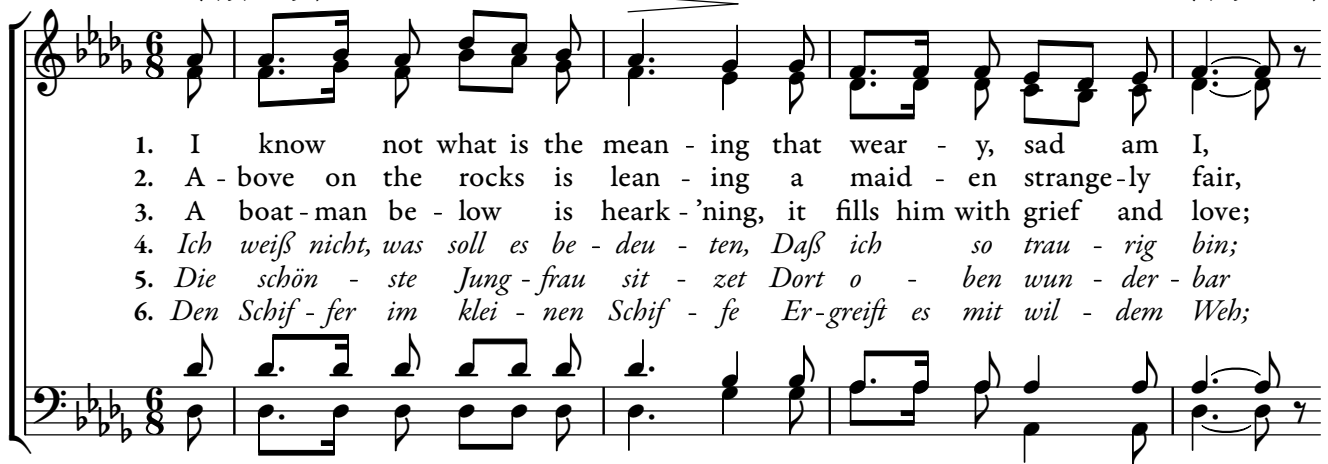
neath the star-ry flag We shall breathe the air again Of the free-land in our own be-loved home.

# THE LORELEI (DIE LORELEI)

79

Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

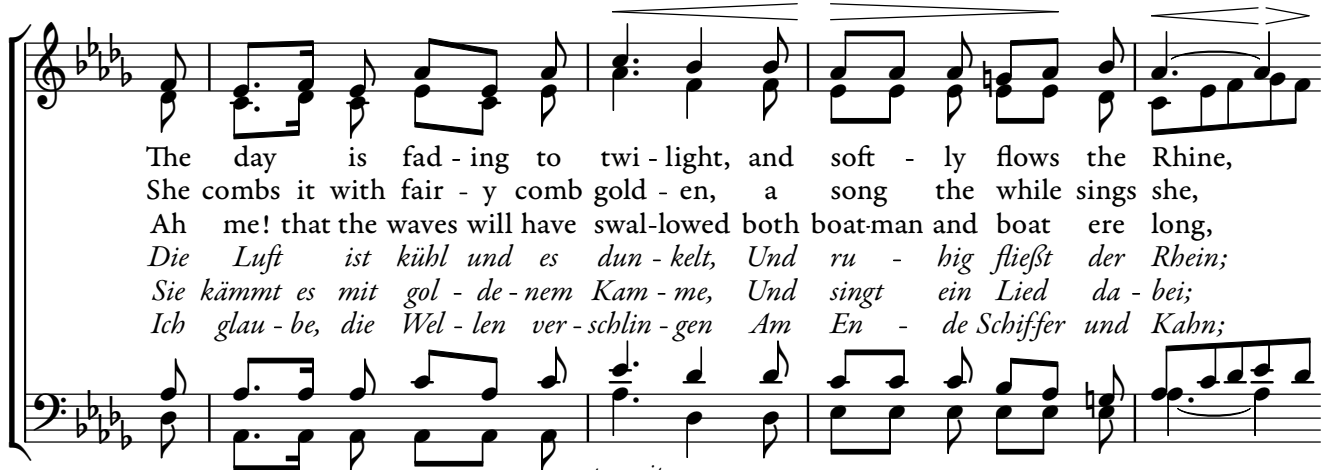
Friedrich Silcher (1789-1860)



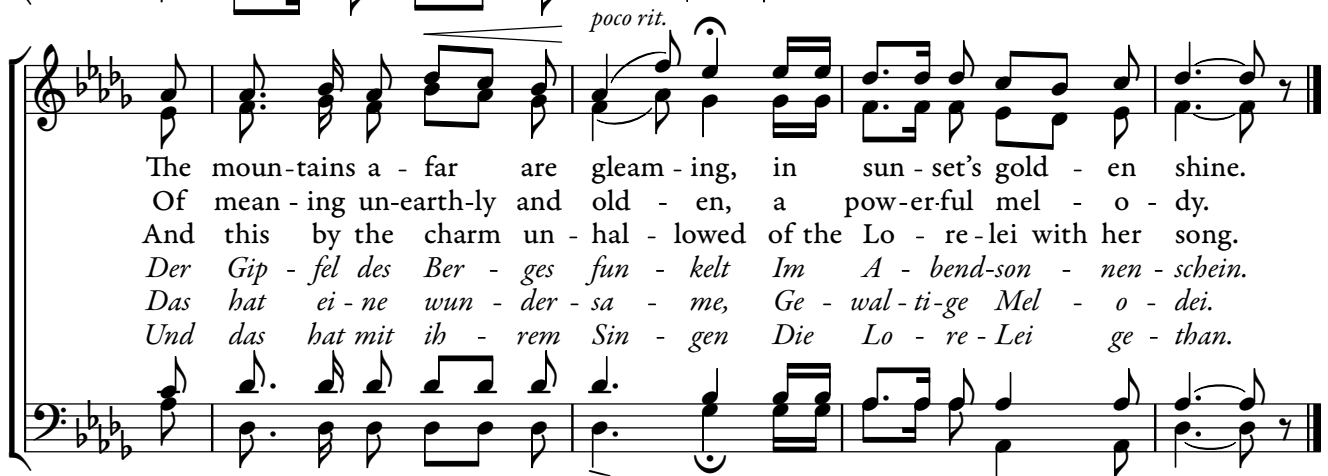
1. I know not what is the mean - ing that wear - y, sad am I,  
 2. A - bove on the rocks is lean - ing a maid - en strange - ly fair,  
 3. A boat - man be - low is heark - 'ning, it fills him with grief and love;  
 4. *Ich weiß nicht, was soll es be - deu - ten, Daß ich so trau - rig bin;*  
 5. *Die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



Of an - cient times I'm dream - ing a leg - end long gone by;  
 Her gold - en jew - els are gleam - ing, she combs her long gold - en hair;  
 He heeds not the rocks so dark - 'ning, he sees but the form a - bove.  
*Ein Mähr - chen aus al - ten Zei - ten, Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.*  
*Ihr gold - 'nes Ge - schmei - de - blit - zet, Sie kämmt ihr gol - de - nes Haar.*  
*Er schaut nicht die Fel - sen - rif - fe, Er schaut nur hin - auf in die Höb'.*



The day is fad - ing to twi - light, and soft - ly flows the Rhine,  
 She combs it with fair - y comb gold - en, a song the while sings she,  
 Ah me! that the waves will have swal - lowed both boat - man and boat ere long,  
*Die Luft ist kühl und es dun - kelt, Und ru - big fließt der Rhein;*  
*Sie kämmt es mit gol - de - nem Kam - me, Und singt ein Lied da - bei;*  
*Ich glau - be, die Wel - len ver - schlin - gen Am En - de Schiffer und Kahn;*



*poco rit.*  
 The moun - tains a - far are gleam - ing, in sun - set's gold - en shine.  
 Of mean - ing un - earth - ly and old - en, a pow - er - ful 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.*

# SANTA LUCIA

Neapolitan Folk Song

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

Soft winds are blow-ing. Here balm - y zeph-yrs blow, Pure joys in -  
 All care al - lay - ing. To thee, sweet Na - po - li, What charms are

vite us, And as we gent-ly row All things de - light us.  
 giv - en, Where smile's cre - a - tion, Toil blest by heav - en.

Hark how the sailor's cry Joy-ous-ly ech-oes nigh: San-ta Lu - ci - a! San-ta Lu - ci - a!

Home of fair Po-e-sy, Realm of pure Har-mo-ny, San-ta Lu - ci - a! San-ta Lu - ci - a!



# THE HAZEL DELL

George Frederick Root (1820-1895)

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

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

moon-light oft - en we have wan - dered Through the si - lent shade, Now where  
 once my bos - om fond - ly cher - ished Smile no more on me, Ev - 'ry  
 ev - er shall thy gen - tle im - age In my mem - 'ry dwell. And my

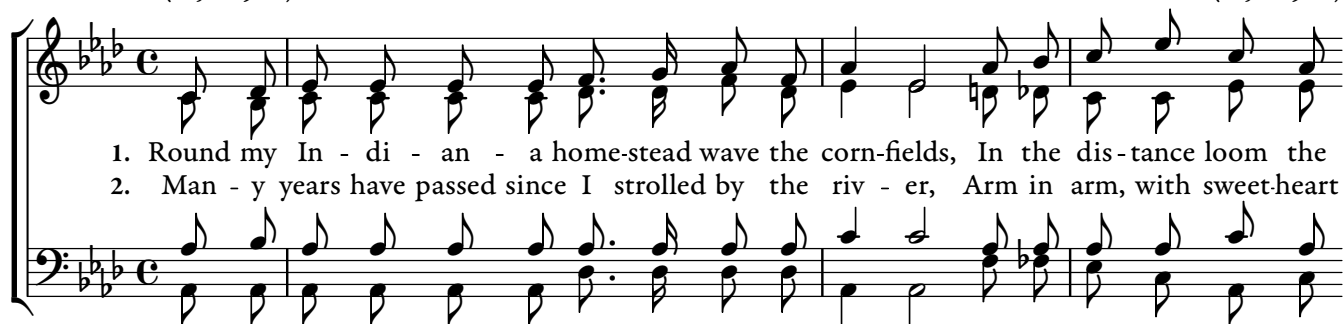
leaf - y branch-es droop - ing down - ward, Lit-tle Nel - ly's laid.  
 dream of joy a - las has per - ished, Nel-ly dear, with thee. All a-lone my  
 tears thy lone - ly grave shall moist - en, Nel-ly dear, fare - well.

watch I'm keeping In the Hazel Dell, For my darling Nelly's near me sleeping, Nelly dear, fare-well.

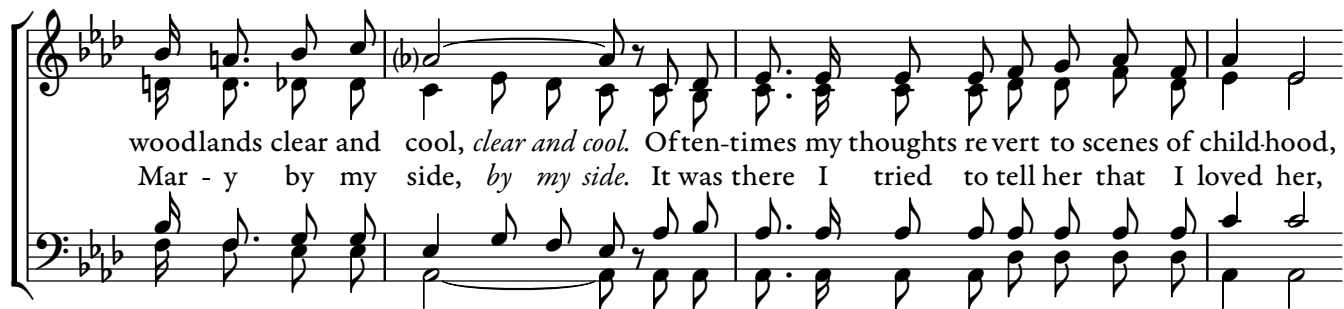
# ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH, FAR AWAY

Paul Dresser (1858-1906)

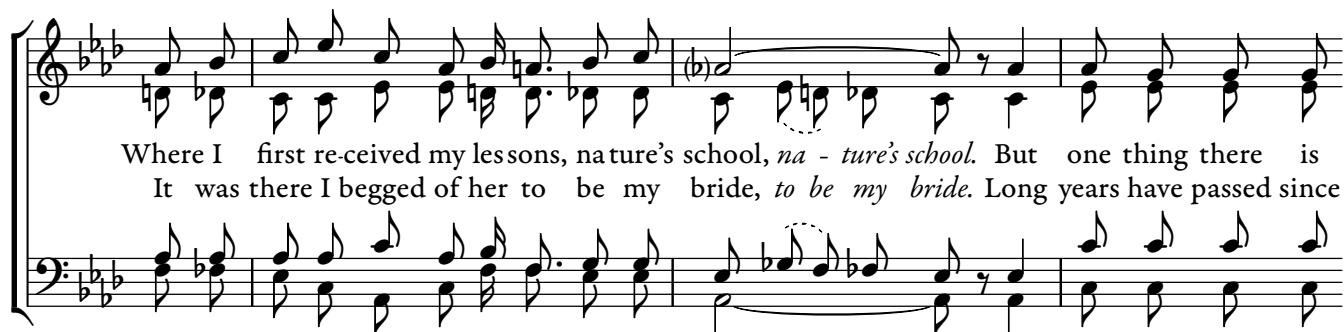
Paul Dresser (1858-1906)



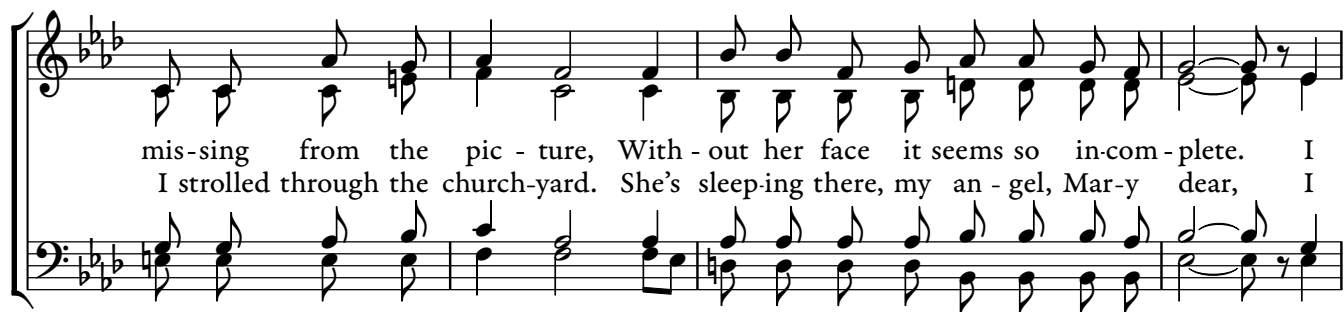
1. Round my In - di - an - a home-stead wave the corn-fields, In the dis-tance loom the  
2. Man - y years have passed since I strolled by the riv - er, Arm in arm, with sweet-heart



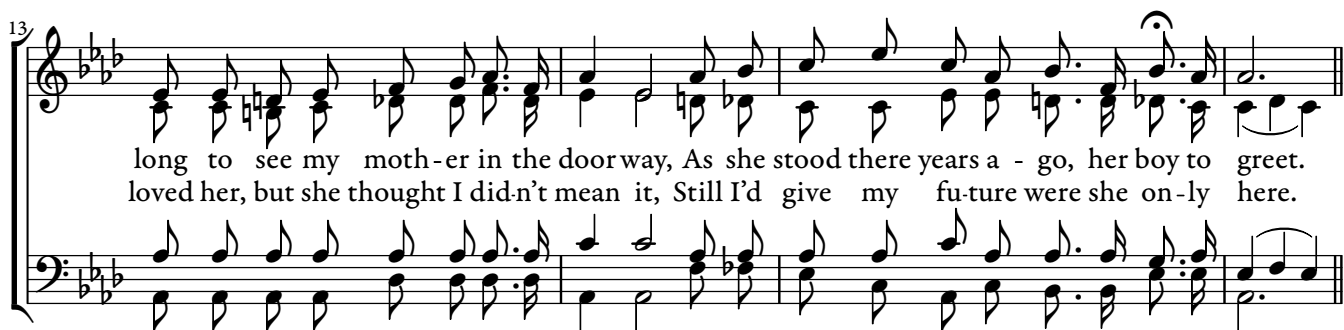
woodlands clear and cool, *clear and cool.* Often-times my thoughts revert to scenes of child-hood,  
Mar - y by my side, *by my side.* It was there I tried to tell her that I loved her,



Where I first re-ceived my lessons, na-ture's school, *na - ture's school.* But one thing there is  
It was there I begged of 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 seems so in-com-plete. I  
I strolled through the church-yard. She's sleep-ing there, my an - gel, Mar-y dear, I



13 long to see my moth-er in the doorway, As she stood there years a - go, her boy to greet.  
loved her, but she thought I did-n't mean it, Still I'd give my fu-ture were she on-ly here.

Oh, the moon-light's fair to-night along the Wa-bash, From the fields there comes the

breath of new-mown hay. Through the syc - a-mores the can - dle lights are

gleam - ing, On the banks of the Wa-bash, far a - way.

## A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN

Joseph Hayden

Theodore August Metz, 1896

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

And when the verse is through, In the chorus all join in, There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight.

## BOATING SONG

William Johnson Cory (1823-1892)

Algernon Drummond

1. Jol - ly boat - ing weath-er— And a hay har - vest breeze;—  
 2. Twen-ty years hence such weath-er— May call us from of - fice stools;— We

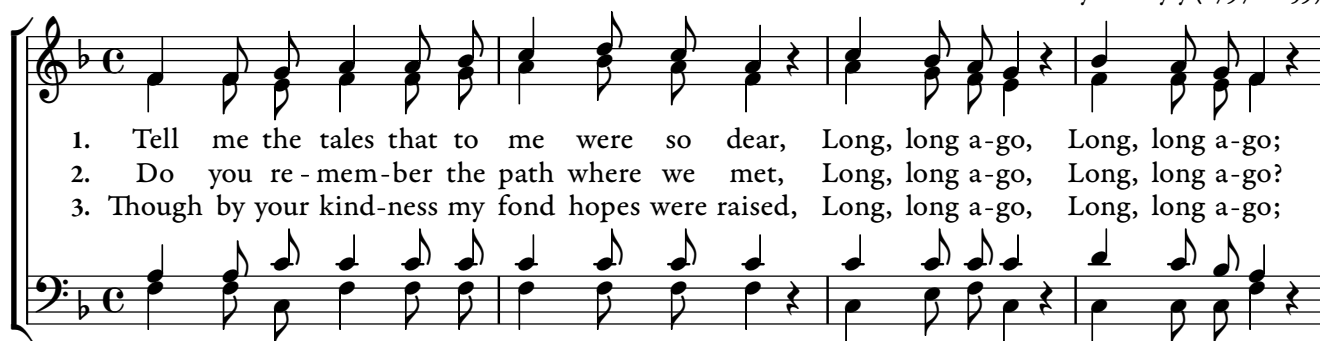
Oars on the feath-er,— Glid - ing by the trees;—  
 may be slow on the feath-er— And called by the boys, old fools;—

*f*  
 9 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;

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

# LONG, LONG AGO

Thomas Haynes Bayly (1797–1839)



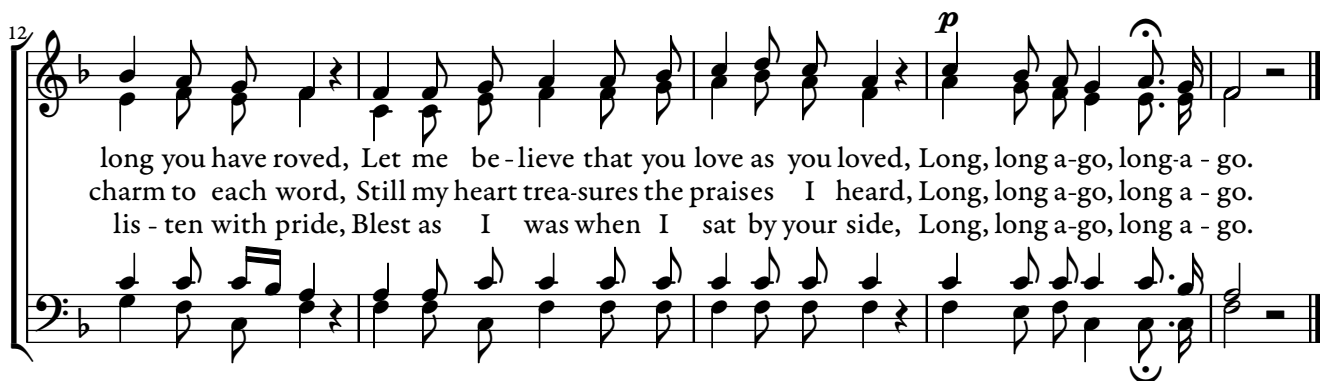
1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a-go, Long, long a-go;  
 2. Do you re-mem-ber the path where we met, Long, long a-go, Long, long a-go?  
 3. Though by your kind-ness my fond hopes were raised, Long, long a-go, Long, long a-go;



Sing me the songs I de-light-ed to hear, Long, long a-go, long a-go.  
 Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would for-get, Long, long a-go, 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 grief is re-moved, Let me for-get that so  
 Then, to all oth-ers my smile you pre-ferr'd, Love, when you spoke, gave a  
 But by long ab-sence your truth has been tried, Still to your ac-cents I



long you have roved, Let me be-lieve that you love as you loved, Long, long a-go, long a-go.  
 charm to each word, Still my heart trea-sures the praises I heard, Long, long a-go, long a-go.  
 lis-ten with pride, Blest as I was when I sat by your side, Long, long a-go, long a-go.

## RED WING

Thurland Chattaway

Kerry Mills (1869-1948)

1. There once lived an In - dian maid, A shy lit - tle prai - rie maid, Who  
 2. She watched for him day and night, She kept all the camp - fires bright, And

sang a — lay, a love song — gay, As on the plain she'd while a - way the day; She  
 un - der the sky, each night she would lie, And dream a - bout his coming by and by; But

loved a — war - rior bold, this shy lit - tle maid of old, But  
 when all the braves re - turned, the heart of — Red Wing yearned, For

brave and — gay, he rode one — day to bat - tle far — a - way.  
 far, far a - way, her war - rior — gay, fell brave - ly in — the fray.

Now, the moon shines to - night on pret - ty Red Wing, — The breeze is

sigh - ing, — the night bird's cry - ing, — For a - far 'neath his star her brave is

27

sleep - ing, While Red Wing's weep - ing her heart a - way.

## RED RIVER VALLEY

Traditional

Traditional

1. From this val - ley they say you are go - ing. We will miss your bright eyes and sweet  
I've been think - ing a long time, my dar - ling! Of the sweet words you nev - er would  
2. I have prom - ised you dar - ling that nev - er, Shall a word from my lips cause you  
Won't you think of the val - ley you're leav - ing, Oh! how lone - ly and drear it will

4

smile, For they say you are tak - ing the sunshine That has brightened our pathway a  
say, Now a - las, must the fond hopes all van - ish? For they say you are go - ing a  
pain And my life it will be yours for - ev - er, If you on - ly will love me a -  
be, Won't you think of the fond heart you're breaking, And the pain you are caus - ing to

8

while.  
way.  
gain.  
me.  
Come and sit by my side if you love me. Do not hast - en to bid me a - dieu.

Just re - mem - ber the Red Riv - er Val - ley, And the cow - boy who loved you so true.

## SCOTCH LASSIE JEAN

Harry Miller, 1873

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 lit - tle 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

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 - gain! — They

20

**p** say that you are false, but I still believe you mine, You are my bonnie blue-eyed Scotch lassie, Jean.

## LOVE'S CHIDINGS

Nannie, 1862

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! —

9

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? —

17

Hast thou no feel - ing, To see me kneel-ing, — My love re - veal-ing, Day af - ter day?

# THE OLD MUSICIAN AND HIS HARP

William S. Pitts (1830-1918)

H. M. Higgins (1820-1897)

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

Gold - en ring - lets, once so fair, Time has changed to sil - v'ry hair;  
 To that cot— be - side the sea, Where I knelt at moth - er's knee;  
 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 be - neath 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 bright - er 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 *rit.*  
 hear\_ its chords once more, Ere I pass to yon bright shore.

## A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE

Epes Sargent (1813–1880)

Henry Russell (1813–1900)

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

5 *FINE*  
 scat - tered wa - ters rave, And the winds their rev - els keep:  
 sail! fare - well to the land, The gale fol - lows far a - baft.  
 with a stout ves - sel 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

12 *Sing first verse in D.C.*  
 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 bound - ing wave!

# JENNY THE FLOWER OF KILDARE

Frank Dumont

James E. Stewart (b. 1843)

1. I'm think-ing of Er - in to-night, And the lit - tle white cot by the sea,—  
2. I'm wait - ing her sweet face to see, While we're part-ed I lin-ger 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 heart ev - er longs to be there,  
A - gain her sweet kiss - es of love to re-ceive, For 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,—

of Kil-dare  
The flow'r of Kil-dare, The flow'r of Kil-dare, Sweet Jen-ny, the flow'r of Kil - dare,—  
of Kil-dare

## COME FOLLOW (ROUND)

Come fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, Fol - low, fol-low, fol-low me!  
Whith-er shall I fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, Whith-er shall I fol-low, fol-low thee?  
To the gal-lows, to the gal-lows, To the gal-lows, gal - lows tree.

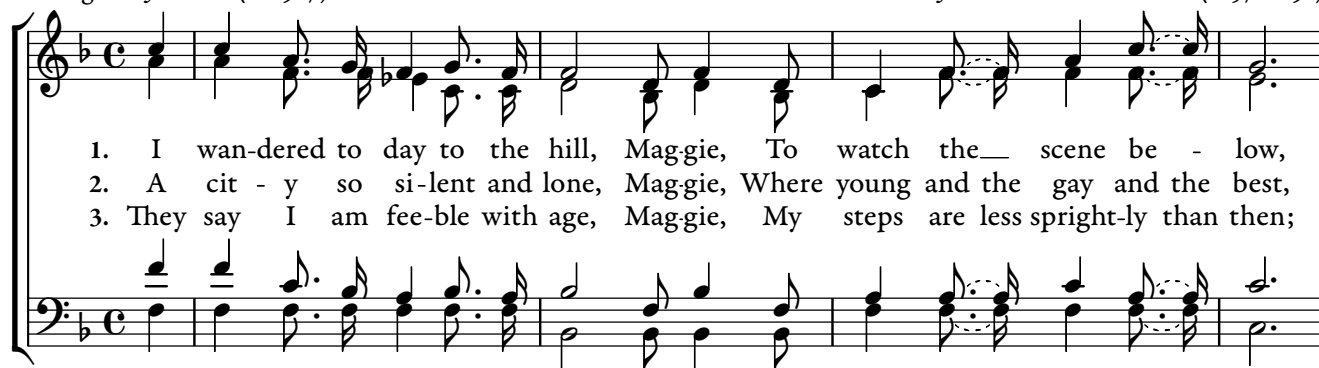
## COME FOLLOW ME MERRILY (ROUND)

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 af-ter Ti sol La ti do ti La ti do.

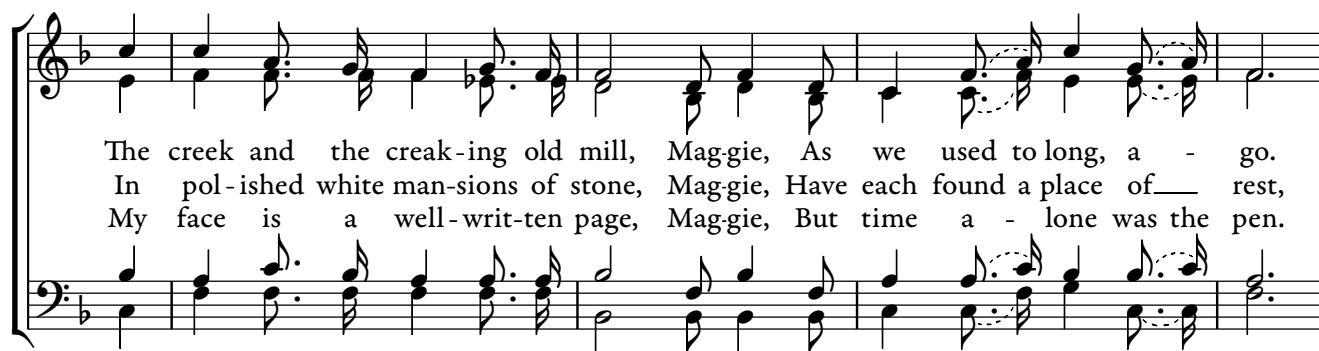
# WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MAGGIE

George W. Johnson (d. 1917)

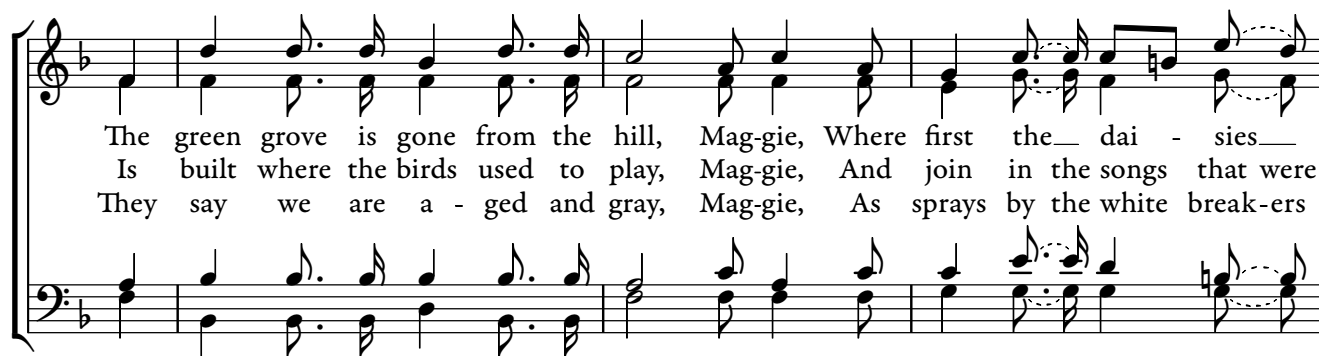
James Austin Butterfield (1837-1891)



1. I wan-dered to day to the hill, Maggie, To watch the scene be - low,  
 2. A cit - y so si-lent and lone, Maggie, Where young and the gay and the best,  
 3. They say I am fee-ble with age, Maggie, My steps are less spright-ly than then;



The creek and the creak-ing old mill, Maggie, As we used to long, a - go.  
 In pol-ish white man-sions of stone, Maggie, Have each found a place of rest,  
 My face is a well-writ-ten page, Maggie, But time a - lone was the pen.



The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie, Where first the dai - sies  
 Is built where the birds used to play, Maggie, And join in the songs that were  
 They say we are a - ged and gray, Maggie, As sprays by the white break-ers



sprung; The creak-ing old mill is still, Maggie, Since you and I were young.  
 sung, For we sang just as gay as they, Maggie, When you and I were young.  
 flung, But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie, When you and I were young.



And now we are a-ged and gray, Maggie, And the tri-als of life near-ly done. Let us sing,



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

## THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

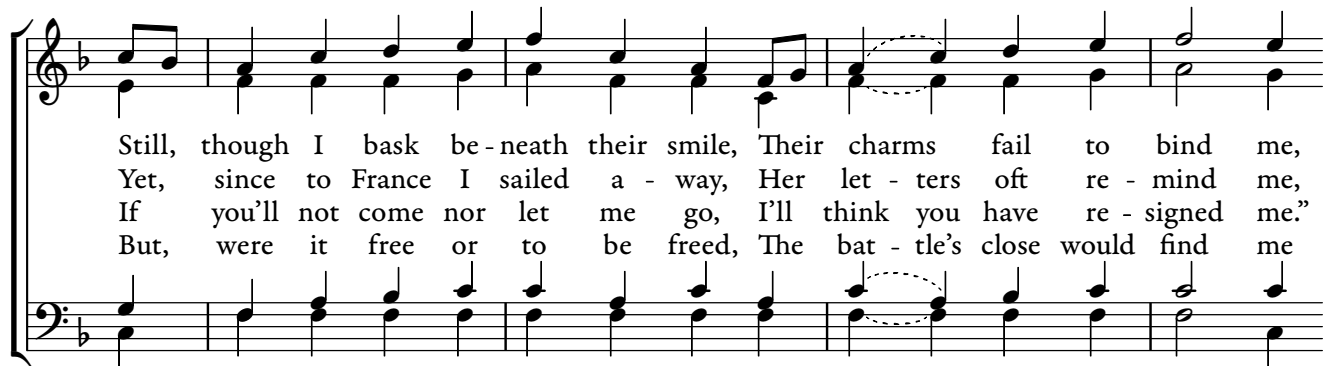
Folk Song



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 skulk - ing slave I'll tread my na - tive soil on;



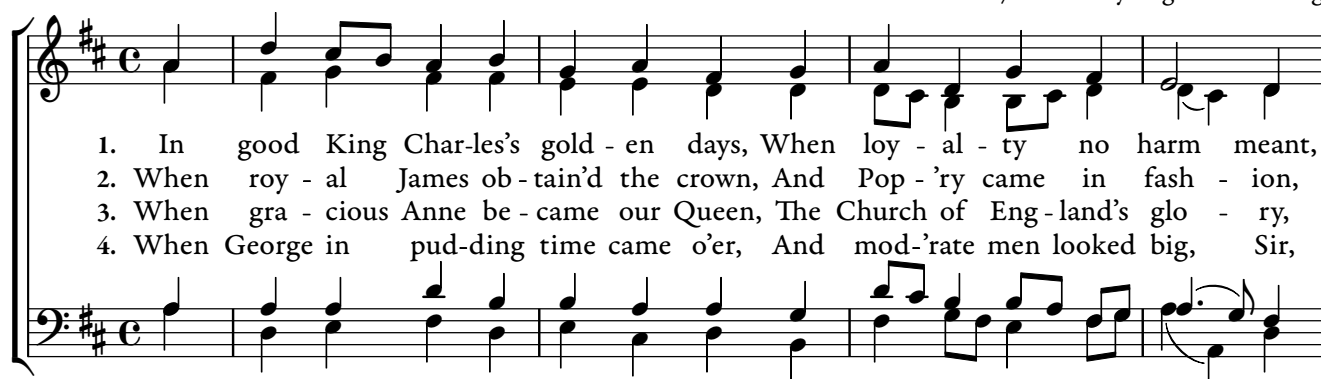
Still, though I bask be - neath their smile, Their charms fail to bind me,  
 Yet, since to France I sailed a - way, Her let - ters oft re - mind me,  
 If you'll not come nor let me go, I'll think you have re - signed me."  
 But, were it free or to be freed, The bat - tle's close would find me



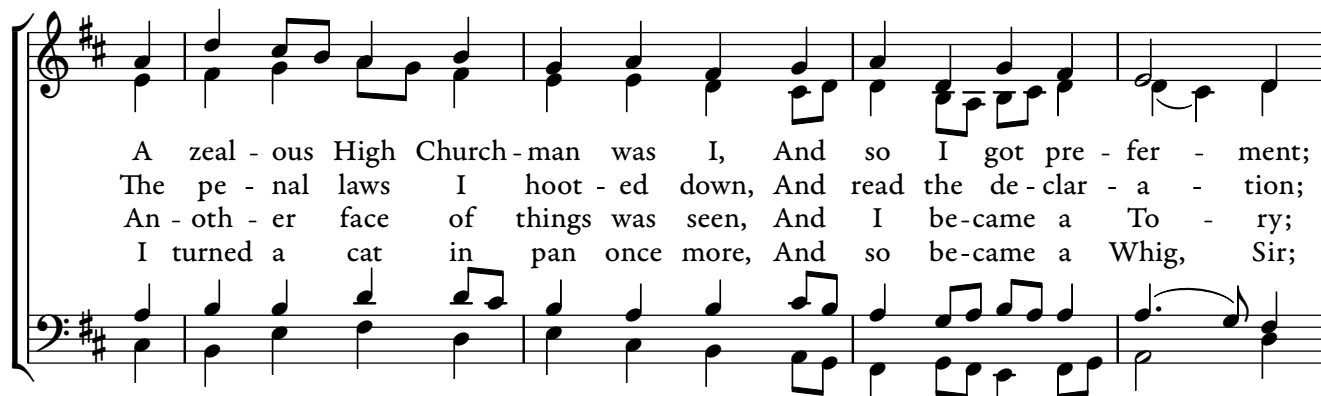
And my heart falls back to E - rin's Isle To the girl I left be - hind me.  
 That I prom - ised nev - er to gain - say The girl I left be - hind me.  
 My heart nigh broke when I an - swered, "No," To the girl I left be - hind me.  
 To Ire - land bound, nor mes - sage need From the girl I left be -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

## THE VICAR OF BRAY

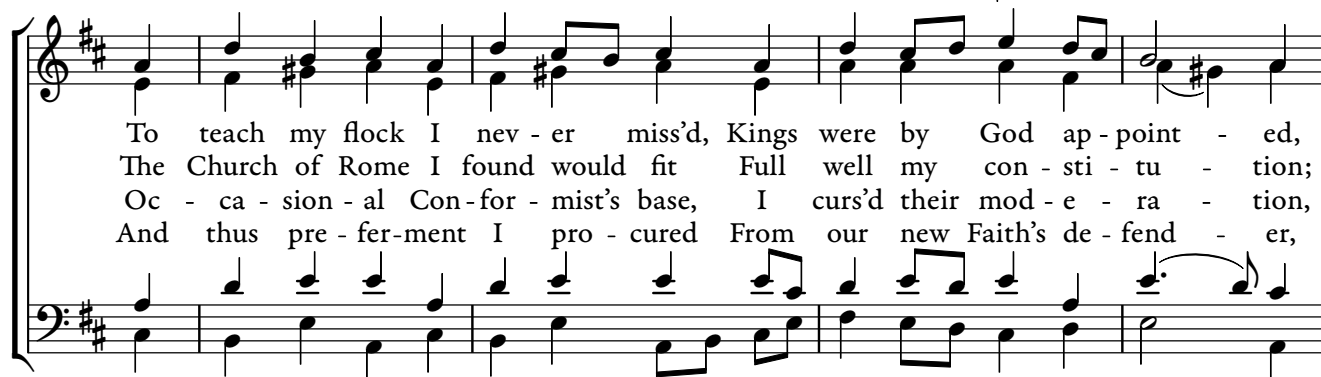
17th Century English Folk Song



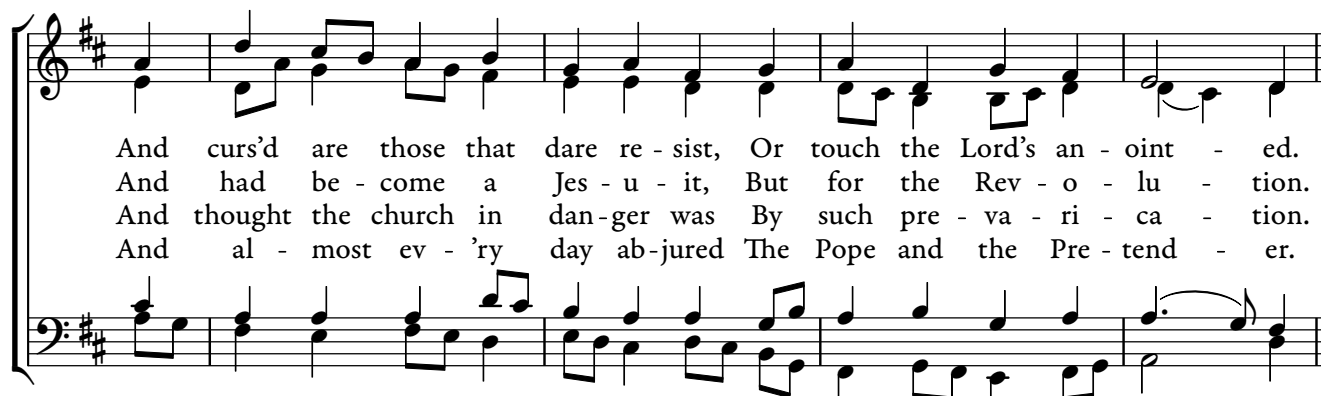
1. In good King Char-les's gold - en days, When loy - al - ty no harm meant,  
 2. When roy - al James ob - tain'd the crown, And Pop - 'ry came in fash - ion,  
 3. When gra - cious Anne be - came our Queen, The Church of Eng - land's glo - ry,  
 4. When George in pud - ding time came o'er, And mod - 'rate men looked big, Sir,



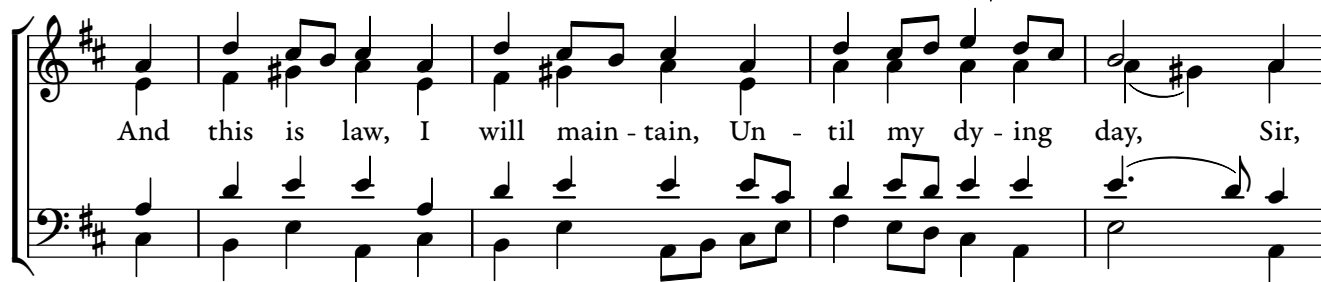
A zeal - ous High Church - man was I, And so I got pre - fer - ment;  
 The pe - nal laws I hoot - ed down, And read the de - clar - a - tion;  
 An - oth - er face of things was seen, And I be - came a To - ry;  
 I turned a cat in pan once more, And so be - came a Whig, Sir;



To teach my flock I nev - er miss'd, Kings were by God ap - point - ed,  
 The Church of Rome I found would fit Full well my con - sti - tu - tion;  
 Oc - ca - sion - al Con - for - mist's base, I curs'd their mod - e - ra - tion,  
 And thus pre - fer - ment I pro - cured From our new Faith's de - fend - er,



And curs'd are those that dare re - sist, Or touch the Lord's an - oint - ed.  
 And had be - come a Jes - u - it, But for the Rev - o - lu - tion.  
 And thought the church in dan - ger was By such pre - va - ri - ca - tion.  
 And al - most ev - 'ry day ab - jured The Pope and the Pre - tend - er.



And this is law, I will main - tain, Un - til my dy - ing day, Sir,



That what-so - ev - er King may reign, Still I'll be the Vi-car of Bray, Sir.

## DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN

Sir Edward Dyer (1543-1607)

Late 17th Century English Folk Song

1. Here's a health to the King, and a last - ing peace, To fac - tion an end, to  
 2. Let — charm - ing beau - ty's health go round, In whom ce - les - tial  
 3. In — smil - ing Bac - chus' joys I'll roll, De - ny — no plea - sure  
 4. May love and wine their rites main - tain, And their u - nit - ed

wealth in - crease; So come, let's drink it while we have breath, For there's no drink - ing  
 joys are found, And may con - fu - sion still pur - sue The self - ish wo - man  
 to my soul; Let Bac - chus' health round brisk - ly — move, For Bac - chus is a  
 plea - sure reign; While Bac - chus' trea - sure crowns the — board, We'll sing the joys that

af - ter death, And he that will this health de - ny, Down a - mong the dead men,  
 hat - ing crew; And they that wo - man's health de - ny, Down a - mong the dead men,  
 friend to love, And he that will this health de - ny, Down a - mong the dead men,  
 both af - ford; And they that won't with us com - ply, Down a - mong the dead men,

down among the dead men, Down, down, down, down, Down among the dead men let him lie!  
 down among the dead men, Down, down, down, down, Down among the dead men let them lie!  
 down among the dead men, Down, down, down, down, Down among the dead men let him lie!  
 down among the dead men, Down, down, down, down, Down among the dead men let them lie!

# HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN OF BASHFUL FIFTEEN

from *The School for Scandal*, by Richard Sheridan (1751–1816)

Thomas Linley (1725–1795)

Fine

5

1. Here's to the maid - en of bash - ful fif - teen,      Here's to the wid - ow of fif - ty;  
 2. Here's to the charm - er whose dim - ples we prize,      Now to the maid who has none, Sir;  
 3. Here's to the maid with a bo - som of snow, Now to her that's as brown as a ber - ry;  
 4. Let her be clum - sy or let her be slim, Young or an - cient I care not a fea - ther.

9

Here's to the flaunt - ing, ex - trav - a - gant queen, And here's to the house - wife who's thrift - y.  
 Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes, And here's to the nymph with but one, Sir.  
 Here's to the wife with a face full of woe! And here's to the dam - sel that's mer - ry.  
 Fill up your glass - es quite up to the brim, And let us e'en toast them to - geth - er.

13

Let the toast pass, drink to the lass; I war - rant she'll prove an ex - cuse for the glass.

17

Let the toast pass, drink to the lass; I war - rant she'll prove an ex - cuse for the glass.

# GOOD BYE, MY LADY LOVE

Joseph E. Howard (1878-1961)

1. So— you're going a - way— Be-cause your heart— has gone a - stray,  
 Go— to him you love,— And be as true— as stars a - bove;  
 2. When— the dew-drops fall,— 'Tis then your heart,— I know, will call.  
 But— if you must go,— Re-mem - ber, dear,— I love you so,

And— you prom-ised me— That you would al - ways faith - ful be.—  
 But— your heart will yearn,— And then some day you will re - turn.—  
 So— be - ware, my dove,— Don't trust your life to some false love.—  
 Sure— as stars do shine,— You'll think of when I called you mine.—

Good bye, my la-dy love, Fare-well, my tur-tle - dove, You are the i - dol and

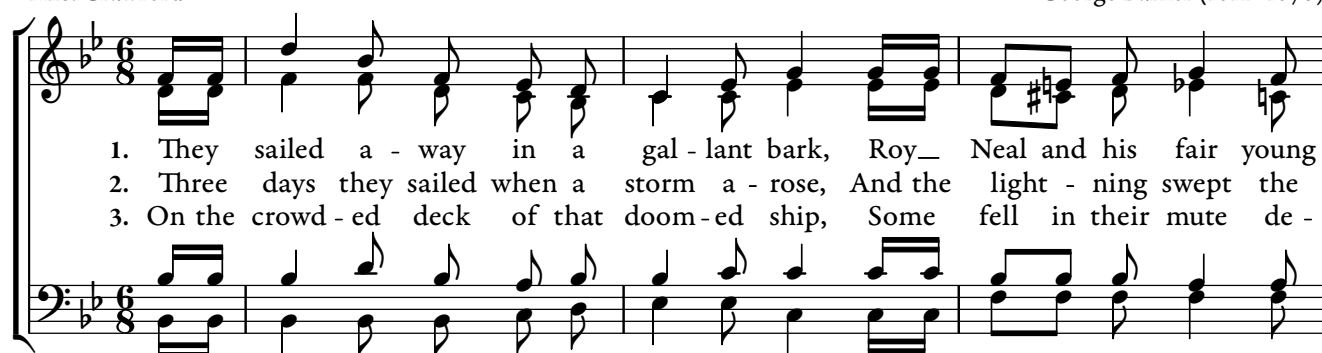
dar-ling of my heart, But some day you will come back to me, And love me

ten-der - ly, So good bye, my la - dy love, good bye.

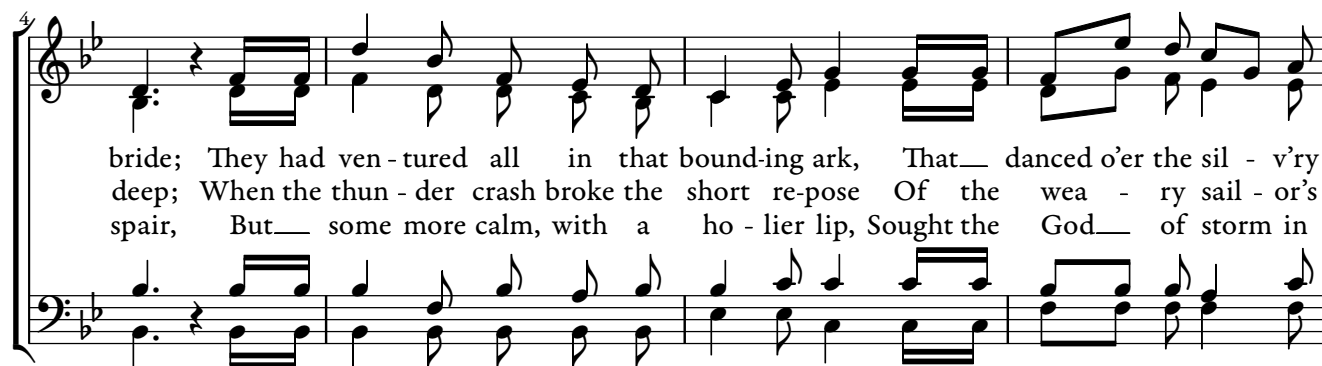
## DUBLIN BAY

Mrs. Crawford

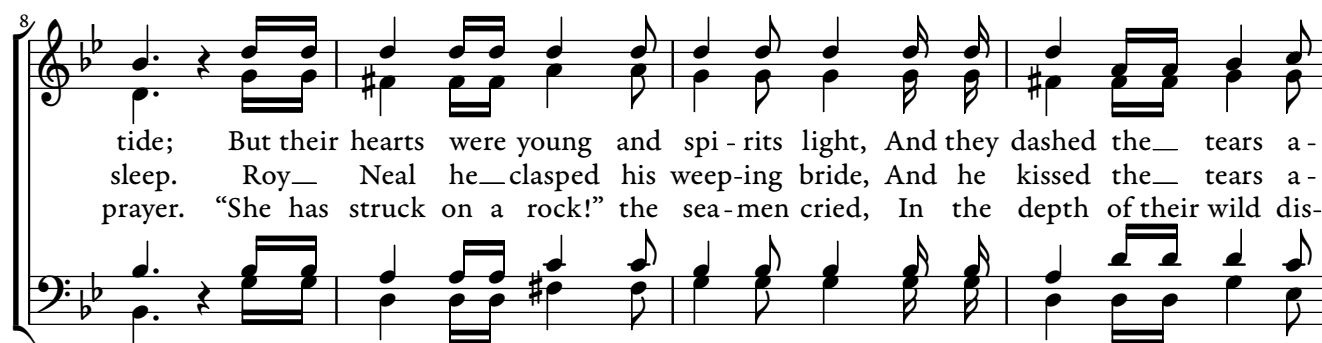
George Barker (1812-1876)



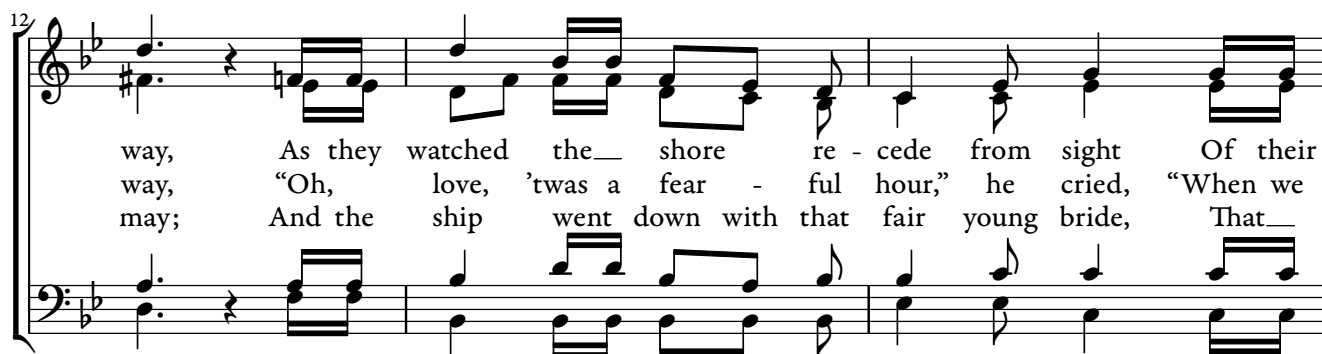
1. They sailed a-way in a gal-lant bark, Roy\_ Neal and his fair young  
2. Three days they sailed when a storm a-rose, And the light-ning swept the  
3. On the crowd-ed deck of that doom-ed ship, Some fell in their mute de-



bride; They had ven-tured all in that bound-ing ark, That\_ danced o'er the sil-v'ry  
deep; When the thun-der crash broke the short re-pose Of the wea-ry sail-or's  
spair, But\_ some more calm, with a ho-li-er lip, Sought the God\_ of storm in



tide; But their hearts were young and spi-rits light, And they dashed the\_ tears a-sleep.  
Roy\_ Neal he\_ clasped his weep-ing bride, And he kissed the\_ tears a-prayer.  
'She has struck on a rock!' the sea-men cried, In the depth of their wild dis-



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\_



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

# DARBY AND JOAN

Frederic Weatherly (1848–1929)

James Lynam Molloy (1837–1909)

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

Shad-ow and sun for ev - 'ry one as the years roll on: Dar-by dear, when the  
 Un - til you whis-pered, "Heav'n knows best!" and my heart found rest; Dar-by dear, 'twas your  
 Shad-ow and sun for ev - 'ry - one as the years roll on: Hand in hand when the

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

"Things will be bet-ter, sweet wife, a - gain!"  
 Life— grew bet-ter and Heav'n more near: Al-ways the same, Dar-by my own,  
 Love will be with us for - ev - er then:

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

## THE MIDSHPMITE

Frederic Weatherly (1848–1929)

Stephen Adams (1841–1913)

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

got the Roo - shan lines in sight, When up comes a lit - tle Mid - ship-mite,  
 lub - bers might ha' heard us shout, As the Mid - dy cried, "Now, my lads, put a - bout."  
 make for the boat, never mind for me!" "We'll take 'ee back, sir or die," says we,

Cheer-i - ly my lads yo - ho! "Who'll go a - shore to - night,"— says he, "An'—  
 Cheer-i - ly my lads yo - ho! "We made for the guns, an' we ram'd 'em tight, But the  
 Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo - ho! "So we hoist-ed him in, in a ter - ri - ble plight, An' we

spike their guns a - long wi' me?" "Why, bless 'ee, sir, come a - long!" says we,  
 mus - ket shots came left and right, An' down drops the poor lit - tle Mid - ship-mite,  
 pull'd ev-'ry man with all his might, An' saved the poor lit - tle Mid - ship-mite,

Cheer-i - ly my lads yo - ho! Cheer-i - ly my lads yo - ho! With a

23 *a tempo* *rall.* 103

long, long pull, An' a strong, strong pull, Gai-ly boys, make her go!— An' we'll

31

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

John Howard Payne (1791–1852)

## HOME SWEET HOME

Sir Henry Rowley Bishop (1786–1855)

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

hum-ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hal-low us  
moth-er now thinks of her child; As she looks on that moon from our own cottage  
low-ly thatched cot-tage a-gain; The birds sing-ing gai-ly, that came at my

12

there, Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with else-where.  
door Through the wood-bine whose fra-grance shall cheer me no more. Home,  
call; Give me them and that peace of mind, dear-er than all.

18

home, home, sweet home, There's no place like home, Oh there's no place like home.

## NANCY LEE

Frederic Weatherly (1848–1929)

Stephen Adams (1841–1913)

— wives as e'er you — lads, ho! Yeo-ho! yeo-ho! There's none like  
 bor's past, the breez-es — lads, ho! Yeo-ho! yeo-ho! 'Tis long ere  
 's'n pipes the watch be - — lads, ho! Yeo-ho! yeo-ho! Then here's a

## Frederic Weatherly (1848–1929)

1. He  
 2. Bright  
 4. But v  
*Sing 4th verse slow*





# SAVED FROM THE STORM

Frederic Weatherly (1848–1929)

Odoardo Barri (1844–1920)

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

Ma-rin-er 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-vi-tas Sal-va, Do-mi-ne, Na-vi-tas Sal-va,

Do - mi-ne. 2. It was a night of ter-ror, Wild, wild was the sea! He in the storm is

drift-ing, Watching in prayer is she, Watching in prayer is she, Sweet heart! sweet heart! And



# THE GOSLINGS

## HUMOROUS PART-SONG FOR MEN'S VOICES

Frederic Weatherly (1848-1929)

John Frederick Bridge (1844-1924)

**Allegro con moto***stac.**dolce e legato.*

1. She was a pretty lit-tle gosling, And a gay young gosling he; And, "I love you," he said, "so

The first system of the musical score for 'The Goslings' features a treble and bass staff in common time. The treble staff begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a staccato (*stac.*) marking. It contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

dear - ly;" And, "I love you too," said she. But, "a - las! we must part," He whispered, "I'm

The second system continues the melody in the treble staff, marked *cres. con espress.* (crescendo with expression). It includes a piano (*pp*) dynamic marking followed by a forte (*f*) dynamic. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

off to the world so wide; But love, don't fear, I'll come next year And make you, and make you

The third system begins with a *rall.* (rallentando) marking and a piano (*p*) dynamic. It transitions to a *tempo a la marcia.* (march tempo) marking and a forte (*f*) dynamic. The treble staff features a more active melody with some grace notes. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

my — lit-tle bride."

ACCOMP.

The fourth system is marked *tr* (trill) and *ACCOMP.* (accompaniment). The treble staff features a trill on a high note. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

2. 'Twas Michael-mas day at morn-ing, That he came home, once more, He met his true love's

The fifth system begins with a *stac.* (staccato) marking and a piano (*p*) dynamic. It includes a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. The treble staff features a melody with some grace notes. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

28 *cres. con espress.*

mo - ther, And oh! she was weeping sore. "Too late, you've come," she whispered, "They've

33 *rall.* *tempo a la marcia.*

tak-en your love a - way, She never will be your bride, ah, me! For she's go-ing, she's going to be

39 *ACCOMP.* *stac.*

cooked to-day!" 3. Then up he went to the

46

farm-house: "Where is my love?" he said; But the far-mer's wife she seized a knife And

51 *cres. con espress.* *rall.*

cut off his lit-tle head. And she served him up With his true love, On a dish so deep and

56 *Grave.* *Maestoso.* *molto rall.*

wide, So though in life they were part - ed, In death they were side by side.

So though they were

# THE LITTLE TIN SOLDIER

Frederic Weatherly (1848–1929)

James Lynam Molloy (1837–1909)

1. He was a lit-tle tin sol-dier, One lit-tle leg— had he; She was a lit-tle fai-ry  
 2. Once as he watch'd his rose-love, Winds from the north did blow, Swept him out of the  
 3. Once more he sees his rose-love, Still she is danc-ing gay, He is— worn and

danc-er, Bright as— bright could be. She had a cas-tle and gar-den,  
 case-ment Down to a stream be-low. True to his lit-tle— la-dy,  
 fad-ed, Loy-al— still for aye. Then came a hand that swept them,

He but an old box— dim; She was a dain-ty— rose-love,  
 Still he— shoul-dered his gun; Soon, ah,— soon came the dark-ness,  
 In-to a fur-nace— wide, Part-ed in life, in— dy-ing

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

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

# SWEET GENEVIEVE

George Cooper (1840-1927)

Henry Tucker (1826-1882)

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

The rose of youth was dew - im-pearled, 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

*CODA ad lib.*  
 still the hands of mem - 'ry weave The bliss - ful dreams of long a-go. O Gen - e-vieve!

# BRIDE BELLS

Frederic Weatherly (1848–1929)

Joseph Leopold Röckel (1838–1923)

1. Maid El-sie roams by lane and lea, Her heart beats low and sad, Her thoughts are far a-  
 3. A year by seas, a year by lands, A year since then has died. And El - sie at the

way at sea, With her bon-nie sai-lor lad, With her bonnie sai-lor lad. But Kling, lang,  
 al-tar stands, With her sai-lor at her side, With her sai-lor at her side, While Kling, lang,

ling, She seems to hear her bride bells ring, Kling, lang, ling, Kling, lang,  
 ling, Their bon-nie bride bells gai-ly ring, Kling, lang, ling, Kling, lang,

ling, She seems to hear her bride bells ring, her bride bells ring!  
 ling, 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 as the stream-ing

115

30

*molto rit.* *p*

deck he trod, He thought of her at home, He thought of her at home; While Kling, lang,

36

*mf* *pp*

ling, He seem'd to hear his home bells ring! Kling, lang, ling, Kling, lang,

42

*f*

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

## GAUDEAMUS HODIE

(ROUND)

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

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

## EGO SUM PAUPER

(ROUND)

2 3

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

# JAMIE'S ON THE STORMY SEA

Bernard Covert, 1847

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

Sang a lone - ly maid - en, sit - ting Un - der-neath her thres - hold tree;  
 Earth with beau - ty o - ver - flow-ing, Seemed the home of love to be.  
 And the last red ray seemed cling-ing, Lin - g'ring - ly to tower and tree;  
 Gent - ly blow, and bear him o - ver To his own dear home and me;  
 Sweet - ly woo - ing heav'n to bring her Ja - mie from the storm - y sea;

And, ere day - light died be - fore us, And the ves - per stars shone o'er us,  
 As those an - gel tones as - cend-ing, With the scene and sea - son blend-ing,  
 Near - er as I came, and near - er, Fin - er rose the notes and clear - er!  
 For, when night winds bend the wil - low, Sleep for-sakes my lone - ly pil - low,  
 And while yet her lips did name me, Forth I sprang, my heart o'er - came me;

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!"

# THE BIRDS' BALL

Septimus Winner (1827-1902)

1. Spring once said to the night - in - gale, — I mean to give you —  
 2. Soon they came from the bush and tree, — Sing - ing sweet their  
 3. The Wren and Cuck - oo — danced for life, — The ra - ven waltzed with the  
 4. A Wood - pecker came from his hole in the tree, — And brought his bill to the  
 5. They danced all day till the sun was low, 'Till the moth - er birds pre -

birds a ball; — Pray, ma'am ask the — bird - ies all, — The  
 songs of glee: — Each one fresh from its co - zy nest, —  
 yellow - bird's wife, The — awk - ward owl and the bash - ful jay, —  
 com - pa - ny, For the cher - ries ripe and the ber - ries red; 'Twas a  
 pared to go, When one and all both great and small, — Flew

birds and — bird - ies, — great and small.  
 Each one — dressed in its Sun - day best.  
 Wished each other a — "very good day." Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la,  
 very long — bill so the bird - ies said.  
 home to their nests from the bird - ies' ball.

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.

# LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD

Septimus Winner (1827-1902) and Richard Milburn

1. I'm dream-ing 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,—

I'm dream-ing now of my Hal-lie,— For the thought of her is one that nev-er  
 Ah! well I can yet re-mem-ber,— 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

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

sleeping here in the val-ley,— And the mocking bird is singing where she lies.  
 in the mild mid-September, And the mocking bird was singing far and wide. Listen to the  
 feel like one so for-sak-en,— Since my Hal-lie is no long-er with me now.

mocking bird, Listen to the mocking bird, The mocking bird still singing o'er her grave; Listen to the

21 119

mock-ing bird, Listen to the mock-ing bird, Still sing-ing where the weep-ing willows wave.

## THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Stephen Foster (1826-1864)

1. Way down up - on the Swa - nee riv - er, Far, far a - way.  
All up and down the whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,  
2. All round the lit - tle farm I wan-dered, When I was young,  
When I was play - ing with my broth - er, Hap - py was I,  
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong the bush - es, One that I love,

5

There's where my heart is turn - ing ev - er There's where the old folks stay.  
Still long-ing for the old plan - ta - tion, And for the old folks at home.  
Then ma - ny hap-py days I squan-dered, Ma - ny the songs I sung.  
Oh! take me to my kind, old moth - er, There let me live and die.  
Still sad - ly to my 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 dark-ies, how my heart grows wear-y, Far from the old folks at home.

## FAIRY BELLE

Stephen Foster (1826-1864)

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 sound of her light step may be  
 laughs in the sun - light and smiles while in her dreams, Her hair like the this - tle down is  
 eye full of love is now beam - ing on my soul. The sound of that gen - tle voice, the

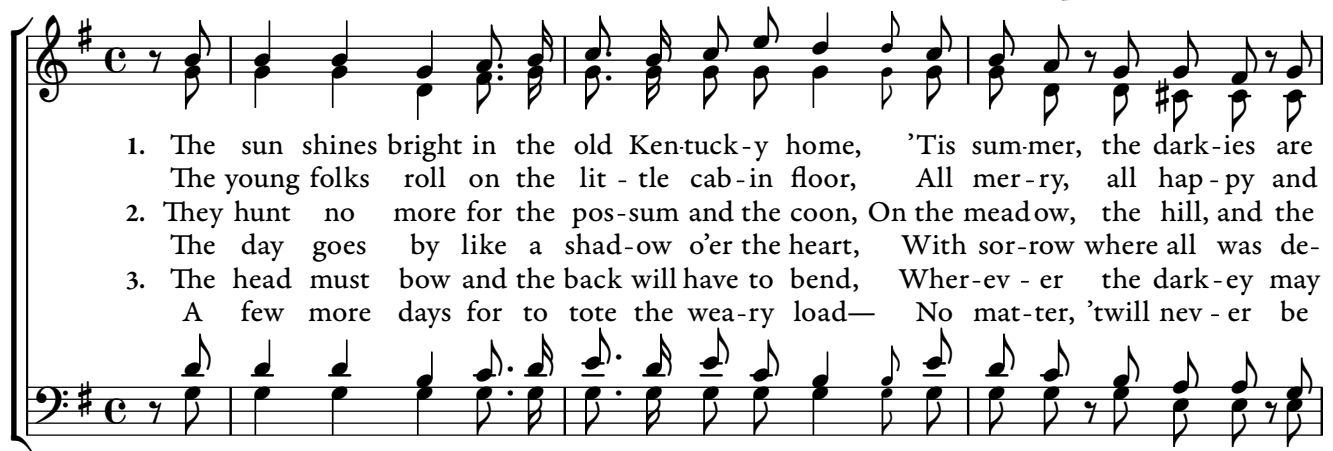
heard up-on the hill Like the fall of the snow-drop or the drip-ping of the rill.  
 borne up-on the air, And her heart, like the hum-ming bird's, is free from ev - 'ry care.  
 glance of that eye, Sur - round me with rap - ture that no oth - er heart could sigh.

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

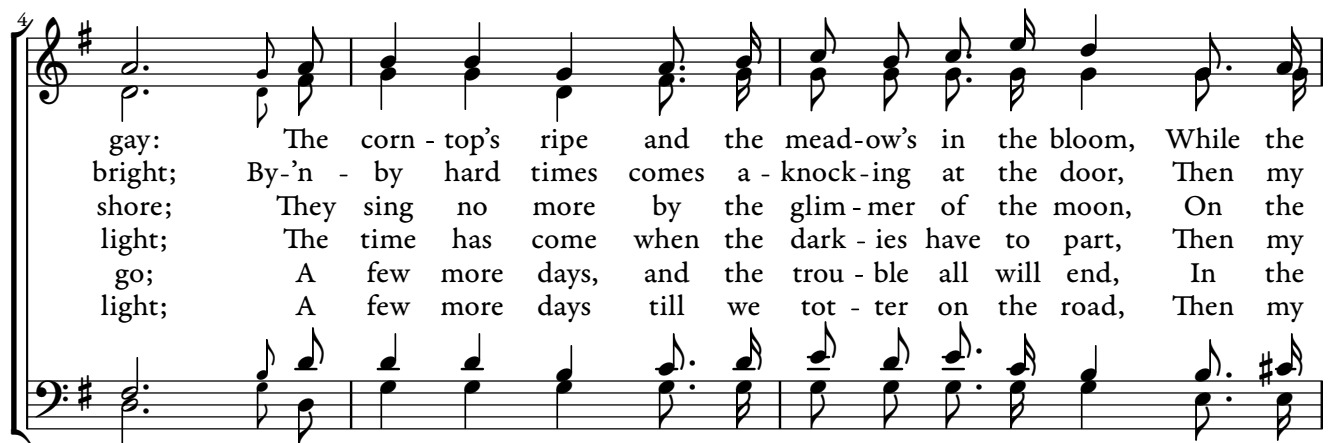
Fair - y Belle, the queen of all the dell, Long may she rev-el on her bright sun-ny way.

# MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

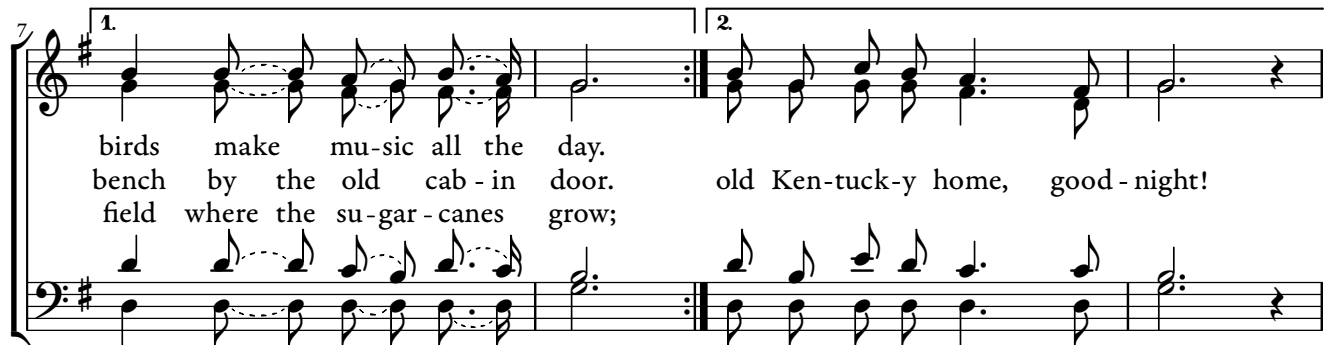
Stephen Foster (1826-1864)



1. The sun shines bright in the old Kentuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are  
The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and  
2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the meadow, the hill, and the  
The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor-row where all was de-  
3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-ev-er the dark-ey may  
A few more days for to tote the wea-ry load— No mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be

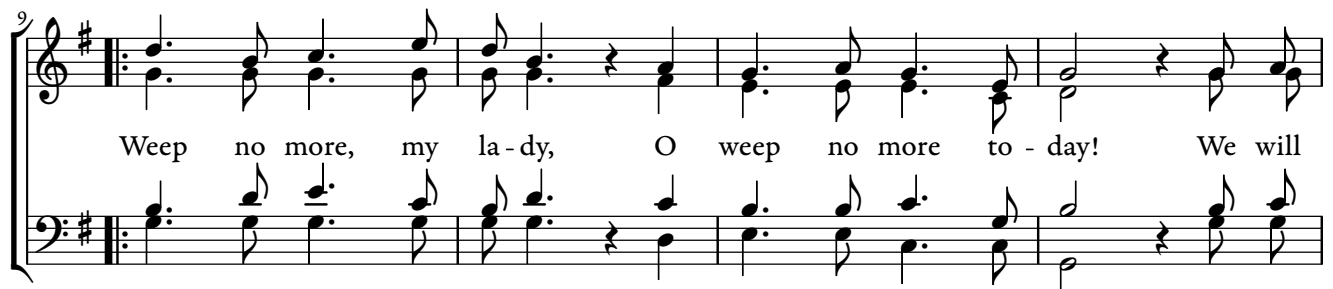


gay: The corn-top's ripe and the mead-ow's in the bloom, While the  
bright; By-'n-by hard times comes a-knock-ing at the door, Then my  
shore; They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the  
light; The time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then my  
go; A few more days, and the trou-ble all will end, In the  
light; A few more days till we tot-ter on the road, Then my

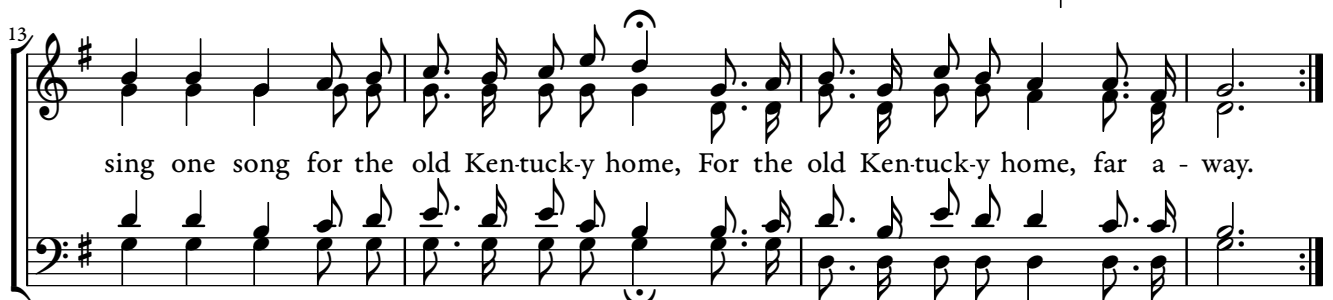


1. birds make mu-sic all the day.  
bench by the old cab-in door. old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!  
field where the su-gar-canes grow;

2.



Weep no more, my la-dy, O weep no more to-day! We will



13 sing one song for the old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Ken-tuck-y home, far a-way.

## HARD TIMES

Stephen Foster (1826-1864)

1. Let us pause in life's plea-sures 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 song that will lin - ger for -  
 frail forms - faint - ing at the door: Though their voic - es are si - lent, their  
 worn heart whose bet - ter days are o'er; Though her voice would be mer - ry, 'tis  
 wail that is heard up - on the shore, 'Tis a dirge that is mur - mured a -

ev - er in our ears; Oh! Hard Times, come a - gain no more.  
 plead - ing looks will say: Oh! Hard Times, come a - gain no more.  
 sigh - ing all the day: Oh! Hard Times, come a - gain no more.  
 round the low - ly grave: Oh! Hard Times, come a - gain no more.

'Tis the song, the sigh of the wea - ry; Hard Times, Hard Times, come a - gain no more: Ma - ny

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



# HAPPY HOURS AT HOME

Stephen Foster (1826-1864)

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

calm - ly dream as the dim hours glide, Of ma-n-y plea-sant scenes now gone; Of our  
 clear young voice of our house-hold pride Makes mel-o - dy that's dear to me. And by

health-ful plays in my school-boy days, That can nev-er come a-gain; Of our summer joys and our  
 ev - 'ry art that can charm the heart, They al-lure my cares a-way, To pre-pare my soul as the

Christ-mas toys, And rambles o'er the stream-let and plain. Happy hours at home!  
 swift hours roll, For the du-ties of the bright coming day. Happy hours at

Hap-py hours at home! How the moments glide by the bright fireside, In the happy hours at home.  
 home!

## 'TWERE VAIN TO TELL

J. A. Wade (1800-1875)

Swiss Air

1. 'Twere vain to tell thee all I feel, — Or say for thee I'd die, or say for  
 2. Thou'st oft - en called my voice a 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.

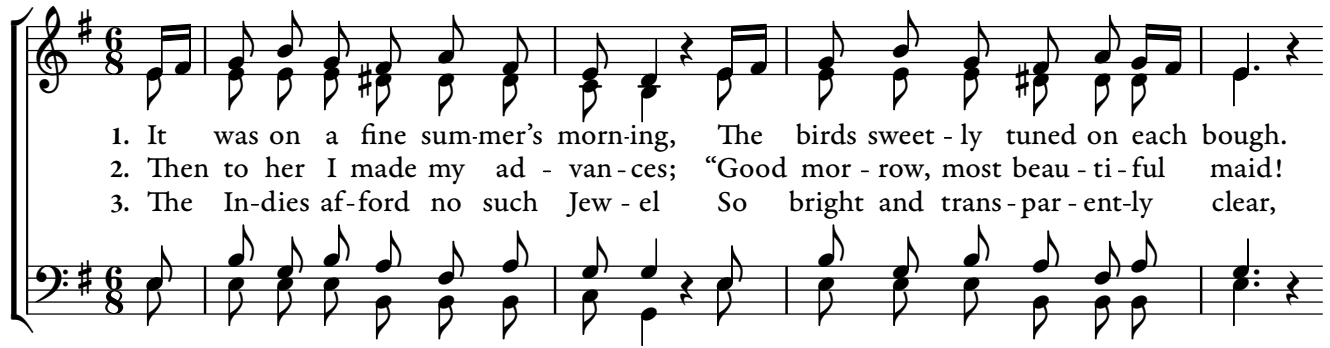
mel - o - dy Could nev - er, nev - er say one half my love for thee, Then let me

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

# THE PRETTY GIRL MILKING HER COW

COLLEEN DHAS CRUTHEN NA MOE

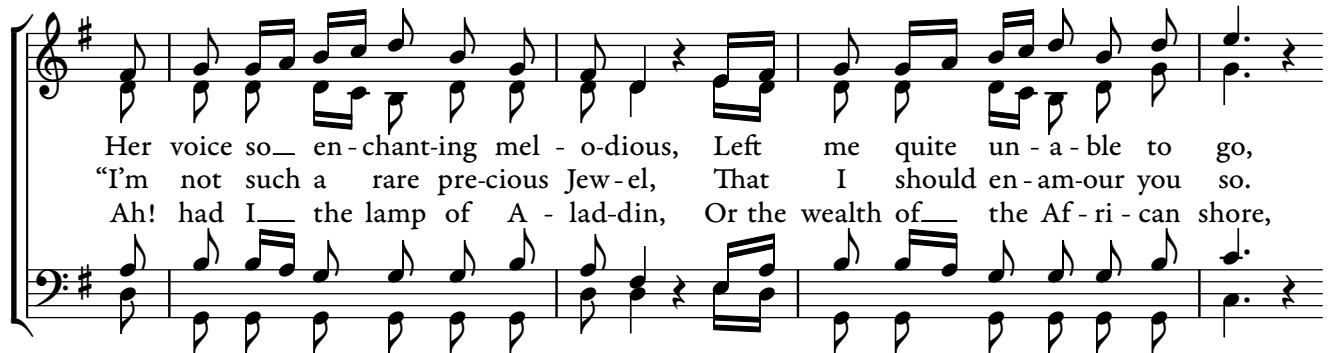
Folk Song



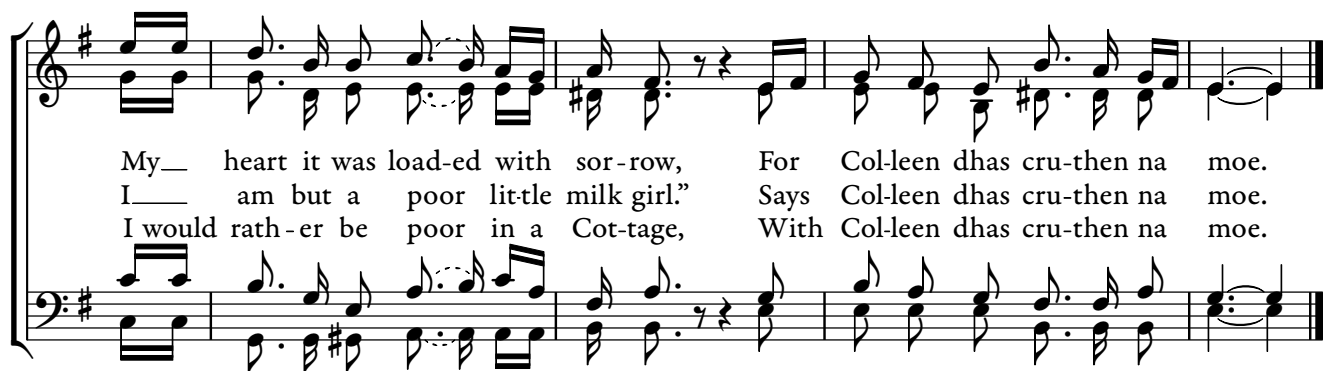
1. It was on a fine sum-mer's morn-ing, The birds sweet - ly tuned on each bough.  
 2. Then to her I made my ad - van - ces; "Good mor - row, most beau - ti - ful maid!  
 3. The In-dies af-ford no such Jew - el So bright and trans-par - ent-ly clear,



And as I walk'd out for my plea-sure, I saw a maid milk-ing her cow.  
 Your beau-ty my heart so en - tran - ces," "Pray Sir, do not ban - ter," she said,  
 Ah! do not add flame to my fu - el! Con-sent but to love me, my dear.



Her voice so en-chant-ing mel - o-dious, Left me quite un - a - ble to go,  
 "I'm not such a rare pre-cious Jew-el, That I should en-am-our you so.  
 Ah! had I the lamp of A - lad-din, Or the wealth of the Af - ri - can shore,



My heart it was load-ed with sor-row, For Col-leen dhas cru-then na moe.  
 I am but a poor lit-tle milk girl." Says Col-leen dhas cru-then na moe.  
 I would rath-er be poor in a Cot-tage, With Col-leen dhas cru-then na moe.

# MERRILY SING

James Henry Fillmore (1849-1936)

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 join our cheer-ful, hap-py  
 night with mu-sic's grand-est lays; mer-ri-ly sing; Sing-ing will bless and bright-en all our

throng, merri-ly sing, merri-ly sing, merrily, merri-ly, merri-ly sing. Chase away all care and  
 days, merri-ly sing, merri-ly sing, merrily, merri-ly, merri-ly sing. Mu-sic is a gold-en

Chase away all  
 Mu-sic is a

sad-ness, Swell the an-them loud and long; Lift your hearts to joy and  
 trea-sure, Beau-ty dwells in ev-'ry sound; Joy is found in ev-'ry

care and sad-ness, Swell the an-them loud and long; Lift your hearts to  
 gold-en trea-sure, Beau-ty dwells in ev-'ry sound; Joy is found in

14 127

glad - ness With the ech - oes of our song;  
mea - sure, Let its plea - sures now a - bound; Then sing our hap - py eve - ning  
joy and glad - ness  
ev - 'ry mea - sure,

18

song, mer - ri - ly sing, Cheer - i - ly now the joy - ful notes pro - long, mer - ri - ly sing; Heart - i - ly

21

join our cheer - ful, hap - py throng, mer - ri - ly sing, mer - ri - ly sing, merrily, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly sing.

## GOOD NIGHT LADIES

1. Good night, ladies! Good night, ladies! Good night, ladies! We're going to leave you now.  
2. Fare - well, ladies! Fare - well, ladies! Fare - well, ladies! We're going to leave you now.  
3. Sweet dreams, ladies! Sweet dreams, ladies! Sweet dreams, ladies! We're going to leave you now.

## OH MY LOVE

(ROUND)

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

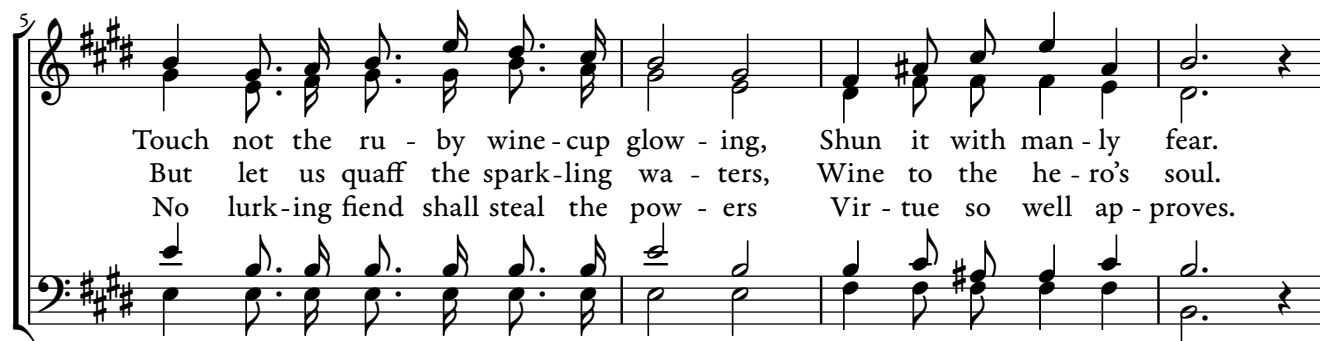
# THE MARCH OF PROHIBITION

M. Rebecca Darr

Jas. L. Orr



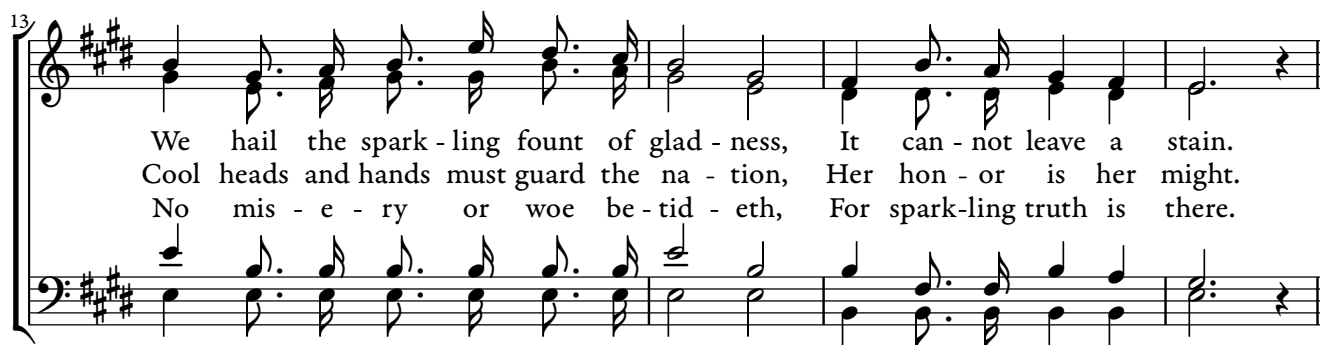
1. Hail to the crys - tal foun - tain flow - ing Pure, bright and clear;  
 2. Let not Co - lum - bia's sons and daugh - ters The wine ex - tol;  
 3. No lur - ing blush shall chain the hours — That Free - dom loves;



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.



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;



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 spark - ling truth is there.



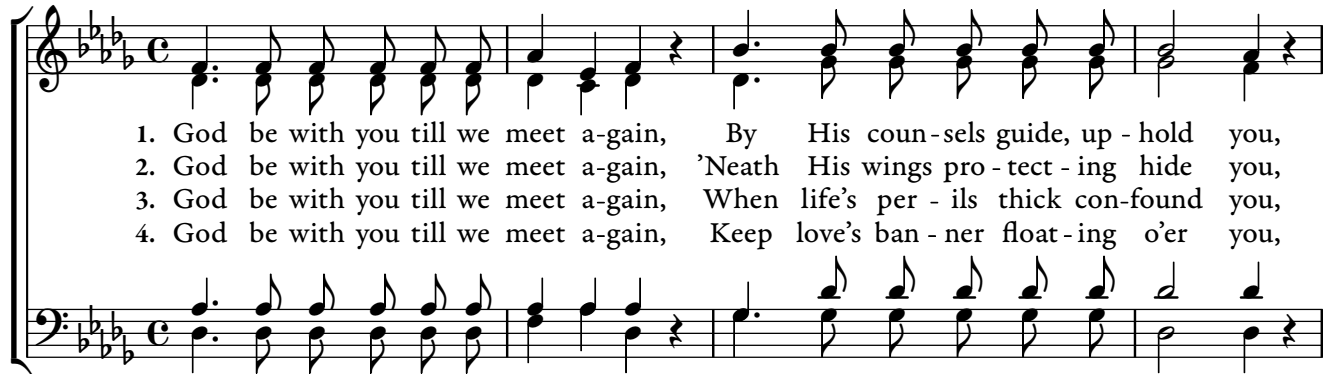
Hail the march of Pro - hi - bi - tion! May its ban - ner float,



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

## GOD BE WITH YOU TILL WE MEET AGAIN

William G. Tomer (1833-1896)



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



With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain,  
 Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain,  
 Put His arms un - fail - ing 'round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain,  
 Smite death's threat-'ning wave be - fore you, God be with you till we meet a-gain,



Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;  
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet



Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

# A WARRIOR BOLD

Edwin Thomas

Stephen Adams (1841-1913)

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

war - rior bold, with spurs of gold, Sang mer - ri - ly his lay, Sang mer - ri - ly his  
fought the fight, but ere the night, His soul had passed a - way, His soul had passed a -

lay: "My love is young and fair, My love hath gold - en hair, And eyes so blue, and  
way. The plight-ed ring he wore, Was crushed, and wet with gore, Yet ere he died, he

heart so true, That none with her com - pare, So what care I, though death be nigh, I'll  
brave-ly cried, "I kept the vow I swore, So what care I, though death be nigh, I've

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



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death be nigh, I've fought for love, I've fought for love, I've fought for love, For love, for love I die."

## RULE BRITANNIA

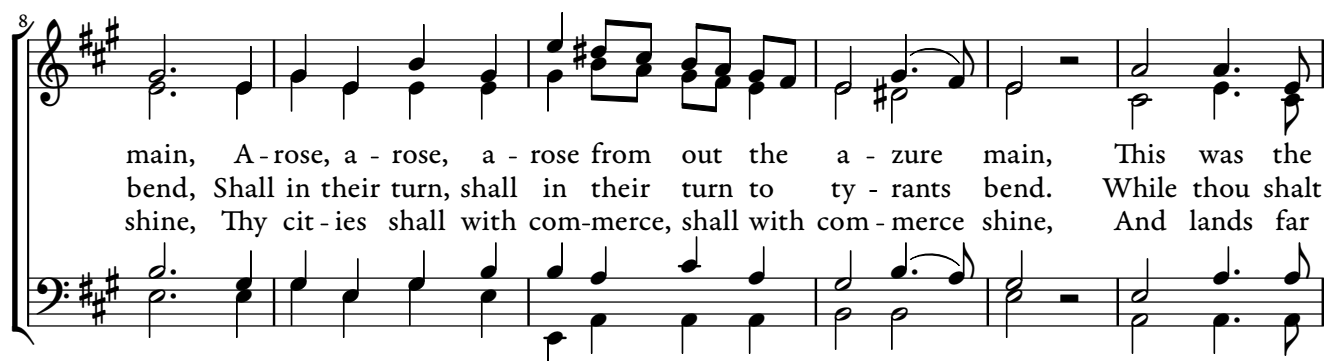
James Thomson (1700-1748)

Thomas Arne (1710-1778)



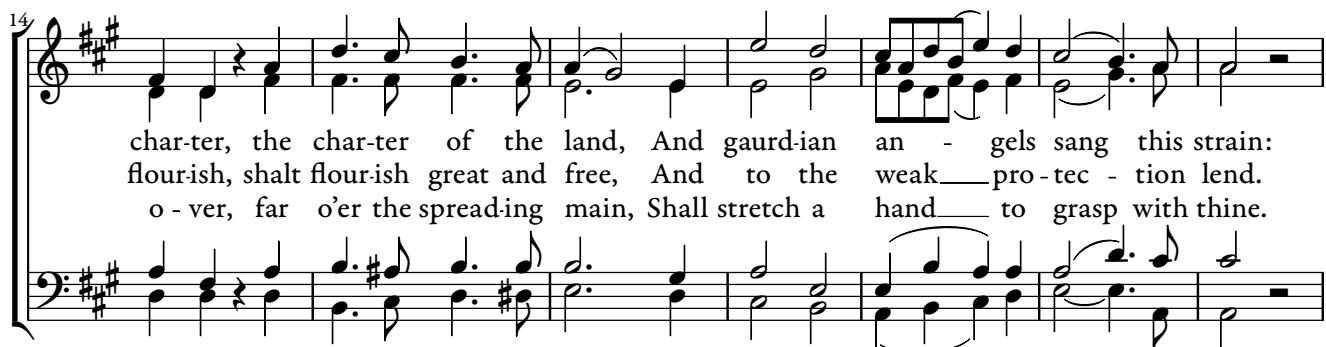
1. When Britain first at Heav'n's command, A - rose from out the a - zure  
2. The nations not so blest as thee, Shall in their turn to ty - rants  
3. To thee be - longs the ru - ral reign, Thy cit - ies shall with com - merce

8



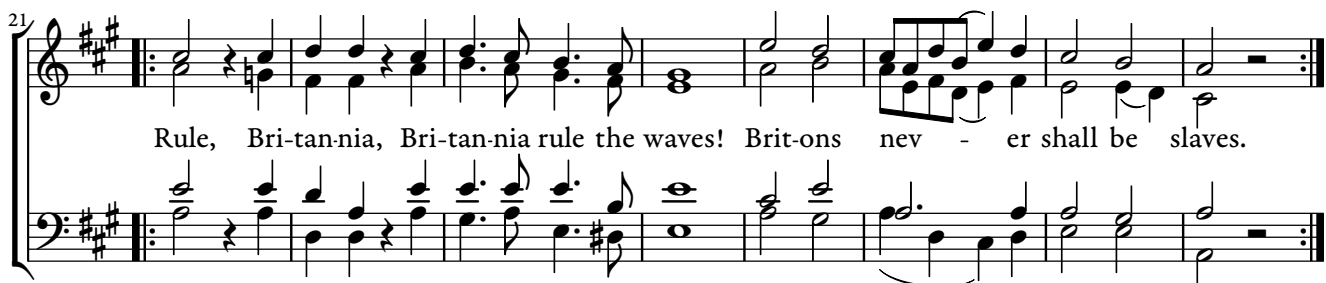
main, A-rose, a - rose, a - rose from out the a - zure main, This was the  
bend, Shall in their turn, shall in their turn to ty - rants bend. While thou shalt  
shine, Thy cit - ies shall with com-merce, shall with com - merce shine, And lands far

14



char-ter, the char-ter of the land, And gaurd-ian an - gels sang this strain:  
flour-ish, shalt flour-ish great and free, And to the weak pro - tec - tion lend.  
o - ver, far o'er the spread-ing main, Shall stretch a hand to grasp with thine.

21



Rule, Bri-tannia, Bri-tan-nia rule the waves! Brit-ons nev - er shall be slaves.

## THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

James W. Blake (1862-1935)

Charles B. Lawlor (1852-1925)

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," —

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 - 'ers, — But they all feel just like me; —

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

"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. —

East side, West side, — all a-round the town, — The tots sang "ring a-round

ros-ie" "Lon-don Bridge is fall-ing down;" Boys and girls to-geth-er, — Me and

54

Mamie O' - Rourke, Tripped the light fan-tastic, on the sidewalks of New York.—

## FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW

(WE WON'T GO HOME UNTIL MORNING)

Folk Song

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

5

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

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

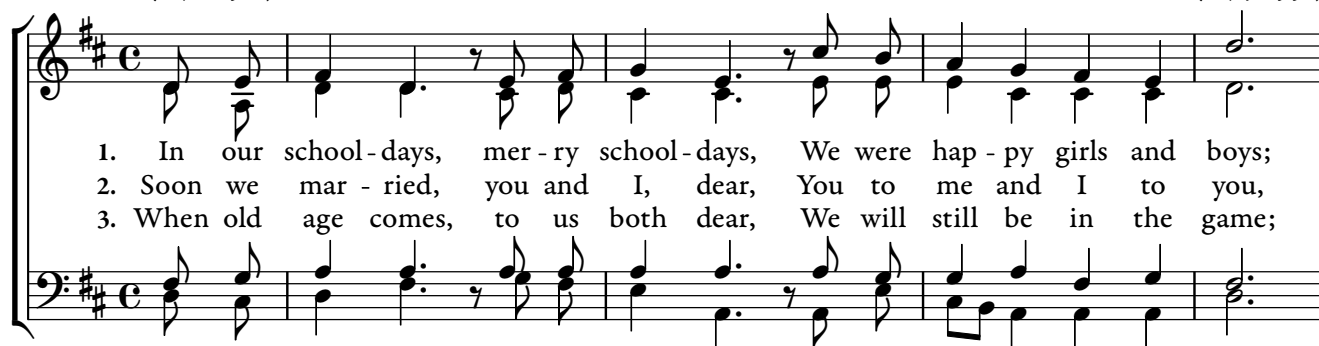
16

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

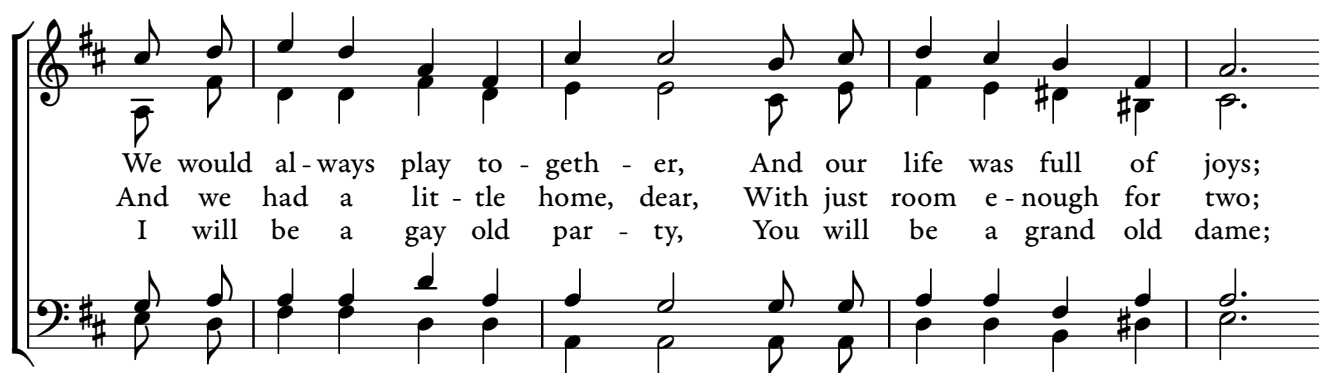
# IT'S DELIGHTFUL TO BE MARRIED!

Anna Held (1872-1918)

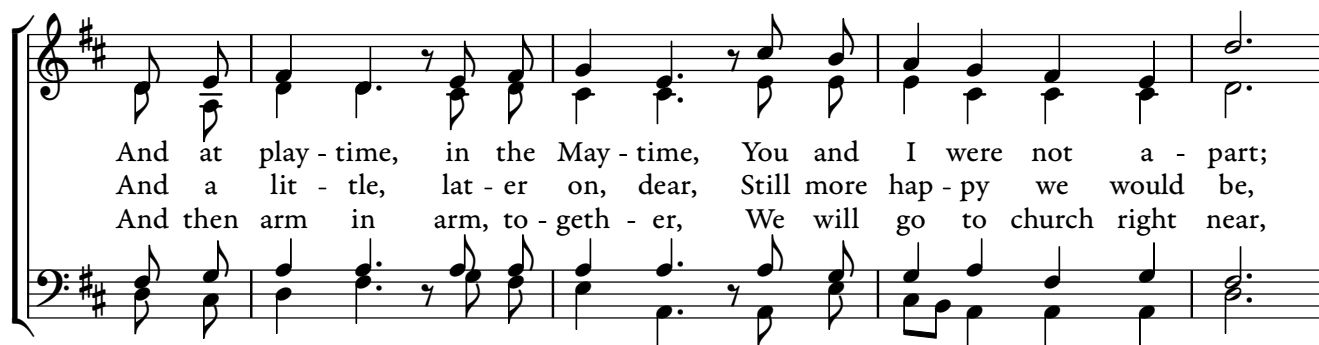
Vincent Scotto (1874-1952)



1. In our school-days, mer-ry school-days, We were hap-py girls and boys;  
 2. Soon we mar-ried, you and I, dear, You to me and I to you,  
 3. When old age comes, to us both dear, We will still be in the game;



We would al-ways play to-geth-er, And our life was full of joys;  
 And we had a lit-tle home, dear, With just room e-nough for two;  
 I will be a gay old par-ty, You will be a grand old dame;



And at play-time, in the May-time, You and I were not a-part;  
 And a lit-tle, lat-er on, dear, Still more hap-py we would be,  
 And then arm in arm, to-geth-er, We will go to church right near,



I was then your school-boy lov-er, You, my lit-tle girl sweet-heart.  
 For we found our ti-ny cot-tage, Was a-bout the size for three.  
 You will call me your old dar-ling, I will call you my old dear.

We were go - ing to be mar - ried, To be, to be, to be, to be, to be  
It's de - light - ful to be mar - ried! To be, to be, to be, to be, to be  
It's de - light - ful to be mar - ried! To be, to be, to be, to be, to be

mar - ried, When we old - er grew and bold - er, Then a lit - tle while we  
mar - ried! There is noth - ing half so jol - ly, As a hap - py wed - ded  
mar - ried! For the heart won't be un - ru - ly, If it real - ly loves one

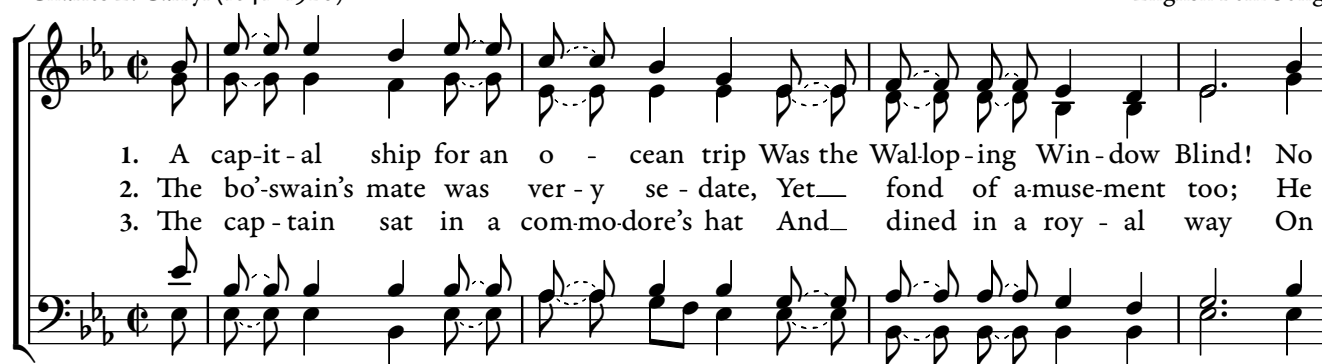
tar-ried, When I missed you I was lone-ly, For I loved you, Oh! I loved you on-ly,  
life;— And I loved to play with ba-by, Our— ti - ny lit - tle, pret - ty lit-tle  
tru-ly; And your life will not be lone-ly, For I'll love you, I will love you on-ly,

on-ly, I was then your school - boy hus-band, And you were my school-girl wife.  
ba-by, I was Pa - pa, you were Ma - ma, Such a charm-ing fam - i - ly.  
on-ly, I will be your lov - ing hus-band, You will be my lov - ing wife.

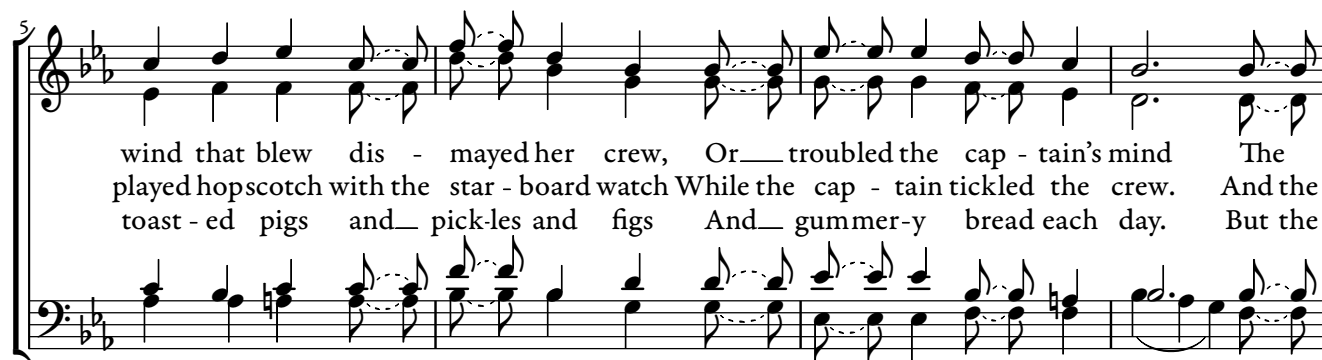
## A CAPITAL SHIP

Charles E. Carryl (1841-1920)

English Folk Song



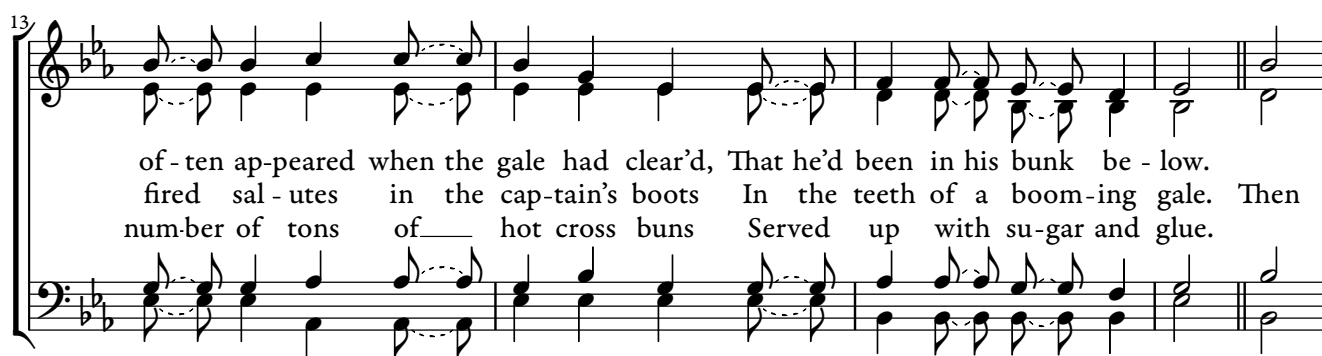
1. A cap-it-al ship for an o - cean trip Was the Wallop-ing Win-dow Blind! No  
2. The bo'-swain's mate was ver - y se - date, Yet\_ fond of a-muse-ment too; He  
3. The cap - tain sat in a com-mo-dore's hat And\_ dined in a roy - al way On



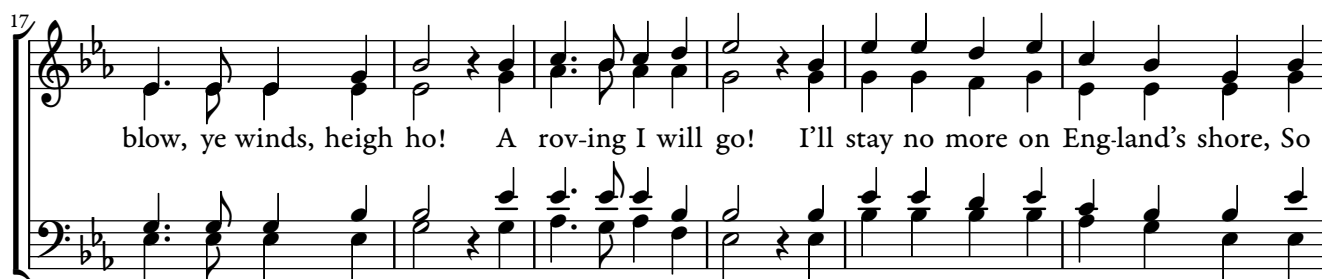
wind that blew dis - mayed her crew, Or\_ troubled the cap - tain's mind The  
played hopscotch with the star - board watch While the cap - tain tickled the crew. And the  
toast - ed pigs and\_ pick-les and figs And\_ gummer-y bread each day. But the



man at the wheel was\_ made to feel Con - tempt for the wild-est blow-ow-ow, Tho' it  
gunner we\_ had was ap-parent-ly mad For he stood on the can-non's tai - ai-ail, And  
rest of us\_ ate from an o - di-ous plate For the food that was given the crew-ew-ew Was a



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



blow, ye winds, heigh ho! A rov-ing I will go! I'll stay no more on Eng-land's shore, So

23 137

let the mu-sic play-ay-ay! I'm off for the morn-ing train! I'll cross the rag-ing

28

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

## AMERICA

Samuel Francis Smith (1808-1895)

Traditional

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

6

sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the pil - grims' pride,  
 love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills;  
 song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that breathe par - take;  
 sing. Long may our land be bright, With free - dom's ho - ly light,

11 *rit.*

From ev - 'ry moun - tain - side Let free - dom ring!  
 My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.  
 Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.  
 Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God our King.

# THE TAILOR AND THE MOUSE

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, *rit.*

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

# MAID OF ATHENS

Lord Byron (1788-1824)

Henry Robinson Allen (1809-1876)

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 rest! Hear my vow be-  
 By those lids whose jet-ty fringe, Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge, By those wild eyes  
 Though I fly to Is-tam-bol, Ath-ens holds my heart and soul. Can I cease to

fore I go, Hear my vow be-fore— I go, My life,—— I love thee, My  
 like the roe, By those wild eyes like—the roe, My life,—— I love thee, My  
 love thee? No! Can I cease to love—thee? No! My life,—— I love thee, My

dearest life, I love thee. Hear my vow, be-fore I go.—— My life, I love but thee.  
 dearest life, I love thee. By those wild eyes like the roe,—— My life, I love but thee.  
 dearest life, I love thee! Can I cease to love thee? No!—— My life, I love but thee.

## COME LET US ALL A-MAYING GO (ROUND)

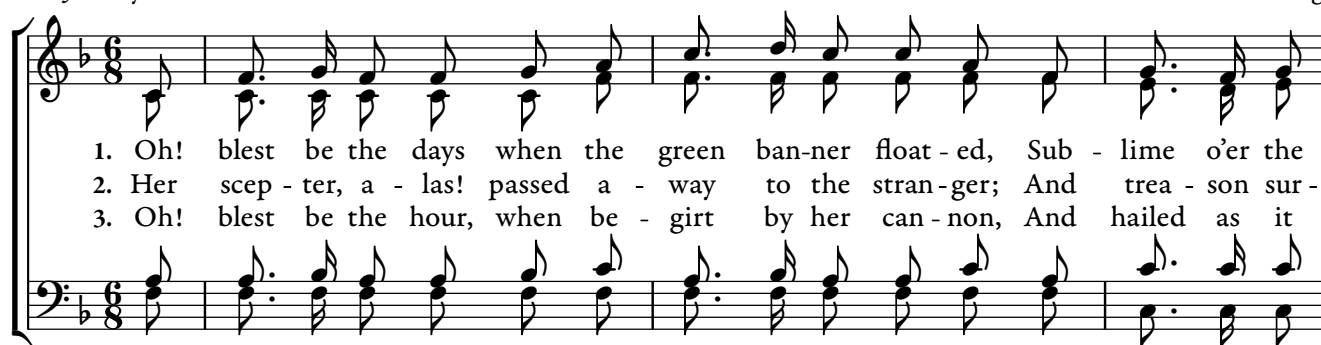
Come let us all a - may - ing go, and  
 The bells shall ring, the bells shall ring, and the  
 drums shall beat, the fife shall play, and

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.

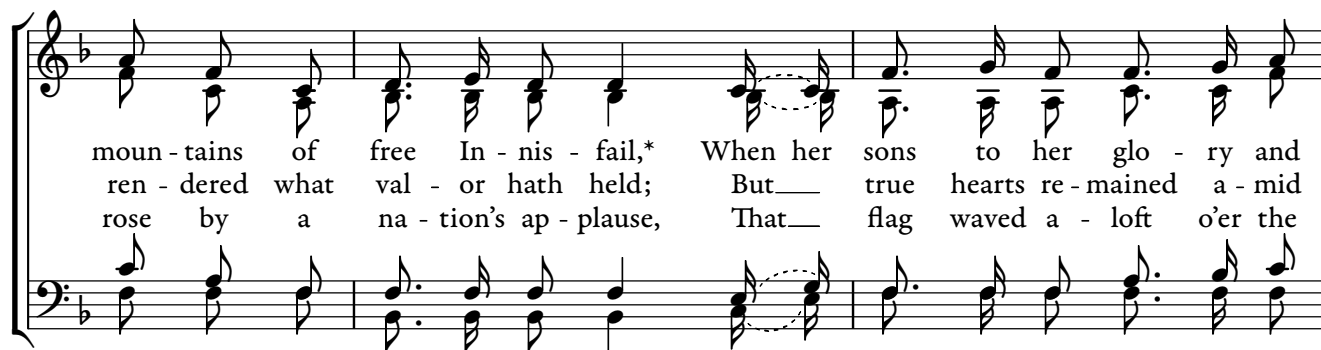
## SAINT PATRICK'S DAY

M. J. Barry

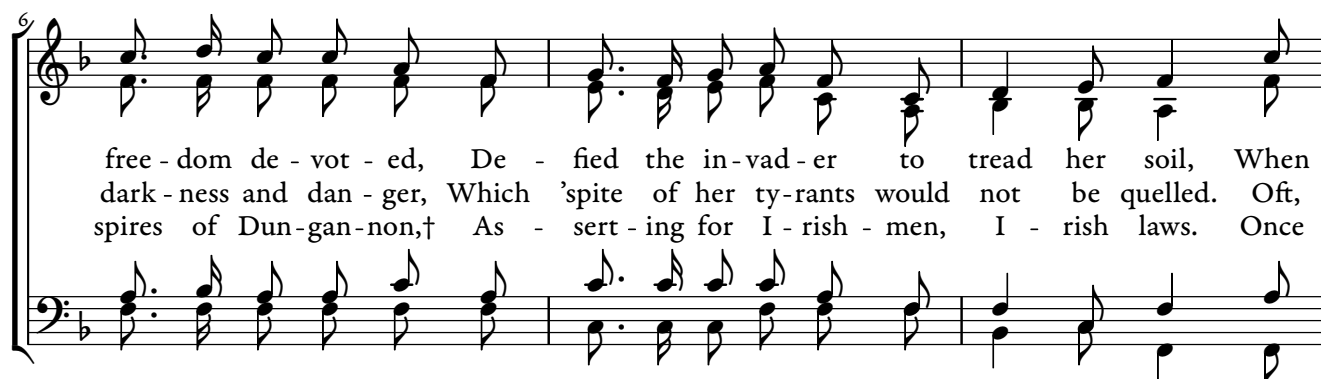
Irish Folk Song



1. Oh! blest be the days when the green ban-ner 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



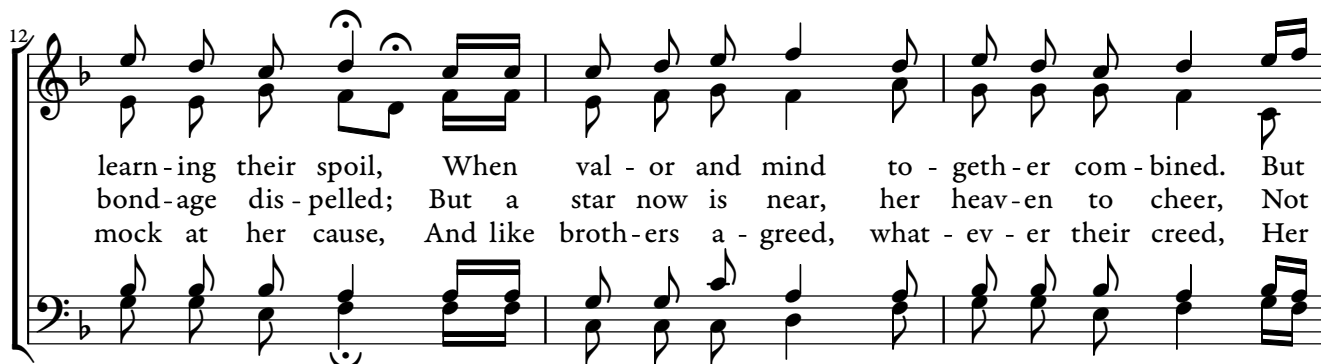
moun-tains of free In-nis-fail,\* When her sons to her glo-ry and  
 ren-dered what val-or hath held; But true hearts re-mained a-mid  
 rose by a na-tion's ap-plause, That flag waved a-loft o'er the



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 dark-ness of  
 more it shall wave o'er hearts as brave, De-spite of the das-tards 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.

## THE BELL DOTH TOLL

(ROUND)

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

## JOHNNY SANDS

John Sinclair, 1842

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

though she brought him gold and lands, She proved a ter - ri - ble plague; For, oh, she was a  
 tie my hands be - hind my back," "I will," re - plied his wife, — She tied them fast, as

scold - ing wife, Full of ca - price and whim, He said that he was tired of life,  
 you may think, And when se - cure - ly done, "Now stand," she says, "up - on the brink,

And she was tired of him, And she was tired of him, And she was tired of  
 And I'll pre - pare to run, And I'll pre - pare to run, And I'll pre - pare to

him; Says he, "Then I will drown my - self, The riv - er runs be - low," Says  
 run." All 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 he, "Up-on the  
push him in, he stepped a-side, And she fell in, of course; Now splash-ing, dash-ing,

30

brink I'll stand, Do you run down the hill, And push me in with all your might." Says  
like a fish, "Oh, save me, John - ny Sands." "I can't, my dear, though much I wish, For

35

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

## HE THAT WILL AN ALEHOUSE KEEP

(ROUND)

He that will an ale-house keep, Must have three things in store, A  
cham-ber and a fea-ther bed; A chim-ney and a Hey non-ny non-ny  
Hey non-ny non-ny Hey non-ny no, Hey non-ny no, Hey non-ny no.

## SKATING

(ROUND)

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.

## SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

Henry Carey (1687-1743)

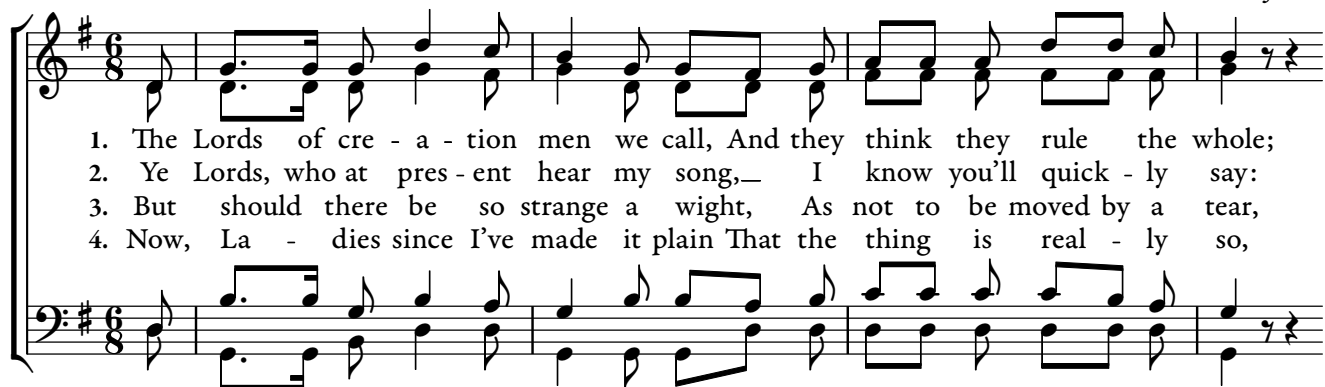
17th or 18th Century English Folk Song

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

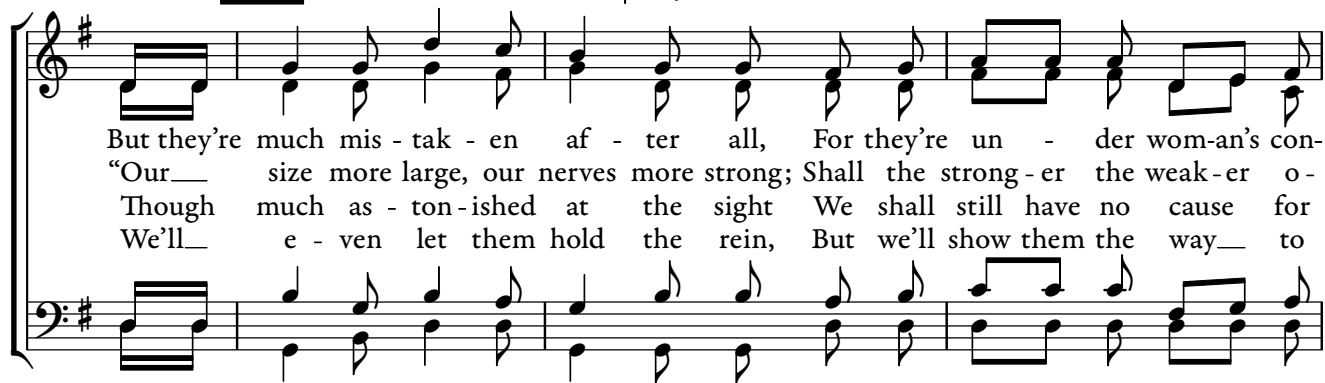
She is the dar - ling of my heart, And lives in our al - ley:  
 And that's the day that comes be - tween The Sat - ur - day and Mon - day:  
 And but for her I'd ra - ther be— A slave, and row a gal - ley.

There is no la - dy in the land That's half so sweet as Sal - ly;  
 Oh, then I'm dress'd all in my best, To walk a - broad with Sal - ly;  
 But when my sev'n long years are out, Oh, then I'll mar - ry Sal - ly;

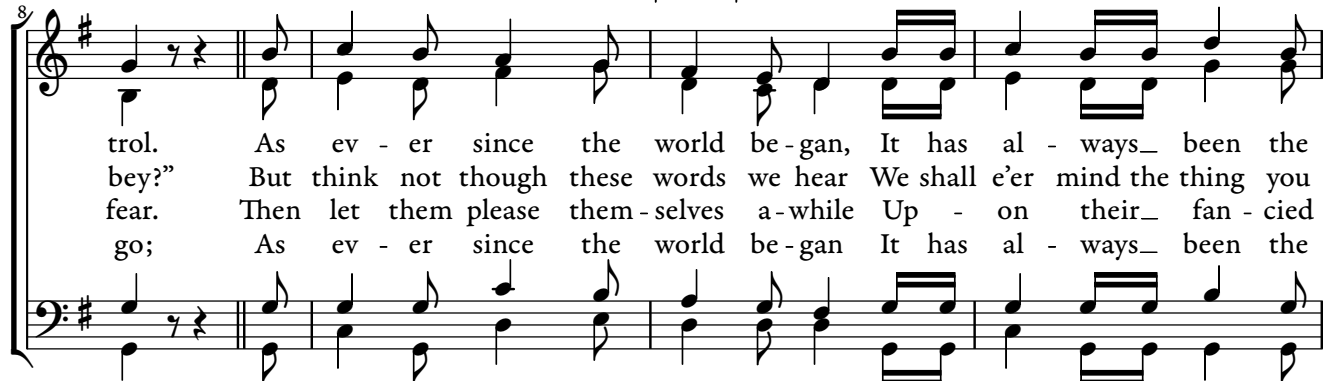
She is the dar - ling of my heart, And lives in our al - ley.  
 She is the dar - ling of my heart, And lives in our al - ley.  
 And then how hap - pi - ly we'll live— But not in our al - ley.



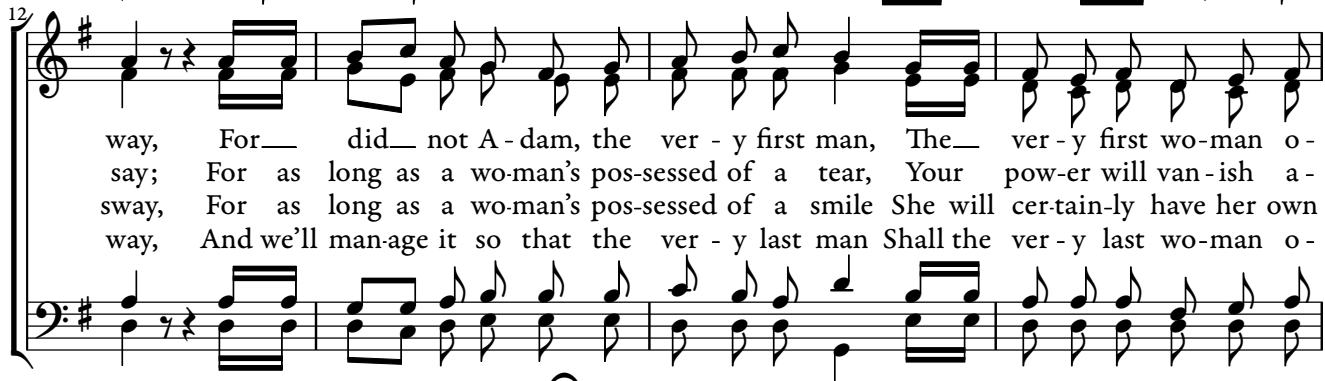
1. The Lords of cre - a - tion men we call, And they think they rule the whole;  
 2. Ye Lords, who at pres - ent hear my song,— I know you'll quick - ly say:  
 3. But should there be so strange a wight, As not to be moved by a tear,  
 4. Now, La - dies since I've made it plain That the thing is real - ly so,



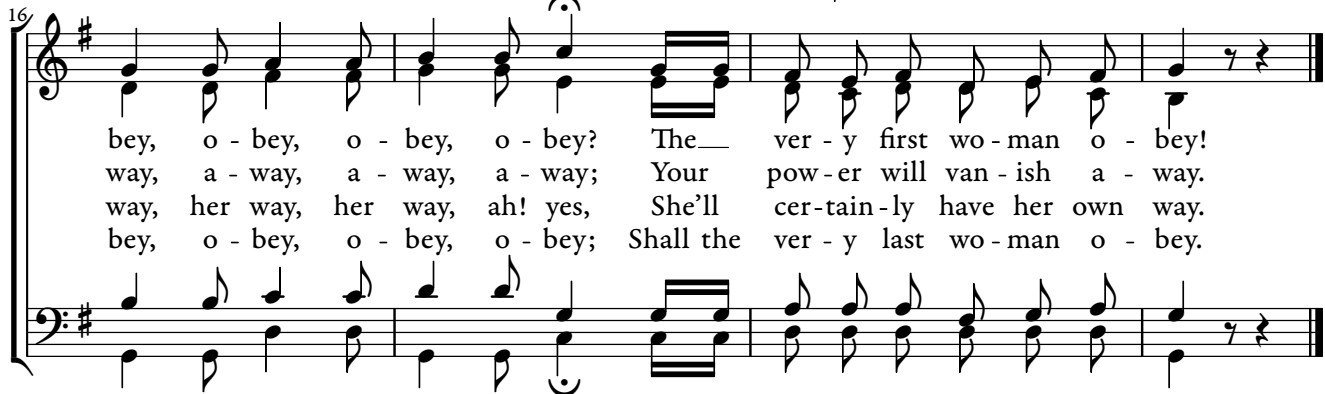
But they're much mis - tak - en af - ter all, For they're un - der wom-an's con-  
 "Our— size more large, our nerves more strong; Shall the strong - er the weak - er o -  
 Though much as - ton - ished at the sight We shall still have no cause for  
 We'll— e - ven let them hold the rein, But we'll show them the way— to



trol. As ev - er since the world be - gan, It has al - ways— been the  
 bey?" But think not though these words we hear We shall e'er mind the thing you  
 fear. Then let them please them - selves a - while Up - on their— fan - cied  
 go; As ev - er since the world be - gan It has al - ways— been the



way, For— did— not A - dam, the ver - y first man, The— ver - y first wo - man o -  
 say; For as long as a wo - man's pos - sessed of a tear, Your pow - er will van - ish a -  
 sway, For as long as a wo - man's pos - sessed of a smile She will cer - tain - ly have her own  
 way, And we'll man - age it so that the ver - y last man Shall the ver - y last wo - man o -



bey, o - bey, o - bey, o - bey? The— ver - y first wo - man o - bey!  
 way, a - way, a - way, a - way; Your pow - er will van - ish a - way.  
 way, her way, her way, ah! yes, She'll cer - tain - ly have her own way.  
 bey, o - bey, o - bey, o - bey; Shall the ver - y last wo - man o - bey.

# LAST WEEK I TOOK A WIFE

from *The Forty Thieves*, 1808

M. Kelly

**Allegretto**

**FINE**

1. Last week I took a wife, And when I first did woo her, I vow'd I'd stick through  
 2. My wife with-out her shoes Is hard-ly three feet sev-en, While I, to all men's  
 3. When she was gone, good lack, My hair like hogs was bris-tled; I thought she'd ne'er come

life Like cob-ber's wax un-to her; But soon we went by some mis-hap To  
 views, Am full five feet e-lev-en; So when to take her down some pegs, I  
 back, So I went to work and whis-tled: Then let her go, I've got my stall, Which

log-ger-heads to-geth-er, And when my wife be-gan to strap, Why  
 drub'd her neat and clev-er, She made a bolt right through my legs, and  
 may no rob-bers ri-fle: 'T'would break my heart to lose my awl, To

I be-gan to leath-er. Tol lol de rol lol lol de rol de lol, Why I be-gan to leath-er.  
 run a-way for-ev-er, Tol lol de rol lol lol de rol de lol, And run a-way for-ev-er.  
 lose my wife's a tri-fle, Tol lol de rol lol lol de rol de lol, To lose my wife's a tri-fle.



# WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY

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

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

## TO PHOEBE

W. S. Gilbert (1836–1911)

John Frederick Bridge (1844–1924)

1. "Gen - tle, mod - est, lit-tle flow-er, Sweet e - pi-to - me of May, Love me but for half an  
 2. "Smiles that thrill from a-ny distance, Shed up - on me while I sing! Please ec-sta-ti-cise ex-

hour, Love me, love me lit-tle fay, Gen - tle, mod - est, lit-tle flow-er, Sweet e -  
 ist-ence, Love me, oh thou fai-ry thing! Smiles that thrill from a-ny dis-tance, Shed up -

pi-to - me of May, Love me but for half an hour, Love me, love me lit-tle  
 on me while I sing! Please ec-sta-ti-cise ex - ist-ence; Love me, oh thou fai-ry

fay." Sen - ten - ces so fierce-ly flam-ing In your ti-ny, shell-like ear; I should  
 thing!" Words like these out-pour-ing sad-ly, You'd per - pet-u - al - ly hear, If I

al - ways be ex-claim-ing— If I loved you, Phœ-be dear, if I loved you, Phœ-be dear!  
 loved you, fond-ly, mad-ly— But I do not, Phœ-be dear! but I do not, Phœ-be dear!

# THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING

W. S. Gilbert (1836-1911)

Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900)

1. The flow-ers that bloom in the spring, Tra la, Breathe prom-ise of mer-ry sun-shine,  
 2. The flow-ers that bloom in the spring, Tra la, Have no-thing to do with the case,

As we mer-ri - ly dance and we sing, Tra la, We wel-come the hope that they bring, Tra la,  
 I've got to take un - der my wing, Tra la, A most un - at - trac - tive old thing, Tra la,

Of a sum-mer of ros - es and wine, Of a sum-mer of ros - es and wine; And  
 With a car - i - ca-ture of a face, With a car - i - ca-ture of a face; And

that's what we mean when we say that a thing Is welcome as flowers that bloom in the spring.  
 that's what I mean when I say or I sing, "Oh both-er the flowers that bloom in the spring!"

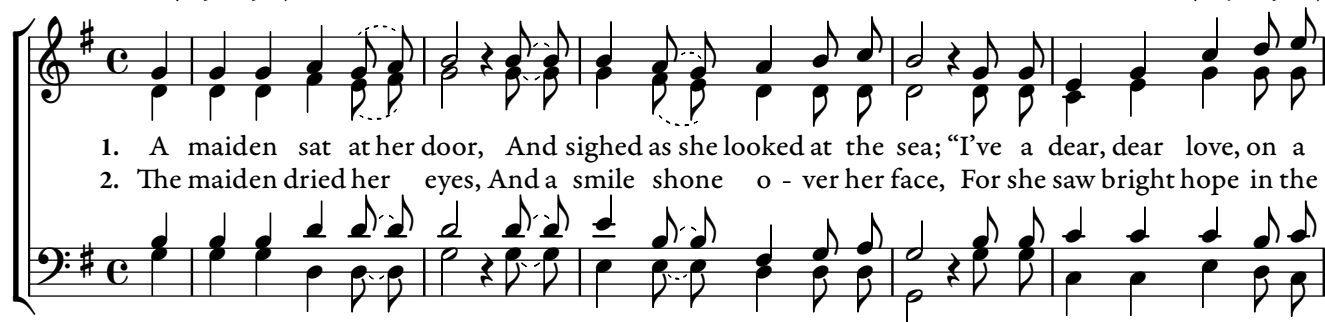
Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, The flow - ers that bloom in the spring.

Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la la!

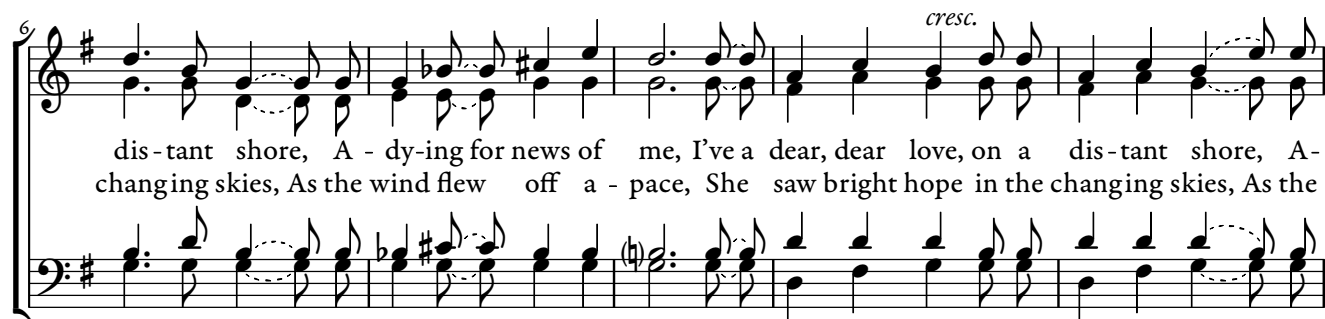
# THE DISTANT SHORE

W. S. Gilbert (1836–1911)

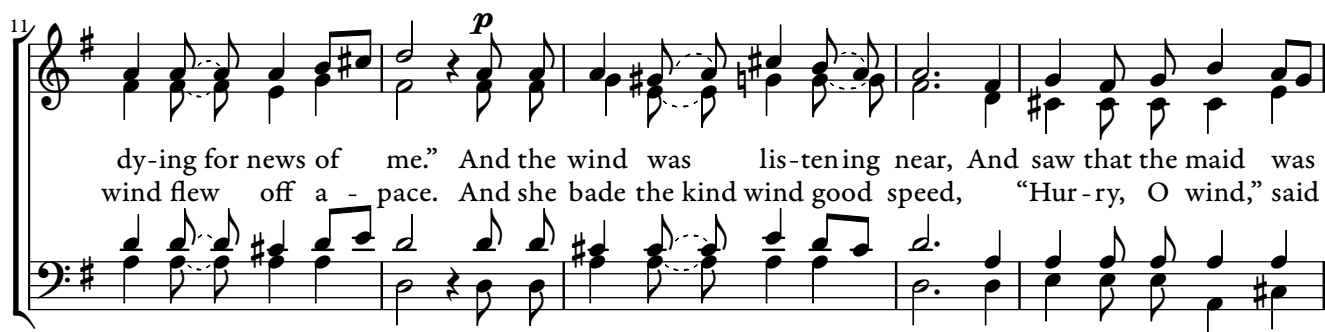
Arthur Sullivan (1842–1900)



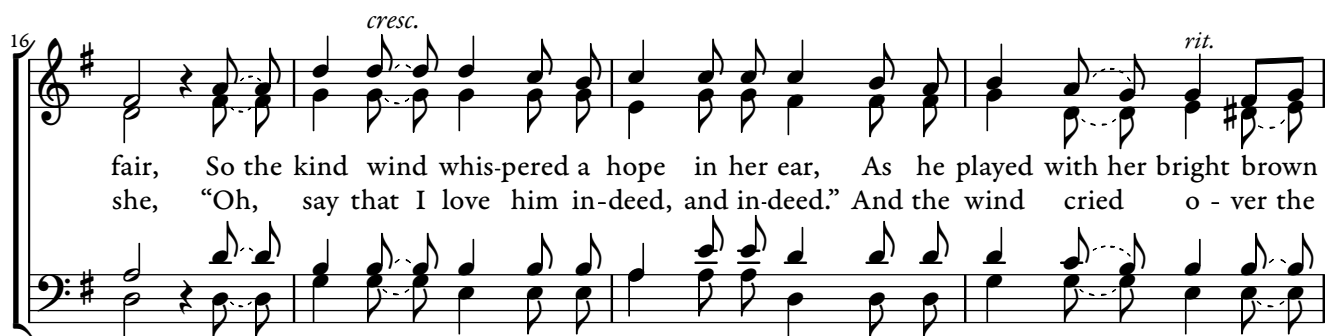
1. A maiden sat at her door, And sighed as she looked at the sea; "I've a dear, dear love, on a  
2. The maiden dried her eyes, And a smile shone o - ver her face, For she saw bright hope in the



dis-tant shore, A - dy-ing for news of me, I've a dear, dear love, on a dis-tant shore, A-changing skies, As the wind flew off a - pace, She saw bright hope in the changing skies, As the



dy-ing for news of me." And the wind was lis-tening near, And saw that the maid was wind flew off a - pace. And she bade the kind wind good speed, "Hur-ry, O wind," said



fair, So the kind wind whis-pered a hope in her ear, As he played with her bright brown she, "Oh, say that I love him in-deed, and in-deed." And the wind cried o - ver the



hair: "Be of good cheer, sweet heart, I fly to that dis-tant shore, Thy lov-er I'll tell thou  
sea, "Be of good cheer, sweet heart, I fly to that dis-tant shore, Thy lov-er I'll tell thou

26 *f* *rall.* *cresc.* *f*  
 lov-est him well, Ever and ev-er more." 3. The wind tore over the wave, Scatter- ing ocean spray, But a -

33 *dim.*  
 lack! the lover he flew to save, He met on his homeward 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 maid-en drooped and

44 *p* *Slower*  
 died. Be of good cheer, poor heart, At rest on a dis-tant shore, Where thou and thy love walk

50  
 hand in hand, Ev-er and ev-er more! Be of good cheer, dear heart, At rest on a dis-tant

56 *cresc.* *rit.* *dim.*  
 shore, Where thou and thy love go hand in hand, Ev - er and ev - er more!

## A BRITISH TAR

W. S. Gilbert (1836-1911)

Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900)

*Moderato*

1. A Brit - ish tar is a soar-ing soul, As free as a moun-tain bird; His  
 2. His eyes should flash with an in-born fire, His brow with scorn be wrung; He

en-er - get - ic fist Should be rea-dy to re - sist A dic - ta - tor - ial  
 nev-er should bow down To a dom-i-neer-ing frown, Or the tang of a ty - rant

word. His nose should pant, And his lip should curl, His  
 tongue. His foot should stamp, And his throat should growl, His

His nose should pant, And his lip should curl, His  
 His foot should stamp, And his throat should growl, His

cheeks should flame And his brow should furl, His bo-som should heave, And his  
 hair should twirl, And his face should scowl, His eyes should flash And his

cheeks should flame, And his brow should furl, And his bo-som should  
 hair should twirl, And his face should scowl, And his eyes should

17 *rall.*

heart should glow, And his fist be ev-er rea-dy For a knock down blow. His  
breast pro-trude. And this should be his cus-tom-a-ry at-ti-tude. His

heave, And his heart should glow, And his fist ev-er rea-dy for a knock-down  
flash, And his breast pro-trude, And this his cus-tom-a-ry at-ti-

20 *Più vivace* *cresc.*

nose should pant, And his lip should curl, His cheeks should flame And his  
foot should stamp, And his throat should growl, His hair should twirl, And his

blow.  
tude.

23

brow should furl, His bo-som should heave, And his heart should glow, And his  
face should scowl, His eyes should flash And his breast pro-trude. And

26 *f* 1.

fist be ev-er rea-dy For a knock down blow.  
this should be his custom-a-ry

30 2.

attitude, his at-ti-tude, his at-ti-tude, his at-ti-tude.

38

# BRIGHTLY DAWNS OUR WEDDING DAY

W. S. Gilbert (1836-1911)

Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900)

1. Bright - ly  
2. Let us

dawns our wed-ding day; Joy - ous hour, we give thee greet-ing! Whi-ther, whi-ther art thou  
dry the rea - dy tear, Though the hours are sure - ly creep-ing, Lit-tle need for woe - ful

fleet - ing? Fick - le mo - ment, pri - thee stay! Fick - le mo - ment, pri - thee stay!  
weep - ing, Till the sad sun - down is near, Till the sad sun - down is near.

What though mor - tal joys be hol - low? Plea - sures come, if sor - rows  
All must sip the cup of sor - row I to day, and thou to -

Though the toc - sin sound ere long, Though  
*f* This the close of ev - 'ry song, This  
Ding dong! Ding dong! Ding  
fol - low: Though the toc - sin sound ere long, Though the toc - sin sound ere  
mor - row: This the close of ev - 'ry song, This the close of ev - 'ry  
Ding dong! Ding dong! Ding



the toc-sin sound ere long,  
the close of ev-'ry song,

26

*p*

dong! Ding dong!  
long, sound ere long, Ding— dong! Ding— dong! Yet un - til the shadows  
song, this the close, Ding— dong! Ding— dong! What, though solemn shadows

dong! Ding dong!

33

*f*

fall O-ver one and o-ver all, Sing a merry madri-gal, Sing a merry madri - gal, Sing a  
fall, Soon er, lat - er, o-ver all.

40

Fa la. Fa la. Fa *ff* la la la la, Fa

merry madri - gal, Fa la la la la, Fa la la la la la, Fa la la, Fa la, —  
Fa — la la — la la, — Fa — la la la

Fa la la la la, Fa la la la la la, Fa la la la la la,

45

la la la la, Fa la la la la, Fa la la la la la la la la, *dim.* la la la la, Fa

— Fa la, — Fa la la la la la, Fa la la, Fa — la  
la, Fa — la la la la, Fa — la la la la, Fa la la la la, Fa la la la la

Fa la, Fa la la la la, Fa la la la la, Fa la la la la

50

*p* *pp*

la, Fa la la la, Fa la, Fa la la, Fa la la, Fa la — la. la.

la, Fa — la la, —

1. 2.

# WHEN I GO OUT OF DOOR

W. S. Gilbert (1836–1911)

Arthur Sullivan (1842–1900)

1. When I go out of door, Of dam - o - zels a score, (All  
 2. Con - ceive me, if you can, An ev - 'ry - day young man; A  
 3. A Jap - a - nese young man— A blue and white young man— Fran-  
 4. A pallid and thin young man— A haggard and lank young man— A

sigh-ing and burn - ing, And cling-ing and yearn-ing) Will fol-low me as be - fore.  
 com-mon place type, With a stick and a pipe, And a half - bred black - and - tan.  
 ces - ca di Ri - mi - mi, mi - mi - ny, prim - i - ny, *Je - ne - sais - quoi* young man.  
 green - e - ry - yal - le - ry, Gros - ve - nor Gal - le - ry, Foot-in-the-grave young man!

I shall, with cul - tured taste, Dis - tin - guish gems from paste, And  
 Who thinks sub - ur - ban "hops," More fun than "Mon - day Pops." Who's  
 A chance - ry Lane young man— A Somer - set House young man,— A  
 A Sewell and Cross young man— A Howell and James young man— A

13  
 "High did - dle did-dle" Will rank as an id - yll, If I — pro-nounce it chaste!  
 fond of his din-ner, And does - n't get thin-ner On bot - tled beer and chops.  
 ve - ry de - lec - ta - ble, High - ly re - spec - ta - ble Three-pen-ny - bus young man!  
 push-ing young par - ti - cle— what's the next ar - ti - cle— Wa - ter-loo House young man!

A most in - tense young man, A soul - ful - eyed young man, An  
A com - mon - place young man— A mat - ter - of - fact young man— A  
Con - ceive me, if you can, A crot - chet - y, cracked young man, An  
Con - ceive me, if you can, A mat - ter - of - fact young man, An

ul - tra - po - et - ic - al, su - per - æs - 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 - æs - 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!

## MERRILY GREET THE MORN

(ROUND)

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.

## CATCH ROUND THE TABLE

(ROUND)

Now we are met, let mirth a - bound, Now we are met, let mirth a-bound.  
And let the catch, and let the catch, and let the catch with joy go round.  
With joy go round, with joy go round, let the catch with joy go round.

# THE CRIMINAL CRIED

W. S. Gilbert (1836–1911)

Arthur Sullivan (1842–1900)

1. The crim - in - al cried, as he dropp'd him down, In a state of wild a-larm—  
 2. He shiv - er'd and shook as he gave the sign For the stroke he did-n't de-serve,  
 3. Now tho' you'd have said— that head was dead (For its own - er dead was he),

With a fright - ful, fran - tic, fear - ful frown I— bared my big right arm.  
 When all of a sud-den his— eye met mine, And it seem'd to brace his nerve,  
 It stood on its neck with a smile well bred, And bow'd three times to me!

I— seiz'd him by— his lit - tle pig - tail, And on— his knees fell  
 For he nod-ded his head and kiss'd his hand, And he whis-tled an air, did  
 It was none of your im-pu-dent off - hand nods, But as hum - ble as— could

he, As he squirm'd and strug - gled And gur - gled and gur - gled, I—  
 he, As the sa - bre true— Cut clean - ly through His  
 be, For it clear - ly knew— The def - er - ence due— To a

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, As I  
man's a - fraid A beau - ti - ful maid Is a cheer - ing sight to see; And it's  
oh, I vow, This death - ly bow Was a touch - ing sight to see; Though

23

gnash'd my teeth, When from its sheath I drew my snick - er - snee! oh,  
oh, I'm glad, That mo - ment sad Was sooth'd by sight of me! trunk - less, yet  
It could - n't for - get The def - er - ence due to me!

We know him well, He can - not tell Un - true or ground - less tales.  
Her ter - ri - ble tale You can't as - sail, With truth it quite a - grees;  
The haugh - ty youth He speaks the truth When - ev - er he finds it pays,

1-2

He al - ways tries To ut - ter lies, And ev - 'ry time he fails.  
Her taste ex - act For fault - less fact A - mounts to a dis - ease.  
And in this case It all took place Ex - act - ly as he

34

3

says! Ex - act - ly, ex - act - ly, ex - act - ly, ex - act - ly as he says!

## TIT-WILLOW

W. S. Gilbert (1836-1911)

Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900)

1. On a tree by a riv - er a lit - tle tom - tit Sang, "Willow, tit-willow, tit -  
 2. He slapped at his chest, as he sat on that bough, Singing, "Willow, tit-willow, tit -  
 3. Now I feel just as sure as I'm sure that my name Is - n't Wil-low, tit-willow, tit -

wil-low!" And I said to him, "Dick - y - bird, why do you sit Sing-ing,  
 wil-low!" And a cold per - spi - ra - tion be - span - gled his brow, Oh,  
 wil-low, That 'twas blight-ed af - fec - tion that made him ex - claim, "Oh,

'Wil-low, tit - wil-low, tit - wil-low?' "Is it weak - ness of in - tel - lect,  
 wil-low, tit - wil-low, tit - wil-low! He sobbed and he sighed, and a  
 wil-low, tit - wil-low, tit - wil-low! And if you re-main cal - lous and

bird-ie?" I cried, "Or a ra - ther tough worm in your lit - tle in - side?" With a  
 gurgle he gave, Then he plunged him - self in - to the bil - low - y wave, And an  
 ob-du-rate, I Shall per - ish as he did, and you will know why, Though I

shake of his poor lit - tle head, he re - plied, "Oh, willow, tit-willow, tit - wil-low!"  
 ech - o a - rose from the su - i - cide's grave: "Oh, willow, tit-willow, tit - wil-low!"  
 prob - ab - ly shall not ex - claim as I die, "Oh, willow, tit-willow, tit - wil-low!"

# MISTER SPEAKER, THOUGH 'TIS LATE

(ROUND)

Joseph Baildon (d. 1774)

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,

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.

## LA CI DAREM LA MANO

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)

From *Don Giovanni*

*Andante*

DON G. "Nay, bid me not re-sign, love, Coldly the hand I press, Oh! say thou wilt be mine, love, Breathe

7 *ZERLINE*

but that one word, "Yes." "I would and yet I would not, I feel my heart mis-give, Shouldst

13

thou prove false, I could not Be - come thy scorn and live, Be - come thy scorn and live."

19 *DON G.* *ZER.* *DON G.*

"Come then, oh, come then, dear-est." "Yet should thy fond-ness al-ter!" "Nay, love, in vain thou

24 *ZER.*

fear - est." "Still, still this heart will fal-ter, this heart will fal-ter, this heart will

28 *DON G.* *ZER.*

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



33 DON G. ZER. DON G.

would not." "Oh, say thou wilt be mine." "I feel my heart mis-give," "Nay, love, in vain thou

38 ZER.

fear'st," "I feel my heart misgive, Yet should thy fondness al-ter, Still, still this heart will

44 DON G. ZER.

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

Allegro  
BOTH

Yes, hand and heart u - nit-ing, Each oth-er's vows re - quit-ing, Our joy no

54 1. 2. DON G. ZER. DON G. BOTH

bounds shall know, know, Oh, come, I come, I come. Oh, come! Our

60

joy no bounds shall know, Our joy no bounds shall know, Our joy no bounds shall know.

## SOLDIER'S HYMN

Franz Josef Haydn (1732-1809)

1. We, thy sol-diers, hail thee, hail thee, Great Re-pub - lic, mo-ther coun - try;  
 2. Forth to bat - tle march we, march we, We, thy sons have heard the sum - mons;

We thy sol-diers hail thee, hail thee, On the eve of bat - tle. Thou hast call'd us,  
 Forth to bat - tle march we, march we, We will fight for free-dom. God of bat - tles,

"Arm ye, arm ye, O my brave and val-iant sons." Thou hast call'd us, "Arm ye, arm ye,  
 be Thou with us, For our cause is just and right; God of bat - tles, be Thou with us,

Free-dom is in per - il." We, thy soldiers, hail thee, hail thee: We go forth to war.  
 Bring us home tri-um-phant! Forth to bat-tle march we, march we, Nation of the free.

WHEN JESUS WEPT  
(ROUND)

William Billings (1746-1800)

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.

# WHEN I IN PAIN AND SORROW MOAN

Burkard Waldis (1490–1556)

Arranged by Michael Praetorius (1571–1621)

*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;

*p*

And wait in pa-tient pray'r be-low, *mf* Un-til His gra-cious love He show.

# JESUS! THE VERY THOUGHT OF THEE

Edward Caswall (1814–1878)

John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876)

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!

# THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH

Joseph Addison (1672–1719)

Franz Josef Haydn (1732–1809)

1. The spa - cious firm - a - ment on\_ high, And all\_ the blue e - the - real  
 2. Soon as the eve - ning shades pre - vail, The moon takes up the won - drous  
 3. What though, in sol - emn si - lence, all Move round the dark ter - rest - rial

8 sky, And span - gled heav'ns, a shin - ing frame, Their great O - ri - gi - nal pro -  
 tale, And night - ly to the list - 'ning earth Re - peats the sto - ry of\_ her  
 ball; What though nor real\_ voice, nor sound A - midst their ra - diant orbs be\_

16 claim. Th'un wear - ied sun from day to day Does his\_ Cre - a - tor's pow'r dis - play, And  
 birth; Whilst all the stars that round her burn, And all\_ the plan - ets in\_ their turn, Con -  
 found; In rea - son's ear they all re - joice, And ut - ter forth a glo - rious voice; For

25 pub - lish - es\_ to ev - 'ry land The work\_ of an\_ al - might - y hand. *rall.*  
 firm the tid - ings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.  
 ev - er sing - ing as they shine: "The hand\_ that made\_ us is div - ine."

## ODE TO JOY

Friedrich von Schiller (1759–1805)

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770–1827)

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!

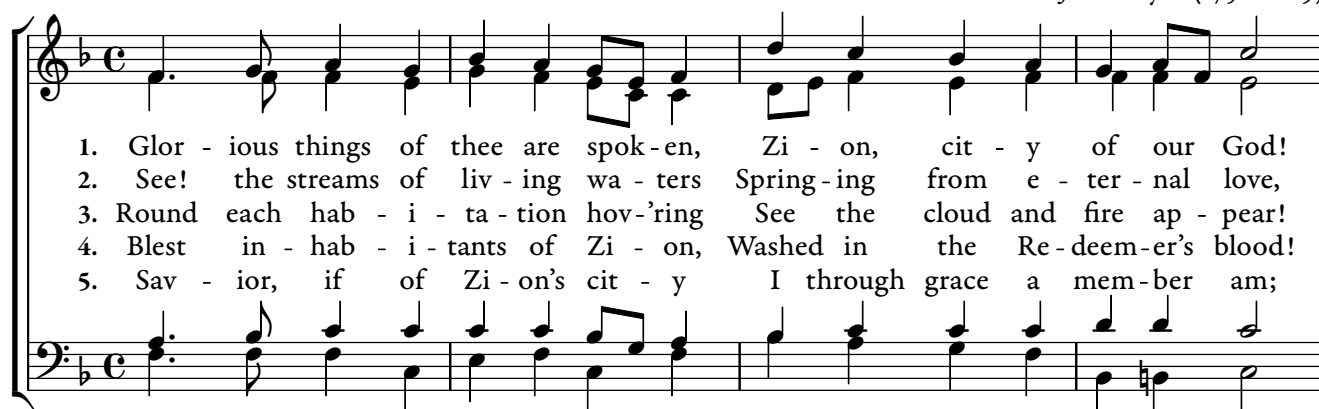
At her shrine we now are bend-ing; Let the world our glad-ness know.  
 We should be for-e'er re-joic-ing, For through him we heav-en know.  
 Broth-ers, in yon might-y spac-es Dwells our God whose love is true.

Though by cus-tom's law di-vid-ed, Now we meet on com-mon ground. We—  
 They who scorn the pledge of friend-ship On-ly for them-selves do live, They—  
 O ye mil-lions, bow be-fore Him; Seek Him, He is ev-er nigh! We—

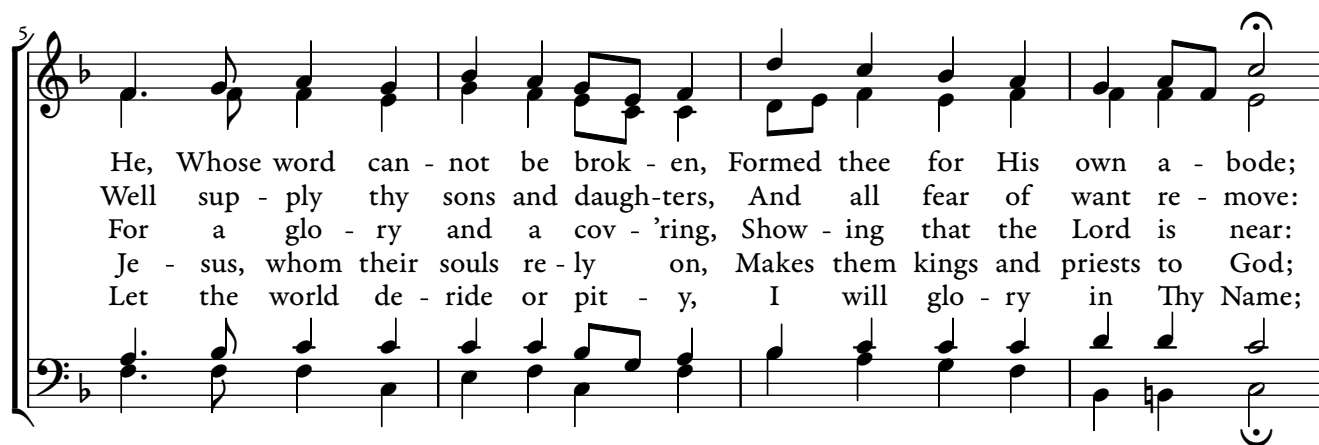
— are broth-ers, all u-nit-ed When joy in our hearts is found.  
 — are doomed to walk for-got-ten Who re-fuse their hearts to give.  
 — are broth-ers, all u-nit-ed, Fa-ther'd by one God on high.

# GLORIOUS THINGS OF THEE ARE SPOKEN

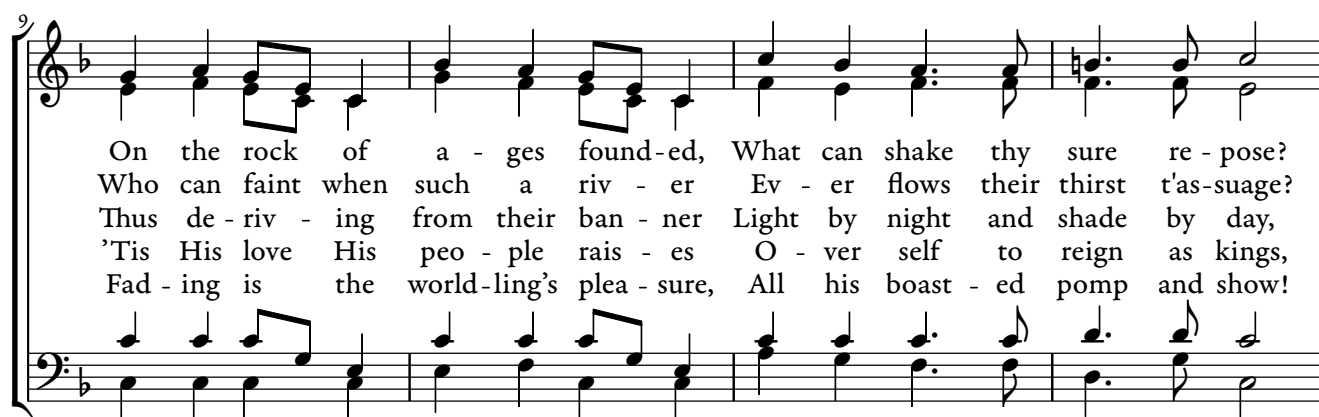
Franz Josef Haydn (1732–1809)



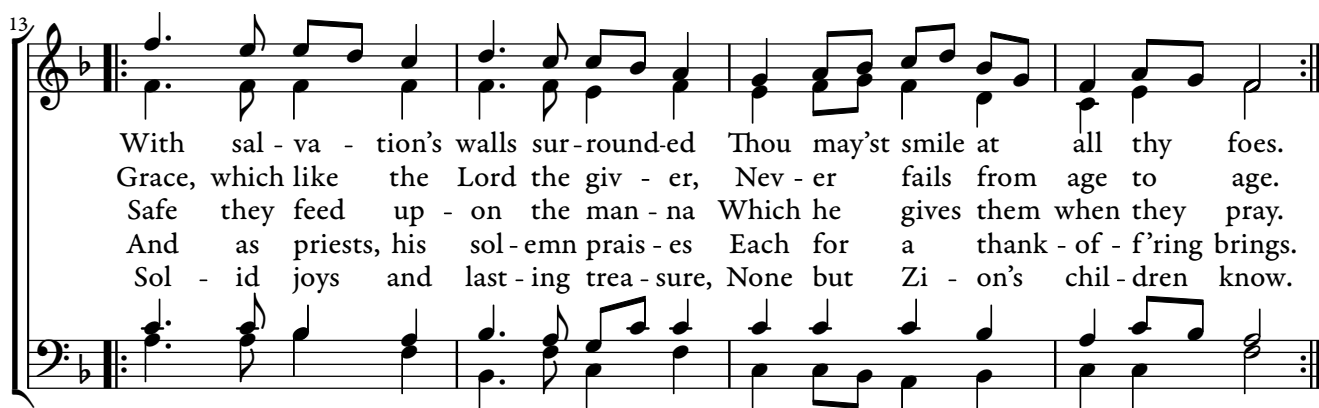
1. Glor - ious things of thee are spok - en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God!  
 2. See! the streams of liv - ing wa - ters Spring - ing from e - ter - nal love,  
 3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov - 'ring See the cloud and fire ap - pear!  
 4. Blest in - hab - i - tants of Zi - on, Washed in the Re - deem - er's blood!  
 5. Sav - ior, if of Zi - on's cit - y I through grace a mem - ber am;



He, Whose word can - not be brok - en, Formed thee for His own a - bode;  
 Well sup - ply thy sons and daugh - ters, And all fear of want re - move:  
 For a glo - ry and a cov - 'ring, Show - ing that the Lord is near:  
 Je - sus, whom their souls re - ly on, Makes them kings and priests to God;  
 Let the world de - ride or pit - y, I will glo - ry in Thy Name;



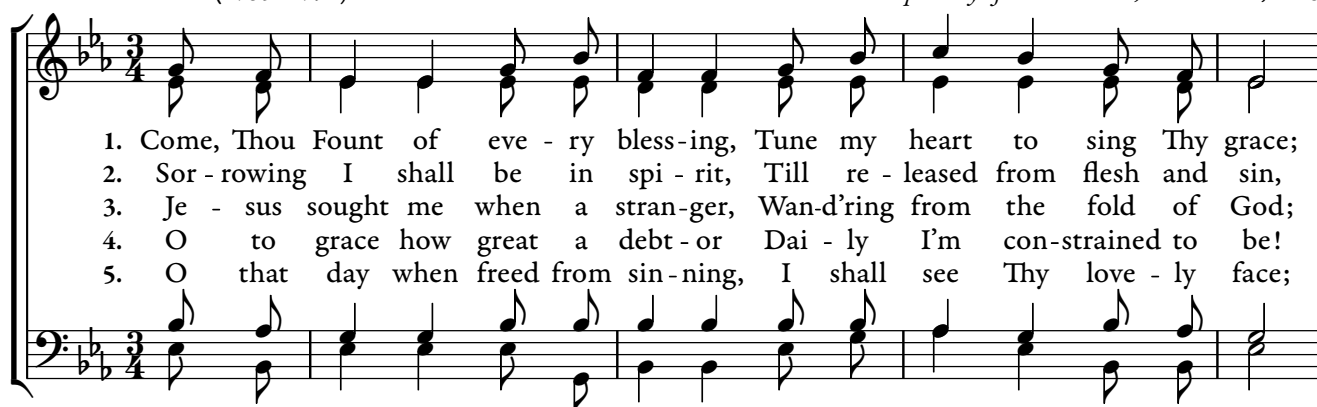
On the rock of a - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?  
 Who can faint when such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst t'as - suage?  
 Thus de - riv - ing from their ban - ner Light by night and shade by day,  
 'Tis His love His peo - ple rais - es O - ver self to reign as kings,  
 Fad - ing is the world - ling's plea - sure, All his boast - ed pomp and show!



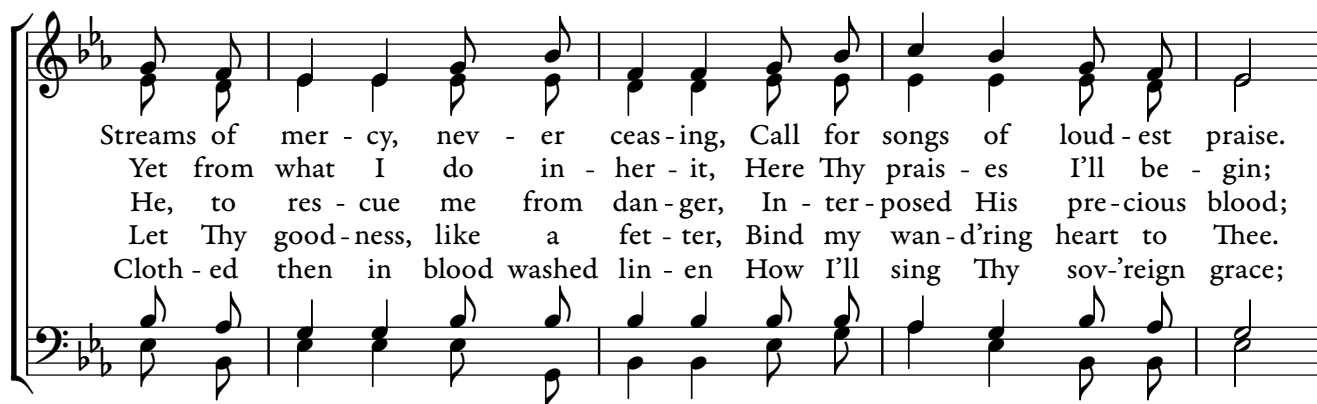
With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round - ed Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.  
 Grace, which like the Lord the giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.  
 Safe they feed up - on the man - na Which he gives them when they pray.  
 And as priests, his sol - emn prais - es Each for a thank - of - f'ring brings.  
 Sol - id joys and last - ing trea - sure, None but Zi - on's chil - dren know.

# COME, THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING

Robert Robinson (1735–1790)

from *Repository of Sacred Music, Part Second*, 1813


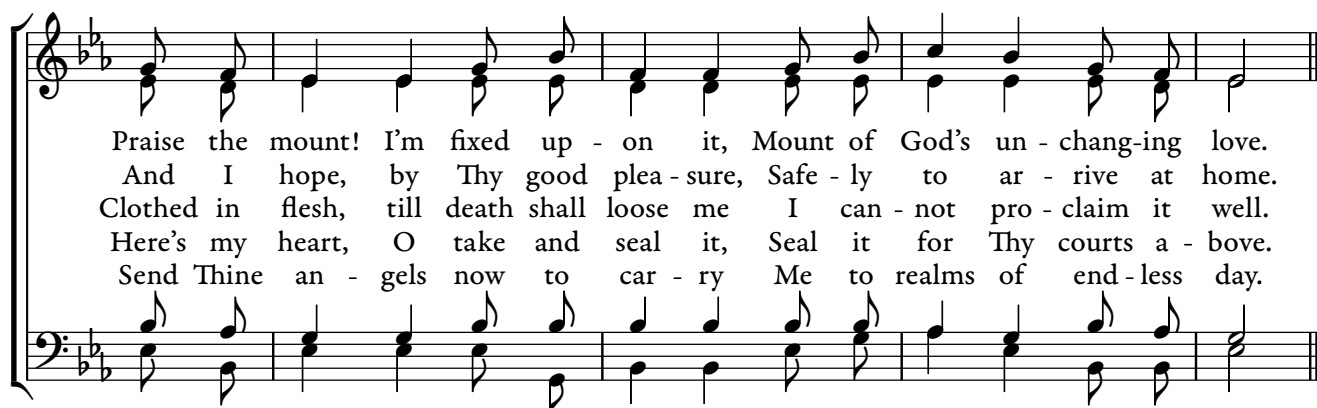
1. Come, Thou Fount of eve - ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;  
 2. Sor - rowing I shall be in spi - rit, Till re - leased from flesh and sin,  
 3. Je - sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wan-d'ring from the fold of God;  
 4. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con-strained to be!  
 5. O that day when freed from sin-ning, I shall see Thy love - ly face;



Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.  
 Yet from what I do in - her - it, Here Thy prais - es I'll be - gin;  
 He, to res - cue me from dan-ger, In - ter - posed His pre-cious blood;  
 Let Thy good-ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan-d'ring heart to Thee.  
 Cloth - ed then in blood washed lin - en How I'll sing Thy sov'-reign grace;



Teach me some mel - o-dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove.  
 Here I raise my Eb - e - nee - zer; Here by Thy great help I've come;  
 How His kind - ness yet pur - sues me Mor - tal tongue can nev - er tell,  
 Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;  
 Come, my Lord, no long - er tar - ry, Take my ran - somed soul a - way;



Praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of God's un - chang-ing love.  
 And I hope, by Thy good plea - sure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.  
 Clothed in flesh, till death shall loose me I can - not pro - claim it well.  
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.  
 Send Thine an - gels now to car - ry Me to realms of end - less day.

# JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

*Aberystwyth*, Joseph Parry (1841–1903)

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;

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.

*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;

*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.



# THE BATTLE PRAYER

Friedrich Heinrich Himmel (1765–1814)

First system of musical notation (measures 1-6). The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is written for piano with treble and bass staves. Dynamics include *f* (forte), *p* (piano), *cresc.* (crescendo), and *fz* (forzando).

Second system of musical notation (measures 7-12). Dynamics include *p*, *cresc.*, *f*, *p*, *pp*, and *pp*.

Third system of musical notation (measures 13-15). Includes the following lyrics:

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

Fourth system of musical notation (measures 16-18). Includes the following lyrics:

Thou now canst shield it, From Thee it came, and to Thee— I yield it, In  
 Death did sur - round me, E'en at the can - non's mouth, Death has not found me.  
 Life then shall yield,— When in the cold tomb, my fate shall be seal'd,—

Fifth system of musical notation (measures 19-24). Includes the following lyrics:

life— or death for - sake not me, Fa - ther, I bend to Thee!  
 Fa - ther, 'twas Thy will! I trust in Thee. Fa - ther, still guide Thou me!  
 Fa - ther, my soul— take un - to Thee! Fa - ther, for - sake not me!

# LEAD KINDLY LIGHT

John Henry Newman (1801–1890)

John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876)

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a - mid th'en - cir - cling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is  
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to  
 3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I  
 choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on. I loved the gar - ish  
 fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

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

# GLORY BE TO JESUS

tr. by Edward Caswall (1814–1878)

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 -

173

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 might - y flood; Loud - er still and loud - er, Praise the pre - cious Blood!

## OH, HAPPY IS THE MAN THAT HEARS

Michael Bruce (1746–1767)

George Frideric Handel (1685–1759)

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.

# GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD

John Stainer (1840–1901)

*Andante ma non lento*  
**p**

God so loved the world, God so loved the world that He gave His on-ly be-

**cresc.**

**mf** **p** **cresc.** **f**

got-ten Son, that whoso be-lieveth, be-lieveth in Him should not perish, should not perish, but

**mf** **p** **cresc.**

have ev-er-last-ing life. For God sent not His Son in-to the world to condemn the world, God

**p**

sent not His Son in-to the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be

**pp** **cresc.**

sav-ed. God so loved the world, God so loved the world that He gave His

**mf** **p** **cresc.**

on-ly be-got-ten Son, that whoso be-lieveth, be-lieveth in Him should not perish, should not

57 *f* *cresc.* *dim. rall.* 175

perish but have ev-er-last-ing life, ev-er-last-ing life, ev-er-last-ing, ev-er-last-ing life,

68 *pp* *ppp* *rall.*

God so loved the world, God so loved the world, God so loved the world.

## ABIDE WITH ME

Henry Francis Lyte (1793–1847)

William Henry Monk (1823–1889)

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

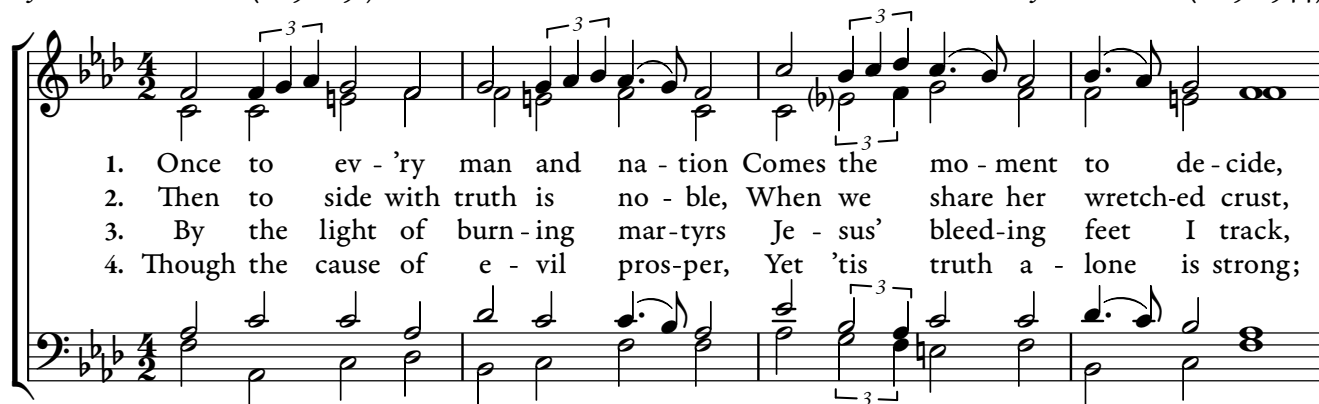
6 deep-ens; Lord, with me a-bide! When o-ther help-ers  
 dim, its glo-ries pass a-way; Change and de-cay in  
 bel-lious and per-verse mean-while, Thou hast not left me,  
 weight, and tears no bit-ter-ness. Where is death's sting? Where,

11 fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a-bide with me.  
 all a-round I see; O Thou who chan-gest 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.

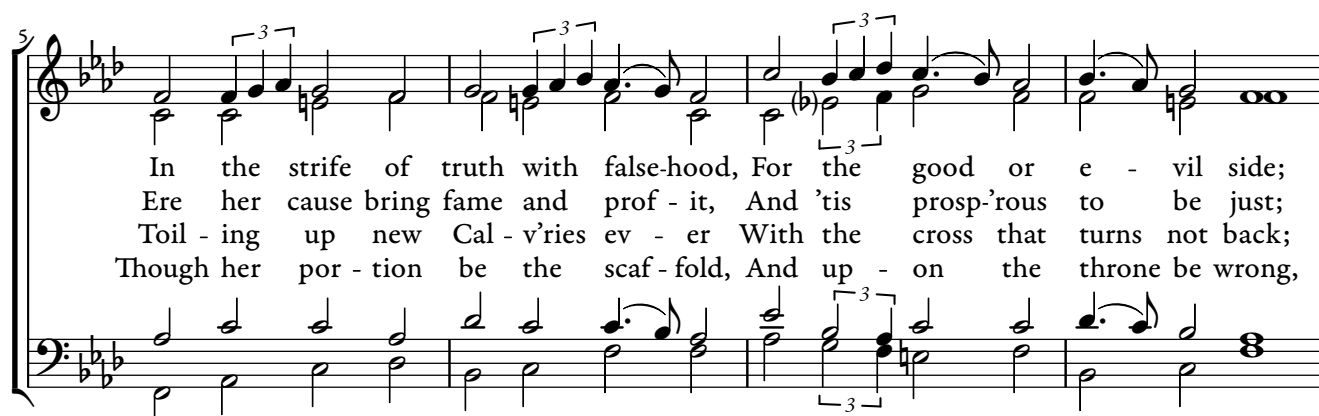
# ONCE TO EVERY MAN AND NATION

James Russell Lowell (1819-1891)

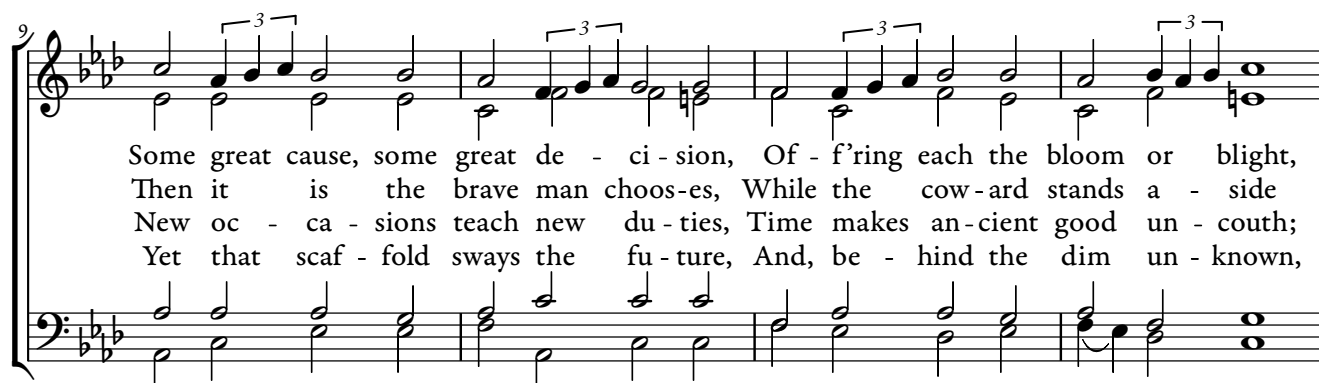
Thomas John Williams (1869-1944)



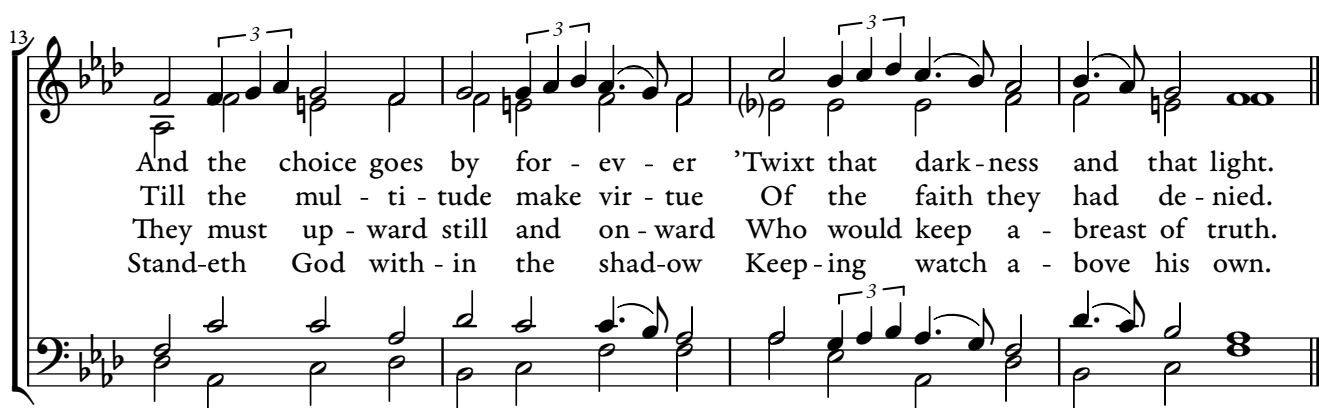
1. Once to ev - 'ry man and na - tion Comes the mo - ment to de - cide,  
 2. Then to side with truth is no - ble, When we share her wretch - ed crust,  
 3. By the light of burn - ing mar - tyrs Je - sus' bleed - ing feet I track,  
 4. Though the cause of e - vil pros - per, Yet 'tis truth a - lone is strong;



In the strife of truth with false - hood, For the good or e - vil side;  
 Ere her cause bring fame and prof - it, And 'tis prosp - 'rous to be just;  
 Toil - ing up new Cal - v'ries ev - er With the cross that turns not back;  
 Though her por - tion be the scaf - fold, And up - on the throne be wrong,



Some great cause, some great de - ci - sion, Of - f'ring each the bloom or blight,  
 Then it is the brave man choos - es, While the cow - ard stands a - side  
 New oc - ca - sions teach new du - ties, Time makes an - cient good un - couth;  
 Yet that scaf - fold sways the fu - ture, And, be - hind the dim un - known,



And the choice goes by for - ev - er 'Twixt that dark - ness and that light.  
 Till the mul - ti - tude make vir - tue Of the faith they had de - nied.  
 They must up - ward still and on - ward Who would keep a - breast of truth.  
 Stand - eth God with - in the shad - ow Keep - ing watch a - bove his own.

# BE STILL, MY SOUL

Katharina von Schlegel (1697–1768)

*Finlandia*, Jean Sibelius (1865–1957)

Translated by Jane L. Borthwick (1813–1897)

1. Be still, my soul; the Lord is on thy side; Bear pa-tient-ly the  
 2. Be still, my soul; thy God doth un-der-take To guide the fu-ture  
 3. Be still, my soul, when dear-est friends de-part And all is dark-ened  
 4. Be still, my soul; the hour is hast-'ning on When we shall be for-

cross of grief or pain; Leave to thy God to or-der and pro-vide;  
 as He has the past. Thy hope, thy con-fid-ence, let no-thing shake;  
 in the vale of tears; Then shalt thou bet-ter know His love, His heart,  
 ev-er with the Lord, When dis-ap-point-ment, grief, and fear are gone,

— In eve-ry change He faith-ful will re-main. Be still, my soul; thy  
 — All now mys-te-rious shall be bright at last. Be still, my soul; the  
 — Who comes to soothe thy sor-rows and thy fears. Be still, my soul; thy  
 — Sor-row for-got, love's pur-est joys re-stored. Be still, my soul; when

best, thy heav'n-ly Friend Through thorn-y ways leads to a joy-ful end.  
 waves and winds still know His voice who ruled them while He dwelt be-low.  
 Je-sus can re-pay From His own full-ness all He takes a-way.  
 change and tears are past, All safe and bless-ed we shall meet at last.

# AT THE LAMB'S HIGH FEAST WE SING

From 7th century Latin

Jacob Hintze (1622–1702)

Translated by Robert Campbell (1814–1868)

Harmonized by Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750)

1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to our vic - to - rious King,  
 2. Where the Pas - chal blood is poured, Death's dark an - gel sheaths his sword  
 3. Might - y Vic - tim from on high! Pow'rs of hell be - neath Thee lie;  
 4. Pas - chal tri - umph, Pas - chal joy, Sin a - lone can this de - stroy;

Who hath washed us in the tide Flow - ing from His pierc - ed side;  
 Is - rael's hosts tri - umph - ant go Through the wave that drowns the foe.  
 Death is bro - ken in the fight, Thou hast brought us life and light:  
 From sin's death do Thou set free Souls re - born, dear Lord, in Thee.

Praise we Him, whose love di - vine, Gives His sa - cred Blood for wine,  
 Praise we Christ, Whose Blood was shed, Pas - chal Vic - tim, Pas - chal Bread;  
 Now Thy ban - ner Thou dost wave, Con - quering Sa - tan and the grave.  
 Hymns of glo - ry, songs of praise, Fa - ther, un - to Thee we raise;

Gives His Bod - y for the feast, Christ the Vic - tim, Christ the Priest.  
 With sin - cer - i - ty and love Eat we man - na from a - bove.  
 See the prince of dark - ness quell'd; Heav'n's bright gates are o - pen held.  
 Ris - en Lord, all praise to Thee, With the Spir - it, ev - er be.



# GOD BE MERCIFUL TO ME

Psalm 51

J. P. Holbrook (1821-1889)

1. God, be mer - ci - ful to me;— on your grace I rest my plea.  
 2. I have sinned a - gainst your grace and pro - voked you to your face.  
 3. Gra - cious God, my heart re - new, make my spir - it right and true.  
 4. Con - trite spir - it, plead - ing cries, you, O God, will not de - spise.

My trans - gres - sions I con - fess;— grief and guilt my soul op - press.  
 I con - fess your judg - ment just;— speech - less, I your mer - cy trust.  
 Do not cast me from your sight— nor re - move your Spir - it's light.  
 Sin - ful ways I will re - prove, and my tongue shall sing your love.

Wash me, make me pure with - in;— cleanse, O cleanse me from my sin.  
 Let my con - trite heart re - joice— and in glad - ness hear your voice.  
 Your sal - va - tion's joy re - store, make me stead - fast ev - er - more.  
 Let my right - eous sac - ri - fice— then de - light your ho - ly eyes.

Wash me, make me pure with - in;— cleanse, O cleanse me from my sin.  
 Let my con - trite heart re - joice— and in glad - ness hear your voice.  
 Your sal - va - tion's joy re - store, make me stead - fast ev - er - more.  
 Let my right - eous sac - ri - fice— then de - light your ho - ly eyes.

# GO TO DARK GETHSEMANE

James Montgomery (1771-1854)

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

1. Go to dark Geth-sem-a-ne, Ye that feel the tempt-er's pow'r;  
 2. See Him at the judg-ment-hall, Beat-en, bound, re-viled, ar-raign'd:  
 3. Cal-v'ry's mourn-ful moun-tain view; There the Lord of Glo-ry see,  
 4. Ear-ly to the tomb re-pair, Where they laid his breath-less clay;

5 Your Re-deem-er's con-flict see; Watch with Him one bit-ter hour:  
 See Him meek-ly bear-ing all! Love to man His soul sus-tain'd!  
 Made a sac-ri-fice for you, Dy-ing on th'ac-curs-ed tree:  
 An-gels kept their vig-ils there: Who hath tak-en Him a-way?

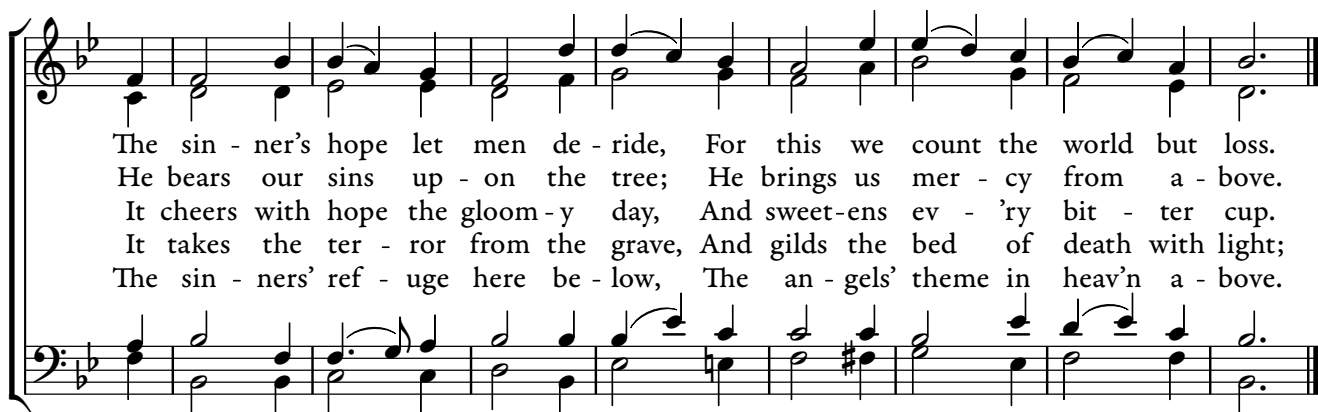
9 Turn not from His griefs a-way; Learn from Him to watch and pray.  
 Shun not suf-f'ring, shame or loss; Learn of Christ to bear the cross.  
 'It is fin-ish'd,' hear Him cry: Trust in Christ, and learn to die.  
 'Christ is ris'n!' He seeks the skies; Sav-iour! teach us so to rise.

## WE SING THE PRAISE OF HIM WHO DIED

Thomas Kelly (1769-1854)

From William Gardiner's *Sacred Melodies*, 1815

1. We sing the praise of Him who died, Of Him who died up-on the Cross;  
 2. In-scribed up-on the Cross we see In shin-ing let-ters, 'God is 'love';  
 3. The Cross! it takes our guilt a-way; It holds the faint-ing spi-rit up;  
 4. It makes the cow-ard spi-rit brave, And nerves the fee-ble arm for fight;  
 5. The balm of life, the cure of woe, The mea-sure and the pledge of love,



The sin - ner's hope let men de - ride, For this we count the world but loss.  
 He bears our sins up - on the tree; He brings us mer - cy from a - bove.  
 It cheers with hope the gloom - y day, And sweet-ens ev - 'ry bit - ter cup.  
 It takes the ter - ror from the grave, And gilds the bed of death with light;  
 The sin - ners' ref - uge here be - low, The an - gels' theme in heav'n a - bove.

## SAVIOR, WHEN IN DUST TO THEE

Robert Grant (1785-1838)

17th Century Spanish Melody



1. Sav - ior, when in dust to Thee Low we bow th'a - dor - ing knee;  
 2. By Thy birth and ear - ly years, By Thy hu - man griefs and fears,  
 3. By Thy con - flict with de - spair, By Thine a - go - ny of prayer,  
 4. By Thy deep ex - pir - ing groan, By the seal'd se - pul - chral stone,

When, re - pent - ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weep - ing eyes;  
 By Thy fast - ing and dis - tress In the lone - ly wil - der - ness,  
 By the pur - ple robe of scorn, By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn,  
 By Thy tri - umph o'er the grave, By Thy pow'r from death to save;

Oh! by all Thy pains and woe Suf - fered once for man be - low,  
 By Thy vic - t'ry in the hour Of the sub - tle tempt - er's pow'r,  
 By Thy cross, Thy pangs and cries, By Thy per - fect sac - ri - fice,  
 Might - y God, as - cend - ed Lord, To Thy throne in heav'n re - stored,

Bend - ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our pen - i - ten - tial cry!  
 Je - sus, look with pit - ying eye; Hear our pen - i - ten - tial cry!  
 Je - sus, look with pit - ying eye; Hear our pen - i - ten - tial cry!  
 Prince and Sav - ior, God most high, Hear our pen - i - ten - tial cry!

# **ROCK OF AGES**

Augustus Toplady (1740–1778)

Thomas Hastings (1784–1872)

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee!  
 2. Not the La - bor of my Hands Can ful - fil thy Law's De - mands;  
 3. No - thing in my Hand I bring, Simp - ly to thy Cross I cling;  
 4. While I draw this fleet - ing Breath, When my Eye - lids close in Death,

Let the Wa - ter, and the Blood, From thy wound - ed Side which flow'd,  
 Could my Zeal no Res - pite know, Could my Tears for - ev - er flow,  
 Nak - ed come to thee for Dress, Help - less look to thee for Grace;  
 When I soar to Worlds un - known, See thee on thy Judg - ment Throne,

Be of Sin the dou - ble Cure, Cleanse me from its Guilt and Pow'r.  
 All for Sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and thou a - lone.  
 Foul, I to the Foun - tain fly; Wash me, Sav - iour or I die!  
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.

# **NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE**

Sarah Flower Adams (1805–1848)

Lowell Mason (1792–1872)

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it be a cross  
 2. Though, like the wand - er - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me,  
 3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou send - est me,

7

That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my  
 My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my  
 In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my

12

God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!—

## ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME

Oliver Holden (1765–1844)

Edward Perronet (1721–1792)

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall.  
 2. O seed of Is - rael's cho - sen race now ran - sored from the fall,  
 3. Let ev - 'ry tongue and ev - 'ry tribe re - spon - sive to His call,  
 4. Oh, that with all the sa - cred throng we at His feet may fall!

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, and crown Him Lord of all.  
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, and crown Him Lord of all.  
 To Him all maj - es - ty a - scribe, and crown Him Lord of all.  
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song and crown Him Lord of all.

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, and crown Him Lord of all!  
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, and crown Him Lord of all!  
 To Him all maj - es - ty a - scribe, and crown Him Lord of all!  
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song and crown Him Lord of all!

# RISE, MY SOUL, AND STRETCH THY WINGS

Robert Seagrave (1693–1764)

James Nares (1715–1783)

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;  
 2. Riv - ers to the o - cean run, Nor stay in all their course;  
 3. Fly me rich - es, fly me cares; While I that coast ex - plore;  
 4. Cease, ye pil - grims, cease to mourn, Press on - ward to the prize;

5  
 Rise from tran - si - to - ry things, Towards heav'n, thy na - tive place;  
 Fire as - cend - ing seeks the sun, Both speed them to their source;  
 Flat - t'ring world, with all thy snares, So - li - cit me no more.  
 Soon our Sav - ior will re - turn, Tri - um - phant in the skies:

9  
 Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move;  
 To a soul that's born of God, Pants to view his glo - rious face;  
 Pil - grims fix not here their home; Stran - gers tar - ry but a night,  
 Yet a sea - son, and you know Hap - py en - trance will be giv'n,

13  
 Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove.  
 Up - ward tends to his a - bode, To rest in his em - brace.  
 When the last dear morn is come, They'll rise to joy - ful light.  
 All our sor - rows left be - low, And earth ex - changed for heav'n.

# ALL PEOPLE THAT ON EARTH DO DWELL

William Kethe (d. 1608)

Louis Bourgeois (1510-1561)

1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer - ful voice;  
 2. The Lord ye Know is God in - deed, With - out our aid He did us make:  
 3. O en - ter then His gates with praise, Ap - proach with joy His courts un - to:  
 4. For why? The Lord our God is good, His mer - cy is for - ev - er sure:

Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell: Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice.  
 We are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.  
 Praise, laud, and bless His name al - ways, For it is seem - ly so to do.  
 His truth at all times firm - ly stood, And shall from age to age en - dure.

# OH CEASE, MY WANDERING SOUL

William Augustus Mühlenberg (1796-1877)

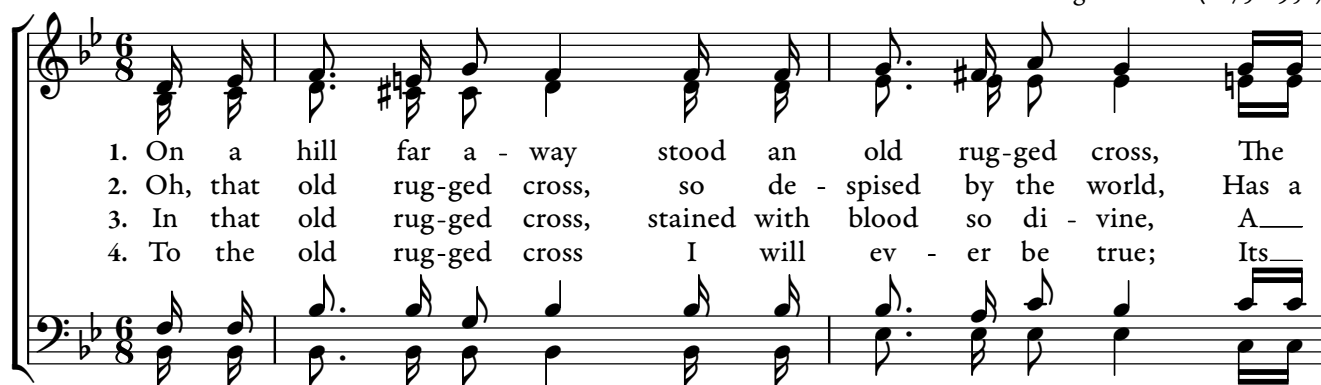
John E. Gould (1820-1875)

1. Like No - ah's wea - ry dove, That soared the earth a - round,  
 2. Oh, cease, my wan - d'ring soul, On rest - less wing to roam;  
 3. Be - hold the ark of God! Be - hold the o - pen door!  
 4. There safe thou shalt a - bide, There sweet shall be thy rest;

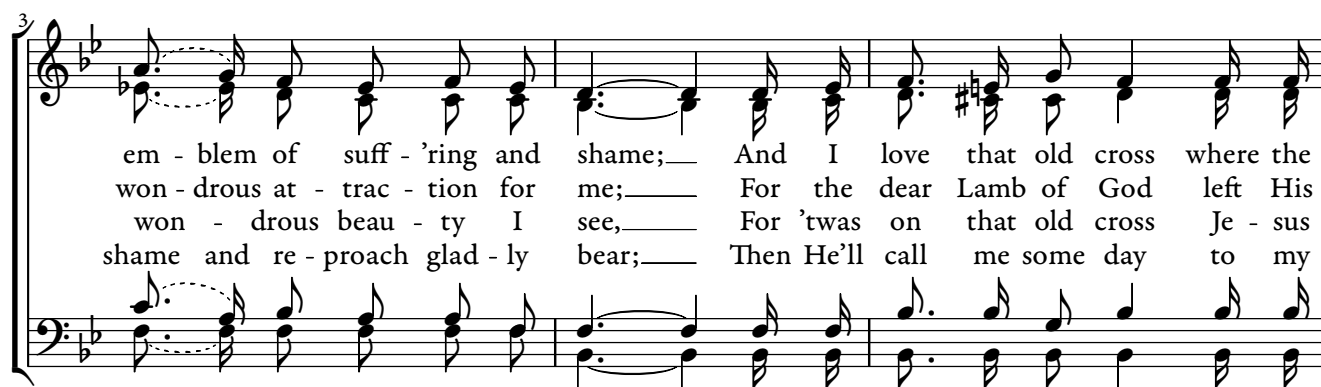
But not a rest - ing place a - bove The cheer - less wa - ters found;  
 All this wide world, to ei - ther pole, Hath not for thee a home.  
 Oh, haste to gain that dear a - bode, And rove, my soul, no more.  
 And ev - 'ry long - ing sat - is - fied, With full sal - va - tion blest.

# THE OLD RUGGED CROSS

George Bennard (1873-1958)



1. On a hill far a - way stood an old rug-ged cross, The  
 2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so de - spised by the world, Has a  
 3. In that old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di - vine, A  
 4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev - er be true; Its



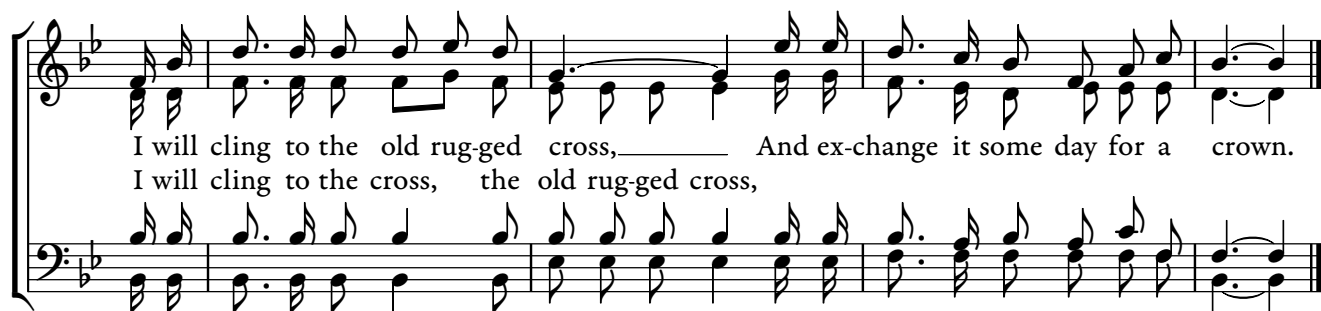
em - blem of suff - 'ring and shame; And I love that old cross where the  
 won - drous at - trac - tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His  
 won - drous beau - ty I see, For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus  
 shame and re - proach glad - ly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my



dear - est and best For a world of lost sin - ners was slain.  
 glo - ry a - bove To bear it to dark Cal - va - ry.  
 suf - fered and died, To par - don and sanc - ti - fy me.  
 home far a - way, Where His glo - ry for - ev - er I'll share.



So I'll cher-ish the old rug-ged cross, Till my tro-phies at last I lay down;  
 So I'll cher-ish the cross, the old rug-ged cross,

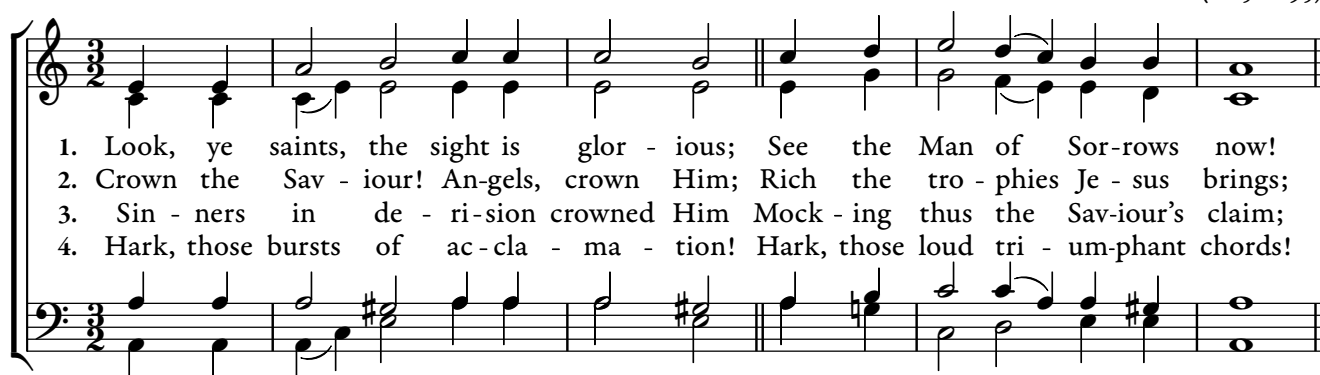


I will cling to the old rug-ged cross, And ex-change it some day for a crown.  
 I will cling to the cross, the old rug-ged cross,



# LOOK, YE SAINTS, THE SIGHT IS GLORIOUS

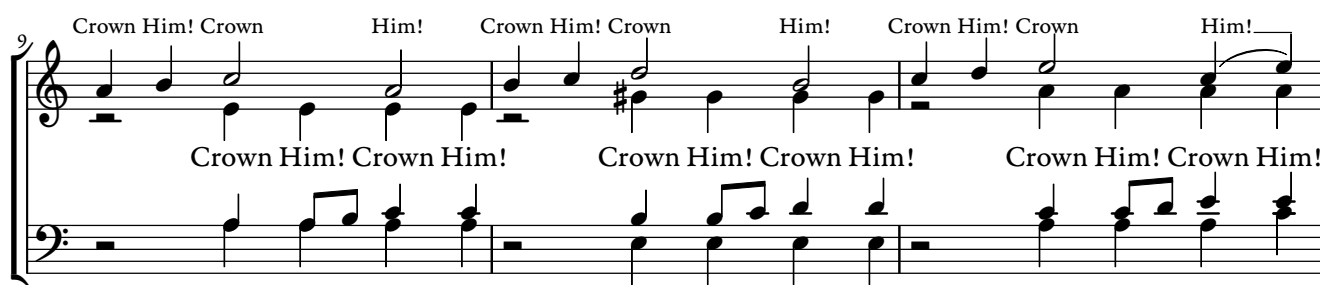
William Owen (1813-1893)



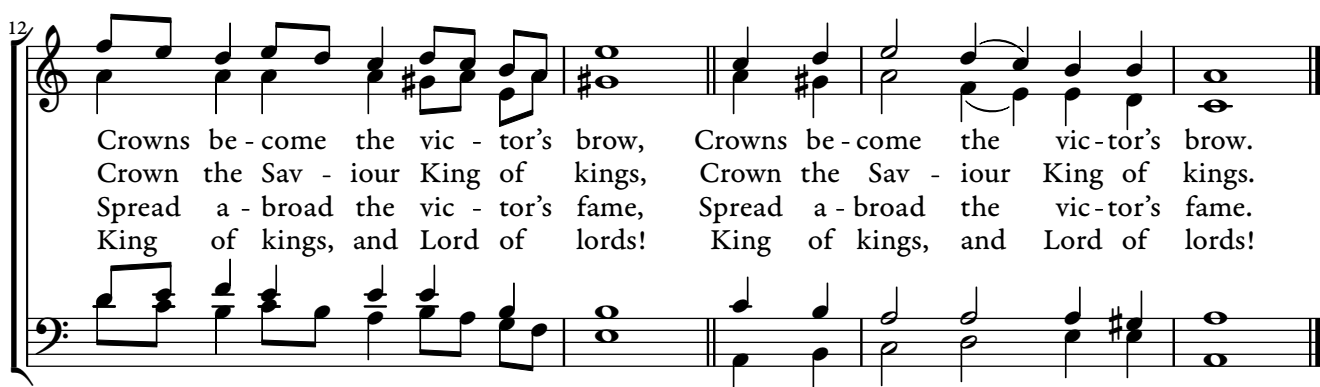
1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glor - ious; See the Man of Sor - rows now!  
 2. Crown the Sav - iour! An - gels, crown Him; Rich the tro - phies Je - sus brings;  
 3. Sin - ners in de - ri - sion crowned Him Mock - ing thus the Sav - iour's claim;  
 4. Hark, those bursts of ac - cla - ma - tion! Hark, those loud tri - um - phant chords!



From the fight re - turned vic - tor - ious, Ev - 'ry knee to Him shall bow.  
 On the seat of pow'r en - throne Him While the vault of heav - en rings.  
 Saints and an - gels crowd a - round Him, Own His ti - tle, praise His Name:  
 Je - sus takes the high - est sta - tion; Oh, what joy the sight af - fords!



Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him!  
 Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him!



Crowns be - come the vic - tor's brow, Crowns be - come the vic - tor's brow.  
 Crown the Sav - iour King of kings, Crown the Sav - iour King of kings.  
 Spread a - broad the vic - tor's fame, Spread a - broad the vic - tor's fame.  
 King of kings, and Lord of lords! King of kings, and Lord of lords!

# FORTY DAYS AND FORTY NIGHTS

George Hunt Smyttan (1822–1870)

Martin Herbst (1654–1681)

1. For - ty days and for - ty nights Thou wast fast - ing in the wild;  
 2. Shall not we Thy sor - row share, And from earth - ly joys ab - stain,  
 3. And if Sa - tan vex - ing sore, Flesh or spi - rit should as - sail,  
 4. So shall we have peace div - ine; Ho - lier glad - ness ours shall be;  
 5. Keep, O keep us, Sav - iour dear, Ev - er con - stant by Thy side;

For - ty days and for - ty nights Tempt - ed, and yet un - de - filed.  
 Fast - ing with un - ceas - ing prayer, Glad with Thee to suf - fer pain?  
 Thou, his Van - quish - er be - fore, Grant we may not faint or fail.  
 Round us, too, shall an - gels shine, Such as min - i - ster'd to Thee.  
 That with Thee we may ap - pear At th'e - ter - nal Ea - ster - tide.

# SWEET THE MOMENTS RICH IN BLESSING

James Allen (1734–1804)

Isaac Baker Woodbury (1819–1858)

1. Sweet the mo - ments, rich in bless - ing, Which be - fore the cross I spend;  
 2. Here I kneel in won - der, view - ing Mer - cy poured in streams of blood;  
 3. Tru - ly bless - ed is the sta - tion, Low be - fore His cross to lie,  
 4. Here I find my hope of heav - en, While up - on the Lamb I gaze;  
 5. Lord, in lov - ing con - tem - pla - tion Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,  
 6. For Thy sor - rows I a - dore Thee, For the griefs that wrought our peace;

Life and health and peace pos - sess - ing Through the sin - ner's dy - ing friend.  
 Pre - cious drops, for par - don su - ing, Make and plead my place with God.  
 While I see di - vine com - pas - sion Plead - ing in His dy - ing eye.  
 Lov - ing much, and much for - giv - en, Let my heart o'er - flow with praise.  
 Till I taste Thy full sal - va - tion, And Thine un - veiled glo - ries see.  
 Gra - cious Sav - ior, I im - plore Thee, In my heart Thy love in - crease.

Harriet Auber (1773–1862)

**OUR BLEST REDEEMER**

John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876)

1. Our blest Re-deem-er, ere he breathed His ten-der, last fare-well,  
 2. He came, in tongues of liv-ing flame, To teach, con-vince, sub-due;  
 3. He came sweet in-fluence to im-part, A gra-cious, will-ing guest,  
 4. And His that gen-tle voice we hear, Soft as the breath of even,  
 5. And eve-ry vir-tue we pos-sess, And eve-ry vic-t'ry won,  
 6. Spi-rit of pu-ri-ty and grace, Our weak-ness pit-ying see;

A Guide, a Com-fort-er, be-queathed, With us to dwell.  
 All pow'r-ful as the wind he came, As view-less too.  
 While he can find one hum-ble heart Where-in to rest.  
 That checks each fault, that calms each fear And speaks of heav'n.  
 And eve-ry thought of ho-li-ness, Are His a-lone.  
 O, make our hearts Thy dwell-ing-place, And wor-thier Thee!

**GOD MY KING THY MIGHT CONFESSING**

Richard Mant (1776–1848)

Felix Mendelssohn (1809–1847)

1. God, my King, Thy might con-fess-ing, Ev-er will I bless Thy Name;  
 2. Hon-or great our God be-fit-teth; Who His Ma-jes-ty can reach?  
 3. They shall talk of all Thy glo-ry, On Thy might and great-ness dwell,  
 4. Nor shall fail from mem-'ry's trea-sure, Works by love and mer-cy wrought,  
 5. Full of kind-ness and com-pas-sion, Slow to an-ger, vast in love,  
 6. All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee; Thee shall all Thy saints a-dore;

Day by day Thy throne ad-dress-ing, Still will I Thy praise pro-claim.  
 Age to age His works trans-mit-teth, Age to age His pow'r shall teach.  
 Speak of Thy dread acts the sto-ry, And Thy deeds of won-der tell.  
 Works of love sur-pass-ing mea-sure, Works of mer-cy pass-ing thought.  
 God is good to all cre-a-tion; All His works His good-ness prove.  
 King su-preme shall they con-fess Thee, And pro-claim Thy sov-'reign pow'r.

# THERE'S A LAND 'MID THE STARS

W. P. W.

R. A. Glenn

1. There's a land 'mid the stars we are told, Where they know not the sor-row of time,  
 2. Here our gaze can-not soar to that land, But our vi-sions have told of its bliss,  
 3. Oh, the stars in the hea-vens at night Seem to tell where the ran-somed have trod,  
 4. Oh, then let us cling to His Son, All our sor-rows He'll help us to bear,

Crys-tal foun-tains in val-leys of gold, And life is a trea-sure sub-lime.  
 And our souls by its breez-es are fanned, When we faint in the des-ert of this.  
 And the sun from his pal-ace of light Seems to beam with the smiles of our God.  
 And when life and its du-ties are done, He has prom-ised a crown we shall wear.

'Tis the sweet 'Tis the sweet by and by, by and by, 'Tis the land of our God we are told;

Shall we meet, shall we meet in that cit-y? 'Tis the beau-ti-ful home of the soul.

# O WORSHIP THE KING ALL GLORIOUS ABOVE

Robert Grant (1785–1838)

Franz Josef Haydn (1732–1809)

1. O Wor-ship the King all glo - rious a - bove, O grate - ful - ly  
 2. O tell of His might, O sing of His grace, Whose robe is the  
 4. Thy boun - ti - ful care What tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the  
 6. O mea - sure - less might! In - ef - fa - ble love! While an - gels de -

sing His pow'r and His love; Our Shield and De - fen - der, The  
 light, Whose can - o - py space. His cha - riots of wrath The deep  
 air; It shines in the light; It streams from the hills; It de -  
 light To hymn Thee a - bove, The hum - bler cre - a - tion, Though

11 An - cient of days, Pa - vil-ioned in splen-dor, And gird - ed with praise.  
 thun - der-clouds form, And dark is His path On the wings of the storm.  
 scends to the plain; And sweet - ly di - stils in the dew and the rain.  
 fee - ble their lays, With true a - do - ra - tion Shall sing to Thy praise.

# HARK! THE SONG OF JUBILEE

James Montgomery (1771–1854)

George J. Elvey (1816–1893)

1. Hark! the song of ju - bi - lee; Loud as might - y thun - ders roar,  
 2. Al - le - lu - ia! hark the sound From the depths un - to the skies,  
 3. He shall reign from pole to pole With il - lim - it - a - ble sway;

Or the ful - ness of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore:  
 Wakes a - bove, be - neath, a - round, All cre - a - tion's har - mo - nies;  
 He shall reign, when like a scroll Yon - der heav'ns have passed a - way:

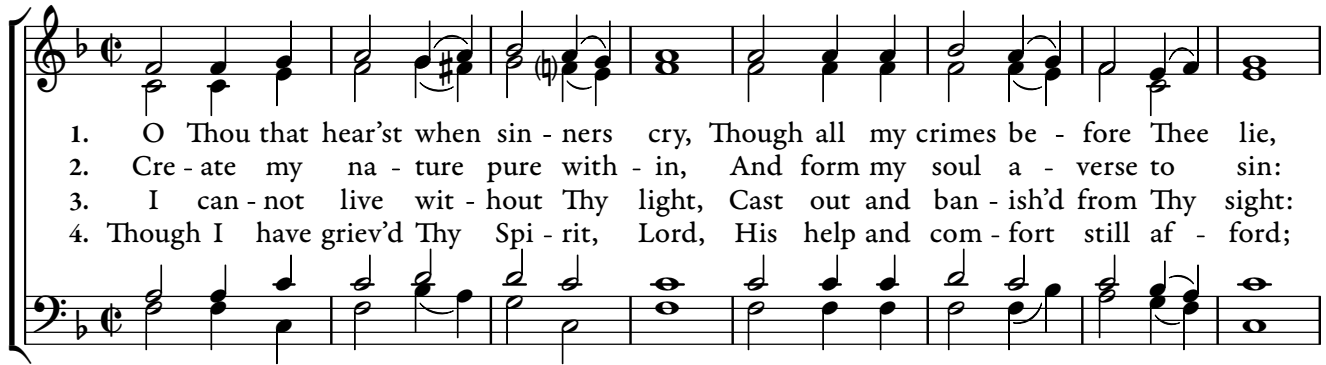
Al - le - lu - ia! for the Lord God om - ni - po - tent, shall reign;  
 See the Vic - tor's ban - ner furl'd, Sheath'd His sword: He speaks— 'tis done,  
 Then the end; be - neath His rod, Man's last en - e - my shall fall;

Al - le - lu - ia! let the word E - cho round the earth and main.  
 And the king - doms of this world Are the king - doms of His Son.  
 Al - le - lu - ia! Christ in God, God in Christ, is all in all.

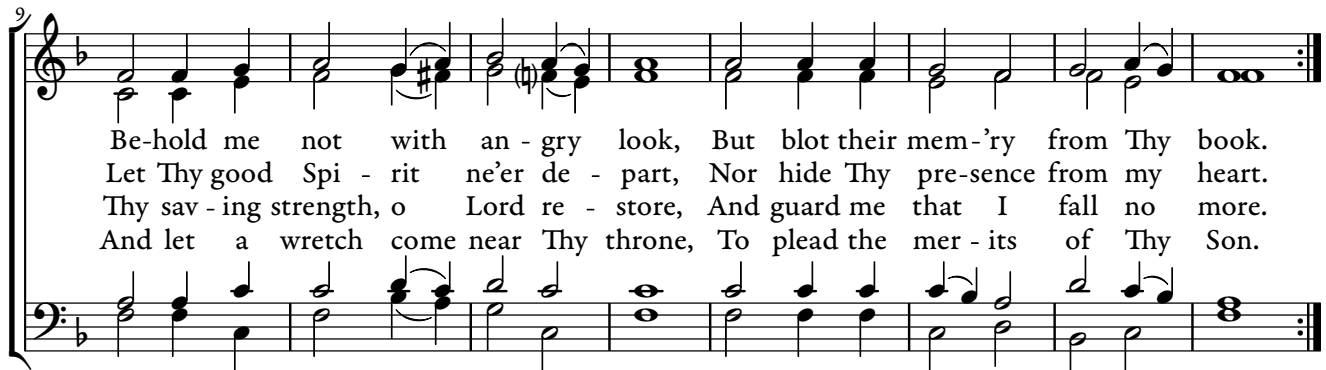
# O THOU THAT HEAR'ST WHEN SINNERS CRY

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Lowell Mason (1792-1872)



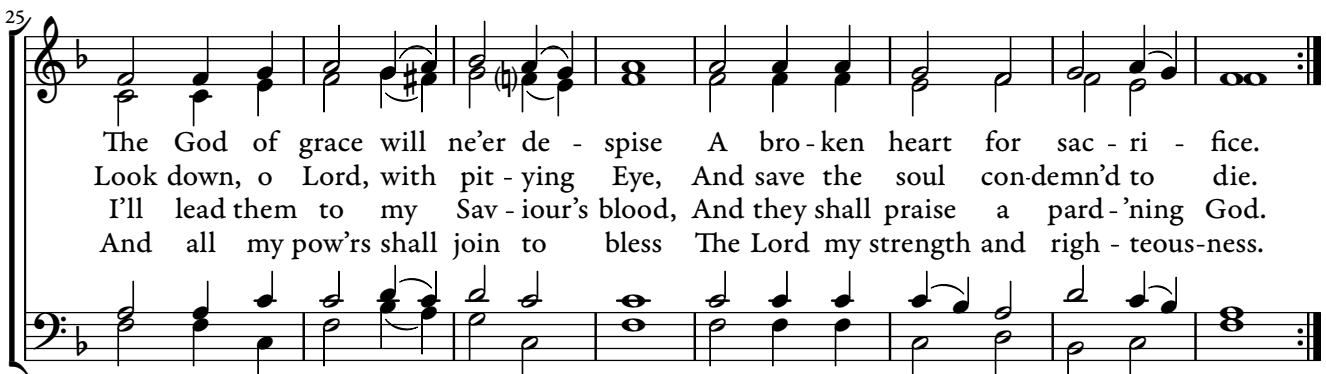
1. O Thou that hear'st when sin - ners cry, Though all my crimes be - fore Thee lie,  
 2. Cre - ate my na - ture pure with - in, And form my soul a - verse to sin:  
 3. I can - not live wit - hout Thy light, Cast out and ban - ish'd from Thy sight:  
 4. Though I have griev'd Thy Spi - rit, Lord, His help and com - fort still af - ford;



Be-hold me not with an - gry look, But blot their mem-'ry from Thy book.  
 Let Thy good Spi - rit ne'er de - part, Nor hide Thy pre-sence from my heart.  
 Thy sav - ing strength, o Lord re - store, And guard me that I fall no more.  
 And let a wretch come near Thy throne, To plead the mer - its of Thy Son.



5. A bro - ken heart, my God, my King, Is all the sac - ri - fice I bring;  
 6. My soul lies hum - bled in the dust, And owns Thy dread - ful sen - tence just;  
 7. Then will I teach the world Thy ways; Sin - ners shall learn Thy sov - 'reign grace;  
 8. O may Thy love in - spire my tongue! Sal - va - tion shall be all my song;



The God of grace will ne'er de - spise A bro - ken heart for sac - ri - fice.  
 Look down, o Lord, with pit - ying Eye, And save the soul condemn'd to die.  
 I'll lead them to my Sav - iour's blood, And they shall praise a pard - 'ning God.  
 And all my pow'rs shall join to bless The Lord my strength and righ - teous-ness.