SONGS from the PUBLIC DOMAIN

SELECTED, TRANSCRIBED, AND EDITED byBENJAMIN BLOOMFIELD

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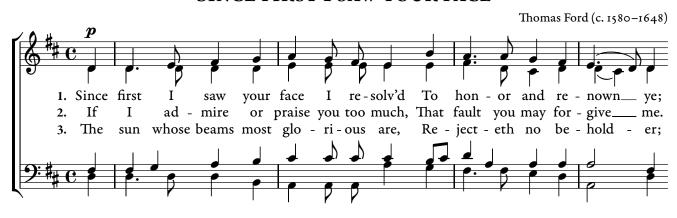
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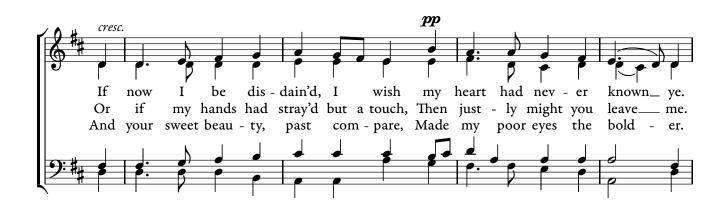
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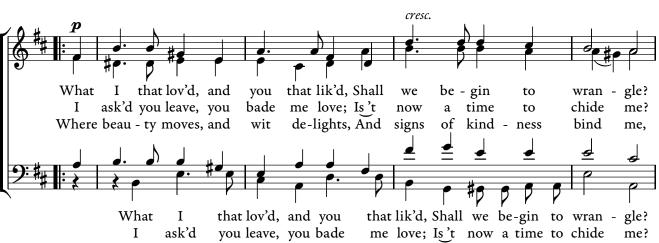
COME AGAIN, SWEET LOVE



SINCE FIRST I SAW YOUR FACE







Where beau - ty moves, and wit

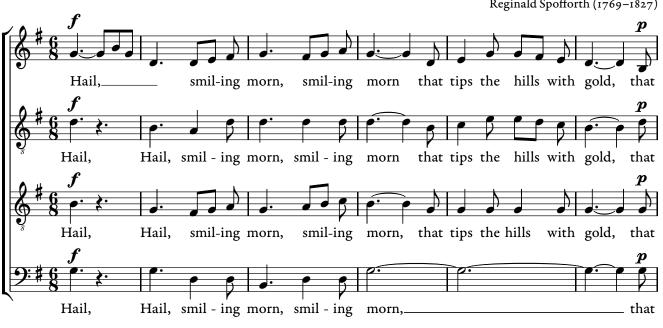
de-lights, And signs of kindness bind

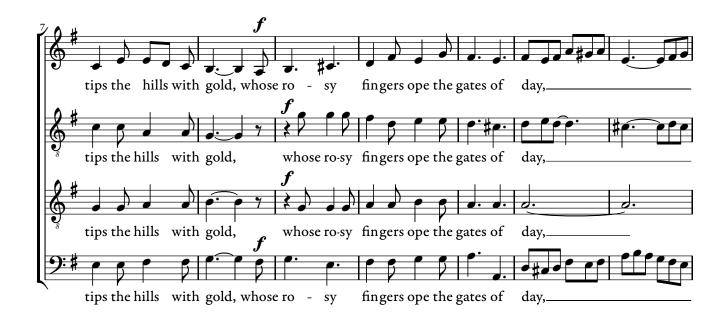


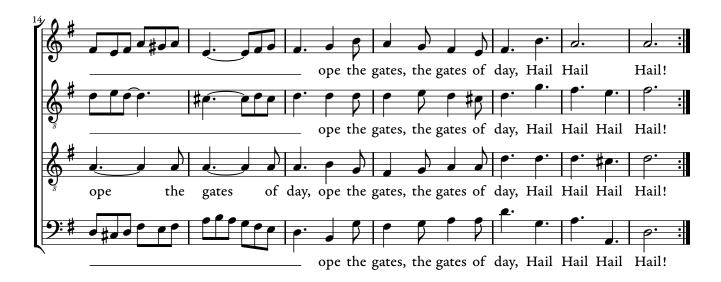
TRUST

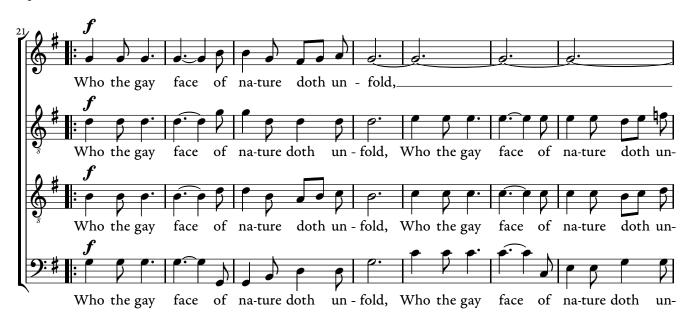


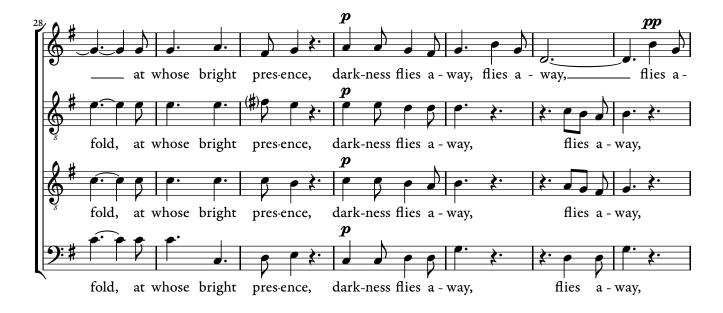
Reginald Spofforth (1769-1827)

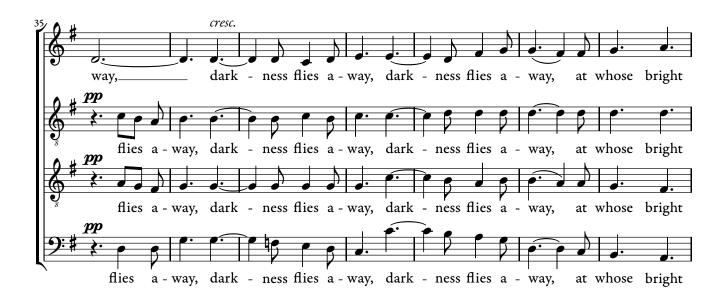


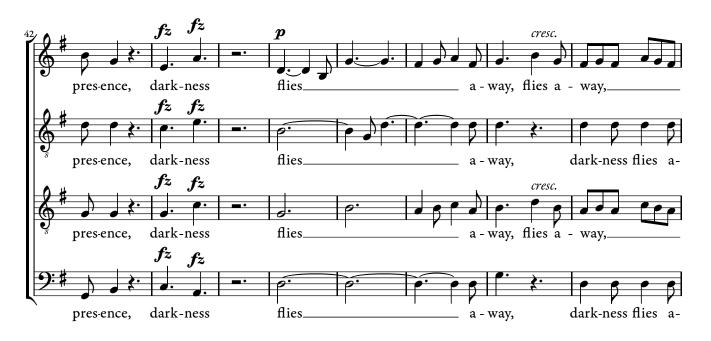


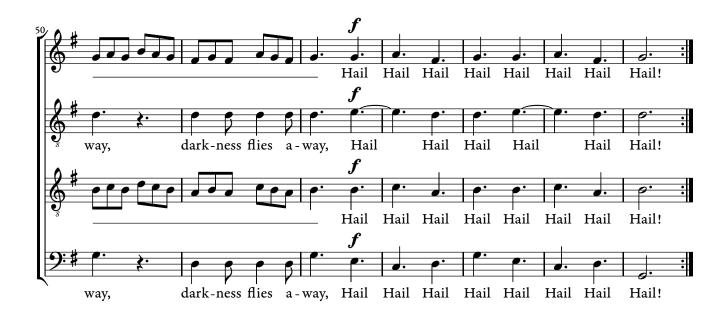




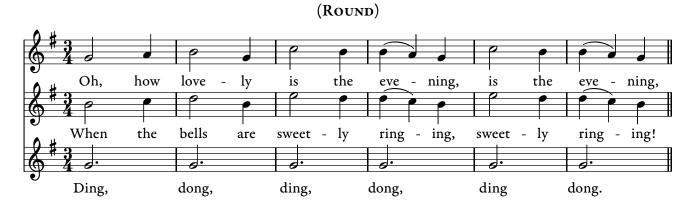








How Lovely Is the Evening

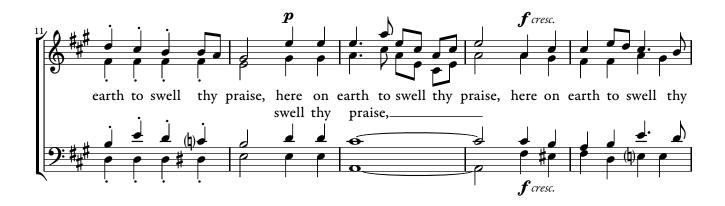


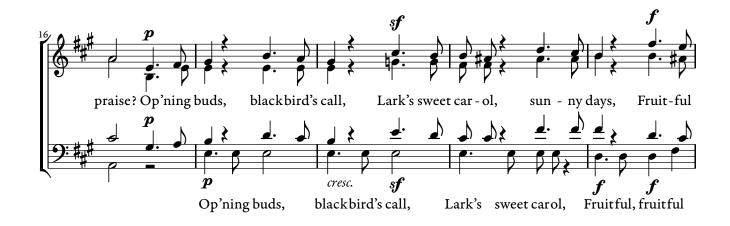
PRAISE OF SPRING

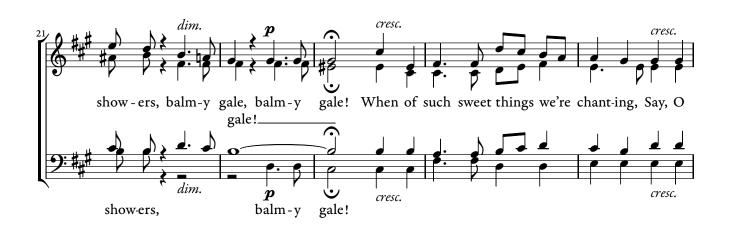
(Lob des Frühlings)

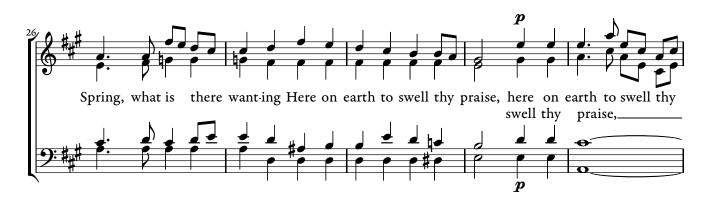


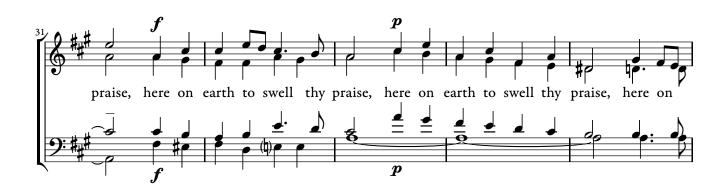


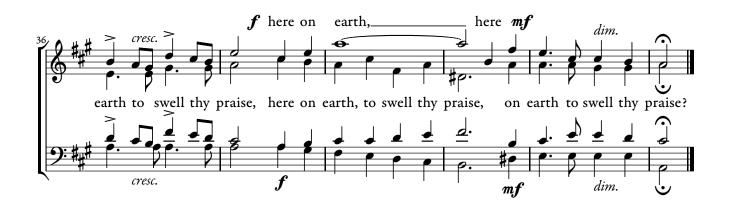












LIVE WE SINGING





THE WAITS



Now is the month of maying



Each

And

Say

la.



fa

la la

la la

la.

la

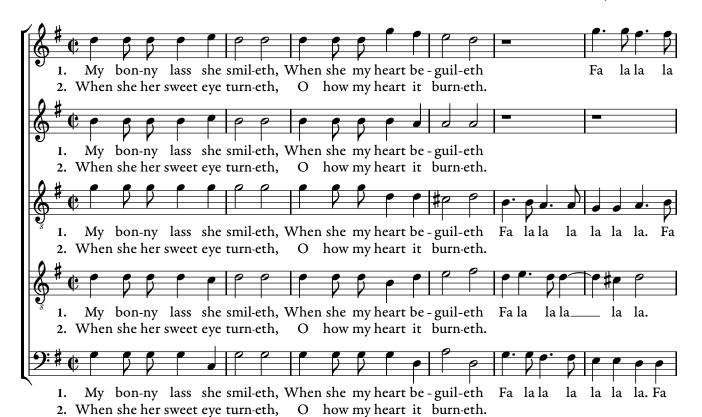
la,

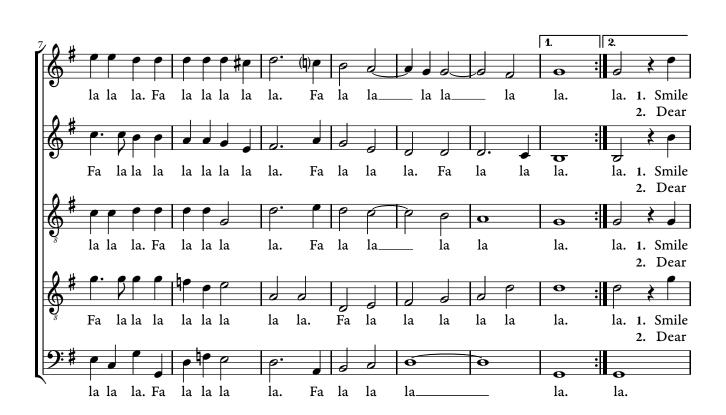
fa la la la

la,

My bonny lass she smileth

Thomas Morley (1557–1602)





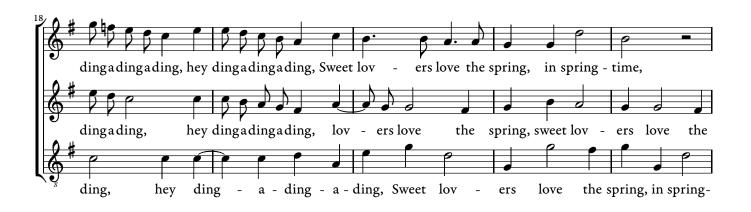


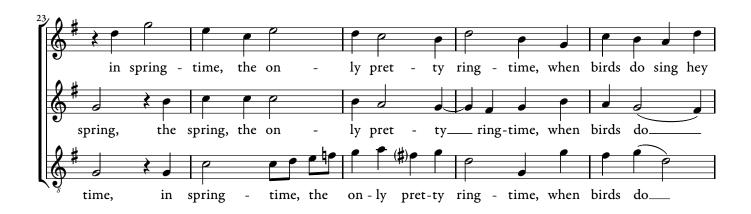


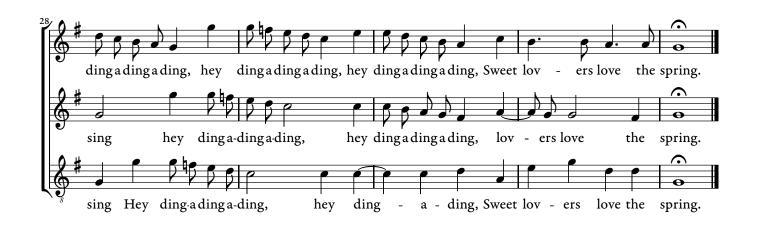
IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS





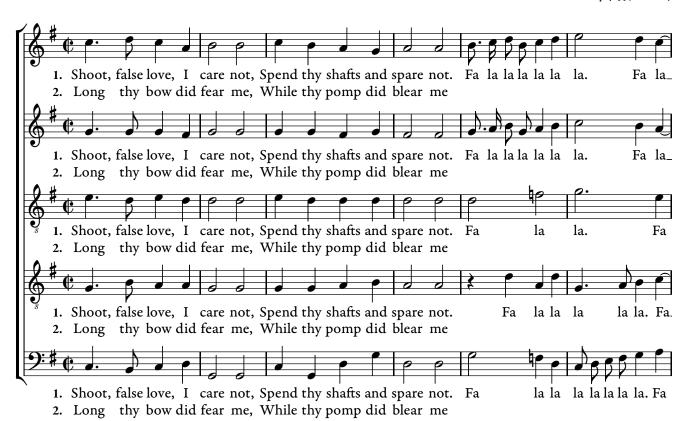




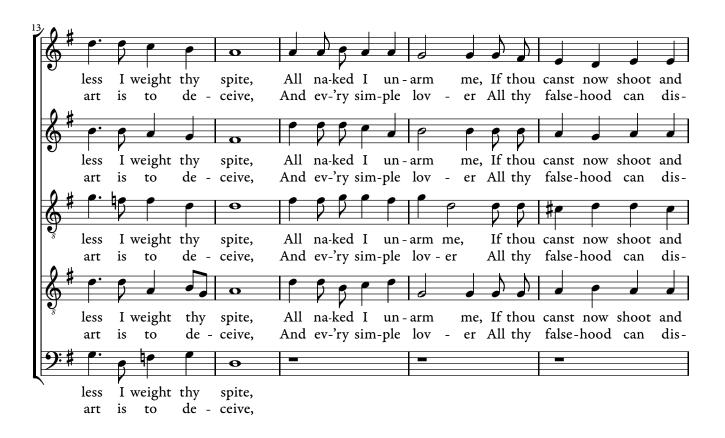


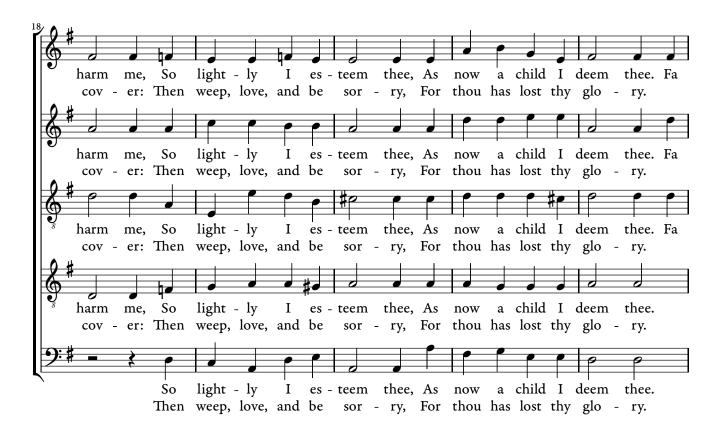
SHOOT FALSE LOVE I CARE NOT

Thomas Morley (1557–1602)









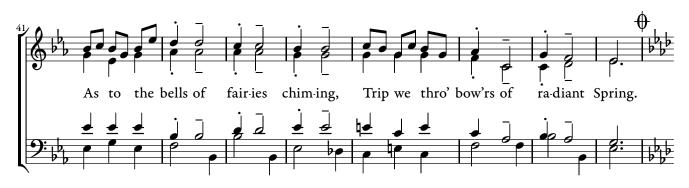


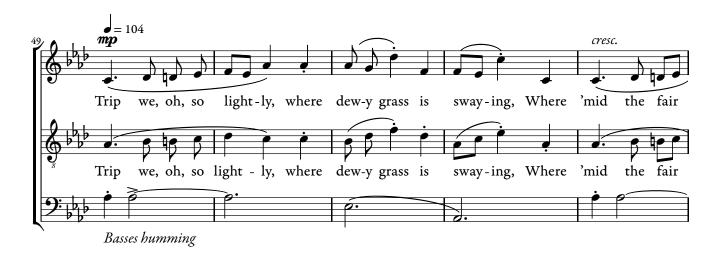


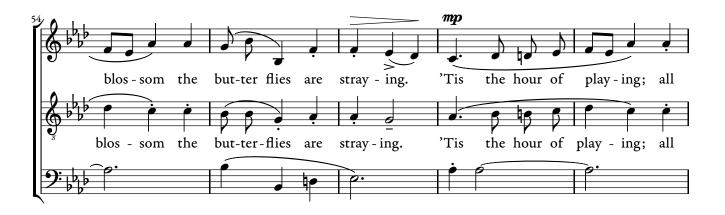
THE HAND THAT HOLDS THE BREAD

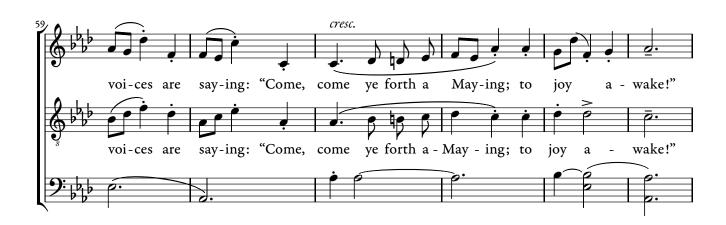


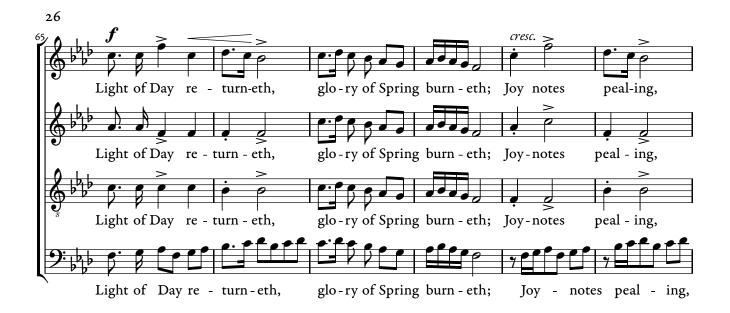


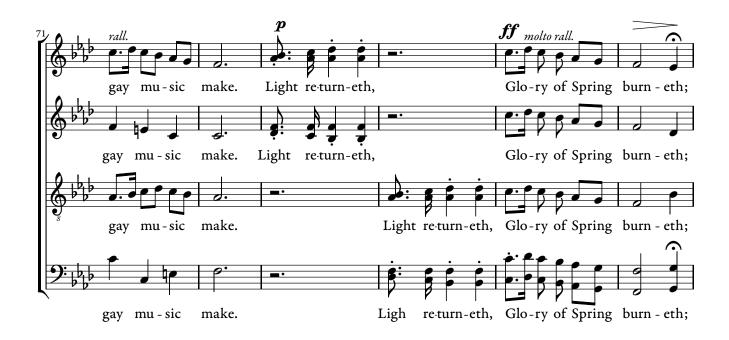


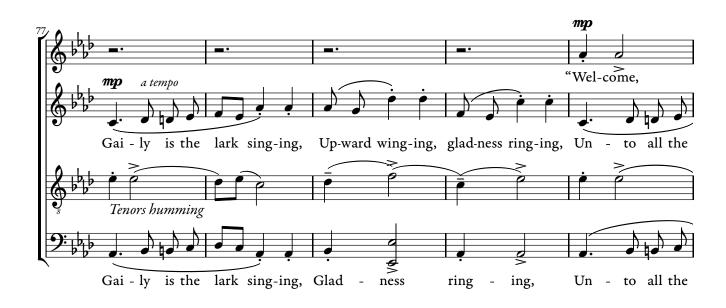


















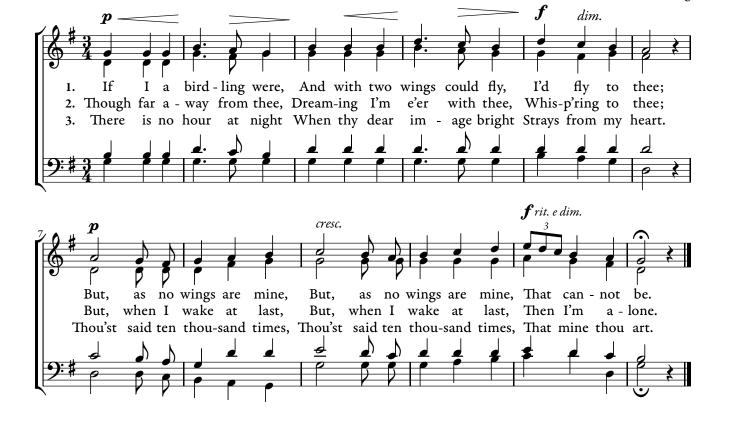




Folk Song



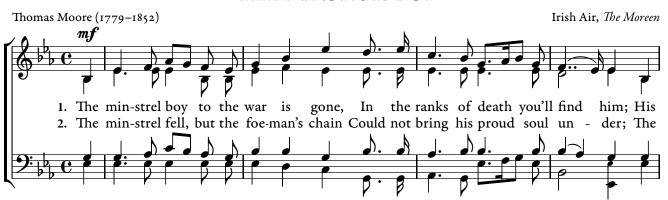
THE FLIGHT OF LOVE

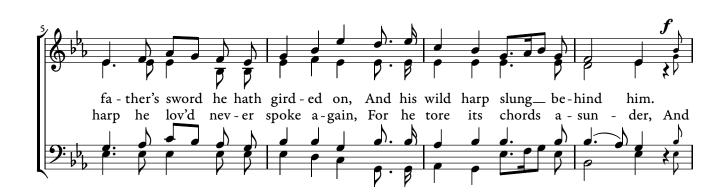


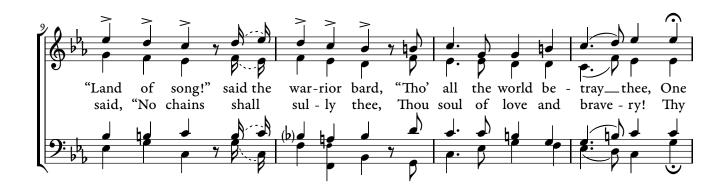
OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT



THE MINSTREL BOY









KILLARNEY





I DREAMT I DWELT IN MARBLE HALLS

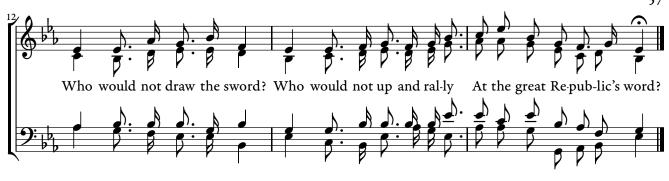


THE HEART BOWED DOWN



Who would not fight for freedom?





JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO



FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON



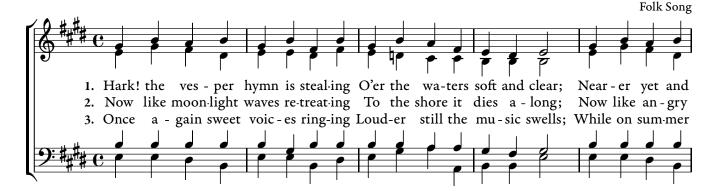
BONNIE DUNDEE

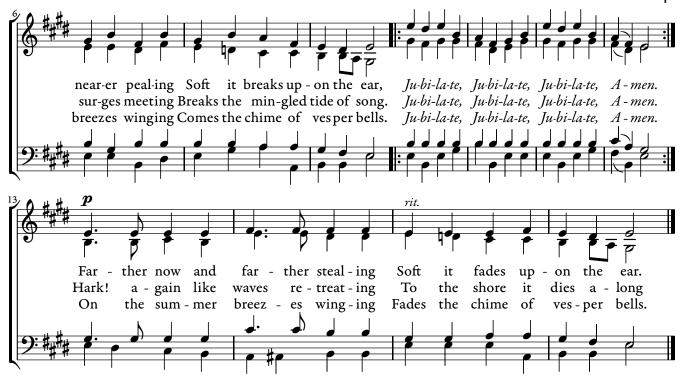


BONNIE DOON



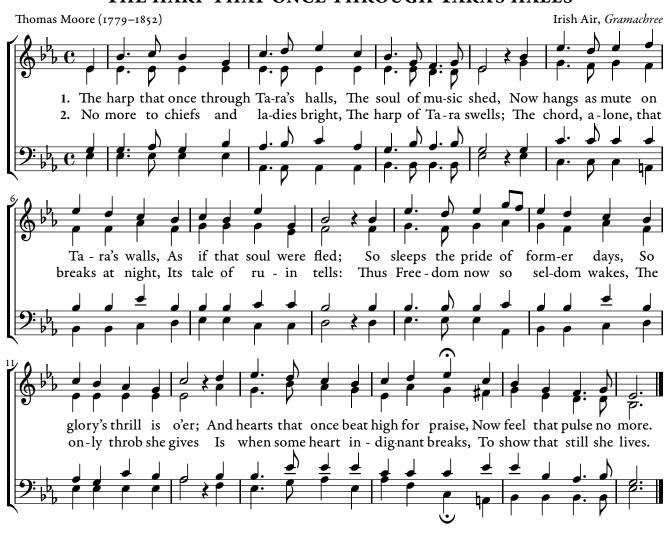
HARK! THE VESPER HYMN IS STEALING



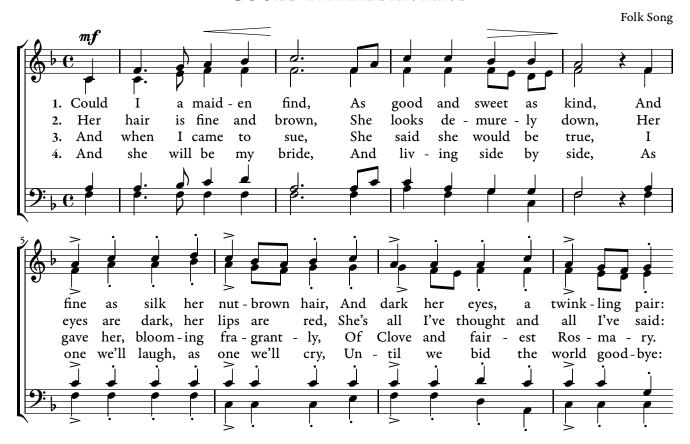


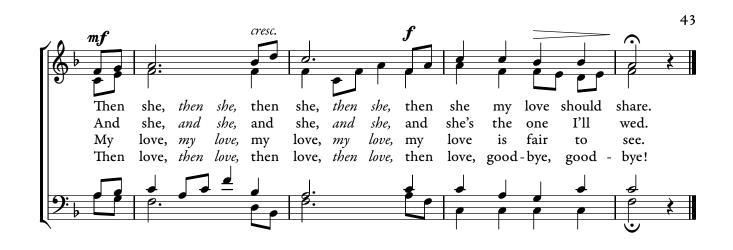
IN THE SPRING





COULD I A MAIDEN FIND





O Sole Mio



O CALM OF NIGHT

(In Stiller Nacht)

Swabian Folk Song Arranged by Johannes Brahms (1833–1897) calm of night, when stars shone bright, A soft voice sad - ly sing-ing. The can - not glow for gold-en moon is sink - ing soon, It sor-row. No winds that blow, re The sad tones sweet - ly bring-ing; There's ech - o low at night the stars shine bright, My pain they too would bor - row; re - lief from woe and grief, My heart's The in sor-row seek - ing more we'll stray through mead-ows gay; For Ι pass my days in weep - ing. one who's gone; pain lin - gers on, Haunts me a-wake sleep - ing. till vi - gil I'll keep - ing. love yearn; its re-turn My

EIN PROSIT



THE ASH GROVE



THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC





THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND

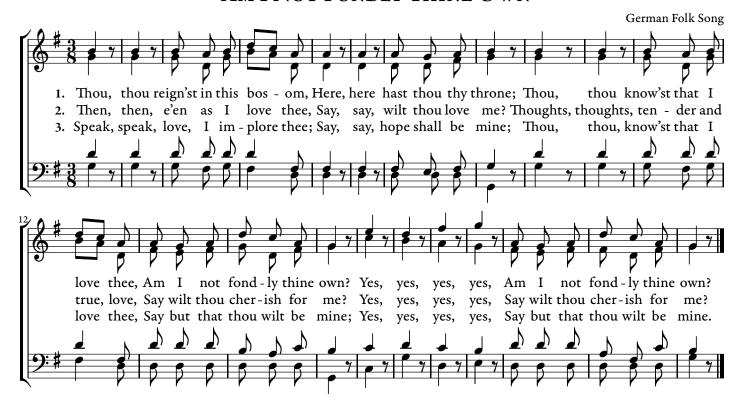


DE BREVITATE VITÆ

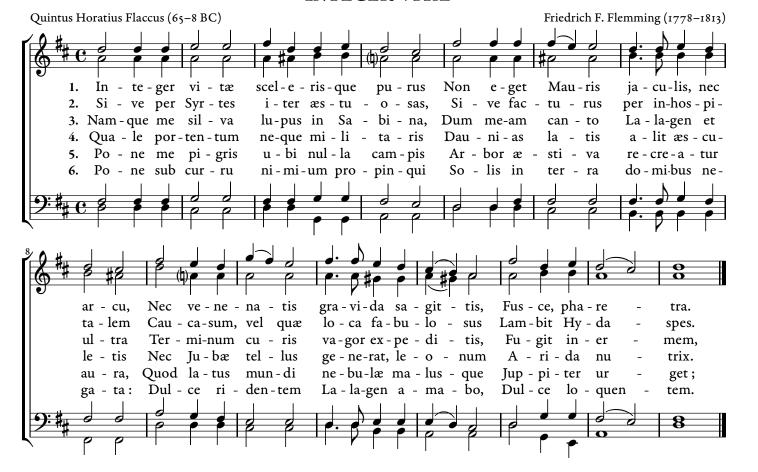
(GAUDEAMUS IGITUR)



AM I NOT FONDLY THINE OWN





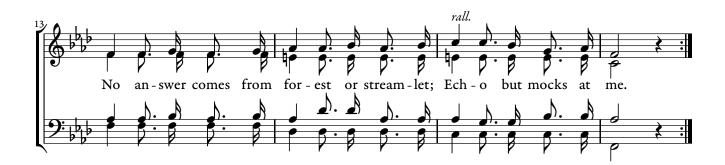


NIGHT SONG

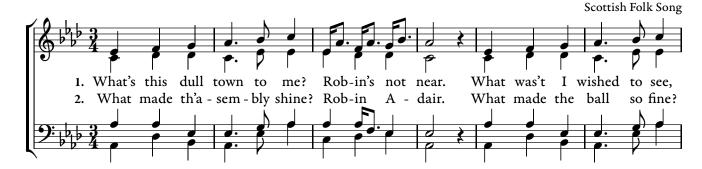








ROBIN ADAIR





LOCH LOMOND



RED IS THE ROSE



DREAMING OF HOME AND MOTHER

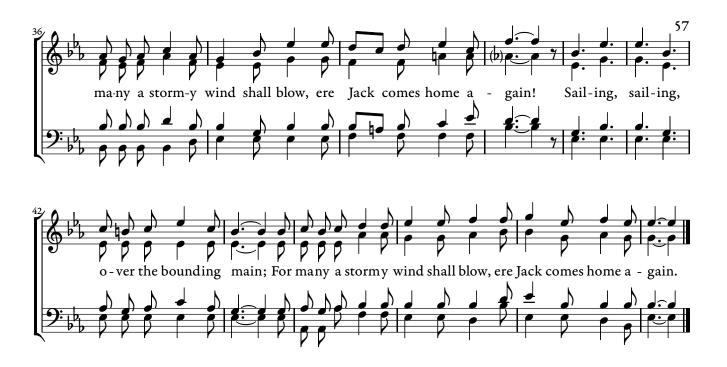
John P. Ordway (1824–1880) 1. Dream - ing of home, Home of my child-hood and mo-ther; old home! dear 2. Sleep, balm - y sleep, close mine eyes, Keep me still think - ing of mo-ther, 3. Child - hood has come, come a - gain, Sleep-ing, I see my dear mo-ther; Oft when I wake, 'tis sweet to find I've been 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. be - side me kneel, While I'm dream-ing of home and mo-ther. her loved form Home, dear home, childhood's hap py home! When I played with sis - ter and with brother; An - gels come, sooth-ing me to rest, I can feel their presence and none oth-er; Mo - ther dear, whis - per to me now, Tell me of my sis - ter and my brother; 'Twas the sweetest joy when we did roam, O - ver hill and through dale with mother. of For they sweet-ly say I shall be blest With bright vis - ions home and mo-ther. feel thy hand up - on my brow, Yes I'm dream-ing of home and mother. Home of my child-hood and mo-ther; Dream-ing of home, old home! dear 'tis sweet to find I've been dream-ing of home and mo-ther. Oft when I wake,

BY THE SAD SEA WAVES



SAILING







O FAIR DOVE, O FOND DOVE





AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL







DIXIE



THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG



THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM



THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM

(CONFEDERATE VERSION)



TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

THE PRISONER'S HOPE



THE LORELEI

(DIE LORELEI)



SANTA LUCIA



THE HAZEL DELL



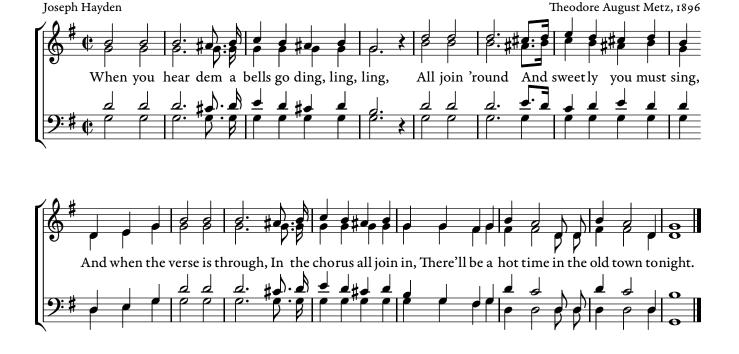
On the Banks of the Wabash, Far Away



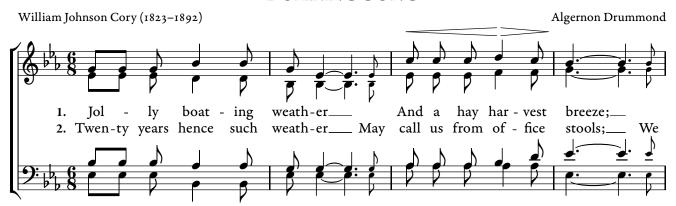




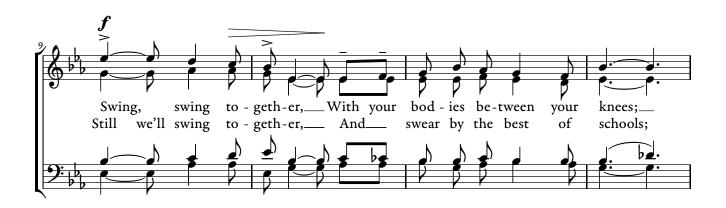
A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN

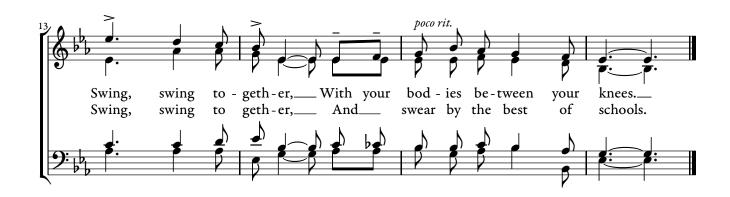


BOATING SONG

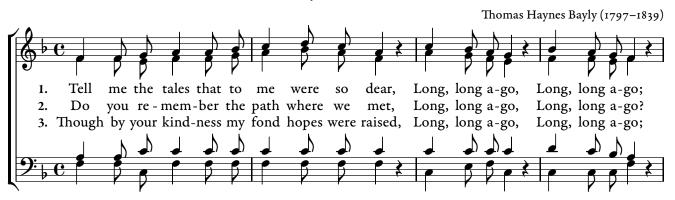


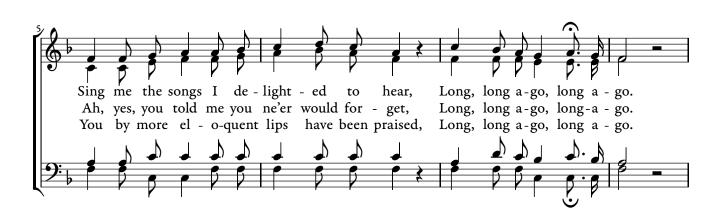




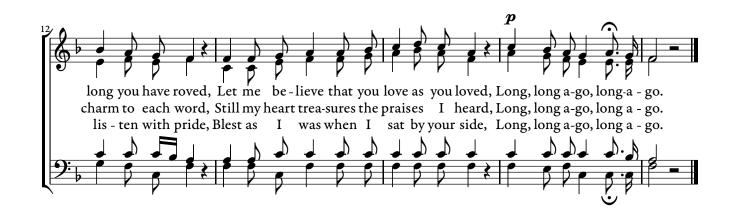


Long, Long Ago









RED WING





RED RIVER VALLEY



SCOTCH LASSIE JEAN





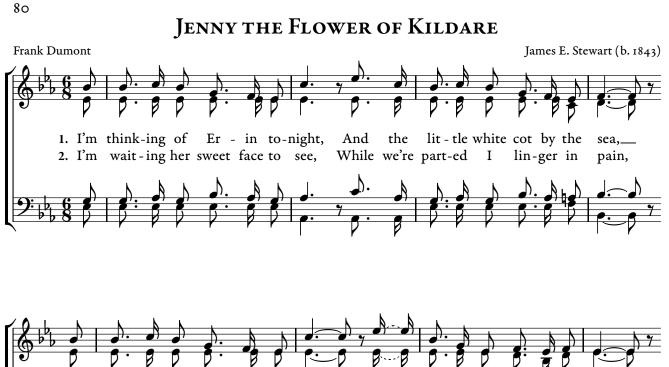
THE OLD MUSICIAN AND HIS HARP

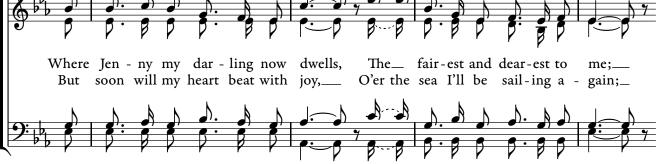


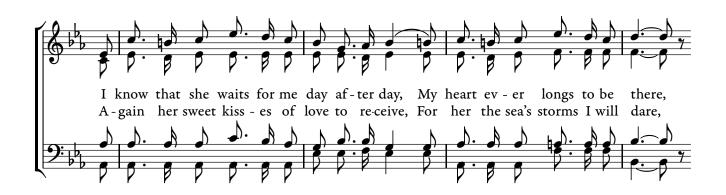


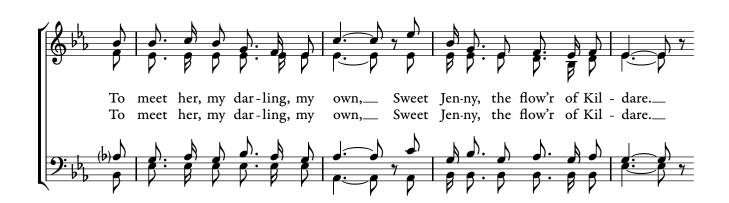
A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE





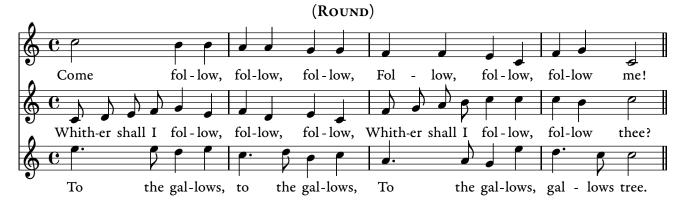




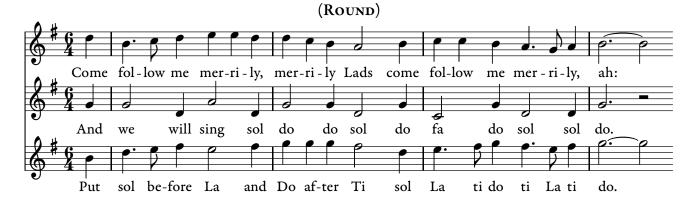




COME FOLLOW



COME FOLLOW ME MERRILY



When You and I Were Young, Maggie





THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME



DUBLIN BAY



DARBY AND JOAN



THE MIDSHIPMITE





NANCY LEE





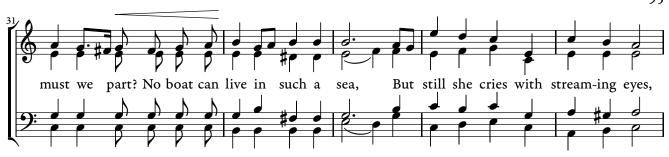
PUNCHINELLO



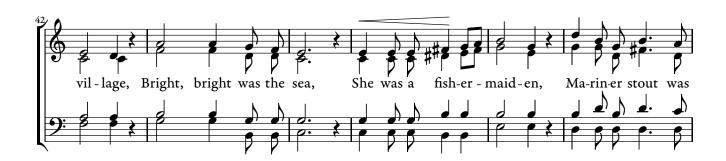


SAVED FROM THE STORM













THE LITTLE TIN SOLDIER



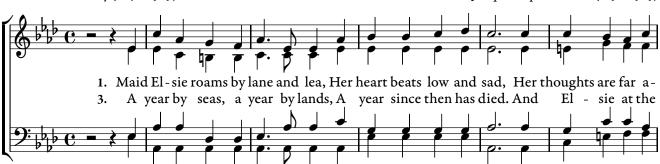
SWEET GENEVIEVE

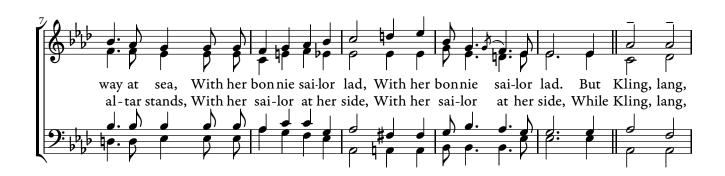


BRIDE BELLS

Frederic Weatherly (1848–1929)

Joseph Leopold Röckel (1838–1923)











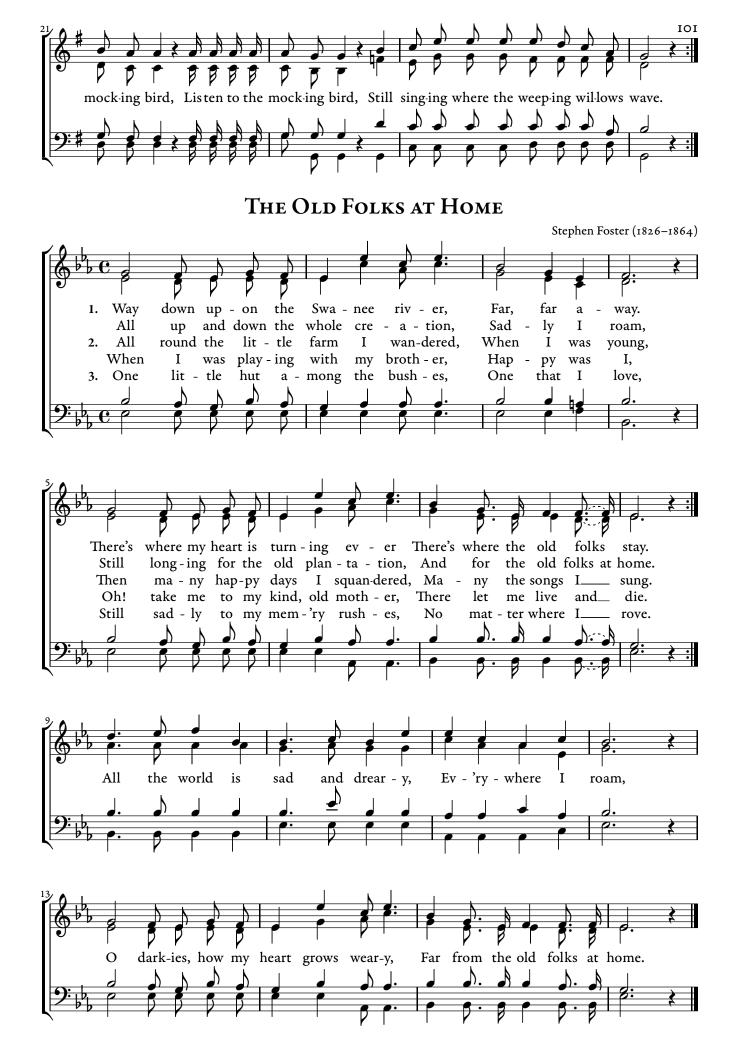
JAMIE'S ON THE STORMY SEA



THE BIRDS' BALL



LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD Septimus Winner (1827-1902) and Richard Milburn dream-ing now of sweet Hal-lie,___ ľm my sweet Hal-lie,___ my sweet Hal-lie,___ 1. I I can yet re-mem-ber,_ re - mem-ber,__ re - mem-ber,__ 3. When charms of spring a wak-en,_ wak-en, wak-en,_ ľm dream - ing now of my Hal-lie,___ For the thought of her is one that nev-er gath-ered in the cot-ton side by Ah! well can yet re-mem-ber, When we of spring a wak-en,___ And the When charms 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 feel like one so for-sak-en, bough, so for-sak-en,_ so for-sak-en, 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. 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



FAIRY BELLE



My Old Kentucky Home



HARD TIMES



HAPPY HOURS AT HOME



'Twere Vain to tell



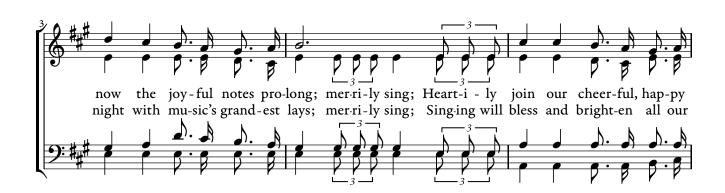
THE PRETTY GIRL MILKING HER COW

COLLEEN DHAS CRUTHEN NA MOE

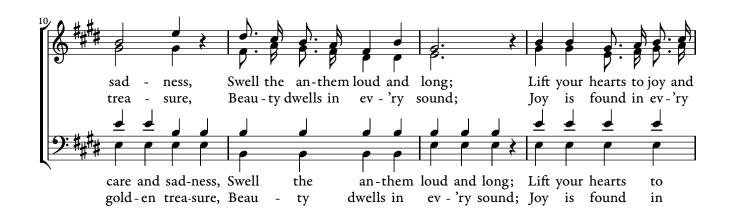


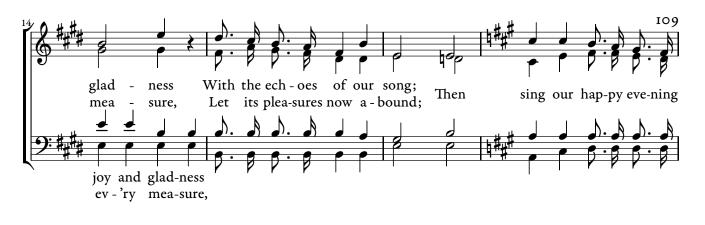
MERRILY SING

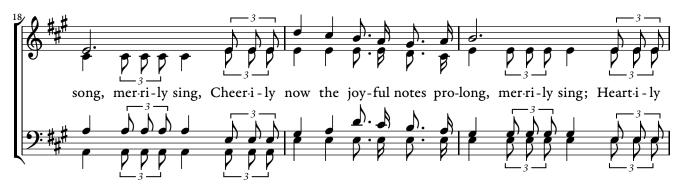






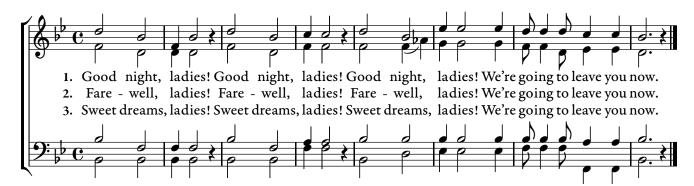








GOOD NIGHT LADIES



OH MY LOVE



THE MARCH OF PROHIBITION







A Warrior Bold











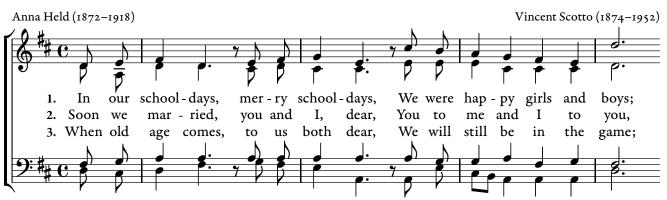


FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW

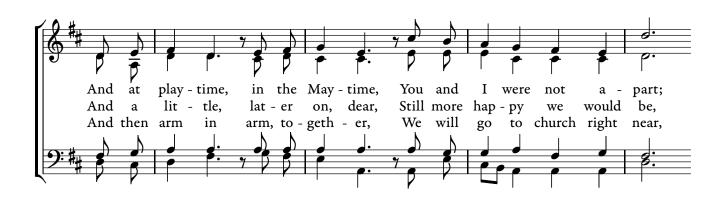
(WE WON'T GO HOME UNTIL MORNING)



It's Delightful to be Married!

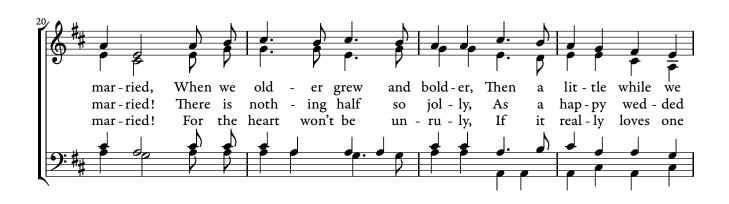




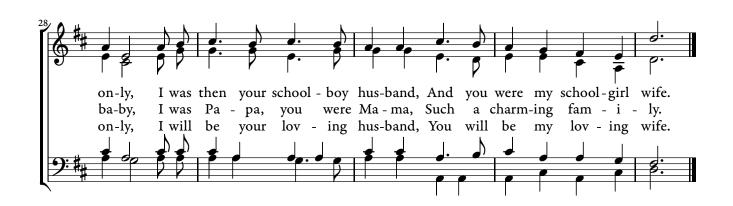












A CAPITAL SHIP

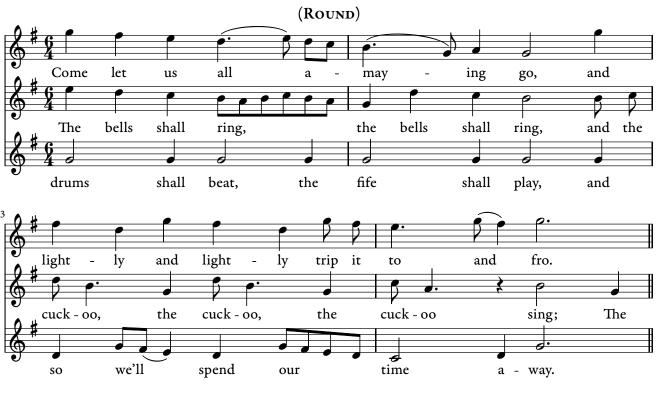




THE TAILOR AND THE MOUSE







SAINT PATRICK'S DAY



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







those

rise

Er - in

As

she sees

now be - holds on Saint

for their rights on Saint

on Saint

Pat - rick's Day.

Pat - rick's Day.

Pat - rick's Day.

and true heart - ed, Than

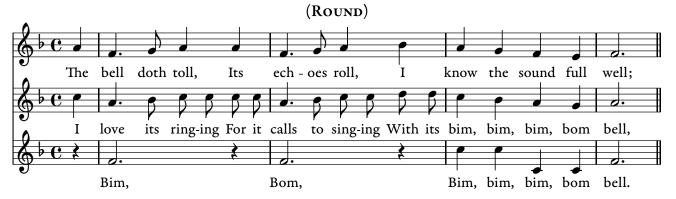
and true heart - ed Who

as true heart - ed,

brave

sons

brave

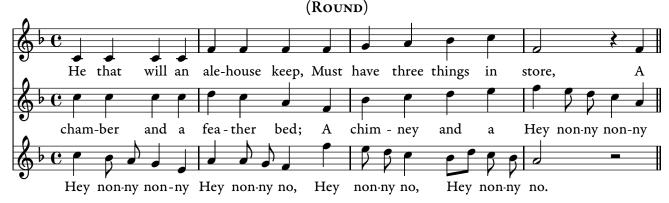


JOHNNY SANDS





HE THAT WILL AN ALEHOUSE KEEP



SKATING



WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY



THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING



LA CI DAREM LA MANO

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)





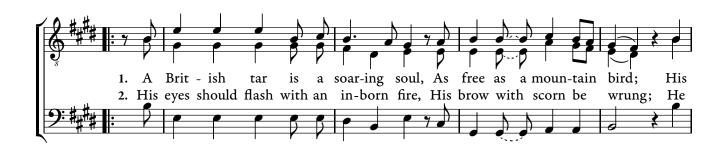
THE DISTANT SHORE

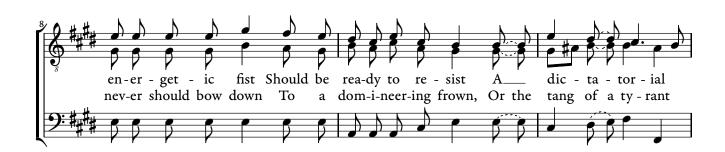


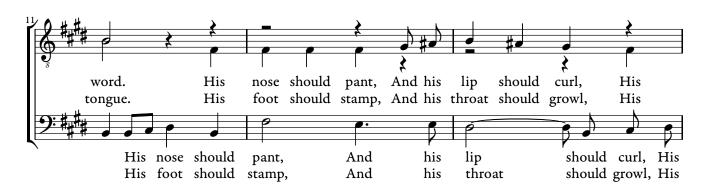


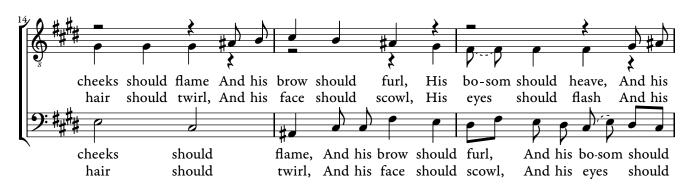
A British Tar











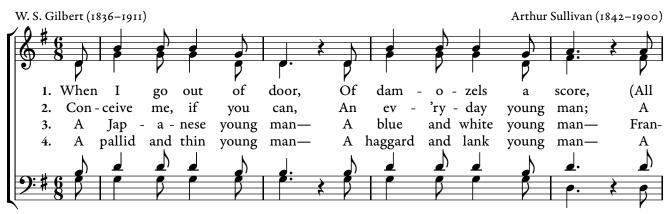


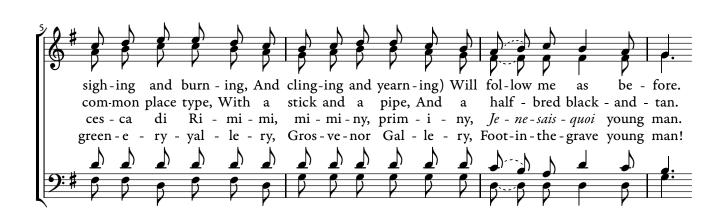
BRIGHTLY DAWNS OUR WEDDING DAY

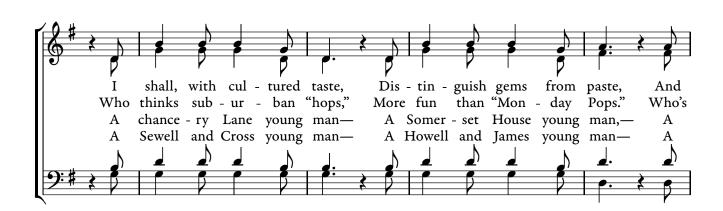


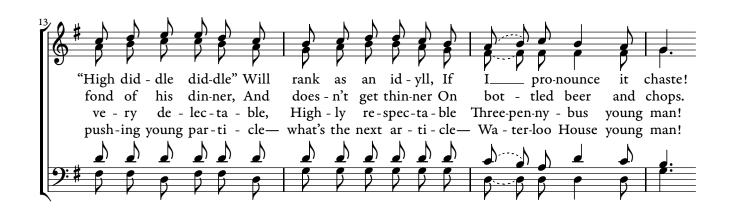


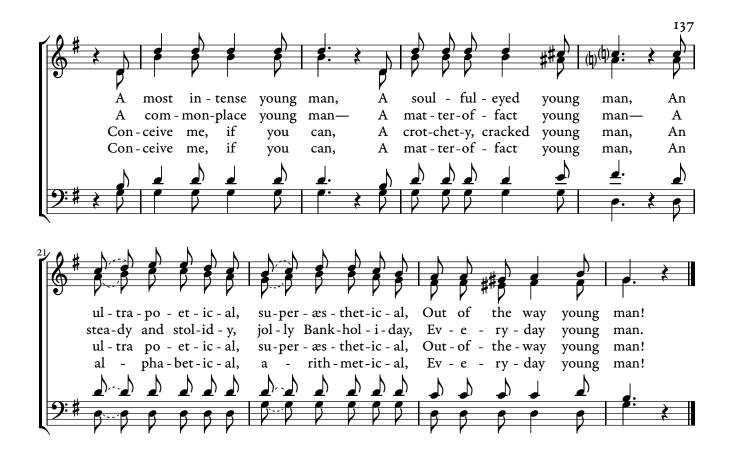
When I go out of door



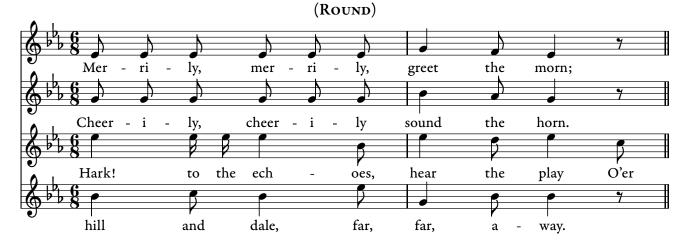








MERRILY GREET THE MORN



CATCH ROUND THE TABLE



THE CRIMINAL CRIED



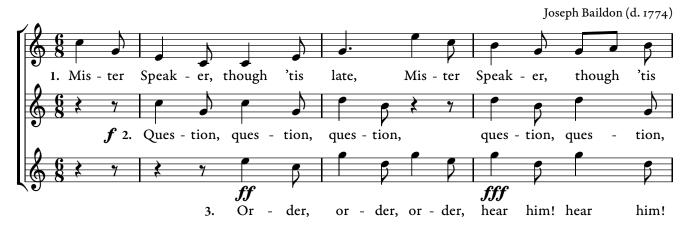


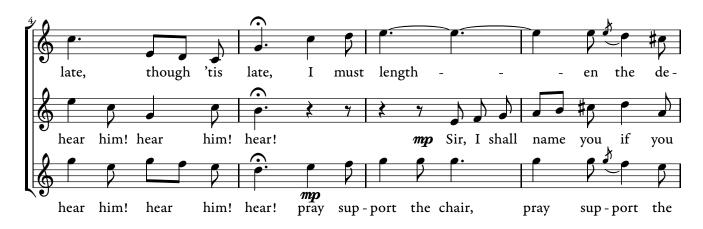


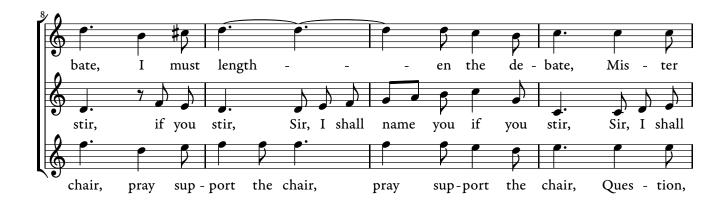
Tit-Willow

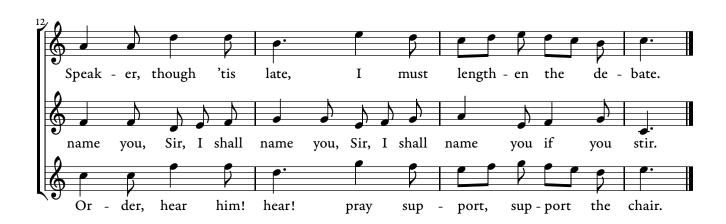


MISTER SPEAKER, THOUGH 'TIS LATE (ROUND)





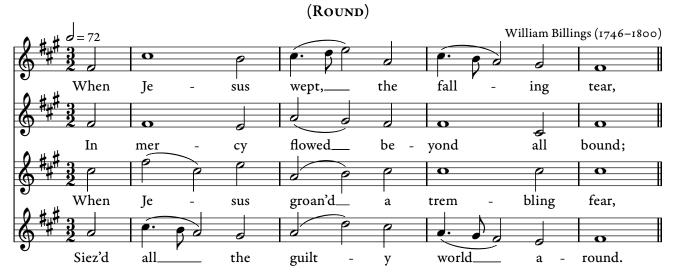




SOLDIER'S HYMN



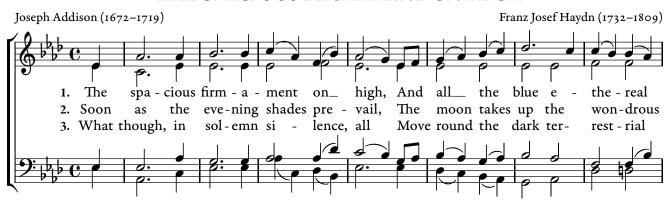
WHEN JESUS WEPT

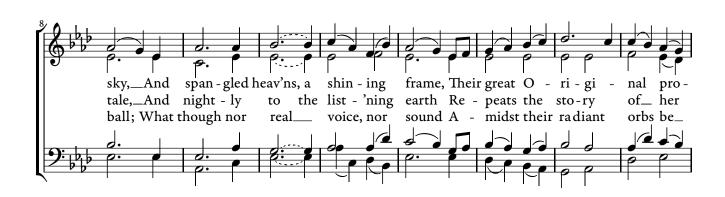


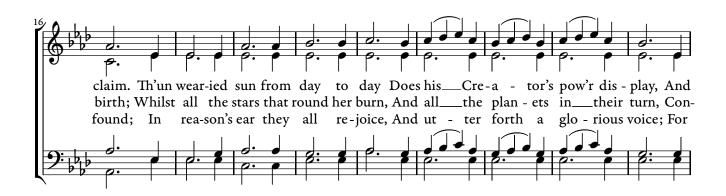
WHEN I IN PAIN AND SORROW MOAN

Burkard Waldis (1490-1556) Arranged by Michael Praetorius (1571-1621) And feel for-sak-en When I in pain and sor-row moan, a-lone, and 'Tis then I lift mine eyes on To God, for help on Him re-ly; high And wait in pa-tient pray'r be - low, 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 con - trite heart! O meek! hope of ev - 'ry joy of all the Thy face in Thy But sweet - er far And pres ence rest. to see, sweet - er sound than Thy blest name. O Sav - ior of man - kind! fall, how kind To those who Thou art! How good to those who seek!

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH



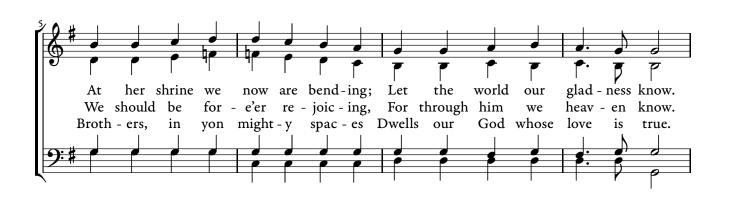


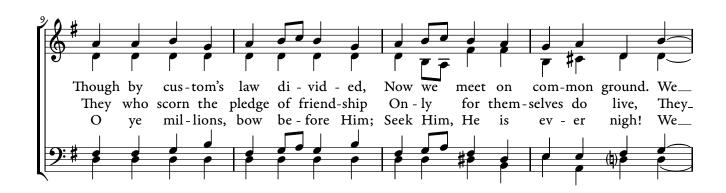


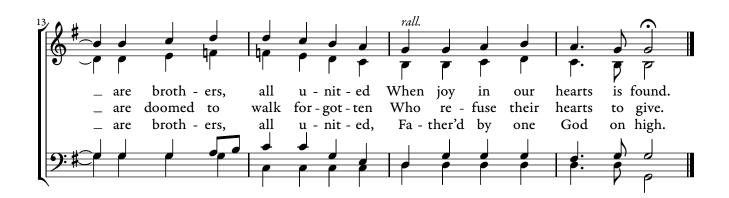


ODE TO JOY









GLORIOUS THINGS OF THEE ARE SPOKEN



COME, THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING



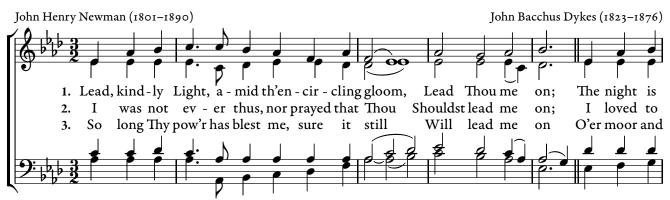
JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL



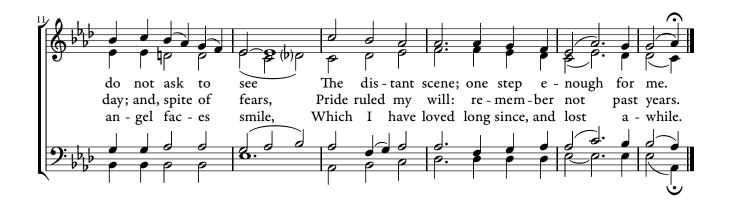
THE BATTLE PRAYER



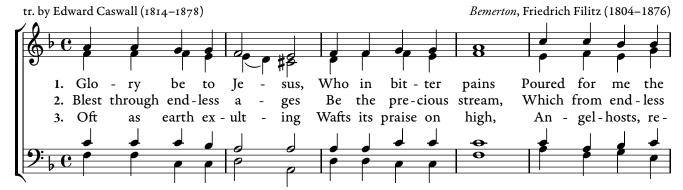
LEAD KINDLY LIGHT



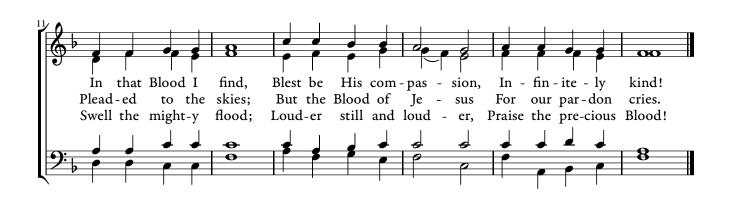




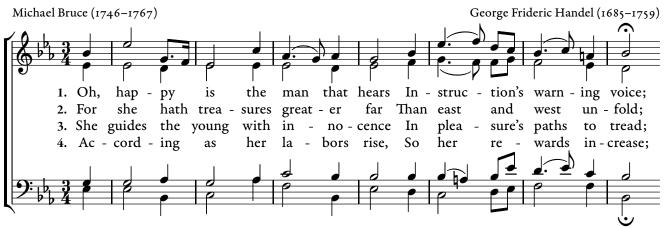
GLORY BE TO JESUS

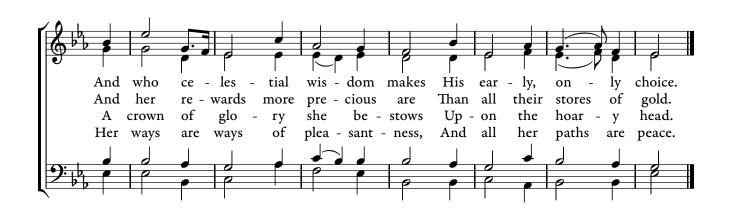






OH, HAPPY IS THE MAN THAT HEARS





GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD John Stainer (1840–1901) Andanta ma non lento cresc. so loved the God God world, so loved the world that He gave His on-ly begot-ten Son, that who so be - lieveth, be-lieveth in Him should not perish, should not perish, but mf have ev-er-last-ing life. For God sent not His Son in-to the world to condemn the world, God sent not His Son in-to the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be cresc. ppworld that He gave His ed. God so loved the world, God so loved the on-ly be-got-ten Son, that who so be-lieveth, be-lieveth in Him should not perish, should not



ONCE TO EVERY MAN AND NATION



BE STILL, MY SOUL Katharina von Schlegel (1697-1768) Finlandia, Jean Sibelius (1865–1957) Translated by Jane L. Borthwick (1813-1897) Bear pa - tient - ly 1. Be still, my soul; the Lord is on thy side;_ the God doth un - der - take_____ To guide the fu - ture 2. Be still, my soul; thy 3. Be still, my soul, when dear - est friends de - part_____ And all 4. Be still, my soul; hast-'ning on_ _When we shall be hour is for the cross of grief thy God or pain;___ _Leave to to or - der and pro - vide; _ Thy hope, thy con - fid - ence, let no - thing shake;_ as He has the past.____ tears; ____Then shalt thou bet - ter know His love, His heart,_ in the vale of Lord, ____When dis - ap-point - ment, grief, and fear ev - er with the 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 fears._____ Be still, my soul; _Who comes to soothe thy sor-rows and thy thy _ Sor - row for - got, love's pur - est joys Be still, my soul; re stored.___ when best, thy heav'n - ly Friend_Through thorn - y ways leads to 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.___ safe and bless - ed change and tears are past,_ _ All we shall meet at