

SONGS

from the

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by
BENJAMIN BLOOMFIELD

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CONTENTS

Abide with me	139	The Flight of Love	25
America	105	The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring	113
America the Beautiful	54	Flow Gently, Sweet Afton	33
Am I Not Fondly Thine Own	43	For he's a jolly good fellow	103
Annie Laurie	45	Gaudeamus Hodie (Round)	85
The Ash Grove	39	Gaudeamus Igitur (De Brevitate Vitæ)	42
The Battle Hymn of the Republic	40	The Girl I Left Behind Me	71
The Battle Prayer	135	Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken	132
The bell doth toll (Round)	109	Glory be to Jesus	136
Be Still, My Soul	140	God be with you till we meet again	99
The Birds' Ball	87	God so loved the world	138
The Blue Bells of Scotland	77	Good Night Ladies	97
Boating Song	62	Hail! Smiling Morn	1
Bonnie Doon	34	The Hand that Holds the Bread	95
Bride Bells	84	Happy Hours at Home	93
Brightly dawns our wedding day	120	Hard Times	92
A British Tar	118	Hark! the vesper hymn is stealing	34
By the Sad Sea Waves	49	The Harp that Once Through Tara's Halls ..	36
A Capital Ship	104	The Hazel Dell	59
Catch Round the Table (Now we are met) .	123	The Heart Bowed Down	31
Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing	133	He that Will an Alehouse Keep (Round) ...	111
Come again, sweet love	18	Home Sweet Home	75
Come Follow (Round)	69	A Hot Time in the Old Town	61
Come Follow Me Merrily (Round)	69	How can I leave thee	51
Come Let Us All A-Maying Go (Round) ..	107	How Lovely Is the Evening (Round)	3
Could I a maiden find	36	I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls	30
The criminal cried	124	Integer Vitæ	43
Darby and Joan	73	In the Spring	35
De Brevitate Vitæ (Gaudeamus Igitur)	42	It was a lover and his lass	12
The Distant Shore	116	Jamie's on the Stormy Sea	86
Dixie	56	Jenny the Flower of Kildare	68
Dreaming of Home and Mother	48	Jesus, Lover of my soul	134
Dublin Bay	72	Jesus! the very thought of Thee	129
Ego sum pauper (Round)	85	John Anderson, my jo	32
Ein Prosit	38	Johnny Sands	110
Fairy Belle	90	Killarney	28

La ci darem la mano	114	On the Banks of the Wabash, Far Away	60
Lead Kindly Light	136	O Sole Mio	37
Let Us Sing (The Waits)	7	Praise of Spring	4
A Life on the Ocean Wave	67	Punchinello	78
Listen to the Mocking Bird	88	Red is the Rose	47
The Little Tin Soldier	82	The Roast Beef of Old England	41
Live we singing	6	Robin Adair	44
Loch Lomond	46	Rule Britannia	101
Long, Long Ago	63	Sailing	50
The Lorelei	57	Saint Patrick's Day	108
Love's Chidings	65	Santa Lucia	58
Love's Young Dream	29	Saved From the Storm	80
Maid of Athens	106	Scotch Lassie Jean	64
The March of Prohibition	98	Shoot false love I care not	14
Merrily Greet the Morn (Round)	123	The Sidewalks of New York	102
Merrily Sing	96	Since first I saw your face	19
The Midshipmite	74	Skating (Round)	III
The Minstrel Boy	27	Soldier's Hymn	128
Mister Speaker, though 'tis late (Round) ..	127	Song of Spring	20
My bonny lass she smileth	10	The Spacious Firmament on High	130
My Old Kentucky Home	91	Sweet Genevieve	83
Nancy Lee	76	The Tailor and the Mouse	106
Night Song	44	There's Music in the Air	54
Now is the month of maying	8	Tit-Willow	126
Now we are met (Catch Round the Table) .	123	Trust	17
O Calm of Night	38	'Twere vain to tell	94
Ode to Joy	131	Vive L'Amour	42
O Fair Dove, O Fond Dove	52	The Waits (Let Us Sing)	7
Oft in the stilly night	26	A Warrior Bold	100
Oh, happy is the man that hears	137	When I go out of door	122
Oh My Love (Round)	97	When I in pain and sorrow moan	129
Old Dog Tray	79	When Jesus Wept (Round)	128
The Old Folks at Home	89	When You and I Were Young, Maggie	70
The Old Musician and His Harp	66	Where There's a Will There's a Way	112
The Old Time	55	With Horse and Hound	24

HAIL! SMILING MORN

Reginald Spofforth (1769-1827)

f *p*

Hail, _____ smil-ing morn, smil-ing morn that tips the hills with gold, that

f *p*

Hail, Hail, smil - ing morn, smil - ing morn that tips the hills with gold, that

f *p*

Hail, Hail, smil-ing morn, smil-ing morn, that tips the hills with gold, that

f *p*

Hail, Hail, smil - ing morn, smil - ing morn, _____ that

7 *f*

tips the hills with gold, whose ro - sy fingers ope the gates of day, _____

f

tips the hills with gold, whose ro-sy fingers ope the gates of day, _____

f

tips the hills with gold, whose ro-sy fingers ope the gates of day, _____

f

tips the hills with gold, whose ro - sy fingers ope the gates of day, _____

14

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,

f

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

f

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

f

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

28

p

— at whose bright pres-ence, dark-ness flies a - way, flies a - way, — flies a -

p

fold, at whose bright pres-ence, dark-ness flies a - way, flies a - way,

p

fold, at whose bright pres-ence, dark-ness flies a - way, flies a - way,

p

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

pp

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

pp

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

pp

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

42

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

50

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)

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

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

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

cresc. *cresc.* *sf*

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

cresc. *cresc.* *sf*

p *f cresc.*

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

swell thy praise, _____

f cresc.

p *sf* *f*

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

p *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

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

show-ers, 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)

♩ = 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 sing-ing, live we danc-ing, spring-ing,
Live we singing, danc-ing, spring-ing,

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

f 1. Let us all sing, mer-ri - ly sing, let us all sing, mer-ri - ly sing, Till
pp 2. Fa la la la la la la la, fa la la la la la la la, fa la

5

ech - o a - round us, ech-o a-round us, ech-o a-round us re-spon-sive shall ring!
 la la la la la la, fa 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,
 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?

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,
 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?

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?

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 la. Each And la. Say

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

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

la la, fa la la la la, fa la 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. 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.

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

less dear love there-fore. And you shall love me more. Fa la la la la la 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

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

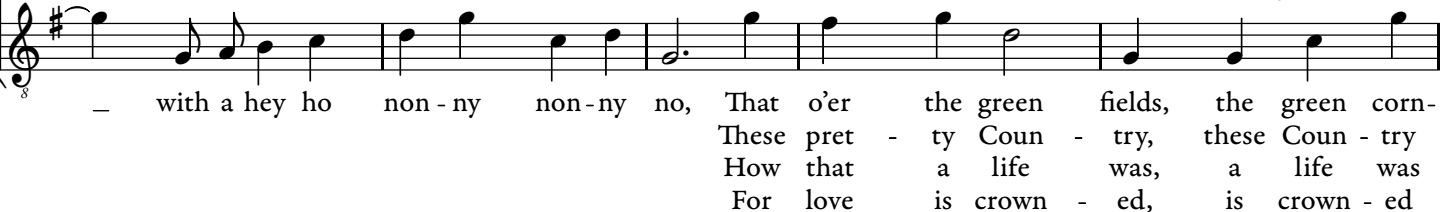
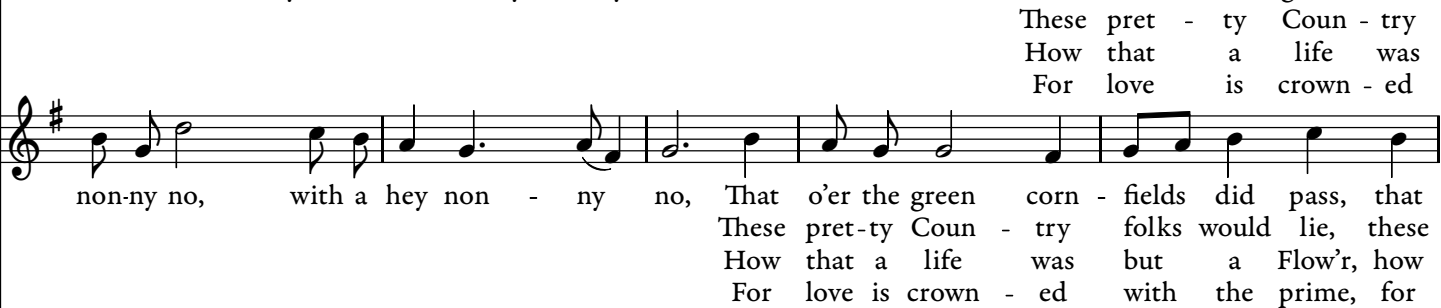
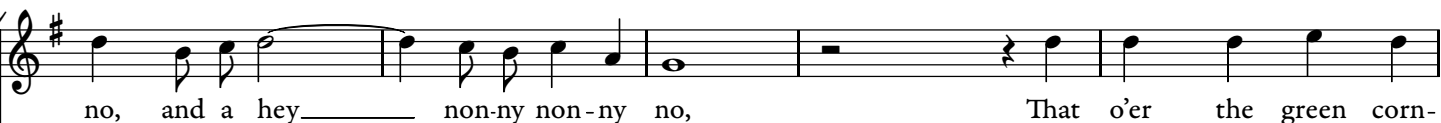
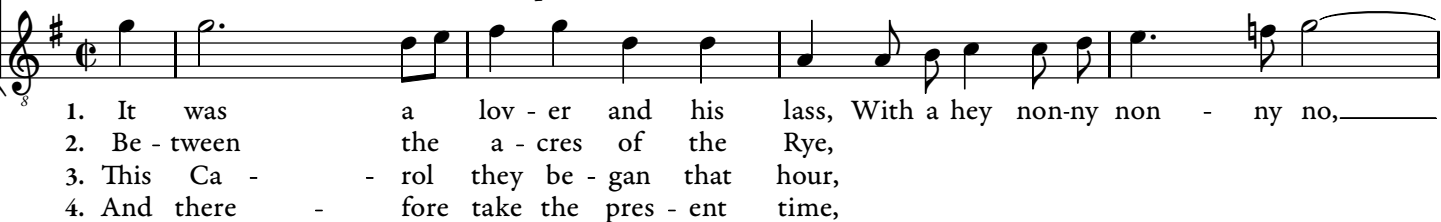
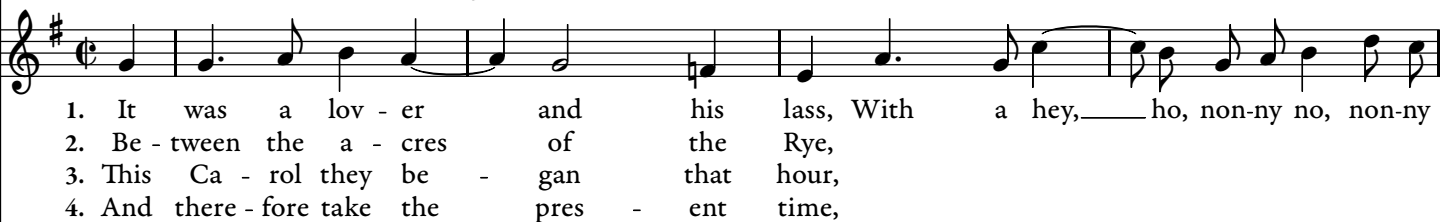
la la la la. Fa la la la la la la la. 1. Smile la.
2. Dear

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

IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS

William Shakespeare (1564–1616)

Thomas Morley (1557–1602)



10

fields did pass, In spring - time, in spring - time, in spring - time, the on - ly pret - ty ring-time, When
folks would lie,
but a Flow'r,
with the prime,

o'er the green corn fields did pass, In spring - time, the on - ly pretty ring - time, When
pret - ty Coun-try folks would lie,
that a life was but a Flow'r,
love is crown-ed with the prime,

fields did pass, In spring - time, in spring - time, in spring - time, the on - ly ring-time, When
folks would lie,
but a Flow'r,
with the prime,

16

birds do sing Hey dingadindging, hey dingadindging, hey dingadindging, Sweet lov - ers love the
birds do sing Hey ding-a-ding-a-ding, hey dingadindging, lov - ers love the
birds do sing Hey ding-a-ding-a-ding, hey ding - a - ding - a - ding, Sweet lov -

21

spring, in spring - time, in spring - time, the on - ly pret - ty ring - time, when
spring, sweet lov - ers love the spring, the spring, the on - ly pret - ty ring-time, when
ers love the spring, in spring - time, in spring - time, the on - ly pret-ty ring - time, when

27

birds do sing hey dingadindging, hey dingadindging, hey dingadindging, Sweet lov - ers love the spring.
birds do sing hey dingadindging, hey dingadindging, lov - ers love the spring.
birds do sing Hey dingadindging, 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 - deem 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 - deem 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 - deem 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 - deem 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 - deem thee, As now a child I deem thee.
Then weep, love, and be sor - ry, For thou has lost thy glo - ry.

28/

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. 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. 1. I la. 2. But

TRUST

Johann Rudolf Zumsteeg (1760-1802)

p *p*

1. Clou-drifts must van-ish, clou-drifts 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

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

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! Up-ward,

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

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!

COME AGAIN, SWEET LOVE

John Dowland (15-16)

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 deadly 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.

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

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 shining, Come ye where buds of flow'rs are twining,

41

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

49

$\text{♩} = 104$
mp *cresc.*

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

8

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

8

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

59

cresc.

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

8

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

65 *f* *cresc.*

Light of Day re - turn-eth, glo-ry of Spring burn - eth; Joy notes 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. Ligh 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-nes 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, lightly trip-ping, come. "Sing, sing, O heart! be glad with me!"
 Lightly tripping, come, oh, come. "Sing, O heart! be glad with me!"
 come, oh, come. "Sing, sing, O heart! be glad with me!"

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, Taran-ta - ra, Ta-ran-ta - ra, Taran-ta - ra, ta - ra. The horn doth
horn doth sound, Taran-ta - ra, Ta-ran-ta - ra, Taran-ta - ra, ta - ra. The horn doth

f sound For horse and hound, Taranta - ra, Ta-ranta - ra, Ta-ranta - ra, ta - ra. So the dogs be -
sound, For the fox is found, Taranta - ra, Ta-ranta - ra, Ta-ranta - ra, ta - ra. To be in at the

gin to bark and bay, And the hors - es am - ble a - long the way, While the
death the hunt-ers ride, And skim like the wind o'er the coun-try 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. *f*

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

50. *mp* *mf*

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

5 *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

9

"Land of song!" said the war-rior bard, "Tho' all the world be - trays_ 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* 29

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.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

Thomas Moore (1779-1852)

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

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

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

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 my still the same, That you loved my, 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 pon-der o'er the past, On mo-ments of de-

while they flow, That can no com - fort bring, that can, that can no com - fort bring; To
 light that were Too beauti - ful to last, that were too beauti - ful to last; To

those ex - cit-ing scenes will blend, O'er plea-sure's path - way 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.

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,

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

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

26. 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 crystal stream, Afton, how love - ly it glides, And winds by the cot where my

p

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 thorn-y 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 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 steal-ing 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

near-er pealing 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 vesper bells. *Ju-bi-la-te, Ju-bi-la-te, Ju-bi-la-te, A-men.*

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

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'n's be
 3. Hush, my heart, hush, my heart! Joy will come and pain de-part. If in sor-row

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

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 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 - dig-nant 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 Behold the brilliant sun in
 a - tion Un - til it sinks be - low the world's foun - da-tion Behold 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

language 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

lad-en 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 dews 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 41




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

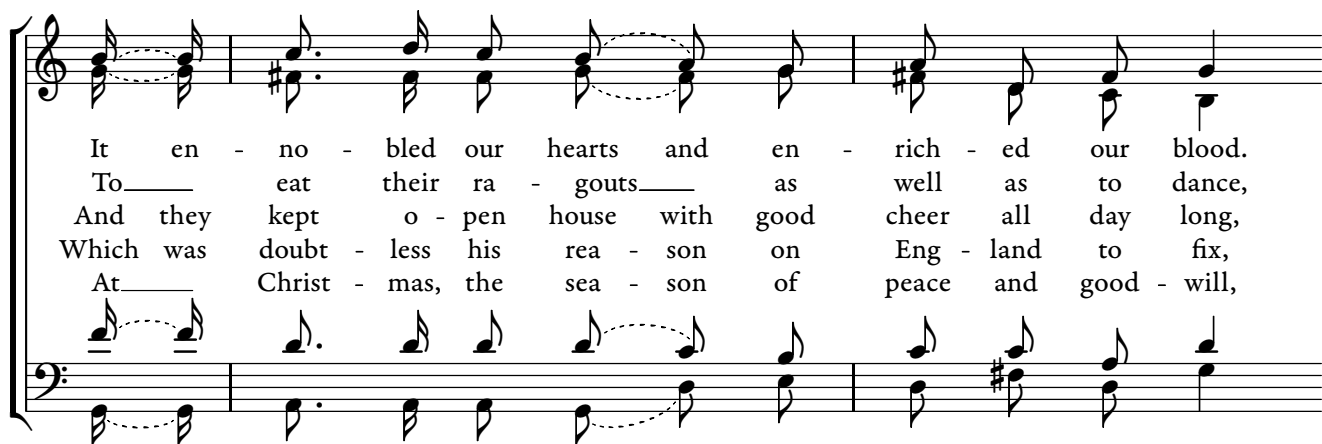
THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND

Henry Fielding (1707-1754) and others

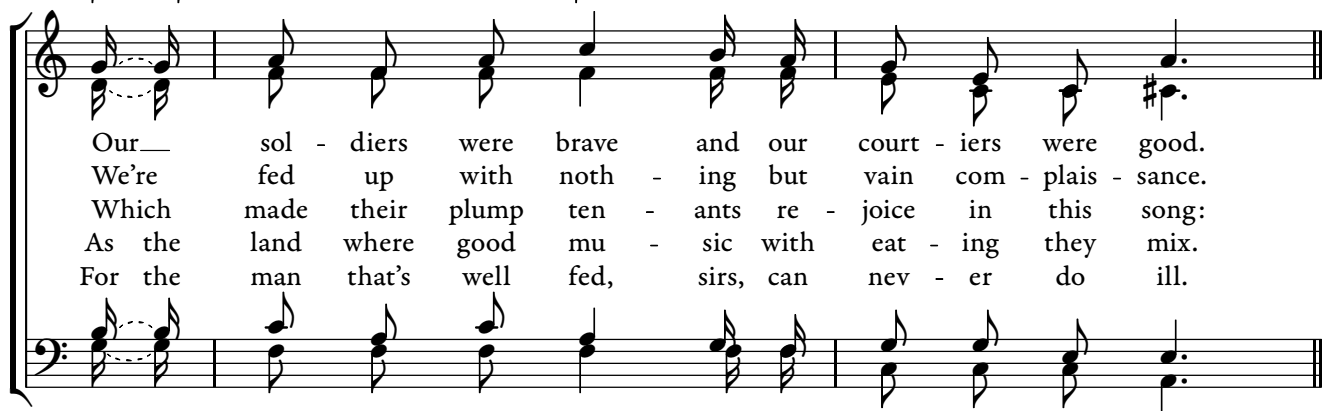
Richard Leveridge (1670-1758)



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.



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

DE BREVI-TATE VITÆ

(GAUDEAMUS IGITUR)

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

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 com-pag-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 compag-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.

The first system of musical notation for 'Night Song' is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a piano (*p*) dynamic. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: '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-swerts danc-ing in light.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features a piano (*p*) dynamic. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'Wa-ters beneath them gleam-ing in moon-light Send back their an-swerts danc-ing in light.'

mf

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

The third system of musical notation continues the piece. It features a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: '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.

The fourth system of musical notation concludes the piece. It features a *rall.* (rallentando) dynamic. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: '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?

The musical notation for 'Robin Adair' is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features two verses of lyrics. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef.

7 45

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 sum-mer

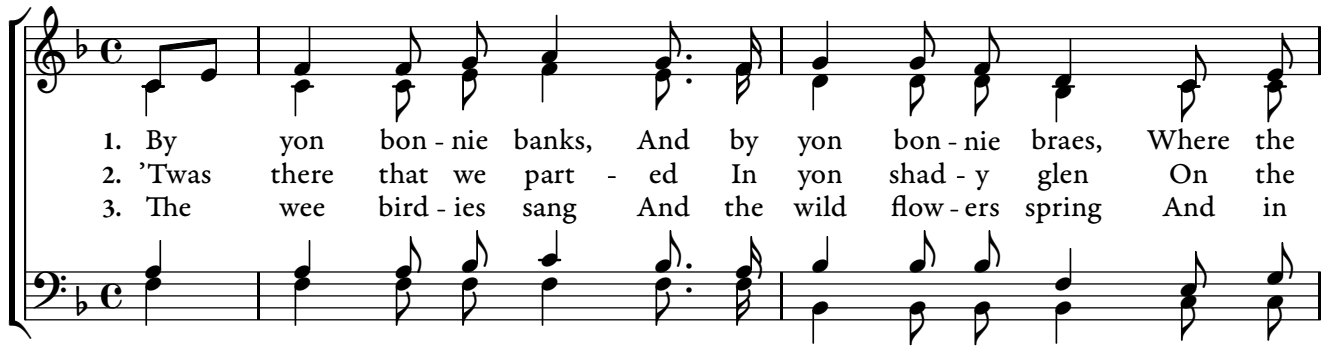
Lau - rie, Gie'd me her prom - ise true, Gie'd me her prom - ise true, Which
fair - est, That e'er the sun shone on, That e'er the sun shone on; And
sigh-ing, Her voice is low and sweet, Her voice is low and sweet; She's

11

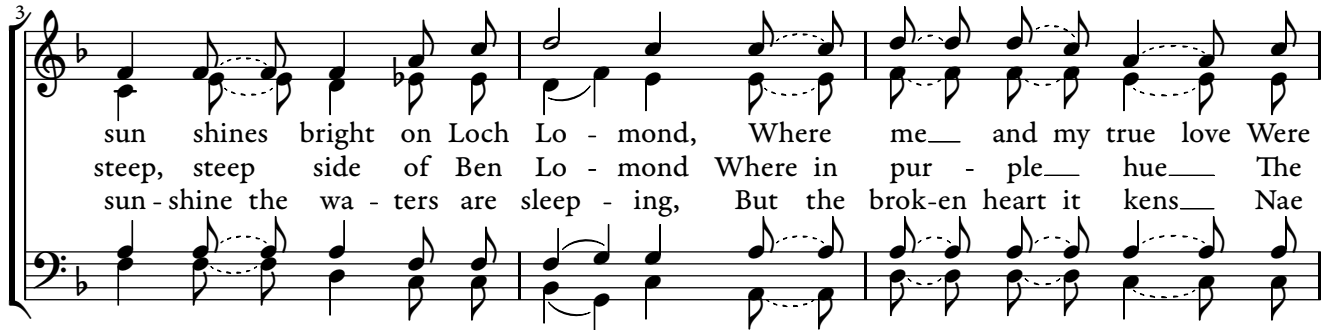
ne'er for - got will be; And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me down and dee.
dark blue is her e'e, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me down and dee.
a' the world to me, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me down and dee.

LOCH LOMOND

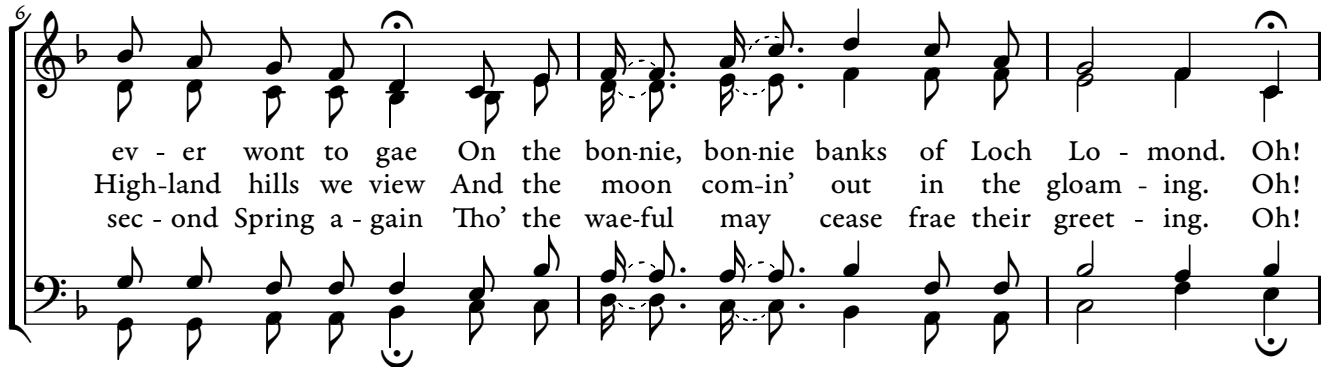
Scottish Folk Song



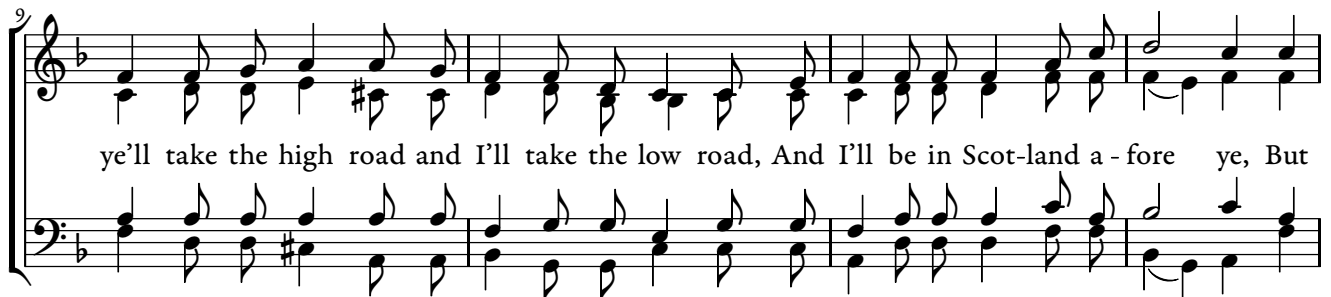
1. By yon bon-nie banks, And by yon bon-nie braes, Where the
2. 'Twas there that we part-ed In yon shad-y glen On the
3. The wee bird-ies sang And the wild flow-ers spring And in



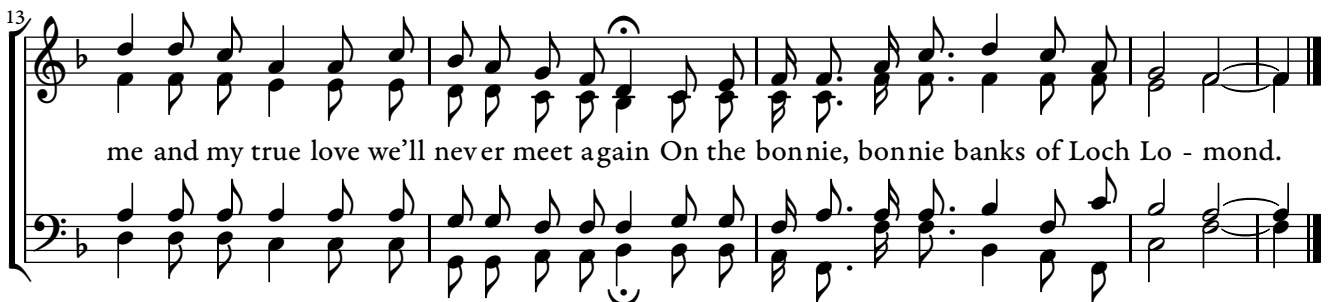
sun shines bright on Loch Lo-mond, Where me and my true love Were
steep, steep side of Ben Lo-mond Where in pur-ple hue The
sun-shine the wa-ters are sleep-ing, But the brok-en heart it kens Nae



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!



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



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

RED IS THE ROSE

Irish Folk Song

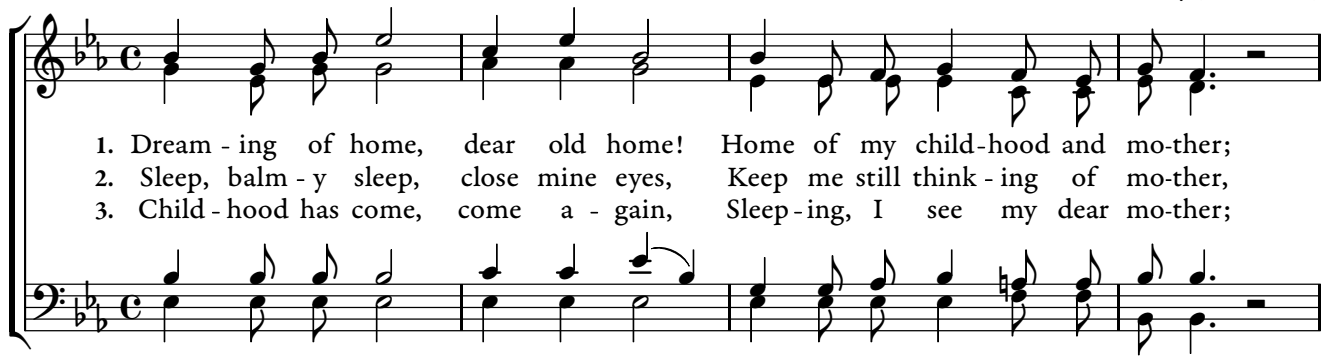
1. Come o - ver the hills, my bon - nie I - rish lass, Come
 2. 'Twas down by Kil - lar - ney's green woods that we strayed When the
 3. It's not for the part - ing that my sis - ter pains; It's—

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

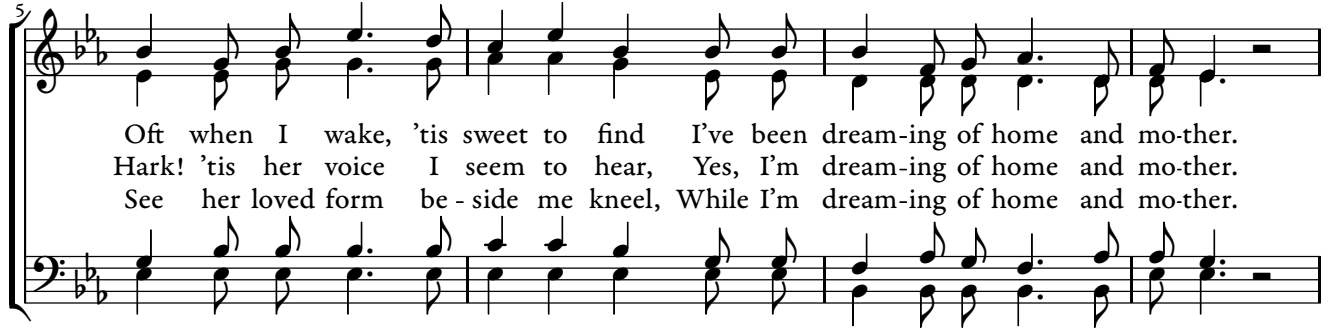
I - 'll make the vow, And I'll be your true love for - ev - er.
 locks of gold - en hair And she swore she'd be my love for - ev - er.
 bon-nie I - rish lass That my heart is break - ing for - ev - er.

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

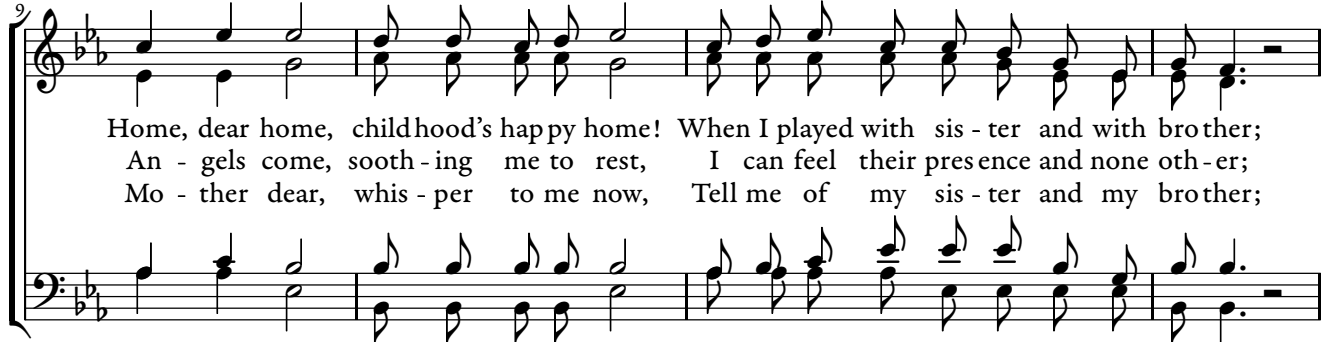
Clear is the wa-ter that flows from the Boyne But my love is fair-er than an - y.—



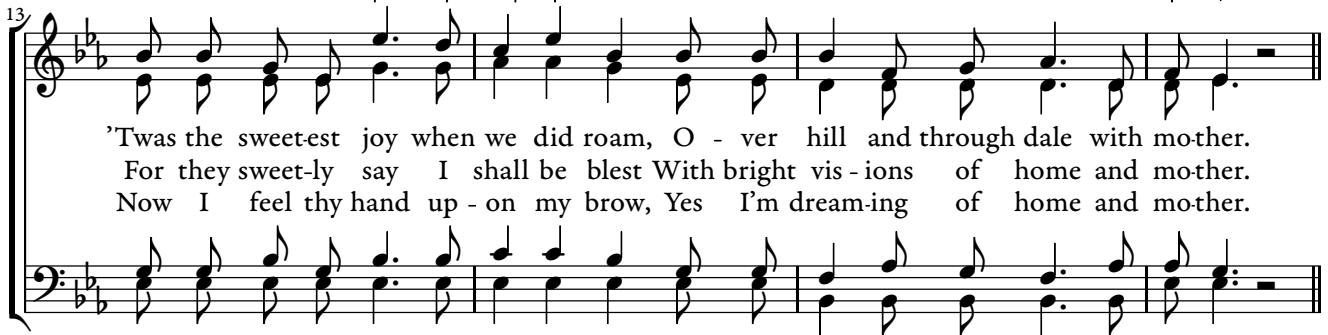
1. Dream - ing of home, dear old home! Home of my child-hood and mo-ther;
 2. Sleep, balm - y sleep, close mine eyes, Keep me still think - ing of mo-ther,
 3. Child - hood has come, come a - gain, Sleep-ing, I see my dear mo-ther;



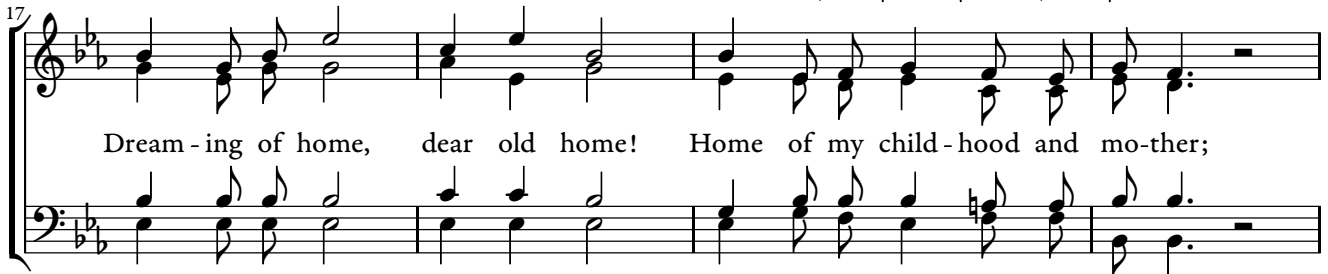
5
 Oft when I wake, 'tis sweet to find I've been dream-ing of home and mo-ther.
 Hark! 'tis her voice I seem to hear, Yes, I'm dream-ing of home and mo-ther.
 See her loved form be - side me kneel, While I'm dream-ing of home and mo-ther.



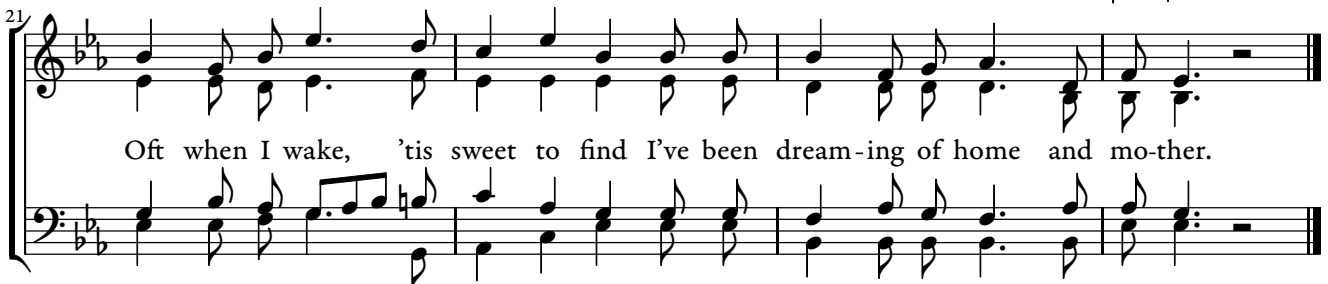
9
 Home, dear home, childhood's happy home! When I played with sis - ter and with brother;
 An - gels come, sooth - ing me to rest, I can feel their pres-ence and none oth - er;
 Mo - ther dear, whis - per to me now, Tell me of my sis - ter and my brother;



13
 '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.



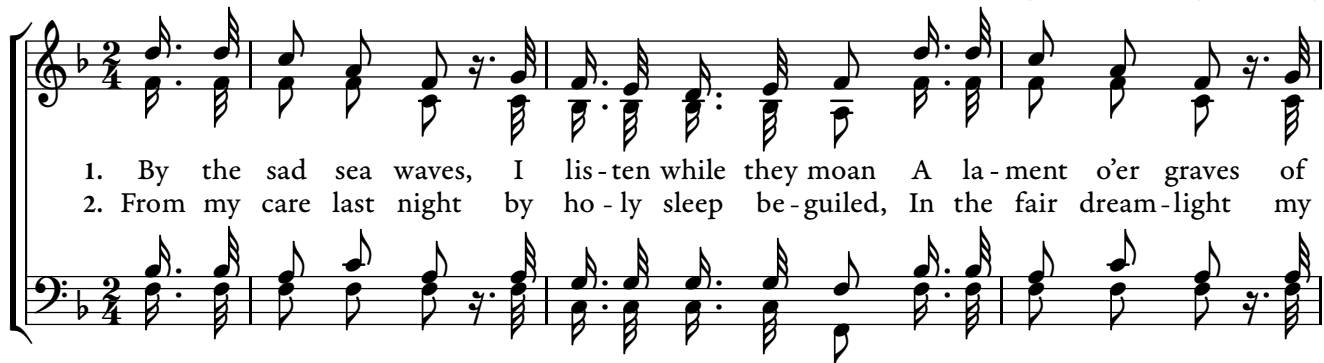
17
 Dream - ing of home, dear old home! Home of my child - hood and mo-ther;



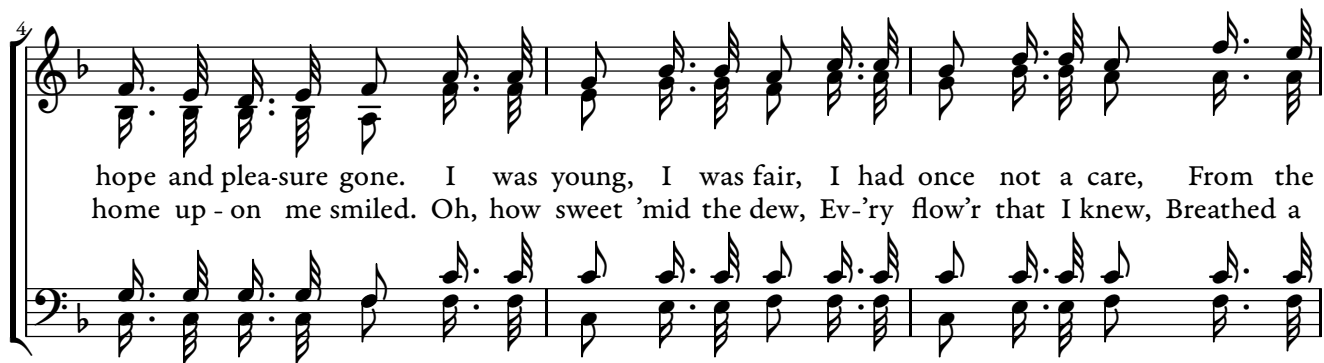
21
 Oft when I wake, 'tis sweet to find I've been dream-ing of home and mo-ther.

BY THE SAD SEA WAVES

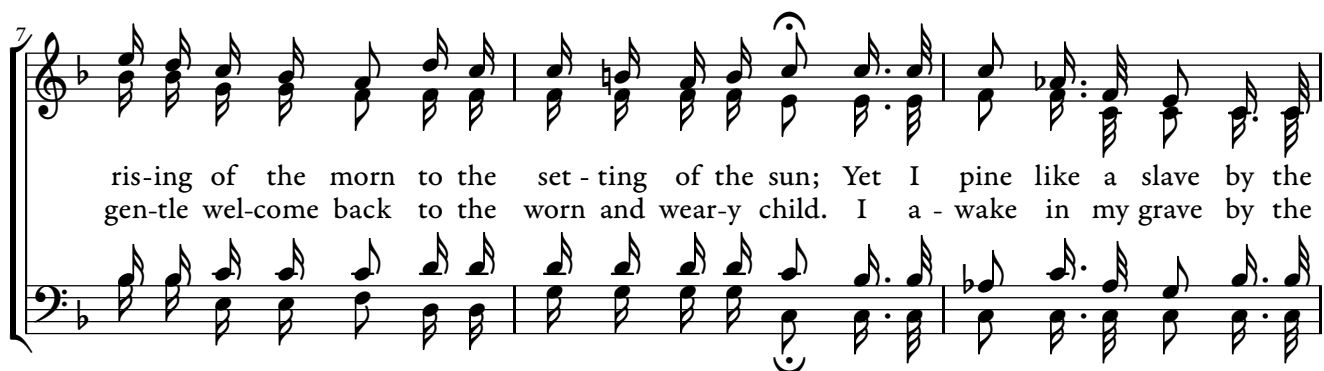
Sir Julius Benedict (1804-1885)



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



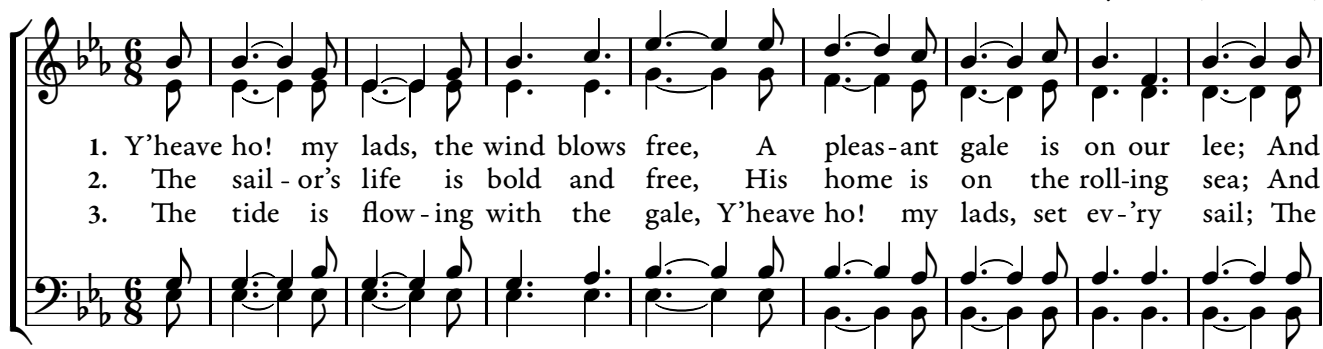
sad sea wave. Come a-gain, bright days of hope and plea-sure gone, Come a-
sad sea wave. Come a-gain, dear dream so peace-ful-ly that smiled, Come a-



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

SAILING

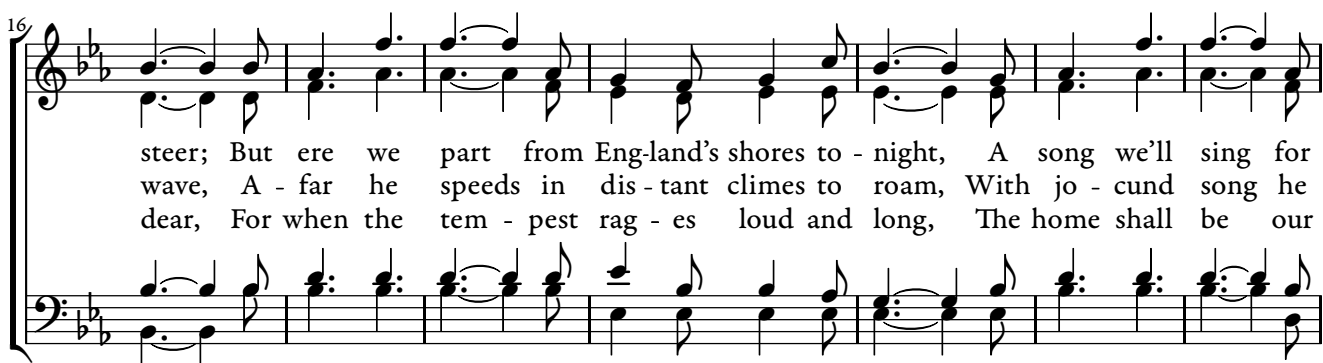
Godfrey Marks (1847-1931)



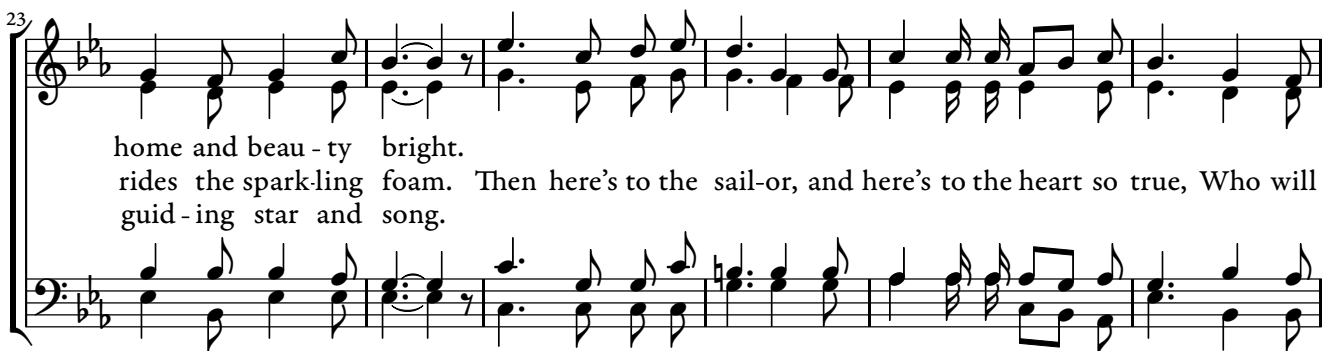
1. Y'heave ho! my lads, the wind blows free, A pleas-ant gale is on our lee; And
 2. The sail-or's life is bold and free, His home is on the roll-ing sea; And
 3. The tide is flow-ing with the gale, Y'heave ho! my lads, set ev-'ry sail; The



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 51

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,

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

p *rit.*

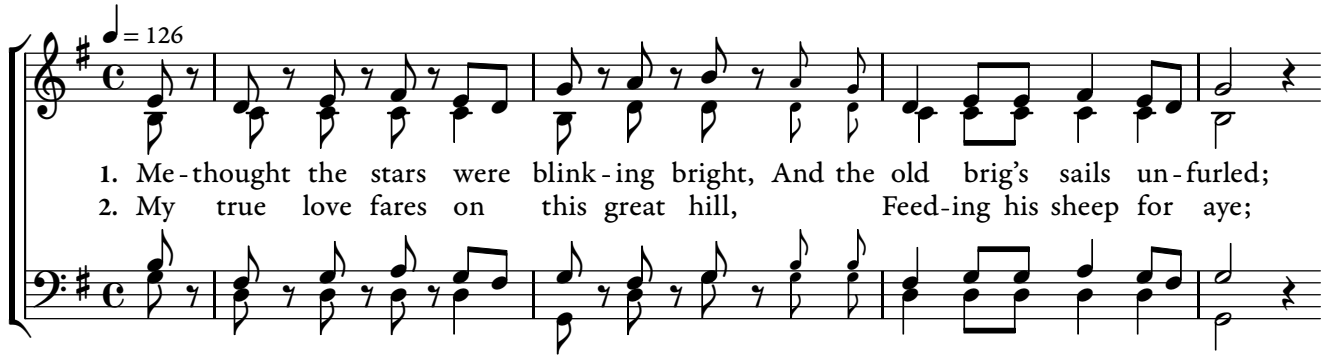
bound to thine, No oth - er can I love, Save thee a - lone!
us shall stay That can-not pass a - way, Sis - ter, be - lieve.
feet should lie, Thou sad - ly shouldst com-plain, Joy - ful I'd die.

O FAIR DOVE, O FOND DOVE

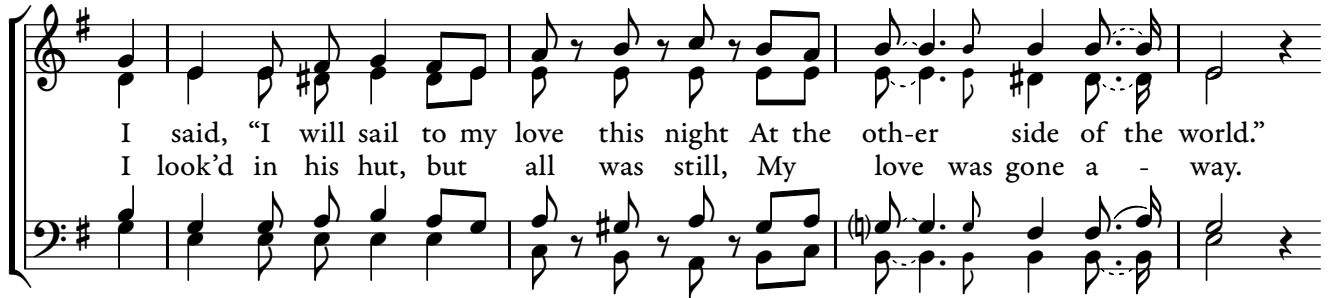
Jean Ingelow (1820-1897)

Alfred Scott Gatty (1847-1918)

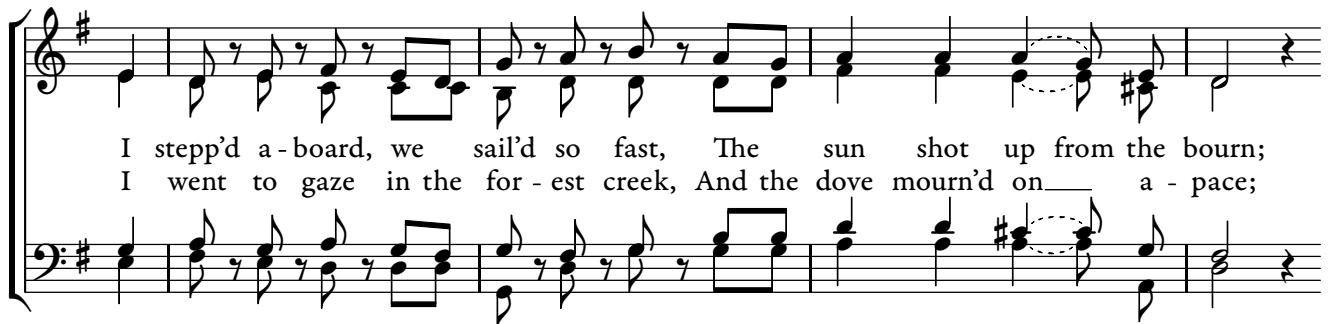
$\text{♩} = 126$



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.

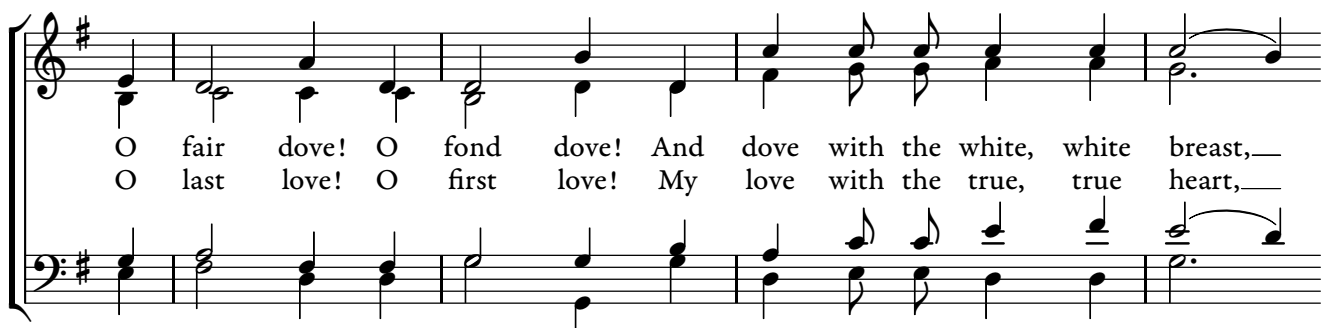


I stepp'd a-board, we sail'd so fast, The sun shot up from the bourn;
I went to gaze in the for-est creek, And the dove mourn'd on a - pace;

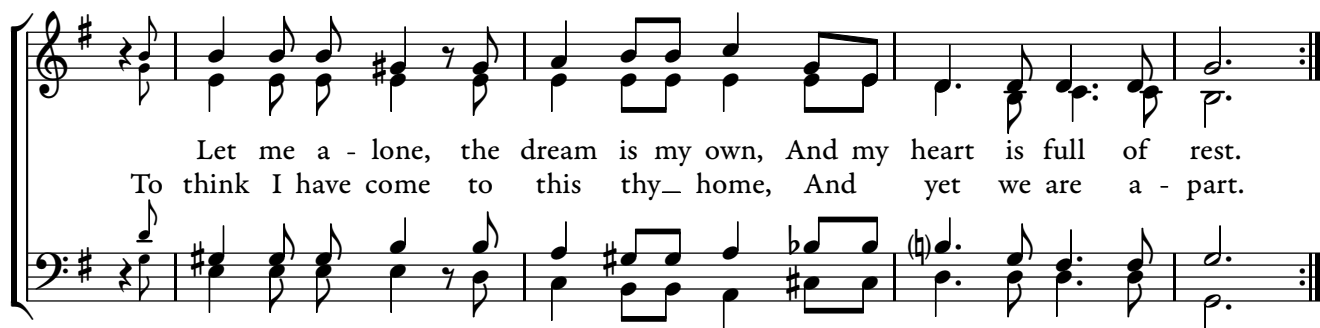
$\text{♩} = 92$



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.



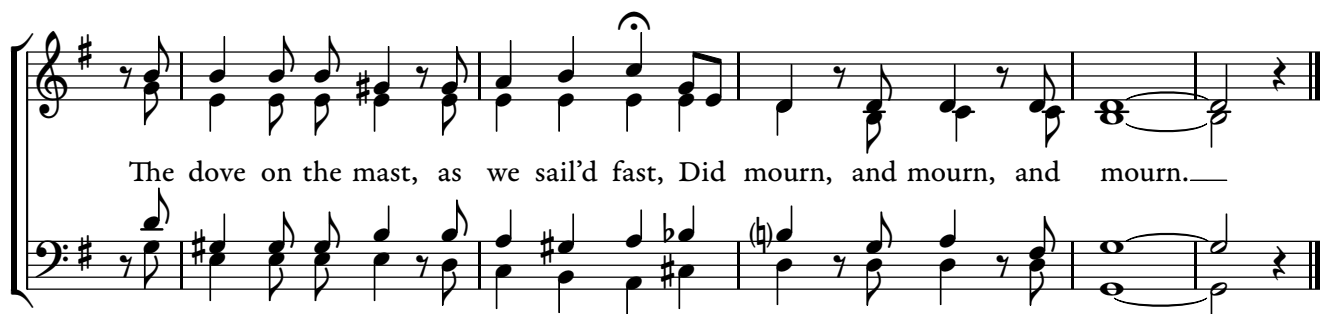
Me-thought he said, "In this far land, O, is it thus we meet? Ah! maid, most dear,



I am not here; I have not 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

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

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!

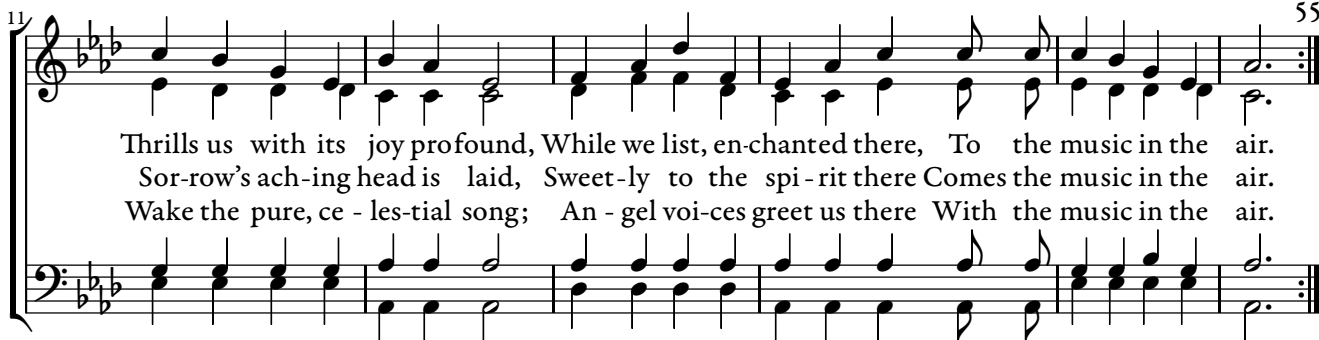
rall.

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

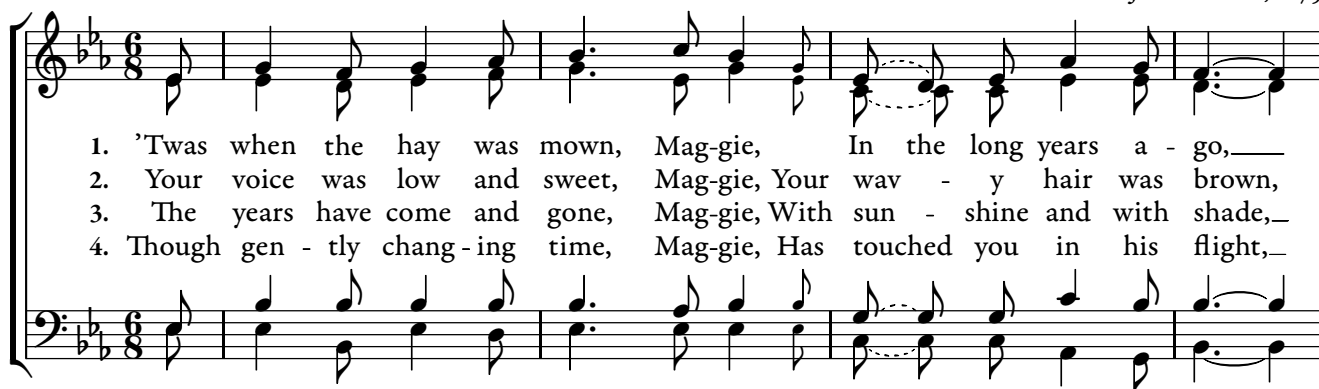
seen On the bright and laugh-ing sky. Ma-ny a harp's ec-stat-ic sound
light On the dis-tant moun-tain stream. When be-neath some grate-ful shade
breast, As its pen-sive beau-ties die: Then, O, then, the loved ones gone



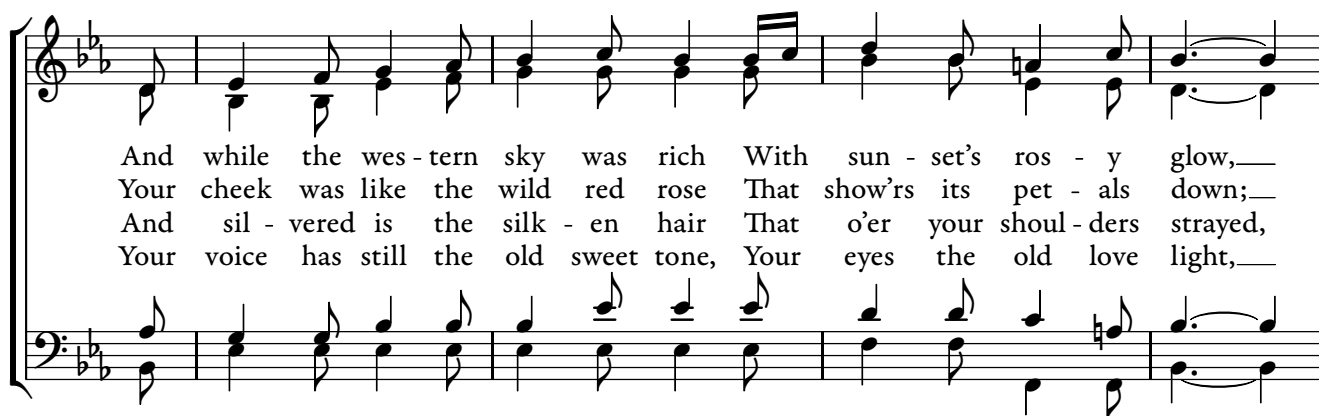
Thrills us with its joy profound, While we list, en-chanted there, To the music in the air.
 Sor-row's ach-ing head is laid, Sweet-ly to the spi-rit there Comes the music in the air.
 Wake the pure, ce - les - tial song; An - gel voi-ces greet us there With the music in the air.

THE OLD TIME

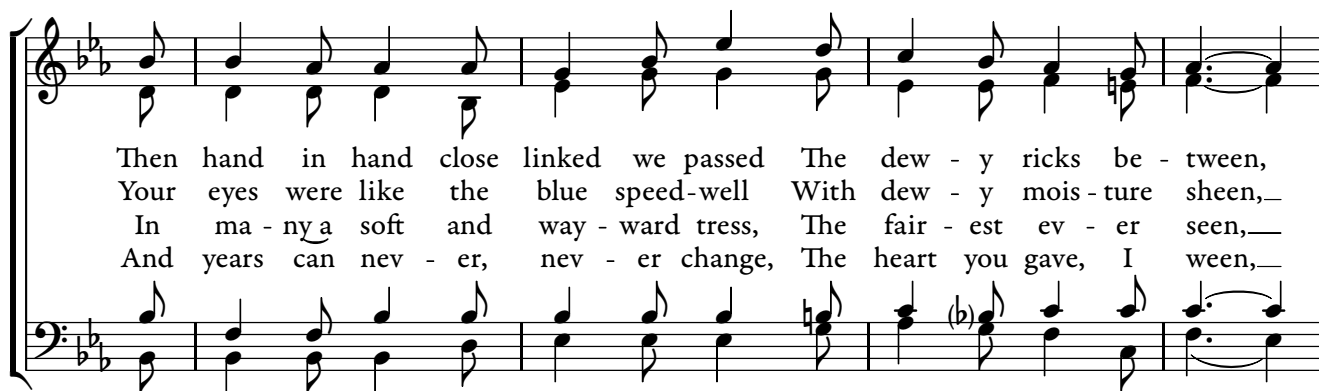
J. R. Thomas, 1873



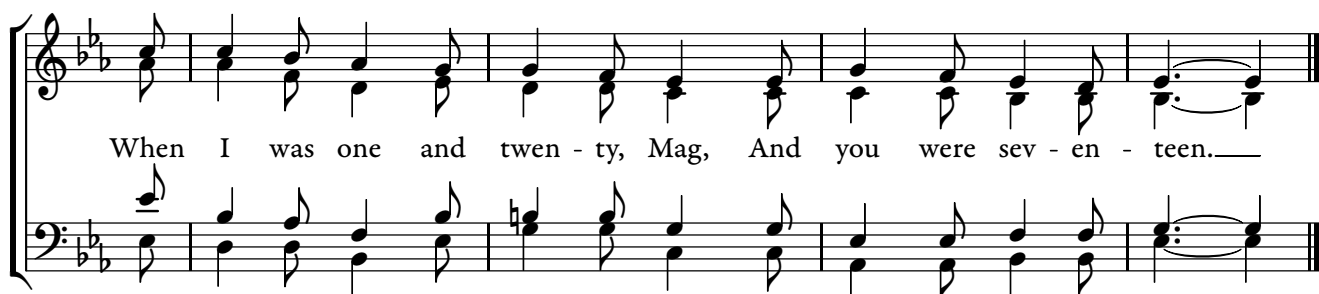
1. 'Twas when the hay was mown, Mag-gie, In the long years a - go, —
 2. Your voice was low and sweet, Mag-gie, Your wav - y hair was brown,
 3. The years have come and gone, Mag-gie, With sun - shine and with shade, —
 4. Though gen - tly chang - ing time, Mag-gie, Has touched you in his flight, —



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.

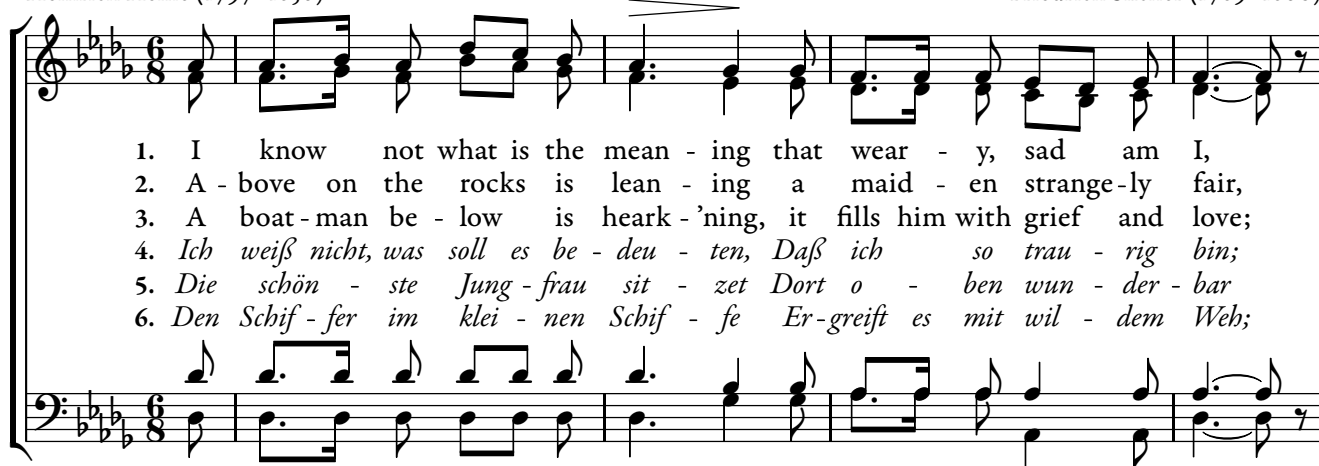
way, A-way, A-way down south in Dix-ie; A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dix-ie.

THE LORELEI (DIE LORELEI)

57

Heinrich Heine (1797–1856)

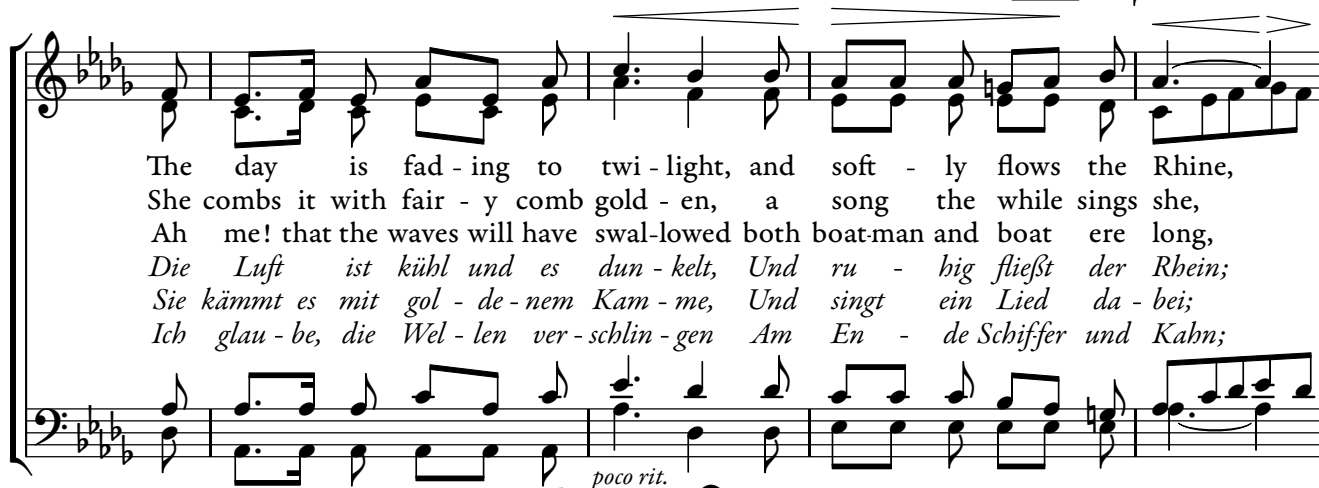
Friedrich Silcher (1789–1860)




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 Weh;*



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 Höh'.



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 - hig 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;



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 sail-or'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

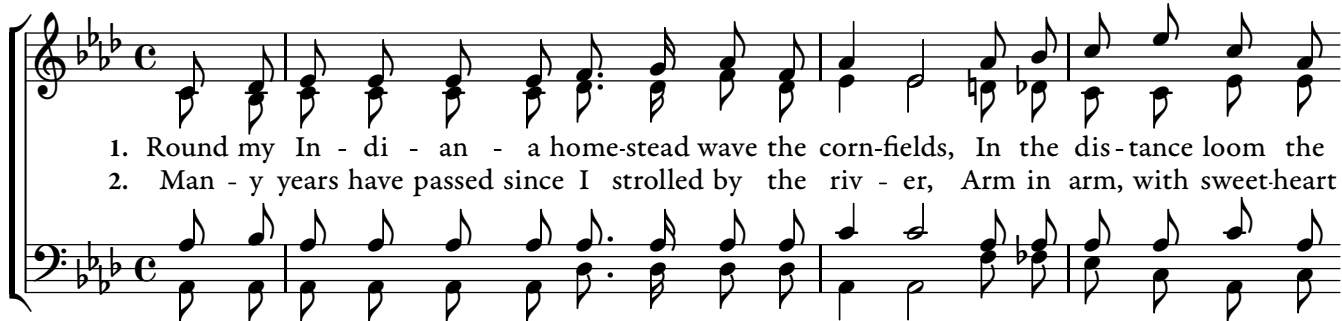
leaf - y branch-es droop-ing down - ward, Lit-tle Nel - ly's laid.
 dream of joy a - las has per - ished, Nel-ly dear, with thee. All a-lone my
 tears thy lone - ly grave shall moist - en, Nel-ly dear, fare - well.

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

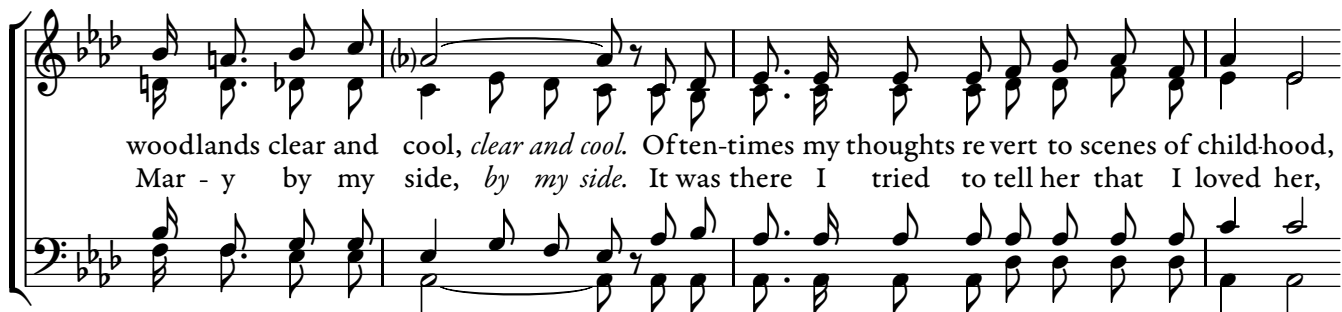
ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH, FAR AWAY

Paul Dresser (1858-1906)

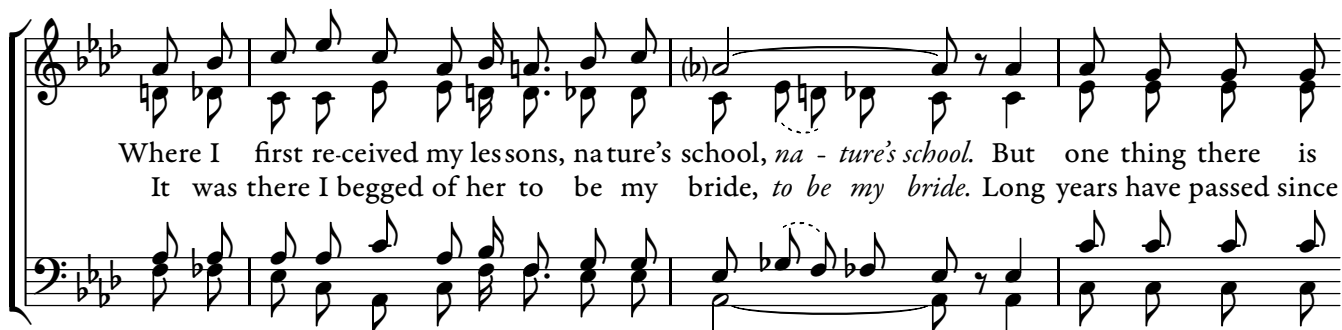
Paul Dresser (1858-1906)



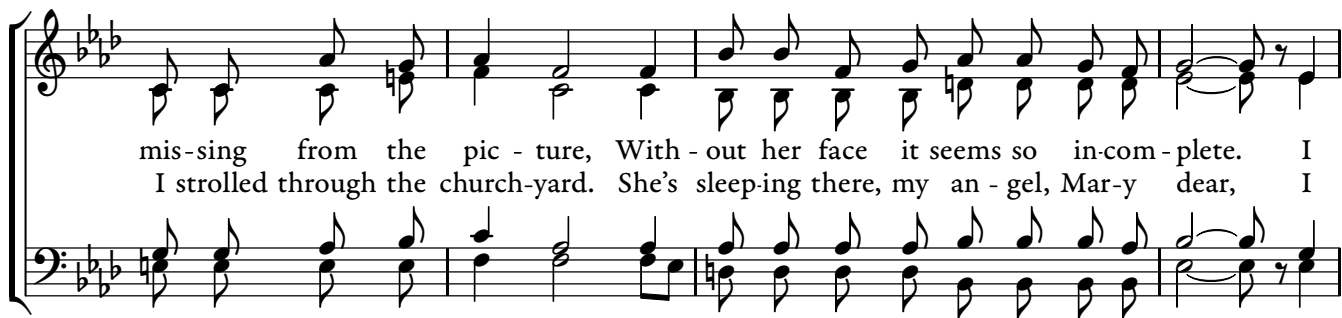
1. Round my In - di - an - a home-stead wave the corn-fields, In the dis-tance loom the
2. Man - y years have passed since I strolled by the riv - er, Arm in arm, with sweet-heart



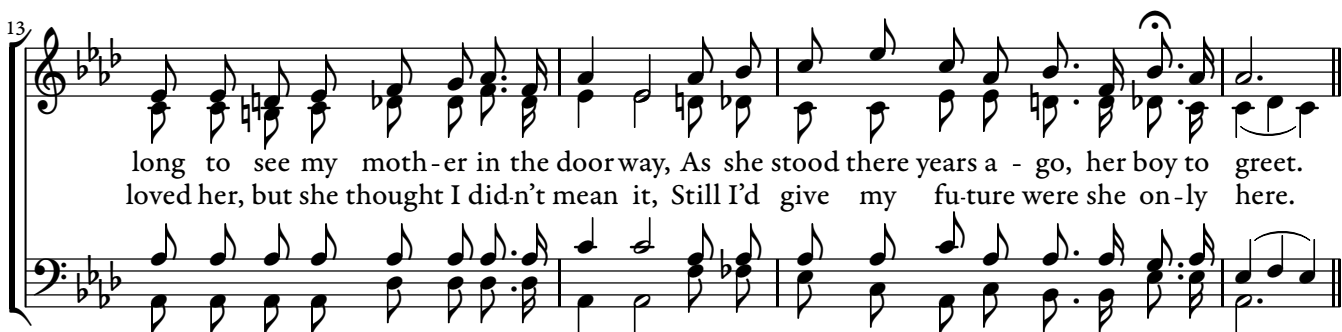
woodlands clear and cool, *clear and cool*. Often-times my thoughts re-vert to scenes of child-hood,
Mar - y by my side, *by my side*. It was there I tried to tell her that I loved her,



Where I first re-ceived my lessons, nature'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 door way, 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

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

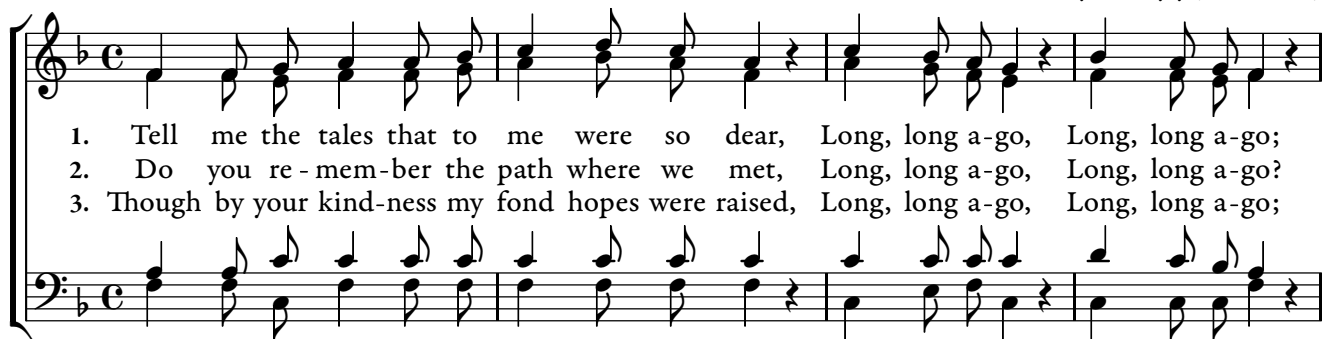
Oars on the feath-er,— Glid - ing by the trees;—
 may be slow on the feath-er— And called by the boys, old fools;—

f
 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;

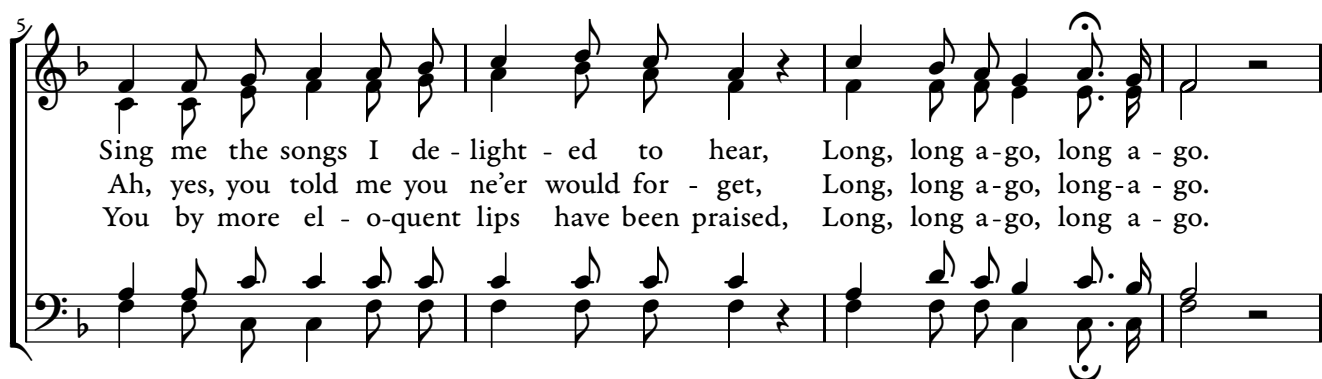
13
poco rit.
 Sing, swing to - geth-er,— With your bod - ies be-tween your knees.—
 Swing, swing to geth-er,— And— swear by the best of schools.

LONG, LONG AGO

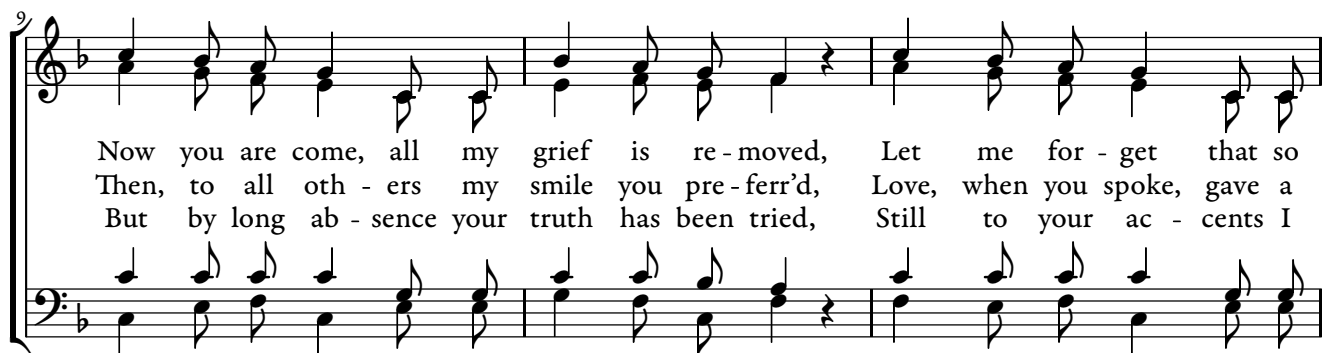
Thomas Haynes Bayly (1797-1839)



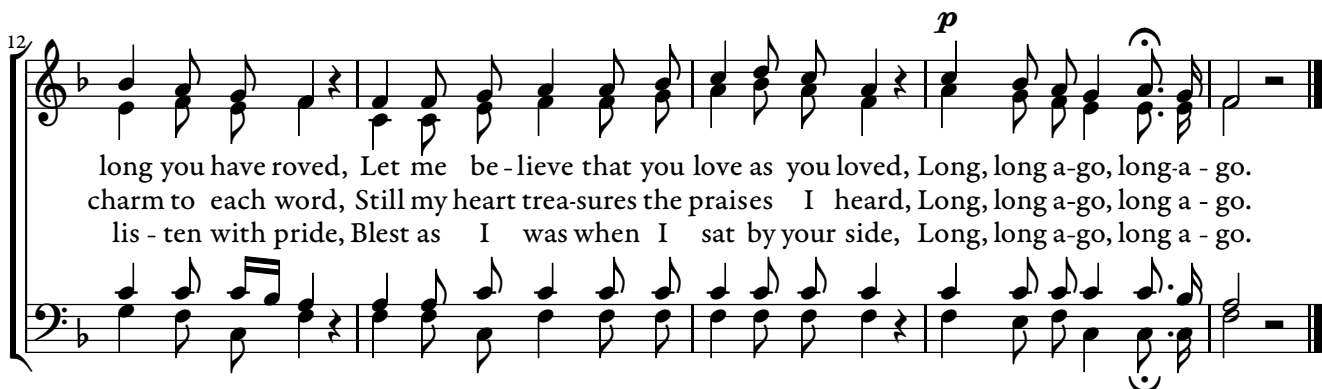
1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a-go, Long, long a-go;
 2. Do you re-mem-ber the path where we met, Long, long a-go, Long, long a-go?
 3. Though by your kind-ness my fond hopes were raised, Long, long a-go, Long, long a-go;



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.

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 65

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

Sing first verse in D.C.

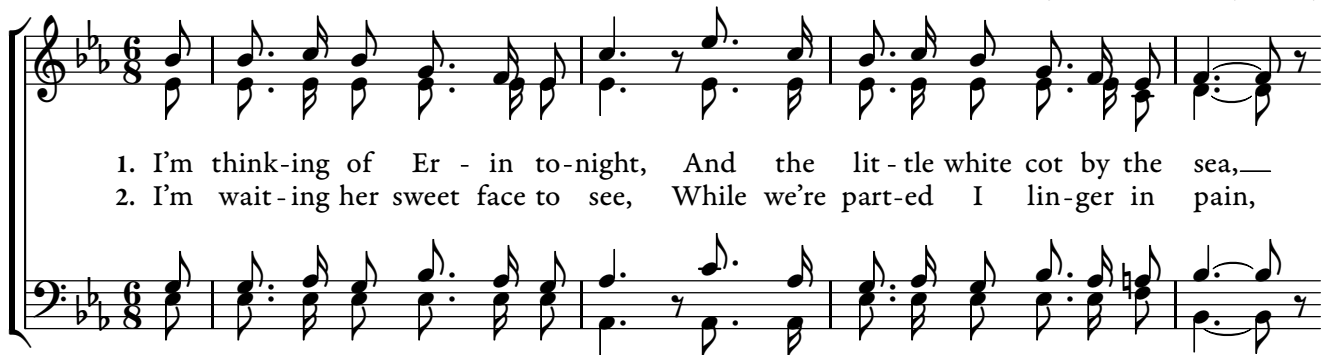
12

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

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

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:

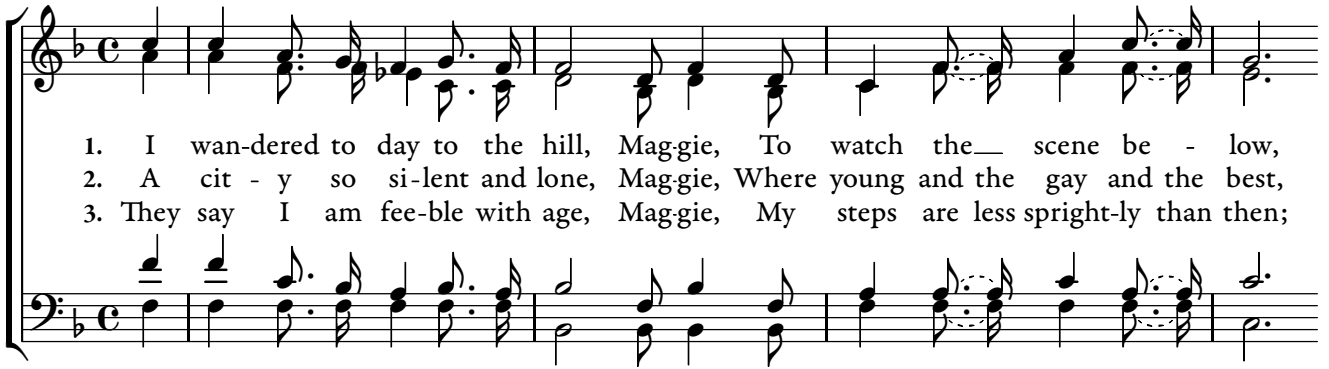
And we will sing sol do do sol do fa do sol sol do.

Put sol be-fore La and Do af-ter Ti sol La ti do ti La ti do.

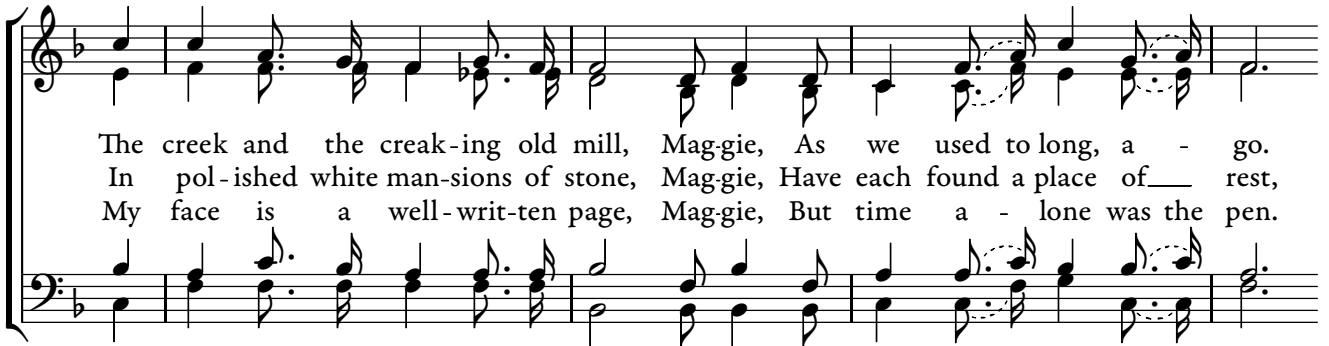
WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MAGGIE

George W. Johnson (d. 1917)

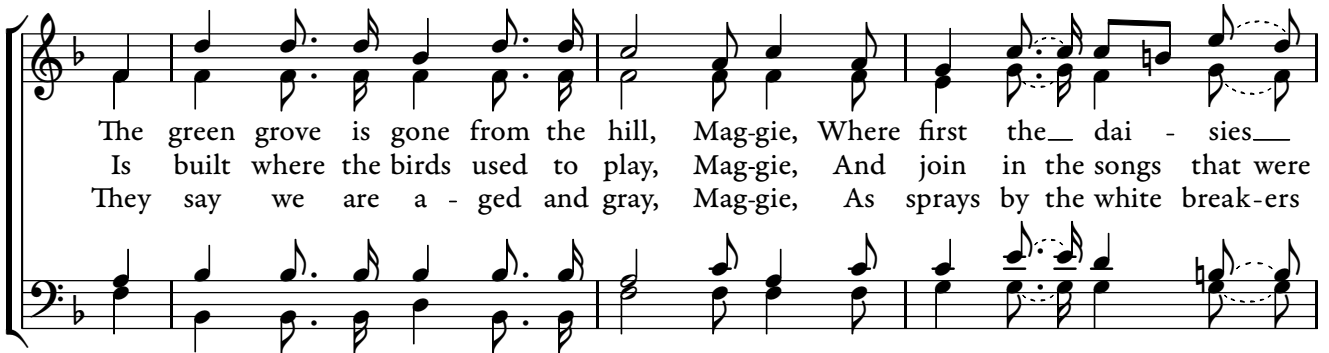
James Austin Butterfield (1837-1891)



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




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



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



12
 sprung; The creak-ing old mill is— still, Mag-gie, Since you and I were young.
 sung,— For we sang just as gay as— they, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.
 flung,— But to me you're as fair as you were, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.



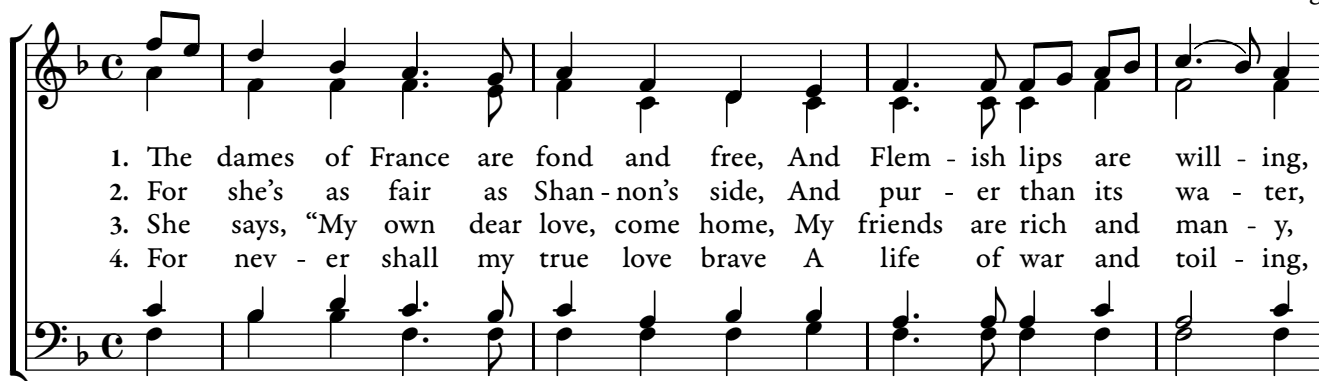
And now we are a-ged and gray, Mag-gie, And the tri-als of life near-ly done.
 Let us sing,



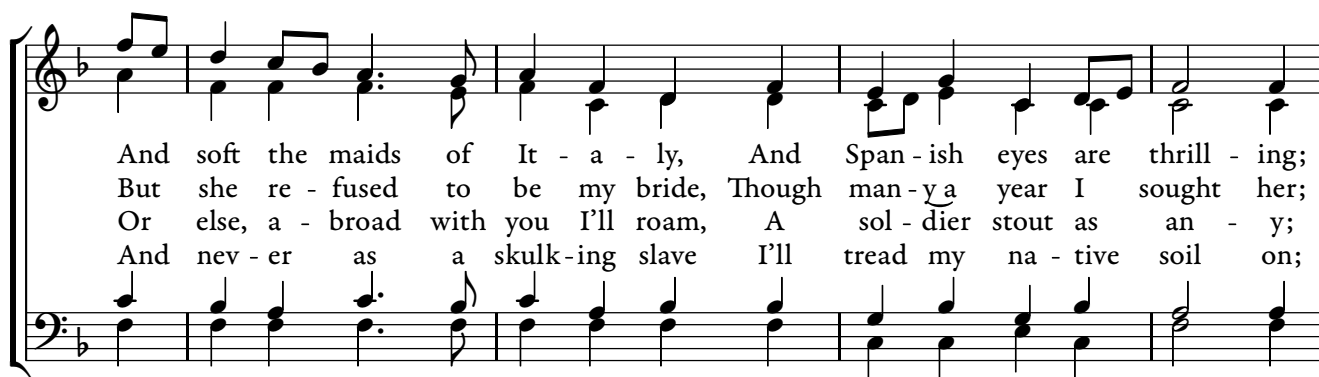
Let us sing of the days that are gone, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

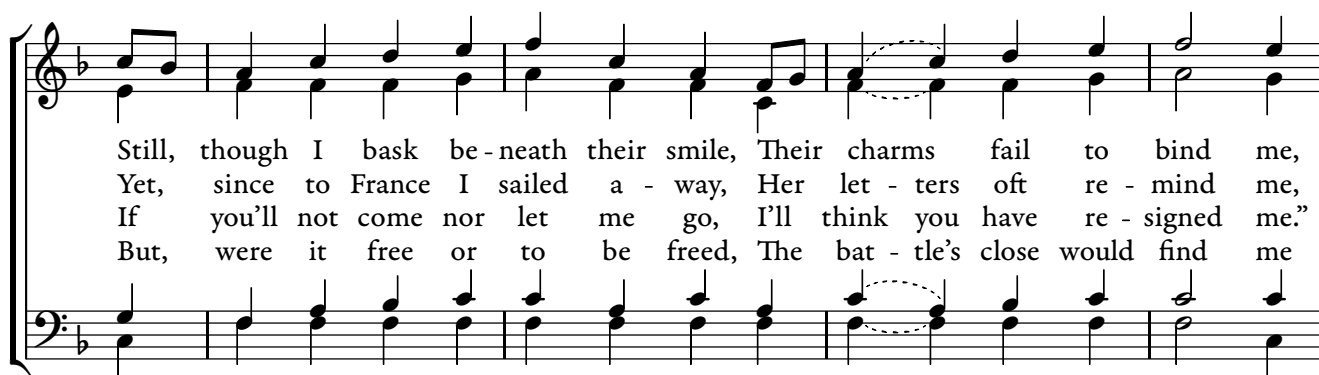
Folk Song



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.

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 - lier 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. sailed from Dub - lin Bay.
 left_ sweet 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,

5 *cresc.*

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

10

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,

15 *rall.* *p* *meno mosso*

"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:

19

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

THE MIDSHIPMITE

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, nev - er 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* 75 *rall.*

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!—

HOME SWEET HOME

John Howard Payne (1791–1852)

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)

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

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

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

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

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

32 77

The sail - or's wife the sail-or's star shall be, Yeo - ho! we go a - cross the

40

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

THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND

Dorothea Jordan (1761-1816)

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

6

where! is your High-land lad - die gone? He's gone to fight the foe for King
where! does your High-land lad - die dwell? He dwelt in mer - ry Scot - land at the
clothes is your High-land lad - die clad? His bon-net's Sax - on green, and his
pose that your High-land lad should die? The bag-pipes shall play o'er him, I'd

11

George up - on the throne; And it's oh! in my heart, how I wish him safe at home!
sign of the Blue Bell; And it's oh! in my heart, that I love my lad - die well.
waist-coat of the plaid; And it's oh! in my heart, that I love my High-land lad.
lay me down and cry; And it's oh! in my heart, that I wish he may not die!

PUNCHINELLO

Frederic Weatherly (1848–1929)

James Lynam Molloy (1837–1909)

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

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

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

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

rall.
 "Bra - vo! Bra - vo! Bra - vo! Bra - vo! Bra - vo! Pun - chin - el - lo! Bra - vo, Pun - chin - el - lo!"

23. *p* More slowly, with feeling

3. One win-ter morn they told him Sweet Col-um-bine was dead; He nev-er joked so gai - ly

29. *poco rall.*

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

OLD DOG TRAY

Stephen Foster (1826-1864)

1. The morn of life is past, And eve-ning comes at last, It brings me a dream of a
 2. The forms I call'd my own Have vanish'd one by one, The loved ones, the dear ones have
 3. When thoughts re-call the past, His eyes are on me cast, I know that he feels what my

once hap - py day, Of mer - ry forms I've seen Up - on the vil-lage green,
 all pass'd a - way, Their hap - py smiles are flown, Their gen-tle voic-es gone, I've
 break-ing heart would say; Al-though he can - not speak, I'll vain-ly, vain-ly seek A

4. Sporting with my old dog Tray.
 no-thing left but old dog Tray. Old dog Tray's ev-er faith-ful, Grief cannot drive him a -
 bet - ter friend than old dog Tray.

7. way; He's gen-tle, he is kind, I'll nev-er, nev-er find A bet-ter friend than old dog Tray.

12.

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 calling 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, Watch-ing in prayer is she, Watch-ing in prayer is she, Sweet heart! sweet heart! And

31 must we part? No boat can live in such a sea, But still she cries with stream-ing eyes,

36 *f*
Na-vi-tas Sal-va, Do - mi-ne, Na-vi-tas Sal-va, Do - mi - ne! 3. Bright was the Bret-on

42 vil-lage, Bright, bright was the sea, She was a fish-er - maid-en, Ma-rin-er stout was

48 *a tempo* *mf*
he, 'Twas Heav'n a - bove that saved me, love! and brought me back from the storm to thee, In the

53 *f* *a tempo*
chapel gray We'll kneel and pray, Glori - a ti-bi, Do-mi-ne, Glori - a ti-bi, ti - bi, Do - mine!

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 should-ered 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 should-ered 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.

21 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, Her sai-lor at her side, Her— sai-lor at her side, While Kling, lang,

13. *pp*
 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,

19. *f* *rit.* FINE.
 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

85

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

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

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

pp *f*
Kling, lang, 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-amus, Gau-de-a-mus ho-di-e! Ho-di-e!

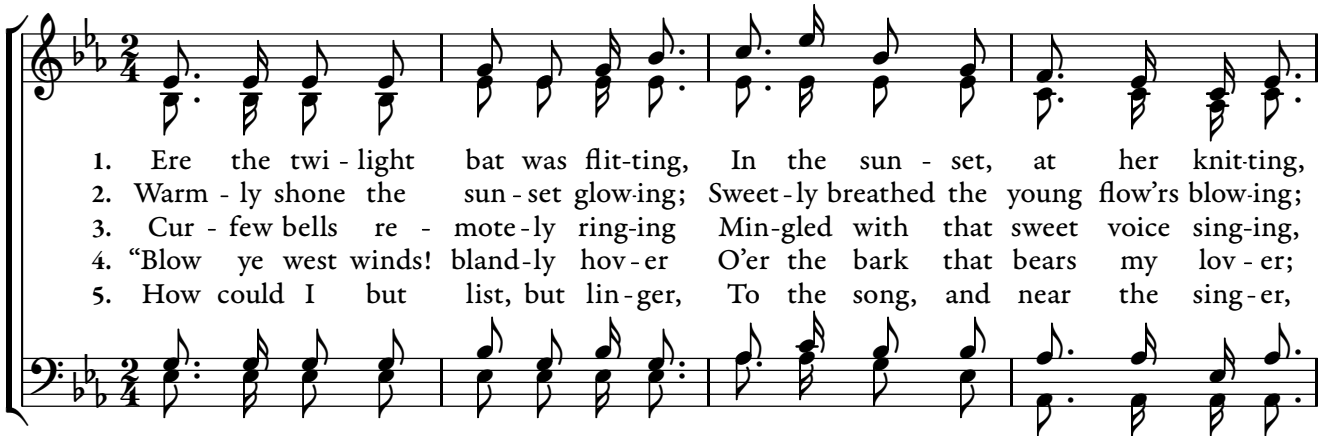
EGO SUM PAUPER

(ROUND)

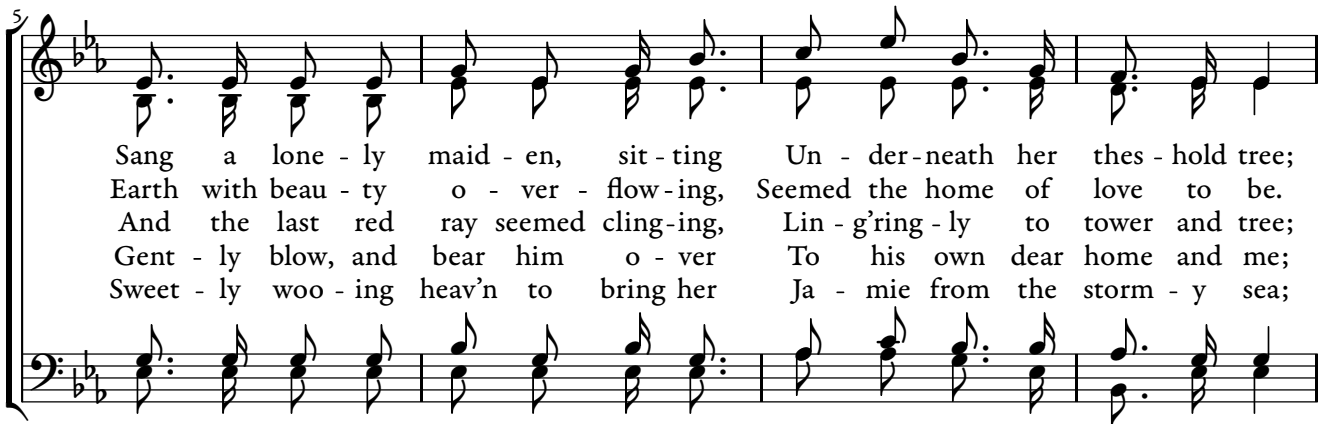
E-go sum pau-per. Ni-hil ha-be-o. Et ni-hil da-bo.

JAMIE'S ON THE STORMY SEA

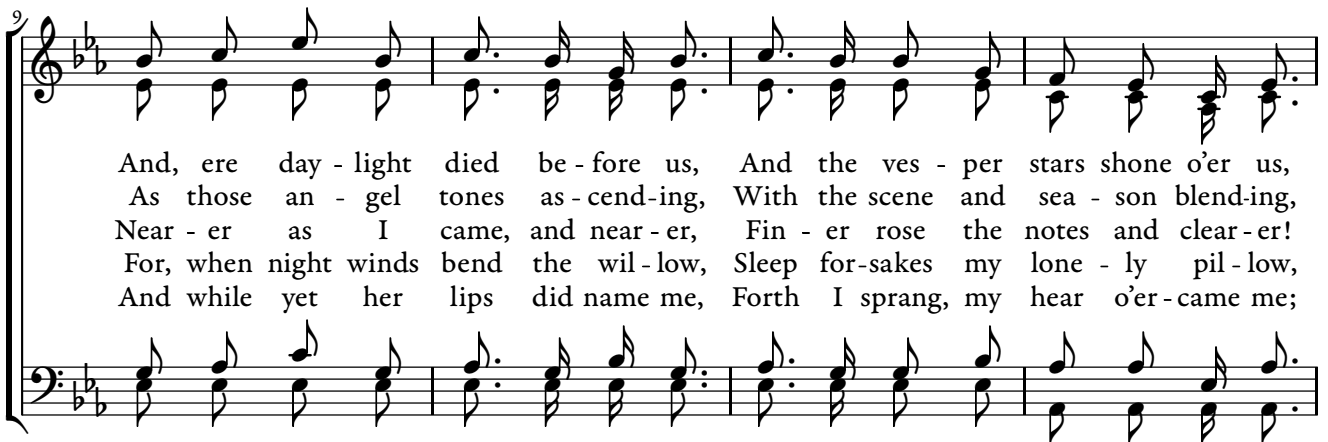
Bernard Covert, 1847



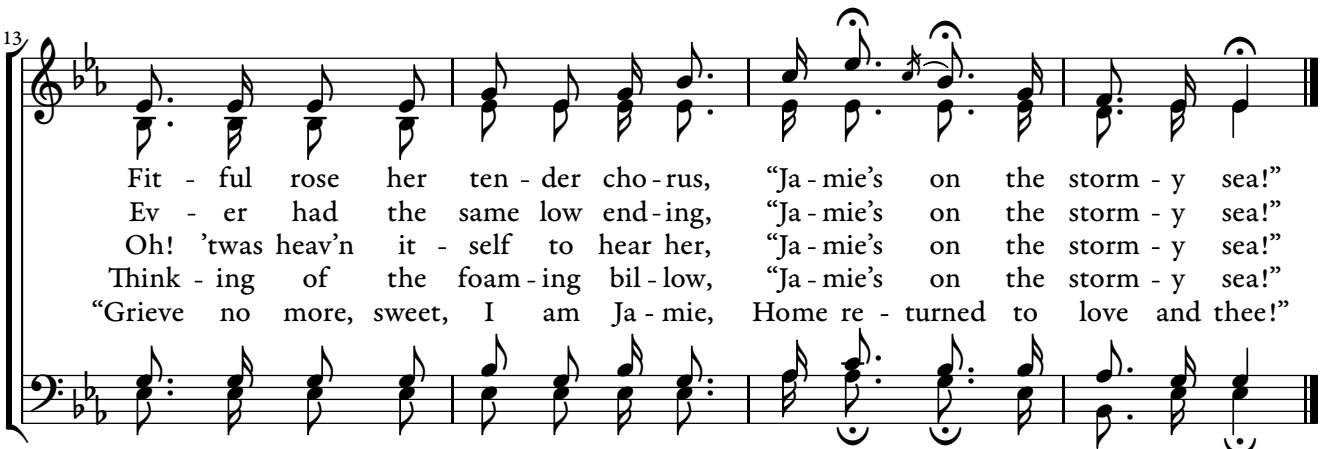
1. Ere the twi - light bat was flit-ting, In the sun - set, at her knit-ting,
 2. Warm - ly shone the sun-set glow-ing; Sweet-ly breathed the young flow'rs blow-ing;
 3. Cur - few bells re - mote-ly ring-ing Min-gled with that sweet voice sing-ing,
 4. "Blow ye west winds! bland-ly hov-er O'er the bark 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 thes - 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;



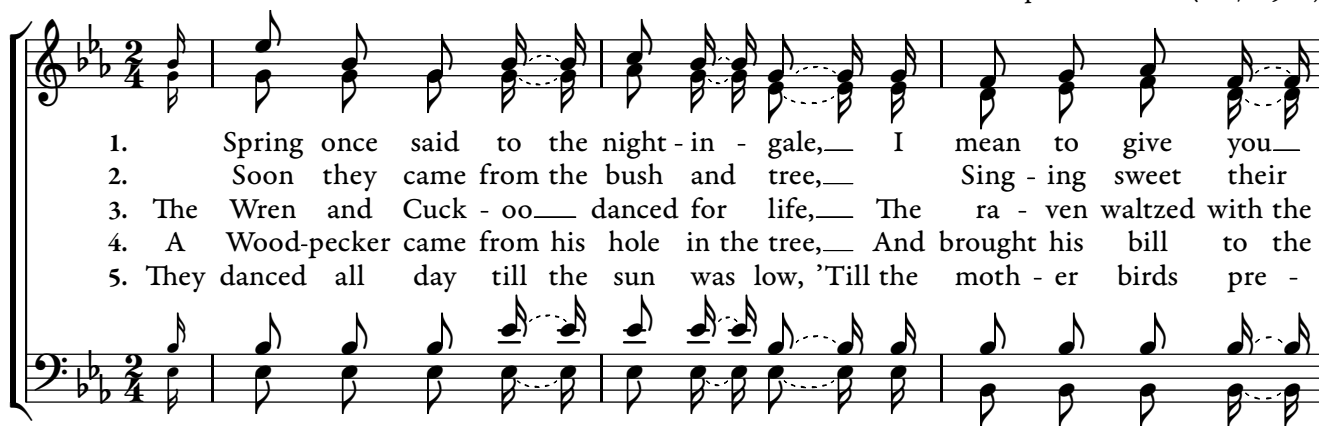
And, ere day - light died be - fore us, And the ves - per stars shone o'er us,
 As those an - gel tones as - cend-ing, With the scene and sea - son blend-ing,
 Near - er as I came, and near - er, Fin - er rose the notes and clear - er!
 For, when night winds bend the wil - low, Sleep for-sakes my lone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



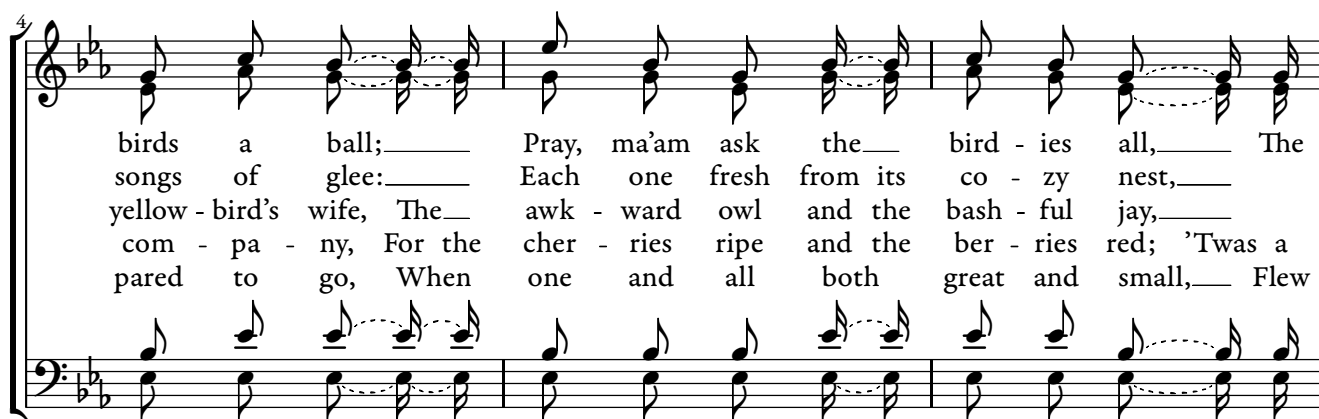
Fit - ful rose her ten - der cho - rus, "Ja - mie's on the storm - y sea!"
 Ev - er had the same low end-ing, "Ja - mie's on the storm - y sea!"
 Oh! 'twas heav'n it - self to hear her, "Ja - mie's on the storm - y sea!"
 Think - ing of the foam - ing bil - low, "Ja - mie's on the storm - y sea!"
 "Grieve 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 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,

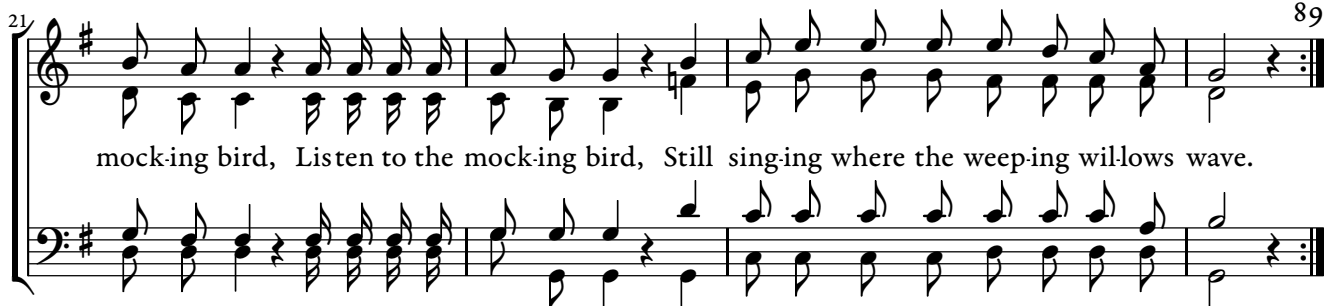
I'm dream-ing now of my Hal-lie, For the thought of her is one that nev-er
 Ah! well I can yet re-mem-ber, When we gath-ered in the cot-ton side by
 When charms of spring a-wak-en, And the mock-ing bird is sing-ing on the

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

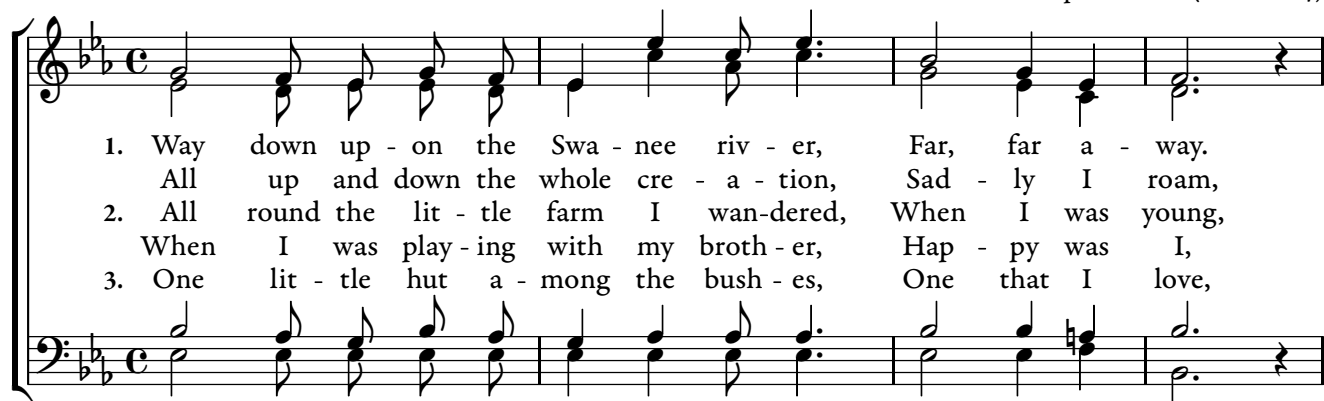
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mocking bird, Listen to the mock-ing bird, Still sing-ing where the weep-ing wil-lows wave.

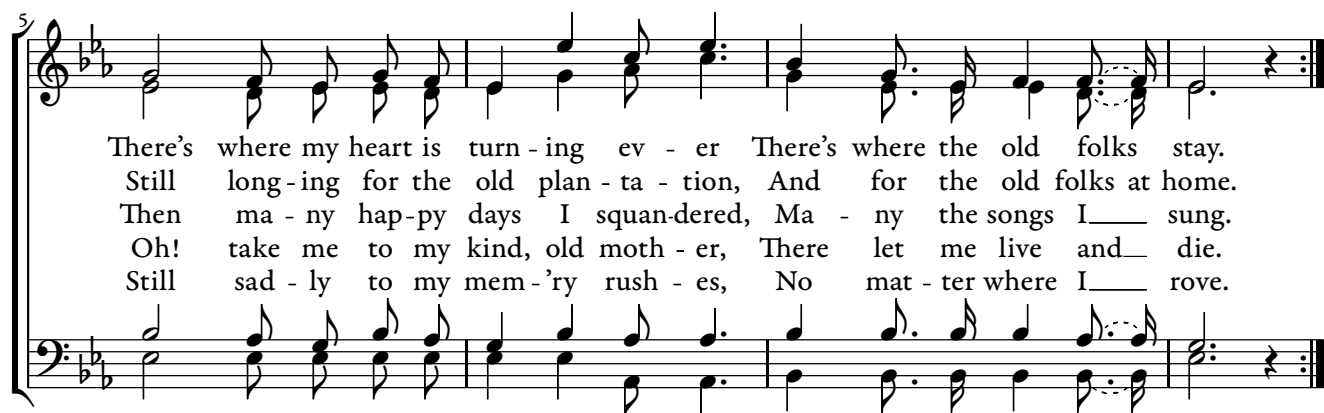
THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME

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;

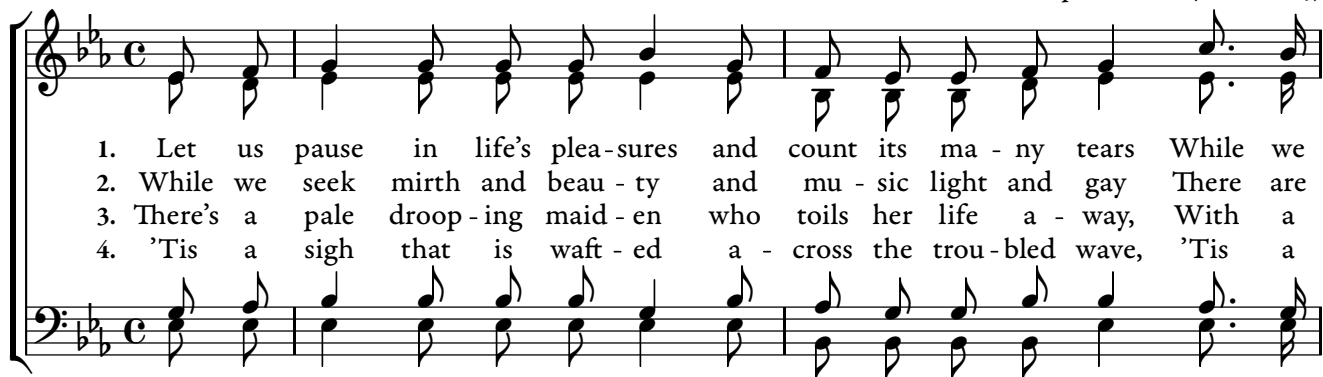
2.

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

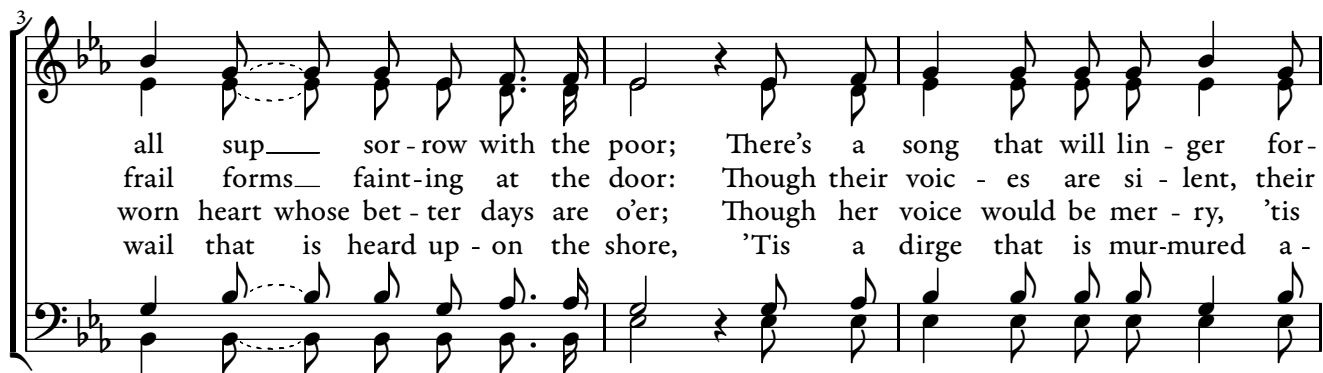
sing one song for the old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Ken-tuck-y home, far a-way.

HARD TIMES

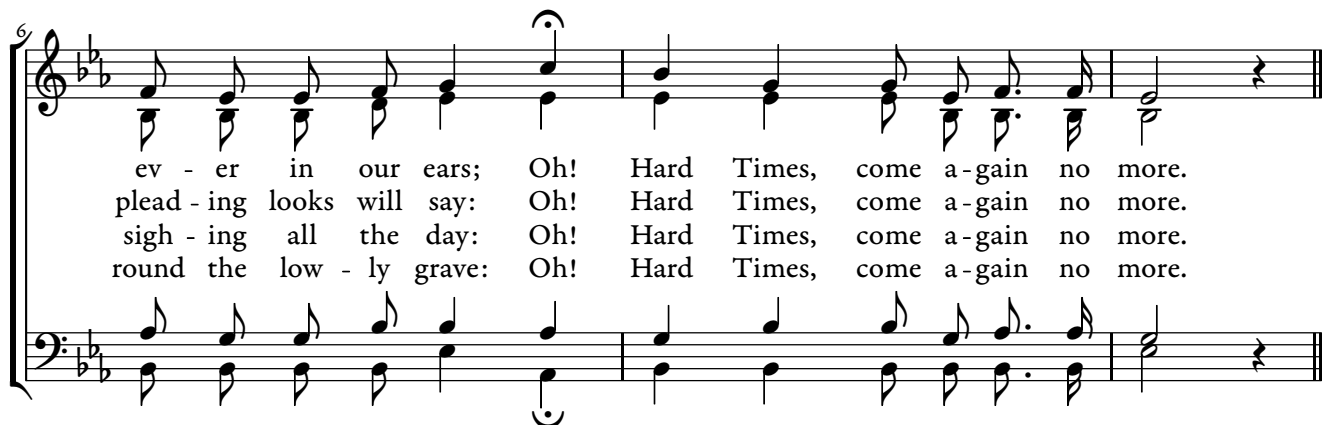
Stephen Foster (1826-1864)



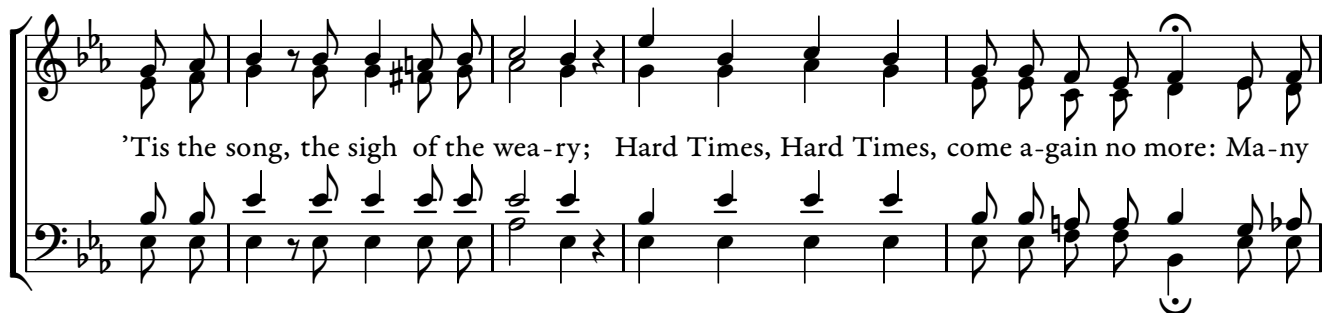
1. Let us pause in life's plea-sures and count its ma - ny tears While we
 2. While we seek mirth and beau - ty and mu - sic light and gay There are
 3. There's a pale droop - ing maid - en who toils her life a - way, With a
 4. 'Tis a sigh that is waft - ed a - cross the trou - bled wave, 'Tis a



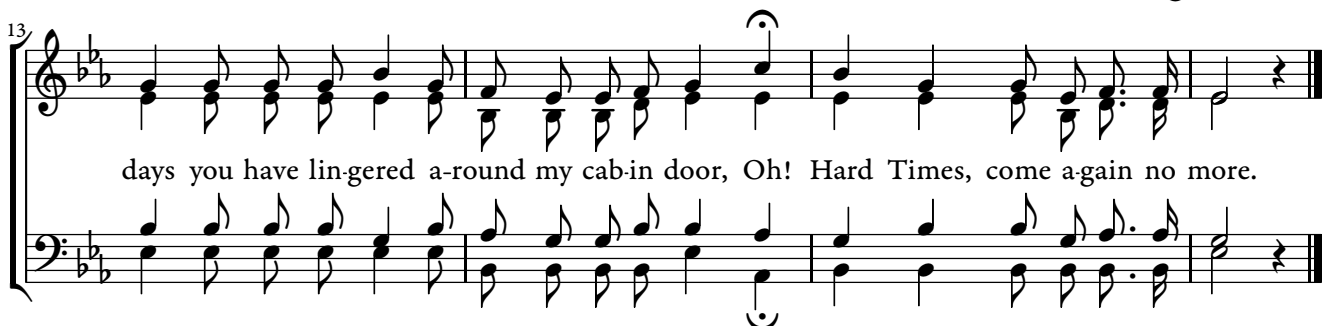
all sup - sor - row with the poor; There's a song that will lin - ger for -
 frail forms - faint - ing at the door: Though their voic - es are si - lent, their
 worn heart whose bet - ter days are o'er; Though her voice would be mer - ry, 'tis
 wail that is heard up - on the shore, 'Tis a dirge that 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

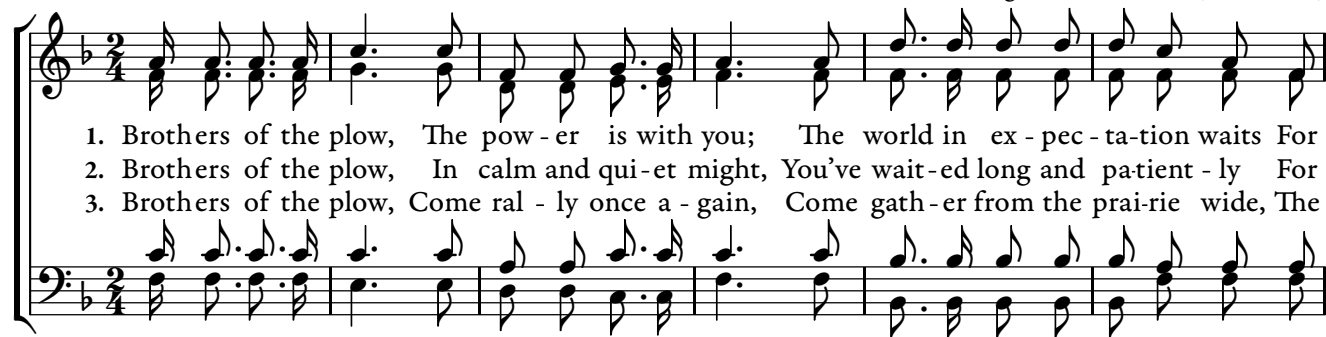
soul — would wish to sigh. Ah, — well - a - day! the sweet - est
 slow — and sad fare - well.

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 HAND THAT HOLDS THE BREAD

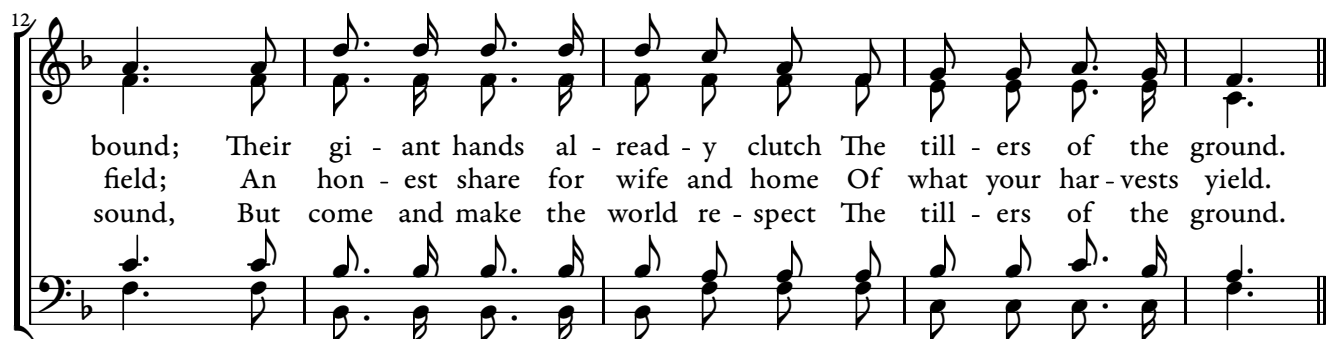
George Frederick Root (1820-1895)



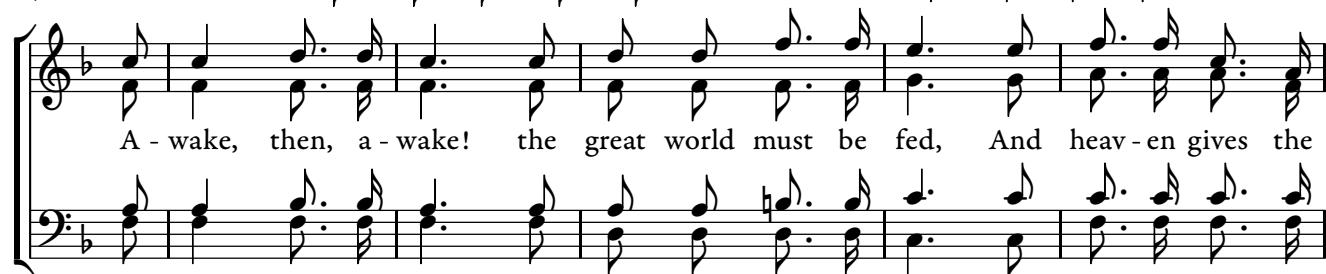
1. Brothers of the plow, The pow - er is with you; The world in ex - pec - ta - tion waits For
 2. Brothers of the plow, In calm and qui - et might, You've wait - ed long and pa - tient - ly For
 3. Brothers of the plow, Come ral - ly once a - gain, Come gath - er from the prai - rie wide, The




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



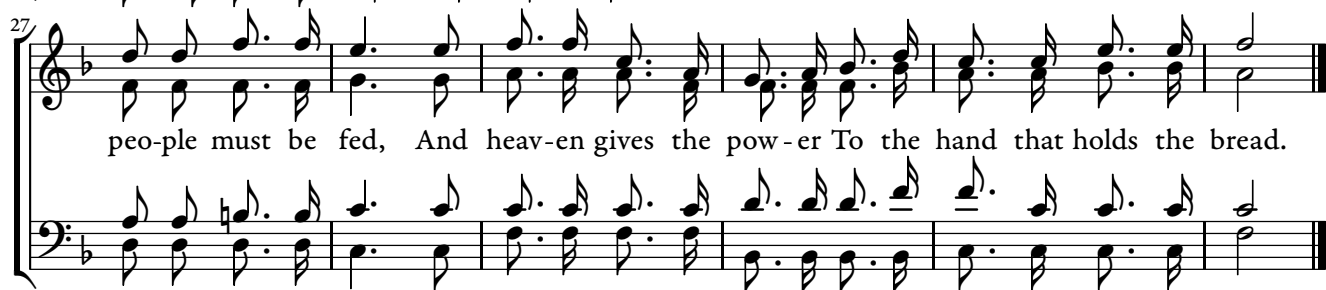
bound; Their gi - ant hands al - read - y clutch The till - ers of the ground.
 field; An hon - est share for wife and home Of what your har - vests yield.
 sound, But come and make the world re - spect The till - ers of the ground.



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.

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, mer-ri-ly sing, mer-ri-ly sing, merrily, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly sing. Chase away all care and
 days, mer-ri-ly sing, mer-ri-ly sing, merrily, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-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 97

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 cheerful, 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 Quick-ly come and save him who dies for thee.

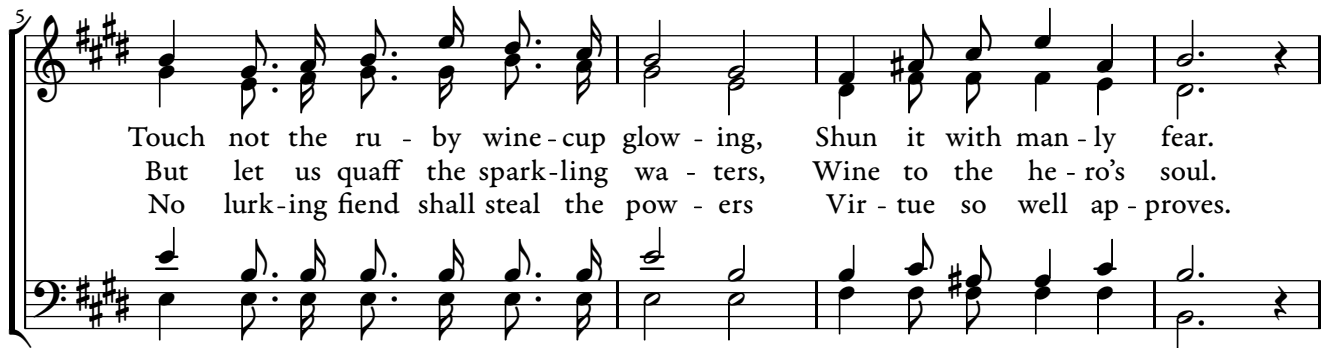
THE MARCH OF PROHIBITION

M. Rebecca Darr

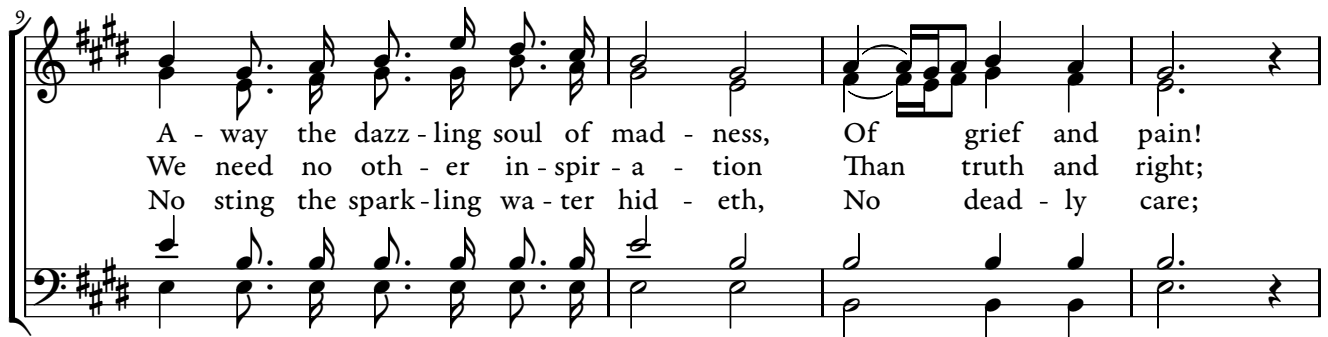
Jas. L. Orr



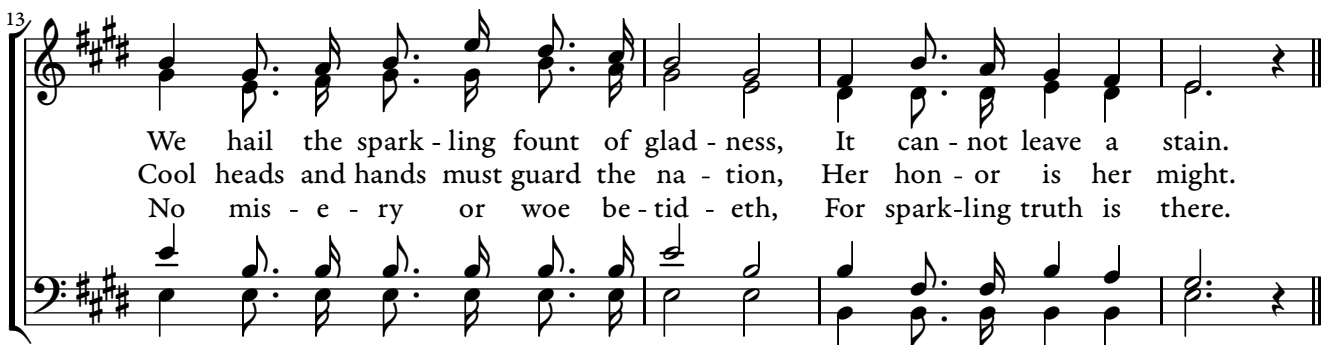
1. Hail to the crys - tal foun - tain flow - ing Pure, bright and clear;
 2. Let not Co - lum - bia's sons and daugh - ters The wine ex - tol;
 3. No lur - ing blush shall chain the hours — That Free - dom loves;



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,

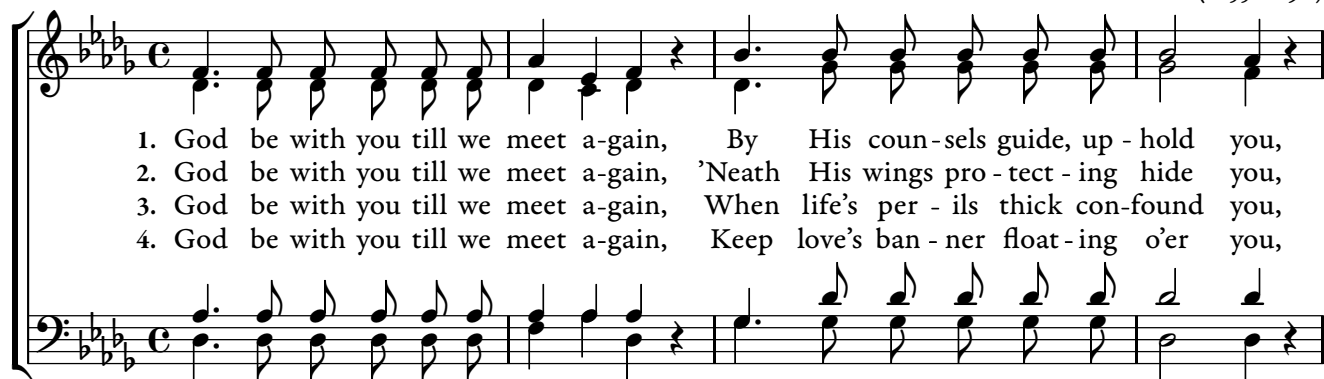
21 99




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

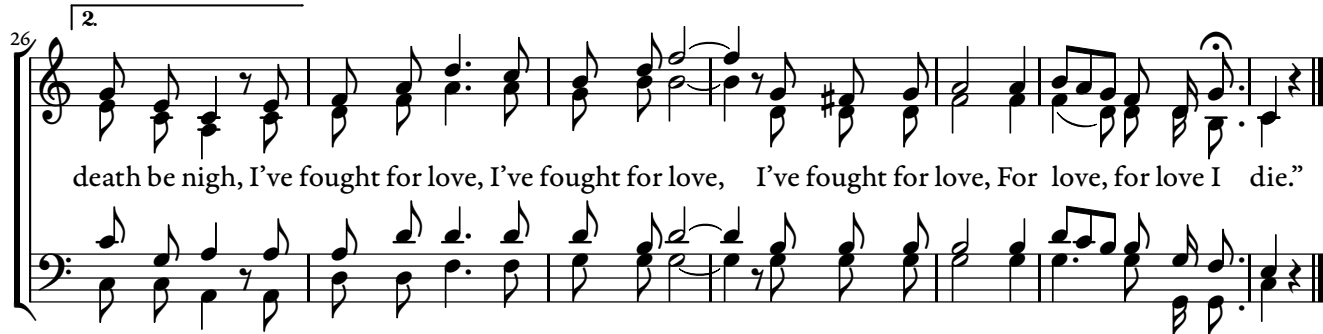
war - rior bold, with spurs of gold, Sang mer - ri - ly his lay, Sang mer - ri - ly his
fought the fight, but ere the night, His soul had passed a - way, His soul had passed a -

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

26



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

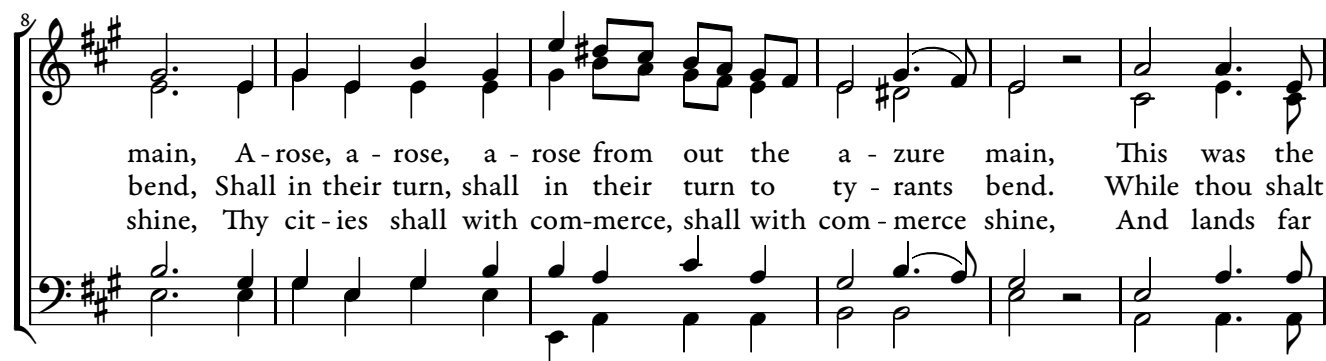
RULE BRITANNIA

James Thomson (1700-1748)

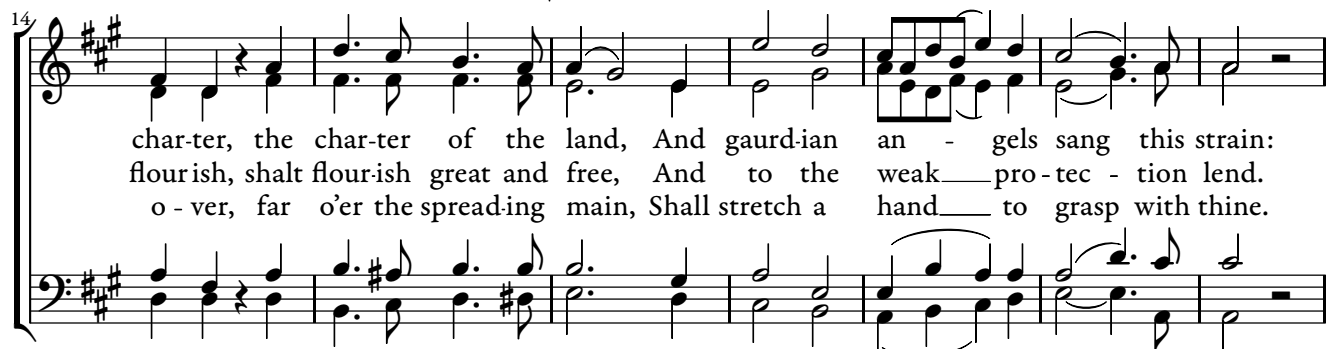
Thomas Arne (1710-1778)



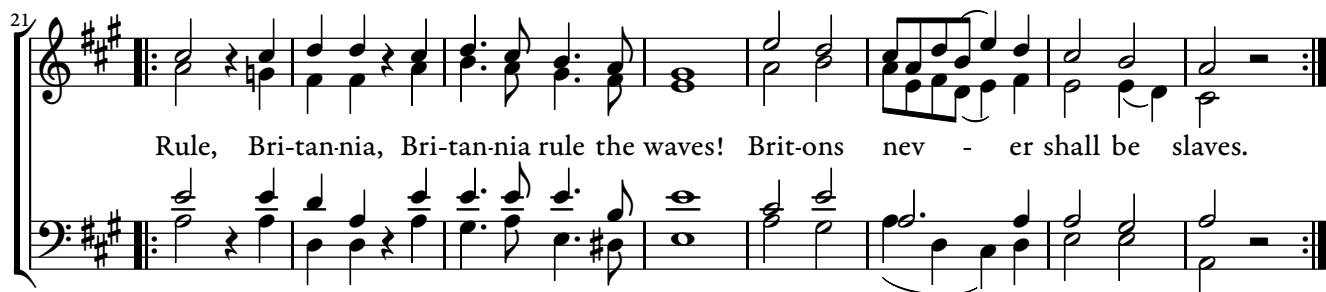
1. When Britain first at Heav'n's command, A rose from out the azure
2. The nations not so blest as thee, Shall in their turn to tyrants
3. To thee be longs the rural reign, Thy cities shall with commerce



main, A-rose, a-rose, a-rose from out the azure main, This was the
bend, Shall in their turn, shall in their turn to tyrants bend. While thou shalt
shine, Thy cities shall with commerce, shall with commerce shine, And lands far



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



Rule, Bri-tan-nia, 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

rosie" "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.—

This musical system consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The treble staff features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW

(WE WON'T GO HOME UNTIL MORNING)

Folk Song

5

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

This musical system is in 6/8 time, G major. The treble staff has a melody of eighth notes, and the bass staff has a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

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;

This musical system continues the melody and accompaniment from the previous system, with the same 6/8 time signature and G major key.

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

This musical system continues the melody and accompaniment, maintaining the 6/8 time signature and G major key.

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.—

This musical system concludes the piece with a final measure marked with a double bar line. The time signature and key signature remain consistent.


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

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

105

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 hearts 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 though 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.*

13 *a tempo*
 Hi did-dle un - kum o - ver the lea, Hi did-dle un - kum fee - dle!

MAID OF ATHENS

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,

5 107

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

10

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

15

dearest life, I love thee. Hear my vow, be-fore I go. My life, I love but thee.
dearest life, I love thee. Hear my vow, be-fore I go. 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

3

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

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-ert-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.

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,

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!

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

ZERLINE

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

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

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

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

DON G. fal-ter." ZER. "Come then, come then! Nay bid me not re - sign, love." DON G. "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 alter, 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

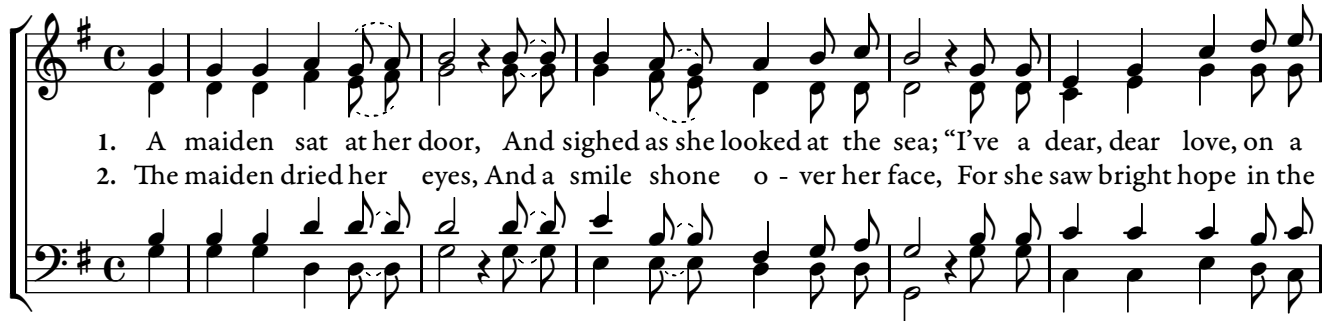
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joy no bounds shall know, Our joy no bounds shall know, Our joy no bounds shall know.

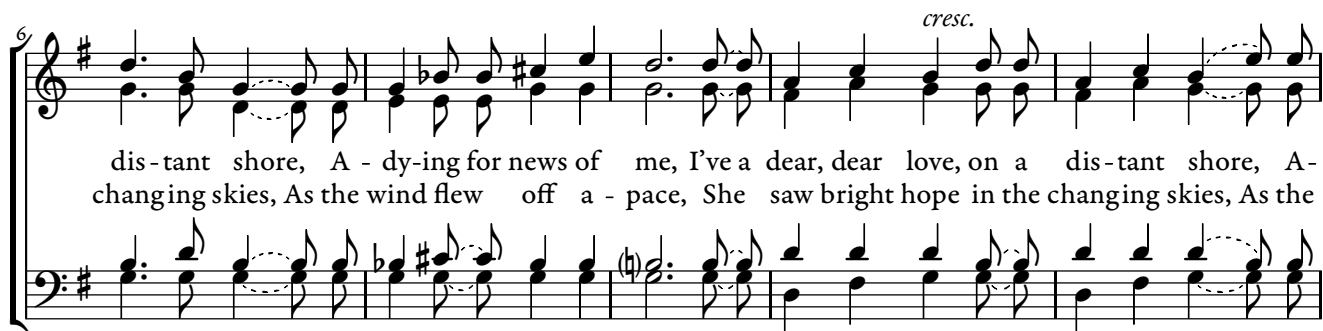
THE DISTANT SHORE

W. S. Gilbert (1836-1911)

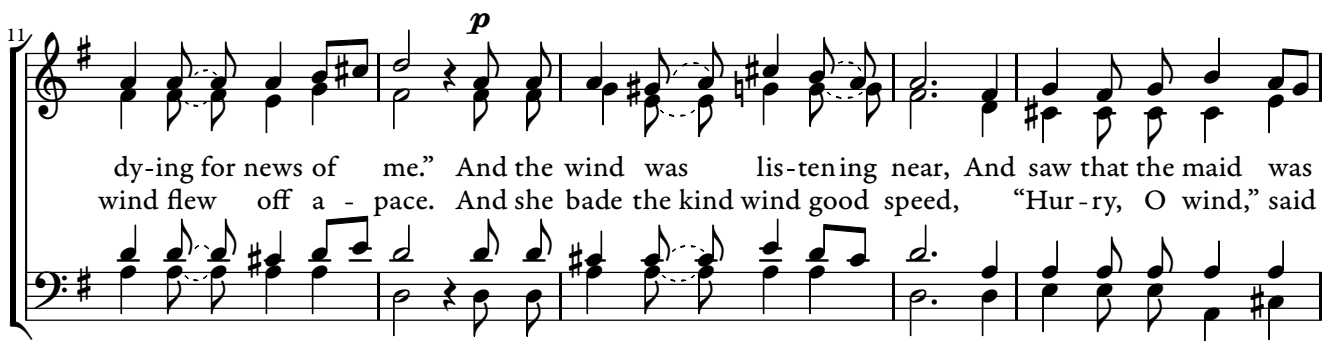
Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900)



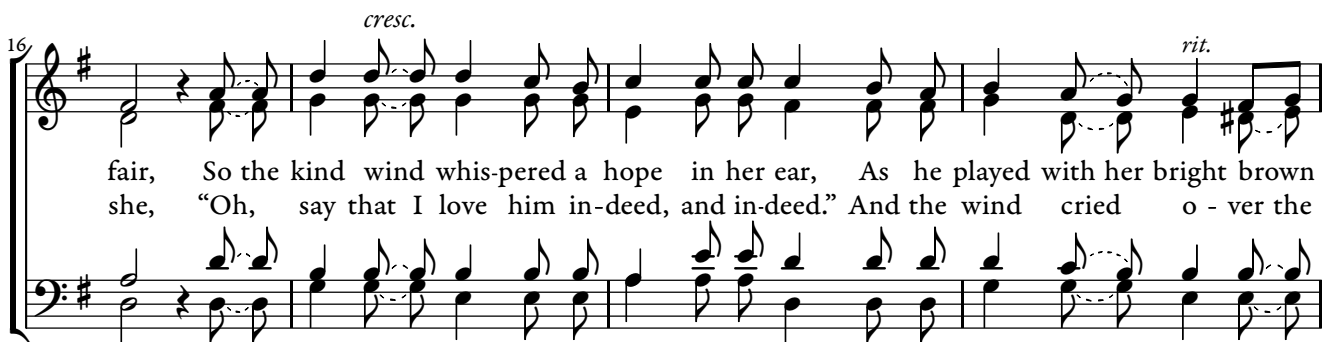
1. A maiden sat at her door, And sighed as she looked at the sea; "I've a dear, dear love, on a
2. The maiden dried her eyes, And a smile shone o - ver her face, For she saw bright hope in the



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 whispered 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*

lovest him well, Ever and ev-er more." 3. The wind tore over the wave, Scattering 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 sobbing 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

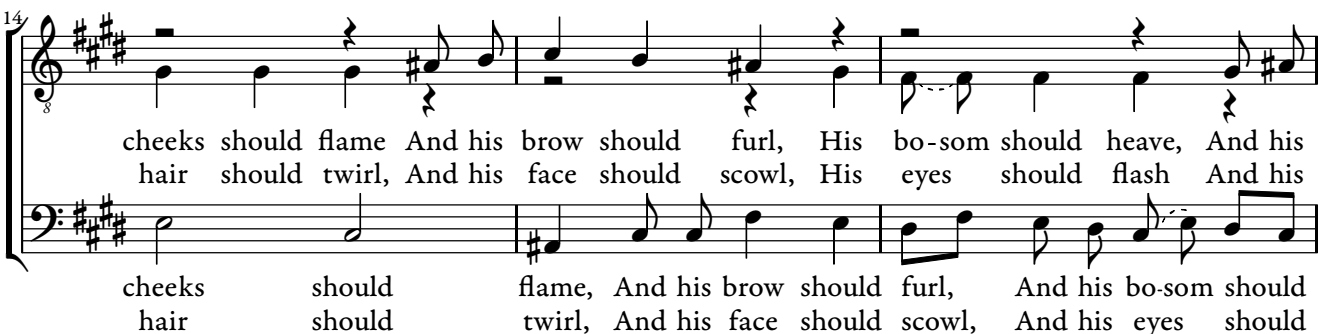
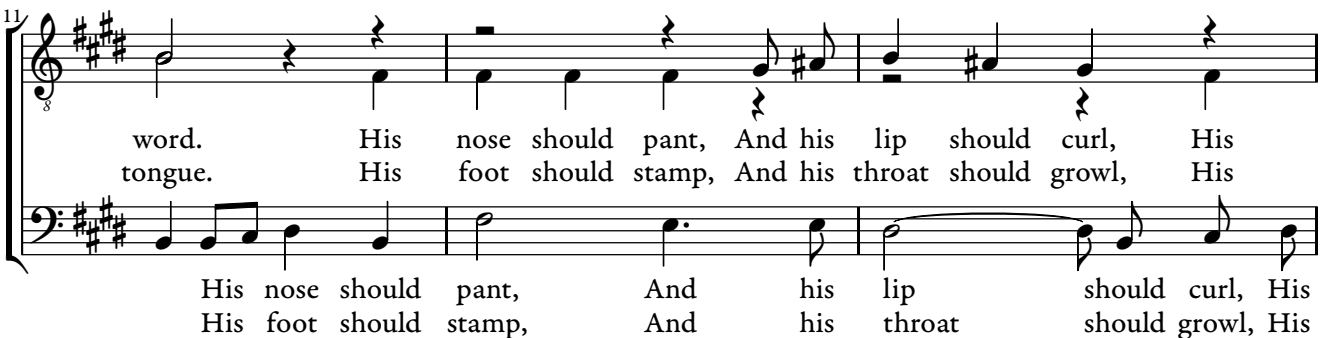
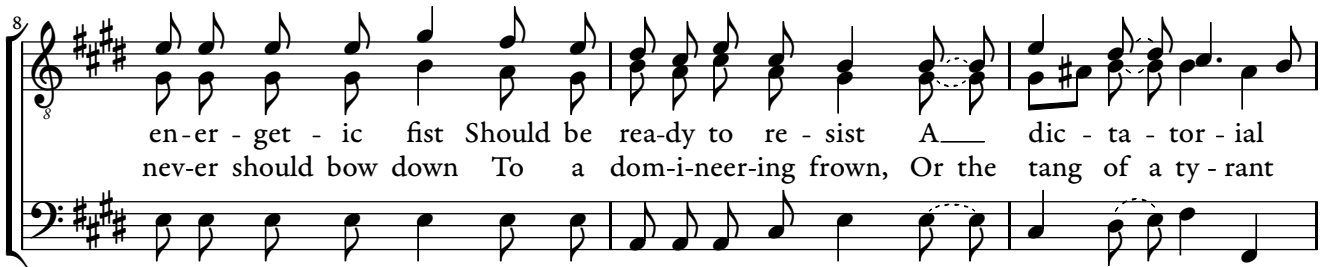
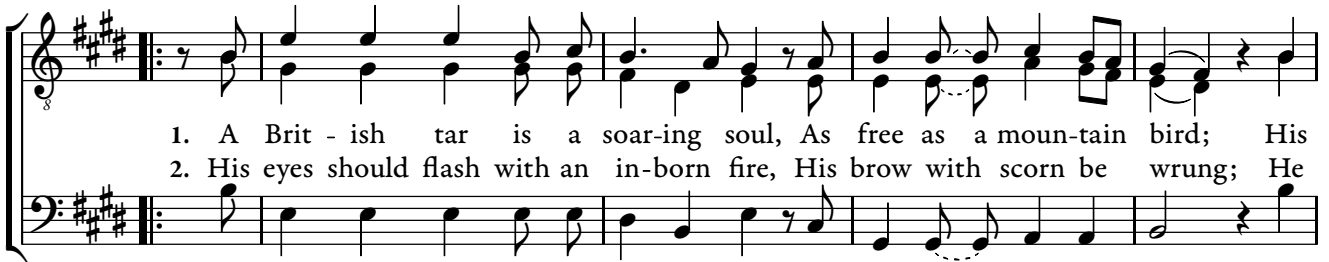
56 *cresc.* *rit.* *dim.*

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)



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 *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*

fist be ev - er rea - dy For a knock down blow.
this should be his cus - tom - a - ry at - ti - tude, his at - ti - tude, his

1. 2.

31

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

39

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,
song, this the close,

Ding— dong! Ding— dong! Yet un - til the shadows
Ding— dong! Ding— dong! What, though solemn shadows

Ding dong! Ding dong!

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, Sooner, lat - er, o-ver all.

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

40

merry madri - gal, Fa la 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,

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

45

— 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

p *pp*

50

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, 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

3.

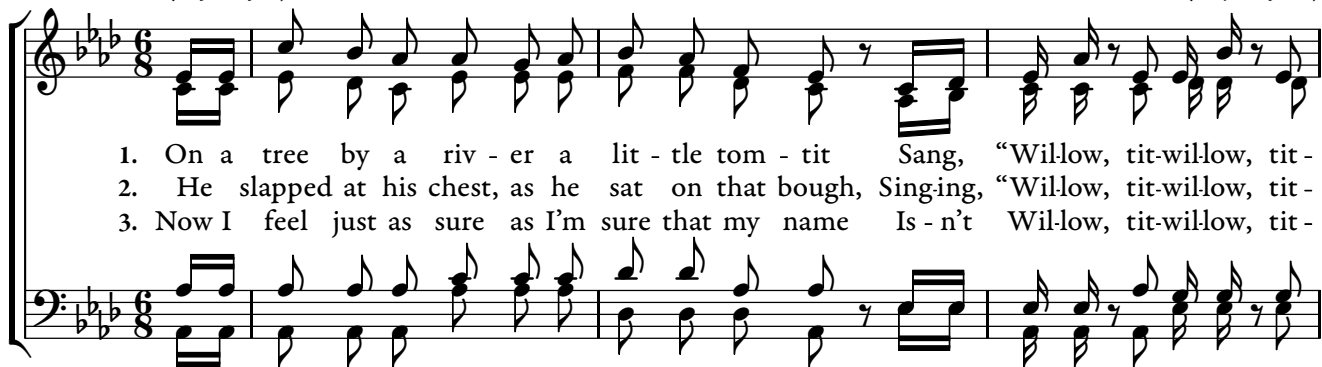
34

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

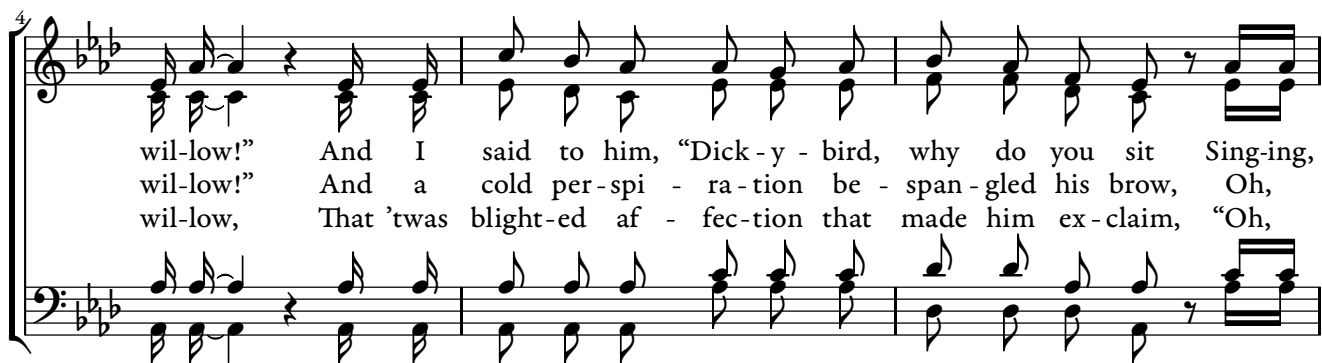
TIT-WILLOW

W. S. Gilbert (1836-1911)

Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900)



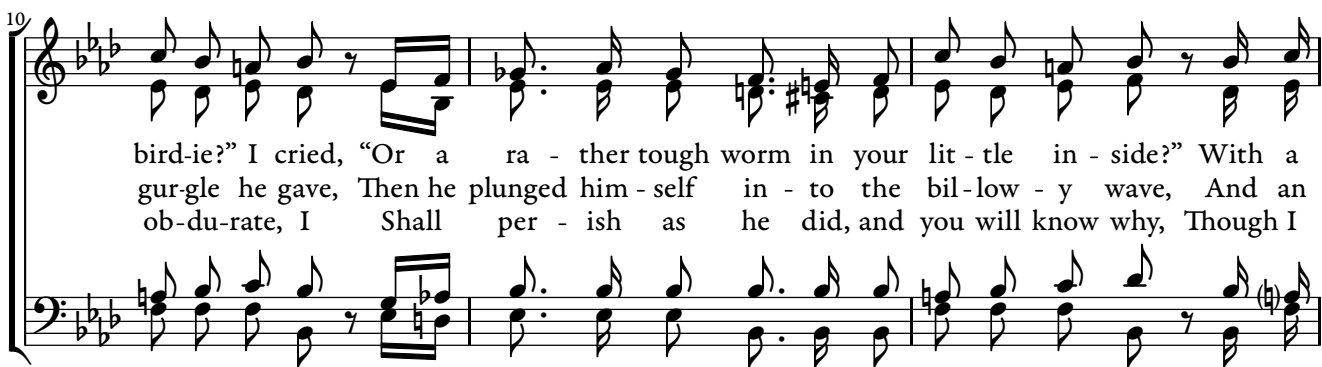
1. On a tree by a riv - er a lit - tle tom - tit Sang, "Willow, tit-willow, tit -
 2. He slapped at his chest, as he sat on that bough, Singing, "Willow, tit-willow, tit -
 3. Now I feel just as sure as I'm sure that my name Is - n't Wil-low, tit-willow, tit -



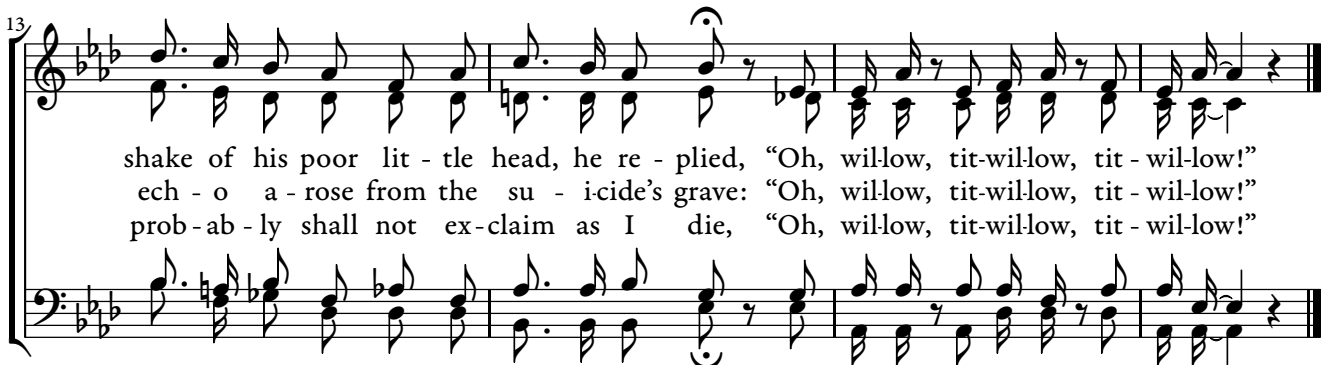
wil-low!" And I said to him, "Dick - y - bird, why do you sit Sing-ing,
 wil-low!" And a cold per - spi - ra - tion be - span - gled his brow, Oh,
 wil-low, That 'twas blight-ed af - fec - tion that made him ex - claim, "Oh,



'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.

SOLDIER'S HYMN

Franz Josef Haydn (1732-1809)

f

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,

ff *rall.*

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)

$\text{♩} = 72$

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;

mf

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
 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

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 radiant orbs be_

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

pub - lish - es_ to ev - 'ry land The work_ of an_ al - might - y hand.
 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!

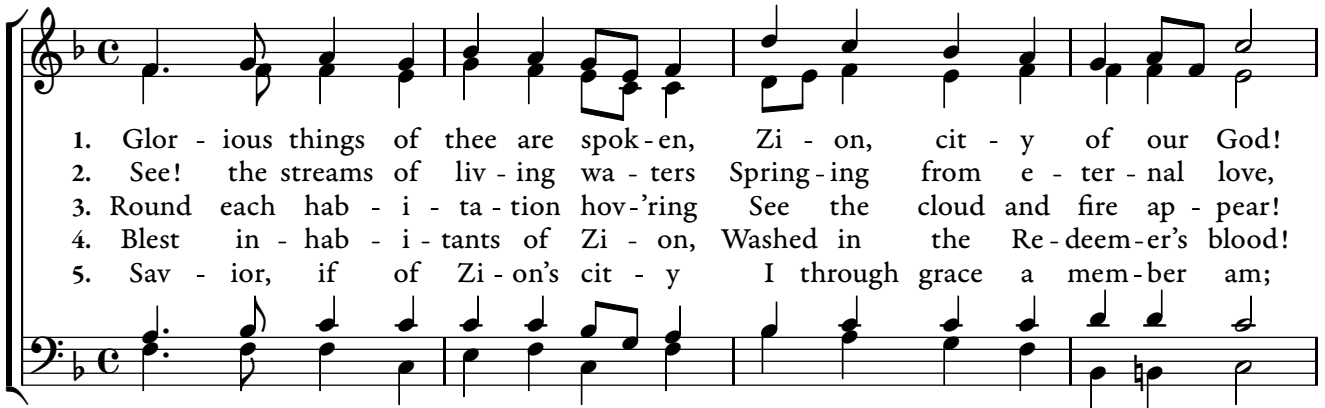
At her shrine we now are bend-ing; Let the world our glad-ness know.
 We should be for-e'er re-joic-ing, For through him we heav-en know.
 Broth-ers, in yon might-y spac-es Dwells our God whose love is true.

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—

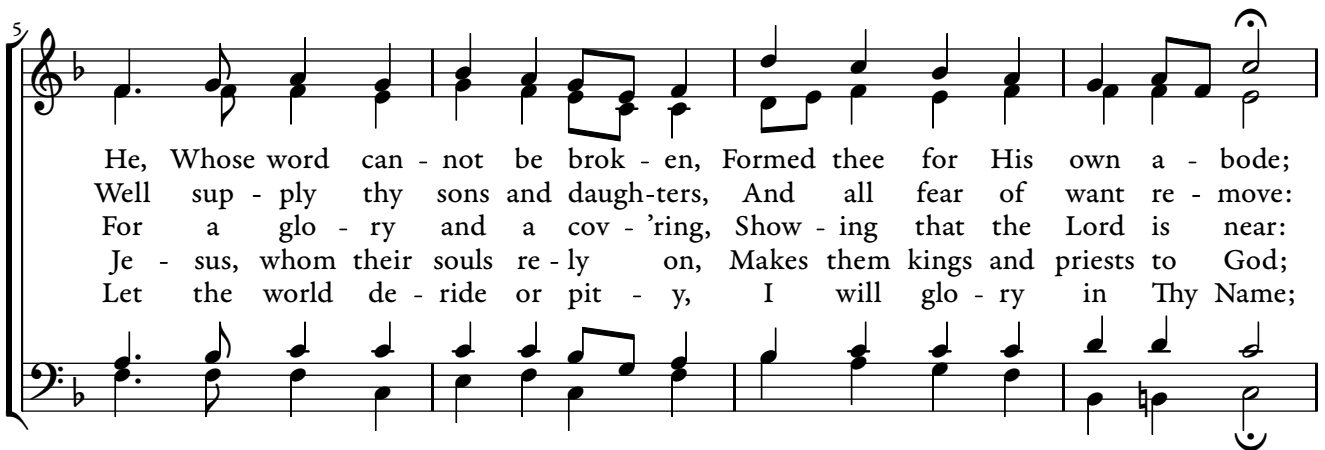
rall.
 — are broth-ers, all u-nit-ed When joy in our hearts is found.
 — are doomed to walk for-got-ten Who re-fuse their hearts to give.
 — are broth-ers, all u-nit-ed, Fa-ther'd by one God on high.

GLORIOUS THINGS OF THEE ARE SPOKEN

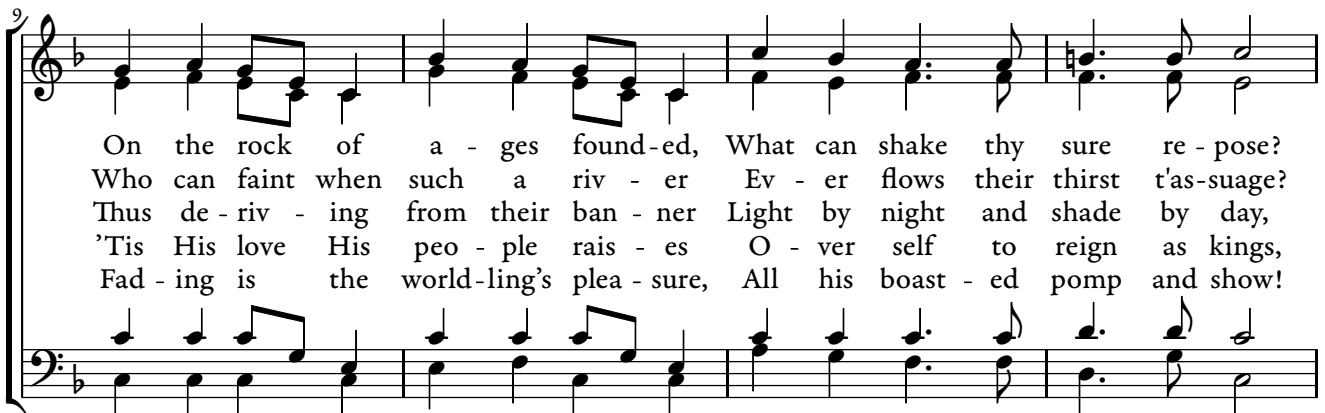
Franz Josef Haydn (1732-1809)



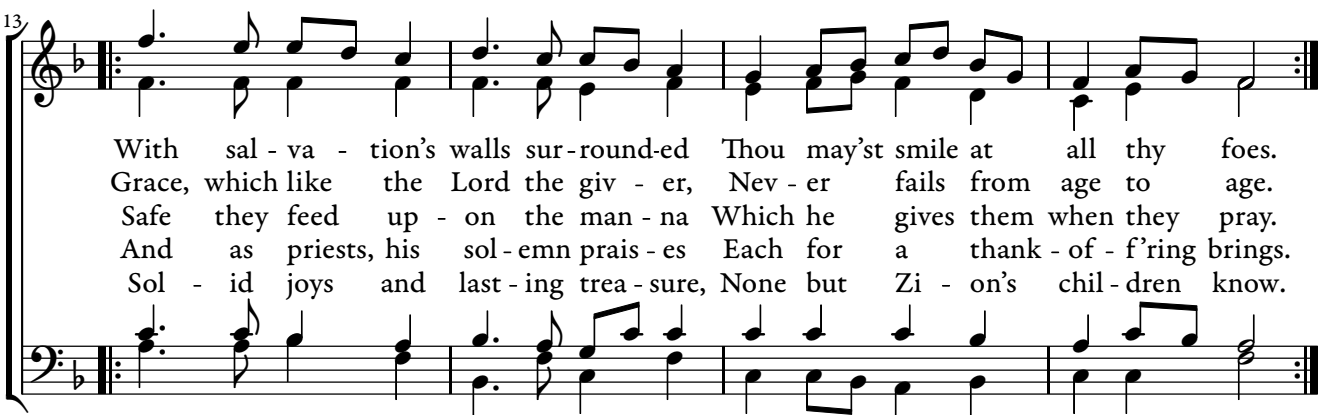
1. Glor - ious things of thee are spok - en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God!
 2. See! the streams of liv - ing wa - ters Spring - ing from e - ter - nal love,
 3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov - 'ring See the cloud and fire ap - pear!
 4. Blest in - hab - i - tants of Zi - on, Washed in the Re - deem - 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!

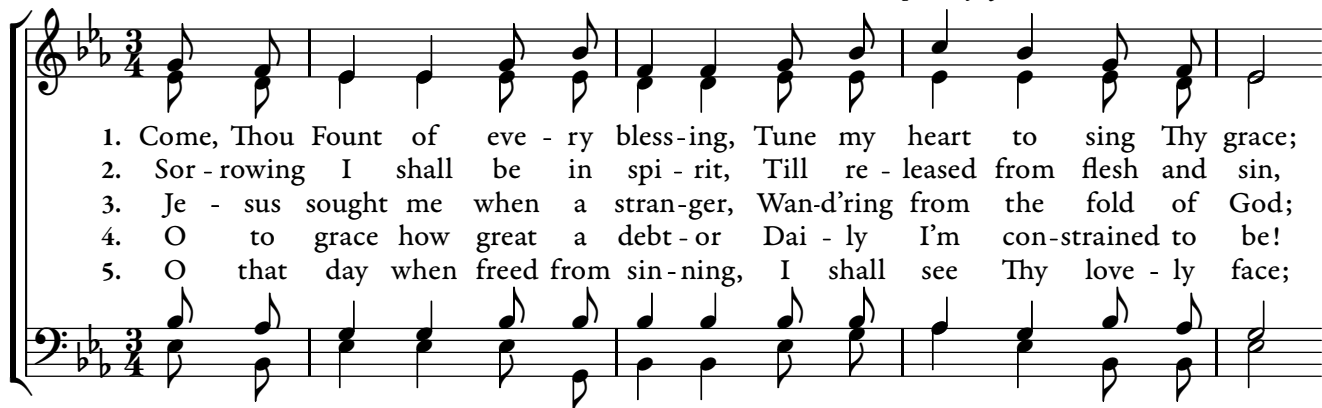


With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round - ed Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
 Grace, which like the Lord the giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.
 Safe they feed up - on the man - na Which he gives them when they pray.
 And as priests, his sol - emn prais - es Each for a thank - of - f'ring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

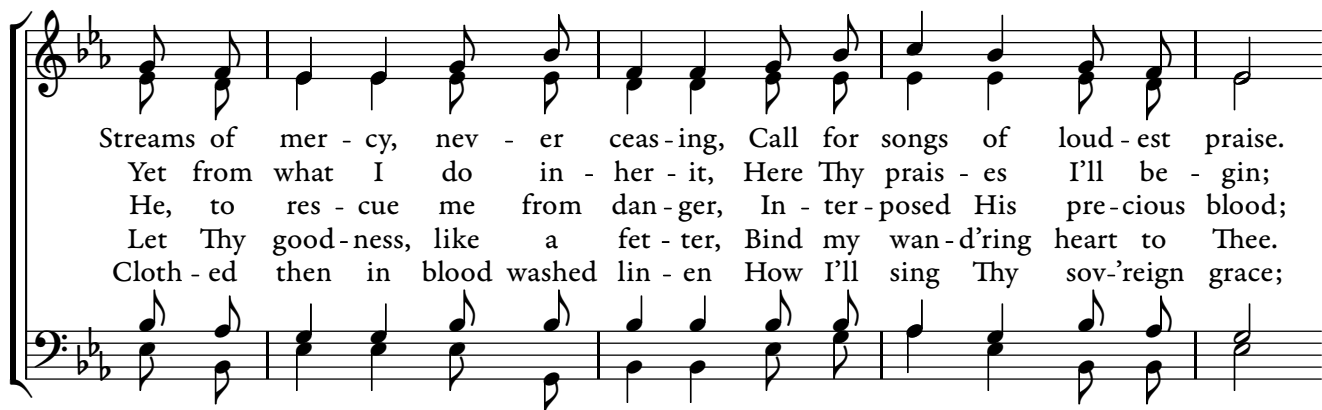
COME, THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING

Robert Robinson (1735–1790)

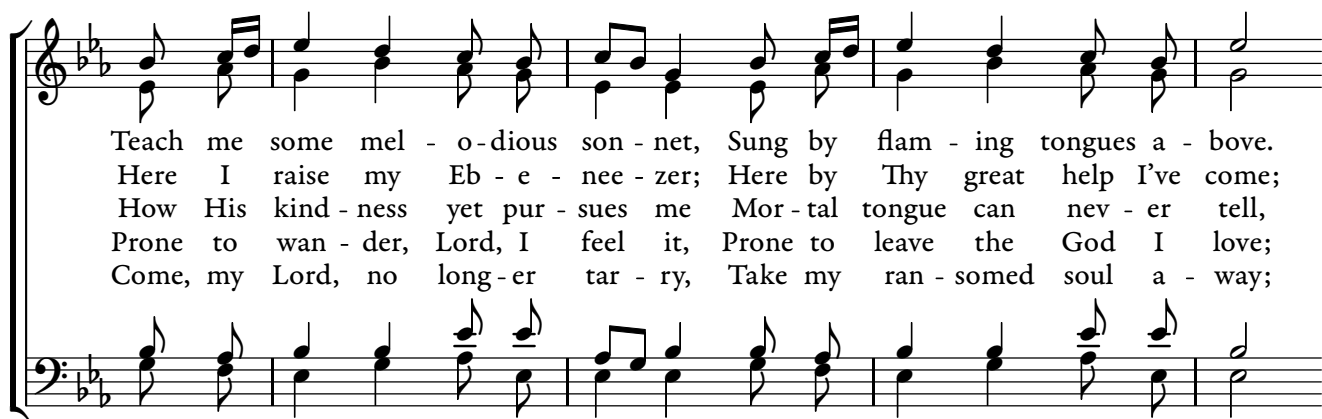
from *Repository of Sacred Music, Part Second*, 1813



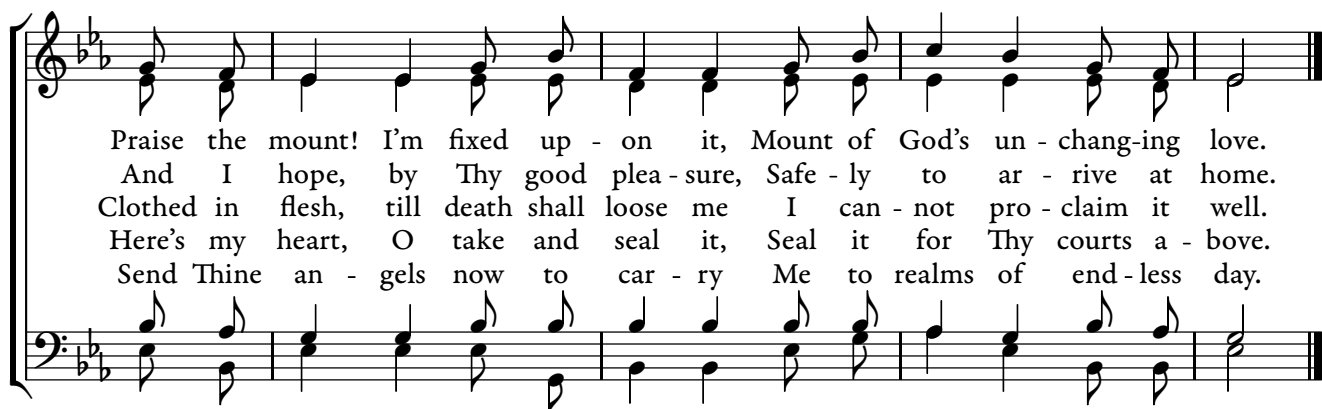
1. Come, Thou Fount of eve - ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
 2. Sor - rowing I shall be in spi - rit, Till re - leased from flesh and sin,
 3. Je - sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wan-d'ring from the fold of God;
 4. O to grace how great a debt-or Dai - ly I'm con-strained to be!
 5. 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 (1708–1788)

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 treble and bass staves are in C major, 4/4 time. Dynamics include *f*, *p*, *cresc.*, and *fz*.

Second system of musical notation (measures 7-12). The treble and bass staves continue the melody. Dynamics include *p*, *cresc.*, *f*, *p*, *pp*, and *pp*.

Third system of musical notation (measures 13-15). The treble and bass staves are in C major, 4/4 time. Dynamics include *p*, *cresc.*, and *p*. The lyrics are:

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). The treble and bass staves are in C major, 4/4 time. Dynamics include *f*, *p*, *cresc.*, and *f*. The lyrics are:

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, —

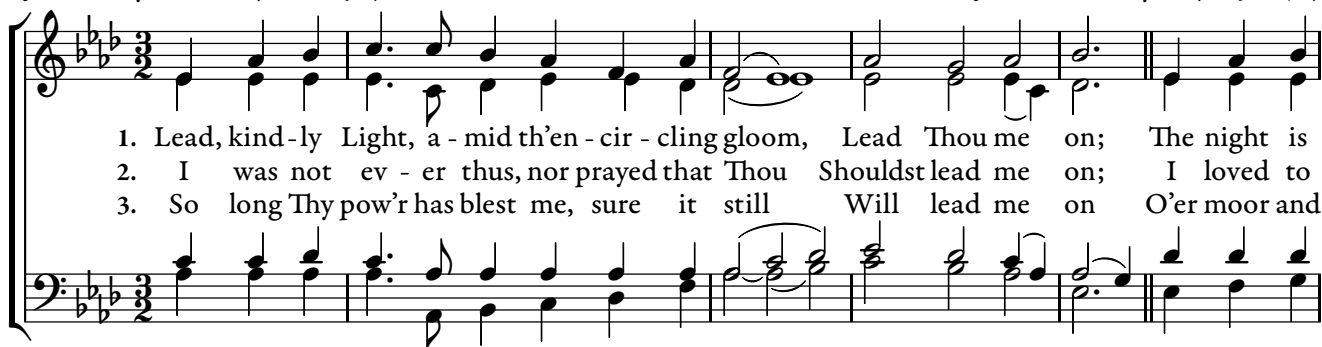
Fifth system of musical notation (measures 19-24). The treble and bass staves are in C major, 4/4 time. Dynamics include *p*, *cresc.*, *f*, and *p*. The lyrics are:

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!

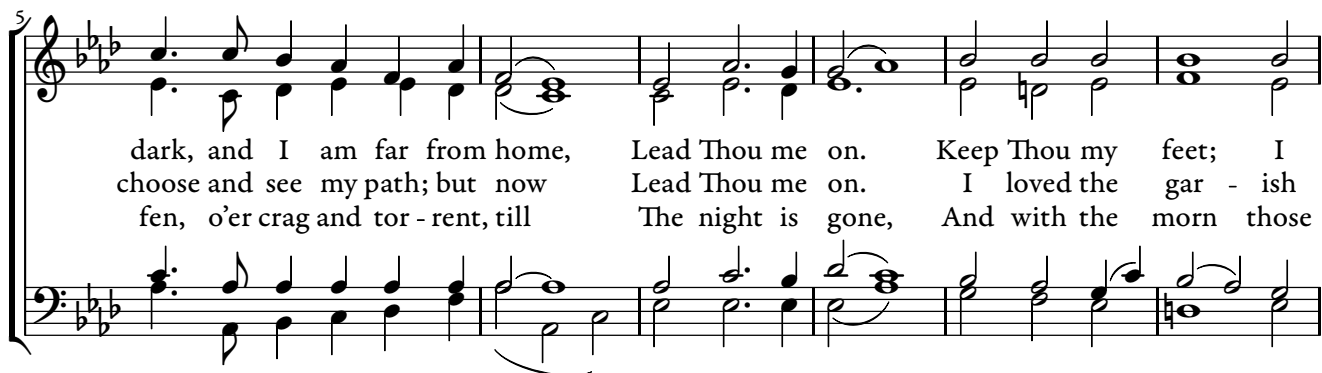
LEAD KINDLY LIGHT

John Henry Newman (1801-1890)

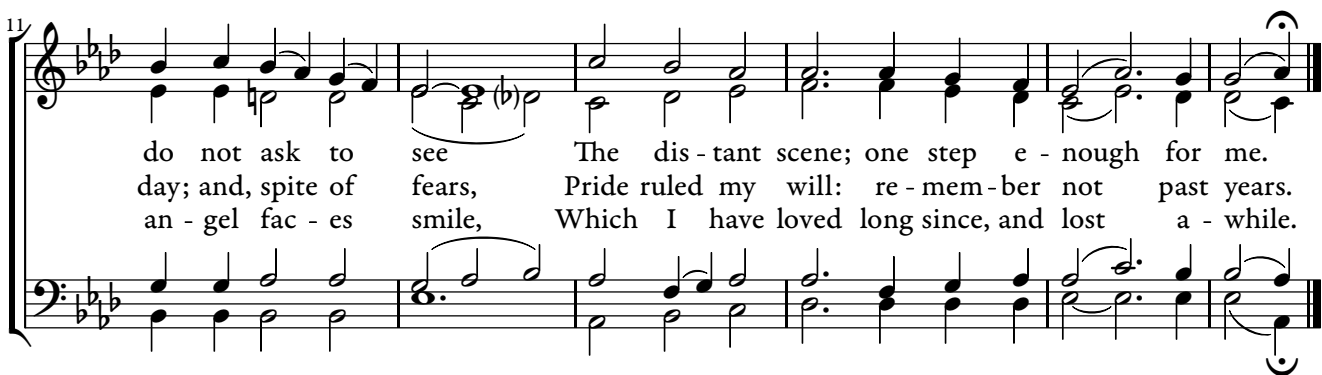
John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876)



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

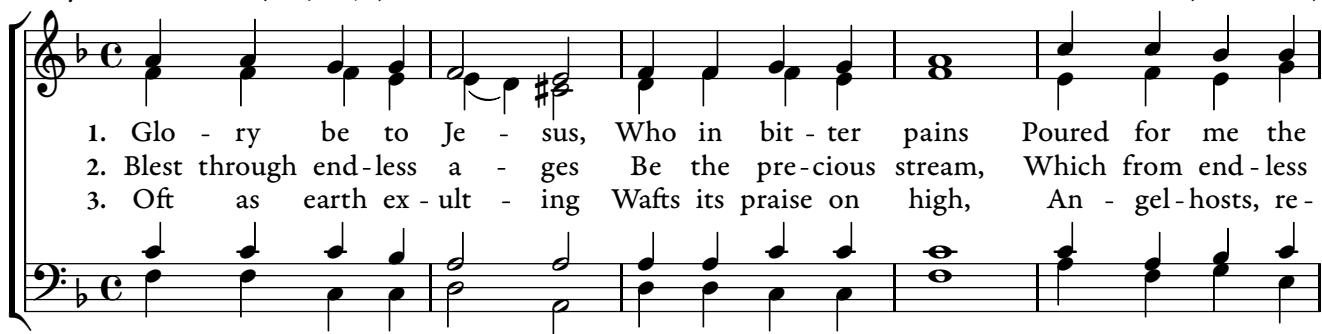


do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
day; and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: re - mem - ber not past years.
an - gel fac - es smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

GLORY BE TO JESUS


tr. by Edward Caswall (1814-1878)

Bemerton, Friedrich Filitz (1804-1876)



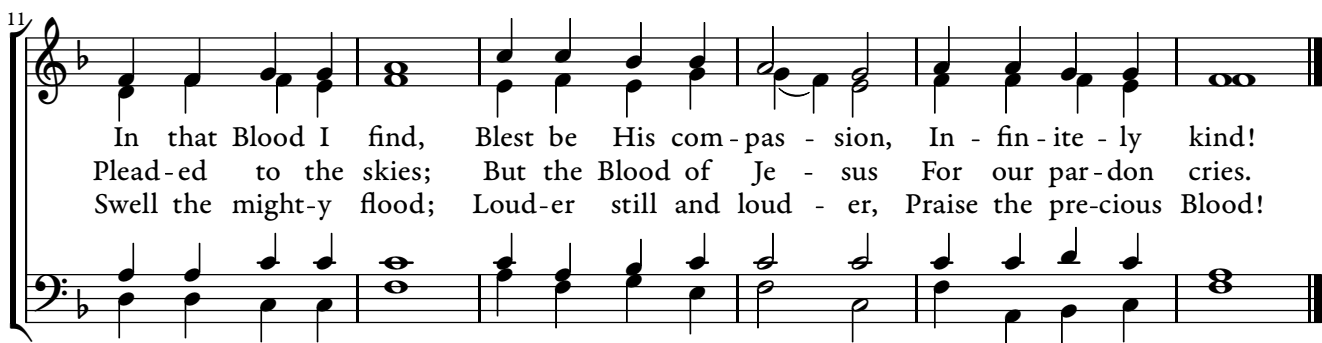
1. Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Who in bit - ter pains Poured for me the
2. Blest through end-less a - ges Be the pre-cious stream, Which from end-less
3. Oft as earth ex - ult - ing Wafts its praise on high, An - gel-hosts, re -

6 137



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

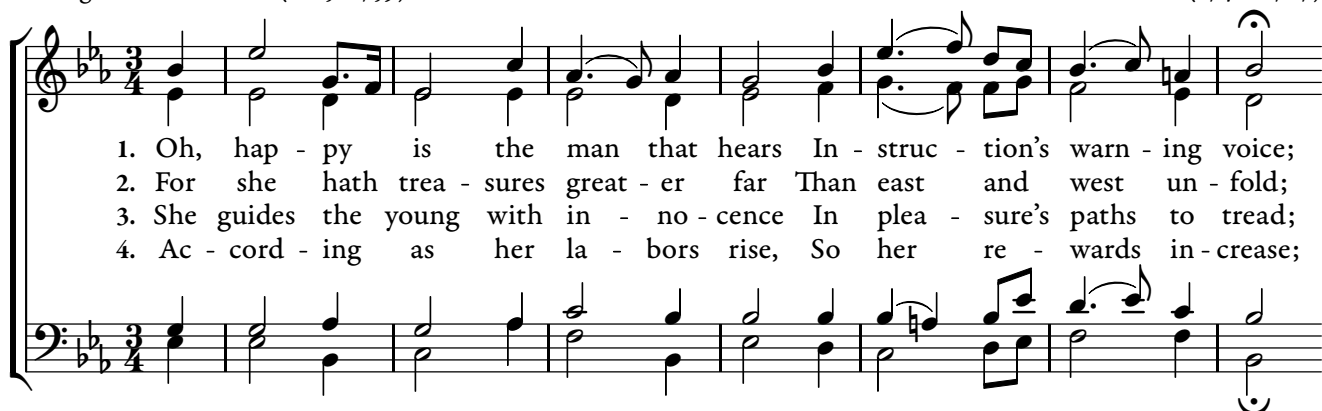


In that Blood I find, Blest be His com - pas - sion, In - fin - ite - ly kind!
Plead - ed to the skies; But the Blood of Je - sus For our par - don cries.
Swell the might - y flood; Loud - er still and loud - er, Praise the pre - cious Blood!

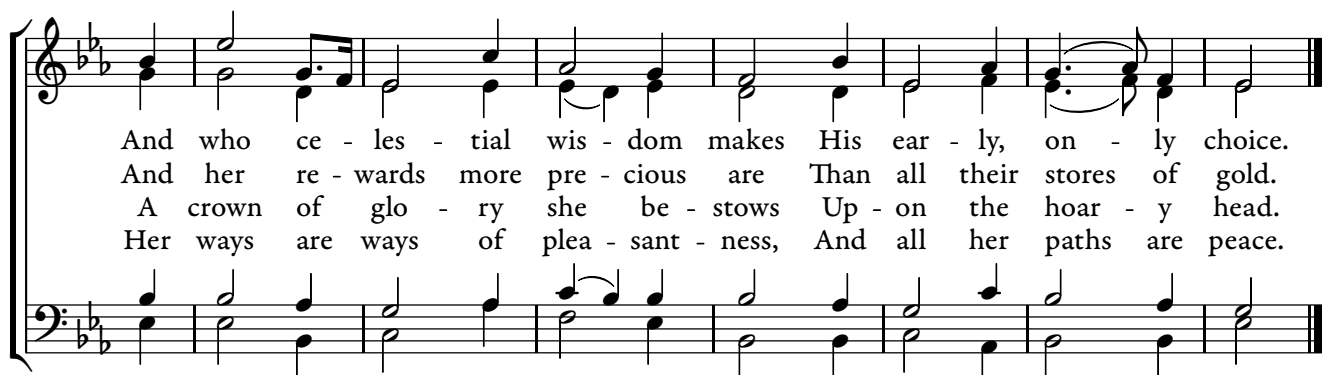
OH, HAPPY IS THE MAN THAT HEARS

George Frideric Handel (1685–1759)

Michael Bruce (1746–1767)



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**cresc.*

p

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

mf *p* *cresc.* *f*

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

p *cresc.* *mf*

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.* 139

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.

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.