"Waltz Dream"

# Love's The Tune

OSCAR STRAUS

Allegretto

*mf*

1. O lay your cheek to mine, my dear, While flute and fid - dle ring out clear. The
both to - geth - er, don't you see, Are sound - ing love's sweet mel - o - dy! The

flute trills love pres-tis-si - mo, The fid-dle in a - da - gi - o! Yet fid-dle sighs "I love you

*cresc.*

so!" So does the plain-tive Pic - co - lo! Pic - co - lo! Pic - co - lo! tsin, tsin, tsin!

*f* *mf*

Love's the tune both play and win! Pipe up bold - ly, an - swer true,

'Till with love the heart is thro' an - swer true, 'Till with love the heart is thro'!

# Lullaby, Baby

A. SULLIVAN

Slowly

*p* *cresc.* *dim.*

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

*cresc. poco a poco* *sempre pp*

while the hours run, Lulla-by, Lulla-by, Lulla-by, Lulla-by, Lul - la - by.

"*TALES OF HOFFMAN*"

# Lovely Night

F. OFFENBACH

Moderato

*pp* *p*

Love-ly night whose star-ry smile our ten-der rap-ture bless-es,

Night of love, our love the while with thy ca-ress be-guile! — Short is life, the hours they fly, and

*cresc*

joy with them is fly-ing, Fleet-ing rap-tures drift-ing by, a-las too soon you die — Up-

*dim* *cresc.*

on the gen-tle breeze, — in sweet fra-grancy sigh-ing! Then while love's moments fleet, —

*cresc*

Let our ar-dent lips meet, Let our ar - dent lips meet, Let our ar - dent lips meet! Ah!

*dim*

*pp*

— Love-ly night whose starry smile our ten-der rap-ture bless-es, Night of love, our

love the while, With thy ca-ress be-guile. — O night, whose starry smile Our love's sweet rapture

*cresc* *cresc*

bless - - es With ca - ress - es the hours be - guile! Ah! Ah!

*dim.* *p*

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

*sempre p* *pp*

Ah! Ah!

## Lola's Song

*"CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA"*

P. MASCAGNI

Allegretto

*mf*

My ardent lov - er In Heav'n a - bove stand an - gels ev - er ra - diant

There is none other like him in the world, My ardent lov - er, In Heav'n a - bove stand

*dolce*

an - gels ev - er ra - diant, There is none o - ther like him in the world. Ah!

*poco rit* *a tempo*

Ah! Ah! Ah! My ar - dent lov - er!

*rit* *f* *a tempo*

# Lovely Flowers I Pray

C. GOUNOD

Allegretto

*mf* *cresc.*

1. Love-ly flowers I pray my love be-tray, Tell her she's my sole treas-ure,
2. Speak, oh flowers, for me I trust in thee, Teach her, ah, to dis-cov-er,

My de-light beyond meas-ure, Say, ah, say o'er and o'er her I a-dore. Love-ly flowers I
E'en how fondly I love her, How in sor-row I pine to call her mine. Speak, oh, flowers, for

pray my love be-tray, Let her know how I lan-guish, Make her feel all my an-guish,
me I trust in thee, May to her love's sweet pow-ers, Be re-vealed in these flow-ers,

Tell her ah, once a-gain my heart's sore pain, My heart's, my heart's sore pain,
And my own bo-som's fire her heart in-spire, Her heart, her heart in-spire,

My heart's, my heart's sore pain.
Her heart, her heart in-spire.

*mf*

# The Last Rose Of Summer

Andante

*p*

1. 'Tis the last rose of summer, Left blooming a-lone; All her love-ly com-pan-ions Are fad-ed and
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem, Since the love-ly are sleeping Go sleep thou with

gone; No flower of her kindred, No rosebud is nigh, To re-flect back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh.
them; Thus kindly I scatter Thy leaves o'er the bed Where thy mates of the garden, Lie scentless and dead.

# Love Thoughts

Slowly

Hawaiian Folk Song

*mf* *cresc.*

I think of you, when the mists are fall-ing, And all the world has gone to seek sweet rest

*dim.* *et rit.*

Oh! the long-ing in my heart is ev-er, ev-er grow-ing, All that I ask of you is love.

REFRAIN (Harp effect)

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

There on the heights, mists are softly fall-ing, Here in my heart fierce longing fills my fond soul

*dim.* *e rit.*

An-swer, love, that you are mine, that nothing e'er shall part us, That you are mine, mine a-lone.

# The Land O' The Leal

Moderato

LADY NAIRN

*mf*

1. I'm wear-in a-wa', John, Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John; I'm
2. You've been leal an' true, John, Your task's end-ed noo, John, And

*mf*

wear-in' a-wa' To the Land o' the Leal. There's nae sor-row there, John, There's
I'll wel-come you To the Land o' the Leal. Then dry your tearfu' e'e, John, My

nei-ther cauld nor care, John, The days aye fair I' the Land o' the Leal.
soul langs to be free, John, And an-gels beck on me To the Land o' the Leal.

# A Life On The Ocean Wave

Allegro

HENRY RUSSELL

1. A life on the o - cean wave, A home on the roll-ing deep, Where the scattered wa-ters rave, And the winds their rev - els keep! Like an ea - gle caged, I pine On this dull, un-chang-ing shore; Oh, give me the flash-ing brine, The spray and the tem-pest roar! A life on the o-cean wave, A home on the roll-ing deep! Where the scat-tered waters rave, And the winds their rev- els keep! The winds, the winds, the winds their revels keep, the winds, the winds, the winds their revels keep.

2. Once more on the deck I stand Of my own swift-gliding craft, Set sail! fare-well to the land, The gale fol - lows far a - baft: We shoot thro' the sparkling foam, Like an o-cean bird set free; Like the o-cean birds, our home We'll find far out on the sea! A life on the o-cean

# Little Boy Blue

Moderato

Lit-tle Boy Blue, come blow up your horn, There's sheep in the mea-dow and cows in the corn; Where is the boy that looks af - ter the sheep? He's un - der the hay- cock fast a - sleep.

# Listen To The Mocking-Bird

Moderato

ALICE HAWTHORNE

*mf*

1. I'm dreaming now of Hal-lie, sweet Hal-lie, sweet Hal-lie, I'm dreaming now of
2. Ah! well I yet re- member, re- member, re- member, Ah! well I yet re-

Hal-lie, For the thought of her is one that nev-er dies; She's sleep-ing in the val-ley, the
member, When we gath-ered in the cot-ton, side by side; 'Twas in the mild Sep- tember, Sep-

val-ley, the val-ley, She's sleeping in the val-ley, And the mocking bird is singing where she lies.
tem-ber, Sep- tember, 'Twas in the mild Sep- tember, And the mocking bird was singing far and wide.

CHORUS

Lis-ten to the mocking bird, Lis-ten to the mocking bird, The mocking bird, still singing o'er her grave;

Lis-ten to the mocking bird, Lis-ten to the mocking bird, Still sing-ing where the weeping willows wave.

# Little Jack Horner And Little Miss Muffet

Allegretto

*mf*

1. Lit-tle Jack Hor- ner sat in a cor- ner, Eat- ing a Christ-mas pie, He
2. Lit-tle Miss Muf- fet Sat on a tuf- fet, Eat- ing some curds and whey There

put in his tumb, And pulled out a plum, And said, "What a good boy am I."
came a great spider, And sat down be-side her, And fright-en'd Miss Muf-fet a- way.

# Little Annie Rooney

MICHAEL NOLAN

Waltz Time

*mf*

1. A win-ning way, a pleasant smile, Dress'd so neat, but quite in style, Mer-ry
2. We've been en - gaged close on a year, The hap - py time is draw - ing near, I'll wed the

*cresc.* *dim.*

chaff your time to while, Has lit - tle An - nie Roon - ey; Ev'- ry ev'- ning rain or
one I love so dear, Lit - tle An - nie Roon - ey; My friends de-clare I am in

*cresc.*

shine, I make a call 'twixt eight and nine, On her who short- ly will be mine, Lit-tle
jest, Un- til the time comes will not rest, But one who knows its val - ue best, Is lit-tle

*dim.* *mf* CHORUS *cresc.*

An - nie Roon - ey. She's my sweet - heart, I'm her beau,
An - nie Roon - ey.

*dim.* *mf*

She's my An-nie, I'm her Joe, Soon we'll mar-ry

*cresc.* *dim.*

Nev-er to part, Lit- tle An - nie Rooney, is my sweet - heart!

# Lucy Locket

Lively

*mf* *cresc.*

Lucy Locket lost her pocket, Kitty Fisher found it, But n'er a penny was there in't, Ex-cept the binding round it.

# Lizette

Allegro marcia

F. KÜCKEN

*mf*

See these rib - bons gai - ly stream - ing, I'm a sol - dier now, Li - zette, I'm a

sol - dier now, Li - zette, And of bat - tle I am dream - ing, And the hon - ors

*cresc.* *f*

I shall get! With a sa - bre by my side, And a hel - met on my brow, With a

fie - ry steed to ride, I shall tram - ple on the foe! Yes, I flat - ter me, Li - zette, 'Tis a life that well will

*mf* *f*

suit, The gay life of a re - cruit the gay life of a young re - cruit!

# Lauriger Horatius

Andantino

*p* *cresc.*

1. Lau - ri - ger Ho - ra - ti - us, Quam dix - is - ti ve - rum, Fu - git Eu - ro ci - ti - us, Tem - pus e - dax
2. Cres - cit u - va mol - li - ter, Et pu - el - la cres - cit, Sed po - e - ta tur - pi - ter, Si - ti - ens ca -

*f* CHORUS *dim.* *pp*

re - rum.
nes - cit.

U - bi sunt, O, poc - u - la, Dulci - o - ra melle, Rix - æ, pax et os - cu - la, Ru - bentis pu - el - læ.

# Love, I Will Love You Ever

Slowly with feeling

P. BUCALOSSI

*mf*

1. Be - neath the trees to - geth - er, They wan-der'd hand in hand, Oh! it was summer
2. Be - neath the trees to - geth - er, They went a - long a - part, Oh! it was au-tumn

*dim.* *cresc.*

weather! And Love was in the land; Their hearts were light, the sun shone bright, And as they went a-
weather! And heart had turn'd from heart; A - cross the wold, the air came cold, The mists rose dull and

*cresc.*

long, With voi-ces sweet- ly min - gled. They sang the old, old song:
grey, And in their ears like a mocking voice, They heard the well known lay:

Waltz Time

*mf* *cresc.*

Love, I will love you ev - er! Love, I will leave you nev - er! Ev-er to me,
Love, I will love you ev - er! Love, I will leave you nev - er! Faithful and true,

1 *dim.* 2 *f*

Precious to be, Never to part, Heart bound to heart, Ever am I, Never to say good-bye!

# Little Bo-Peep

Moderato

*mf*

Lit - tle Bo-Peep has lost her sheep, And can't tell where to find them,

Leave them a - lone, and they'll come home, Wag-ging their tails be - hind them.

# Largo

G. F. HÄNDEL

Larghetto

*mf*

Lord in Heav'n a - bove, who ru - leth us, Giv-er of all bless - ings, Look down in pit - y In lov - ing faith, Thy chil-dren pray to thee, Ask-ing thy mer - cy, Asking thy mer - cy in lov - ing faith, Ah! King of Kings, Ruler of Heav'n and of earth! Ask-ing thy mer - cy, In lov-ing faith, O God, In lov - ing faith! In lov-ing faith. Ask-ing thy mer - cy In lov-ing faith, O God, In lov - ing faith!

*cresc.* *p* *cresc.* *cresc.* *dim.* *cresc.* *f* *dim.* *cresc.* *f* *p* *cresc. molto* *f* *dim.* *p*

# Like Morning

L. Von BEETHOVEN

Andante

*p*

1. Like morning, when her ear - ly breeze Breaks up the sur - face of the seas, That, in their fur - rows, dark with night, Her hand may sow the seeds of light.
2. Till Da-vid touch'd his sa - cred lyre, Si - lent-ly hung the soul - less wire, But, when he swept its chords a - long, Ev'n an - gels stoop'd to hear that song.

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

# Let Me Gaze

CH. GOUNOD

Andante

*mf*

Let me gaze,— let me gaze on the vi-sion be-fore me, Let me gaze on the vi-sion be-fore— me; While from yon e-ther blue, look how the Star of eve, Bright and tender lingers o'er me, To love,— to love thy beauty too. Oh what joy, like a spell, does the evening en-chant me, With a radiance mysterious it en-chants— me! It spreads a languid charm, I feel with-out a-larm, With mel-o-dy en-wind me, en-wind me, And all my heart subdue!

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

# Lovely May

Allegretto

*mf*

1. Lovely May, lovely May, Decks the world with blossoms gay; "Come ye all, come ye all," Thus the flowers call.
2. Lightly pass, lightly pass, Thro' the nod-ding meadow grass, Woodlands bright, woodlands bright, Wake from winter's night.

Sparkles now the sun-ny dale, Fragrant is the flowery vale; Song of bird, song of bird, In the grove is heard.
Where the sil-ver brooklet flows, Rippling soft-ly as it goes, Will we rest, will we rest, In green, mos-sy nest.

# Letters From Lovers

Tempo di Valse Lento

J. OFFENBACH

*mf*

"I plac'd o'er my heart the por-trait you gave me, When we part - ed, dear, From ma-ny a wound 'twould save me, I knew, and so I had no fear." "With-out e'en a scratch, if back soon you'll have me, 'Twas that brought me luck" Ah! Ah! let-ters from lovers, Each new one dis-covers, Some still dearer meaning, and oft-en we kiss, These let-ters from lov-ers, The heart soon un-cov-ers new rea-son for bliss, New rea-son for bliss.

*p* *cresc.* *dim.* *rit.* *a tempo* *f*

# Lightly Row

Lightly

*mf*

1. Lightly row! lightly row! O'er the glassy waves we go; Smoothly glide! smoothly glide! on the si-lent tide.
2. Far a-way! far a way! Ech-o in the rock at play; Call-eth not, call-eth not, to this lonely spot.

*p* *cresc.* *mf*

Let the winds and waters be min-gled with our childish glee, Sing and float! sing and float! in our little boat.
On-ly with the sea-birds note shall our hap-py mu-sic float, Lightly row! Lightly row! in our little boat.

# Lights Far Out At Sea

Moderato

A. S. GATTY

*p*

1. The sun-set gates were o-pen'd wide, Far, far in the crimson west, And thro' them pass'd the wea-ried day In rud-dy clouds to rest, In rud-dy clouds to rest. Now in the gloaming and the hush, All na-ture seems to dream; And si-lent-ly, and one by one, The soft lights flit and gleam. I sit and watch them from the shore, Half-lost in rev-er-ie, 'Till darkness hides the waves be-tween, The lights far out at sea, The lights far out at sea.

2. They glimmer as the far off days, That came long years a-go, All joy-ous with the light of love I would not see or know, I would not see or know. Oh! hap-py days, half dimm'd by years Long years that stretch be-tween; The old sweet love of long a-go, The life that might have been. So far! yet thro' the darkning past, Their brightness gleams to me, As o'er the dark and si-lent waves. The lights far out at sea, The lights far out at sea.

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

# Lulu Is Our Darling Pride

Allegretto

*p* *Fine* *D.C.*

1. Lu-lu is our darling pride, Lu-lu bright, Lu-lu gay, Dancing lightly at our side All the live-long day. Not a bird that wings the air, Soar-ing to the sun, Free-er is from ev-'ry care, Than our dar-ling one. Oh!

2. As the flow'rs of ear-ly spring Seem more gay, seem more light, As their perfume first they fling Fragrant at our feet. So tho' oth-ers loved there be, Blooming in our bower, Lu-lu wins our hearts, for she Is our loveliest flow'r. Oh!

## Love Divine, All Loves Excelling

JOHN ZUNDEL

Moderato

*mf*

1. Love di - vine, all loves ex - cell-ing, Joy of heav'n to earth come down! Fix in us Thy
2. Breathe, oh, breathe Thy lov - ing Spir-it In - to ev - 'ry trou - bled breast! Let us all in

hum-ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith-ful mer - cies crown. Je - sus, Thou art all com-pas - sion,
Thee in - her - it, Let us find Thy prom-ised rest. Come, Al-might - y, to de - liv - er,

Pure, unbounded love Thou art; Vis-it us with Thy sal - va-tion, En-ter ev - 'ry trembling heart.
Let us all Thy grace re - ceive! Sudden-ly re - turn, and nev-er, Nev-er more Thy tem-ples leave!

## Lord, Dismiss Us With Thy Blessing

Maestoso

*mf*

1. Lord, dis-miss us with Thy bless-ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us each Thy love pos-sess-ing,
2. Thanks we give, and ad-o - ra - tion, For the Gos - pel's joy-ful sound; May the fruits of Thy sal-va - tion

Triumph in re - deeming grace: O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Traveling through this wil-der - ness.
In our hearts and lives a - bound: May Thy pres-ence, May Thy pres-ence With us ev - er - more be found.

## The Lord's Prayer

Recitativo

*p*

Our Father, who art in Heaven, Hallowed be thy name.
Give us this day our dai - ly bread.
And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil:

Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, As it is in heaven.
And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive those who trespass a - gainst us.
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for ever and ever A - men.

# Little Brown Jug

Lively

*mf*

1. My wife and I lived all a - lone In a lit-tle log hut we call'd our own;
2. 'Tis you who makes my friends and foes, 'Tis you who makes me wear old clothes.

She loved gin and I loved rum, I tell you what we'd lots of fun.
Here you are so near my nose, So tip her up and down she goes.

*f* REFRAIN

Ha! ha! ha! you and me, "Lit - tle Brown Jug," don't I love thee!

Ha! ha! ha! you and me, "Lit - tle Brown Jug," don't I love thee!

# Life Is But A Fleeting Dream

Allegretto

*mf*

1. Life is but a fleet - ing dream, Care destroys the zest of it; Swift it gli - deth
2. If your friend has e'er a heart, There is some-thing fine in him; Cast a - way his

like a stream Mind you make the best of it Talk not of your wea - ry woes,
dark-er part, Cling to what's di - vine in him: Friend-ship is our best re - lief,

Trou-bles, or the rest of it, If we have but brief re - pose, Let us make the best of it.
Make no heart-less jest of it, It will brighten ev - 'ry grief If we make the best of it.

## The Lost Doll

Expressively

*mf*

1. I once had a sweet lit-tle doll, dears, The pret - ti-est doll in the world; Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears, And her hair was so charming-ly curled, But I lost my poor lit-tle doll, dears, As I played in the heath one day; And I cried ___ for more than a week, dears, But I never could find where she lay.

2. I found my poor lit-tle doll, dears, As I played in the heath one day; Folks say she is ter-ri-bly changed, dears, For her paint is all washed a-way, And her arm trodden off by the cows, dears, And her hair not the least bit curled, Yet for old sake's sake, she ___ is still, dears, The pretti-est doll in the world.

*cresc.* *dim.*

## Little Robin Red-Breast

Lightly

*mf*

1. Lit-tle Rob-in Redbreast sat up-on a tree, Up went pus-sy-cat, and down went he; Down came pus-sy-cat, a-way Rob-in ran; Says little Robin Redbreast, "Catch me if you can!"

2. Lit-tle Rob-in Redbreast jump'd up-on a wall, Pus-sy-cat jump'd af-ter him and almost got a fall; Lit-tle Robin chirp'd and sang, and what did Pus-sy say? Pussy-cat said "Mew! and Rob - in flew a-way!"

*cresc.* *dim.*

## The Lazy Cat

Lively

*f*

Pus - sy, where have you been to-day? "In the mead-ows a - sleep in the hay;" Pus sy, you are a la - zy cat, If you have done no more than that.

*cresc.* *f*

# Little Girl, Don't You Cry

Andante

*p*

1. Ah, lit-tle girl, don't you cry, don't you cry! Bro-ken your doll is I know, yes, I know.
2. Ah, lit-tle girl, don't you cry, don't you cry! Bro-ken your slate is I know, yes, I know.

Gone is your play-house, your play-mates gone too, None left to play now but me, dear, and you.
Gone your old schoolmates, your school days all o'er, Glad, wild or sad, they will come back no more.

*rit.*

Ba - by-hood's sor - rows will soon pass you by, Ah, lit-tle girl, don't you cry, don't you cry!
Youth, life and love, dear, full soon you will try, Ah, lit-tle girl, don't you cry, don't you cry!

# Little Lips

Tenderly

*p*

1. Lit - tle lips, so gen - tly press - ing, Lit - tle fin - gers, soft ca - ress - ing;
2. Lit - tle feet so care - less stray - ing, Lit - tle wills soon dis - o - bey - ing;

Oh, the bo - som of a moth - er Knows more joy than an - y oth - er.
Oh, the bo - som of a moth - er Knows more care than an - y oth - er.

# Looby Loo

Lively

*mf* CHORUS

Now we dance loo-by, loo-by, loo-by, Now we dance loo-by, loo-by, loo. Now we dance loo. Put your right hand in, Put your right hand out. Then give your right hand a shake, And turn your-self a - bout.
Put your left hand in, Put your left hand out. Then give your left hand a shake, And turn your-self a - bout.

1. 2. *Fine* *f* *D.C. al Fine*

# Loch Lomond

Moderato — Old Scotch Song

*mf*

1. By yon bon-nie banks, And by yon bonnie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond Where
2. 'Twas then that we parted In yon sha-dy glen On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond Where

me and my true love Were ev-er wont to gae On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lomond. Oh!
in pur-ple hue The High-land hills we view And the moon com-ing out in the gloaming. Oh!

*Brisker*

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

me and my true love we'll nev-er meet a-gain On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo-mond.

# Love's Young Dream

Andantino — THOMAS MOORE

*mf*

1. Oh! the days are gone, when beau-ty bright My heart's chain wove; When my dream of life, from morn till night, Was
2. Tho' the bard to pur-er flame may soar, When wild youth's past; Tho' he win the wise, who frowned before, To

love, still love; New hope may bloom, and days may come Of mild-er, calm-er beam, But there's
smile at last; He'll nev-er meet a joy so sweet In all his noon of fame, As when

nothing half so sweet in life As love's young dream, Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life As love's young dream.
first he sung to wo-man's ear His soul-felt flame, And, at ev-'ry close she blushed to hear The once-loved name.

# A Little More Cider Too

Moderato

*mf*

1. I love the white girl and the black, and I love all the rest, I love the girls for lov-ing me but I love my-self the best. Oh dear, I am so thirst-y, I've just been down to supper, I drank three pails of ap-ple jack, and a tub of ap-ple butter.

2. When first I saw Miss Snowflake, 'twas on Broad-way I spied her, I'd give my hat and boots I would, if I could been beside her. She looked at me, I looked at her, and then I crossed the street, And then she smil-ing said to me a little more cider sweet.

CHORUS

Oh, little more cider too, a lit-tle more ci-der too, A lit tle more ci-der for Miss Di-nah, A lit-tle more ci-der too.

# Landlord, Fill The Flowing Bowl

Allegro

*f*

1. Come, land-lord, fill the flow-ing bowl, Un-til it doth run o-ver, Come land-lord fill the flow-ing bowl, Un-til it doth run o-ver.

2. The man that drinks good whis-key punch, And goes to bed right mel-low, Lives as he ought to live, And dies a jol-ly fel-low.

CHORUS

For to-night we'll mer-ry, mer-ry be, For to-night we'll mer-ry, mer-ry be, For to-night we'll mer-ry, mer-ry be, To-mor-row we'll be so-ber.

# Little Maggie May

Moderato

C. BLAMPHIN

*mf*

1. The spring had come, the flow'rs in bloom, The birds sung out their lay, Down by a lit - tle
2. Tho' years roll'd on, yet still I lov'd With heart so light and gay, And nev-er will this

*cresc.*

run-ning brook I first saw Maggie May; She had a rogue - ish jet black eye, Was sing ing all the
heart de-ceive My own dear Maggie May; When oth - ers thought that life was gone, And death would take a-

*dim.* *mf*

day, And how I lov'd her none can tell, My lit - tle Mag-gie May.
way, Still by my side did lin - ger one, And that was Mag-gie May.

*mf* CHORUS

My little, witching

Mag-gie, Mag-gie, sing-ing all the day; Oh! how I love her none can tell, My lit-tle Maggie May.

# Last Night

Andante con moto

H. KJERULF

*p*

1. Last night the night-in-gale woke me, Last night when all was still, It sang in the gold - en
2. I think of you in the day - time, I dream of you by night, I wake and I would you were

*rit.* *mf*

moon - light, From out the wood - land hill. I o - pen'd my win - dow so gent - ly; I look'd on the
here, love, And tears are blinding my sight, I hear a low breath in the lime tree; The wind is

*rit. et dim.*

dream-ing dew, And oh! the bird, my dar-ling, was sing - ing, sing-ing of you of you.
float - ing through, And oh! the night, my dar-ling, is sigh - ing, sigh-ing of you of you.

REV. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

# Lead, Kindly Light

REV. J. B. DYKES

Andante

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on — Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me.

2. I was not ev-er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on — I loved the gar-ish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: re-mem-ber not past years.

# The Lord Is My Shepherd

Recitation *mf*

Chant

A - men.

1. The Lord is my shepherd; I | shall not | want. ‖ He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the | still — | waters. ‖
2. He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his | name's — | sake. ‖ Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they — | comfort me. ‖
3. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies, thou anointest my head with oil, my | cup runneth | over. ‖ Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the | Lord, for- | ever. ‖ A- | men. ‖

# Little Things

Lively *mf*

1. Lit-tle drops of wa-ter, Lit-tle grains of sand, — Make the might-y o-cean And the beau-teous land, And the beau-teous land. —

2. And the lit-tle mom-ents, Hum-ble tho' they be, — Make the might-y a-ges Of e-ter-ni-ty, Of e-ter-ni-ty. —

# Light Of Other Days

M. W. BALFE

Moderato

*mf*

1. The light of oth-er days is fa - ded, And all their glo-ries past, For grief with heav-y wing hath sha-ded The hopes too bright to last; The world which morning's mantle cloud-ed, Shines forth with pur-er rays, But the heart ne'er feels, in sor-row shrouded, The light of other days, But the heart ne'er feels, in sor-row shroud - ed, The light of oth - er days.

2. The leaf which au-tumn tem-pests with- er, The birds which then take wing, When win-ter's winds are past, come hith-er, To wel-come back the spring; The ve - ry i - vy on the ru - in In gloom full life dis-plays, But the heart a - lone sees no re- new-ing The light of other days, But the heart a - lone sees no re - new - ing The light of oth - er days.

# Landing Of The Pilgrims

FELICIA HEMANS

Marcato

*f*

1. The break-ing waves dashed high On a stern and rock-bound coast, And the woods a-gainst a storm - y sky Their gi - ant branch-es tossed; And the heav-y night hung dark The hills and wa-ters o'er, When a band of ex-iles moored their bark On the wild New England shore.

2. Not as the con - queror comes, They, the true-heart-ed, came; Not with the roll of stir - ring drums, And the trumpet that sings of fame; Not as the fly - ing come, In si - lence and in fear; They shook the depths of the des - ert gloom With their hymns of lof - ty cheer.

# Lauterbach Song

Tempo di Valse

*mf*

1. At Lau-ter-bach, have I my stock-ing lost, With-out it I will not go home
2. At Lau-ter-bach, have I my heart late-ly lost, With-out it I can - not live

But back I shall go to Lau-ter-bach And bring me a-noth-er one home.
So back I must go to Lau-ter-bach And cap-ture his heart in ex-change.

*YODEL*

*f*

Oo, la, la, oo, la, la, oo, la, la, la, Oo, la, la, oo, la, la, oo, la, la, la,

*cresc.*

Oo, la, la, oo, la, la, oo, la, la, la, Oo, la, la, oo, la, la, la, la, la.

# The Loreley

Andante

F. SILCHER

*mf*

1. I know not what spell is en-chant-ing, That makes me sad-ly in-clined, An
2. The fair - est maid is re-clin-ing, In daz-zling beau-ty there, Her

*mf*

old strange leg-end is haunting, And will not leave my mind; The day-light slow-ly is go-ing, And
gild-ed rai-ment is shin-ing, She combs her gold-en hair; With gold-en comb she's combing, And

*cresc.*

*dim.*

calm-ly flows the Rhine, The mountain's peak is glow-ing, In eve-ning's mel-low shine.
as she combs she sings, Her song a-midst the gloam-ing, A weird en-chant-ment brings.

*cresc.*

*dim.*

# The Last Greeting

FRANZ SCHUBERT

Andante

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

1. A - dieu! 'tis love's last greet-ing, The part-ing hour is come! And fast thy soul is fleet-ing, To seek its star-ry home! Yet dare I mourn when Heaven Has bid thy soul be free, A life of bliss has giv-en For-ev-er-more to thee! Yet dare I mourn when Heav-en Has bid thy soul be free, A fair-er life has giv-en For all e-ter-ni-ty!
2. A - dieu! go thou be - fore me, To join the ser-aph throng! A se-cret sense comes o'er me, I tar-ry here not long! A - dieu! there comes a mor-row, To ev-'ry day of pain! On earth we part in sor-row, To meet in bliss a-gain! A - dieu! there comes a mor-row, To ev-'ry day of pain! On earth we part in sor-row, To meet in bliss a-gain!

# Love And Mirth

J. STRAUSS

Allegretto

*mf*

1. What song doth the crick-et sing? What news doth the swal-low bring? What doth laughing child-hood tell? What calls out the mar-riage bell? What say all? "Love and mirth, In the air and in the earth: Ver-y, ver-y soft and mer-ry is the gladsome song of earth."
2. Mark the morn when first she springs Up-ward on her gold-en wings; Hark! the soar-ing, soar-ing lark, And the echo-ing for-est hark! What say all? "Love and mirth,

# The Lass With The Delicate Air

Allegretto

M. ARNE

1. Young Mol- ly who liv'd at the foot of the hill, Whose fame ev- 'ry
2. One ev'n- ing last May, as I trav- ers'd the grove, In thought-less re-

vir- gin with en- vy doth fill, Of beau- ty is bless'd with so am- ple a
tire-ment, not dream-ing of love, I chanc'd to es- py the gay nymph, I de-

share, Men call her the lass with the del- i- cate air, with the del- - -
clare And real- ly she had a most del- i- cate air, a most del- - -

- i- cate air, Men call her the lass with the del- i- cate air.
- i- cate air, And real- ly she had a most del- i- cate air.

"JOCELYN"

# Lullaby

Andante

B. GODARD

Oh, may thy dream not soon be o'er, For an- gels hov- er near thy slum- ber,

And while night's golden rays out- pour, My child! the brightest vis- ions, num- ber.

Sleep! Sleep!. The dawn is far a- way! Ho- ly Vir- gin, guard her, I pray!

# The Lass That Loves A Sailor

Moderato

CH. DIBDIN

*mf*

1. The moon on the o - cean was dim'd by a rip - ple, Af-ford - ing a che-quered light; The
2. Some drank "the Queen," some "our brave ships," And some "the con - sti - tu-tion," Some

*cresc.*

gay, jol - ly tars pass'd the word for a tip-ple, And the toast, for 'twas Sat - ur - day night, Some
"may our foes and all such rips Yield to Eng-lish res - o - lu - tion!" That

*mf*

sweet-heart or wife, He lov'd as his life, Each drank, and wish'd he could hail her;
fate might bless some Poll or Bess, And that they soon might hail her;
But the standing toast that

*cresc.* *f*

pleas'd the most, Was "the wind that blows, the ship that goes, And the lass that loves a sai-lor."

# Love Not

Andante

*mf*

1. Love not! love not! ye hap-less sons of clay; Hope's gay-est wreaths are made of earth-ly
2. Love not! love not! the thing you love may die, May per-ish from the gay and glad-some

flowers Things that are made to fade, and fall a - way, Ere they have blos-somed for a few short
earth; The si - lent stars, the blue and smil-ing sky, Beam on its grave, as once up-on its

hours, Ere they have blos - somed for a few short hours. Love not! love ___ not!
birth, Beam on its grave, as once up - on its birth. Love not! love ___ not!

# The Lass Of Richmond Hill

Allegretto

Old English

*p*

1. On Rich-mond Hill there lives a lass, More bright than May-day morn, Whose charms all oth-er
2. Ye ze-phyrs gay that fan the air, And wan-ton thro' the grove, O whis-per to my

maid's sur-pass, A rose with-out a thorn. This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet, Has won my right good
charm-ing fair, "I die for her I love."

*cresc.*

will, I'd crowns re-sign to call thee mine, Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill; Sweet Lass of Richmond

*cresc.* *p*

Hill, Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill, I'd crowns re-sign to call thee mine, Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill.

*rit*

# Lily Dale

Andante

*p*

1. 'Twas a calm, still night, and the moon's pale light Shone soft o'er hill and vale; When
2. Her cheeks that once glowed with the rose tint of health, By the hand of dis-ease had turned pale; And the

friends mute with grief stood a-round the death bed of my poor lost Li-ly Dale.
death damp was on the pure white brow, of my poor lost Li-ly Dale.

*p*

Oh! Lil-ly, sweet Lil-ly,

*cresc.* *rit. e dim.*

dear Lil-ly Dale, Now the wild rose blos-soms o'er her lit-tle green grave, 'Neath the trees in the flow'ry vale.

# Long, Long Ago

Moderato

T. H. BAYLY

*mf*

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?

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.

Now you are come, all my grief is re-moved, Let me for-get that so long you have roved,
Then, to all oth- ers my smile you pre-ferr'd, Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,

Let me be - lieve that you love as you loved, *p* Long, long a - go, long a - go.
Still my heart treas-ures the prais - es I heard, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

# The Linden Tree

Andante

Fr. SCHUBERT

*p*

1. Be - side the old stone foun-tain, There stands a lin-den tree; Be - neath its spread-ing
2. To - night, a home-less wan-d'rer, I passed the lin-den tree; Its wav - ing branch-es

branch-es, Glad dreams have come to me. Up - on its bark I chis-eled Dear names so long a-
nod - ding, It seemed to speak to me; "Come, wea-ry heart-sick com-rade, Be - neath my shad-ow

*p* *mf*

go, I sought its peace in gladness, I sought its peace in woe, I sought its peace in woe.
rest, Where earth - ly strife or sor - row Shall ne'er thy heart mo-lest, Shall ne'er thy heart mo-lest."

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

# Love's Golden Dream

Andante

LINDSAY LENNOX

*mf* *dim.*

1. I hear to-night the old bells chime Their sweetest, soft-est strain, They bring to me the old-en
2. I look in-to your love-lit eyes, I hear your gen-tle voice, You come to me from Par-a-

time, In visions once a-gain: Once more a-cross the meadow land, Beside the flowing stream, We wan-der,
dise, And bid my heart re-joice, Sweet vis-ion, fade not from my sight, I would not wake to pain, But dream till

*sf*

dar-ling, hand in hand, And dream love's gold-en dream: Love's gold-en dream is past, Hid-den by
at the por-tals bright, I clasp your hand a-gain: Love's gold-en dream is past, Hid-den by

*rit.*

Tempo di Valse

mists of pain, Yet shall we meet at last Nev-er to part a-gain.
mists of pain, Yet shall we meet at last Nev-er to part a-gain.

*dim.*

1 2

# Little Brother

Allegretto

*mf*

1. Lit-tle broth-er, dar-ling boy, You are ver-y dear to me; I am hap-py,
2. Lit-tle broth-er, dar-ling boy, You are ver-y dear to me; I am hap-py,
*D. C.* Shake your rat-tle, here it is, Lis-ten to its mer-ry noise; And when you are

full of joy, When your smil-ing face I see. How I wish that you could speak,
full of joy, When your smil-ing face I see. All a-bout the hon-ey bees,
tired of this, I will bring you oth-er toys.

*Fine*

And could know the words I say; Pret-ty stor-ies I would seek, To a-muse you ev-'ry day.
Fly-ing past us in the sun, Birds that sing a-mong the trees, Lambs that in the meadow run.

*D. C.*

# Loving Voices

Moderato

CHARLES W. GLOVER

*mf*

1. Lov - ing voi - ces sweet - ly min - gle Like the mur - mur of a pray'r, In gay child - hood's fai - ry fan - cies, In youth's vis - ions rich and rare, There are mel - o - dies of Na - ture
2. When the heart is sad and heav - y, Soft - ly as the sum - mer rain, Lov - ing voi - ces low and ten - der, Tell up - on the spir - it's pain, O'er life's path - way clouds may gath - er

Ris - ing o - ver land and sea; But like mu - sic in our dwell - ing Lov - ing voi - ces are to me, But like mu - sic in our dwell - ing Lov - ing voi - ces are to me.
But the shad - ows ev - er flee; For like sun - light in our dwell - ing Lov - ing voi - ces are to me, For like sun - light in our dwell - ing Lov - ing voi - ces are to me.

# Little Fishermaiden

Tempo di Valse

I. WALDMANN

*p*

Lit - tle Fish - er - maid - en, Skies with storms are la - den! Tempt no more a - lone the sea, Dan - ger's wait - ing there for thee! Lit - tle Fish - er - maid - en!

*fp* *fp* *fp* *mf*

Skies with storms are la - den! Tempt no more a - lone the sea! Dan - ger waits for thee.

*cresc.*

# The Low Backed Car

Allegretto

SAMUEL LOVER

*mf*

1. When first I saw sweet Peggy, 'Twas on a mar-ket day, A low back'd car she drove, and sat Up-
2. In bat-tle's wild com - mo-tion, The proud and mighty Mars, With hostile scythes, de-mands his tithes Of

on a truss of hay; But when that hay was blooming grass, And deck'd with flow'rs of spring, No flow'r was there that
death, in war-like cars; While Peg-gy, peaceful god - dess, Has darts in her bright eye, That knock men down, in

would com-pare With the bloom-ing girl I sing, As she sat in her low back'd car; The man at the turn-pike
the mar-ket town, As right and left they fly, While she sits in her low back'd car— Than bat-tles more dangerous

*rall.* *a tempo* *rall. ad lib.*

bar, Nev-er asked for the toll, But just rubbed his auld poll, And look'd af-ter the low back'd car.
far— For the doc-tor's art Can - not cure the heart That is hit from the low back'd car.

# Love's Ritornella

Andantino

J. R. PLANCHE

*mf*

1. "Gen-tle Zi- tel-la, whith-er a - way? Love's Ri-tor - nel-la, list, while I play!"
2. "Charming Zi- tel-la, why should'st thou care? Night is not dark-er than thy ra-ven hair,

"No! I have lin-ger'd too long on the road, Night is ad - vanc-ing, the Brigands' a - broad;
And those bright eyes if the Brig-and should see, Thou art the rob-ber, the cap-tive is he;

Lone-ly Zi- tel-la hath too much to fear; Love's Ri-tor- nel-la she may not hear."
Gen-tle Zi- tel-la, ban-ish thy fear; Love's Ri-tor- nel-la tar-ry and hear."

# Lubly Dine

Moderato — J. SANFORD

*mf*

1. O,— has she den faild in her truth,— Dat beau-ti-ful, nig-ger I a- dore,— Shall I neb-ber a-
2. My Ca-to is just gone out— And you will have noth-ing to fear,— So— o-pen de

gain see dat face, An' view dat lov'd form an-y more?
door and come in An' Di-nah will meet you, my dear.

*f* CHORUS

Oh! Dine, Dine, Dine, I— dear-ly love you,

Dine, Oh! Dine, Dine, Dine, I— dear-ly love you, Dine, Oh! Dine, oh! Dine, oh! Dine, I dear-ly love you, Dine.

*f cresc.* *dim.*

# Lucy Long

Allegretto

*mf*

1. Oh! I jist come out a- fore you, To sing a lit-tle song; I— plays it on de
2. Miss Lu-cy, she is hand-some, Miss Lu-cy, she is tall; To— see her dance Ca-

ban-jo, And dey calls it Lu-cy Long.
chu-cha, Is— death to nig-gers all.

CHORUS

Oh! take your time, Miss Lu-cy, take your

time, Miss Lu-cy Long; Oh! take your time, Miss Lu-cy, take your time, Miss Lu-cy Long.

# London Bridge

Not too fast

*mf*

1. Lon-don bridge is fall-ing down, falling down, falling down, London bridge is fall-ing down My fair la-dy.
2. Build it up with i-ron bars, i-ron bars, i-ron bars, Build it up with i-ron bars My fair la-dy.

# Lucy Neal

Allegro

*f*

1. Come, list-en to my sto-ry, You can't tell how I feel; I'se gwine to sing de lub I hab For poor Miss Lu-cy Neal.
2. When I do come to Dan-ville, I take my horn and blow, An' den you see Miss Lu-cy Neal Cum run-nin' to de door.

CHORUS

O poor Miss Lu-cy Neal, O poor Miss Lu-cy Neal, If once I had you by my side, How hap-py I should feel!

# A Little More Faith In Jesus

CHORUS

*mf*

All I want, All I want, All I want is a lit-tle more faith in Je-sus.

*Fine*

1. When-ev-er we meet you here we say, A lit-tle more faith in Je-sus,
2. I tell you now as I told you be-fore, A lit-tle more faith in Je-sus,

Pray what the or-der of the day? A lit-tle more faith in Je-sus.
To the prom-ised land I'm bound to go, A lit-tle more faith in Je-sus.

*D.C.*

# Lavender's Blue

Waltz time

*mf*

Lav-en-der's blue, diddle, diddle, Lav-en-der's green, When I am King, diddle, diddle, You shall be Queen.

# Lou'siana Belle

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Allegretto

*mf*

1. Oh, Lou'-si-an-a's de same old state, Whar mas-sa us'd to dwell, He had a lub-ly cul-lud gal, 'Twas de Lou'-si-an-a Belle;
2. I went to de ball de ud-der night I cut a might-y swell; I danc'd de Pol-ka pig-eon wing, Wid de Lou'-si-an-a Belle;

CHORUS

Oh! Belle, don't you tell, don't tell mas-sa, don't you, Belle, Oh! Belle, de Lou'-si-an-a Belle, I's gwine to mar-ry you, Lou'-si-an-a Belle.

# Life Let Us Cherish

Allegretto

*p*

Life let us cher-ish While yet the ta-per glows, And the fresh flow-'ret Pluck ere it close.
Pluck ere it close. When clouds ob-scure the at-mos-phere, And fork-ed light-nings

*Fine*

Why are we fond of toil and care, Why choose the rank-ling thorn to wear, And heed-less by the lil-y stray, Which blos-soms on our way?
rend the air, The sun re-sumes his sil-ver crest, And smiles a-dorn the west.

*D.C.*

# The Little Drummer

March Time

1. If I could play in a big brass band, I would play on the big bass drum.
2. And ev-'ry time that the band would play, You'd hear it go "boum boum boum!"

# Massa's In De Cold Ground

Moderato

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

*p*

1. Round de mea-dows am a - ringing De darkey's mourn-ful song, While de mocking bird am sing-ing, Hap - py as de day am long. Where de i - vy am a - creep-ing, O'er de grass-y mound, Dere old mas-sa am a - sleeping, Sleep-ing in de cold, cold ground.
2. When de au-tumn leaves were falling, When de days were cold, 'Twas hard to hear old mas-sa call-ing, Cayse he was so weak and old. Now de or-ange trees am blooming, On de sand-y shore, Now de sum-mer days am com-ing, Mas-sa neb-ber calls no more.

CHORUS

Down in de corn-field Hear dat mournful sound; All de dark-eys am a - weep-ing, Mas-sa's in de cold, cold ground.

# The Mill-Wheel

Allegretto

*mf*

1. The mill-wheels are clap-ping; the brook turns them round, clip, clap! By day and by night is the grain be-ing ground, clip, clap! The mill - er is jol - ly and ev - er a - lert, That we may have bread and be glad like a bird, clip, clap, clip, clap, clip, clap!
2. How bu - sy the wheels are in turn - ing the stone, clip, clap! And grind-ing so fine - ly the grain we have grown, clip, clap! The bak - er the flour for the bak - ing will use, And make us a roll, or a cake if we choose, clip, clap, clip, clap, clip, clap!

## The Mandolin Song

Allegro

*mf*

1. O I'm a hap-py crea-ture, Mer-ry from morn till night; I love a gay and joy - ous day, And
2. Tho' cloudy be the morn-ing, Sun-ny may be the noon; But mu-sic ne'er can charm the ear, If

song is my de - light: The world is all be - fore me, Nev-er a care I know, Then
strings be out of tune. Then sing in cheer-ful mea-sure, Mer-ri-ly all the day; And

why should I de - spond or sigh When pleas-ures free - ly flow? O sing in cheer-ful measure,
with a smile for - get a-while Your sor - rows while you may. O sing in cheer-ful measure,

Mer - ri - ly all the day, And with a smile for - get a-while Your sor-rows while you may.

## The Minstrel Boy

Moderato

T. MOORE

*mf*

1. The minstrel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll find him; His father's sword he hath
2. The minstrel fell, but the foeman's chain Could not bring that proud soul un - der; The harp he loved ne'er

gird-ed on, And his wild harp slung be-hind him "Land of song!" said the warrior bard, "Tho'
spoke a-gain, For he tore its chords a - sun - der, And said, "No chain shall sul - ly thee, Thou

*f*

all the world be - trays thee, One sword at least thy rights shall guard, One faithful harp shall praise thee."
soul of love and bra - very! Thy songs were made for the pure and free, They shall never sound in sla - very."

*f*

## Marching Through Georgia

Moderato

HENRY C. WORK

1. Bring the good old bu - gle boys! we'll sing an-oth-er song Sing it with a spir - it that will
2. How the dark-ies shout-ed when they heard the joy-ful sound! How the tur - keys gob-bled which our

start the world a - long Sing it as we used to sing it, fif - ty thou-sand strong,
com - mis - sa - ry found! How the sweet po - ta - toes e - ven start-ed from the ground,

While we were marching thro' Geor-gia.
While we were marching thro' Geor-gia.

CHORUS

Hur-rah! hur-rah! we bring the ju-bi-lee! Hur-rah! hurrah! the

flag that makes you free, So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea, While we were marching thro' Georgia!

## A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

Maestoso

MARTIN LUTHER

1. A might-y fort-ress is our God, A bul-wark nev - er fail - ing; Our Help-er, He, a-
2. Did we in our own strength con-fide, Our striv-ing would be los - ing; Were not the right man

mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail - ing. For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us
on our side, The man of God's own choos - ing. Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je-sus, it is

woe; His craft and pow'r are great, And armed with cru-el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
He; Lord Sab-aoth is His name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.

# Mary And Martha

Allegretto

*mf*

1.— Ma - ry and a Mar-tha's just gone 'long,— Ma - ry and a Mar-tha's just gone 'long,—
2.The preach-er and the eld-er's just gone 'long, The preach-er and the eld-er's just gone 'long, The

Ma - ry and a Mar-tha's just gone 'long.
preach-er and the eld-er's just gone 'long.

To ring those charming bells. Crying: CHORUS Free grace and dy-ing love,

Free grace and dy-ing love, Free grace and dy-ing love, To ring those charming bells. Oh! way o - ver

Jor-dan, Lord, Way o - ver Jor-dan, Lord, Way o - ver Jor-dan, Lord, To ring those charming bells.

# The Mowers' Song

Allegro

*f*

1. When ear - ly morn-ing's rud - dy light Bids man to la - bor go; We haste with scythes all
2. The cheer-ful lark sings sweet and clear, The black-bird chirps a - way, And all is live - ly,

sharp and bright The mea-dow grass to mow. We mowers, dal de ral day, We cut the lil - ies and
spright-ly here Like mer - ry, mer - ry May. We mowers, dal de ral day, We roll the swaths of green

ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Hey, dey, dey, yes, hey, dey, dey, We cut the lil - ies and hay.
ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Hey, dey, dey, yes, hey, dey, dey, We roll the swaths of green hay.

# The Maple Leaf Forever

Moderato con spirito

ALEXANDER MUIR

*mf*

1. In days of yore, from Britain's shore, Wolfe, the daunt-less he - ro, came, And planted firm Bri-
2. At Queenston Heights and Lun-dy's Lane, Our brave fa - thers, side by side, For freedom, homes, and

tan-nia's flag On — Canada's fair do - main! Here may it wave, our boast, our pride, And join'd in love to-
lov'd ones dear, Firmly stood and no-bly died; And those dear rights which they maintain'd, We swear to yield them

*f*

gether, The This-tle, Shamrock, Rose en-twine The Ma-ple Leaf for - ev-er!
nev-er! Our watch-word ev - er - more shall be, "The Ma-ple Leaf for - ev-er!"

CHORUS

*f*

The Ma-ple Leaf, our emblem dear, The Maple Leaf for-ev-er! God save our King, and heaven bless The Maple Leaf for-ev-er!

*ff* *poco rit.*

# My Normandy

Andante

FREDERIC BERAT

*mf*

1. When hope her cheering smile supplies, And win-ter flies far, far a-way; Be-neath, dear France, thy beauteous skies, When spring becomes more sweet and gay; When na - ture dressed a - gain in green, The swallow to re-turn is seen; I love a - gain the land to see, Which gave me, gave me birth, my Nor-man - dy.
2. I've seen Hel-ve-tia's flowery fields, Its cot-tag-es, its i - cy hills; And I - ta - ly, thy sky so clear! And Ven - ice, with her gon - do-lier. In greet-ing thus each for-eign part, There's still one land most near my heart, A land most cherish'd, lov'd by me, My na - tive, na - tive land, my Nor-man - dy.

# Marching Along

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

Tempo di Marcia

*f*

1. The ar- my is gath'-ring from near and from far, The trum-pet is sound-ing the call for the war; Mc-
2. The foe is be-fore us in bat-tle ar- ray, But let us not wa- ver, or turn from the way; The

Clel- lan's our lead - er, he's gal- lant and strong, We'll gird on our ar-mor and be marching a-long.
Lord is our strength, and the Un- ion's our song, With cour-age and faith we are marching a-long.

CHORUS

March-ing a- long, we are march-ing a-long, Gird on the ar-mor, and be march-ing a-long; Mc-

Clel- lan's our lead- er, he's gal- lant and strong, For God and our coun-try we are marching a-long.

# My Ain Fireside

Andante

*mf*

1. O — I hae seen great anes and sat in great ha's, 'Mang lords and 'mang la- dies a'
2. Ance mair, heav'n be prais'd! round my ain heart-some in - gle, Wi' the friends a' my youth I cor-

cov-er'd wi' braws: But a sight sae de-light-ful I trow I ne'er spied As the bon-nie bly the blink o' my
dial-ly min-gle; Nae forms to com-pel me to seem wae or glad. I may laugh when I'm mer- ry and

*mf*

ain — fire-side, } My ain fire-side, my ain fire-side, O sweet is the blink o' my ain fire-side.
sigh when I'm sad. }

# Mary Of Argyle

Moderato

S. NELSON

*mf*

1. I have heard the ma-vis sing-ing His love-song to the morn; I have seen the dewdrops clinging To the rose just new-ly born; But a sweet-er song has cheer'd me At the eve-ning's gen-tle close, And I've seen an eye still bright-er Than the dew-drop on the rose; 'Twas thy voice, my gen-tle Ma-ry, And thine art-less, win-ning smile, That made this world an E-den, Bon-ny Ma-ry of Ar-gyle.

2. Though thy voice may lose its sweetness, And thine eye its brightness, too, Though thy step may lack its fleetness, And thy hair its sun-ny hue, Still to me wilt thou be dear-er Than all the world shall own; I have loved thee for thy beau-ty, But — not for that a-lone. I have watch'd thy heart, dear Ma-ry, And its good-ness was the wile That has made thee mine for-ev-er, Bon-ny Ma-ry of Ar-gyle.

# My Native Land

Moderato

FRANZ ABT

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

1. For the bless-ings that sur-round me, Thanks to thee, my na-tive land! Strong-er love than e'er hath bound me, Swear I thee with heart and hand. Not a-lone with words, and sing-ing, To thee will I thank-ful be; — But my deeds will I be bring-ing As my meed of thanks to thee.

2. As in joy, so too in sor-row, Still say I to friend and foe, Let us all, to-day, to-mor-row, By her stand in weal and woe! For the bless-ings that sur-round me, Thanks to thee, my na-tive land!. Strong-er love than e'er hath bound me, Swear I thee with heart and hand.

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

# Menagerie

Lively

*f*

1. Van Am-burgh is the man who goes to all the shows, He goes in-to the li-on's den, and
2. The mon-key in that cage, a strange thing to re-late, Got hun-gry the oth-er day, and

tells you all he knows: He sticks his head in-to the li-on's mouth and keeps it there a-while, And
ate his fe-male mate: For he's a most ar-ro-gant, ug-ly beast so don't go near him, boys, For

when he takes it out a-gain, he greets you with a smile.
when he's mad he shakes his tail and makes an-aw-ful noise.

CHORUS

The el-e-phant now goes round, the band be-gins to play, The boys a-round the mon-key's cage had bet-ter keep a-way.

# My Brudder Gum

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Allegretto

*mf*

1. White folks, I'll sing for you, I've nuf-fin else to do, Spend my time a
2. Hard work all de day, Hab no time to play, Ber-ry fine time a

pick-in' on de ban-jo! Hay! Brud-der Gum.
dig-gin' in de corn-field, Hay! Brud-der Gum.

CHORUS

My brud-der Gum, My brud-der Gum so fair, All de yal-ler gals run-nin' round, Try to get a lock cb his hair.

# Mother, Are There Angels Dwelling?

Moderato — C.W. GLOVER

*mf*

1. Moth-er, are there an-gels dwell-ing In that beam-ing star a-bove? Do they ev-er, glanc-ing down-ward, Look on me with eyes of love? Guard-ian an-gels I have heard of, Watch-ing o'er us night and day; Keep-ing re-cord of our moments, Know-ing all we do or say; Guard-ian an-gels I have heard of, Watch-ing o'er us night and day.

2. Moth-er, was it they who gave you So much love and care for me? How I wish, as I grow old-er, Wor-thy of that love to be! All the kindness you have shown me Would that I could now re-pay; You have been my guard-ian an-gel, Watch-ing o'er me night and day, You have been my guard-ian an-gel, Watch-ing o'er me night and day.

# My Own Native Land

Moderato — Wm. B. BRADBURY

*mf*

1. I have roamed o-ver moun-tain, I've crossed o-ver flood, I've traversed the wave-roll-ing strand; Tho' the fields were as green, and the moon shone as bright, Yet it was not my own na-tive land. No, no, no, no, no, no. No, no, no, no, no, no.

2. The right hand of friendship how oft have I grasped, And bright eyes have smiled and looked bland; Yet hap-pi-er far were the hours that I passed In the West, in my own na-tive land. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.

*Fine* — *D.C. al Fine*

# My Life Is Like The Summer Rose

CH. THIBAULT

Andante

*p*

1. My life is like the sum-mer rose, That o - pens to the morn - ing sky, But ere the shades of eve - ning close, Is scatter'd on the ground to die. Yet on the ro - ses' hum-ble bed, The sweet-est dews of night are shed, As if she wept the waste to see, But none shall weep a tear for me! But none shall weep a tear for me!

2. My life is like the aut - umn leaf, That trem-bles in the moon's pale ray, Its hold is frail, its date is brief, Rest-less and soon to pass a - way! Yet ere that leaf shall fall and fade, The par - ent tree will mourn its shade, The winds be- wail the leaf - less tree, But none shall breathe a sigh for me! But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

*cresc.* *mf* *p* *cresc.* *poco a poco*

# My Mother Dear

Moderato

*mf*

1. There was a place in childhood That I re-mem-ber well, And there a voice of sweetest tone Bright fair - y tales did tell; And gen-tle words, and fond embrace, Were giv'n with joy to me, When I was in that hap-py place, Up - on my moth-er's knee. My mother dear, My mother dear, My gen-tle, gen-tle mother.

2. When fair-y tales were end - ed, "Good night," she soft-ly said, And kiss'd, and laid me down to sleep With- in my ti - ny bed; And ho-ly words she taught me there, Me - thinks I yet can see Her an-gel eye, as close I knelt Be-side my moth-er's knee. My mother dear, My mother dear, My gen-tle, gen-tle mother.

# My Heart's In The Highlands

Andantino

ROBERT BURNS

*mf*

1. My heart's in the high-lands, my heart is not here, My heart's in the high-lands, a chas-ing the deer, A chas-ing the wild deer and foll'wing the roe, My heart's in the high-lands wher-ev-er I go.
2. My heart's in the high-lands, my heart is not here, My heart's in the high-lands, a chas-ing the deer, A chas-ing the wild deer and foll'wing the roe, My heart's in the high-lands wher-ev-er I go.

*Fine*

*f*

Fare-well to the high-lands, fare-well to the north, The birth place of val-or, the coun-try of worth; Wher-ev-er I wan-der, wher-ev-er I rove, The hills and the high-lands for-ev-er I'll love.
Fare-well to the mountains high, cov-er'd with snow, Fare-well to the straths and green val-leys below, Fare-well to the for-ests and wild hang-ing woods, Fare-well to the wa-ters and wild pour-ing floods!

*p*

*D.C.*

# My Mother's Bible

GEORGE P. MORRIS

Andante

HENRY RUSSELL

*mf*

1. This book is all that's left me now! Tears will un-bid-den start; With fal-t'ring lip and throb-bing brow I press it to my heart. For ma-ny gen-er-a-tions past, Here is our fam-'ly tree; My moth-er's hands this Bi-ble clasped; She, dy-ing, gave it me.
2. Ah! well do I re-mem-ber those Whose names these rec-ords bear; Who 'round the hearth-stone used to close Af-ter the eve-ning prayer. And speak of what these pag-es said, In tones my heart would thrill! Though they are with the si-lent dead, Here are they liv-ing still.

*rit.*

# My Last Cigar

Allegretto

*mf*

1. 'Twas off the blue Ca - na - ry Isles, A glor - ious sum - mer day, I sat up - on the
2. I leaned up - on the quar - ter - rail, And looked down in the sea, E'en there the pur - ple

quar - ter - deck, And whiffed my cares a - way; And as the vol - umed smoke a - rose, Like in - cense in the
wreath of smoke Was curl - ing grace - ful - ly. O, what had I at such a time, To do with wast - ing

air, I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, It was my last ci - gar.
care? A - las! the tremb - ling tear proclaimed It was my last ci - gar.

Refrain

It was my last ci - gar, It was my last ci - gar; I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, It was my last ci - gar.

# My Bonnie

Waltz Time

*mf*

1. My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, My Bon - nie lies o - ver the sea; My
2. Last night as I lay on my pil - low, Last night as I lay on my bed; Last

Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, Oh, bring back my Bon - nie to me.
night as I lay on my pil - low, I dream't that my Bon - nie was dead.

Chorus

Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to me, to me; Bring back, bring back, Oh! bring back my Bon - nie to me.

# Meet Me By Moonlight, Alone

J. A. WADE

Allegretto

*p*

1. Meet me by moon-light a - lone, And then I will tell thee a tale Must be told by the
2. Day-light may do for the gay, The thoughtless, the heartless, the free, But there's some thing a -

moon-light a - lone, In the grove at the end of the vale; Thou must prom-ise to come, for I
bout the moon's ray, That is sweet-er to thee and to me; Oh! re - mem-ber, be sure to be

*p*

said I would shew the night-flow-ers their Queen, Nay, turn not a - way thy sweet head. 'Tis the
there, For tho' dear-ly a moon-light I prize, I care not for all in the air If I

lov - li - est ev - er was seen, Oh! meet me by moonlight, a - lone, Meet me by moonlight, a - lone.
want the sweet light of thine eyes, So meet me by moonlight, a - lone, Meet me by moonlight, a - lone.

# Mowing The Hay

MARY CARMICHAEL

Allegro

*mf* *cresc.*

1. Come lads and las - sies, stir a-bout, while still the weath-er's gay, The rain may put the
2. Then up and down and round we go, And round the field a - way, So there's the last of

*dim.* *cresc.*

sun-shine out, so mow a - way the hay; There's Tom and Sue and Will and Prue and
ev - 'ry row, a - mow - ing of the hay; And when it's all been cart - ed in, the

*cresc.*

Dick with pret - ty May, And ev - 'ry one en - joys the fun, A - mow - ing of the hay!
fid - dler he shall play, Up - on the green, so soft and clean, A - mow - ing of the hay!

# Michael Roy

Allegretto

*mf*

1. In Brook-lyn cit - y there lived a maid, And she was known to fame,— Her moth-er's name was Ma - ry Ann, And hers was Ma-ry Jane; And ev - e - ry Sat-ur-day morn - ing She used to go o-ver the riv - er And went to mark - et where she sold eggs, And sas - sa - ges, like-wise liv - er,—
2. She fell in love with a char-coal man, Mc-Clos-key was his name,— His fight-ing weight was seven stone ten, And he loved sweet Ma-ry Jane; He took her to ride in his char-coal cart On a fine St. Pat-rick's day But the don-key took fright at a Jer-sey man, And start-ed and ran a way,—

Chorus

For oh! For oh!— he was my darling boy,— FOR *Shouted* he was the lad with the au-burn hair, And his name was Michael Roy.—

*pp repeat Chorus*

# The Mulberry Bush

Quickly

*mf*

1. Here we go round the mul-ber-ry bush, the mul-ber-ry bush, the mul-ber-ry bush,
2. This is the way we wash— our clothes, we wash— our clothes, we wash— our clothes,

Here we go round the mul-ber-ry bush, so ear - ly in the morn - ing.
This is the way we wash— our clothes, so ear - ly Mon - day morn - ing.

This is the way we iron our clothes, &c.
So early Tuesday morning.

This is the way we scrub the floor, &c.
So early Wednesday morning.

This is the way we mend our clothes, &c.
So early Thursday morning.

This is the way we sweep the house, &c.
So early Friday morning.

This is the way we bake our bread, &c.
So early Saturday morning.

This is the way we go to church, &c.
So early Sunday morning.

# Mush, Mush

Waltz Time

*mf*

1. Oh, 'twas there I larn'd ra - din' an' wri - tin' At Bil - ly Brack-ett's where I wint to school And 'twas there I larn'd howl - in' and fight - in' Wid me schoolmas - ter Mis - ter O' Toole; Him an' Mush, mush, mush tu - ral - i - ad - dy, Sing mush, mush, mush tu - ral - i - a!

2. Oh, 'twas me we had mon - y a scrim - mage, An' div - il a cop - y I wrote There was ne'er a gos - soon in the vil - lage Dared thread on the tail o' my heart, There was ne'er a gos - soon in the vil - lage Dared thread on the tail o' me coat!

there that I larn'd all me court - in', O', the lis - sons I tuck in the art Till Cu - pid, the black guard while sport - in' An ar - row dhrav straight thro' me Miss Ju - dy C' Con - ner, she lived jist for - ninst me An' tin - der lines to her I wrote If ye dare say wan hard word a - gin her I'll thread on the tail o' yer

# A Maiden's Wish

Allegretto

FR. CHOPIN

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

1. Were I the glor - ious sun in the heav - en, Then, to thee my light All should be giv - en; While thou wert dream - ing I would be gleam - ing Bright thro' thy lit - tle case - ment; To thee my ra - diance All should be giv - en, Were I the glor - ious sun in the heav - en!

2. Were I a bird, thro' fair cloud - land wing - ing, Then, to thee my songs All I'd be sing - ing; When morn was break - ing At thine a - wak - ing, Close to thy lit - tle win - dow, Songs all the sweet - est There I'd be sing - ing, Were I a bird, thro' fair cloud - land wing - ing!

ROBERT BURNS

# My Love Is Like A Red, Red Rose

Moderato

*mf*

1. O, my love is like a red, red rose That's new - ly sprung in June, My love is like the
2. Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, An' the rocks melt with the sun, Yet I love thee still, my

mel - o - dy That's sweetly played in tune. As fair art thou, my bon-nie lass, Sae deep in love am
dear, While the sands of life shall run. An' fare thee well, my on - ly love, An' fare thee well a-

*f*

I while I will love thee still, my dear, Tho' a' the seas gang dry. O, my love is like a
I will come a - gain, my love, Tho' 'twere ten-thou - sand mile.

*dim.* *mf*

red, red rose That's new - ly sprung in June My love is like the mel-o - dy That's sweetly played in tune.

# Minka

Andante

RUSSIAN SONG

*p*

1. From the Vol-ga was he rid - ing, On his horse so quick - ly strid - ing, When he saw in am - bush hid - ing, Who but pret - ty Min - ka. Min - ka, Min - ka, go not from me,
2. Shy thou art and ve - ry bash-ful, Tho' my heart is ev - er faith - ful; Yet to you I'd be more grate-ful, If you'd love me, Min - ka. Min - ka, Min - ka, go not from me,

Do not in the for-est hide thee, Come and tell me if you love me, Pret-ty lit - tle Min - ka.
Do not in the for-est hide thee, Come and tell me if you love me, Pret-ty lit - tle Min - ka.

# Mollie Darling

Moderato

WILL S. HAYS

*mf*

1. Won't you tell me, Mol-lie dar - ling, That you love none else but me? For I love you, Mollie darling,
2. Stars are smiling, Mol-lie dar - ling, Thro' the mys-tic vail of night; They seem laughing, Mollie darling,

*cresc.* *f*

You are all the world to me. O! tell me, dar-ling, that you love me, Put your lit - tle hand in
While fair Lu-na hides her light. O! no one lis-tens but the flow-ers, While they hang their heads in

mine, Take my heart, sweet Mollie dar-ling, Say that you will give me thine.
shame, They are mod-est, Mollie dar-ling, When they hear me call your name.

*cresc.* *dim.*

Chorus

Mol-lie, fair-est, sweetest, dearest, Look up, darling, tell me this; Do you love me, Mollie darling? Let your answer be a kiss.

# Morning Red

Andante

*f*

1. Morn-ing red, Morn-ing red, Now the shad-ows, all are fled, Now the Sabbath's cloud-less glo - ry, Tells a - new the won - drous sto - ry: Christ is ris - en from the dead.
2. All a - round, All a - round, Solemn si - lence reign'd pro - found, When, with blaze and sud - den thun-der, An - gels burst the tomb a - sun-der, And the Sa - viour was un - bound.

*p* *p* *f*

Now the Sabbath's cloud-less glo - ry, Tells a - new the wondrous sto-ry: Christ is ris-en from the dead.
When, with blaze and sud - den thunder, An-gels burst the tomb a - sunder, And the Saviour was un-bound.

# Maid Of Athens

Andante espressivo

H. R. ALLEN

*mp*

1. Maid of Ath - ens, ere we part — Give, O, give me back my heart!
2. By those tress - es un - con - fined, — Wooed by each Ae - ge - an wind,

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 cheek's blooming tinge, By those wild eye

*mf piu lento*

fore I go, Hear my vow be - fore — I go. My life, — I — love thee, My
like the roe, Hear my vow be - fore — I go.

*pp* *con tenerezza* *p*

dear - est life, I — love thee! Hear my vow be fore I go My life, I love — but thee!

*cresc.* *pp*

Moderato

# Maggie By My Side

S. C. FOSTER

*mf*

1. The land of my home is flit-ting, Flit - ting from my view, A gale in the sails is sit - ting,
2. The wind howl-ing o'er the bil - low From the dis - tant lea, The storm rag-ing round my pil - low

Toils the mer - ry crew. Here let my home be, O the wa - ters wide, I roam with a proud heart,
Brings no care to me. Roll on, ye dark waves, O'er the trou-bled tide, I heed not your an - ger,

*mf*

*rit.* *p a tempo.*

Mag-gie's by my side; My own love, Maggie dear, Sitting by my side, Maggie dear, my own love, Sitting by my side.
Mag-gie's by my side;

# Marie, Mine

HUNGARIAN SONG

Andante

*p*

1. Ma - rie mine, Ma - rie mine, How thine eyes are danc - ing!
2. Morn-ing's light, Vis - ions bright, But of thee is blend - ing;

Oh, I pray, Turn a - way Thou art too en - tranc - ing
My heart still Thou dost fill When the night's de - scend - ing

*dim.*

*mf* *cresc.* *dim.*

Ah, my heart, my throb - bing heart, Seeks for peace in vain,
May the great Cre - a - tor show'r Bless - ings down on thee,

Wild and burn - ing is the smart, Of a true love's pain.
Though thou'st robb'd of ev - 'ry hour, All its peace from me!

"Faust"

# Margherita

CH. GOUNOD

Andante

*mf*

1. When joy-ous thots on thy sweet lips a - wak-en, Those ra-diant smiles that love to lin-ger
2. But when the clouds of dark-ness o'er thee hov-er, Dim-ming the lus - tre of thy beam - ing

there; Oh, then my heart by sor-row is for - sak-en; For Mar-ghe - ri - ta, dear Mar-ghe-
eye; Then, to dis - pel thy sor-row, thy fond lov-er; Oh Mar-ghe - ri - ta, dear Mar-ghe-

*cresc.*

*dim.*

ri-ta, I am en - rap-tur'd in thy joy to share.
ri-ta, glad-ly, yes, glad-ly at thy feet would die.

*p* *et rit.*

*Giroflè-Girofla*

## Morning Serenade

J. OFFENBACH

Allegretto

*pp*

Greet we now the morn-ing, Beau-teous it is dawn-ing, Col-ors all with gleam-ing pow'r, Each gold-en ray! Greet we now the morn-ing, so beau-teous it is dawn-ing, Col-ors all with gleam-ing pow-er, Each gold-en ray! And prom-is-es a bright and hap-py day!

*dim.*

— A bright and hap-py, bright and hap-py, hap-py day, — hap-py day!

*dim.* *rit.* *pp* *sostenuto*

## My Love, She's Like A Lassie Yet

SCOTCH SONG

Allegretto

*mf* *cresc.*

1. My love she's but a las-sie yet, A light-some, love-ly las-sie yet, It scarce wad do to sit and woo Down by the stream sae glass-y yet. But theres a braw-time com-in' yet When we may gang a-roam-in' yet; An' hint wi' glee o' joys to be When fa's the modest gloamin' yet.

2. She's nei-ther proud nor sau-cy yet, She's nei-ther plump nor gau-cy yet, But just a jinkin', Bon-nie blink-in', Hil-ty, skil-ty las-sie yet. But, oh, her art-less smile's mair sweet, Than hin-ny or than mar-ma-lete; An' right or wrang, ere it be lang, I'll bring her to a par-ley yet.

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

*"Martha"*

# Maidens, Bright And Fair

F. VON FLOTOW

Allegro non troppo

*ff*

This way come, my gen-tle lass - es, with cheer-ful looks; "Hand-some deed fair face sur-

pass - es," best suits our books. *ff* This way come my gen-tle lass - es, with cheer-ful looks;

"Hand-some deed fair face sur- pass - es," best suits our books. *Fine* *p* Neat-ness is the best of gra-ces,

Neat-ly dress'd come ev-'ry-one; In a row all take your pla-ces, soon the fair will have be-gun. *D.C. al Fine*

# My Love's An Arbutus

C. V. STANFORD

Allegretto

*p*

1. My love's an ar- bu-tus By the bor-ders of Lene, So slen-der and
2. But tho' rud-dy the ber-ry And snow-y the flow'r, That bright-en to-

shape-ly In her gir-dle of green. And I mea-sure the plea-sure Of her
geth-er The ar-bu-tus bow'r, Per- fum-ing and bloom ing Through

*cresc.*

*f* *dim.* *rit.*

eye's sap-phire sheen By the blue skies that spar-kle Thro' the soft branch-ing screen.
sun-shine and show'r, Give me her bright lips and her laugh's pearl-y dow'r.

# Mary Blane

Moderato

*mf*

1. I— once did love a yel - low gal, I'll tell you what's her name; She
2. They've sang of charm - ing Lu - cy Neale, They've sang of pret - ty Jane, But

came from old Vir - gin - i - a, And they call her Ma - ry Blane.
I will sing of one more fair, My — own sweet Ma - ry Blane.

Chorus

Den fare - well, den fare - well, Den fare - well, Ma - ry Blane, O do take care your - self, my dear, I'm com - ing back a - gain.

*rit.*

# My Faith Looks Up To Thee

RAY PALMER — LOWELL MASON

Moderato

*mf*

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt a - way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart, My zeal in - spire! As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and change - less be A liv - ing fire!

# Musical Alphabet

Moderato — CHILDRENS SONG

*mf*

1. Come, dear moth - er, hear me say What I can of A B C: A B C D E F G, H I J K L M N O P; Q R S and T U V, W (dou - ble - you) and X Y Z Now you've heard my A B C, Tell me what you think of me.
2. Now, my Al - pha - bet is through, Will you hear dear sis - ter too? A B C D E F G, She has said them all — to — me; Q R S and T U V, W (dou - ble - you) and X Y Z Now we've said our A B C, Let us have a kiss from thee.

# Maggie's Welcome

Moderato

CLARIBEL

*mf*

1. All day I have tried to be spin-ning in vain, But my thoughts are with Ben for he's
2. I've nev-er been i - dle since Ben went a - way, I've— all my small earn-ings to

com-ing a-gain; The ship's come to port, as they tell me to-day, And is not she wel-come as
show him to-day, And he will be bring-ing some gold of his own, Tho' half's for his moth-er, of

flow-ers in May? They told me he'd nev-er come back to us here, But I'd nev - er a doubt and I'd
that will I none, O hap-py to see him once more in his home, They— laugh'd me to scorn, but I

*mf*

nev-er a fear For no-bod-y knew what he whis-pered to me, Or what I re-plied ere he
knew he would come, I knew that my sail-or would nev-er for-get, I knew that my choice I should

*f* *rit.*

went out to sea. } And the ship's come to port, as they tell me to-day, She's welcome, she's welcome as flow-ers in May.
nev-er re-gret. }

*a tempo*

# Mary Had A Little Lamb

Andante

*mf*

1.— Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb,—
2. And ev - 'ry - where that Ma - ry went, Ma - ry went, Ma - ry went, And

Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb, Its fleece was white as snow.
ev - 'ry - where that Ma - ry went, The lamb was sure to go.

# Meerschaum Pipe

Moderato

*f*

1. Oh! who will smoke my meer-schaum pipe (meer-schaum pipe), Oh!
2. Oh! who will wear my cast-off boots (cast-off boots), Oh!

who will smoke my meerschaum pipe (meerschaum pipe), Oh! who will smoke my meerschaum pipe, When
who will wear my cast-off boots (cast-off boots), Oh! who will wear my cast-off boots, When

I am gone a-way?
I am gone a-way?

Al-lie Ba-zan! Pat-sy Mo-ran! Ma-ry Mc-Can. *f* Bad Man!

# May-Day Song

Allegretto

ALFRED S. GATTY

*mf*

1. Un-der the May-pole gay, Mer-ri-ly danc-ing we, Lads here with las-sies play,
2. All round to-gether we go, Mer-ri-ly danc-ing we, Blos-soms to each we throw,

O-ver the grass-y lea; *cresc.* Lads here with las-sies play, O-ver the grass-y lea. *dim.*
O-ver the grass-y lea; Blos-soms to each we throw, O-ver the grass-y lea.

# Mistress Mary, Quite Contrary

Lively

*mf*

Mis-tress Ma-ry, quite con-tra-ry, How does your gar-den grow? With

cock-le shells, and sil-ver bells, And fair maids all in a row.

# The Midshipmite

Con Spirito

STEPHEN ADAMS

1. 'Twas in fif - ty - five on a win - ters 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 — Roosh - an — 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 — spike their guns a -
Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! We — made for the guns an' we ramm'd them tight, But the musk - et shots came
Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! So we hoist - ed him in, in a ter - ri - ble plight, An' we pull'd ev - ry man with

long wi' me?" "Why bless 'ee sir come a - long!" says we,
left and right, An' down drops the poor lit - tle mid - ship - mite,
all his might, An' sav'd the poor lit - tle — mid - ship - mite,

Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! — Cheer - i - ly, my

Tempo di Valse

lads, yo ho! — With a long, long pull, An' a strong, strong pull, Gai - ly, boys, make her go —

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

D.C.

# March Of The Men Of Harlech

Tempo di Marcia

Men of Har - lech! in the hol - low, Do ye hear, like rush - ing bil - low, Wave on wave that

*We - le goel - certh wen yn ffla - mio, A thaf - o - dau tân yn bloedd - io, Ar - i'r de - wrion*

Sax - on spear - men Bat - tle's dis - tant sound? 'Tis the tramp of Sax - on foe - men
*ddod i da - ro, Un-waith et - o'n un; Gan fanll - e - fau ty - wys o - gion,*

Sax - on spear-men, Sax - on bow-men; Be they knights, or hinds, or yeo - men, They shall bite the
*Ll - ais gely-nion, trwst ar-fog-ion, A charl - a - miad y march-o - gion, Craig ar graig a*

*ff*

ground! Loose the folds a - sun - der, Flag we con - quer un - der! The plac - id sky now
*grŷn! Ar - fon byth ni or - fydd, Ce nir yn drag - y - wydd; Gym - ru fydd fell Cym-*

bright on high Shall launch its bolts in — thun - der! On - ward! 'tis our coun - try needs us;
*ru fu, Yn gto - dus ym - mysg gwle-dydd, Yn ng - wyn o - leuni'r goel-certh acw,*

He is brav - est, he who leads us! Hon - or's self now proud - ly heads us! Free - dom! God, and Right.
*Tros we - fu - sa - u Cym-ro'n marw, An-ni - by ni - aeth sydd yn galw, Am ei de-wraf dyn.*

## My Mary Anne

Moderato

M. TYTE

*mf*

1. O fare - you - well my own Ma - ry Anne, Fare - you - well a - while, For the ship it is read - y, And the
2. O don't you see that tur - tle dove, Sit - ting on yon pine, La - ment - ing the loss of its

wind it is fair, And I am bound for the sea, Ma - ry Anne, I am bound for the sea.
own true love? And so am I for mine, Ma - ry Anne, So am I for mine.

# The Moon Is Beaming O'er The Lake

Allegretto

JOHN BLOCKLEY

*mf*

1. The moon is beam-ing o'er the lake, Come sail in our light ca-noe; Sweet sounds of mu-sic
2. The ves-per bell is peal-ing, From yon-der lone-ly tower; Its tones now gent-ly

we'll a-wake, As we glide o'er the wa-ters blue. In our light ca-noe, As mer-ry we row,
steal-ing, Pro-claim the ves-per hour. Sweet sounds a-rise, To the tran-quil skies, Like

O-ver the rip-pling sil-ver tide; While free from care, Our spir-its are, As a-
one of earth's sweet-est mel-o-dies; Now sad, now gay, As it floats a-way, On the

way we mer-ri-ly glide, The moon is beam-ing o'er the lake, Come
wings of the sum-mer breeze,

sail in our light ca-noe; Sweet sounds of mu-sic we'll a-wake, As we glide o'er the wa-ters blue.

# The Marseillaise

Allegro marziale

ROUGET DE LISLE

*mf*

1. Ye sons of Free-dom, wake to glo-ry! Hark! hark! what my-riads bid you rise! Your children
1. *Al-lons en-fants de la pa-tri-e! Le jour de gloire est ar-ri-vé! Con-tre*

*ff*

wives, and grandsires hoar-y, Be-hold their tears, and hear their cries! Be-hold their tears, and hear their
*nous de la ty-ran-ni-e L'é-ten-dard san-glant est le-vé! L'é-ten-dard san-glant est le-*

*mp* *cresc.* *p*

cries! Shall hate-ful ty-rants, mis-chief-breed-ing, With hire-ling hosts a ruf-fian-band, Af-
*vé! En-ten-dez vous, dans les cam-pa-gnes, Mu-gir ces fé-ro-ces sol-dats! Ils*

*f* *ff*

fright and des-o-late the land, When peace and lib-er-ty lie bleed-ing? To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'a-
*vien-nent jus que dans nos bras E-gor-ger nos fils, nos cam-pa-gnes! Aux ar-mes, ci-to-yens! For-*

*pp* *ff*

veng-ing sword un-sheath! March on, march on, All hearts re-solved On lib-er-ty or death!
*mez vos ba-tail-lons! Mar-chons, mar-chons! Qu'un sang im-pur- A-breu-ve-nos sil-lons!*

## Maryland! My Maryland

Andante

*mf*

1. Thou wilt not cow-er in the dust, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land! Thy beam-ing sword shall
2. Thou wilt not yield the Van-dal toll, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land! Thou wilt not crook to

nev-er rust, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land! Re-mem-ber Car-roll's sa-cred trust, Re-
his con-trol, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land! Bet-ter the fire up-on thee roll, Bet-

mem-ber How-ard's war-like thrust And all thy slum-b'rers with the just, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land.
ter the shot, the blade, the bowl, Than cru-ci-fix-ion of the soul, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land.

## My Pony

Quickly

*mf*

1. I ride my po-ny ev-'ry where, You'd know him by his shag-gy hair.
2. He's just as kind as he can be, And glad-ly goes a-round with me.

# The Message Of The Rose

Andante espressivo

F. H. HIMMEL

*p*

To A-le-xis send I thee, Dear-est rose, he will fond-ly tend thee, Smile up-on him with as-pect friend-ly, That when he sees thee he'll think of me.

*mf*

Fresh and pure art thou, O rose, go to him he will ca-ress thee, Go,— go,— to his lips, When he shall press thee In thy sweet-ness, In thy sweet-ness he will learn what thy leaves disclose, Whis-per soft-ly as a kiss with half o-p'ning lips, oh flow-er, Bid him dream of me each hour, In that thought I find my bliss.

*dim.*

# My Old Dutch

Andante

CHAS. INGLE

*mf*

1. I've got a pal, A reg'-lar out an' out-er, She's a dear, good old gal, I'll tell yer all a-bout 'er, It's ma-ny years since first we met 'Er 'air was then as black as jet, It's
2. I calls her Sal, 'Er pro-per name is Sair-er, An' yer may find a gal, As you'd con-sid-er fair-er, She ain't an an-gel, she can start A-jaw-in' till it makes you smart, She's

Chorus

whit-er now, but she don't fret, Not my old gal! } We've been to-geth-er now for for-ty years, An' it
just a wo-man, bless 'er 'eart, Is my old gal! }

don't seem a day too much, There ain't a la-dy liv-in' in the land, As I'd swop for my dear old

Dutch, — There ain't a la-dy liv-ing in the land, As I'd swop for my dear old Dutch.

## Melodies Of Many Lands

Andantino

C. W. GLOVER

1. The mel-o-dies of ma-ny lands, Ere-while have charmed mine ear, Yet there's but one a-mong them all Which
2. Its words I well re-mem-ber now, Were fraught with pre-cepts old, And ev-'ry line a max-im held, Of

still my heart holds dear; I heard it first from lips I loved, My tears it then be-guiled, It was the song my
far more worth than gold; A les-son 'twas though sim-ply taught, That can-not pass a-way; It is my guid-ing

moth-er sang, When I was but a child, It was the song my moth-er sang, When I was but a child.
star by night, My com-fort in the day; It is my guid-ing star by night, My comfort in the day.

## Merrily, Merrily

Allegro

ROUND

1. Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly greet the morn: 2. Cheer-i-ly, cheer-i-ly sound the horn.

3. Hark! to the ech-oes, hear them play, 4. O'er hill and dale, and far a-way.

# My Old Kentucky Home

Moderato

STEPHEN FOSTER

*mf* *cresc.* *dim.*

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer the dark - ies are gay; The
2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On mea-dow, the hill and the shore; They

*mf*

corn-top's ripe and the mead-ow's in bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the day. The young folks roll on the
sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in door. The day goes by like a

*cresc.* *dim.*

lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright; By'n bye hard times comes a-knock-ing at the door, Then my
shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor-row, where all was de-light; The time has come when the dark-ies have to part,

CHORUS

*mf*

old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night. Weep no more, my la - dy, Oh! weep no more to-

*cresc.* *dim.*

day! We will sing one song for the old Ken-tuck-y home, For my old Ken-tuck-y home far a - way.

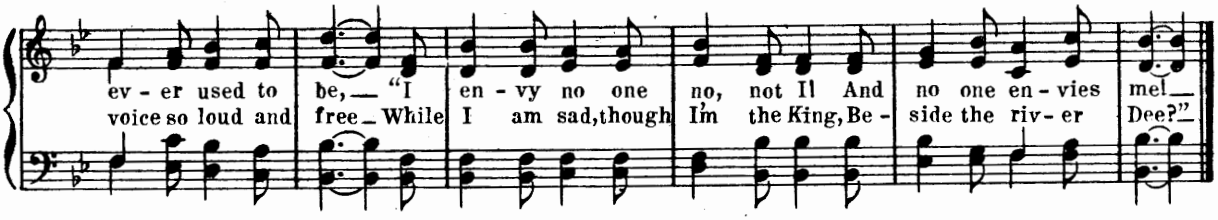
# The Miller Of The Dee

Allegretto

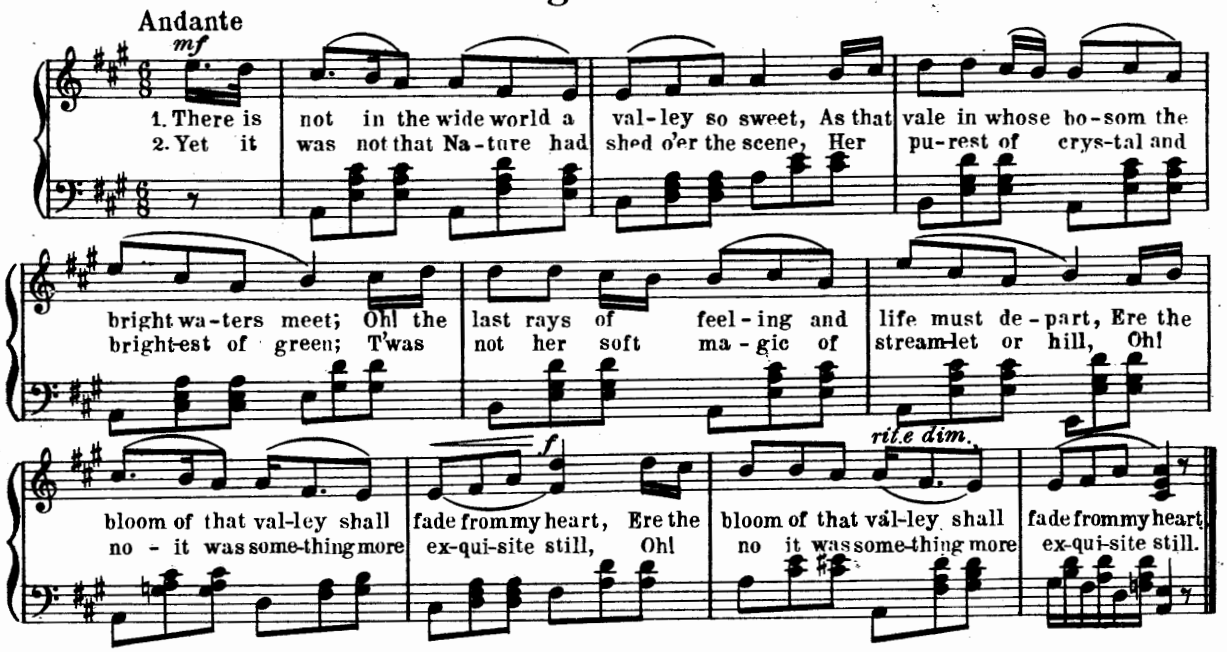
CHAS. MACKAY

1. There dwelt a mil - ler, hale and bold, Be-side the riv - er Dee; He wrought and sang from
2. "Thou 'rt wrong, my friend!" said old king Hal, As wrong as wrong can be; For could my heart be

morn till night, No lark more blithe than he; And this the bur - den of his song For-
light as thine, I'd glad - ly change with thee. And tell me now what makes thee sing With

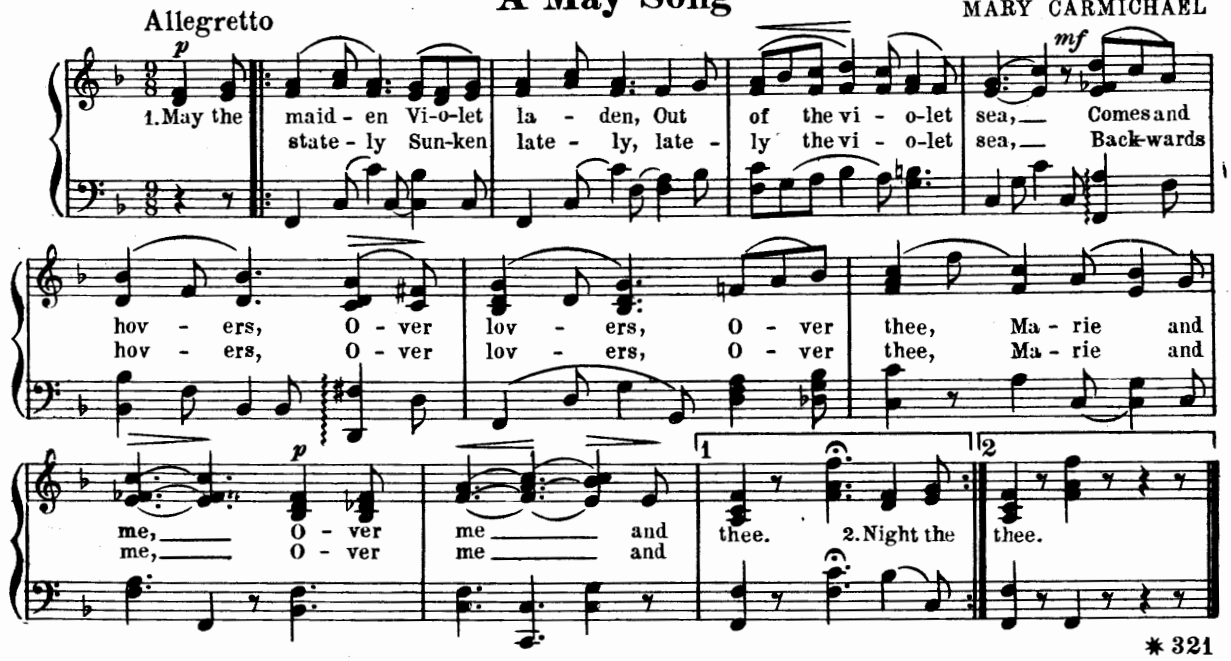



## The Meeting Of The Waters




## A May Song

MARY CARMICHAEL



# Mother's Old Red Shawl

C. MOULAND

Moderato

*mf*

1. It now lies on the shelf, it is fa - ded and torn, That dear old shawl by moth-er
2. Oh, my heart of - ten aches with a dull, throb-bing pain, When child-hood vis-ions come a-

worn, 'Tis all that is left for this heart to a-dore, To bring to mind those hap-py days of
gain, And sad - ly I think of the days that are past, Too joy-ous and too beau-ti - ful to

*mf*

yore; How of - ten the hands to these folds have been press'd, That now be-neath the daisies are at
last; Oh, fond love-ly childhood made bright by the smile, Of one whose love could ev-'ry care be-

rest; The tears come unbidden and si - lent-ly fall, To gleam like gems on moth-er's old red
guile; How glad - ly I'd fly from the world's bitter thrall, To seek the heart that throbb'd beneath this

*dim.*

*p*

shawl It is use - ful no more, Yet I fond-ly a-dore That dear old shawl my moth-er
shawl It is

*cresc.*

*f*

wore; And thro' life it shall be a loved treasure to me, That lit - tle old red shawl my mother wore.

# McSorley's Twins

Lively

*f*

1. Ar rah! Mrs. Mc-Sor-ley had fine pur - ty twins, Two fat lit - tle di - vils they were, Wid —
2. Says Mrs. Mc-Sor-ley, "A christenin' well have, Just to give me two dar-lin's a name;" "Faith we

shquallin' and bawlin' from morn-in' til night, It would deaf-en you I do de- clare; — Be me
will," says Mc-Sorley, "sure one they must get, Something grand to be course for that same?" — Thin for

soul 'twas a cau-tion the way they would schrame, Like the blast of a fish-er-man's horn. — Says Mc-
god-moth-ers, Kate and Mag Mur-phy stood up, And for godfathers came the two Flynns: Jo -

Sor-ley, "Not one blessed hour have I shlept, Since them two lit-tle di-vils was born." Wid the
han-na Ma-ria and Diag- na-cious O' Mara, Were the names that they christen'd the twins. Wid the

Chorus

beer and the whiskey the whole blessed night, Faith they could'nt stand up on their pins, — Such an

il-le-gant time at the christen-in' we had, Of Mc- Sor-ley's most beau-ti-ful twins. —

## The Music Of Thy Voice

Andante

1. The mu-sic of thy voice falls on my will-ing ears, To
2. The sun-shine of thy glance sheds rad-iance on my way, Lights

soothe my sad-den'd heart and drive a-way all fool-ish doubts and fears.
hours that to my soul were dark and hails the dawn of each glad day.

*cresc. molto et dim. molto*

*rit.*

# My Heart At Thy Sweet Voice

C. SAINT-SAËNS

Andante sostenuto

*p*

1. My heart at thy sweet voice Swift un-folds like a flow-er,
2. As when a-cross the field Zeph-yrs soft-ly are blow-ing

*segue*

*espressivo* *p*

When the dawn first is show-ing. But oh! to stop my tears
While the wheat is gent-ly sway-ing, 'Tis thus my heart is moved;

*dim* *p* *espressivo*

Thou hast it in thy pow-er, One word more, love be stow-ing.
And thus while love 'tis show-ing To the voice 'tis trib-ute pay-ing.

*f* *p* *f*

To thy De-li-lah say Thou re-turnest for al-way! Re-peat thy woo-ing
An ar-row is less fleet, That brings death in its flight, Than thy love who would

*p* *stringendo e cresc* *cresc* *rit*

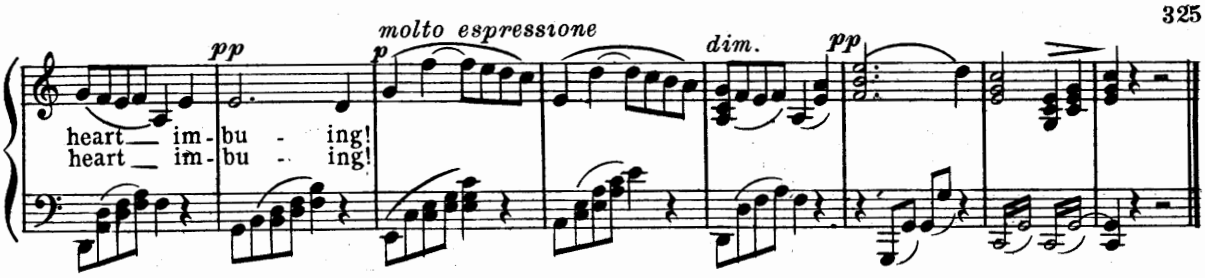
ten-der, All the vows once more tell; Those sweet vows lov'd so well!
fain Rush to thy arms at thy sight; Rush to thee at thy sight.

*espressivo*

Ah! come, list to my fond woo-ing! 'Tis with ar-dor my heart im-
Ah! come, list to my fond woo-ing! 'Tis with ar-dor my heart im-

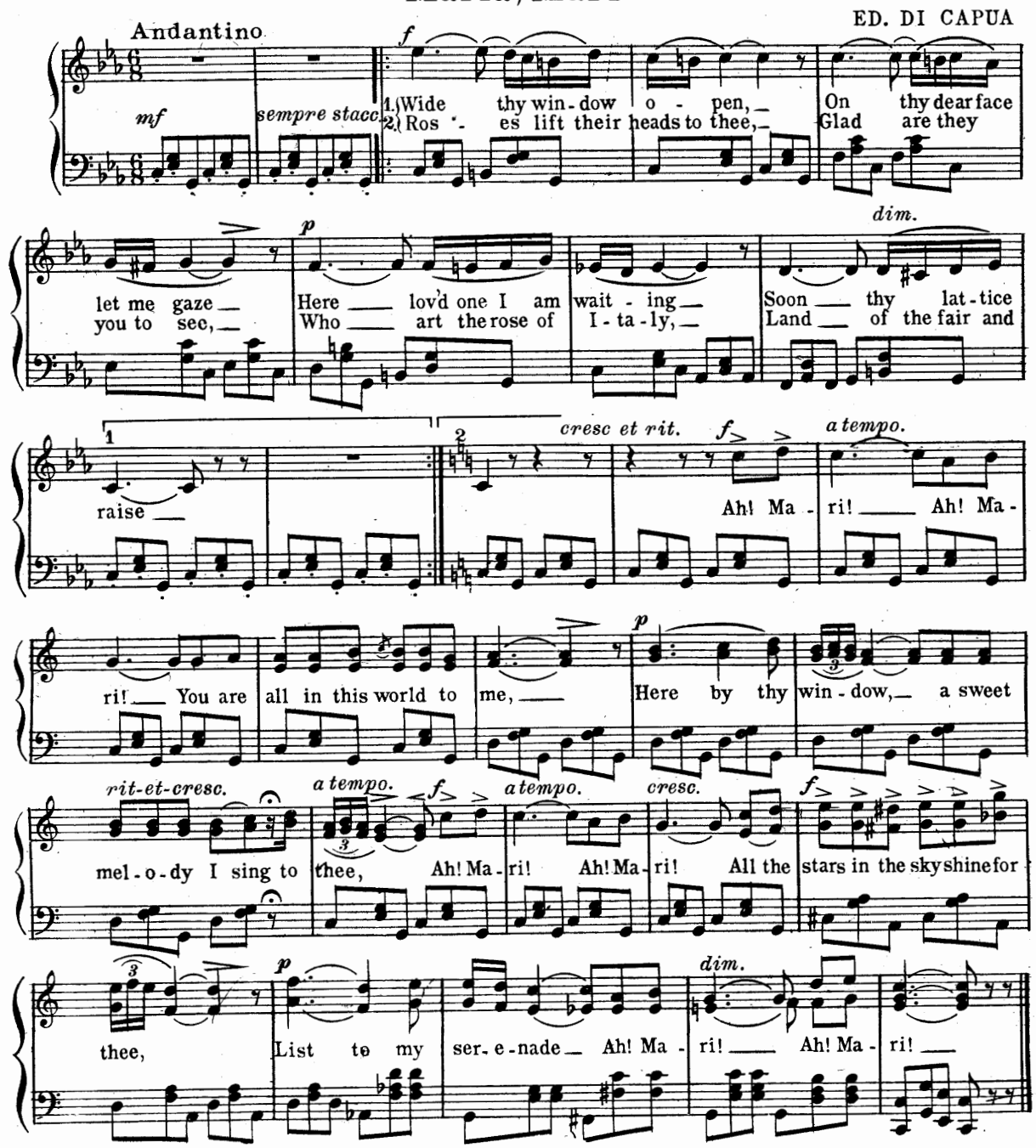
*cresc* *più cresc* *dim*

bu-ing! Lis-ten un-to my woo-ing, Lis-ten un-to my woo-ing. Ah! 'Tis with ar-dor my
bu-ing! Lis-ten un-to my woo-ing, Lis-ten un-to my woo-ing. Ah! 'Tis with ar-dor my




# Maria, Mari!

ED. DI CAPUA



# Mona

STEPHEN ADAMS

Andante grazioso

*mp*

1. O swift goes my boat like a bird on the bil - low, The boat of my heart, My trim Ben-my-chree; But swift-er than bird leaps my love from her pil - low, The girl of my heart who is wait-ing for me. And down drops the an-chor, the brown sails are fall - ing, And out on the shin-gle we leap in our glee; But for all the bright eyes, and the laugh-ter, And call - ing, The girl of my heart is all that I see.

2. well all is o - ver the bit - ter tears fall - ing, My life is a wreck On a dark win-ter sea; The in - no-cent days all are gone past re - call - ing, There yawns a dark gulf twixt my darl - ing and me. I pass to my ex-ile, a-lone un-be - friend-ed, The sum-mer days mock me with glad-ness and mirth; For on - ly with death will that ex - ile be end - ed, Thou'rt lost to me darl-ing for-ev - er on earth.

*f* *p* *cresc.* *rall.* *dolce*

Mo - na, my own love, Mo - na, my true love, Art thou not mine thro' the long years to be? By the bright stars a-bove thee, I Mo - na, my own love, Mo - na, my lost love, Pray for me, pray thro' the long years to be? And the an - gels a-bove thee, Who

love thee, I love thee Live for thee, die for thee, on - ly for thee. Oh
pit - y and love thee Will plead for me al - so and bring me to thee. Oh

*f* Mo - na, Mo - na, my own love, *ad lib.* Art thou not mine thro' the long years to
Mo - na, Mo - na, my

be? 2. Fare - *f* lost love, Pray for me, *rall.* pray thro' the long years to be.

## My Own, My Guiding Star

Andante cantabile

G. A. MACFARREN

*mf*

1. Thy gen - tle voice would lead me on, My own, my guid-ing star, Till ev - 'ry sense of
2. Thou need'st not doubt, thou need'st not grieve, I bear a po - tent spell, Be cer - tain love will

life were gone, E'en wert thou placed a - far. And now thou deign'st so near to shine, With rays that warm and
ne'er de - ceive The heart that serves him well. I know my path will lead me right, With such a prize in

cheer, The su est firm - est hopes are mine, My soul is strange to fear. Yes,
view, And hap - py o - mens bless my sight, That must, that shall be true. Yes,

*rit.*

thy gen - tle light shall lead me on, My own, my guid - ing star, My own, my guid - ing star.

# Nelly Bly

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Moderato

*mf*

1. Nel-ly Bly! Nel-ly Bly! bring de broom a-long, We'll sweep de kitch-en clean, my dear, And
2. Nel-ly Bly! hab a voice like de tur-tle dove, I hears it in de mead-ow, and I

hab a lit-tle song. Poke de wood, my la-dy lub, and make de fire — burn, And
hears it in de grove; Nel-ly Bly, — hab a heart warm as a cup ob tea, And

while I take de ban-jo down, Just gib de mush a turn.
big-ger dan de sweet po-ta-to down in Ten-nes-see.

*Slower*

Chorus in time

*f*

Heigh! Nel-ly, Ho! Nel-ly,

*dim.*

list-en, lub, to me, I'll sing for you, play for you, a dul-cem mel-o-dy.

# Nut Brown Maiden

Moderato

*mf*

1. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast a bright blue eye for love, Nut brown maid-en, Thou
2. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast a ru-by lip to kiss, Nut brown maid-en, Thou

*Fine*

hast a bright blue eye; A bright blue eye is thine, love! The glance in it is mine, love!
hast a ru-by lip; A ru-by lip is thine, love! The kiss-ing of it's mine, love!

*D.C.*

# No One To Love

Andante

*p*

1. No one to love, none to ca-ress, Roam-ing a-lone through this
2. In dreams a-lone, loved ones I see, And well known voic-es then

world's wil - der - ness; Sad is my heart, joy is un - known,
whis - per to me; Sigh - ing I wake, wak - ing I weep;

For in my sor - row I'm weep - ing a - lone; No gen - tle voice,
Soon with the loved and the lost I shall sleep; Oh, bliss - ful rest!

*Fine.* *p*

No ten - der smile Makes me re - joice, or cares be - guile.
What heart would stay, Un - loved, un - bless'd, from Heav'n a - way.

*rit.* *D.C*

"HOLY CITY"

## No Shadows Yonder

A. R. GAUL

Andante

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

No shad-ows yon-der! All light and song! Each day I won-der and say "How

*mf* *p* *Fine* *mf*

long shall time me sun-der from that dear throng?" No weep-ing yon - der!

All fled a - way! While here I wan - der Each wea - ry

*rall.* *D.C. al Fine.*

day, And sigh as I pon - der my long, long stay.

# No Sir!

Allegretto

A. M. WAKEFIELD

*mf*

1. Tell me one thing, tell me tru - ly, Tell me why you scorn me so, Tell me
2. Fa - ther was — a Span-ish mer-chant, And be - fore he went to sea, He told me
3. If when walk-ing — in the gar - den, Pluck-ing flow'rs all wet with dew, Tell me
4. If when walk-ing — in the gar - den, I should ask you to be mine, And should

why, when ask'd a ques-tion, You will al - ways — an - swer no?
to be sure and an - swer "No!" to all you — said to me.
will you be of - fend - ed, If I walk — and talk with you?
tell you that I love you, Would you then — my heart de - cline?

*dim.* *mf* *A little faster*

No sir!

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

no sir! no sir! no — sir! No sir! no sir! no sir! no!

# Noah's Ark

Allegretto

*f*

1. Old Noah he built him - self an ark, There's one wide riv - er to cross! He built it all of
2. The an - imals went in one by one, There's one wide riv - er to cross! And Ja - phet with a
3. The an - imals went in two by two, There's one wide riv - er to cross! The Ele-phant and the

hick - ory bark, There's one wide riv - er to cross!
big bass drum, There's one wide riv - er to cross!
Kan - ga - roo, There's one wide riv - er to cross!

Chorus

There's one wide riv - er, And

that wide riv - er is Jor - dan, There's one wide riv - er, There's one wide riv - er to cross.

# Nightingale, O Nightingale

Andantino con espressione

RUSSIAN SONG

1. Night-in-gale, O night-in-gale, so full of song thou art, — Tell, O tell me where thou fli-est, sing, thou to my heart. Will an-oth-er maid-en hear thee, full of fears, — Sleep-less, rest-less, com-fort-less ev-er weep-ing tears? Fly a-way, dear night-in-gale, to oth-er coun-tries fly, — Try if thou canst find a maid-en quite so sad as I.

2. O, I bore a neck-lace once, all pearls, like morn-ing dew, — And I had a fin-ger ring, well gemm'd with ru-bies, too; And I bore with-in my heart, love so true and warm, — But when the sad Au-tumn came life lost all its charms. Then came Win-ter, dull and dark, which cruel-ly burst my ring, — And I'd been by love for-sak-en ere the ear-ly Spring.

# Now Thank We All Our God

Moderato

1. Now thank we all our God, With heart and hands and voic-es. Who won-drous things hath done, In whom His earth re-joic-es: Who from our moth-ers' arms Hath blessed us on our way With count-less gifts of love, And still is ours to-day.

2. O may this bount-eous God, Through all our life be near us, With ev-er joy-ful hearts, And bless-ed peace to cheer us, And keep us in His grace And guide us when per-plexed, And free us from all ills, In this world and the next.

# Nora O'Neal

Allegretto

W. S. HAYS

*mf*

1. Oh! I'm lone - ly to-night, love, with - out you, And I sigh for one glance of your eye; For
2. Oh! the night - in - gale sings in the wild-wood, As if ev - er - y note that he knew, Was

sure there's a charm, love, a - bout you, When ev - er I know you are nigh. Like the
learned from your sweet voice in child-hood, To re - mind me, sweet No - ra, of you. But I

*cresc.*

beam of the star when 'tis smil - ing, Is the glance which your eye can't con - ceal, And your
think, love, so of - ten a - bout you, And you don't know how hap - py I feel, But I'm

*mf*

voice is so sweet and be - guil - ing That I love you, sweet No - ra O - Neal. Oh!
lone - ly to-night, love with - bout you, My dar - ling, sweet No - ra O - Neal. Oh!

*mf*

don't think that ev - er I'll doubt you, My love I will nev - er con - ceal; Oh! I'm

*cresc.*

lone - ly to - night, love, with - out you, My dar - ling, sweet No - ra O' - Neal.

# Nicodemus Johnson

Moderato

J. B. MURPHY

*f*

1. I've just ar - rived in town to - day, And here I is be - fore you, To
2. My mas - ter was a Un - ion man, He did not like se - ces - sion, And

sing a-bout my name and oc - cu - pa - tion; I come from old Vir - gin - ny State, The
so he had to leave the old plan - ta - tion; I thought to stay be - hind him there, Twould

best in all the na - tion; O - ho! O - ho! To Nic - o - de - mus John - son.
be an ag - gra - va - tion; O - ho! O - ho! To Nic - o - de - mus John - son.

## Nobody Knows The Trouble I've Seen

SLAVE HYMN

Slow

*mf*

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

No - bod - y knows the trou - ble I've seen, Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah!

*Fine*

Some - times I'm up, some - times I'm down, Oh yes, Lord, Some - times I'm al - most to the ground, Oh yes, Lord.
Al - though you see me going along so, Oh yes, Lord, I have my tri - als here be - low, Oh yes, Lord.

*D.C.*

## Now I Lay Me Down To Sleep

Slowly

*p* *cresc.* *dim.*

Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep, If

*p*

I should die be - fore I wake I pray the Lord my soul to take.

# Nightingale Song

CARL ZELLER

Allegretto

Sing a - gain, sing a-gain, sing a - gain, Night - in - gale, once more sing, Sing a - gain, sing a-gain, sing a - gain, As you sang in that val - ley in spring! Ah! Ah! Sing a - gain, sing a-gain, sing a - gain, As you sang in that vale in spring!

*f* *mf* *cresc.*

# Norwegian National Hymn

R. NORDRAAK

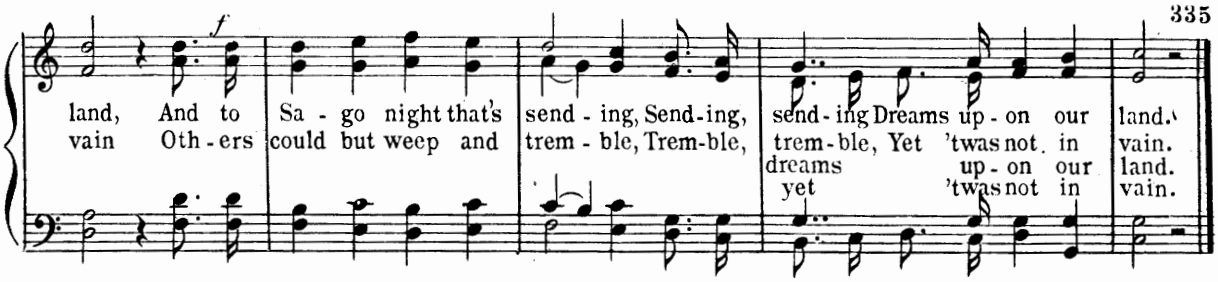
Tempo di Marcia

*f*

1. Yes, we love with fond de - vo - tion Nor-way's moun-tain domes, Ris - ing storm lashed o'er the o - cean, With their thou-sand homes; Love our coun - try while we're bend - ing
2. Peas-ants all their ax - es bright-ened, Read - y for the foe; Tor - den skjold in bat - tle light-en'd Set the land a - glow. E - ven wo - men did as - sem - ble

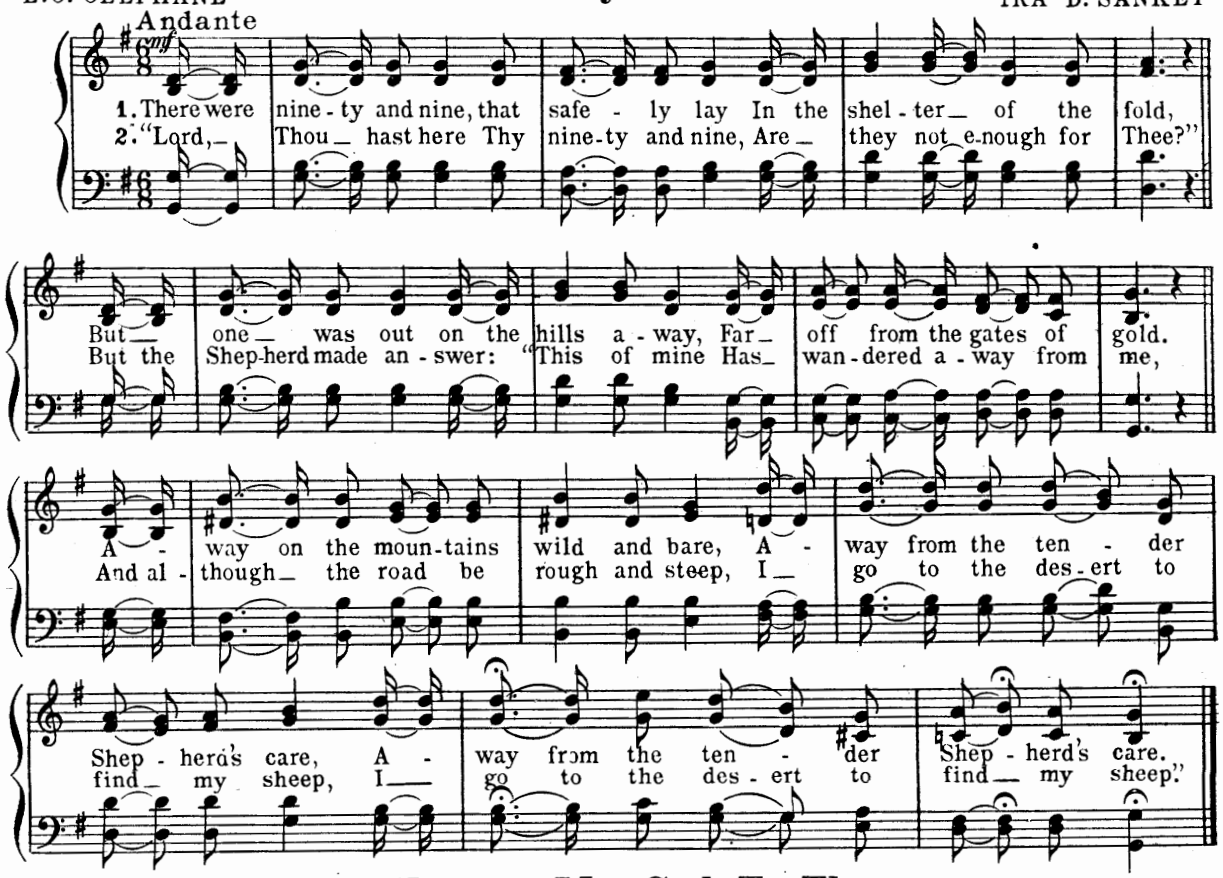
*p* *cresc.*

Thoughts to fa - thers grand, And to Sa - go night that's send - ing Dreams up - on our
On the blood - y plain, Oth - ers could but weep and trem - ble, Yet 'twas not in



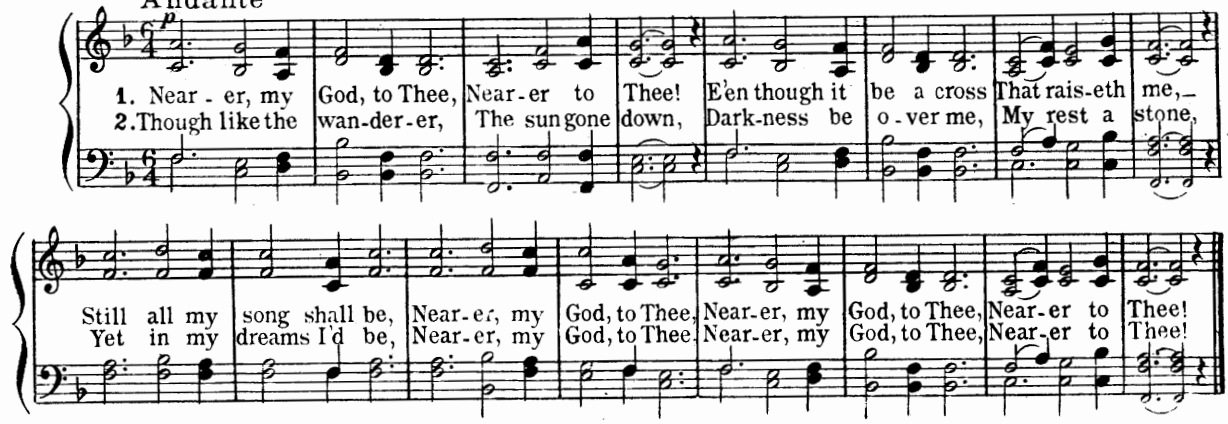

## The Ninety And Nine

E.C. CLEPHANE — IRA D. SANKEY




## Nearer, My God, To Thee

SARAH F. ADAMS — LOWELL MASON



F. E. WEATHERLY

# Nancy Lee

STEPHEN ADAMS

Allegro

*mf*

1. Of all the wives as e'er you know, Yeo ho! lads! ho, Yeo ho! — yeo ho! There's
2. The har-bour's past the breezes blow, Yeo ho! lads! ho, Yeo ho! — yeo ho! 'Tis

*mf* *cresc.*

none like Nancy Lee I trow, — Yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! See
long, e'er we come back I know, — Yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! But

*f*

there she stands an' waves her hand up-on — the quay, An' ev-'ry day when I'm a-way, she'll watch for
true an' bright from morn till night my home will be, An' all so neat an' snug an' sweet, for Jack at

*cresc.* *ff*

me, An' whisper low when tem-pests blow for Jack at sea, Yeo ho! lads ho! yo ho!
sea, An' Nan-cy's face to bless the place, an' wel-come me, Yeo ho! lads ho! yo ho!

*f* *f*

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

*cresc.* *ff*

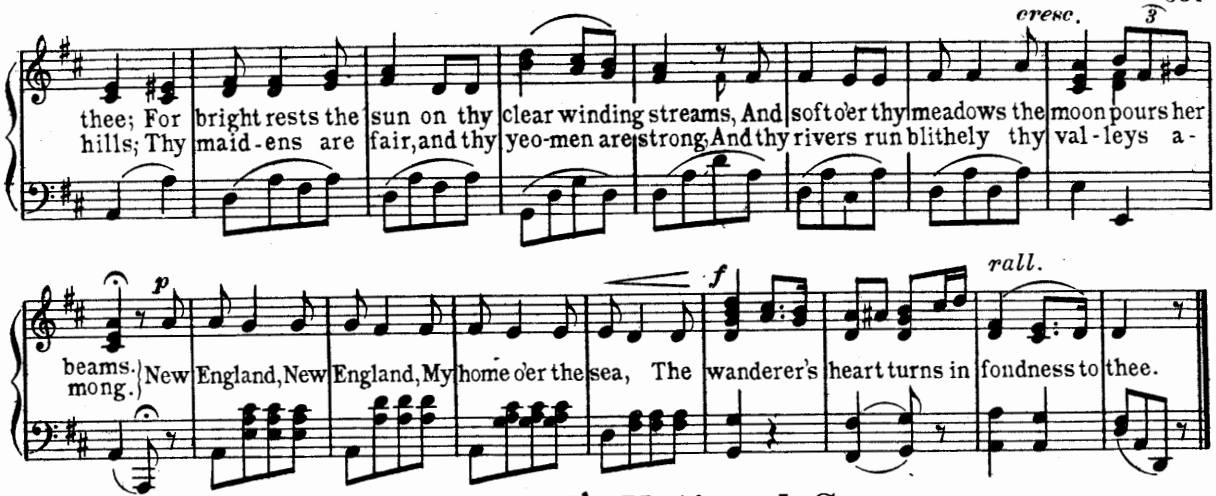
sea, — The sail - or's wife the sailor's star shall be The sailor's wife his star shall be. —

# New England, New England

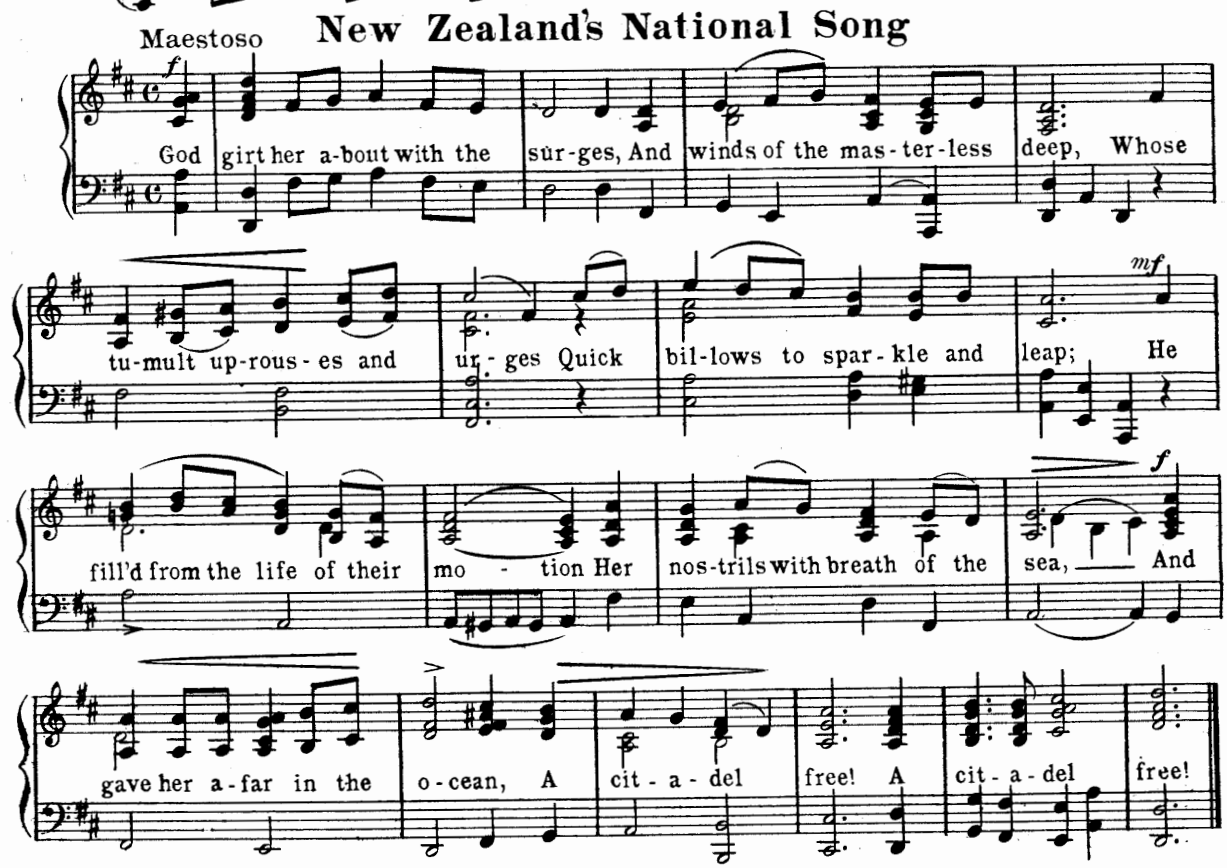
Andante

*mf* *cresc.* *dim.*

1. New England, New England, My home o'er the sea, My heart as I wander turns fond-ly to
2. Thy breezes are healthful, And clear are thy rills, The har-vest waves proudly and rich on thy



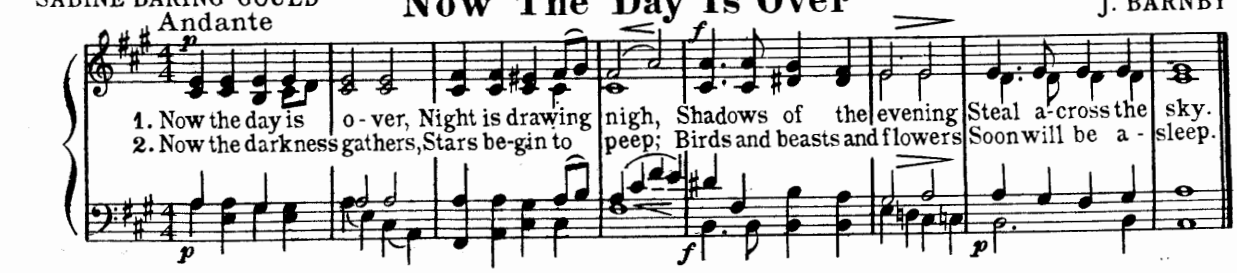

## New Zealand's National Song




SABINE BARING-GOULD

## Now The Day Is Over

J. BARNBY



# O Lovely Day, O Happy Day!

Andante

*mf*

1. One Sunday fine all bright and clear, As seldom dawn'd thro'-out the year, We both were strolling
2. All si-lent, arm in arm, we went, With hearts so full - on love thoughts bent, Thine eyes so blue, oh,

thro' the rye, O'er fields and meadows bright the sky. The sky-lark sang, the sun shone clear, And
love-ly sight! With sweet-est bliss are beam-ing bright! Her glance it pierced my in-most heart, More

*cresc.*

glistened bright both far and near!
dazz-ling than the sun-light's dart.

*f*

O love-ly day, O hap - py day, Now far a-way, that

*dim.*

hap - py day. O love - ly day, O hap - py day, Now far a - way, that hap - py day!

*f*

*rit. et dim.*

# Only To See Thee

Andante

F. CAMPANA

*mf*

1. On-ly to see thee dar-ling, On-ly to hear thy voice, E-ven its faint-est whis - per,
2. Gone is the sun-lit fu - ture, Vision of joy too bright, Now ev'ry gleam hath fad - ed,

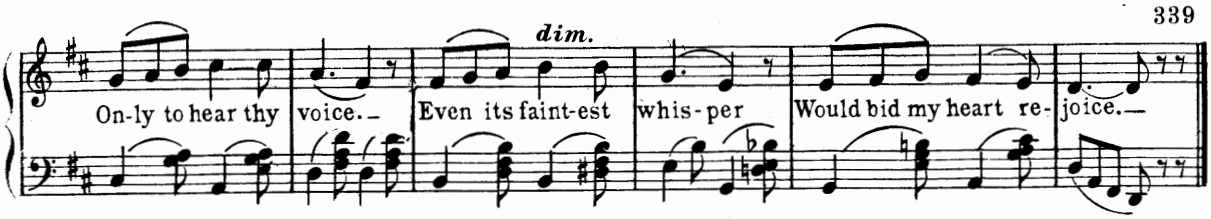
Would bid my heart re- joice;
Van- ish'd in dark - est night;

*p*

Vain-ly I crave the sun-shine Thy love would e'en im- part
Too late a - las! I know thee, Ah let my poor heart tell

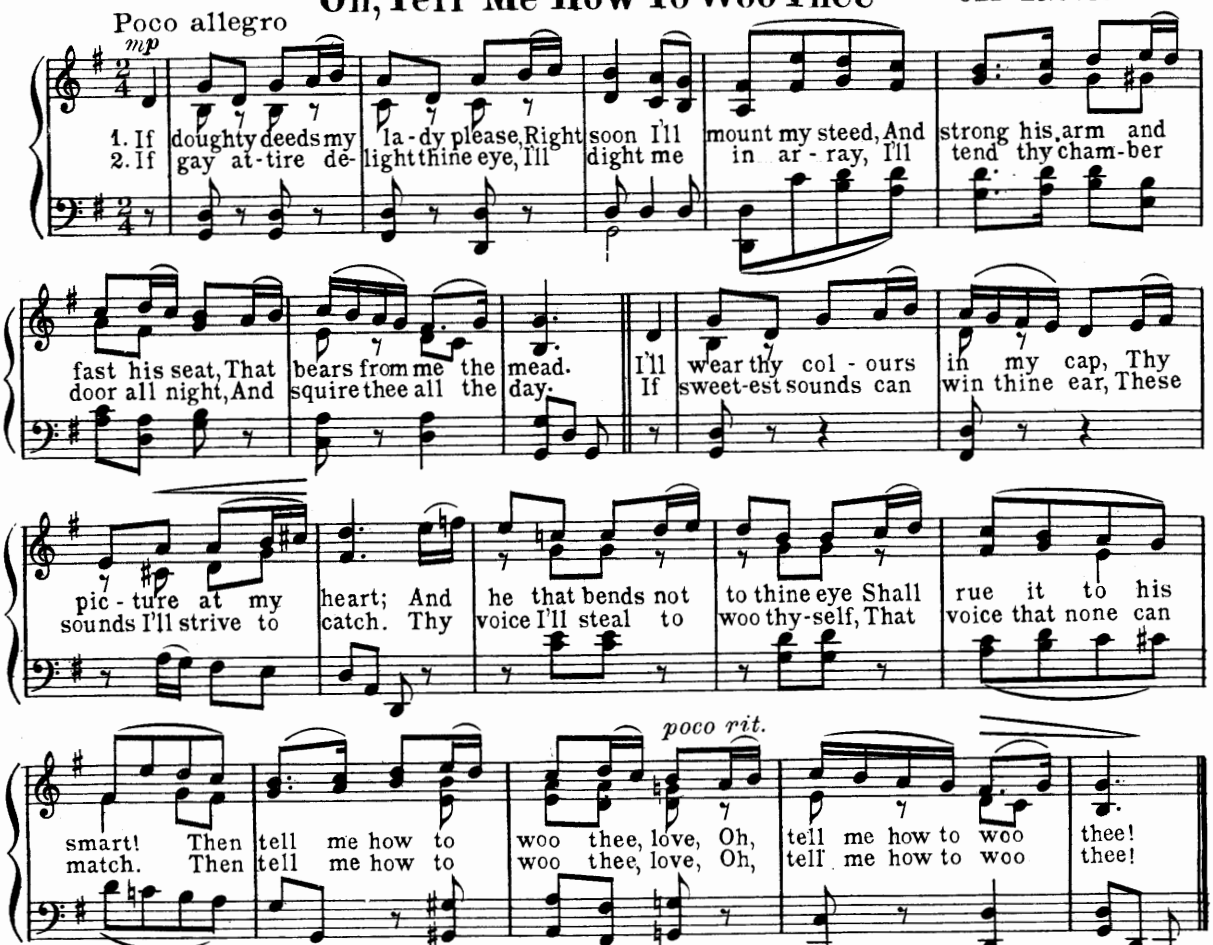
I may but bear its im - press Deep in my in-most heart.
Breathe out its bit - ter an - guish In that sad, word, fare- well!

On-ly to see thee darling.



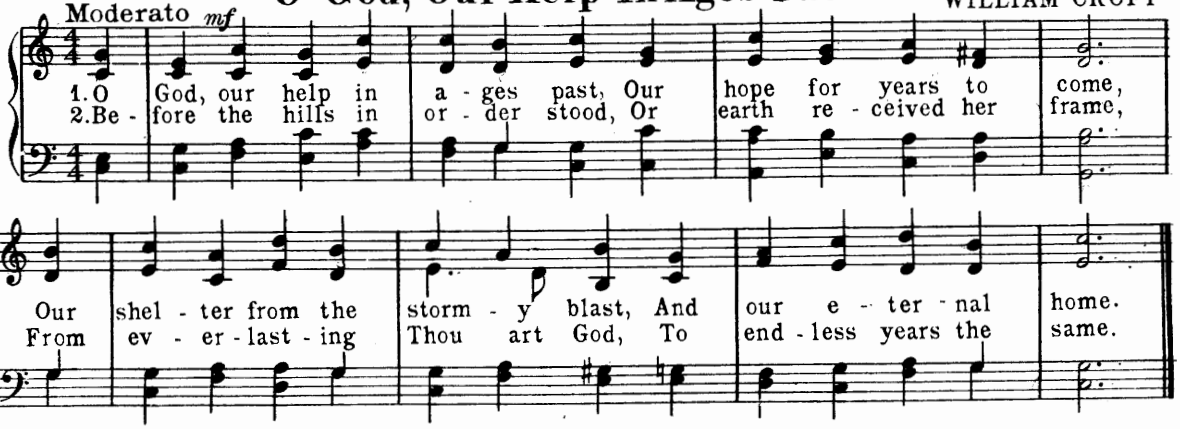

## Oh, Tell Me How To Woo Thee

OLD ENGLISH AIR




## O God, Our Help In Ages Past

WILLIAM CROFT



# Over The Garden Wall

Lively

G. D. FOX

*mf*

1. Oh, my love stood un - der the wal - nut tree, O - ver the gar - den wall, — She
2. But her fa - ther stamp'd and her fa - ther raved, O - ver the gar - den wall, — And

whispered and said she'd be true to me, O - ver the gar - den wall. She'd beau - ti - ful eyes, and
like an old mad - man he be - haved, O - ver the gar - den wall. She made a bou - quet of

*cresc.* *dim.* *mf*

beau - ti - ful hair, She was not ve - ry tall, So she stood on a chair, And man - y a time have I
ro - ses red, But im - me - di - ate - ly I — popped up my head, He gave me a buck - et of

*cresc.* *f*

kissed her there, O - ver the gar - den wall. —
wa ter in - stead O - ver the gar - den wall. —

Chorus

*mf*

O - ver the gar - den wall, — The

*cresc.* *cresc.* *f*

sweet - est girl of all. — There nev - er were yet such eyes of jet, And you may bet I'll

*dim.*

nev - er for - get The night our lips in kiss - es met, O - ver the gar - den wall. —

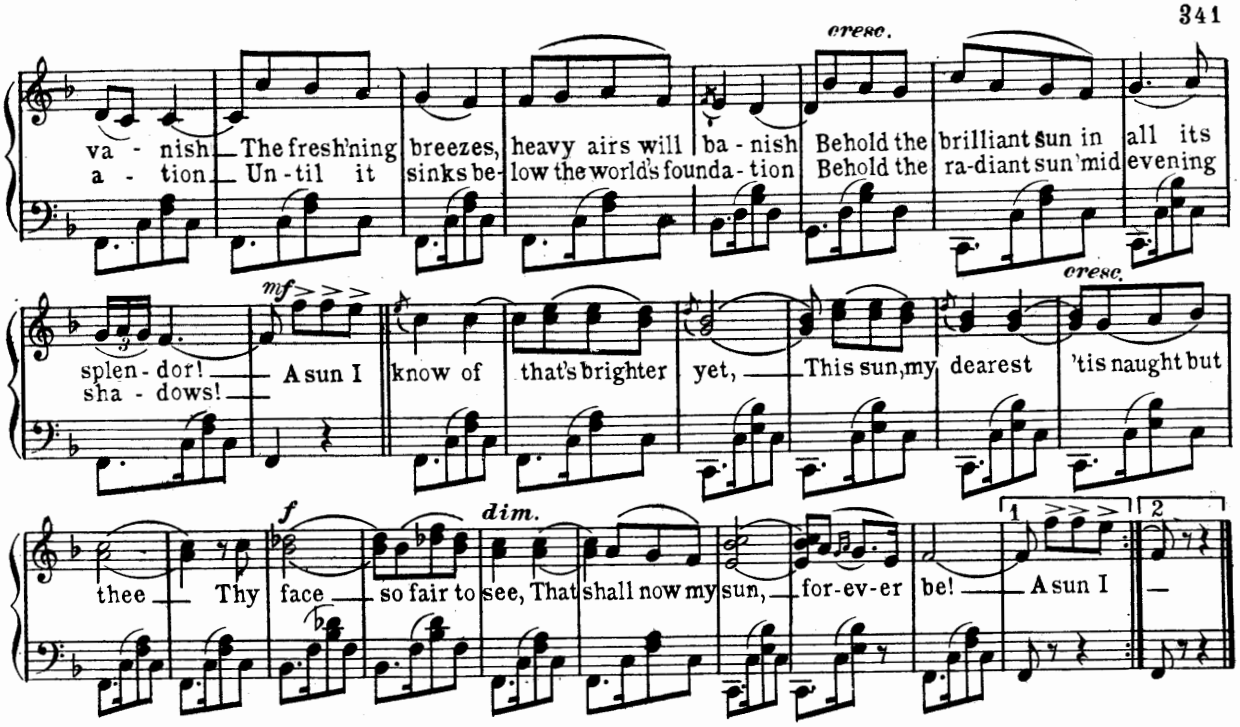
# 'O Sole Mio!

Andantino

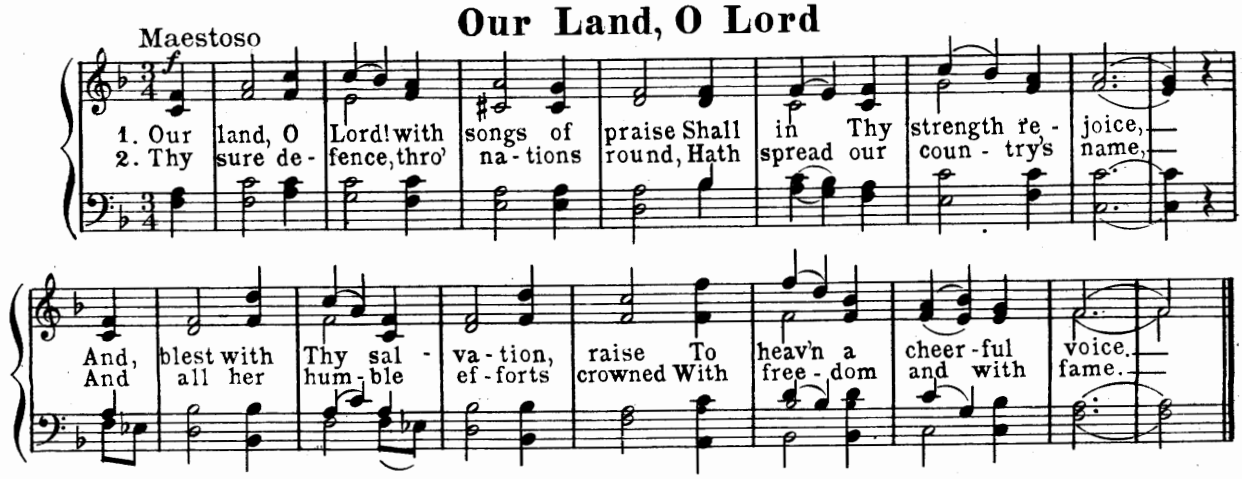
E. di CAPUA

*p*

1. Be - hold the bril - liant sun in all its splendor — for - gotten is the storm, — the clouds now
2. Be - hold the ra - diant sun 'mid evening shadows — with golden light it cov - ers all cre -

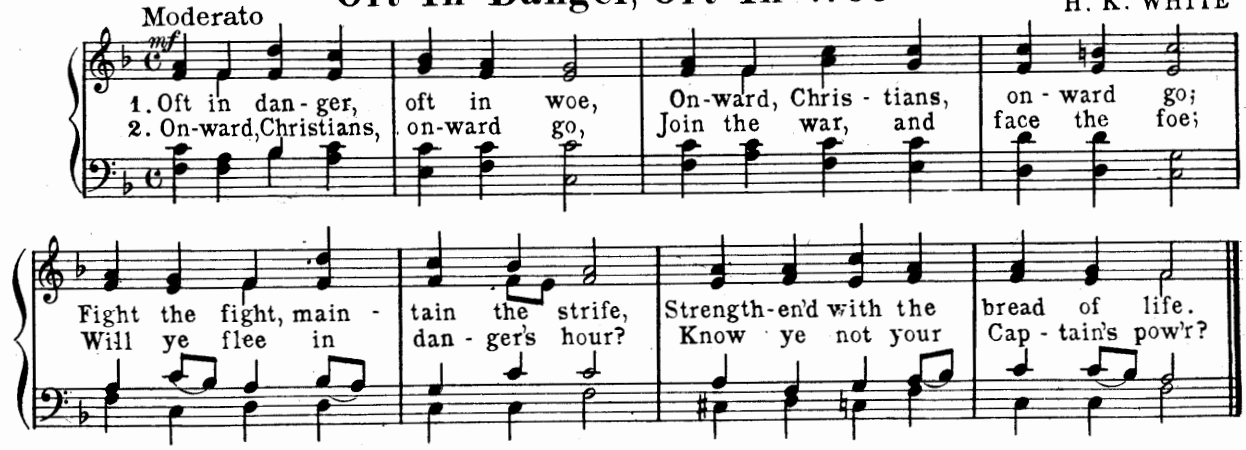



## Our Land, O Lord




## Oft In Danger, Oft In Woe

H. K. WHITE



# Of That Dark Scaffold

G. VERDI

Allegro

*mf*

Of that dark scaf - fold, those flames as - cend - ing Thrill thro' each fi - bre with mad-d'ning glow Quench them, ye mon-sters vile, or still of - fend - ing, To stay their fu - ry, your blood shall flow! I was her off - spring, ere love I gave thee, In vain to hold me, thy grief would try. Moth - er un - hap - py! I fly to save thee, Or, all else fail - ing, with thee to die! I'd fly to save thee or to die, I'd fly to save, or else _____ or else to die.

# Only A Lock Of Her Hair

W. T. WRIGHTON

Andantino

*p*

1. On - ly one lock of her hair, On - ly some flow'rs that she wore,
2. Was it last night that I gaz'd In - to her beau - ti - ful eyes?

Years have I treas-urd them where Oth-ers can see them no more.
Hers up to mine they were rais'd. Ming-led with mine were her sighs.

*mf*

Fa-ded the flow'rs are and dead, Beau-ti-ful still is the tress,
Still her warm breath on my cheek, Feel I in-fan-cy, and hear The

Oh! for the days that are fled, Nev-er my love has been less.
words that she trem-bled to speak, Yet told-me to her I was dear.

*p*

Still in my dreams she ap- pears,
No! but in dreams she ap- pears, Lov-ing and beau-ti-ful there,

Mine aft-er wait-ing long years, On-ly a lock of her hair.

## Oh, For A Thousand Tongues

CHARLES WESLEY

Andante

*f*

1. Oh, for a thou-sand tongues, to sing My dear Re-deem-er's praise;
2. My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As-sist me to pro-claim,

The glo-ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace!
To spread thro' all the earth a-broad, The hon-ors of Thy name.

# Oh, Dem Golden Slippers

Moderato

JAS. A. BLAND

*mf*

1. Oh, my golden slippers am laid away, Kase I don't 'spect to ware 'em till my weddin' day, And my
2. Oh, my old ban-jo — hangs on de wall, Kase it ain't been — tuned — since — way last fall, But de

longtail'd coat, dat I loved so well, I will wear up in de char-iot in de morn. And my
darks all say we will hab a good time, When we ride up in de char-iot in de morn. Dar's ole

long, white robe dat I bought last June, I'm gwine to get changed Kase it fits to soon, And de
brud-der Ben and sis-ter Luce, Dey will tel-e-graph de news to Un-cle Bac-co Juce, What a

old gray hoss — dat I used to drive, I will hitch him to de char-iot in de morn
great camp-meet-in' der will be dat day, When we ride up in de char-iot in de morn

Chorus *1st time p 2nd time f*

Oh, dem golden slippers! Oh, dem golden slippers! Golden slippers Ise gwine to wear, bekase dey look so neat;

Oh, dem golden slippers! Oh, dem golden slippers! Golden slippers Ise gwine to wear, To walk de golden street.

# O Whistle And I'll Come To You

Allegro

SCOTCH SONG

*mf*

O whis-tle, and I'll come to you, my lad, O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad, Tho'

fa-ther and mother and a' should gae mad, O whis-tle, and I'll come to you my lad {1. But 2. At

*f* wa-ri-ly tent when ye come to court me, And come na un-less the back yett be a-jee; Syne
kirk or at mar-ket, when e'er ye meet me, Gang by me as tho' that ye cared na a flie. But

*rit.*

*a tempo* up the back style and let nae-bo-dy see, And come as ye were na com-in' to me. O
steal me a blink o' your bon-nie black e'e, Yet look as ye were na look-in' at me.

*mf*

*mf* whis-tle, and I'll come to you, my lad, O whis-tle, and I'll come to you, my lad! Tho'

*cresc.* *dim.*

fa-ther and mo-ther and a' should gae mad, O whis-tle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

*rit.* *a tempo*

## Once I Saw A Sweet Brier-Rose

Moderato

*p* 1. Once I saw a sweet-brier rose, All so freshly blooming, Bathed with dew and blushing fair Gently waved by
2. "Rose," said I, "thou shalt be mine, All so freshly blooming;" Rose replied, "Nay, let me go, Or thy blood shall

*p*

balmy air, All the air per-fum-ing: Gently waved by balmy air, All the air per-fum-ing:
freely flow, For thy rash pre-sum-ing; Or thy blood shall freely flow, For thy rash pre-sum-ing.

# On Yonder Rock Reclining

*"Fra Diavolo"*

D. F. AUBER

Allegretto

1. On yon - der rock reclining, That fierce and swarthy form be - hold! Fast his hands his carbine hold,
2. On strength and skill re - ly - ing, He's fear - less of the treach'rous dart, From his face, with hurried steps,

'Tis his best friend of old! This way his steps in - clining, His scarlet plume waves o'er his brow,
Dan - ger - ous foes de - part. But to the kind and gen - tle, A mil - der spir - it doth he know,

And his vel - vet cloak hangs low, Playing in graceful flow! Trem - ble — E'en while the storm is
From his lips, in man - ly tones, Tenderest ac - cents flow.

beat - ing, A - far hear ech - o re - peat - ing His name, Di - a - vo - lo! Trem - ble!

E'en while the storm is beat - ing, A - far hear ech - o re - peat - ing His name, Di - a - vo - lo!

# Our Flag O'er Us Waving

G. VERDI

Allegro marcia

1. See the proud banner of Lib - er - ty streaming, Its bright star - ry folds o'er us radiant - ly
2. Bright star - ry banner! thy fame we will cher - ish, And shield thee and save thee, or no - bly we'll

gleam - ing; Hear the loud trumpet its war note re - peat - ing, The roll of the drums where brave armies are
per - ish: Proudly our ea - gles are floating a - bove thee, Co - lumbia, for - ev - er we bless thee and

meet-ing, brave armies meet-ing, are meet-ing! On, on to glo-ry's field, our proud flag o'er us
love thee! bless thee and love thee, and love thee! On, on to vic-to-ry! our coun-try now and

wav-ing! Marching to conquest ev-'ry dan-ger no-bly braving. March, march, march on to vic-to-
ev-er, Pal-sied the trai-tor hand our Un-ion that would sev-er: Hail! hail! hail! land of lib-er-

*tutta forza*

ry! March on! March on! on! March on! March on! on! March on to vic-to-ry!
ty! Hail! no-ble land, hail! Hail! no-ble land, hail! Hail! land of lib-er-ty!

## Oh Lord, Oh, My Lord

SLAVE HYMN

Slowly

*p* *f* *p* *Fine* *f*

1. Oh, Lord, Oh, my Lord, Oh, my good Lord! Keep me from sinking down. I tell you what I mean to do; Keep
2. Oh, Lord, Oh, my Lord, Oh, my good Lord! Keep me from sinking down. I look up yonder and what do I see? Keep

*faster* *p* *rit.* *D.C.*

me from sink-ing down; I mean to go to Heav-en too; Keep me from sink-ing down.
me from sink-ing down; I see the angels beck'ning to me; Keep me from sink-ing down.

## Old Hundred

L. BOURGEOIS

*Doxology*
Maestoso

*mf*

1. All peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer-ful voice,
2. Know that the Lord is God in-deed; With-out our aid He did us make:

*Doxology*
Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow, Praise Him, all crea-tures here be-low;

Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell, Come ye be-fore Him and re-joice.
We are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.

Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son and Ho-ly Ghost.

# Old King Cole

Moderato

*mf*

Now Old King Cole, was a mer-ry old soul, And a mer-ry old soul was he, He-

call'd for his pipe and he call'd for his bowl, And he call'd for his fid-dlers three, And ev-'ry fid-dler

had a fine fid-dle, And ev-'ry fid-dler had a fine fid-dle,— And a ver- y fine fid-dle had

he, And a ver - y fine— fid-dle had he, For

Chorus

*f*

Old King Cole, was a mer-ry old soul, And a

mer-ry old soul was he; He call'd for his pipe, and he call'd for his bowl, And he call'd for his fid-dlers three.

# O Pretty Polly

Allegretto

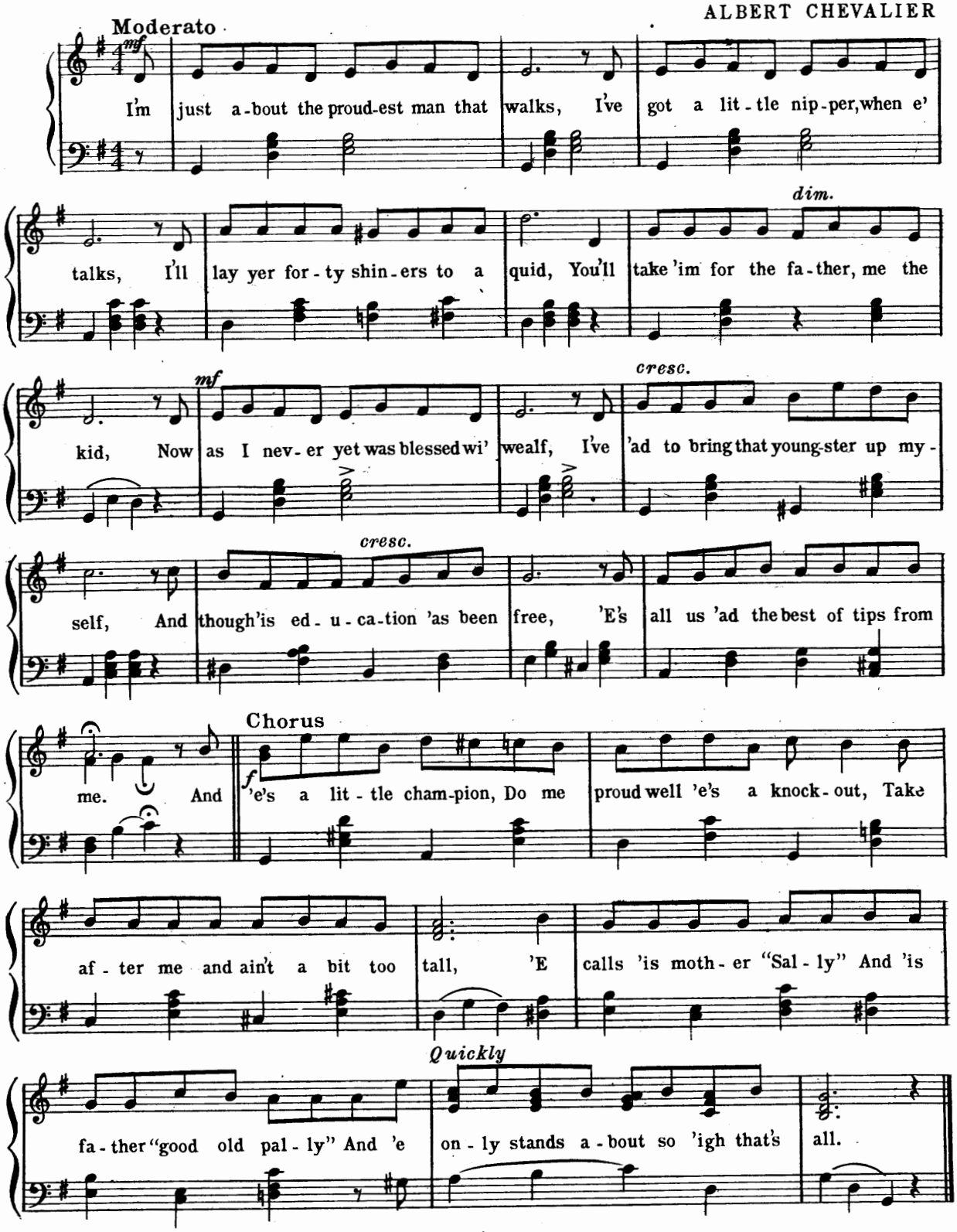
*mf*

O pret-ty Pol - ly, don't you cry, You'll be hap - py by - and - by;

When he comes he'll dress in blue, That's the sign he'll mar - ry you.

# Our Little Nipper

ALBERT CHEVALIER



# Oh, Mother, Take The Wheel Away

Allegretto — CLARIBEL

*mf*

1. Oh, Mother, take the wheel a-way and put it out of sight, For I am heav-y heart-ed and I can not spin to-night. Come near-er, near-er yet I have a sto-ry for your ear, So come and sit be-side me, come and lis-ten, mother dear: You heard the village bells, tonight his wedding bells they were; And Ma-bel is his hap-py wife and I am lone-ly here; A year a-go to-night, I mind, he sought me for his bride, And who so glad at heart as I, that hap-py Eas-ter night?

2. But Mabel came a-mong us, and her face was fair to see, What wonder was it, moth-er, that he thought no more of me? When first he said fair words to her I know she would not hear, But in the end she listen'd, could she help it, mother dear? And af-ter-wards we met, and we were friendly all the same; For ne'er a word I said to them of an-ger, or of blame, 'Till both believ'd I did not care, and may-be they were right, But mother, take the wheel a-way, I can-not spin to-night.

*mf* — *rit.*

# One Sweetly Solemn Thought

Adagio — PHOEBE CARY

*p*

1. One sweetly sol-emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm nearer home to-day, Than I have been before; Near-er my Father's house, Where many mansions be, Near-er the great white throne, Nearer the crystal sea.

2. Near-er the bound of life Where burdens are laid down, Nearer to leave the cross, And nearer to the crown: But there lies dark between And winding thro' the night The deep and unknown stream That leads at last to light.

# On Venice Waters

Allegretto *p*

"O - ver the foam we glide, Borne on the rip-pling tide, Un-der the dream-y sum - mer skies, Watch-ing the mist a - round us rise, What though the world be wide, Love's gold - en star will guide, Drift-ing a-long, Glad is our song, While we are side by side." While we are side by side, While we are side by side."

*cresc.* *f* *rall.* *rall.*

# Oh, Touch The Harp

Andante *mf*

1. Oh, touch the harp's neg - lect - ed string, And let its sweet-est tone Those sun - ny dreams be - fore us bring Which o'er our child-hood shone; The ills of life shall be for - got, We will not heed its tears, But seek some wild, fa - mil - iar spot In mem - 'ry's ver - dant years.
2. Oh, touch the harp, and while its deep Wild mu - sic meets the ear, O'er life's young dream we will not weep, Nor heed its la - ter tear; Our path shall be the fresh and gay, Which we in child-hood pressed, And voic - es shall a - round us play Of those we loved the best.

*affettuoso* *ad lib.*

# One Sweetly Solemn Thought

Andante

R.S. AMBROSE

*p* *cresc.*

One sweet-ly sol-emn thought, Comes to me o'er and o'er, I am near - er

home to - day, Then I've *dim.* ev - er been be - fore; *mf* Near - er my Fa-ther's home, Where the

*cresc.* man - y man-sions be *f* Near - er the great white throne, *dim.* Near - er the crys-tal sea.

*p* *cresc.* *cresc.*

Near-er the bounds of life, Where we lay our bur-den down Near - er leaving the cross—

*dim.* Near-er gaining the crown. Animato *mf* But ly-ing darkly be - tween,— Winding a-down thro' the night.

Is the si - lent, unknown stream, That *cresc.* leads at last to the *f* light, *rit.* Tempo Primo *p* Fa-ther be near when my

feet, Are slipping o'er the brink, For it *cresc.* may be I am near-er home, *dim. et rit.* Near-er now than I *p* think.

# Oh! Lemuel

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Allegro

*mf*

1. Oh! Lem-u-el, my lark, Oh! Lem-u-el, my beau, I'se gwine to gib a ball to-night, I'd hab you for to know; But if you want to dance Just dance out side de door; Be - cause your feet so ber - ry large Dey'll cov - er all de floor. Oh! Lem! Lem! Lem-u-el I say! Go down to de cot-ton field, And bring de boys a - way.

2. Oh! Lem-u-el, my hope, Oh! Lem-u-el, my joy, I'll tell you who'll be at de ball, My wool - y head - ed boy. Dere's Nel - ly Bly you know, And Ju - li - an - na Snow, Dere's Cane-brake Kit - ty likes de boys, And she'll be sure to go. Oh! Lem! Lem! Lem-u-el I say!

Chorus

Go down to de cot-ton field! Go down I say! Go down and call de nig-ga boys all: We'll work no more to-day.

# Our Baby

FRENCH LULLABY

Slowly

*p* *cresc* *dim.*

1. Cheeks of rose, ti - ny toes, Has our lit - tle ba - by; Eyes of blue, fin - gers too, Cun - ning all as may be.

2. Thee I love, sweet - est dove, Dar - ling lit - tle ba - by! While I live, thee I'll give Kiss - es warm as may be.

*dim.*

# Nelly Was A Lady

Moderato

STEPHEN FOSTER

*mf*

1. Down on de Mis - sis - sip - pi float - ing, Long time I trab - ble on de way,
2. Now I'm un - hap - py an' I'm weep - ing, Can't tote de cot - ton wood no more;

All night de cot - ton wood a - to - ting, Last night while Nel - ly was a - sleep - ing,

Sing for my true lub all de day. Death came a knock - in' at de door.

Chorus

*mf* Nel - ly was a la - dy, *cresc.* Last night she died;

*f* *dim.* Toll de bell for lub - ly Nell, My dark Vir - gin - ny bride. *pp* Nel - ly was a la - dy,

*cresc.* Last night she died; *p* *dim.* Toll de bell for lub - ly Nell, My *pp* dark Vir - gin - ny bride.

# O Du Lieber Augustin

Slow Waltz

*mf*

O du lie - ber Au - gus - tine, Au - gus - tine, Au - gus - tine, O du lie - ber Au - gus - tine al - les ist hin!

*f* Geld ist weg, Mad'l ist weg, Al - les weg, Al - les weg, *f* O du lie - ber Au - gus - tine Al - les ist hin!

# O Wrap The Flag Around Me, Boys

Moderato — R. S. TAYLOR

*mf*

1. O, wrap the flag a-round me, boys, To die were far more sweet, With Free-dom's star-ry em-blem, boys, To be my wind-ing sheet, In life I lov'd to see it wave, And
2. O, I had thought to greet you, boys, On ma-ny a well won field, When to our star-ry ban-ner, boys, The trai-t'rous foe should yield; But now, a-las! I am de-nied My

*Fine*

fol-low where it led, And now my eyes grow dim, my hands, Would clasp its last bright shred.
dear-est earth-ly pray'r You'll fol-low and you'll meet the foe, But I shall not be there.

*D.C.*

# Oh, My Darling Clementine

Waltz time — P. MONTROSE

*mf*

1. In a cav-ern, in a can-yon, Ex-ca-vat-ing for a mine, Dwelt a min-er, for-ty-nin-er, And his daugh-ter, Cle-men-tine,
2. Light she was and like a fai-ry, And her shoes were num-ber nine, Her-ring box-es, with-out top-ses, San-dals were for, Cle-men-tine,

Chorus

*f*

Oh my dar-ling, Oh my dar-ling; Oh my dar-ling Cle-men-tine, You are lost and gone for-ev-er, Dref-ful sor-ry, Cle-men-tine.

3.

Drove she ducklings to the water,
Every morning just at nine,
Hit her foot against a splinter,
Fell into the foaming brine.

4.

Ruby lips above the water,
Blowing bubbles soft and fine;
Alas, for me! I was no swimmer,
So I lost my Clementine.

# On, On, On, The Boys Came Marching

G. F. ROOT

March time

*f*

1. O! the day it came at last, When the glor - ious tramp was heard And the
2. O! the feeb - lest heart grew strong, and the most de - spond - ent sure, When we

boys came march-ing fif - ty thou - sand strong, And we grasped each oth - er's hand, Tho' we
heard the thrill-ing sounds we loved so well, For we knew that want and woe, We no

ut - tered not a word, As the boom - ing of our can - non rolled a - long!
long - er should en - dure, When the hosts of free - dom reached our pris - on cell!

On, on, on the boys came march - ing, Like a grand ma - jes - tic sea, And they

dashed a - way the guard from the heav - y i - ron door, And we stood be-neath the star-ry ban-ner, free!

# O Lord! Correct Me

G. F. HANDEL

𝄋 Andante

*pp*

O Lord! cor - rect me, not in Thine an - ger; Have mer - cy on me, and blot out all my

*Fine*

sins. Have mer - cy on me, have mer - cy on me and blot out all my sins.

*D.C*

# On Billow Rocking

R. PLANQUETTE

Moderato

*p*

On bil-low rock-ing, at tempest mocking, gallant sail-or boy, O-cean's thy home! Calmly thou'rt sleeping,

Tho' gale be sweeping, All the blue desert of wa-ters to foam.

*rit.* *Fine*

Piu animato

*p*

And tho' rude be thy pil - low,

vi-sion fair hovers near, From a-far o'er the bil - low, Come the lov'd ones and dear! Ah!

*rit.* *fz*

ah! may fav-'ring gale Ah! Ah! still waft thy sail, Float on, float on.

*fz* *fz* *fz* *rit.* *f* *D.C.*

# The Old Time

J. R. THOMAS

Moderato

*p*

1. 'Twas when the hay was mown, Maggie In the long years a - go And while the western
2. Your voice was low and sweet, Maggie, Your wa - vy hair was brown Your cheek was like the

sky was rich, With sun-sets ro-sy glow, Then hand in hand, close- link'd we pass'd, The
wild, red rose, That show'rs its pe-tals down, Your eyes were like, the blue speed-well, With

*mf*

dew - y ricks be - tween, } When I was one and twen-ty, Mag, And you were sev-en - teen.
dew - y mois-ture sheen, }

*"Pinafore"*

# Over The Bright Blue Sea

A. SULLIVAN

Andantino

*p*

O - ver the bright blue sea Comes Sir Jo - seph Por-ter, K. C. B., Wher-

*f*

ev - er you may go, Bang! Bang! the loud nine pounders go; Shout o'er the bright blue

*p*

sea For Sir Jo-seph Por-ter, K. C. B., Shout o'er the bright blue sea For Sir

*f*

*dim.*

Jo-seph Porter K. C. B., For Sir Joseph Por-ter, K. C. B.,

*pp*

# O How Kindly Hast Thou Led Me

L. VON BEETHOVEN

Adagio

*p*

*cresc.*

*dim.*

O how kindly hast thou led me, Heaven'ly Fa-ther, day by day! Found my dwelling, clothed and

fed me, Fur-nish'd friends to cheer my way! Didst Thou bless me, didst Thou chast-en, With Thy

smile, or with Thy rod, 'Twas that still my step might hasten Homeward, heaven ward to my God!

# Our Mother's Way

Andantino

DAVID LEE

*p*

1. Oft with-in our lit-tle cot-tage, As the shad-ows gent-ly fall, While the sun-light touches soft-ly
2. If our home be bright and cher-ry, If it hold a wel-come true, Open-ing wide its door of greeting.

One sweet face up-on the wall, Do we gath-er there to-geth-er, And in qui-et, ten-der tone,
To the ma-ny, not the few; If we share our Fa-ther's boun-ty With the need-y day by day,

Ask each oth-er kind for-give-ness For the wrong that each has done, Should you wonder at this custom
'Tis be-cause our hearts re-mem-ber This was ev-er moth-er's way. Thus we keep her mem'ry precious

At the end-ing of the day, Eye and voice would quick-ly an-swer, "It was once our mother's way."
While we nev-er cease to pray, That the eve-ning find us wait-ing To go home our mother's way.

*rit.* *dim.*

# O Paradise!

Moderato

J. BARNBY

*mf* *cresc.*

1. O Par-a-dise! O Par-a-dise! Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the
2. O Par-a-dise! O Par-a-dise! The world is grow-ing old; Who would not be at

hap-py land Where they that loved are blest; Where loy-al hearts and true, Stand
rest and free Where love is nev-er cold?

*dim*

*cresc.* *dim.*

ev-er in the light, All rap-ture, thro' and thro', In God's most ho-ly sight.

# Over The Banister

Moderato

*mf*

1. O-ver the ban-is-ter leans a face, Ten-der-ly sweet and be-guil-ing,
2. No-bod-y on-ly those eyes of brown, Ten-der and full — of mean-ing,

While be-low her with ten-der grace, He watch-es the pic-ture smil-ing. The
Gaze on the love-li-est face in town, — O-ver the ban-is-ter lean-ing, .

*dim.*

*mf*

light — burns dim in the hall be-low, No-bod-y sees them stand-ing,
Tim-id and tired with down-cast eyes, I won-der why she lin-gers

*cresc.*

Say-ing good-night a-gain soft and low, — Half — way up to the land-ing.
Af-ter all the good-nights are said? — Some-bod-y holds her fin-gers.

*dim.*

# Oh! Gladly Now We Hail Thee

Moderato

V. BELLINI

*f*

1. Oh! glad-ly now we hail thee, Dear friends of ear-ly time! The same old love we
2. The trees a-round our dwell-ing, Where ear-ly friend-ships met, The riv-er and the

cher-ish As in our ear-ly prime; As na-ture nev-er chang-es Our
fount-ain, Our hearts can ne'er — for-get. There hearts and homes were lov-ing, And

*Fine.*

hearts are still the same, And still on friend-ship's al-tar As bright-ly burns love's flame.
round the hearth at even, Our hum-ble prayers as-cend-ed On wings of love to heaven.

*D.C.*

# Old Rosin, The Beau

Allegretto

*mf*

1. I live for the good of my na-tion, And my sons are all grow-ing low, But I
2. In the gay round of pleas-ure I've trav-ell'd, Nor will I be-hind leave a foe, And

*cresc.* *dim.*

hope that my next gen-er-a-tion, Will re-sem-ble old Ros-in, the beau. I've
when my com-pan-ions are jov-ial, They will drink to old Ros-in, the beau. But my

trav-ell'd this coun-try all o'er, And now to the next I will go, For I
life is now drawn to a clos-ing, And all will at last be so, So we'll

*f*

know that good quar-ters a-wait me, To wel-come old Ros-in, the beau.
take a full bum-per at part-ing, To the name of old Ros-in, the beau.

# Ode For Decoration Day

Larghetto

*mf*

1. To-day the earth is dressed in green, And decked with sweetest flowers; And all the sky smiles
2. A-bove the fields of form-er strife Now starts the wav-ing grain, And all is bloom and

o-ver head To bless this land of ours. No blood-y fields por-tray to-day The
light and life, Where he-roes brave were slain. Bring sweet-est flow'rs to deck the graves Where

coun-try's priceless cost, Scarce love-li-er could the world have looked Ere Par-a-dise was lost.
no-ble forms are laid; Bring am-a-ranths and ev-er-greens, Not those that ear-ly fade.

# Only A Face At The Window

Allegretto

VIRGINIA GABRIEL

*p*

1. On - ly a face at the win-dow, On - ly a face, noth-ing more; Yet the
2. On - ly her love I — ask for, On - ly her love, and — yet; The sweet

*cresc.* *dim.*

look in the eyes as they met mine Still comes to me o'er — and o'er —
boon I — can not — hope for, And so I must strive to for get —

*mf* *cresc.*

On-ly a word of greet - ing, On-ly a word that was all; — Yet all
On-ly a word low-ly spok - en On-ly a "yes" would she say; — It would

*f*

day in my heart it echoed, Like the sound of an an - gel's call. —
give the sweet face at the window To be mine for - ev - er and aye. —

# O Ye Tears

Andantino

FRANZ ABT

*p*

1. O ye tears! O ye tears! that have long re-fused to flow, Ye are wel-come to my heart, Thawing,
2. O ye tears! O ye tears! I am thankful that ye run; Tho' ye come from cold and dark, Ye shall

thaw ing as the snow; The ice-bound clod has yiel - ed, And the ear - ly snowdrops spring, And the
glit ter in the sun; The rain-bow can - not cheer us, If the show'rs re-fuse to fall, And the

heal-ing foun-tains gush, And the wild-er-ness shall sing; O ye tears! O ye tears! O ye tears! O ye tears!
eyes that can-not weep, Are the saddest eyes of all; O ye tears! O ye tears! O ye tears! O ye tears!

# Oh, Dear! What Can The Matter Be?

Lively

*mf*

1. Oh, dear! What can the mat-ter be? Dear, dear, what can the mat-ter be? Oh, dear!
2. Oh, dear! What can the mat-ter be? Dear, dear, what can the mat-ter be? Oh, dear!

What can the mat-ter be? John-ny's so long at the fair. He prom-ised to buy me a
What can the mat-ter be? John-ny's so long at the fair. He prom-ised to buy me a

*mf*

trink-et to please me, An' then for a smile, O he vowed he would tease me, He
bas-ket of pos-ies, A gar-land of lil-ies, A gift of red ros-es, A

prom-ised to bring me a bunch of blue rib-bons To tie up my bon-nie brown hair.
lit-tle straw hat to set off the blue rib-bons That tie up my bon-nie brown hair.

# Our Flag Is There

Moderato

*f*

1. Our flag is there, our flag is there! We'll greet it with three loud huz-zas, Our flag is there our
2. That flag with stood the bat-tle's roar, With foe-men stout, with foe-men brave; Strong hands have sought that

flag is there! Be-hold the glo-rious strips and stars! Stout hearts have fought for that bright flag, Strong
flag to lower! And found a speed-y, wa-t'ry grave. That flag is known on ev-'ry shore: The

*ff*

*Fine*

hands sus-taind it mast-head high, And, oh, to see how proud it waves, Brings tears of joy to ev-'ry eye
stand-ard of a gal-lant band, A-like un-staind in peace or war, It floats o'er freedom's hap-py land.

*D.C.*

# Over The Stars There Is Rest

Andante

FRANZ ABT

*p* *pp*

1. O-ver the stars there is rest! O-ver the stars there is rest! Suf-fer, in pa-tience con-
2. O-ver the stars there is rest! O-ver the stars there is rest! Bear up, to life's ills re-

fid - ing, Life with its tri - al and chid - ing; There peace e - ter - nal, a - bid - ing, Makes the de-
sign - ing; There, where the sun is still shin - ing, Comes neith-er grief nor re - pin - ing, There are re-

light of the blest. Dark tho' to - day be with sor - row, Hope gilds more bright - ly the
lieved the op - prest. On-ward with cour-age re - viv - ing Ev - er still pa - tient-ly

mor - row, O-ver the stars there is rest! O-ver the stars there is rest!
striv - ing, O-ver the stars there is rest! O-ver the stars there is rest!

*f* *pp*

# O Would I Were A Boy Again

Andante

F. ROMER

*mf*

1. Oh, would I were a boy a - gain, When life seem'd form'd of sunny years, And all the heart then knew of
2. 'Tis vain to mourn that years have shown How false these fai - ry visions were, Or murmur that mine eyes have

Oh, would I were a boy a-

*rall.* *Fine* *a tempo*

pain, Was wept a - way in transient tears, Was wept a - way in transient tears; When ev-'ry tale hope whispered
known The bur-den of a fleet-ing tear, The bur-den of a fleet-ing tear; But still the heart will fond-ly

gain, When life seem'd form'd of sun-ny years, When life seem'd form'd of sun-ny years.

*cresc.*

then, My fan - cy deemed was on - ly truth, Oh, would that I could know a-gain The happy visions of my youth.
cling To hopes no long - er prized as truth, And mem 'ry still de-lights to bring The happy visions of my youth.

# Oh! Susanna

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Moderato

*f*

1. I came to Al - a - ba - ma wid My ban - jo on my knee, I'm g'wan to Lou - si - an - a, My true love for to see. It rain'd all night de day I left, De wea-ther it was dry, De sun so hot I froze to death; Su - san - na, don't you cry. Oh! Su - san - na, oh, don't you cry for me, I've come from Al - a - ba - ma, wid my ban - jo on my knee.

2. I jumped aboard de tel - e - graph, And trabeled down de rib - er, De 'lec - tric flu - id mag - nified, And killed five hundred niggers. De bull - gine bust, de horse runs off, I real - ly thought I'd die; I shut my eyes to hold my breath; Su - san - na, don't you cry.

# Over The Summer Sea

Allegretto

*mf*

1. O-ver the sum-mer sea, With light hearts gay and free, Join'd by glad minstrel-sy, Gay-ly we're roam-ing; Swift flows the rippling tide; Light-ly the zephyrs glide; Round us, on ev - 'ry side, Bright crests are foaming. Fond hearts entwining, Cease all repin-ing; Near us is shin-ing Beauty's bright smile.

2. List, to my roun-de-lay As we glide on our way; Ne'er will my love de-cay, Ne'er will I leave thee; While o'er the wa-ters deep; Now our oars gai - ly sweep; True in the time they keep, What can grieve thee?

*p* *cresc* *pp*

# On The Rocks By Aberdeen

Andante con moto

A. SCOTT GATTY

*p*

1. On the rocks of A-ber-deen, Where the whist-lin' wave had been A I
busk'd my-sel' wi' speed, And the neigh-bors cried, "What need?" 'Tis a-

wan-der'd and at e'en was eer-ie; There I saw the sail-ing west, And I
las in a-ny wee aye bon-nie! Yet, my heart, my heart is sair, What's the

ran with joy op-prest, Ay, and took out all my best, My dear-ie, 2. Then I
good tho' I be fair, For thou'lt nev-er see me

mair, Man John-nie, For thou'lt nev-er see me mair, Man John-nie.

# The Nice Young Girl

Allegretto

ARTHUR SULLIVAN

*mf*

1. A prac-ti-cal, plain young girl; Not-a-fraid-of-the-rain young girl; A po-et-i-cal posy, both
2. A wear-her-own-hair young girl; A free-from-a-stare young girl; Im-proves ev-'ry hour, no

rud-dy and ros-y, A help-er-of-self young girl. At-home-in-her-place young girl; A good-honest-face young
sick-ly sun-flow-er, A wealth-of-rare-sense young girl. With-room-in-her-shoes young girl, With hands she can use young

girl, A toil-er se-rene, a life pure and clean, A prin-cess-of-peace young girl.
girl, Not a bang on her brow, to fraud not a bow, A just-what-she-seems young girl.

# The Old Arm Chair

HENRY RUSSELL

ELIZA COOK

Andante

*mf*

1. I love it, I love it, and who shall dare To chide me for lov-ing that old arm chair? I've treas-ured it long as a ho-ly prize; I've be-dewed it with tears, and em-balmed it with sighs; 'Tis bound by a thou-sand bands to my heart, Not a tie will break, not a link will start, Would ye learn the spell? a moth-er sat there, And a sa-cred thing is that old arm chair.

2. In child-hood's hour I lin-gered near The hal-lowed seat with list-ning ear; And gen-tle words that moth-er would give, To fit me to die, and teach me to live She told me shame would nev-er be-tide, With truth for my creed, and God for my guide, She taught me to lisp my ear-liest prayer, As I knelt be-side that old arm chair.

# O Thou Joyful Day

B. M. SMUCKER

Sostenuto moderato

*mf*

1. O thou joy-ful day, O thou bless-ed day, Ho-ly, peace-ful Christ-mas-tide! O thou joy-ful day, O thou bless-ed day, Ho-ly, peace-ful Christ-mas-tide! Earth's hopes a-wak-en, Christ life has tak-en, Laud Him, O laud Him on ev-'ry side!

2. O thou joy-ful day, O thou bless-ed day, Ho-ly, peace-ful Christ-mas-tide! O thou joy-ful day, O thou bless-ed day, Ho-ly, peace-ful Christ-mas-tide! Christ's light is beam-ing, Our souls re-deem-ing, Laud Him, O laud Him on ev-'ry side!

# The Old Oaken Bucket

SAMUEL WOODWORTH

Andante

*mf*

1. How dear to my heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec-ol-
The or-chard, the mead-ow, the deep tan-gled wild-wood, And ev-'ry loved

lec-tion pre-sents them to view!
spot which my in-fan-cy knew;

The wide-spread-ing pond, and the mill that stood
The cot of my fa-ther, the dai-ry-house

by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat-a-ract fell;
nigh it, And e'en the rude buck-et that hung in the well.

The old oak-en

buck-et, the i-ron-bound buck-et, The moss-cov-ered buck-et that hung in the well.

2.

The moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing.
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that rose from the well.

# Out Of The Window

Allegretto

*mf*

1. Out of the win-dow, o-ver the way, Saw I a cob-bler mend-ing to-day;
2. Out of the win-dow, o-ver the way, Saw I a tail-or sew-ing to-day;

Thump went the ham-mer on Sal-lie's shoe, "Humph," said the cob-bler "I guess you will do!"
How did he do it? Why, to and fro, Ran his great nee-dle through the cloth, so.

# The Old Familiar Place

Moderato — W. C. GLOVER

*mf*

1. We may rove the wide world o'er, But we ne'er shall find a trace Of the home we loved of yore, Of the old fa-mil-iar place; Oth-er scenes may be as bright, But we miss, 'neath a-lien skies, Both the wel-come and the light Of the old, kind, lov-ing eyes. Home is home, of this be-reft, Mem-'ry loves a-gain to trace All the forms of those we left — In the old fa-mil-iar place.

2. We may sail o'er ev-'ry sea, But we still shall fail to find A-ny spot so dear to be As the one we left be-hind; Words of com-fort we may hear, But they can-not touch the heart, Like the tones to mem-'ry dear, Of the friends from whom we part. Home is home, the wand-'rer longs All the scenes of youth to trace And to hear the old home songs — In the old fa-mil-iar place.

*rall.* *a tempo.* *rall.*

# Onward, Christian Soldiers

Tempo di Marcia — A. S. SULLIVAN

*f*

1. On-ward, Christian sol-diers, March-ing as to war; With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore. Christ the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads a-gainst the foe; For-ward in-to bat-tle See, His ban-ners go.

2. Like a might-y ar-my, Moves the Church of God; Broth-ers, we are tread-ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di-vid-ed, All one bod-y we, One in hope and doc-trine, One in char-i-ty.

Chorus

On-ward, Christian sol-diers, March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je-sus, go-ing on be-fore.
war. With the cross of

# Old Dog Tray

Moderato

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

1. The morn of life is past, And ev-'ning comes at last, It brings me a dream of a once- hap - py, day, Of mer - ry forms I've seen Up - on the vil - lage green, — Sport-ing with my old dog Tray.
2. The forms I called my own, Have van-ished one by one, The loved ones, the dear ones have all- passed a - way, Their hap-py smiles have flown, Their gen - tle voic - es gone; I've noth- ing left but old dog Tray.

Chorus

Old dog Tray's ev - er faith-ful, Grief can-not drive him a - way, He's gen-tle, he is kind; I'll nev-er, nev-er find A bet-ter friend than old dog Tray.

# The Oak And The Ash

Andante

1. A North country lass up to Lon-don did pass Al - tho' with her na-ture it did not a-gree; Which made her re-pent and so oft - en la - ment, Still wish-ing a - gain in the North for to be. O! the oak and the ash, and the bon-ny i - vy tree, They flour-ish at home in my own coun - try!
2. — Fain would I be in the North coun - try, Where the lads and the las-sies are mak-ing of hay; — There should I see what is pleas - ant to me; A mis-chief light on them en - ticed me a - way. O! the

# The Old Cabin Home

Moderato

*mf*

1. I am go - ing far a - way, Far a - way to leave you now, To the Mis-sis-sip - pi val - ley I am go - ing; I will take my old ban - jo, And I'll sing this lit - tle song, A - way down in my Old Cab - in Home.

2. I am going to leave this land, With this, our dark-ey band, To trav - el all the wide world o - ver, And when I get tired, I will set - tle down to rest, A - way down in my Old Cab - in Home.

Chorus

Here is my Old Cab - in Home, Here lies my sis - ter and my broth - er, Here lies my wife, the joy of my life, And my child in the grave with its mother.

# Old Black Joe

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Andante

*mf*

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my friends from the cot - ton fields a - way; Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land I know, I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing "Old Black Joe."

2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my friends come not a - gain? Griev - ing for forms now de - part - ed long a - go, I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing "Old Black Joe."

Chorus

I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my head is bend - ing low; I hear those gen - tle voi - ces calling, "Old Black Joe!"

# Old Easy-Chair By The Fire

Moderato espressivo

JAMES C. BECKEL

*p*

1. The days of my youth have all si-lent-ly sped, And my locks are now grown thin and gray. My hopes like a dream in the morn-ing have fled, And noth-ing re-mains but de-cay: Yet I seem but a child as I was long a-go, When I stood by the form of my sire, And my dear moth-er sang, as she rocked to and fro In the old eas-y-chair by the fire.

2. Oh, she ways my guard-ian and guide all the day, And the an-gel that watched round my bed. Her voice in a mur-mur of prayer died a-way For bless-ings to rest on my head. Then I thought ne'er an an-gel that Heav-en could know, Tho' train'd in its own peer-less choir, Could sing like my moth-er, who rocked to and fro In the old eas-y-chair by the fire.

*accel.*

*a tempo*

# Ole Dan Tucker

Allegro

HENRY RUSSELL

*mf*

1. I come to town de ud-der night, I hear de noise an saw de fight, De watch-man was a run-nin' roun', Cry-in' "Old Dan Tuck-er's come to town" So get out de way, Ole Dan Tuck-er, point of his knife He nev-er seed such a man in his life!

2. Ole Dan he went down to de mill, To get some meal to put in the swill; The miller he swore by the

Chorus

Get out de way, Ole Dan Tuck-er, Get out de way Ole Dan Tuck-er, You're too late to come to sup-per.

# The Old Sexton

Maestoso — H. RUSSELL

*mf*

1. Nigh to a grave that was new-ly made, Leaned a sex-ton old, on his earth worn spade, His work was done and he paused to wait, The fun-'ral train throught the o-pen gate A rel-ic of by-gone days was — he, And his locks were white as the foam-y sea; And these words came from his lips so thin, "I gath-er them in, I gath-er them in.

2. I gath-er them in for — man and boy, — Year af-ter year of — grief and joy; I've built the hous-es that lie a-round, In ev-'ry nook of his bur-ial ground Moth-er and daugh-ter, fa-ther and son, — Come to my sol-i-tude one by one, But come they strang-ers, or come they kin,

*f* *rit.*

# O Jesus, Thou Art Standing

Andante — JUSTIN H. KNECHT

*p*

1. O Je-sus, Thou art stand-ing Out-side the fast closed door, In low-ly pa-tience wait-ing To pass the thresh old o'er: We bear the name of Chris-tians, His name and sign we bear: O shame, thrice shame up-on us, To keep Him stand-ing there! pa-tient-ly to wait! O sin that hath no e-qual, So fast to bar the gate!

2. O Je-sus, Thou art knock-ing And lo! that hand is scarr'd, And thorns Thy brow en-cir-cle, And tears Thy face have marr'd: O love that pass-eth knowl-edge, So

# Old Folks At Home

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Andante *mf*

1. 'Way down up-on de Swa-nee riv-er, Far, far a-way, Dere's wha my heart is turn-ing ev-er, Dere's wha de old folks stay. All up and down de whole cre-a-tion Sad-ly I roam, Still long-ing for de old plan-ta-tion, And for de old folks at home. All de world is sad and drea-ry, Ev-'ry-where I roam, Oh! dark-'es, how my heart grows weary, Far from de old folks at home.

2. All 'roun de lit-tle farm I wan-dered When I was young, Den ma-ny hap-py days I squan-der'd, Ma-ny de songs I sung. When I was play-ing with my brother Hap-py was I, Oh! take me to my kind old moth-er, There let me live and die.

Chorus

# Oh, Happy Day, That Fixed My Choice

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

EDWARD F. RIMBAULT

Moderato *mf*

1. Oh hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sa-viour, and my God! Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad.

2. Oh, hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love! Let cheer-ful an-thems fill His house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move.

Chorus

Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus wash'd my sins a-way! He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day; Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus wash'd my sins a-way.

# Ole Shady

BENJ. R. HANBY

Allegro

*mf*

1. Oh! yah! yah! dark - ies laugh wid _ me, For de white folks say _ ole _ Sha - dy's _ free So
2. Oh! mass' got scared and so did his la - dy _ Dis chile breaks for _ ole Un - cle Ab - y,

don't _ you _ see dat de ju - bi - lee is a Com - ing, com - ing, Hail might - y day.
O - pen de _ gates, out _ here's Ole _ Sha - dy a Com - ing, com - ing, Hail might - y day.

Chorus

Den a - way, a - way, for I can't wait an - y long - er, Hoo - ray, hoo - ray I'm go - ing home.

Den a - way, a - way, for I can't wait an - y long - er, Hoo - ray, hoo - ray I'm go - ing home.

# Oh, Hush Thee, My Baby

SIR WALTER SCOTT

T. WHITTAKER

Andante

*p*

1. Oh, hush thee, my ba - by, thy sire was a knight, Thy _ moth - er a la - dy, both love - ly and bright; The
2. Oh, fear not the bu - gle, tho' loud - ly it blows, It _ calls but the warders that guard thy re - pose; Their

woods and the glens, from the towers that you see, They all are be - long - ing, dear ba - by, to thee.
bows would be bend - ed, their blades would be red, Ere the step of a foe - man draws near to thy bed.

*ad lib.*

Chorus *atempo.*

Oh, hush, thee, my ba - by, Thy sire was a knight, Oh, hush thee, my ba - by, So bon - nie, so bright.

*ad lib.*

# Oft In The Stilly Night

Tenderly

*p*

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

*D.C.* Thus, in the still - y night, ere slum - ber's chain hath bound me,

*cresc.* *dim.* *Fine*

Fond mem - 'ry brings the light of oth - er days a - round me,
I've seen a - round me fall, like leaves in win - try weath - er,

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

The smiles, the tears of child - hood's years, the words of love then spok - en, The
I feel like one who treads a - lone some ban - quet hall de - sert - ed, Whose

eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone, the cheer - ful hearts now brok - en:
lights are fled, whose gar - lands dead, and all but him de - part - ed.

*D.C.*

# The Rowan Tree

LADY NAIRNE

Moderato

*mf* *Fine.*

1. O Row - an Tree! O Row - an Tree! thou'lt aye be pass - ing dear to me; En - twined thou art wi'
2. How fair wert thou in sim - mer time, wi' a' thy bloom in clus - ters white! How rich and gay thy

mony a tie o' hame a - wa' and in - fan - cy. Thy leaves were aye the first o' spring, thy
au - tumn dress, wi' rip - ened ber - ries red and bright! On thy fair stem were mon - y names which

flow'rs the sim - mer's dar - ling pride: There was na sic a bon - nie tree, in a' the mer - rie coun - trie side.
sad - ly now nae mair I see; But they're en - grav - en on my heart; for - got ten they can nev - er be!

# Oh, The Land That We Love

M. W. BALFE

Moderato (*With Spirit*)

*f*

1. Oh, the land that we love is our own na-tive land, Spreading proud-ly from sea un-to sea; Her mountains so grand-ly like sen-ti-nels stand, E'er guarding the land of the free. In her broad fer-tile val-leys her chil-dren may dwell, Un-mo-lest-ed by ty-rant's de-cree; And the wrong'd of the earth shall our numbers e'er swell, And find in our land lib-er-ty.

2. Should a foe e'er in-vade thee, my own na-tive land, Ev-'ry sword shall unsheath'd quickly be; And ev-er to guard thee we firm-ly will stand, U-nit-ed, de-ter-min'd, and free. In that mo-ment of dan-ger when free-dom shall call All the fet-ter-less sons of her pride, With a cour-age un-daunt-ed what-e'er may be-fall, We'll conquer or die by her side.

*f* — *cresc.* — *mf* — *cresc.* — *f*

# O Come, All Ye Faithful

J. READING

Moderato

*f*

1. O come, all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful and tri-um-phant, O come ye, O come ye to Beth-le-hem. Come and be-hold Him, Mon-arch of An-gels! O come, let us a-dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, Christ the Lord.

2. O sing al-le-lu-ia, All ye choirs of an-gels; O sing all ye blissful ones of Heav'n a-bove. Glo-ry to God In the high-est, glo-ry!

# O Charlie Is My Darling

CHAS. GRAY

SCOTCH SONG

Moderato

*mf* *cresc.*

O Char-lie is my dar-ling, my dar-ling, my dar-ling, O Char-lie is my dar-ling, The

*f* *cresc.*

young Che-va-lier. When first his stand-ard caught the eye His pi-broch met the ear, Our
Then plai-die chiefs cam 'frae a-far, Girt in their fight-ing geir, They

*f* *dim.* *mf*

hearts were light, Our hopes were high, For the young Che-va-lier.
no-bly drew their swords for war And the young Che-va-lier. O Char-lie is my dar-ling, my

*cresc.* *f*

dar-ling, my dar-ling, O Char-lie is my dar-ling, The young Che-va-lier.

# O Come, Come Away

W. E. HICKSON

Allegro

*mf*

1. O, come, come a-way, From la-bor now re-pos-ing, Let bu-sy care a-
2. From toil and from care, On which the day is clos-ing, The hour of eve brings

while for-bear, O come, come a-way. Come, come, our so-cial joys re-new, And
sweet re-prieve, O come, come a-way. O come where love will smile on thee, And

there with trust and friend-ship, too, Let true hearts wel-come you, O come, come a-way.
round the heart will glad-ness be, And time fly mer-ri-ly, O come, come a-way.

# Oh, Boys, Carry Me 'Long

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Moderato

*mf*

1. Oh! car-ry me 'long, - dere's no more trou-ble for me; _ I's gwine to roam in a hap-py home, Where
2. All o-ber de land _ I've wan-dered ma-ny a day, _ To blow de horn and mind de corn, And

all de dark-ies am free. I've worked long in de fields; I've hand-led ma-ny a hoe; _ I'll
keep de pos-sum a - way. — No use for me now, So, dark-ies, bur-y me low; _ My

turn my eye, be - fore I die, And _ see de sug-ar-cane grow.
horn is dry, and I must lie, Wha de pos-sum neb-ber can go.

Chorus

Oh! boys, car-ry me 'long;

Car-ry me till I die, _ Car-ry me down to de bur-y-ing groun', Old Mas-sa, don't you cry. _

# O Tender Moon

"FAUST"

CH. GOUNOD

Adagio

*p*

O ten-der moon, O star-ry Heav'n, Si-lent a-bove thee, where the an-gels are en-

thron'd, Here as I swear how dear-ly do I love thee! Yet once a-gain, — be-lov ed

*pp*

one, let me hear thee; It is but life to be near thee, Thine own, and thine a-lone!

*dim.*

# O'er My Head

Andante

"MARTHA"

*dolce* *p*

O'er my head from boy-hood ten-der, you have spread a shel-t'ring care; Hap-py all my

*cresc.* *p*

days to ren-der, you con-sent your all to share: Home than yours we had — no

*cresc.*

oth-er, when our fa-ther came — one day; Weep-ing still our dear-est

*cresc.*

moth-er, in your arms he pass'd a-way, In your arms he pass'd a-way.

# O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast?

Andante

F. MENDELSSOHN

*p*

1. O wert thou in the cauld blast On yon-der lea, on yon-der lea, My plaid-ie to the an-gry
2. Or were I in the wild-est waste, Sae black and bare, sae black and bare, The des-ert were a par-a-

airt, I'd shel-ter thee, I'd shel-ter thee. Or did mis-for-tune's bit-ter storms A-round thee blaw, a-
dise, If thou wert there, If thou wert there. Or were I mon-arch of the globe, With thee to reign, with

*cresc.*

*dim.*

round thee blaw, Thy shield should be my bo-som, To share it a', to share it a'.
thee to reign, The bright-est jew-el in my crown Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

*dim.*

## The Rose In The Air

PORTUGESE SONG

Andantino

*p*

The rose in the air, So lov'd by the bee, Thinks not of the
said to this rose, Of flowrs the proudest queen, "Thou liv-est but an

care Its root takes cease-less-ly. I seen. I ask'd of the root, Why
hour?" The rose said "I am bear a rose o'er-head, The

*p* *mf*

lay — it so deep? "I hide content," it said, "And un-der ground keep. To shine."
hon-or is — mine; Though low — in my bed, A-loft we both

## The Promised Land

Andante

*mf*

1. I have a Fa-ther in the prom-ised land, I have a Fa-ther in the
2. I have a Sav-iour in the prom-ised land, I have a Sav-iour in the

D.C. *I'll a-way, I'll a-way — to the prom-ised land, I'll a-way, I'll a-way — to the*

promised land, My Fa-ther calls me, I must go To meet Him in the prom-ised land.
promised land, My Sav-iour calls me, I must go To meet Him in the prom-ised land.
*promised land, My Fa ther calls me, I must go To meet Him in the prom-ised land.*

D.C.

## Pease Porridge Hot

Not too fast *cresc.* *dim.*

*mf*

Pease porridge hot, pease porridge cold, pease porridge in the pot nine days old!

# Oh, You Little Darling

Allegro

*mf*

1. O! what a thing it is to be, A girl with lots of beaus, The num-ber of young
2. Al-tho' I don't in-tend to wed, To set-tle down in life, I've prom-ised near-ly

men I've got, Well good-ness on-ly knows; When-e'er I'm walk-ing in the street, I'm
for-ty men That I will be their wife; Some fel-lows tell me that I am their

near-ly al-ways sure to meet A young man who will call me sweet, And then so gent-ly
dar-ling, lov-ing lit-tle lamb, While some call me their bit of jam, And oth-er fel-lows

*cresc.*

say;
say;

*A little slower*

*mf*

Oh! you lit-tle dar-ling, I love you, Oh! you lit-tle dar-ling, are you true?

*cresc.*

If you real-ly love me as you ought to do, Noth-ing in this world shall cut our love in two!

# O Whisper What Thou Feelest

BRINLEY RICHARDS

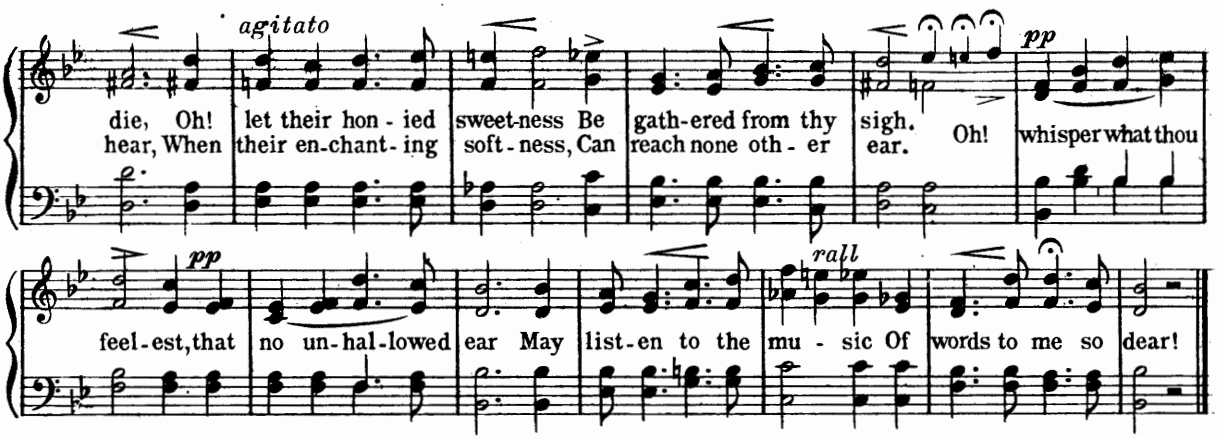
Andante con moto

*p* *pp*

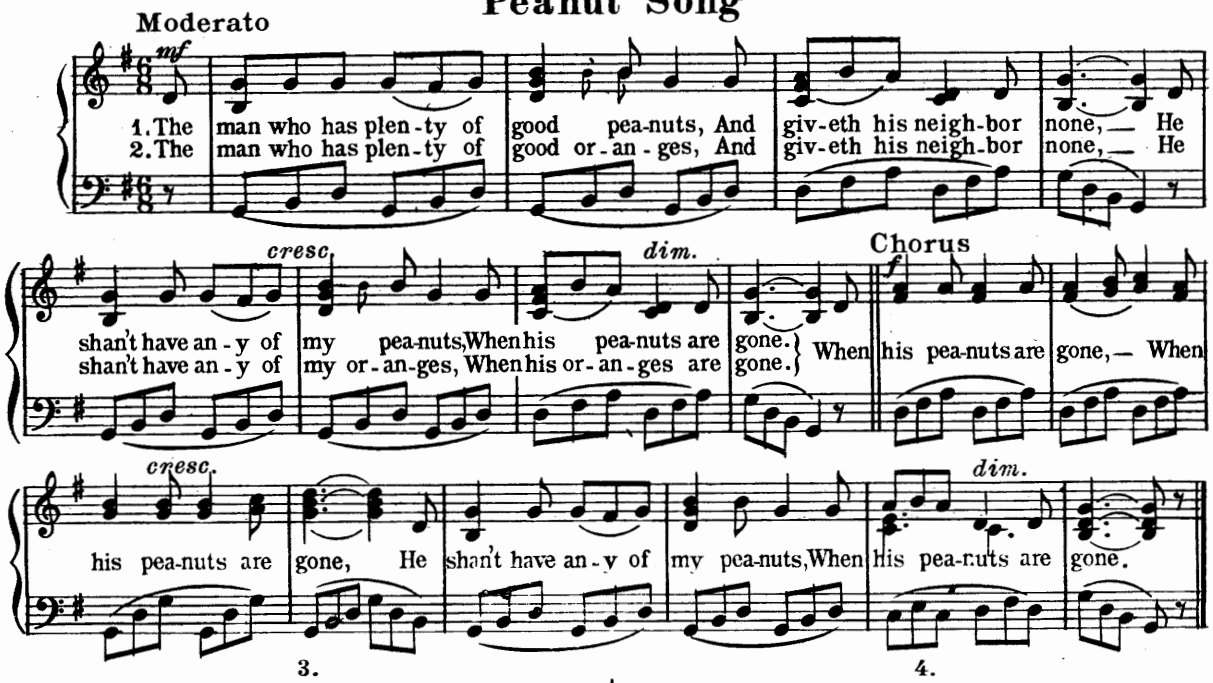
1. Oh! whis-per what thou feel-est, that no un-hal-lowd ear May list-en to the
2. The bash-ful bird of e-ven, that shuns the plum-ed throng, Pours forth her plain-tive

*rall.* *a tempo.*

mu-sic Of words to me so dear! But if their tones should fal-ter, And on thy lip should
mag-ic, When none can hear her song; And so do thou but whis-per The sounds that I would




## Peanut Song



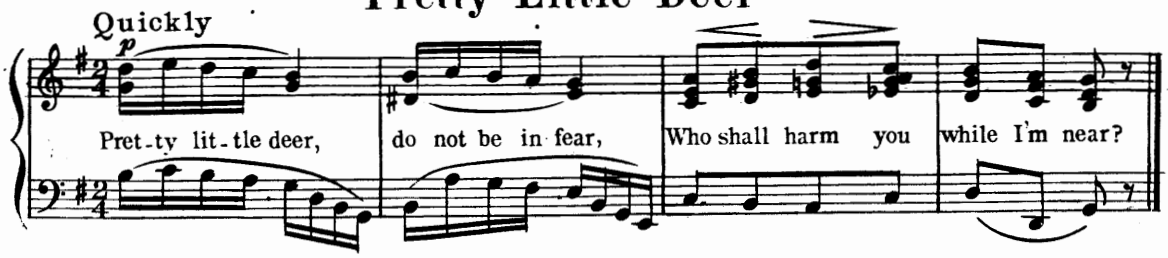

3.

The man who has plenty of soft, sweet soda crackers
And giveth his neighbor none;
He shan't have any of my soft soda crackers,
When his soft, sweet soda crackers are gone.

4.

The man who has plenty of ripe, red strawberry short-cake
And giveth his neighbor none;
He shan't have any of my ripe, red strawberry short-cake
When his ripe, red strawberry short-cake is gone.

## Pretty Little Deer



# Private Tommy Atkins

Tempo di Marcia

S. POTTER

*f*

1. Oh, we take him from the cit - y or the plough, Ta - ran - ta - ra, And we
2. In _ time of peace he hears the bu - gle call, Ta - ran - ta - ra, In _

drill him and we dress him up so neat; Ta - ran - ta - ra, We teach him to up -
bar - racks, from "Re - val - ly" to "Lights out!" Ta - ran - ta - ra, If "Sen - try go" and

*sempre f*

hold his man - ly brow, Ta - ran - ta - ra, And how to walk and where to put his
"Pipe - clay" ev - er pall, Ta - ran - ta - ra, There's al - ways plen - ty more of work a -

feet. Ta - ran - ta - ran - ta - ra, It does not mat - ter who he was be -
bout. Ta - ran - ta - ran - ta - ra, On leave, o' nights, you meet him in the

fore, Ta - ran - ta - ra, Or what his par - ents fa - vor'd for his name, Ta - ran - ta -
street, Ta - ran - ta - ra, As hap - py as a school - boy, and as gay; Ta - ran - ta -

ra, Once he's pock - et - ed the shil - ling, and a u - ni - form he's
ra, Then _ back he goes to du - ty, all for coun - try, home and

*cresc.*

fill - ing, We _ call him Tom - my At - kins all the same. } O! _
beau - ty, And the no - ble sum of half a crown a day. }

Tom-my, Tom-my At-kins, you're a "good un," heart and hand; You're a cred-it to your

call-ing, and to all your na-tive land; May your luck be nev-er fail-ing, May your

*f*

*cresc.*

love be ev-er true! God bless you, Tom-my At-kins, here's your coun-try's love to you!

## Parting Graduation Song

Slowly

*mf*

1. Hail and fare-well, dear com-pan-ions, Friends that we know to be true;
2. Then shall our hap-pi-ness, wan-ing, Chill'neath the shad-ow and cloud?

*D.C.* Hail and fare-well, dear com-pan-ions, Friends that we know to be true;

*Fine*

Th'past with its ro-sy to-mor-rows, Days when our sor-rows were few!
Shall the high heart nev-er daunt-ed, Low in the ash-es be stowed?

Th'past with its ro-sy to-mor-rows, Days when our sor-rows were few!

Sweet be the lay of the song-bird, Fra-grant the flow'rs on our way
Not if Thy words, Di-vine Mas-ter Ev-er our in most thought fill;

*rall.*

*D.C.*

Love-ly the dawn of the morn-ing, Hap-py the hours of our day:
Brief is the life Thou hast giv-en, Love is but do-ing Thy will:

# Pilgrim Chorus

R. WAGNER

Andante maestoso

*p*

I joy once more now, O home to be - hold thee. In glad-ness greet the lov'd vales that en-

*pp sempre*

fold thee; Now shalt thou rest my pil - grim rod, In God's good faith all my way have

*cresc.* *f* *dim.*

*pp*

trod. By pen - ance sore have re - con - ciled The Lord who on my way hath smiled Who

*cresc.* *dim.*

*cresc.* *cresc. poco - a -*

my re - morse with bless - ing crown'd, The Lord shall all my song re - sound, The

*poco - e - allargando*

Lord shall all my song re - sound! That sav - ing grace to the

*ff*

*sempre ff*

pen - i - tent giv - en, Shall lead at last to the bliss of heav - en; Of hell and

death hath He no fear, I'll praise my God life's jour - ney here! Hal-

*ff*

le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah, e - ter - nal - ly, e - ter - nal - ly.

dim. p pp

## La Paloma

S. YRADIER

Moderato

mf

The day that I left my home for the roll-ing sea, I said "Moth-er dear, oh,
ere we sailed I went fond leave to take Of Ni - na, who wept as

mf

dim. 1 2 mf

pray to thy God for me. And break. Ni - na, if I should die and o'er o-ceans foam,
if her poor heart would

Soft-ly a white dove on a fair eve should come. Op-en thy lat-tice, dear-est, for it will

mf

be, My faith-ful soul that lov-ing comes back to thee! Oh! a life on the sea!

cresc. dim. mf

Sing-ing joy-ous and free, Oh! we're go - ing None are so gay as we! Oh! a life on the

dim.

sea! Sing-ing joy-ous and free, Oh! we're go - ing None are so gay as we!

# The Poor Old Slave

Andante

*mf*

1. 'Tis just one year a - go to - day, That I re-mem-ber well, I sat down by poor
2. She took my arm, we walk'd a - long, In - to an o - pen field, And there she paused to

Nel - ly's side And a sto-ry she did tell: 'Twas 'bout a poor un - hap-py slave That lived for many a
breathe a while Then to his grave did steal, She sat down by that lit - tle mound, And soft - ly whis-pered

year; But now he's dead, and in his grave, No mas-ter does he fear.
there; Come to me, fa - ther, 'tis thy child, Then gent-ly dropped a tear.

Chorus

The poor old slave has gone to rest, We know that he is free. Dis-turb him not, but let him rest, 'Way down in Ten-nes-see!

*rit.*

# The Pilot

Moderato

*mf*

1. "Oh! pi - lot, 'tis a fear-ful night, There's dan-ger on the deep! I'll come and pace the
2. "Oh! pi - lot, dan-gers of - ten met We all are apt to slight, And thou hast known these

deck with thee, I do not dare to sleep." "Go down!" the sail - or cried, "go down!
rag - ing waves But do sub-due their might; "It is not ap - a - thy," he cried,

This is no place for thee;
"That gives his strength to me,
Fear not, but trust in Prov - i - dence, Wher - ev - er thou mayst be."

# Polly-Wolly-Doodle

Moderato

*mf*

1. Oh, I went down South for to see my Sal, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the day;
2. Oh, my Sal, she am a maid-en fair, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the day;

My Sal-ly am a spun-ky girl, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the day.
With cur-ly eyes and laugh-ing hair, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the day.

Fare thee well, fare thee well, Fare thee well, my fai-ry fay, For I'm going to Loui-si-a-na, For to see my Su-sy-an-na, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the day.

Fare-well, fare-well,

# Polly, Put The Kettle On

Allegretto

*mf*

Pol-ly, put the ket-tle on, Pol-ly, put the ket-tle on, Pol-ly, put the ket-tle on, we'll all have tea.

*mf*

Su-key, take it off a-gain, Su-key, take it off a-gain. Su-key, take it off a-gain, they're all gone a-way.

# Poland's National Song

Allegretto

*mf*

1. Po - land is not lost for - ev - er, While our lives re - main, What the foe by force did sev - er,
2. We shall cross our riv - ers vic - tor - i - ous, Vis - tu - la and Var - tu; We have learn - ed to fight vic - tor - i - ous,

Force shall soon re - gain! Un - der Bon - a - parte!

March! March! Dom - brow - ski, From fair I - tal - ia's plain, Un - der thee, our na - tive land, We shall soon greet a - gain!

Un - der thee, our na - tive land, We shall soon greet a - gain!

# Polish May Song

Allegretto

*mf* *cresc.*

1. May is here, the world re - joic - es, Earth puts on her smiles to greet her: Grove and field lift up their voic - es
2. Birds through ev - 'ry thick - et call - ing Wake the woods to sounds of glad - ness: Hark! the long - drawn notes are fall - ing

*cresc.*

Leaf and flow'r come forth to meet her! Sad, but pleas - ant in their sad - ness

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

*f*

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

# The Palms

J. FAURE

Andante

*mf*

1. Let the palms wave on this most hap - py day! — Greet - ings they bear to us of joy and gladness
2. His gen - tle voice per - vades the might - y throng. 'Tis He who free - dom gives o'er land and sea;

Je - sus is come to take all grief a - way, — He comes to ban - ish gloom and sad - ness.
'Tis He who gives in dark - est night a song, — Gives light, O Lord, that we may come to Thee!

*rall.*

*a tempo*

Peo - ple and tongues shall chant His praise; Tune ev - ery voice, His name be glad - ly sing - ing. Ho-

*f*

san - na! Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to Him who comes bring - ing sal - va - tion!

*slargando*

*Largo*

# Scenes That Are Brightest

"MARITANA"

W. V. WALLACE

Moderato

*p*

*dolce*

1. Scenes that are bright - est may charm for a - while Hearts that are light - est and
2. Words can - not scat - ter the thoughts we fear, For though they flat - ter they

*dim.*

*f*

*p*

eyes that smile; Yet o'er them a - bove us, though na - ture beam, With none to
mock the ear; Hopes will still de - ceive us with tear - ful cost, And when they

love us, how sad they seem! With none to love us, how sad they seem!
leave us the heart is lost! And when they leave us the heart is lost.

# The Quilting Party

Andante

*mf*

1. In the sky the bright stars glit - tered, On the bank the pale moon shone;
2. On my arm a soft hand rest - ed, Rest - ed light as o - cean foam;

And 'twas from Aunt Di-nah's quilt-ing par-ty, I was see - ing Nel-lie home.

*cresc.* *dim.*

Refrain

I was see-ing Nel-lie home, I was see-ing Nel-lie home; And 'twas from Aunt Di-nah's quilt-ing par-ty, I was see-ing Nel-lie home.

*cresc.* *dim e rit.*

# Praise To God

SEBASTIAN BACH

Moderato

*mf*

1. Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days;
2. Flocks that whit - en all the plain, Yel - low sheaves of rip - ened grain,

Boun - teous source of ev - 'ry joy! Let Thy praise our tongues em - ploy.
Clouds that drop their fat - tening dews, Suns that tem - perate warmth dif - fuse.

"DER FREISCHUTZ"

# Prayer

C. M. von WEBER

Andante

*pp*

1. Songs, re - veal - ing sa - cred feel - ing, Toward the shin-ing stars float steal - ing. Then out - well - ing, Loud - ly swell-ing, Reach the Fa - ther's dwell - ing, the Fa - ther's dwell - ing.
2. Low - ly bend - ing, Towards thee wend - ing, Lord, who hast no cause nor end - ing! Still be - friend us; Still de - fend us; Thine e - ter - nal suc - cor, thy suc - cor lend us.

*pp*

*poco cresc.* *fp* *pp*

# The Roast Beef Of Old England

Allegretto

*mf*

1. Since might - y roast beef is an En-glish-man's food, It ac - counts for the free - dom that
2. But since we have learn'd from ef - fem - i - nate France To — eat their ra-gouts, — as

*cresc.*

runs in his blood, For — gen - er - ous liv - ing's the step to all good.
well as to dance, We are fed up with noth - ing but vain com-plais-ance.

Oh! the roast beef of old Eng - land! And oh! the old Eng-lish roast beef! —

# The Power Of God

Maestoso

L. von BEETHOVEN

*f* *cresc.* *f*

God is my song, He is the King Al - might - y, His name is

great, and won - d'rous are his works, In Heav'n a - bove is fixed His throne.

*f* *rit*

# Retreat

Andante

T. HASTINGS

*mf*

1. From — ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From — ev - 'ry swell - ing tide of woes,
2. There — is a place where Jes - us sheds The — oil of glad - ness on our heads,

There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis — found be-neath the mer - cy - seat. —
A place than all be - sides more sweet; It — is the blood bought mer - cy - seat. —

# Rosalie

Waltz time

*mf*

1. I'm Pierre de Bon - ton de Pa - ris, de Pa - ris, I drink the di - vine Eau de vie, Eau de vie; When I walk in the park, all my friends they re - mark, "*Com - ment ce va mon cher a mi!*" some - thing to see.
2. I'm Pierre de Bon - ton de Pa - ris, de Pa - ris, I'm called by les dames *tres jo - li, tres jo - li;* When I ride out each day in my lit - tle cou - pé, I tell you I'm

Chorus

But I care not what oth - ers may say, I love my Ro - sa - lie; Pret - ty Rose charm - ing Rose, I'm in love with my Ro - sa - lie.

# Rule, Britannia

THOMAS ARNE

Moderato

*f*

1. When Brit - ain first at Heav'n's com - mand, A - rose from out the a - zure main, A - rose from out the a - zure main, the a - zure main, This was the char - ter, the char - ter of the land, And guard - ian an - gels sung this strain:
2. The na - tions not so blest as thee, Shall in their turn to ty - rants bend, Shall in their turn to ty - rants bend, to ty - rants bend, Whilst thou shalt flour - ish, shalt flour - ish great and free, And to the weak pro - tec - tion lend.

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

## Rig – A – Jig

Allegro

*mf*

1. As I was walk - ing down the street, Heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh - o, heigh-o, A pret - ty girl I
2. Said I to her, "What is your trade?" Heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh - o, heigh-o, Said she to me "I'm a

chanced to meet, Heigh - o, heigh-o, heigh - o.
weav - er's maid, Heigh - o, heigh-o, heigh - o.

Chorus

Rig - a - jig - jig, and a - way we go, a - way we go, a -

way we go, Rig - a - jig - jig, and a - way we go, Heigh - o, heigh-o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh-o, heigh-

o, heigh-o, heigh - o, heigh-o, heigh - o, heigh-o, Rig - a - jig - jig, and a - way we go, Heigh - o, heigh-o, heigh - o.

## Russian Hymn

A. LWOFF

Maestoso

*f*

God save the no - ble Czar, Long may he live in power, In hap - pi - ness, in peace to - reign.
*Bo - she zar ia chrani, Ssill nyi der shaw nui, Zarst wui na Sla wyi, na Sla wu nam.*

Dread of his en - e - mies, Faith's sure de - fend - er, God save the Czar, God save the Czar.
*Zarst wui na stach wra-gam Zar pra-wa sslaw nyi, Bo - she zar ia char - ni.*

# Ring, Ring De Banjo

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Moderato

*mf*

1. De time is neb - ber drear - y, If de dark - ey neb - ber groans,
2. Oh! neb - ber count de bub - bles While dere's wa - ter in de spring.

De la - dies neb - ber wea - ry Wid de rat - tle ob de bones;
De dark - ey hab no trou-bles While he's got dis song to sing.

Chorus

Ring, ring de ban-jo! I like dat good old song, Come a-gain my true-lub, Oh! wha you been so long.

# Roll On, Silver Moon

J. W. TURNER

Andante

*mf*

1. As I stray'd from my cot — at the close of the day, 'Mid the rav-ish-ing beau-ties of June, 'Neath a jes - sa mine shade, I es - pied a fair maid, — And she plain - tive - ly sighed to the moon.
2. As the hart on the moun-tain my lov - er was brave, So no - ble and man-ly and clev-er, — So — kind and sin - cere, and he loved me full dear, — Oh, my Ed-win, his e - qual was nev - er!

Roll - on, sil-ver moon, guide the trav - 'ler his way, While the night-in-gale's song is in tune; — I — nev - er, nev - er-more with my true love will stray By thy soft sil - ver beams, gen - tle moon.

*cresc.* *f* *dim.*

# Rocked In The Cradle Of The Deep

J. P. KNIGHT

Moderato

*mf*

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

Se - cure I rest up - on the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save
Or though the tem-pest's fier - y breath Rous'd me from sleep to wreck and death,

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

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

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

# Robin Adair

SCOTCH SONG

Andante

*mf*

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

Where's all the joy and mirth, That made this town a heaven on earth Oh! they're all fled with thee, Rob-in A - dair.
What, when the play was o'er, What made my heart so sore Oh! it was part-ing with Rob-in A - dair.

# The Rose Ob Alabama

Allegro

*mf*

1. A - way from Mis - sis - sip - pi's vale, Wid my ole hat dar for a sail,
2. I land - ed on de sand bank, I sat up - on a hol - ler plank,

I cross'd up - on a cot - ton bale, To Rose of Al - a - bam - a.
An' dere I made the ban - jo twank, For Rose of Al - a - bam - a.

Chorus

O brown Ro - sey, The Rose of Al - a - bam - a, A sweet to - bac - co po - sey Is de Rose of Al - a - bam - a, A sweet to - bac - co po - sey Is de Rose of Al - a - bam - a.

# Robinson Crusoe

Allegretto

*mf*

1. When I was a lad, I had cause to be sad, A ver - y good friend I did lose, O! I war-rant you, Dan, you have heard of this man, His name it was Rob - in - son Cru - soe.
2. But he saved from a-board an old gun and a sword, And An-other odd mat - ter or two, so That by dint of his thrift he just man-aged to shift, And keep a - live Rob - in - son Cru - soe.

Chorus

Oh, Rob - in - son Cru - soe! Oh, poor Rob - in - son Cru - soe! He — Oh, Rob - in - son Cru - soe! Oh, poor Rob - in - son Cru - soe! Whether

went off to sea and be - tween you and me, Old Nep-tune wreck'd Rob - in - son Cru - soe.
temp - est or Turk,— or wild man or work, No mat - ter to Rob - in - son Cru - soe.

## Rosa Lee

Moderato

*mf*

1.— When I lib'd in Ten-nes-see U-li - a - li - o - la - e,— I went court-in' Ro - sa Lee
2. I said you lub - ly gal, dat's plain U-li - a - li - o - la - e,— Breff as sweet as su - gar cane

U - li - a - li - o - la - e, Eyes as dark as win-ter's night Lips as red as ber - ries bright;
U - li - a - li - o - la - e, Feet so large and come-ly too Might make a cra - dle of each shoe;

When first I did her woo - ing go She said "Now don't be fool - ish Joe."
— Ro - sa, take me for your beau, She said "Now don't be fool - ish Joe."

Chorus

U - li - a - li - o - la - e,

Court - in' down in Ten - nes - see, U - li - a - li - o - la - e, 'Neath de wild ba - na - na - tree.

## Rock-A-Bye, Baby

Slowly

*p* *cresc.* *dim.*

1. Rock - a - bye, ba - by
2. Hush - a - bye, ba - by

on the tree - top, When the wind blows the cra - dle will rock;

*cresc.* *rit.* *e* *dim.*

When the bough breaks the cra - dle will fall,— Down will come ba - by cra - dle and all.

# The Rose

Moderato

1. A wild rose in the for - est, Grew by a sun - ny brook, A hid - den, fra - grant
2. The sky a - bove her whis - pered, "O wild rose, why com - plain? Am I not ev - er

blos - som Be - side a moss - y nook, But in the spark - ling wa - ter
pres - ent, In sun - shine and in rain?" The wild rose cried in sor - row,

Gaz - ing, she thus did moan: "What help to me my beau - ty If I must bloom a -
"Ev - en with sun and rain, With bright stars and with moon - light, I yet a - lone re -

lone? What help to me my beau - ty If I must bloom a - lone?"
main! With bright stars and with moon - light, I yet a - lone re - main!"

# The Rose That All Are Praising

Allegretto

E. J. LODER

1. The rose that all are prais - ing, Is not the rose for me; Too
2. The gem a king might cov - et Is not the gem for me; From

ma - ny eyes are gaz - ing, Up - on the cost - ly tree; But there's a rose in
dark - ness who would move it, Save that the world may see; But I've a gem that

yon - der glen, That shuns the gaze of oth - er men; For me its blos - som rais - ing, Oh!
shuns dis - play, And next my heart worn ev - 'ry day, So dear - ly do I love it; Oh!

that's the rose for me;— Oh! that's the rose for me,— Oh! that's the rose for me.—
that's the gem for me;— Oh! that's the gem for me,— Oh! that's the gem for me.—

# The Rose Of Allandale

SIDNEY NELSON

Andantino

*mf*

1. The morn was fair, the skies were clear, No breath came o'er the
2. Wher - e'er I wan - dered, east or west, Though fate be - gan to

sea, When Ma - ry left her high - land cot, And wan - dered forth with
lower, A sol - ace still was she to me, In sor - row's lone - ly

me. The flow - ers decked the moun - tain side, And fra - grance filled the
hour. When temp - ests lashed our gal - lant bark, And rent her shiv - 'ring

vale, By far the sweet - est flow - er there, Was the Rose of Al - lan -
sail, One maid - en form with - stood the storm, 'Twas the Rose of Al - lan -

dale. Was the Rose of Al - lan - dale, the Rose of Al - lan - dale, By
dale. 'Twas the Rose of Al - lan - dale, the Rose of Al - lan - dale, One

far the sweet - est flow - er there, Was the Rose of Al - lan - dale.
maid - en form with - stood the storm, 'Twas the Rose of Al - lan - dale.

# Resolution

E. LASSEN

Andantino

*p*

No word shall e'er re - veal it, How mad-ly I love thee! Deep in my heart con-

fine it, and ev - er si-lent be. No songs to you shall tell it, Nor shall you hear my

*cresc.*

*poco - a - poco* *f* *p*

sighs; Thy heart a-lone must see it, and read it in mine eyes! And if thou can'st not see it

The love that shin-eth here, My heart has been but dream-ing, For - give a lov-er's tear.

# Resignation

F. MENDELSSOHN

Andantino

*mf*

When mus-ing sor-row weeps the past, And mourns the pres-ent pain, How sweet to think of

*cresc.*

peace at last, How sweet to think of peace, to think of peace at last. And feel that death is

*mf* *p*

gain! Oh! let me wing my flight From earth-born woe and care; And soar be - yond these realms,

be-yond these realms of night, My Sav-iour's bliss, My Sav-iour's bliss to share.

## Rose Of Killarney

J. R. THOMAS

Andantino

*p* *cresc.*

1. Oh, prom-ise to meet me when twi-light is fall-ing, Be-side the bright wa-ters that
2. My heart is a nest that is robbed and for-sak-en, When gone from my sight is the

slum-ber so fair; Each bird in the mead-ow your name will be call-ing And
girl that I love! One word from your lips can my glad-ness a-wak-en, Your

*mf*

ev-'ry sweet rose-bud will look for you there; It's morn-ing and eve-ning, for
smile is the smile of the an-gels a-bove; Then meet me at twi-light be-

*cresc.*

you I am sigh-ing, The heart in my bo-som is yours ev-er-more; I'll
side the bright wa-ters, The love that I've told you, I'd whis-per once more; Oh!

*mf*

watch for you darl-ing when day-light is dy-ing, Sweet rose of Kil-lar-ney, Ma-vour-neen As-tore!
sweet-est and fair-est of E-rin's fair daughters Dear rose of Kil-lar-ney, Ma-vour-neen As-tore!

## Rosalind

Allegretto

*mf*

1. Here com-eth Ros-a-lind, chas-ing the bee, Bright as the sun-shine, up-on the blue sea.
2. "Ros-a-lind, Ros-a-lind, where have you been?" "O-ver the mead-ow, and o-ver the green."

FLORENCE PERCY

# Rock Me To Sleep, Mother

ERNEST LESLIE

Andante espressivo

*p*

1. Back-ward, turn back-ward, oh, time, in your flight, Make me a child a-gain just for to-night!
2. O-ver my heart, in the days that are flown, No love like moth-er love ev-er has shown,

Moth-er, come back from the ech-o-less shore, Take me a-gain to your heart as of yore;
No oth-er wor-ship a-bides and en-dures, Faith-ful, un-self-ish, and pa-tient like yours;

Kiss from my fore-head the fur-rows of care, Smooth the few sil-ver threads out of my hair,
None like a moth-er can charm a-way pain, From the sick soul and the world wea-ry brain,

O-ver my slum-bers your lov-ing watch keep; Rock me to sleep, moth-er, rock me to sleep.
Slum-ber's soft calm o'er my heav-y lids creep; Rock me to sleep, moth-er, rock me to sleep.

Chorus

Clasped to your heart in a lov-ing em-brace, With your light lash-es just sweep-ing my face,

Nev-er here af-ter to wake or to weep, Rock me to sleep, moth-er, rock me to sleep!

# Ring Around A Rosy

Allegretto

*mf*

Ring a-round a ros-y, Sit up-on a pos-y, All the girls in our town Vote for Un-cle Jo-sie.

# Rally 'Round The Flag

Tempo di Marcia

W. B. BRADBURY

*mf*

1. Ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, Give it to the breeze, That's the ban - ner we love,
2. Float - ing high a - bove us, Glow - ing in the sun, Speak - ing loud to all hearts,

*cresc.* *mf*

On the land and seas,— Brave hearts are un - der ours, Hearts that need no brag,
Of a free - dom won,— Who dares to sul - ly it, Bought with pre - cious blood?

*cresc.* *cresc.*

Gal - lant lads— fire a - way, And fight— for the flag. Gal - lant lads fire a - way, And
Gal - lant lads, we'll fight for it, Tho' ours should swell the flood. Gal - lant lads fight for it, Tho'

*mf*

fight— for the flag. Ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, Give it to the breeze,
ours should swell the flood. Float - ing high a - bove us, Glow - ing in the sun,

That's the ban - ner we love, On the land and seas. } *f* Let our col - ors fly, boys,
Speak - ing loud to all hearts, Of a free - dom won. }

*dim.* *f* *cresc.*

Guard them day and night, For vic - to - ry is lib - er - ty, And God will bless the right! Then

Chorus

*f*

Ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, Ral - ly 'round, ral - ly 'round, Ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, Ral - ly 'round the flag.

DAVID T. SHAW

# The Red, White And Blue

THOMAS à BECKET

Marcato *mf*

1. Oh, Co - lum - bia, the gem of the o - cean, The home of the brave and the free,
2. When war wing'd its wide des - o - la - tion, And threat - en'd the land to de - form,

The shrine of each pa - triot's de - vo - tion, A — world of - fers hom - age to thee;
The ark then of free - dom's foun - da - tion, Co - lum - bia, rode safe thro the storm;

Thy — man - dates make he - roes as - sem - ble, When Lib - er - ty's form stands in view;
With the gar - lands of vic - t'ry a - round her, When so proud - ly she bore her brave crew,

Thy ban - ners make ty - ran - ny trem - ble, When borne by the Red, White, and Blue,
With her flag proud - ly float - ing be - fore her, The boast of the Red, White, and Blue,

When borne by the Red, White, and Blue, When borne by the Red, White, and Blue,
The boast of the Red, White, and Blue, The boast of the Red, White, and Blue,

Thy ban - ners make ty - ran - ny trem - ble, When borne by the Red, White, and Blue.
With her flag proud - ly float - ing be - fore her, The boast of the Red, White, and Blue.

# Say, What Shall My Song Be To-Night?

J. P. KNIGHT

Moderato *mf*

1. Say, — what shall my song be to - night? And the strain at your bid - ding shall
2. There are times when the heart will re - fuse On the past and its pleas - ures to

flow; Shall the measure be sport-ive and light, Or its mur-murs be mourn-ful and low? Shall the
dwell; There are moments which memory im- bues With a gloom which it can - not dis- pel; But the

days that are gone flit be- fore thee? The — fresh-ness of child-hood come o'er thee? Shall the
charm that en-thralls them is brok-en, With the first word of song that is spok-en; For there

past yield its smiles and its tears? Or the fu-ture its hopes and its fears? Say what shall my song be to-
is not a feel - ing or tone In the heart but to mu - sic is known. Say what shall my song be to-

night?
night? And the strain at your bid-ding shall flow; Shall the meas-ure be sport-ive and light? Or its

mur - murs be mourn-ful and low? Say, say, oh! say, what shall my song be to- night?

## Remember Thy Creator

Moderato

*mf*

F. R. HAVERGAL

1. Re - mem-ber thy Cre - a - tor now, In these thy youth - ful days, He
2. Re - mem-ber thy Cre - a - tor now, His wil - ling ser - vant be; Then,
3. Al - migh - ty God our hearts in - cline, Thy heav'n - ly voice to hear, Let

will ac - cept thine ear - liest vow, And list - en to thy praise.
when thy head in death shall bow, He will re - mem - ber thee.
all our fu - ture days be Thine, De - vo - ted to thy fear.

HUGH CONWAY

# Some Day

MILTON WELLINGS

Moderato

*mf*

1. I know not when the day shall be, I know not when our eyes may meet, What wel-come you may give to me, Or will your words be sad or sweet: It may not be 'till years have pass'd, — 'Till eyes are dim and tress-es gray, — The world is wide, but, love at last, Our hands, our hearts, must meet some day. Some — day, some — day, some day I shall meet you, Love, I know not when or how, Love, I know not when or how;

2. I know not are you far or near, Or are you dead, or that you live, I know not who the blame should bear, Or who should plead or who for - give; But when we meet some day, some day, — Eyes clear-er grown the truth may see, — And ev-'ry cloud shall roll a - way That dark - ens, love, twixt you and me. On - ly this, on - ly this, this, that once you loved me, On - ly this, I love you now, I love you now, I love you now.

*cresc.* *dim.* *mf* *cresc.* *rit.*

# Rock Of Ages

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY

THOMAS HASTINGS

*mf*

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flowed Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know, These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone: In my hand no price I bring; Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling.

# Sleeping For The Flag

H. C. WORK

Moderato espressivo

*mf*

1. When our boys come home in tri-umph, broth-er, With the lau-rels they shall gain;
2. You who were the first on du-ty, broth-er, When "to arms" your lead-er cried,

*cresc.* *dim.* *mf*

When we go to give them wel-come, brother, We shall look for you in vain. We shall wait for your re-turn-ing, brother, Tho' we know it can-not be; For your com-rades left you sleep-ing, brother,
You have left the ranks for ev-er, brother, You have laid your arms a-side. From the aw-ful scenes of bat-tle, brother, You were set for-ev-er free; When your com-rades left you sleep-ing, brother,

*cresc.*

*dim.*

Un-der-neath a south-ern tree.
Un-der-neath a south-ern tree.

Chorus

*mf*

Sleep-ing to wak-en In this wea-ry world no more.

*p*

Sleep-ing for your true lov'd coun-try, broth-er, Sleep-ing for the flag you bore.

*p ritard.*

# Soldier's Farewell

JOHANNA KINKEL

Andante

*p*

1. How can I bear to leave thee? One part-ing kiss I give thee; And then what-e'er be-falls me, I go where du-ty calls me.
2. Ne'er more may I be-hold thee, Or to this heart en-fold thee; With spear and pen-non glanc-ing, I see the foe ad-vanc-ing.

*cresc.*

*p* *molto espress* *ff* *pp* *rit.*

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

# Serenade

FR. SCHUBERT

Andante

*p*

1. Thro' the leaves the night winds mov-ing, Mur - mur low and sweet;
2. Moon-light on the earth is sleep-ing, Winds are rust-ling low;

*pp*

*dim.*

To thy cham - ber win - dow rov - ing love hath led my feet.
Where the dark - ling streams are creep - ing Dear - est let us go.

*mf* *p* *dim.*

Si - lent pray'rs of bliss - ful feel - ing Link us though a - part,
All the stars keep watch in heav - en, While I sing to thee,

Link us tho' a - part. On the breath of mu - sic steal - ing To thy dream - ing
While I sing to thee. And the night for love is giv - en Dear - est come to

*f*

heart, To thy dream-ing heart.
me, Dear - est come to me.

*f*

Sad - ly in the for - est mourn - ing Wails the whip-poor-

*f* *dim.* *p*

will; And the heart for thee is yearn - ing; *dim.* Bid it, love, be

*dim.*

still, Bid it, love, be still. Bid it, love be still.

# Simon The Cellarer

Allegretto

J. L. HATTON

1. Old Si-mon, the cel-lar-er, keeps a rare store, Of Malm-sey and Mal-voi-sie. And
2. Dame Mar-ge-ry sits in her own still room, And a ma-tron sage is she From

Cy-prus, and who can say how ma-ny more? For a cha-ry old soul is he, A cha-ry old soul is
thence oft at Cur-few is waft-ed a fume; She says, "It is rose-ma-rie," She says, "It is rose-ma-

he. Of Sack and Ca-na-ry he nev-er doth fail, And all the year round there is
rie;" But there's a small cup-board be-hind the back stair, And the maids say they oft-en see

*ad lib. et p*

brew-ing of ale; Yet he nev-er ail-eth, he quaint-ly doth say, While he keeps to his so-ber six
Mar-ge-ry there. Now Mar-ge-ry says that she grows ver-y old, And she must take a some-thing to

flag-ons a day; But ho, ho, ho! his nose doth show How oft the black Jack to his lips doth go.
keep out the cold; But ho, ho, ho! old Si-mon doth know Where ma-ny a flask of his best doth go.

But ho! ho! ho! his nose doth show How oft the black Jack to his lips doth go.
But ho! ho! ho! old Si-mon doth know Where ma-ny a flask of his best doth go.

# Six Little Snails

Lively

Six lit-tle snails liv'd in a tree, John-ny threw a big stone, Down came three.

# Sailing

Con spirito

GODFREY MARKS

*f*

1. Y'heave ho! my lads, the wind blows free, A pleas - ant gale is on our lee; And soon a - cross the o - cean clear Our gal - lant bark shall brave - ly steer; But ere we part from Eng-land's shores to - night, A song we'll sing for
2. The sail - or's life is bold and free, His home is on the roll - ing sea; And nev - er heart more true or brave Than his who launch - es on the wave; A - far he speeds in dis - tant climes to roam, With joc - und song he

*cresc.*

home and beau - ty bright.
rides the spark-ling foam.

Chorus

Then here's to the sail - or, and here's to the heart so true, Who will think of him up - on the wa - ter blue! Sail - ing, sail - ing, o - ver the bound-ing main; For ma - ny a storm - y wind shall blow, Ere Jack comes home a - gain! Sail - ing, sail - ing, o - ver the bound-ing main; For ma - ny a storm - y wind shall blow, Ere Jack comes home a - gain.

*ad lib.*

*ad lib.*

# Saint Patrick's Day

M. J. BARRY

IRISH FOLKSONG

*mf*

1. Oh! blest be the days when the green ban-ner float-ed, Sub-lime o'er the moun-tains of free In-nis-fail; When her sons to her glo-ry and free-dom de-vot-ed, De-
2. Her scep-ter, a-las! pass'd a-way to the stran-ger; And trea-son sur-ren-dered what val-or hath held; But true hearts re-mained a-mid dark-ness and dan-ger, Which

fied the in-vad-er to tread her soil, When back o'er the main they chased the Dane, And gave to re-lig-ion and learn-ing their spoil, When val-or and mind to-geth-er com-bined.
'spite of her ty-rants would not be quell'd. Oft, oft, thro' the night flash'd gleams of light Which al-most the dark-ness of bond-age dis-pell'd; But a star now is near, her heav-en to cheer,

*f*

But where-fore la-ment o'er the glo-ries de-part-ed, Her stars shall shine out with as viv-id a ray; For ne'er had she chil-dren more brave and true heart-ed, Than those she now sees on Saint Pat-rick's Day.
Not like the wild gleams which so fit-ful-ly dart-ed, But long to shine down with its hal-low-ing ray On daugh-ters as fair, and on sons as true heart-ed, As E-rin be-holds on Saint Pat-rick's Day.

*mf*

# Songs My Mother Taught Me

Andante con moto

A. DVOŘÁK

Songs my_ moth - er_ taught_ me in the_ days long van - ish'd;

Sel - dom from_ her_ eye - lids were the tear-drops ban - ish'd.

*dim. e rit.* *p*

*pa tempo*

Now I_ teach my chil - dren each me - lo - dious meas - ure. Oft the

*cresc.*

tears are flow_ ing, oft they flow_ from my mem - ry's treas - ure.

*f* *dim.* *pp*

"FAUST"

# Salut Demeure

Larghetto

CH. GOUNOD

*p*

All hail, thou dwell - ing pure and low - ly! All hail, thou dwell - ing pure and

low - ly, To me the home of an - gel pure and ho - ly, All mor - tal beau - ty ex - cel -

*cresc.* *dim.*

ling. What wealth is here, what wealth out-bid-ding gold, Of peace and love, and

in - no-cence un - told! What wealth is here, of peace and love What wealth out-

bid - ding gold! Of peace and love, and in - no-cence un - told!

## Singing For Jesus

ENGLISH CAROL

Moderato

*mf*

1. Sing - ing for Je - sus, sing - ing for Je - sus, Try - ing to serve Him wher - ev - er I
2. Sing - ing for Je - sus, glad hymns of de - votion, Lift - ing the soul on her pin - ions of

go; Point - ing the lost to the way of Sal - va - tion, This be my
love; Drop - ping a word or a thought by the way - side Tell - ing of

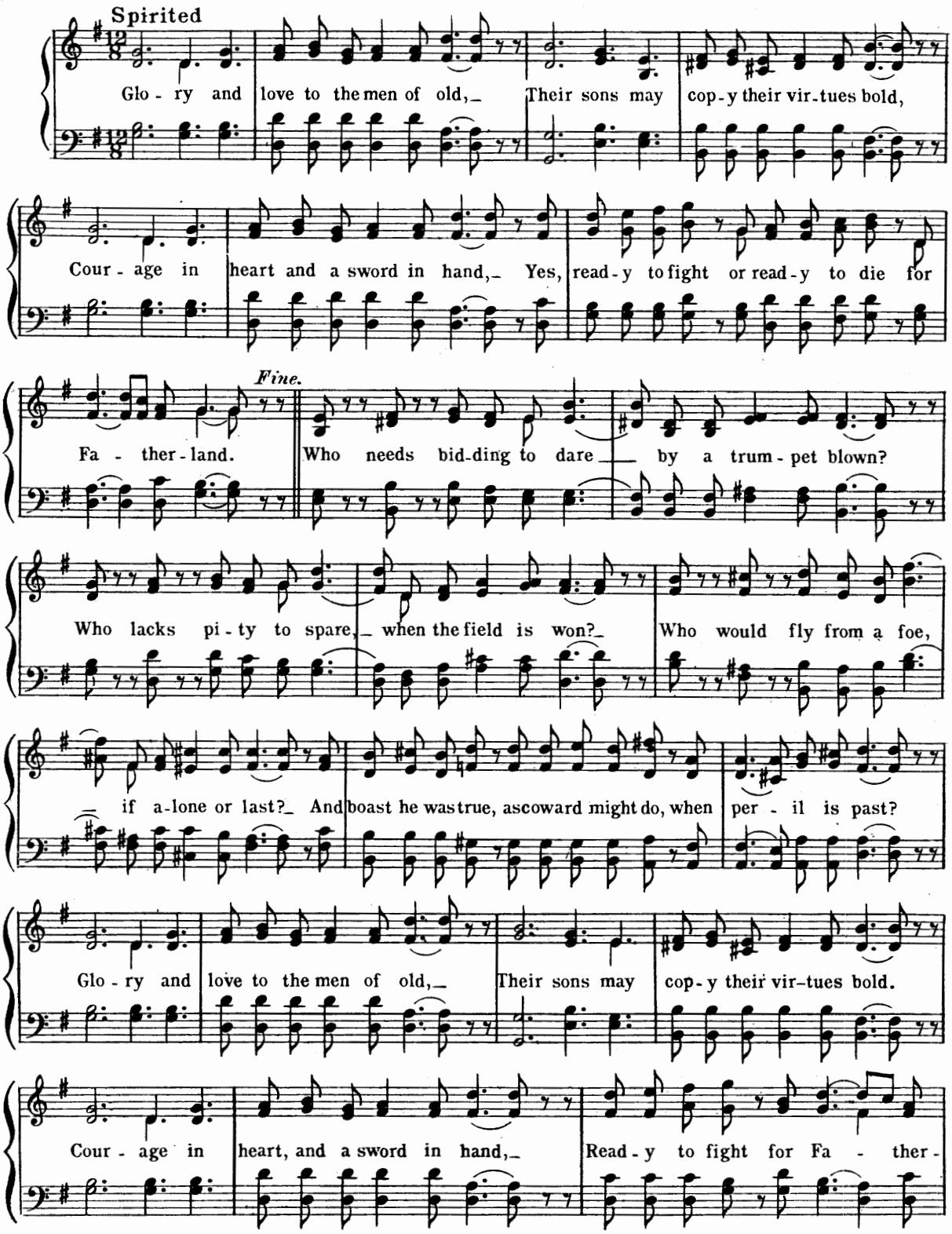
mis - sion, a pil - grim be - low. When in the strains of my coun - try I min - gle, When to ex-
rest in the man - sion a - bove. Mu - sic may soft - en where lan - guage would fail us, Feel - ings long

alt her my voice I would raise, 'Tis for his glo - ry whose arm is her
bu - ried t'will oft - en re - store; Tones that were breath'd from the lips of de-

re - fuge, Him would I hon - or, His name would I praise, His name would I praise.
part - ed, How we re - vere them, when they are no more, When they are no more.

# Soldiers' Chorus

CH. GOUNOD



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

o - ver. Rest is pleas-ant af - ter toil, as hard as ours be-neath a strang-er

sun. Ma - ny a maid - en fair is wait - ing here to greet her tru - ant sol - dier

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

D.C.

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

## Stars Of The Summer Night

Moderato

*p*

1. Stars of the sum-mer night, Far in yon az - ure deeps, Hide, hide your
2. Moon of the sum-mer night, Far down yon west - ern steeps, Sink, sink in

*p*

gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
sil - ver light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

*rall.*

# The Ship Of State

H. W. LONGFELLOW

Moderato

1. Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State, Sail on, O Un - ion, strong and great! Hu-
2. We know what mas - ter laid thy keel, What work - men wrought thy ribs of steel, Who

man - i - ty with all its fears, With all the hopes of fu - ture years, Is
made each mast, and sail, and rope, What an - vils rang, what ham-mers beat, In

hang - ing breath - less on thy fate, Is hang - ing breath - less on thy fate.
what a forge, and what a heat Were shaped the an - chors of thy hope.

# Spanish Serenade

T. H. BAYLY

Moderato

1. Her eyes like cloud-ed stars Un - der her vail lie hid, While a thou - sand sweet gui -
2. The moon is shin-ing bright, Come to me, love, oh, come! Who would waste so sweet a

tars Ech - o thro' dear Ma - drid. Ech - o thro' dear Ma - drid, Oh, with cas - ta - net I
night Dream - ing of joy at home, Dream - ing of joy at home? Come, with cas - ta - nets we'll

bound Thro' the or - ange - blos - som shade, And at mid - night hear the sound Of a lov - er's ser - e -
bound In the or - ange - blos - som shade, And we'll list - en to the sound Of a lov - er's ser - e -

nade, Of a lov - er's ser - e - nade, Of a lov - er's ser - e - nade; And at mid - night hear the
nade, Of a lov - er's ser - e - nade, Of a lov - er's ser - e - nade; And we'll list - en to the

sound Of a lov-er's ser-e-nade, And at mid-night hear the sound Of a
sound Of a lov-er's ser-e-nade, And we'll list-en to the sound Of a

*Lentando*

lov-er's ser-e-nade, Of a lov-er's ser-e-nade, Of a lov-er's ser-e-nade.
lov-er's ser-e-nade, Of a lov-er's ser-e-nade, Of a lov-er's ser-e-nade.

## See At Your Feet

M. W. BALFE

Moderato

*mf*

1. See at your feet a suppliant one, Whose place should be your heart; Be-hold the on-ly
2. Oh! do not spurn the on-ly friend On whom she could de-pend; I was the on-ly

liv-ing thing To which she had to cling.— And saved her life, watch'd o'er her years,
liv-ing thing To which she had to cling.— And saved her life, watch'd o'er her years,

With all the fond-ness faith-en-dears, And her af-fec-tion won. Rend not such ties a-part.
With all the fond-ness faith en-dears, And her af-fec-tion won. Rend not such ties a-part.

## Sun Of My Soul

J. KEBLE

W. H. MONK

Andante

*p*

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews, of kind-ly sleep, My wea-ried eye-lids gent-ly steep;

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise, To hide Thee from Thy serv-ant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-iour's breast.

*"Cavalleria Rusticana"*

# Siciliana

P. MASCAGNI

Andantino

*mf*

O Lo - la, thou hast lips redder than cher - ries,

*accel.* *a tempo*

Ever with love thy bright eyes are glowing, Cheeks that are brown like berries in the for - est,

He whom thou lovest hast found, fortune's fa - vor, *accel et* Tho' on thy threshold

*cresc.* *a tempo* *poco rit.*

blood-stains are gleam - ing, What matters it if for thee my lifeblood is streaming,

*sostenuto*

Even in Heaven sor - row would find me, If thou wert far a - way, ne'er to greet me,

Even in Heaven sor - row would find me, If thou wert far a - way, ne'er to greet me.

*dim.*

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

# Solomon Levi

Moderato

*mf*

1. My name is Sol-o-mon Le-vi At my store on Bax-ter Street That's where you'll buy your coats and vests, And ev-'ry-thing that's neat;_ I've sec-ond hand-ed Ul-ster-ettes, And ev-'ry-thing that's fine,_ For_ all the boys,_ they trade with me, At a hundred and for-ty-nine.

2. And if a loaf-er comes a-long To my store on Bax-ter Street And tries to hang me up for coats, And vests so ver-y neat;_ I kicks the loaf-er right out of my store And on him sets my pup,_ For I won't sell cloth-ing to an-y man Who tries to hold me up.

Chorus

*f*

O, Sol-o-mon Le-vi! Le-vi! tra la la la!_ Poor Sol-ly Le-vi! Tra la la la la la la la la la la,_ My name is Sol-o-mon Le-vi At my store on Bax-ter Street, That's where you'll buy your coats and vests, And ev-'ry-thing else that's neat;_ Sec-ond hand-ed Ul-ster-ettes and ev-'ry thing else that's fine,_ For all the boys they trade with me At a hundred and for-ty-nine.

*cresc.*

*ff*

# Sleep and Rest

W. A. MOZART

Andante

*p*

1. Sleep, oh, my dar-ling, and rest, Birds are a - sleep in their nest, Gar-den and mead-ow are still,
2. Lis - ten, no sound can be heard, Through the house nothing has stirred, Lit-tle gray mouse is not near,

*cresc.* *f*

Bees hum no more by the rill, In through the windows bright Shines the moon's sil-ver-y light;
Cel - lar and kit-chen are clear, On-ly my ba-by so bright Ly - ing a - wake in the night;

*dim. e rit.*

Nes-tle your head on my breast; Sleep, oh, my dar-ling, and rest; oh, sleep, and rest.

# Spring, Gentle Spring

J. R. PLANCHE

Allegretto

*mf*

1. Spring! Spring! gen - tle Spring! Youngest sea - son of the year, Hith-er haste, and
2. Spring! Spring! gen - tle Spring! Gust - y March be - fore thee flies, Gloom-y Win - ter

with thee bring A - pril with her smile and tear; Hand in hand with joc - und
ban - ish - ing; Clear-ing for thy path the skies. Flocks and herds and meads and

*Fine*

May, Bent on keep-ing ho - li - day. With thy dai - sy di - a - dem, And thy
bow'rs, For thy gra-cious pres-ence long! Come and fill the fields with flow'rs, Come and

*cresc.* D.C.

robe of bright-est green, We will wel-come thee and them. As ye've ev - er welcomed been.
fill the woods with song. We will wel-come thee and them.

# Send Out Thy Light

Adagio molto — Moderato

CHARLES GOUNOD

*ff* — *pp* — *cresc.* — *dim.* — *p* — *cresc.* — *f* — *dim.* — *cresc.* — *f* — *dim.* — *p*

Send out Thy light, send out Thy light! Send out Thy light and thy truth, let them lead me, O, let them bring me to Thy ho - ly hill; Send out Thy light and Thy truth, let them lead me, O, let them bring me to Thy ho - ly hill, un - to Thy ho - ly hill, let them lead, let them lead me, O, let them bring me to Thy ho - ly hill.

# The Son Of God Goes Forth To War

R. HEBER

Marcato — *f*

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain; His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far, Who fol - lows in His train? Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um - phant o - ver pain; Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.

2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave, Who saw his mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save: Like Him, with par - don on his tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain, He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in His train?

# Sweet Love Of Mine

Andante. F. COWEN

*mf*

1. Sweet love of mine, my soul and thine Are linked by hid - den chains, My
2. Sweet love of mine, my soul did pine In lone - li - ness un - blest, This

life with thine will in - ter - twine, While life it - self re - mains. The ros - es rare that
love of thine on me did shine, And brought me peace and rest. The swal - low flies to

scent the air, In win - ter fade a - way, But joy or care with thee I'll share, My heart, my
kind - er skies, When ear - ly fades the day, My sum - mer lies with - in thine eyes, My heart, my

*f* *dim.*

heart is thine al - way But joy or care with thee I'll share, My heart is thine al - way.
heart is thine al - way My sum - mer lies with - in thine eyes, My heart is thine al - way.

*sempre p* *rit. e dim.*

# Steal Away

Andante. SLAVE HYMN

*p* *f* *prit.*

Steal a - way, steal a - way, steal a - way to Je - sus! Steal a - way, steal a - way home, I've
not got long to stay here.

*Fine.* *f*

1. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the
2. Green trees are bend - ing, Poor sin - ners stand

thun - der; The trum - pet sounds it in my soul: I've not got long to stay here.
tremb - ling;

*prit.* *D.C.*

# Star Of The Twilight

Andantino

L. O. EMERSON

*p*

1. Star of the twi-light, Beau-ti-ful star, Glad-ly I hail thee, Shin-ing a-far;
2. Ea-ger-ly watch-ing, Wait-ing for thee, Looks the lone maid-en O'er the dark sea;

Rest from your la-bors, Chil-dren of toil, Night clos-es o'er ye, Rest ye a-while;
Soon as thou shin-est Soft on the air, Borne by thy light breeze, Float-eth her pray'r;

This is thy greet-ing, Sig-nalled a-far; Star of the twi-light, Beau-ti-ful star;
Watch o'er him kind-ly, Home from a-far; Light thou his path-way, Beau-ti-ful star;

Star of the twi-light, Beau-ti-ful star; Star of the twi-light, Beau-ti-ful star.

# Silently Falling Snow

Allegro

*mf*

1. In flakes of a feath-er-y white, 'Tis fall-ing so gent-ly and slow; Oh,
2. The earth is all cov-ered to-day With man-tle of ra-di-ant slow; It

pleas-ant to me is the sight, When si-lent-ly fall-ing the snow; Snow, snow, snow, When
spark-les and shines in the ray, In crys-tals of glit-ter-ing snow; Snow, snow, snow, In

si-lent-ly fall-ing the snow; Snow, snow, snow, When si-lent-ly fall-ing the snow.
crys-tals of glit-ter-ing snow; Snow, snow, snow, In crys-tals of glit-ter-ing snow.

# Softly The Night Is Sleeping

A. T. GARDNER

Andante

*p*

1. Soft - ly the night is sleep - ing On Bethlehem's peace-ful hill; si - lent the shep-herds
2. Day in the East is break - ing; Day o'er the crim-soned earth! Now the glad world is

watch-ing, The gen - tle flocks are still. But hark! The won'drous mu - sic Falls from the open-ing sky;
wak - ing, Glad in the Sav-iour's birth! See where the clear star bend - eth O - ver the man-ger blest;

*Quicker* *rit.*

*a tempo* *f*

Val - ley and cliff re - ech - o Glo - ry to God on high,
See where the In-fant Je - sus Smiles up - on Ma - ry's breast!

Chorus *spirited* *ff*

Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God!

Glo - ry to God it rings a - gain, Peace on earth! Peace on earth! Peace on earth! Good will to men.

# Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

SLAVE HYMN

Andante

*p*

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com - ing for to car - ry me home, Swing low, sweet char - i - ot,

Com - ing for to car - ry me home.

*Fine* *mf*

1. I looked o - ver Jor - dan, and what did I see,
2. If you get there be - fore I do,

Com - ing for to car - ry me home? A band of an - gels coming af - ter me, Com - ing for to car - ry me home,
Com - ing for to car - ry me home, Tell all my friends I'm com - ing too, Com - ing for to car - ry me home,

*D.C.*

"MERRY WIDOW"

# The Study Of Woman

F. LEHAR

Tempo di Marcia

For the stu-dy of wo-man is hard, — And the stu-dent must be on his guard, —

— The true na-ture man e'er will per-plex, — Of the sex, sex, sex, sex, sex! —

— Maid-ens slight, child-like quite, gold-en haired, — With the true blue-est eyes ev-er paired, —

— Or with brown, black or red col-ored pair, we should dread, And for treach-er-y be pre-pared! —

# The Soldier's Tear

ALEXANDER LEE

Andante

1. Up - on the hill he turned, To take a last fond — look Of the val-ley and the vil-lage church And the cot-tage by — the brook; He list-ened — to the sounds So fa-mil-iar to his ear, And the sol-dier leaned up-on his sword; And wiped a-way a tear.

2. Be - side that cot-tage porch, A girl was on her — knees, She held a-loft a snow-y scarf, Which — flut-tered in — the breeze; She breathed a prayer for him, — A — prayer he could not hear, But he paused to bless her as she knelt, And wiped a-way a tear.

# Shool

Lively

*mf*

1. I wish I was in Bos - ton cit - y Where all the girls they are so pret - ty, If I
2. I wish I was on yon - der hill, For there I'd sit and cry my fill, And

did - n't have a time 'twould be a pit - y, Dis - cum bib - ble lol - la - boo, slow reel.
ev - 'ry drop should turn a mill, Dis - cum bib - ble lol - la - boo, slow reel.

Chorus

*f*

Shool, shool, shool I rool Shool I shagarack shoo - la bar - bar - cool, The

first time I saw psil - ly bal - ly eel, Dis - cum bib - ble lol - la - boo, slow reel.

# Scots, Wha Hae Wi' Wallace Bled

Andante maestoso

*f*

1. Scots wha hae wi' Wal - lace bled, Scots, whom Bruce has aft - en led, Wel - come to your
2. Wha will be a trai - tor knave? Wha can fill a cow - ard's grave? Wha sae base as

go - ry bed, Or to vic - to - ry! Now's the day, and now's the hour!
be a slave? Let him turn and flee! Wha for Scot - land's king and law,

See the front of bat - tle low'r, See ap - proach proud Ed - ward's power, Chains and slav - er - y!
Free - dom's sword will strong - ly draw, Free - man stand, or free - man fa'? Let him fol - low me!

# Soldier Song

March tempo

R. SCHUMANN

*mf*

A dap-ple-grey horse, and a bright shin-y gun, And a stout wood-en sword, We will sure-ly have fun, For

*cresc.*

I am a sol-dier, as well you can see, And I march with a sol-dier's stride, you'll a-gree, With

*cresc.*

brave heart I leave each morn-ing our house, And come back at noon-day still as a mouse, So

*f*

when I have had my day's ex-er-cise, I will lie in my bed till the sun's a-rise.

# Stars Trembling O'er Us

Andante

D. M. MULOCH

*p*

1. Stars tremb-ling o'er us, And sun-set be-fore us, Moun-tain in shad-ow and
2. Come not, pale Sor-row, Flee, flee till to-mor-row, Rest soft-ly fall-ing o'er

for-est a-sleep, / eye-lids that weep; — Down the dim riv-er We float on for-ev-er, Speak not, ah,

*rit.*

breathe not! there's peace on the deep, — Speak not, ah, breathe not! there's peace on the deep.

# Sally Come Up

Allegretto *mf*

1. Mas-sa's gone de news to hear An' he has left de o-ber-seer To look to all de nig-gar's here, While I make lub to Sally.
2. Mon-day night I gave a ball And I in-vite de nig-gars all; De thick, de thin, de short, de tall, But none came up to Sally.

Chorus

She's such a belle, a real dark swell, She dress so slick, and look so well, Dar's not a gal like Sal-ly. Sal-ly come up, Sal-ly go down, Sal-ly come twist your heel around; De ol' man he's gone down to town, Oh, Sal-ly come down de mid-dle.

# Sparkling And Bright

Moderato *f*

1. Sparkling and bright, in its liquid light, Is the water in our glasses; 'Twill give you health, 'Twill give you wealth, Ye lads and ro-sy lass-es!
2. Bet-ter than gold is the water cold, From the crystal fountain flowing; A calm de-light, both day and night, To hap-py homes be-stow-ing:

Chorus

Oh, then resign your ruby wine, Each smiling son and daugh-ter, There's nothing so good for the youthful blood, Or sweet as the sparkling wa-ter.

# Servian National Hymn

Marcato

*f*

Rise, O Ser-vians, rise to fight, Lift to heav'n thy ban - ners bright,
*U - staj, u - staj, Sr - bi - ne, U - staj na - o ruz je!*

*cresc.* *ff* *ff*

For your aid loud calls your coun-try, From the ty-rant hand to save. March, march
*Dan te ce - ka noc vec be - ga, U - staj - ne - o - kle - vaj Na no -*

on and rout our en - e - my, March, and fight to make you free.
*ge, Sr - bi bra co, Slo bo da zo ve.*

Wm. W. WALFORD

# Sweet Hour Of Prayer

W. B. BRADBURY

Andante

*mf*

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear,

And bids me at my Fa - ther's throne Make all my wants and wish - es known:
To Him whose truth and faith - ful - ness En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless.

In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief;
And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word, and trust His grace,

And oft es - caped the temp - ter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer!
I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

# St. Patrick Was A Gentleman

OLD IRISH

Allegretto

*mf*

1. Saint Patrick was a gen-tle-man, and he came of de-cent peo-ple, In Dub-lin town he built a church and he put a' pon't a stee-ple, His fa-ther was a Wol-lo-gan, his mother was a Grady, His aunt she was a Kin-ni-gan, and his wife the wid-ow Bra-dy, Then success to bold St. Patrick's fist, for he was a saint so clever, He gave the snakes and toads a twist, And banish'd them for-ev-er!

2. There's not a mile in Ire-land's Isle, where the dir-ty ver-min mus-ters, Where e'er he put his dear fore-foot, he mur-der'd them in clusters, The toads went hop, the frogs went flop, slap dash in-to the wa-ter, And the snakes committed su-i-cide, To — save themselves from slaughter.

*f* *cresc.* *f* *rit.*

# The Switzer's Farewell

G. LINLEY

Andante

*mf*

1. A-dieu dear land, with beau-ty beaming, Where first I rov'd a care-less child, Of thee my heart will e'er be dream-ing Thy snow-clad peaks and moun-tains wild. Dear land that I cher-ish, Oh, long may'st thou flourish; My mem-'ry must per-ish Ere I for-get thee.

2. Far from my home I now must wan-der, In stranger land be doomed to dwell, Oh best be-lov'd my heart grows fond-er, While thus I breathe my last fare-well. Re-ceive this sad to-ken, I leave thee heart-brok-en, Our part-ing is spok-en, Be-lov'd one, fare-well.

*rall*

## Summer Days Are Coming

CHARLES JEFFREYS

Allegro *mf*

1. The sum-mer days are com-ing, The blossoms deck the bough, The bees are gai ly humming, And the birds are singing now. We've had our Mayday garlands, We have crown'd our May-day queen With a cor-o-net of ro-ses Set in leaves of brightest green, But her reign is al-most over, The spring is on the wane, Oh haste thee, gentle Summer, To our pleasant land a-gain.

2. The min-strel of the moonlight, The love-lorn night-in-gale, Hath sung his month of mu-sic, To the rose queen of the vale; And what though he be si-lent? As the night comes slowly on, We will trip a-long the green-sward To sweet mus-ic of our own. Oh the summer days are com-ing, And summer nights more dear; Oh haste thee, gentle Summer, For there's joy when thou art near.

## The Sunday-School Scholar

Moderato

*mf* *f* *mf*

1. I am a Sun-day-school scho-lar, lar, lar, lar, I dear-ly love my pa and ma, ma, ma, ma; I dear-ly love my teach-er true, true, true, true, And do what-e'er she tells me to, to, to, to. Teach-er, teach-er, why am I so hap-py, hap-py, hap-py, in my Sun-day-school?

2. On Sun-day I put a-way my toys, toys, toys, toys, I nev-er play with naught-y boys, boys, boys, boys; For they to wick-ed men will grow, grow, grow, grow, And then I don't know where they'll go, go, go, go. Teach-er, teach-er,

# Shells Of Ocean

Andante espressivo

J. W. CHERRY.

*p*

1. One summer eve, with pensive thought, I wander'd on the sea-beat shore, Where oft, in heedless infant sport, I gath-er'd shells in days be-fore, I gath-er'd shells in days be-fore: The plashing waves like music fell, Responsive to my fan-cy wild; A dream came o'er me like a spell, I thought I was a-gain a child, A dream came o'er me like a spell, I thought I was a-gain, a-gain a child.

2. I stoop'd up-on the pebbly strand, To cull the toys that round me lay, But as I took them in my hand, I threw them one by one a-way, I threw them one by one a-way: Oh, thus, I said, in ev'ry stage, By toys our fan-cy is be-guiled; We gath-er shells from youth to age, And then we leave them like a child, We gath-er shells from youth to age, And then we leave them leave them, like a child.

*Expression* *ad lib.*

# Shall We Meet Beyond The River?

Andante

*mf*

ELIHU S. RICE

1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll? Where, in all the bright for ev-er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?

2. Shall we meet in that blest har-bor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er Shall we meet and cast the an-chor By the fair ce-les-tial shore?

Chorus

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the riv-er? Shall we meet beyond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll?

# The Sword Of Bunker Hill

B. COVERT

Allegretto

*mf*

1. He lay up - on his dy - ing bed, His eyes were grow-ing dim, When
2. The sword was brought, the sol - diers eye, Lit with a sud - den flame, And

with a fee - ble voice he call'd, His weep-ing son to him. "Weep not, my boy!" The
as he grasp'd the an - cient blade, He mur-mur'd War - ren's name. Then said, "my boy, I

*cresc.* *cresc.*

vet - 'ran said, "I bow to Heav'ns high will, But quick - ly from yon ant - lers bring The
leave you gold, "But what is rich - er still, I leave you, mark me, mark me now, The

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

Sword of Bun-ker Hill. But quick - ly from yon ant - lers bring, The Sword of Bun-ker Hill."
Sword of Bun-ker Hill. And leave you, mark me, mark me now, The Sword of Bun-ker Hill."

# Strangers Yet

CLARIBEL

Andante moderato

*ad lib.* *tempo prima*

1. Stran-gers yet, af - ter years of life to-geth-er, Af - ter fair and storm - y weath - er,
2. Stran-gers yet, af - ter child-hoods win - ning ways, Af - ter care and blame — and praise,

Af - ter trav - el in far lands, Af - ter touch of wed - ded hands, Why thus joined, why
Coun - sel ask'd and wis - dom giv - en, Af - ter mu - tual prayers to heav - en, Child and pa - rent

ev - er met? If they must be stran - gers yet, stran - gers yet, stran - gers yet?
scarce re - gret When they part, are stran - gers yet, stran - gers yet, stran - gers yet.

# Rory O'More

Allegretto

*mf*

1. Young Ro - ry O' More court - ed Kath - a - leen bawn, He was bold as a hawk, and she
2. "In - deed, then," says Kath - leen, "don't think of the like, For I half gave a prom - ise to

soft as the dawn, He wish'd in his heart pret - ty Kath - leen to please, And he
sooth - er - ing Mike; The ground that I walk on he loves I'll be bound." "Faith," says

*mf*

thought the best way to do that was to tease. "Now, Ro-ry, be ais - y," sweet Kath-leen would cry, Re -
Ro - ry, "I'd rath - er love you than the ground," "Now, Ro-ry, I'll cry, if you don't let me go, Sure I

proof on her lip but a smile in her eye," "With your tricks I don't know, in troth,
dhrame ev - 'ry night that I'm hat - ing you so!" "Oh!" says Ro - ry, "that same I'm de -

*mf*

what I'm a-bout, Faith you've teas'd till I've put on my cloak in-side out." "Oh! jewel," says Ro - ry, "that
light - ed to hear, For dhrames al-ways go by con-thrair-ies, my dear; Oh! jewel, keep dreaming" that

same is the way, You've thrat - ed my heart for this ma - ny a day, And 'tis
same till you die, And bright morn - ing will give dir - ty night the black lie, And 'tis

*cresc.* *dim.*

plaz'd that I am, and why not, to be sure? For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Ro - ry O'More.
plaz'd that I am, and why not, to be sure? Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Ro - ry O'More.

# Song Of The Brook

G. D. WILSON

Andante

*mf*

1. I come from haunts of coot and hern I make a sud - den sal - ly And spark - le out a - mong the fern, To bick er down a val - ley, By thir - ty hills I hur - ry down, Or slip be-tween the ridg - es, By twen - ty thorps, a lit - tle town, And half a hun - dred bridg - es, Till last by Phil - ip's farm I flow, To join the brim - ming riv - er, For men may come and men may go, But I go on for - ev - er. And in and out I curve and flow, To join the brim - ming riv - er, For men may come and men may go, But I go on for - ev - er, For men may come and men may go, But I go on for - ev - er.

2. I steal by lawns and grass-y plots, I slide by haz - el cov - ers; I move the sweet for - get - me-nots That bloom for hap - py lov - ers, With many a curve my banks I fret, By many a field and fal - low, And many a fair - y fore-land set With wil - low weed and mal - low, I chat - ter, chat - ter, as I flow, To join the brim - ming riv - er, For

*a tempo.*

*cresc.*

*rit.*

# Sweet And Low

J. BARNBY

Larghetto

*p*

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

*cresc.* *dim.* *mf*

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

*pp* *p*

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

*dim.* *dim. e rit.* *pp*

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

# So Early In The Morning

Maestoso

*mf*

1.South Ca - ro - li - na's a sul - try clime, Where we used to work in the sum - mer time,
2.When I was young I — used to wait, On — mas - sa's ta - ble — lay de plate,

Mas - sa 'neath de shade would lay, While we poor nig - gers toil'd all day. } So — ear - ly in de
Pass de bot - tle when him dry, — Brush a - way de blue tail'd fly. }

*rall.* *a tempo.*

morn - ing, So — ear - ly in de morn - ing, So — ear - ly in de morn - ing, Be - fore de break of day.

# The Spacious Firmament On High

"CREATION"

JOSEPH HAYDN

Maestoso

1. The spac - ious firm - a - ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real
2. Soon as the eve - ning shades pre - vail, The moon takes up the won - drous

sky, And spang - led heav - 'ns, a shin-ing frame, Their great O - rig - i - nal pro -
tale, And night - ly to the list - 'ning earth Re - peats the sto - ry of her

claim. Th' un-wearied sun from day to day, Does his Cre - a - tor's pow-er dis - play, And
birth; Whilst all the stars that round her burn, And all the plan - ets in their turn, Con-

pub - lish - es to ev - 'ry land The work of an Al - might-y Hand. A-men
firm the tid - ings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole. A-men

# Sleep, Baby Dear

Andante

*p* *mf*

1. All is still and rest - ful now, So my darl - ing slum - ber thou!
2. Soft - ly close each az - ure eye, Like twin May - buds let them lie,

*p dolce.* *p*

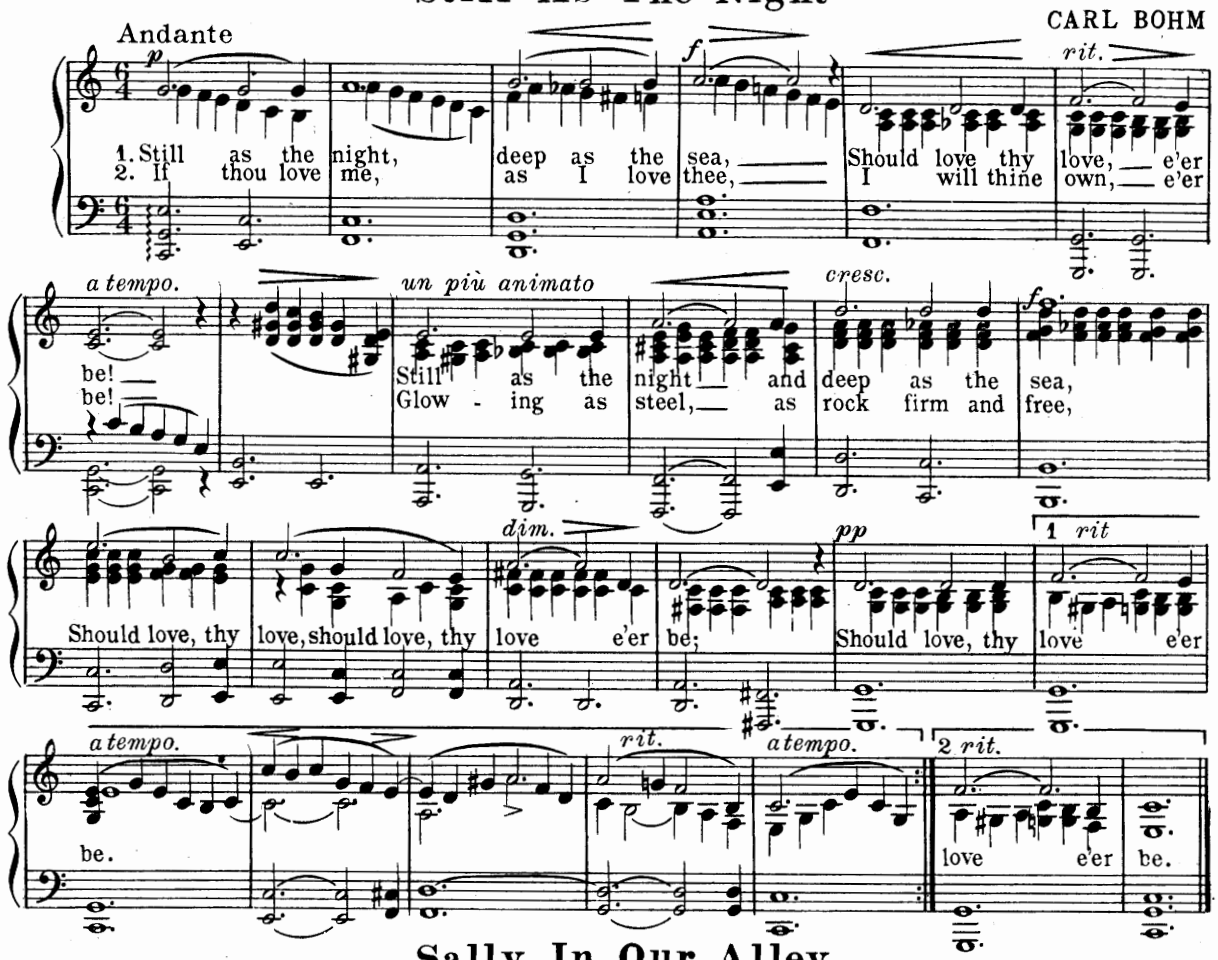
On - ly sighs the wind a - near Lul - la - by, sleep, ba - by dear.
And when morn - ing shines a - new, They, like flowers, shall o - pen too.

*p*

On - ly sighs the wind a - near Lul - la - by, sleep, ba - by dear.
And when morn - ing shines a - new, They, like flowers, shall o - pen too.

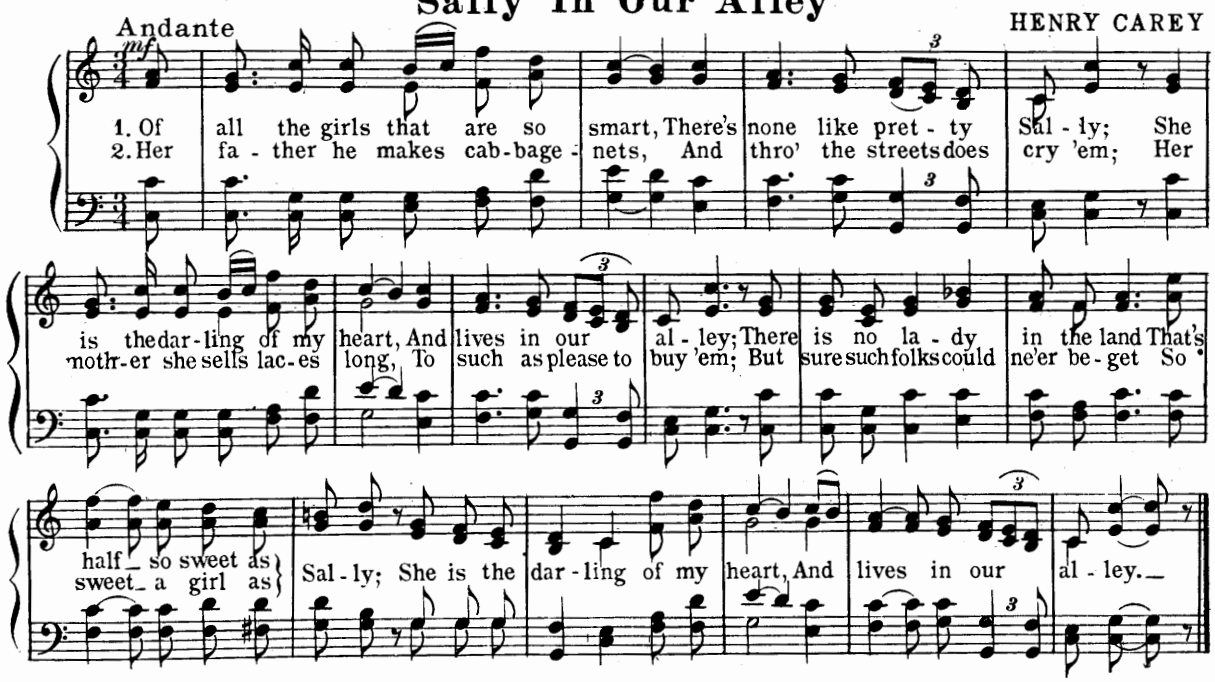
# Still As The Night

CARL BOHM




# Sally In Our Alley

HENRY CAREY



# Steadfast Love

H. de FONTENAILLES

Moderato

*mf* *p*

1. It is all in vain to im - plore me
2. It is all in vain to im - plore me

*cresc.* *f*

Not to let her im - age be - guile, For her face is ev - er be - fore me, And her
All thoughts of her a - way to keep, For still tho' she may ig - nore me, I can

*rit et dim.*

smile, And her smile.
weep, I can weep.

# The Sailor's Grave

Slowly With expression

*mf* *cresc.* *dim.*

1. Our bark was out far from the land, When the brav - est of our gal - lant band, Grew
2. We had no cost - ly wind - ing sheet We — placed two round shot at his feet, He

*mf* *cresc.* *dim.*

death - ly pale and pined a - way, Like the twi - light of an au - tumn day; We
slept in ham - mock safe and sound, As a king in lawn shroud mar - ble bound; We

*f* *dim.* *f* *dim.*

watched him through long hours of pain, Our fears were great, our hopes in vain; Death
proud - ly decked his fun - er - al crest, His coun - try's flag a - bout his breast; We

*f* *dim.*

struck, he gave no — cow - ard's a - larm, He sank to sleep in his mess - mate's arms.
gave him that as a badge of the brave, And he was fit for a sail - or's grave.

# Stonewall Jackson's Requiem

Andante

M. DEEVES

*mf*

1. The muf - fled drum is beat - ing, There's a sad and sol - emn tread, Our ban-ner's draped in mourning, As it shrouds "th illustrious dead." Proud forms are bent with sor-row And all Southern heart sare sore, The He-ro now is sleeping, No - ble Stonewall is no more. Mid the ratt - ling of the muskets And the can-non's thundrous roar, He stained the field of glo - ry With his brave life's precious gore, And though our flag waved proudly, We were victors ere sunset, The gal-lant deeds of Chancelorsville Will mingle with regret.

2. They've borne him to an hon - or'd grave, The lau - rel crowns his brow, By hal-low'd James' si - lent wave He's sweet - ly sleeping now; Vir - gin - ia to the South is dear She holds a sa-cred trust, Our fallen braves from far and near Are cov-ered with her dust; She shrines the spot where now is laid The bravest of them all, The mar - tyr of our country's cause, Our i - dol - ized Stonewall; But though his spir-its wafted To the happy realms a-bove, His name shall live for-ev - er link'd With rev-er-ence and love.

*mf* *f*

# Slumber Song

Allegretto

FRENCH LULLABY

*p*

1. Sleep, sleep, my darling, Sleep tranquil - ly. Mo-ther is watch-ing, Praying for thee, May ho-ly an-gels On wings of light, Bring to my ba - by, Dreams fair and bright. Do-do, my dar-ling, peace-ful-ly sleep.

2. Sleep, sleep, my darling, Sleep tranquil - ly. Thy heav'nly Fath - er car-eth for thee. In thy soft cradle Peace-ful - ly sleep; While thou dost slumber Watch He will keep. Do-do, my dar-ling, peace-ful-ly sleep.

# Speak To Me

Andantino

F. CAMPANA

*p*

1. Why turn a - way When I draw near? Why cold to - day? Once I was dear! Then thy heart
2. One i - dle day Thou didst de - plore Some cast a - way On des-ert shore; 'Twas but a

*cresc.* *dim.* *mf*

stirr'd, And flush'd thy brow; Nev-er a word Wel-come now, Now thy hand lies list-less in
tale By po - et feigned, Yet thou didst pale, Si - lent and pained. And thou didst moan, Sad, sad to

*mf*

mine Once its re - plies spake love di - vine! Cold, as if we nev-er had met, Can it then
be Ut - ter - ly lone by the bleak sea! My life is drear; I cast a - way; Give me the

*cresc.* *dim.* *mf*

be hearts can for - get? Ah! speak to me, speak; be my heart heard, Or will it break
tear Thou shedd'st that day.

*cresc.* *dim.*

for one poor word! No vow to bind, no pledge I seek, On - ly be kind, speak to me, speak!

# Softly Now The Light Of Day

Andante

C. M. von WEBER

*p*

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
2. Thou, whose all per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with thee.
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin.

# See-Saw

Tempo di Valse

CH. COOTE

*mf*

See - saw, See - saw, now we're up or down, — See - saw, See - saw, — now we're off to Lon - don Town, See - saw, See - saw, Boys and girls come out and play, See - saw, — See - saw, On this our half hol - i - day. —

*cresc.* *dim.*

# The Pretty Girl Milking Her Cow

Moderato

*mf*

1. 'Twas on a bright morn - in' in sum - mer, That I first heard his voice speak - in' low, As he said to a col - leen be - side him, "Who's that pur - ty girl milk - in' her cow?" Och! ma - ny times oft - en ye met me, And told me that I should be Your darl - ing A - cush - la, A - lan - na, Ma - vour - neen, A - sui - lish, Ma - chree.

2. I have not the man - ners or grac - es, Of the girls in the world where ye move, I have not their beau - ti - ful fac - es But oh! I've a heart that can love; If it plase ye I'll dress me in sat - in, And jew - els I'll put on my brow, But och! don't be af - ther for - get - tin' Your pur - ty girl milk - in' her cow.

*cresc.* *f* *dim.*

# Sing, Smile, Slumber

CHARLES GOUNOD

Andante

1. When at twi - light so soft - ly thy voice breaks in - to song, Can'st thou tell
2. When the smile on thy lip chas-es doubt far from my breast, All my gloom

— the sweet mem-'ries of old that round me throng, All the dear hap - py
— is dis-pelled and for - ev - er light I rest, In thy sweet smile con-

days then re - turn to me, hal-lowed by thee. Ah! then sing, ah! sing for-
fid - ing, 'tis in - no - cence on - ly I see. Ah! then smile, ah! smile for-

ev - - er, then sing, ah! sing to me, Then sing, ah! sing for - ev - er, sing still to
ev - - er, then smile, ah! smile on me, Then smile, ah! smile for - ev - er, smile still on

*dim.*

me. Ah! sing for - ev - er, still sing to me.
me. Ah! smile for ev - er, still smile on me.

# Charles John, Our Brave King

Marcato

1. Charles John, our brave King, Is home-ward re - turn-ing; Each heart's for him yearn-ing, Bells
1. *Carl Jo - han, var Kung, Han kom som fran höj - den, O sjun - gom i fröj - den Bad*

joy - ous - ly ring. The throne thou sus - tain - est, With firm hand thou rei-gn-est, Charles John, our brave King!
*gam - mal och ung! Han tryg - ga - de Thro - nen, Up - lyf - te Na - tio - nen, Det gjor - de var Kung!*

"GRAND DUCHESS"

# Song Of The Sabre

J. OFFENBACH

Marcato

1. Be - hold the sa - bre of my fa - ther, Gird it, I pray thee, at thy side; Un-
2. sheath'd for war, for free-dom rath - er, This sa - bre, ev - er-more thy pride.

No - bly my fa - ther ev - er wore it, Proud - ly my moth - er gave it him,
Thus, while the bat - tle clouds now low - er, Hope - ful we gird thee for the fray,

Un - tarn - ished thou wilt e'en re - store it, Its glo - ry thou wilt nev - er dim.
And strong in more than mor - tal pow - er, We send thee forth this glor - ious day.

Take, then, the sa - bre, the sa - bre, the sa - bre; Take, then, the sa - bre, 'mid rout and carn - age dire;

Wield, then, the sa - bre, the sa - bre, the sa - bre; Brave - ly wield the sa - bre of my sire!

# The Squirrel Loves A Pleasant Chase

Allegretto

1. The squir - rel loves a pleas - ant chase, Tra la, la, la, la, la, To out your hands and
2. catch him you must run a race, Tra la, la, la, la, la, Hold

we will see, Which of the two will quick - er be! Tra la, la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la, la.

# Spanish National Song

Allegro

*mf*

How wretched is the anguish Of slaves who are in fetters bound, Each day they hopeless lan-guish In mis-'ry most pro- found. Oh, pa - tri - ot brave, green shall be thy holy grave, If life you give Spain's fair realm to save Then rush to take the field, For Spaniards ne'er to foemen yield! Then rush to take the field, For Spaniards ne'er to foemen yield! Oh, lis-ten to the sum-mons That calls the pa-tri-ot out a-gain, For vengeance or for tri-umph, To die for freedom and Spain!

# Spring's Message

Cheerfully

*mf*

1. Cuc - koo, Cuc - koo, calls from the tree, Now let us sing and dance and be mer - ry,
2. Cuc - koo, Cuc - koo, calls from the tree, Come to the fields so plea - sant to see, For

*cresc.*

*mf*

Cuc - koo, Cuc - koo, calls from the tree.
Spring - time, Spring - time, comes mer - ri - ly!

# Susan Jane

WILL S. HAYS

Allegro

*mf*

1. I went to see my Su-san, She met me at the door, And told me that I need-n't come To see her an - y more; She fell in love with Ru-fus — An - drew Jack-son Payne, I look her in the face and said, "Good-bye, Su-san Jane!"
2. Her mouth was like a cel - lar, Her foot was like a ham, Her eyes were like an owl's at night. Her voice was nev - er calm; Her hair was long and cur - ly, She looked just like a crane, I've bid fare-well to all my love, "Good-bye, Su-san Jane!"

Chorus

Oh! Su-san Jane!

Oh! Su-san, Su-san Jane!

Oh! Su-san Jane!

Oh! Su-san, Susan Jane!

Oh!

Su-san, quit your fool-in', And give my heart to me, Oh used to love you dear-ly, I can-not love a - gain; I'm give me back my love a-gain, And I will let you be: I leave you soon, Good-bye, Su-san Jane.

going a - way to

*rit.*

Slowly

# Sister Ruth

JOS. HADYN

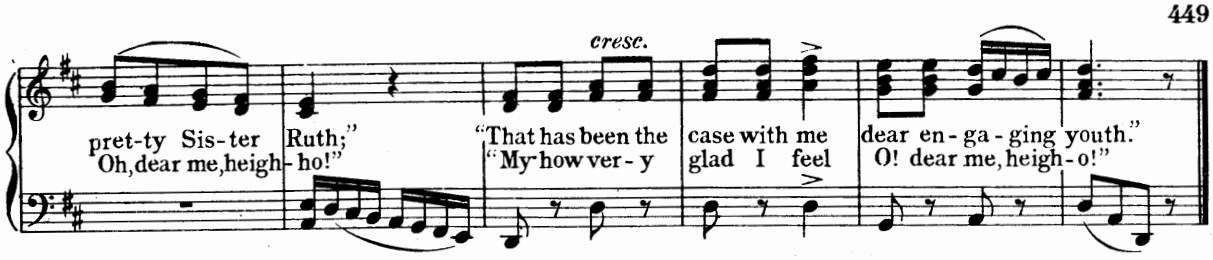
*mf*

1 "Dost thou love me, Sis - ter Ruth? Say, say, say!" "As I fain would speak the truth, Yea, yea, yea!" Long my heart hath yearn'd for thee,
2 "Wilt thou pro-mise to be mine? Mai - den fair?" "Take my hand, my heart is thine, There, there, there!" Let us then the bar - gain seal,

*cresc.*

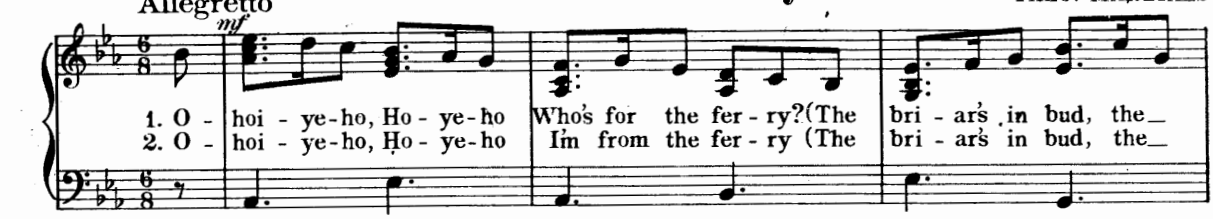
*mf*

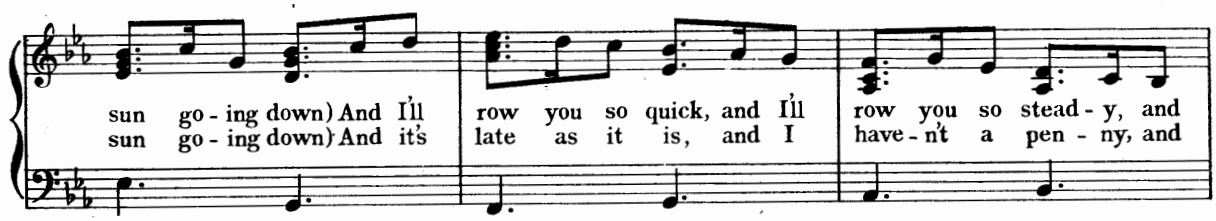
*mf*

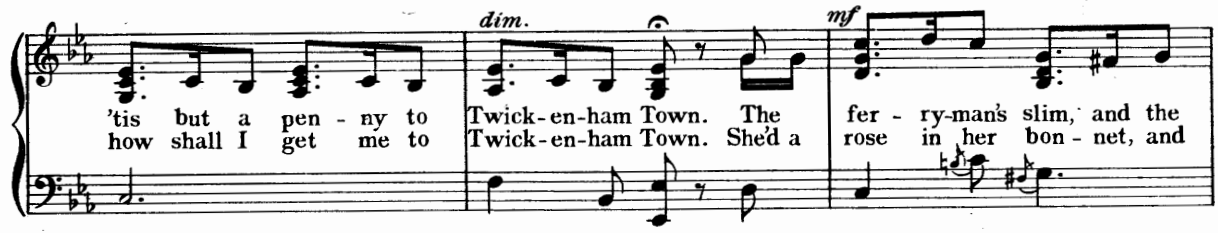


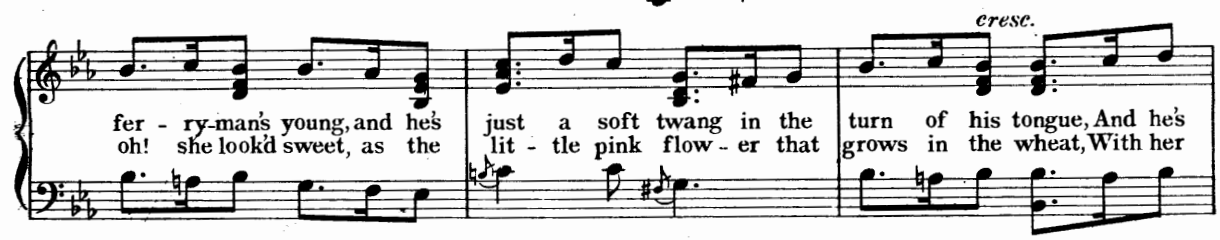

# Twickenham Ferry

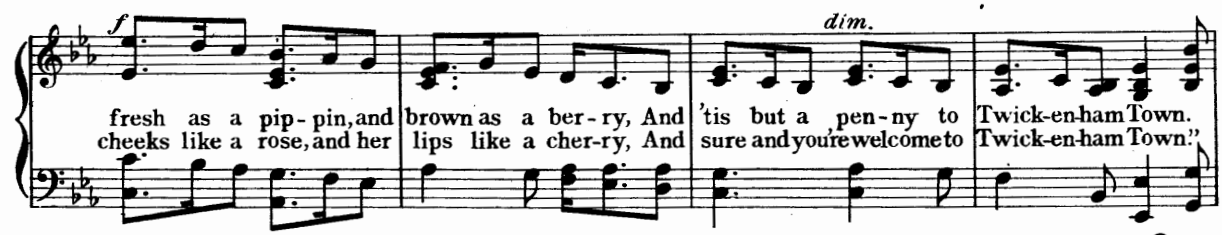
THEO. MARZIALS

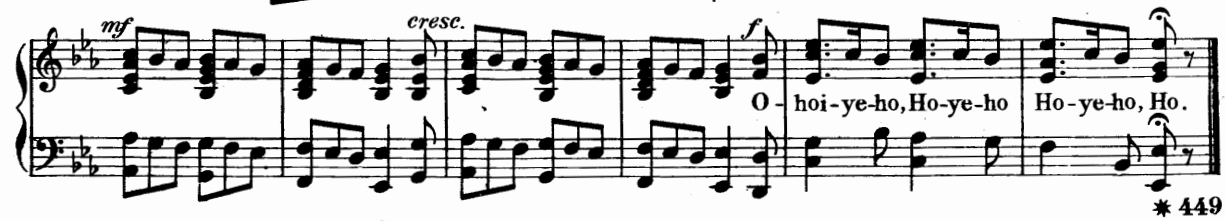


## The Slumber Song

Andante

1. All is still in sweet-est rest, Be thy sleep se - rene-ly blest! Winds are moan-ing
2. Close each lit - tle, lov - ing eye, Let them like two rose - lets lie; And when pur-pling

o'er the wild, Lul - la - by, sleep on my child; Lul - la - by, sleep on my child, La,
morn shall glow, Still as rose - lets fresh - ly blow, Still as rose - lets fresh - ly blow; La,

lul - la - by, sleep on, my child; May an - gels gleams Per - vade thy dreams!

## Shining Shore

Andante

G. F. ROOT

1. My days are glid-ing swift-ly by, And I, a pil - grim stran-ger, Would not de-tain them
2. Should com-ing days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing - ing; That per-fect rest naught

as they fly,– Those hours of toil and dan - ger.
can mo-lest Where gold - en harps are ring - ing.

CHORUS

For now we stand on Jor-dan's strand, Our

friends are pass-ing o - ver; And just be-fore the shin-ing shore We may al-most dis - cov - er.

## Sleep, Beloved, Sleep

Andantino con moto

W. TAUBERT

1. Sleep, be-lov - ed, sleep; Round thee watch we keep; List how the rain doth fall,
2. Close thy wea - ry eye; Wind doth rus - tle by; Hare doth lift a list - 'ning ear,

How the neigh-bor's dog doth call: He hath bit - ten some one stray-ing, That's the cause of
As the hun - ter's foot draws near; Coat of green is hun - ter wear-ing But the hare is

all this bay - ing, Round thee care - ful watch we keep. Sleep be - lov - ed sleep.
lit - tle car - ing; Hun - ter can - not come him nigh. Close thy wea - ry eye.

*rit.* *dim.*

## Song of a Thousand Years

Maestoso

H. C. WORK

*f* *sempre f*

1. Lift up your eyes, desponding freemen! Fling to the winds your needless fears! He who un-furl'd your beauteous
2. What if the clouds, one lit - tle moment, Hide the blue sky when morn ap-pears, When the bright sun that tints them

ban-ner, Says it shall wave a thousand years!
crim-son, Ri-ses to shine a thousand years!

CHORUS

"A thousand years!" my own Co - lum-bi - a! 'Tis the glad

day so long fore - told! 'Tis the glad morn whose ear-ly twi-light Wash-ing-ton saw in times of old.

## See-Saw, Margery Daw

Allegretto

*mf*

See - saw, Mar - ge - ry Daw, Jack shall have a new mas - ter,

He shall have but a pen - ny a day, Be - cause he won't work a - ny fast - er.

## The Shadows Of The Evening Hours

Moderato — H. HILES

*mf*

1. The shad-ows of the eve-ning hours Fall from the dark-'ning sky; Up - on the fra-grance
2. The sor-rows of Thy ser-vants, Lord, O do not Thou de - spise, But let the in-cense

of the flow'rs The dews of eve-ning lie. Be - fore Thy throne O Lord of heav'n, We
of our prayers Be - fore Thy mer - cy rise. The bright-ness of the com-ing night Up-

kneel at close of day; Look on Thy chil-dren from on high, And hear us while we pray.
on the dark-ness rolls, With hopes of fu - ture glo - ry chase The shad-ows on our souls.

## Sunday Morning

Moderato — F. ABT

*mf*

1. Morn hath woke the world a-gain; Ro - sy fresh-ness fills the air; — But from la - bor
2. Not an-oth - er sound is heard, Save the mur-m'ring of the air; — And the song of

we re - frain, For this is a day of prayer. And the church bells seem to say, —
some sweet bird; All a-round is calm and still. While the church bells seem to say, —

*cresc.* *dim.*

"Sun-day, Sun-day, ho - ly day!" And the church bells seem to say, "Sun-day, Sun-day, ho - ly day!"
"Sun-day, Sun-day, ho - ly day!" And the church bells seem to say, "Sun-day, Sun-day, ho - ly day!"

*cresc.* *dim.*

## Strike The Harp Gently

Andante — I. B. WOODBURY

1. Strike the harp gent-ly, To the mem-'ry of those Who — ev - er loved fond-ly Ere called to re-
2. Strike the harp gent-ly, And — breathe thy sweet strain For — those that loved fond-ly But who ne'er a-

pose Be-neath the green turf, — Where the wild flow-ers bloom, — Scent-ing the earth And em-
gain Can meet to ca-ress thee In — all this lone world, The dear ones are hap-py With

broid-ring the tomb; Oh! strike the harp gently To the mem-ry of those Who ev-er loved fondly Ere called to re-pose!
ser-aphs un-told;

"MAGIC FLUTE"

## Song Of The Fowler

W. A. MOZART

Allegretto

*mf*

1. A fowl-er bold in me you see, A man of mirth and min-strel-sy; My name is ev-er in de-mand, With
2. I am a fowl-er bold and free, A man of mirth and min-strel-sy; My name is ev-er in de-mand, With

old and young thro'-out the land. I set my traps, the birds flock round, I whis-tle and they
old and young thro'-out the land. A-far from men who delve with spades, Ho! mine's the rar-est

know the sound, For wealth my lot I'd not re-sign, For ev-'ry bird that flies is mine.
of all trades! For e'en the sweep of moun-tain blast But brings my birds all fly-ing fast.

## Swiss National Hymn

Andante Vigoroso

*f*

1. Call'st thou, my Fa-ther-land? See us with heart and hand, Fight-ing for Thee! Hail Thee, Hel-
2. *Rufst du, mein Va-ter-land? Siehst uns mit Herz und Hand, All dir ge weiht! Heil dir, Hel-*

ve-ti-a! Still hast thou sons of yore, Such as Saint Ja-cob saw, Joy-ful for the strife!
*ve-ti-a! Hast noch der Söh-ne ja, Wie sie Sankt Ja-cob sah' Frend voll zum Streit!*

## Safely Through Another Week

Andante — LOWELL MASON

*mf*

1. Safe-ly through an-oth-er week, God has brought us on our way; Let us now a bless-ing seek, Wait-ing - in his courts to - day. Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e-ter-nal rest, Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e-ter-nal rest.
2. While we pray for pardoning grace, Thro' the dear Re-deem-er's name, Show thy re-con-cil-ed face, Take a - way our sin and shame; From our world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee, From our world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee.

*"Chimes of Normandy"*

## Silent Heroes

Moderato — R. PLANQUETTE

*f*

Si-lent heroes, from out the might-y past, Still o-ver your line keep-ing watch, Lo! hear your child, sole of his race and last! Last of the line they own as Lord, own as Lord! Last of the line they own as Lord!

*p*

## She Must Be Mine

Allegretto — WELSH SONG

*mf*

1. If she were mine, and lov'd me well, Life would be naught but plea-sure, I would not care for
2. If she were mine, my aim would be, To make her love me dear-ly, That all her heart, and

sacks of gold Nor oth- er earth - ly trea-sure. Her win - ning ways, her laugh - ing eyes, Throw
all her thoughts Be - long'd to me sin - cere - ly; But should I find to my dis-may, I —

*mf*

such a charm a - bout her, She must be mine, yes, mine a - lone, I can-not live with- out her.
had good cause to doubt her, Then were she mine, yet lov'd me not, I'd ra-ther be with- out her!

*dim.* *mf*

## Should You See My Love So True

Allegretto

*mf* *p*

Should you see my love so true, Greet her from me fair - ly!

*p*

Should she ask you, how I do, Say, I'm do - ing rare - ly! If a smi - ling face she keep,

*mf*

*cresc.*

Say I'm dead for sor - row! If she then be - gin to weep, Say, I'll come to - mor - row!

## Sleeping I Dream'd Love

W. V. WALLACE.

Andante espressivo.

*mf*

Sleep - ing, I dream'd love, dream'd love of [illegible] — O'er the bright waves, love, float - ing were we; —
Light in thy fair hair [illegible] wind, — Gen - tly thy white arms round me were twined.

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

And as thy song, love, swell'd o'er the sea, Fond - ly thy blue eyes beam'd love on me. —

# Shall We Gather At The River?

ROBERT LOWRY

Moderato

*mf*

1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright an - gel feet have trod;—
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,—

With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow - ing from the throne of God?
We shall walk and wor - ship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.

*mf* *cresc.*

Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er,

*f* *dim.*

Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er, That flows from the throne of God.

# Sweet Saviour, Bless Us

W. H. MONK

Animato

1. Sweet Sav - iour, bless us ere we go: Thy words in - to our minds in - stil;
2. The day is gone, its hours have run, And Thou hast tak - en count of all,

And make our luke - warm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will,
The scan - ty tri - umphs grace hath won, The brok - en vow, the fre - quent fall,

Thro' life's long day, and death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our light.

## Serenade

M. MOSZKOWSKI

Andantino

*mf*

1. Neath thy win-dow, love, I stand, I would fain clasp thy dear hand,
2. List, love, to my myr-iad songs, For my heart to thee be-longs,

What were life with-out you, dear? Dark days of long-ing and
I am

days full of dread fear, thine for-ever more, Yes, thine for-ever more!

*f* *p* *rit.*

## The Starlight In Thine Eyes

GEOFFREY HUNT

Andante espressivo

*p* *dim.*

1. The star-light in thine eyes shines o'er the heav'n of my de-light
2. The sun-shine of thy slight-est glance brings joy un-to my heart

*cresc.* *dim.*

And when they close in slum-ber, 'tis for me as dark-est night.
And then my soul is filled with fear that we may ev-er part.

## Soft Music Is Stealing

MARY S. B. DANA

Andante

1. Soft, soft mu-sic is steal-ing, Sweet, sweet lin-gers the strain: Loud, loud now it is
2. Join, join, chil-dren of sad-ness, Send, send sor-row a-way; Now, now changing to

peal-ing, Wak-ing the ech-oes a-gain. Yes, yes, yes, yes, Wak-ing the ech-oes a-gain.
glad-ness, War-ble a beau-ti-ful lay. Yes, yes, yes, yes, War-ble a beau-ti-ful lay.

# Susy, Little Susy

E. HUMPERDINCK

Allegretto

1. Su - sy, lit - tle Su - sy, now what is the news? The geese are go - ing bare-foot be-cause they've no shoes. The cob-bler has leath - er but no clasps has he.
2. Is - n't it a pi - ty, it's real - ly too bad, Who'll make me a pres - ent of su - gar and milk! For I'll sell my bed and I'll lay me on straw. So he can - not make them the shoes don't you see? Feath - ers ne'er will stick me and mice will not gnaw.

# Song Of Mercy

W. H. MONK

Adagio

1. Lord, in this Thy mer - cy's day, Ere the time shall pass a - way, On our knees we fall and pray.
2. Ho - ly Je - sus, grant us tears, Fill us with heart searching fears, Ere the hour of doom ap - pears.

# Santa Lucia

NEAPOLITAN SONG

Allegretto

*mf*

1. Calm o'er the o - cean blue Moon - light is shin - ing And with its sil - ver light Stray cloud is lin - ing; Come pret - ty maid - en, Look from thy lat - tice, love, List to the boat - men Chant - ing and row - ing.
2. While from the blue ex - panse Fair stars are gleam - ing O - ver the night be - neath, In sweet - ness beam - ing. As o'er the stream we glide, Borne by the roll - ing tide, San - ta Lu - ci - a San - ta Lu - ci - a.

*f* *dim.*

# They All Love Jack

STEPHEN ADAMS

Allegro

*mf*

1. When the ship is trim and read-y, And the jol - ly days are done, When the last good-byes are
2. Where he goes their hearts go with him, E'en his ship he calls her "she;" Up a - loft that "lit - tle
3. When he's sail'd the world all o - ver, And a - gain he steps a - shore, There are scores of lass - es

*cresc.* *mf*

whispered, And Jack a-board is gone; The lass - es fall a - weeping, As they watch his ves - sel's
cherub" Sure a maiden she must be. And as o'er the sea he travels, The mermaids down be -
waiting To love him all the more; He may lose his golden guineas, But a wife he'll nev - er

*cresc.* *cresc.*

track, For all the lands-men lov - ers — Are noth - ing af - ter Jack, For
low Would give their crys - tal king - doms For the love of Jack, I trow, Would
lack, If he'd wed them all, they'd take him, For they all love Jack! If he'd

*f* *cresc.* *ff*

all the lands-men lov - ers — Are noth - ing af - ter Jack. —
give their crys-tal king-doms For the love of Jack I trow. — For his heart is like the sea, Ever
wed them all, they'd take him, For they all love Jack! —

CHORUS

*cresc.*

o - pen, brave and free, And the girls must lone - ly be, — Till his ship comes back; But if love's the best of

*ff*

all, — That can a man be - fall, — Why, Jack's the king of all, — For they all love Jack! —

# Three Blind Mice

Lively

1 *mf* 2 3 Round

Three blind mice, Three blind mice, See how they run! — See how they run! They all ran af-ter the

4

farmer's wife; She cut off their tails with a carving knife: Did ever you see such a sight in your life, As three blind mice.

# Too Late, Too Late!

M. LINDSAY

Andante Larghetto

*mf*

1. Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill! Late, late, so late! But we can en-ter still. Too late! too late! ye can-not en-ter now.
2. No light! so late! and dark and chill the night! Oh, let us in, that we may find the light, Oh, let us in, that we may find the light.

Too late! too late! ye can-not en-ter now.
Too late! too late! ye can-not en-ter now.

No light had we: for that we do re-pent, And, learn-ing this, the bride-groom will re-lent. Too late! too late! ye can-not en-ter now. Too late! too late! ye can-not en-ter now.

# Upon A Lowly Manger

M. ATWOOD

Andante

*p*

Up-on a low-ly man-ger, Our Lord was laid, they say.

*cresc.* *dim.*

While an-gel voic-es sang his praise from Heav-en far a-way.

# Thou Hast Spread Thy Wings To Heaven

"LUCIA"

G. DONIZETTI

Moderato

*p*

Thou hast spread thy wings to heav-en, Oh thou spir-it pure and ten-der, From on high, 'mid star-ry splen-dor, look down in pi-ty, look in pi-ty and for-give, Tho' by mor-tals doom'd to sev-er, Ours a love that can-not per-ish, Thee on earth a-lone I cher-ish, Be-reft of thee, be-reft of thee I will not live, No, thou spir-it pure and ten-der, thou spir-it pure and ten-der, reft of thee I will not live, no, thou spir-it pure and ten-der, thou spir-it pure and ten-der, be-reft of thee, be-reft of thee, I will not live!

*cresc.*

*e stringendo.*

# There Is Joy In Ev'ry Day

Gaily

*mf*

1. There is joy in ev-'ry day, In our work and in our play.
2. If we al-ways do our best Ev-'ry night will bring sweet rest.

*"Olivette"*

# The Torpedo And The Whale

Allegretto

E. AUDRAN

*f* *ff* *f*

1. In the North sea liv'd a whale, In the North sea liv'd a whale, In the North sea
2. All went well un - til one day, All went well un - til one day, All went well un -
3. "Just you make tracks" cried the whale, "Just you make tracks" cried the whale, "Just you make tracks"

*f* *ff*

liv'd a whale, Big in bone and large in tail, Big in bone and large in tail,
til one day, Came a strange fish in the bay, Came a strange fish in the bay,
cried the whale, Then he lashed out with his tail, Then he lashed out with his tail,

*Humming* *mf*

Oh! This whale used un-
Oh! This fish was in-
Oh! The fish be - ing

*cresc.*

du - ly, To swag-ger and bul - ly, And oh! and oh! The la - dies lov'd him
deed, oh! A Wool-wich tor - pe - do But oh! but oh! The big whale did not
load - ed, Then and there ex - plo - ded And oh! and oh! That whale was seen no

*f* *cresc.*

so! This whale used un - du - ly, To swag-ger and bul - ly, And oh! and oh! The
know. This fish was in - deed, oh! A Wool-wich tor - pe - do; But oh! but oh! The
more. The fish be - ing load - ed, Then and there ex - plo - ded, And oh! and oh! That

*ff* 1-2 3 *ff*

la - dies lov'd him so!
big whale did not know.
whale was seen no more!

# Thy Name Was Once The Magic Spell

Moderato — A. COWELL

*mf*

1. Thy name was once the ma - gic spell By which my heart was bound, And burn-ing dreams of light and love, Were wa-kened by that sound, My heart beat quick, when stran-ger tongues With i - dle praise or blame A - woke its deep-est thrill of life, To trem - ble at thy name.

2. Long years, long years have passed a - way And al - tered is thy brow, And we who met so fond - ly once, Must meet as stran-gers now; The friends of yore come round me still, But talk no more of thee; 'Tis i - dle e'en to wish it now For what art thou to me!

# Turkey In The Straw

Allegro

*f*

I — went down to San - dy Hook de od-er ar-ter-noon, I — went down to San - dy Hook de od-er ar-ter-noon, I — went down to Sandy Hook de od-er ar-ter-noon, And de fust man I met dere was ole Zip Coon,

*Fine*

Old Zip Coon is a ver-y learned scholar Old Zip Coon is a ver-y learned scholar, Old Zip Coon is a ver-y learned scholar, And he plays up-on de ban-jo "Coon-ey in de hol-ler."

*D.C.*

# Tapping At The Garden Gate

Allegro

S. W. NEW

*mf* *cresc.* *dim.*

1. Who's that tap-ping, at the gar-den gate? Tap, tap, tap-ping at the gar-den gate?
2. O you sly ___ lit-tle "Fox" you know, Fid-get-ing a-bout un-til you go,

Ev-'ry night, I have heard of late, Some-bo-dy tap-ping at the gar-den gate. *f* What, you shy little
Dropp'd the su-gar spoon! Why there it lies, Bless the girl ___ where are your eyes. Were I a-ble to

puss! don't know! Why do you blush and fal-ter so! What are you look-ing for un-der the chair? The
leave my chair, Soon would I find out who is there: Don't tell ___ me you think it's the cat, ___

*dim.* *mf*

tap, tap, tap-ping comes not from there. Ev-'ry night a-bout half past eight, There's tap, tap, tapping at the
Cats don't tap, ___ tap, tap like that. Cats don't know when its half past eight, And come tap, tapping at the

*cresc.* *f*

gar-den gate. Ev-'ry night a-bout half past eight, There's tap, tap, tap-ping at the gar-den gate.
gar-den gate. Cats don't know when its half past eight, And come tap, tap-ping at the gar-den gate.

# Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star

Moderato

*mf*

1. Twin-kle, twin-kle lit-tle star; How I won-der what you are, Up a-bove the world so high
2. When the blaz-ing sun is gone, When he noth-ing shines up-on, Then you show your lit-tle light

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

Like a dia-mond in the sky! Twin-kle, twin-kle, lit-tle star, How I won-der what you are!
Twin-kle, twin-kle all the night!

# Take Back The Heart

Mrs. CHAS. BARNARD

Moderato

*p*

1. Take back the heart that thou gav - est, What is mine an-guish to thee! Take back the free-dom thou crav - est, Leav-ing the fet-ters to me. Take back the vows thou hast spok - en, Fling them a - side and be free, Smile o'er each pit - i - ful tok - en, Leav - ing the sor - row for me. Drink deep of life's fond il - lu - sion, Gaze on the storm cloud and flee, Swift - ly thro' strife and con - fu - sion, Leav - ing the bur - den to me.

2. Then when at last o - ver tak - en, Time flings its fet - ters o'er me; Come with a trust still un - shak - en, Come back a cap - tive to me. Come back in sad - ness or sor - row, Once more my dar - ling to be; Come as of old, love, to bor - row, Glimp - ses of sun - light from me. Love shall re - sume her do - min - ion, Striv - ing no more to be free, When on her world wea - ry pin - ion, Flies back my lost love to me.

*stringendo* *rit.* *rit.* *lento*

# Tarpaulin Jacket

Moderato

*mf*

1. Wrap me up in a tar - pau - lin jack - et, To speed a poor duf - fer be - low. Bid six jol - ly sail - or - men bear me With a step sob - er, mea - sured and slow.

2. Then get six jol - ly loy - al fore - top men, With a rol - lick - ing roy - al yo ho. To drink down a six - gal - lon grog sir To the health of the duf - fer be - low.

# Twenty Years Ago

A. L. GATTY

Allegretto

*mf*

1. Those bon - ny glades of Gir - van woods, full twen - ty years a - go, When stars came out to look at us who wan - der'd to and fro, There oft we lin - ger'd, hand in hand, and what kind words were said, With ten - der light shed o - ver us thru' branches o - ver head. With ten - der light shed o - ver us thru' branches o - ver head. Ah!

2. We walk'd to - geth - er thou and I, we part - ed, ah! too soon, But e'er we left our lips had met be - neath the sum - mer moon; Yes, oft I dream of of - ten - er of thee, For Gir - van woods are all laid low, but thou still lov - est me. For Gir - van woods are all laid low, but thou still lov - est me.

*cresc.*

*a tempo*

*rit. e cresc.*

Andante

*mf espressivo*

oft I dream of Gir - van woods, the woods we loved so well, And those dear alleys Where the shade of white boll'd beach trees fell.

*cresc.*

*f*

*rit. e dim.*

# The Two Roses

Andante

*mf*

1. On a bank two ros - es fair, Wet with morn - ing show - ers, Fill'd with dew, in fra - grance grew, As I, pen - sive, full of care, Gather'd two sweet flowers. Tell me roses, truly tell, If my fair one loves me well.

2. This in leaves of white ar - ray'd, Not a speck to dim them, So I find the spot - less mind Which a - dorns my spot - less maid, In - no - cen - ce's emblem.

*cresc.*

*p*

*mf*

*cresc.*

*p*

# Thou Hast Wounded The Spirit

Andantino

*mf*

1. Thou hast wound-ed the spir - it that lov'd thee, And cher-ish'd thine-im-age for years; Thou hast
2. Thus we're taught in this cold world to smoth-er, Each feel - ing that once was so dear; Like that

taught me at last to for - get thee, In se - cret, in si-lence and tears; As a young bird when left by its
young bird, I'll seek to dis - cov-er, A home of af-fec-tion else-where Tho' this heart may still cling to thee

*mf*

moth-er, Its ear - li - est pin-ions to try, — 'Round the nest will still lin-ger-ing hov-er, Ere its
fond-ly, And dream of sweet mem-o-ries past, — Yet — hope, like the rain-bow of sum-mer, Gives a

tremb - ling wings can fly; — As a young bird, when left by its moth-er, Its ear - li - est pin-ions to
prom-ise of Lethe at last, — Tho' this heart may still cling to thee fond-ly, And dream of sweet mem-o-ries

*mf*

try, — 'Round the nest will still lin-ger-ing hov - er, Ere its tremb - ling wings can fly. —
past, — Yet hope, like the rain-bow of sum-mer, Gives a prom-ise of Lethe at last. —

# There Is A Happy Land

Allegretto

*mf*

1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo - ry stand, Bright, bright as day;
2. Bright in that hap-py land, Beams ev-'ry eye, Kept by a Fa-ther's hand, Love can - not die.

Oh, how they sweet-ly sing, Worthy is our Sav-iour King, Loud let his praises ring, Praise, praise for aye!
Oh, then, to glo - ry run; Be a crown and king-dom won, And bright a-bove the sun, We'll reign for aye!

# Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

GEORGE F. ROOT

Marcato

1. In the pris - on cell I sit, Think - ing, Moth - er dear, of you, And our bright and hap-py home so far a - way; And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of all that I can do, Tho' I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

2. In the bat - tle front we stood When their fierc - est charge they made, And they swept us off a hun-dred men or more; But be - fore we reached their lines They were beaten back, dismayed, And we heard the cry of vic - t'ry o'er and o'er.

Chorus

Tramp, tramp, tramp! the boys are march-ing, Cheer up, com-rades, they will come, And be-neath the star-ry flag We shall breathe the air a-gain Of the free land in our own beloved home.

# True Love Can Ne'er Forget

Andante

*mf*

1. "True love can ne'er for - get, Fond - ly as when we met, Dear - est I love thee yet, My darl - ing one!"
   Thus sung a min - strel gray, His sweet, im - pass - ioned lay, Down by the o - cean's spray, At set of sun.
2. "Long years are past and o'er, Since from this fa - tal shore, Cold hearts and cold winds bore, My love from me!"
   Scarce - ly the min - strel spoke, When forth, with flash - ing stroke, Light oars the si - lence broke, O - ver the sea.

*Fine*

With - ered was the min-strel's sight, Morn to him was dark as night; Yet his heart was full of light, As he this lay be - gun;
Soon up - on her na - tive strand Doth a love - ly la - dy land, While the min - strel's love-taught hand Did o'er his wild harp run;

*D.C.*

# The Three Sailor Boys

THEO. MARZIALS

Moderato con Spirito

*f* *cresc.*

1. Oh, — we're three jol - ly, jol-ly sail - or boys, And we're newly home from South Ameri - kee, With our hearts — still ting-ling with the salt, salt wind, And the tum-ble and the toss-ing of the sea.
2. There were three pretty girls in merry Portsmouth town, And each one was like a po - sy on the tree, There was great — eyed Mar-ga - ret, and trim - set Sal, And sweet Kit - ty from the north coun - tree.
3. Then — up we spoke, we jol-ly sail - or boys, All — arm in arm so jol - ly for to see; "There are girls be-side the wa - ter, at Ja - nei - ro, or Gi-bral-tar, Who can dance right mer-ri - ly as ye;"

*f* *cresc.*

Oh, hon-ey, we've our pock-ets full of mon-ey; Will you trip, trip, trip, will you trip it on the Quay? For the wind's in the sail, and the thun-der in the gale, And our good ship plung-ing to be free.
No, hon-ey, tho' your pock-et's full of mon-ey, We won't trip, trip, trip, we won't trip it on the Quay. Till you've set the clerk a-sing-ing, and the wed-ding bells a - ring-ing And the par - son has pock-et - ed the fee.
So, hon-ey, while our pock-ets full of mon-ey, Come and trip, trip, trip, Come and trip it on the Quay, For we sail-ors love the o - cean, and the change and the com-mo-tion, And the good ship plung-ing on the sea.

*cresc. e rit.*

"CARMEN"

# Toreador Song

G. BIZET

Tempo di Marcia

*p* *cresc.*

Tor - e - a-dor, e'er watch - ful be, Tor - e - a-dor, Tor - e - a-dor, — Do not for-get the bright-est of eyes, Fond - ly thee a - wait! — And love's the prize for thee, Tor - e - a - dor, And love's the prize for thee!

TOM HOOD

# 'Tis All That I Can Say

HOPE TEMPLE

Moderato

*mf*

1. I love thee, I love thee, 'tis all that I can say, It is my vis-ion
2. I love thee, I love thee, is ev-er on my tongue, In all my proud-est

*cresc.*

in the night, My dream-ing in the day; The ver-y ech-o of my heart The
po-e-sy That cho-rus still is sung, It is the ver-dict of my eyes A-

*cresc*

bless-ing when I pray, I love thee, I love thee, 'tis all that I can say.
midst the gay and young, I love thee, I

*f* *dim.*

# Three Little Kittens

Allegretto

*mf*

1. Once three lit-tle kit-tens they lost their mit-tens, And they be-gan to
2. The three lit-tle kit-tens they found their mit-tens, And they be-gan to

cry, Oh! mam-my dear, We sad-ly fear, Our mit-tens we have lost, What,
cry, Oh! mam-my dear, See here, see here, Our mit-tens we have found, What,

lost your mit-tens, You naug-hty kit-tens, Then you shall have no pie.
found your mit-tens, You dar-ing kit-tens, Then you shall have some pie.

Mi-ew, Mi-ew, Mi-ew, Mi-ew, Mi-ew, Mi-ew, Mi-ew, Miew.

# Thy Lovely Bright Eyes

SPANISH FOLK SONG

Moderato

*mf*

'Tis thy love-ly bright eyes that so draw me to thee.

*cresc.* Ah! but give me thy love; *dim.* Then will I love but thee! 'Tis thy love-ly bright

2nd & Fine

thee! *p* I'll be so con-stant and love thee ev-er, *cresc.* Long as
on me For mine thou art! Thine am I

life shall last, *dim.* And leave thee nev-er. Ah! look up-heart! 'Tis thy love-ly bright
on-ly! Thou hast my

*mf*

D.S. al Fine

# Try, Try Again

Allegretto

*mf*

1. 'Tis a les-son you should heed, Try, try a-gain; If at first you
2. Once or twice though you should fail, Try, try a-gain; If at first you

don't suc-ceed, Try, try a-gain; Then your cour-age shall ap-pear,
would pre-vail, Try, try a-gain; If we strive 'tis no dis-grace,

For if you will per-se-vere, You will con-quer, nev-er fear, Try, try a-gain.
Though we may not win the race; What should you do in that case? Try, try a-gain.

# Twinkling Stars Are Laughing, Love

J. P. ORDWAY

Moderato

*mf* — *cresc.*

1. Twink-ling stars are laugh-ing, love, Laugh-ing on you and me; While your bright eyes look in mine,
2. Gold - en beams are shin - ing, love, Shin - ing on you to bless; Like the queen of night you fill

*dim.* — *mf* — *cresc*

Peep-ing stars they seem to be. Trou-bles come and go, love, Brightest scenes must leave our sight;
Dark-est space with love - li-ness. Sil - ver stars how bright, love, Moth-er moon in throne-ly might;

*mf* — *cresc.* — *dim.* — Chorus *mf*

But the star of hope, love, Shines with ra - diant beams to-night. Twink-ling stars are laugh-ing love,
Gaze on us to bless, love, Pur - est vows here made to-night.

*cresc.* — *rit e dim.*

Laugh-ing on you and me; While your bright eyes look in mine, Peep-ing stars they seem to be.

# There's Music In The Air

GEORGE F. ROOT

Moderato

*mf*

1. There's mu-sic in the air— When the in-fant morn is nigh And faint its blush is seen—
2. There's mu-sic in the air— When the noontide's sul-try beam Re-flects a gold-en light—

On the bright and laugh-ing sky. Many a harp's ec - stat - ic sound, With the thrill of
On the dis - tant moun-tain stream. When be-neath some grate-ful shade Sor-row's ach-ing

*mf-pp*

joy pro-found, While we list en - chant-ed there To the mu - sic in the air.
head is laid Sweet-ly to the Spir - it there Comes the mu - sic in the air.

# Thy Face Is Always Near To Me

C. R. MARRIOTT

Moderato

*mf*

1. Thy face is al-ways near to me, Tho' thou art far a-way; It is a bea-con bright and fair, To cheer me on my way; It is a star to guide me thro' This bus-y world of pain. A bea-con bright, to rest with me, Un-til we meet a-gain.
2. The vis-ion bring-eth me fond hopes Of bet-ter days in store; It whis-pers of a time to come, When we shall part no more; Then rest with me, O vis-ion bright, My on-ly hope thou art, My on-ly joy; my on-ly grief, Is when we are a-part.

*rall.* *a tempo.*

Thy face is al-ways near to me, Tho' thou art far a-way, It is a bea-con, bright and fair, To cheer me on my way.

# There Is Rest For The Weary

SAMUEL YOUNG HARMER

WILLIAM Mc DONALD

Moderato

*mf*

1. In the Chris-tian's home in glo-ry There re-mains a land of rest; There my Sav-iour's gone be-fore me, To ful-fil my soul's re-quest.
2. He is fit-ting up my man-sion, Which e-ter-nal-ly shall stand; For my stay shall not be tran-sient, In that ho-ly, hap-py land.

Chorus

There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for you.

# Thine Eyes So Blue And Tender

Andante espressivo

E. LASSEN

*mf* *p*

1. Thine eyes so blue and ten - der They throw o'er me a spell; Such dreams and thoughts come
2. With hair so soft and gold - en E'en like my dreams of old, Thou'rt wind - ing chains a -

to me, Which e'en I dare not tell. With eyes so blue and dream - ing, That
round me, Which ne'er will loose their hold. With hair so soft and gold - en, Heart

*Animato.* *f*

haunt me ev - 'ry - where, A fair blue sea of fan - cies Takes from my heart all care.
pure and all mine own, Thou'lt ev - er hold me cap - tive, Un - to the si - lent tomb.

*rit.*

"MIKADO"

# Tit-Willow

ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Andantino

*mf*

1. On a tree by a riv - er a lit - tle tom-tit Sang, "Wil - low, tit-wil - low, tit -
2. He slapped at his chest as he sat on that bough, Sing-ing "Wil - low, tit-wil - low, tit -

wil - low!" And I said to him, "Dick-y - bird, why do you sit Sing-ing Wil - low, tit-wil - low, tit-
wil - low!" And a cold per-spi - ra-tion be - spang-led his brow, Oh, Wil - low, tit-wil - low, tit-

wil - low?" "Is it weak-ness of in - tel-lect, bird - ie?" I cried, "Or wound-ed af - fec - tion you
wil - low?" He sobb'd and he sigh'd and a gur - gle he gave, Then he threw him-self in - to the

can-not a-bide?" With a shake of his poor lit - tle head, he re - plied, "Oh, wil-low, tit-willow, tit - willow!"
bil - low - y wave, And an ech - o a - rose from the su - i - cide's grave, "Oh, wil-low, tit-willow, tit - willow!"

# Take Me Home

Andante espressivo

*mf* *cresc.*

1. Take me home to the place where I first saw the light, To the sweet sun-ny South take me home, Where the mock-ing bird sung me to rest ev-'ry night, Ah! why was I tempt-ed to roam? I think with re-gret of the dear ones I left, Of the warm hearts that shelter'd me then; Of the wife and the dear ones of whom I'm be-reft, And I sigh for the old place a-gain.

2. Take me home to the place where the or-ange trees grow, To my cot in the ev-er-green shade, Where the flow-ers on the riv-er's green mar-gin may blow, Their sweets on the bank where we play'd. The path to our cot-tage they say has grown green, And the place is quite lone-ly a-round; And I know that the smiles and the forms I have seen, Now lie deep in the soft mossy ground.

*D.C.* Take me home to the place where my lit-tle ones sleep, Poor mas-sa lies bur-ied close by, O'er the grave of the loved ones I long to weep, And a-mong them to rest when I die.

*cresc.* *dim.* *Fine* *mf* *cresc.* *dim.*

*D.C. al Fine*

# Turn Back Pharaoh's Army

Moderato *mf*

1. Going to write to Mas-sa Je-sus, To send some val-iant sol-dier,
2. If you want your souls con-vert-ed, You'd bet-ter be a pray-ing,

Chorus *Faster*

To turn back Pha-raoh's arm-y, Hal-le-lu! To turn back Pha-raoh's arm-y, Hal-le-lu-jah! To turn back Pha-raoh's arm-y, Hal-le-lu! To turn back Pharaoh's arm-y, Hal-le-lu-jah! To turn back Pharaoh's arm-y, Hal-le-lu!

# Then You'll Remember Me

M. W. BALFE

Andante cantabile

*mf*

1. When oth - er lips and oth - er hearts Their tales of love will tell,
2. When cold - ness or de - ceit shall slight The beau - ty now they prize.

In lan-guage whose ex - cess im - parts The pow'r they feel so well. There may, per - haps in
And deem it but a fad - ed light Which beams with - in your eyes; When hol - low hearts shall

such a scene Some rec - ol - lec - tion be Of days that have as hap - py been, And
wear a mask 'Twill break your own to see: In such a mo - ment I but ask, That

you'll re - mem - ber me, And you'll re - mem - ber, you'll re - mem - ber me.
you'll re - mem - ber me, That you'll re - mem - ber, you'll re - mem - ber me.

*f*

# Tom Big-Bee River

Allegretto

*mf*

1. On Tom - big - bee riv - er so bright I was born, In a hut made of husks of the tall yel - low
2. All the day in the field the soft cot - ton I hoe; And think of my Jul - ia and sing as I

corn; And there I first met with my Jul - ia so true, And I rowed her a - bout in my Gum - tree ca - noe.
go; Oh, I catch her a bird, with a wing of true blue, An' at night sail her round in my Gum - tree ca - noe.

Chorus

Sing - ing row a - way, row, o'er the wa - ters so blue, Like a feath - er we'll float in my Gum - tree ca - noe.

# Three Fishers

JOHN HULLAH

Andantino

*mf*

1. Three fish-ers went sail-ing out in-to the west, Out in-to the west as the sun went down; Each tho't on the wom-an who lov'd him the best And the child-ren stood watch-ing them out of the town; For men must work, and wom-en must weep, And there's lit-tle to earn, and ma-ny to keep; Tho' the har-bor bar be moan-ing.

2. Three wives sat up in the light-house tow'r, And they trimm'd the lamps as the sun went down; They look'd at the squall and they look'd at the show'r, And the night rack came roll-ing up, rag-ged and brown; But men must work, and wom-en must weep, Tho' storms be sud-den and wa-ters deep; And the har-bor bar be moan-ing.

*un poco rall.* *a tempo* *cresc.* *f* *dim.*

# Twilight Is Falling

Moderato

*mf*

1. Twi-light is steal-ing O-ver the sea; Shad-ows are fall-ing Dark on the lea; Borne on the night winds, Voic-es of yore, Come from the far-off shore.

2. Voic-es of lov'd ones! Songs of the past! Still lin-ger round me, While life shall last; Lone-ly I wan-der, Sad-ly I roam, Seek-ing that far-off shore.

*D.S.* Gleam-eth a man-sion fill'd with de-light, Sweet, hap-py home so bright.

Chorus

Far a-way be-yond the star-lit skies, Where the love-light nev-er, nev-er dies.

*D.S.* 𝄋

# Thou'rt Like Unto A Flower

H. HEINE

A. RUBINSTEIN

Moderato

*p*

Thou'rt like un - to a flow - er, As fair, as pure, as bright, — I gaze on thee, and sad-

ness steals o'er my heart's de - light, — I long on those gold-en tress - es My fold-ed hands — to lay,

— Pray-ing that Heav'n may pre-serve thee, So fair, so pure al - way, — Pray-ing that Heav'n may pre-serve thee,

*cresc.*

So fair, so pure — al - way, — Pray-ing that Heav'n may pre-serve thee, So fair, so pure — al - way. —

# This Old Time Religion

Andante

Chorus

*f*

Oh! this old time re - lig - ion, This old time re - lig - ion, This old time re-

lig - ion, It is good e - nough for me.

*Fine*

1. It is good for the mourn - er, It is
2. It will take you home to heav'n, It will

good for the mourn - er, It is good for the mourn - er, It is good e - nough for me.
take you home to heav'n, It will take you home to heav'n, It is good e - nough for me.

*D.C*

# Tourelay

Waltz time

*mf*

1. Oh pa-pa is out break-ing rocks on the street, And ba-by is sleep-ing so co - sy and sweet; O
2. When pa-pa has gumdrops and ba- by has none, If pa-pa is fool-ish and gives ba-by one, When

ba - by, don't cry now, but be ver - y good, And when pa-pa comes home he'll bring you ci - ga-
four o' clock comes, and the child sleeps no more, Then — pa-pa stays up all night pac-ing the

root. Tou-re - lay — Tou - re - lay — with my fil - la-ga du-sha, Shin-a-ma roo-sha, bal-der-al-da
floor!

boom-to - de - ay Tou-re - lay, — Tou-re - lay, — And the pride of the house is pa-pa's ba - by.

# 'Tis Said That Absence Conquers Love

Andantino

E. THOMAS

*mf*

1. 'Tis said that ab-sence con-quers love; But oh, be-lieve it not! I've tried, a - las! its
2. I plunge in - to the bu - sy crowd, And smile to hear thy name; And yet, as if I

pow'r to prove, But thou art not for - got! La - dy, though fate has bid us part, Yet
thought a-loud, They know me still the same. And when the wine - cup pass - es round, I

*mf*

*rit.e dim.*

still thou art as dear, As fix'd in this de - vot - ed heart, As when I clasp'd thee here.
toast some oth - er fair; But when I ask my heart the sound Thy name is ech - oed there.

# A Thousand Leagues Away

J. BARNBY

Allegro con spirito

*f*

1. The wind is blow - ing fresh, Kate, The boat rocks there for me; One
2. I half could be a lands - man, While those dear eyes I see, To

kiss and I'm a - way, Kate,— For two long years to sea. For two long years to
hear the gale rave by with - out, While you sat snug with me. But I must hear the

*rall.* *a tempo*

think of you, Dream — of you night and day, To long for you a - cross the sea, A
storm howl by; The salt breeze whist - ling play Its weird sea tune a - mongst the shrouds, A

*dim.* *p* *mezza voce.* *cresc.*

thou - sand leagues a - way, A thou - sand leagues a - way, dear Kate, A thou - sand leagues a -
thou - sand leagues a - way, A thou - sand leagues a - way, dear Kate, A thou - sand leagues a -

way, While round the Pole we toss and roll, A thou - sand leagues a - way.
way, While south we go, blow high, blow low, A thou - sand leagues a - way.

# Sons Of Men, Behold

CHARLES WESLEY

Andante

*mf*

1. Sons of men, be - hold from far, Hail the long ex - pect - ed Star;
2. Mild it shines on all be - neath, Pierc - ing thro' the shades of death,

Ja - cob's Star that gilds the night Guides be - wil - dered na - ture right.
Scat - t'ring er - ror's wide - spread night, Kind - ling dark - ness in - to light.

# Twilight Dews

Andante

1. When twi-light dews are fall-ing fast, Up-on the ro-sy lea, I watch that star whose beam so oft Has light-ed me and thee. And thou, too, on that orb so dear, Ah! dost thou gaze at even, And think, tho' lost for-ever here, Thou'lt yet be mine in heav'n?

2. There's not a gar-den walk I take, There's not a flow-er I see, But brings to mind some hope that's fled, Some joy I've lost with thee. And still I wish that hour was near, When, friends and foes for-given, The pains, the ills we've wept thro' here, May turn to smile in heav'n.

# 'Twere Vain To Tell Thee All I Feel

Andante

1. 'Twere vain to tell thee all I feel, Or say for thee I'd die, or say for thee I'd die; I find that words will but con-ceal What my soul would wish to sigh Ah, well-a-day! the sweet-est mel-o-dy Could nev-er, nev-er say one half my love for thee, for thee, Then let me si-lent-ly re-veal What my soul would wish to see.

2. Thou'st oft-en called my voice a bird's, Whose mu-sic, like a spell, whose mu-sic, like a spell, Could change to rapt-ure e'en the words Of our slow and sad fare-well But, ah, well-a-day!

# Those Evening Bells

Andante

*p* *cresc.* *dim.*

1. Those ev' - ning bells, those ev' - ning bells, How ma - ny a tale their mu - sic tells, Of
2. Those joy - ous hours are passed a - way, And ma - ny a heart that then was gay, With-

*dim.*

youth and home and that sweet time, When last I heard their sooth - ing chime! Of
in the tomb now dark - ly dwells, And hears no more those ev' - ning bells! With-

*dim. e rit.*

youth and home and that sweet time, When last I heard their sooth - ing chime!
in the tomb now dark - ly dwells, And hears no more those ev' - ning bells!

# Trancadillo

Allegretto

*mf*

1. Oh, come, maid-ens, come o'er the blue, roll - ing wave, The love - ly should still be the
2. The moon 'neath yon cloud hid her sil - ver - y light; Ye are come, like our fond hopes she

care of the brave. Tran-ca - dil - lo, Tran-ca - dil - lo, Tran-ca - dil - lo, dil - lo, dil - lo, dil - lo, With
glows in your sight.)

*Legato*

moon-light and star - light we'll bound o'er the bil - low, Bright bil - low, gay bil - low, the

*cresc.*

bil - low, bil - low, bil - low, bil - low, With moon-light and star-light we'll bound o'er the bil - low.

# The Vacant Chair

GEO. F. ROOT

Andante

*p*

1. We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va-cant chair; We shall lin-ger to ca-ress him, While we breathe our eve-ning prayer, When a year a-go we gath-ered, Joy was in his mild blue eye, But a gold-en cord is sev-ered, And our hopes in ru-in lie.
2. At our fire-side, sad and lone-ly, Oft-en will the bos-om swell At re-mem-brance of the sto-ry, How our no-ble Wil-lie fell; How he strove to bear our ban-ner Thro' the thick-est of the fight, And up-hold our coun-try's hon-or, In the strength of man-hood's might.

Chorus

We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va-cant chair; We shall lin-ger to ca-ress him, When we breathe our evening prayer.

# Tyrolese Mountain Song

Allegretto

*mf*

1. We'll go to the mountains While morn-ing is gray, For life on their sum-mits Is cheer-ful and gay. Tra la la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la, Tra la la, Tra la, la, Tra la la la la la la, la, Tra la la, Tra la, la, Tra la, la, la, la.
2. There na-ture, in beau-ty, A-wakes in her prime, And glad-ness al-lures us, As up-ward we climb. Tra la la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la, Tra la la, Tra la, la, Tra la la la la la la, la, Tra la la, Tra la, la, Tra la, la, la, la.

*p* *f*

# Vive L'Amour

Allegro molto — Chorus

1. Let ev-'ry good fel-low now fill up his glass, Vi-ve la com-pag-nie,
2. Let ev-er-y mar-ried man drink to his wife, Vi-ve la com-pag-nie,

And drink to the health of our glo-ri-ous class, Vi-ve la com-pag-nie.
The joy of his bo-som and plague of his life, Vi-ve la com-pag-nie.

Chorus

Vi-ve la, vi-ve la, vi-ve l'a-mour, Vi-ve la, vi-ve la,

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

# Tired, So Tired

M. LINDSAY

Andante

1. "Tired!" oh, yes! so tir-ed, dear! The day has been ver-y long, But shad-ow-y gloaming
2. It has seemed so long since morn-ing tide, And I have been left so lone, Young smil-ing fac-es

draw-eth near, 'Tis time for the ev-en song; I'm read-y to go to rest at last,
throng'd my side When the ear-ly sun-light shone; But they grew tir-ed long a-go, And I

*pp* *poco più lento*

Read-y to say good-night, The sun-set glo-ry dark-ens fast, To-mor-row will bring me light.
saw them sink to rest, With fold-ed hands and brows of snow, On the green earth's moth-er-breast.

*rall.*

# Uncle Ned

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Andantino

*mf*

1. There was an old dark-ey and his name was Un-cle Ned, And he died long a-go, long a-go! He — had no wool on the top of his head, In the place where the wool ought to grow.
2. His fin-gers were long — as the cane — in the brake, And he had no — eyes for to see! And he had no teeth to — eat a hoe-cake, So he had to let the hoe-cake be.

Chorus

Then lay down the shov-el and the hoe, — Hang up the fid-dle and the bow! For there's no more work for poor old Ned, He's gone where the good dark-ies go.

*Slower*

# The Tyroleans

Allegretto

*p*

1. Ty - rol - ese, so hap - py and joy - ous are they, With wine clear, and danc - ing they spend all the day: Each morn - ing so ear - ly the lads and girls rise, And work till the ev'n - ing when each one home hies. Ty-
2. When Sun - day doth come round they join in the dance, And Nan - nerl leads Gott - helf, and Gre - tel leads Hans: With grace - ful and light steps they turn round and round, As lithe - some as cham - ois with its nim - ble bound. When

*Fine*

*cresc.*

*p*

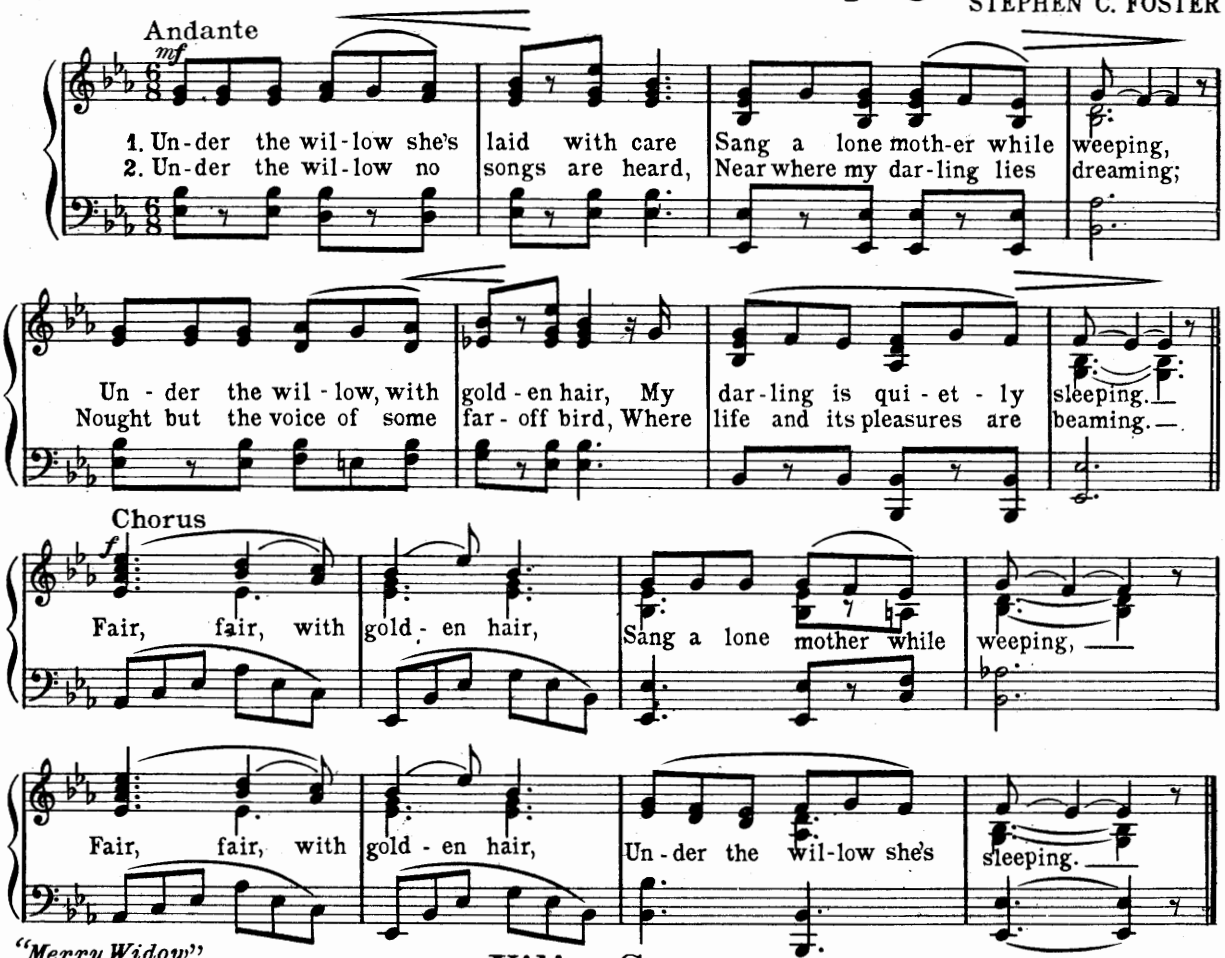
*cresc.*

*poco rit.*

*D. S. al Fine*

# Under The Willow She's Sleeping

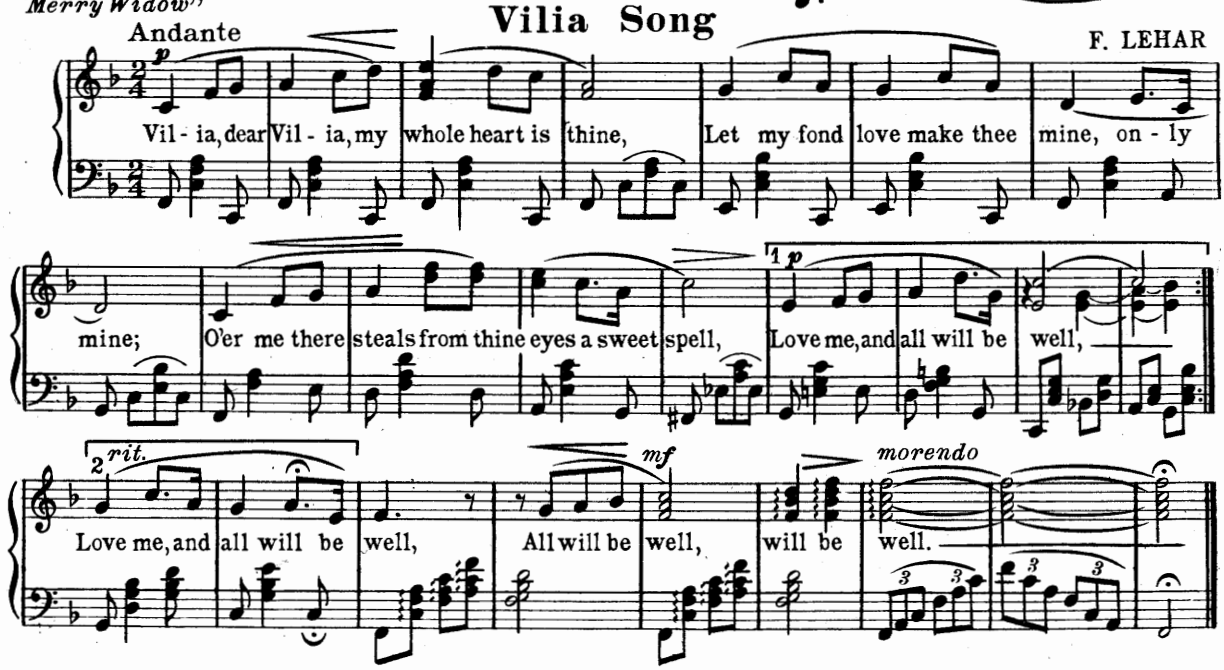
STEPHEN C. FOSTER




*"Merry Widow"*

# Vilia Song

F. LEHAR



# We're Tenting To-Night

WALTER KITTREDGE

Andante

*mf*

1. We're tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to cheer Our wea-ry hearts, a song of home, And friends we love so dear.
2. We've been tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Think-ing of days gone by, Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear that said "good-bye!"

Chorus

Ma-ny are the hearts that are wea-ry to-night, Wish-ing for the war to cease; Ma-ny are the hearts look-ing for the right, To see the dawn of peace. Tent-ing to-night, Tent-ing to-night, tent-ing on the old camp ground.

# Upidee

Allegro

*f*

1. The shades of night were fall-ing fast, Tra la la, Tra la la, As through a moun-tain vil-lage passed, Tra la la la la, A youth who bore, 'mid snow and ice, A ban-ner with the strange de-vice,
2. His brow was sad: his eye be-neath, Tra la la, Tra la la, Flashed like a fal-chion from its sheath, Tra la la la la, And like a sil-ver clar-ion rung, The ac-cents of that un-known tongue,

Chorus

U-pi-dee-i, dee-i, da, U-pi-dee, U-pi-da, U pi-dee-i, dee-i, da, U-pi-dee-i-da!

# Voices Of The Woods

A. RUBINSTEIN

Moderato

*p* *mf*

1. Wel - come sweet spring - time! We greet thee in song, Mur - murs of
2. Sun - shine now wakes all the flow - 'rets from sleep, Joy giv - ing
*D.C.* Sing, then, ye birds, raise your voic - es on high, Flow - 'rets, a -

glad - ness fall on the ear, Voic - es long hush'd, now their
in - cense floats on the air, Snow - drop and prim - rose both
wake ye! burst in - to bloom; Spring - time is come, and sweet

full notes pro - long, Ech - o - ing far and near.
tim - id - ly peep, Pal - ing the glad New
sum - mer is nigh, Sing, then, ye birds, oh!

1

2 & *Fine*

year. Balm - y and life breath - ing breez - es are blow - ing,
sing! How na - ture loves thee, each glad voice dis - clos - es,

*p* *p*

Swift - ly to na - ture new vig - or be - stow - ing, Ah! how my heart beats with
Her - ald thou art of the time of the ros - es, Ah! how my heart beats with

rap - ture a - new, As earth's fair - est beau - ties a - gain meet my view.
rap - ture a - new, As earth's fair - est beau - ties a - gain meet my view.

*p* *dim.* *D.C.*

# We Are Coming, Father Abra'am

L. O. EMERSON

Tempo di Marcia

*f*

1. We are com-ing, Fa-ther A-bra'am, three hun-dred thousand more, From Mis-sis-sip-pi's
2. If you look a-cross the hill-tops that meet the northern sky, Long mov-ing lines of

wind-ing stream and from New England's shore; We leave our plows and work-shops, our
ris-ing dust your vis-ion may des- cry; And now the wind, and in-stant, tears the

wives and chil-dren dear, With hearts too full for ut-ter-ance, with but a sil-ent
cloud-y veil a- side, And floats a-loft our span-gled flag in glo-ry and in

tear; We dare not look be- hind us, but stead-fast-ly be- fore. We are
pride; And bayonets in the sun-light gleam, and bands brave mu-sic pour, We are

com-ing, Fa-ther A-bra'am, three hun-dred thou-sand more.

Chorus

We are com-ing, we are

com-ing, Our Un-ion to re- store, We are com-ing, Fa-ther A-bra'am, with three

hun-dred thousand more, We are com-ing, Fa-ther A-bra'am, with three hun-dred thou-sand more.

*cresc.* *cresc.* *ff* *ff*

*"Merry Widow"*

# Waltz Song

F. LEHAR

Valse moderato

*p* *cresc.* *dim.*

Hear sweet mu - sic soft - ly say - ing "I love you,"

*cresc.* *dim.*

May from your heart come those words "I love you too!"

*cresc.* *dim.*

Ten - der - ly hands press - ing, Fond - est vows re - new

*cresc* *Fine*

Say - ing once a - gain, my love, "Ah I love you!" And as the maz - y

*Slower* *mf*

dance, our souls fain would en - trance, Our hearts no more re - pine, But seem to

mur - mur "Oh, be mine!" And as glid - ing si - lent - ly No words are said 'twixt

you and me, The heart speaks those sweet words I love but thee a - lone.

*D.C.*

# Work, For The Night Is Coming

Mrs. A. L. COGHILL

LOWELL MASON

Moderato

*mf*

1. Work for the night is com - ing, Work through the morn - ing hours;
2. Work for the night is com - ing, Work through the sun - ny noon;

Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs;
Fill bright - est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon:

*cresc.*

Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute Some - thing to keep in store:

Work for the night is com - ing When man's work is done.
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.

# Woodman, Spare That Tree

Moderato

HENRY RUSSELL

*mf*

1. Wood - man, spare that tree! Touch not a sin - gle bough; In youth it shel - tered
2. That old fa - mil - iar tree! Its glo - ry and re - nown Are spread o'er land and

me, And I'll pro - tect it now; 'Twas my fore - fa - ther's hand, That
sea, And would'st thou hew it down? Wood - man, for - bear thy stroke! Cut

placed it near his cot, There, wood - man, let it stand, Thy axe shall harm it not!
not its earth-bound ties; Oh! spare that a - ged oak, Now tow - 'ring to the skies.

# The Wearing Of The Green

Moderato

*mf*

1. O— Pad-dy, dear, and did you hear the news that's go-ing round, The Sham-rock is for-
2. Then since the col-or we must wear is Eng-land's cru-el red, Sure Ire-land's sons will

bid by law to grow on I-rish ground; Saint— Pat-rick's day no more we'll keep, His
ne'er for-get the blood that they have shed. You may take the sham-rock from your hat, and

col-or can't be seen For there's a blood-y law a-gin' the wear-in' o' the green.
cast it on the sod, But 'twill take root and flour-ish still, tho' un-der foot 'tis trod.

I— met with Nap-per Tan-dy and he tuk me by the hand, And he said, "How's poor ould
When the law can stop the blades of grass from grow-ing as they grow, And— when the leaves in

Ire-land, and how— does she stand?" She's the most dis-tress-ful coun-try— that
sum-mer time their ver-dure dare not show, Then— I will change the col-or— I

ev-er you have seen; They're hang-ing men and wom-en there for wear-ing of the green.
wear in my cau-been, But, till that day, I'll stick for aye to wear-ing of the green.

# When The Lights Are Low

GERALD LANE

Allegretto

*mf*

Just when the day is o-ver, Just when the lights are low, Back to the heart re-

*rit.* *a tempo*

turn - eth Life's gold-en long a - go; — Far, far a-way we wan - der, Watch-ing the fire-light

gleams; Far, far a-way from the world's shad-ows grey, In - to the land of dreams.—

## When Gentle Winds

R. SCHUMANN

Allegretto

*mf*

1. When gen - tle winds blow o'er the sea, And sum - mer comes with bird and bee, A-
2. gain we'll rove by wood and stream, And bask be-neath the

sun - ny beam; We'll seek a - gain the cow - slip dells; And where the mod - est

sing the songs we sang of yore; We'll gai - ly wan - der

vio - let dwells, We'll gai - ly wan - der forth once more, And
forth once more, And sing the songs we sang of yore.

## Wake Up Jacob

Chorus Allegro

*f* *Fine*

wake up Ja - cob, day is a break-ing, I'm on my way; — O on my way.

*D.C.*

1. I want to go to heav - en when I die, Do love the Lord, I
want to go to heav - en when I die, Do love the Lord, O
2. I've got some friends on the oth - er side, Do love the Lord, I've
got some friends on the oth - er side, Do love the Lord, O

# You And I

Moderato

CLARIBEL

*mf*

1. We sat by the riv - er, you and I, In the sweet sum-mer time, long a - go, — So — smooth-ly the wa - ter glid - ed by, Mak - ing mu - sic in its tran - quil flow; We threw two leaf - lets, you and I, To the riv - er as it wan - der'd on, And — one was — rent and left to die, And the oth - er float - ed for - ward all a - lone And oh! we were sad - den'd, you and I, For we felt that our youth's gold - en dream, Might fade, and our lives be sev - er'd soon, As the two leaves were part - ed on the stream.

2. 'Tis years since we part - ed, you and I, In that sweet sum-mer time, long a - go, — And I smile as I pass the riv - er by, And I gaze in - to the shad - ow depths be - low: I look on the grass and bend - ing reeds, And I list - en to the sooth - ing song, And I en - vy the calm and hap - py life, Of the riv - er as it sings and flows a - long, For oh! how its songs bring back to me, The — shade of our youth's gold - en dream, In the days ere we part - ed, you and I, As the two leaves were part - ed on the stream.

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

# Were I A Sunbeam

Moderato

*mf*

1. If I were a sun-beam I know what I would do; I'd seek the whit - est lil - ies, The rain - y wood land thro'.

2. Steal - ing in a - mong them, The soft - est light I'd shed, Un - til each graceful lil - y With gladness raised its head.

# Will You Love Me Then As Now?

F. WEILAND

Andante

*mf*

1. You have told me that you love me, And your heart's thoughts seem to speak, As you look on me so fond-ly, And the life blood, and the lift blood tints your cheek. May I trust that these warm feel-ings Nev-er will grow cold and strange, And that you'll re-main un-al-ter'd, In this wea-ry world, this wea-ry world of change! When the shades of care or sorrow Dim mine eyes and cloud my brow, And my spir-it sinks with-in ___ me, Will you love me, will you love me then as now.

2. Though our youth may pass un-cloud-ed, In a peace-ful hap-py home, Yet as year on year ad-vanc-es, Chang-es must, chang-es must up-on us come. For the step will lose its light-ness, And the hair be chang'd to gray, Eyes once bright give up their brightness, And the hopes of youth, the hopes of youth de-cay, When all these have pass'd up-on me And stern age his touch'd my brow, Will the change find you un-chang-ing, Will you love me, will you love me then as now.

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

ISAAC WATTS

# When I Survey The Wondrous Cross

LOWELL MASON

Moderato

*mf*

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of Glo-ry died, My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.

2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my God; All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to His blood.

# Washington and Lincoln

Moderato

H. C. WORK

*mf*

1. Come, hap-py peo-ple! oh come, let us tell The sto-ry of Wash-ing-ton and Lin-coln;
2. Par-ents to chil-dren shall tell with de-light, The sto-ry of Wash-ing-ton and Lin-coln;

His-to-ry's pag-es can nev-er ex-cel The sto-ry of Wash-ing-ton and Lin-coln.
Free-born and freed-men to-geth-er ex-cite The sto-ry of Wash-ing-ton and Lin-coln.

*mf*

Down thro' the a-ges an an-them shall go, Bear-ing the hon-ors we glad-ly be-stow
Earth's wea-ry bond-men shall lis-ten with cheer, Ty-rants shall trem-ble, and trai-tors shall fear,

Till ev-'ry na-tion and lan-guage shall know The sto-ry of Wash-ing-ton and Lin-coln. } Who
When, in its full-ness of glo-ry, they hear The sto-ry of Wash-ing-ton and Lin-coln. }

Chorus

gave us in-de-pen-dence On con-ti-nent and sea, Who saved the glor-ious Un-ion! And set a peo-ple free!

This is the sto-ry, Oh hap-py are we, The sto-ry of Wash-ing-ton and Lin-coln.

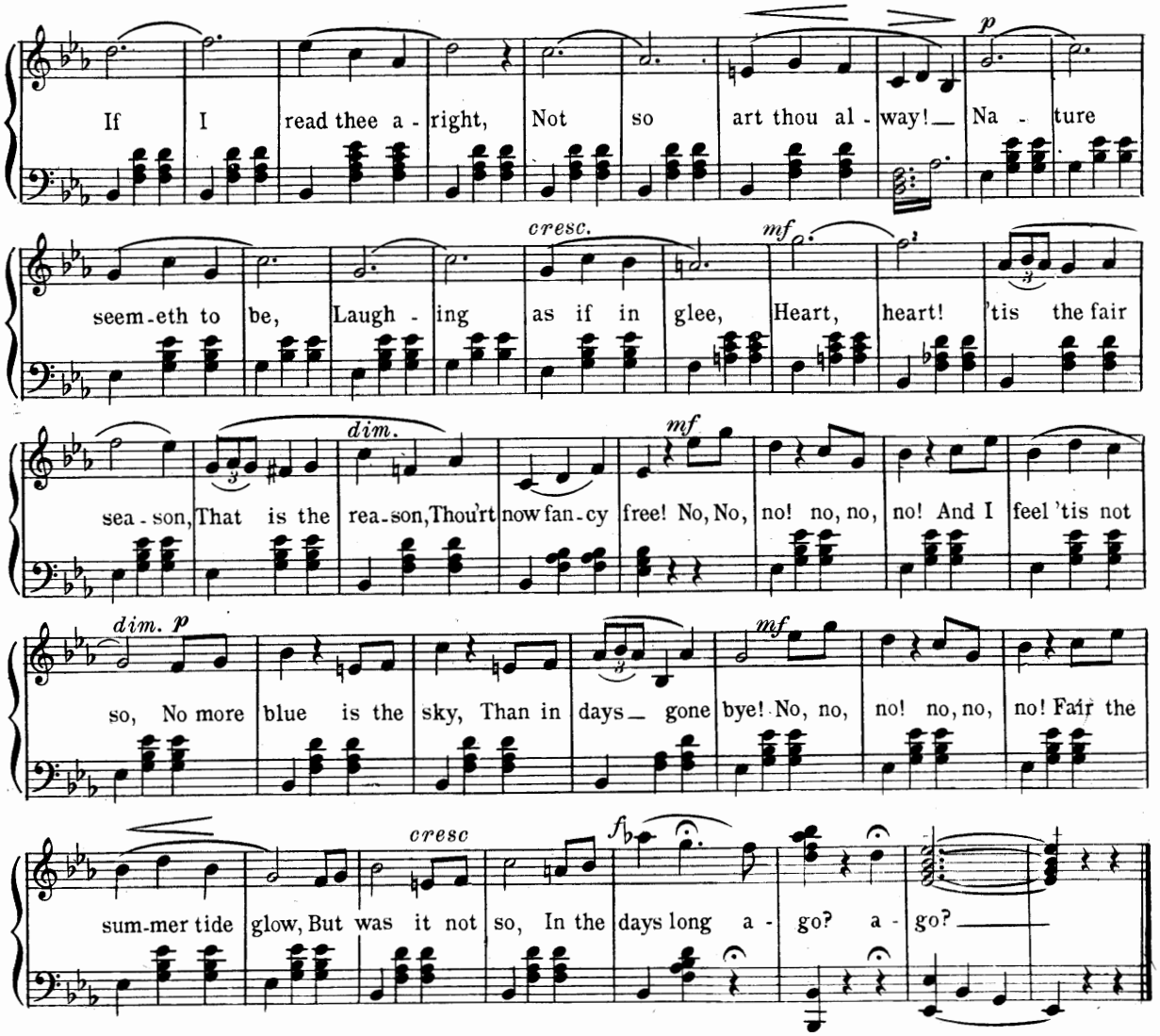
# Waltz Song

Tempo di Valse

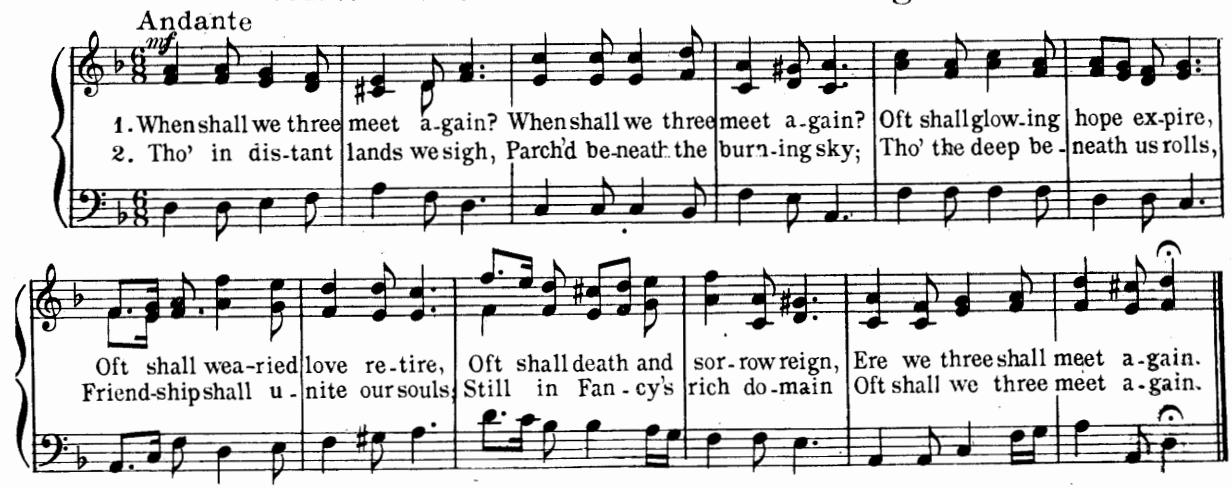
E. AUDRAN

*p*

O heart where-fore so light, Tell me, where-fore so gay?




## When Shall We Three Meet Again?



# Wake Nicodemus

Spirited

HENRY C. WORK

1. Nic-o-de-mus, the slave, was of Af-ri-can birth, And was bought for a bag-ful of gold; He was reck-on'd as part of the salt of the earth, But he died years a-go, ver-y old. 'Twas his last sad re-quest, so we laid him a-way In the trunk of an old hol-low tree. "Wake me up!" was his charge, "at the first break of day, Wake me up for the great ju-bi-lee!"

2. He was known as a proph-et, at least was as wise, For he told of the bat-tles to come; And we trem-bled with dread when he roll'd up his eyes, And we heed-ed the shake of his thumb. Tho' he clothed us with fear, yet the gar-ments he wore Were in patch-es at el-bow and knee; And he still wears the suit that he used to of yore, As he sleeps in the old hol-low tree.

Chorus

The good time com-ing is al-most here! It was long, long, long on the way! Now run and tell El-i-jah to hur-ry up Pomp, And meet us at the gum-tree down in the swamp, To wake Nic-o-de-mus to-day

# We'd Better Bide A Wee

Andantino

CLARIBEL

1. The puir auld folk at hame, ye mind, Are frail and fail-ing sair.

2. When first we told our sto-ry, lad, Their bless-ing fell so free;

And weel I ken they'd miss me lad, Gin I came hame nae mair— The grist is out, the
They gave no thought to self at all, They did but think of me— But, lad-die, that's a

times are hard, The kine are on-ly three,
time a-wa, And mith-er's like to dee,—

Chorus

I can-na leave the auld folk now, We'd
bet-ter bide a wee,— I can-na leave the auld folk now, We'd bet-ter bide a wee.—

## What Will You Do, Love?

SAMUEL LOVER

Andante.

*mf*

1. "What will you do, love, when I am go-ing, With white sail flow-ing, the seas be-
2. "What will you do, love, if dis-tant tid-ings Thy fond con-fid-ings should un-der-

yond? What will you do, love, when waves di-vide us, And friends may chide us for be-ing
mine; And I a-bid-ing 'neath sul-try skies, Should think oth-er eyes more bright than

fond?" "Tho' waves di-vide us, and friends be chid-ing, In faith a-bid-ing, I'll still be true;
thine?" "Oh, name it not, tho' brand of shame Were on thy name, I'd still be true;

And I'll pray for thee on the storm-y o-cean In deep de-vo-tion that's what I'll do."
But that heart of thine, should an-oth-er share it, I could not bear it, what would I do?"

# A Warrior Bold

STEPHEN ADAMS

Con Spirito

*f*

1. In days of old, when knights were bold, And bar-ons held their sway, A war - rior bold, with spurs of gold, Sang mer - ri - ly his lay, Sang mer - ri - ly his lay:
2. So this brave night, in ar - mor bright, Went gay - ly to the fray; He fought the fight, but ere the night, His soul had passed a - way, His soul had passed a - way.

"My love is young and fair, My love hath gold - en hair, And eyes so blue, and heart so true, That none with her com - pare. So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or die, So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or die;"
The plight-ed ring he wore Was crushed, and wet with gore, Yet ere he died, he brave - ly cried, "I've kept the vow I swore, So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I've fought for love and die, So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I've fought for love, I've fought for love, I've fought for love, For love, for love I die."

*ad lib.* *molto* *rall.e dim.* *p*

# Willie, We Have Missed You

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Moderato

*mf*

1. Oh! Wil - lie, is it you, dear, Safe, safe at home? They did not tell me true, dear; They
2. We've longed to see you night - ly, But this night of all; The fire was blaz - ing bright - ly And

said you would not come, I heard you at the gate, And it made my heart re-joice; For I
lights were in the hall. The lit-tle ones were up 'Till 'twas ten o' clock and past, Then their

knew that wel-come foot-step And that dear, fa-mil-iar voice, Mak-ing mu-sic on my ear In the
eyes be-gan to twink-le, And they've gone to sleep at last; But they lis-tened for your voice Till they

lone-ly mid-night gloom: Oh! Wil-lie, we have missed you; Wel-come, wel-come home!
thought you'd nev-er come; Oh! Wil-lie, we have missed you; Wel-come, wel-come home!

## We Have Lived And Loved Together

Andantino

CH. JEFFERYS

*mf*

We have lived and loved to-geth-er, thro' ma-ny chang-ing years, We have shared each oth-er's
Like the leaves that fall a-round us, in Au-tumn's fad-ing hours, And the trai-tor smiles that

glad-ness And wept each oth-er's tears. I have nev-er known a sor-row that was
dark-en When the cloud of sor-row low'rs. And tho' ma-ny such we've known, love, too

*mf*

long un-soothed by thee — That was long un-soothed by thee for thy smile can make a sum-men Where
prove, a-las! to range, — Too prove, a-las! to range we both can speak of one, love, Whom

*dim. e rit.*

*mf*

dark-ness else would be — For thy smile can make a sum-men, where dark-ness else would be. —
time could nev-er change — We both can speak of one, love, whom time could nev-er change. —

*mf*

*rit. e dim.*

# Where Are The Friends Of My Youth?

Andante

GEORGE BARKER

*mf*

1. Where are the friends of my youth? Say, where are those cher-ish'd ones gone? And why have they dropped with the leaf, Ah! why have they left me to mourn? Their voic-es still sound in mine ear, Their fea-tures I see in my dreams, And the world is a wil-der-ness drear, As a wide spread-ing des-ert, it seems. Ah! where are the friends of my youth, Ah! where are those cherish'd ones gone? And why have they dropped with the leaf, Ah! why have they left me to mourn?

2. Say, can I ev-er a-gain, Such ties can I ev-er re-new? Or feel those warm puls-es a-gain, Which beat for the dear ones I knew? The world as a win-ter is cold, Each charm seems to van-ish a-way, My heart is now blighted and old, It shares in all Na-ture's de-cay. Ah! where are the friends of my youth, Say, where are those cherish'd ones gone? And why have they dropped with the leaf, Ah! why have they left me to mourn?

*p* *f* *ad lib.*

# When This Cruel War Is Over

Moderato e cantabile

HENRY TUCKER

*mf*

1. Dear-est love, do you re-mem-ber, When we last did meet, How you told me that you loved me, Kneel-ing at my feet? Oh! how proud you stood be-fore me In your suit of blue,

2. When the sum-mer breeze is sigh-ing, Mourn-ful-ly a-long; Or when au-tumn leaves are fall-ing, Sad-ly breathes the song. Oft in dreams I see thee ly-ing On the bat-tle plain,

Chorus

When you vowed to me and coun-try Ev-er to be true.
Lone-ly, wound-ed, ev-en dy-ing, Call-ing, but in vain.

Weep-ing, sad and lone-ly,

*cresc.* *rall.*

Hopes and fears how vain. Yet praying, When this cru-el war is o-ver, Pray-ing that we meet a-gain!

## Who's That Calling?

Moderato

*mf*

1. The moon is beam-ing o'er the spark-ling rill, Who's that a-call-ing? The
2. The leaves are rust-ling 'neath the star-like sky, Who's that a-call-ing? The

*cresc.*

flow'rs are sleep-ing on the plain and hill, Who's that call-ing so sweet? While the birds are rest-ing till the
stream-let mur-murs as it pass-es by, Who's that call-ing so sweet? Oh! — is it a message from far

gold-en dawn,
o'er the sea,
Who's that a-call-ing? That like the sing-ing of the one now gone, Who's that call-ing so

Chorus

*f* *p*

sweet?
sweet?
Who's that a-call-ing? Who's that a-call-ing? Is it one we long to greet?

*f* *p* *f*

Who's that a-call-ing? Who's that a-call-ing? Who's that a-call-ing so sweet?

# Wait Till The Clouds Roll By

Moderato espressivo

H. T. FULMER

*mf*

1. Jen - ny, my own true loved one, I'm go - ing far from thee,
2. Jen - ny, when far from thee, love, I'm on the o - cean deep,

*mf* *dim.* *mf*

Out on the bounding bil - lows, Out on the dark blue sea. How I will miss you my
Will you then dream of me, love? Will you your prom-ise keep? And will I come to you,

*cresc.* *dim.* *mf*

dar - ling, There, when the storm is rag-ing high, Jen - ny, my own true lov'd one,
dar - ling? Take courage, dear, and never sigh, Gladness will fol - low sor - row,

*dim.* *f* CHORUS

Wait till the clouds roll by. Wait till the clouds roll by, Jen-ny, Wait till the clouds roll
Wait till the clouds roll by. Wait till the clouds roll

*cresc.*

by, Jen-ny, my own true loved one, Wait till the clouds roll by.

# When You And I Were Young, Maggie

Moderato

J. A. BUTTERFIELD

*mf*

1. I wan-der'd to-day to the hill, Mag-gie, To watch the scene be -
2. A cit - y so si - lent and lone, Mag-gie, Where the young and the gay and the

low; The creek and the creak-ing old mill, Maggie, As we used to, long a - go. The
best: In pol - ish'd white man-sion of stone, Maggie, Have each found a place of rest. Is

*mf*

green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie, Where first the dai - sies sprung; The_
built where the birds used to play, Maggie, And join in the songs that were sung; For we

creak - ing old mill is_ still, Mag-gie, Since you and I were young.
sang as_ gay as_ they, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.

CHORUS

*p*

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

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

## Why Do Summer Roses Fade?

GEORGE BARKER

Moderato

*p*

1. Why do summer roses fade? If not to show how fleeting, All things bright and fair are made, To
2. Then while summer roses last, Oh, let's be friends to - gether, Summer-time will soon be past, With

bloom a - while as half a - fraid To join our summer greeting? Or do they on-ly bloom to tell, How
au-tumn leaves around us cast, And then comes wintry weather. Sure-ly as the summer's day,_

brief a sea-son love may dwell, Or do they on-ly bloom to tell, How brief a sea-son love may dwell?
Friendship, too, will pass a-way, Sure-ly as the summer's day, Friendship, too, will pass a - way.

# Waltz Song

R. PLANQUETTE

Legato

*p*

That night I'll ne'er for - get In the late sun ray glow - ing; In

*cresc.* *dim.*

fan - cy hear I yet The long bil - low ebb - ing, flow - ing! Whom should I

*f*

see sink - ing un - der the tide, But a fair, and in - no - cent maid - en,

*f* *dim.*

'Twas but a mo - ment, I was by her side, and for shore I made, beau - ty lad -

*p*

en! Ah! she, as still she lay, On my arm, as on a pil - low, More

*rit. e dim.*

love - ly seem'd than fay, Or sea nymph gleam - ing be - neath the bil - low.

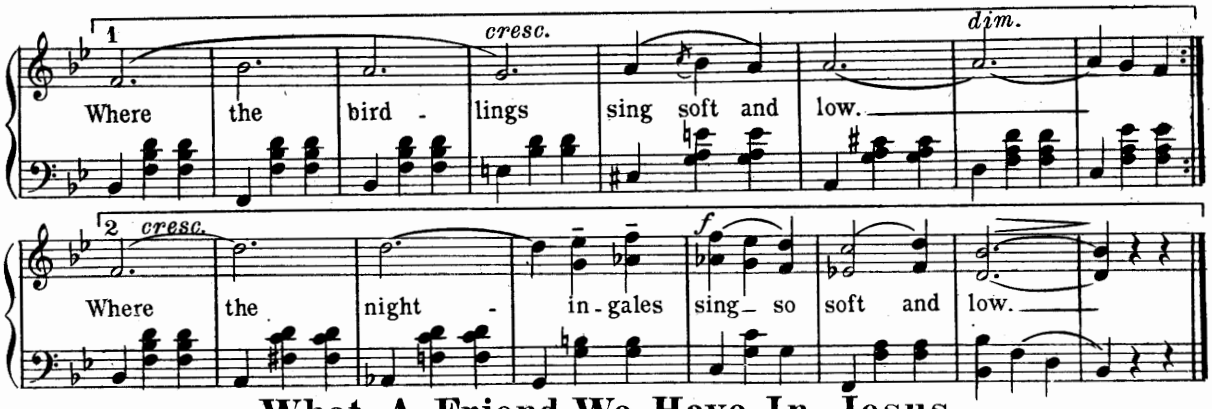
# The Wild Rose

Waltz time

JOHANN STRAUSS

*mf*

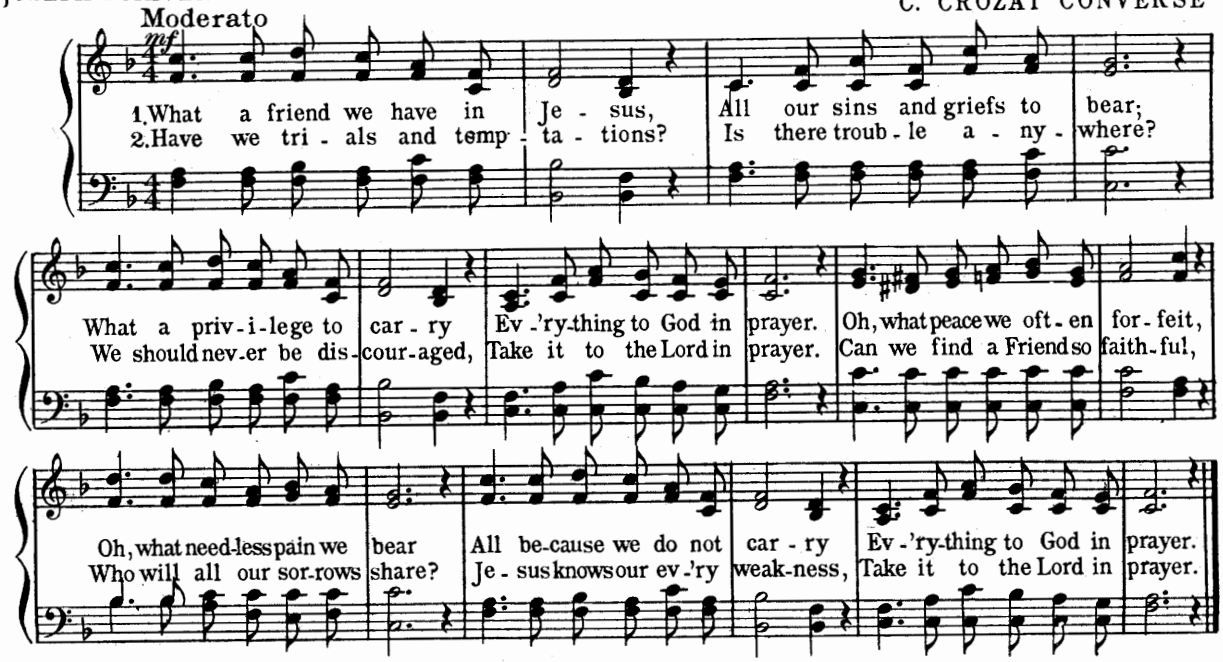
Where the wild rose sweet - ly doth blow, There must I go,




## What A Friend We Have In Jesus

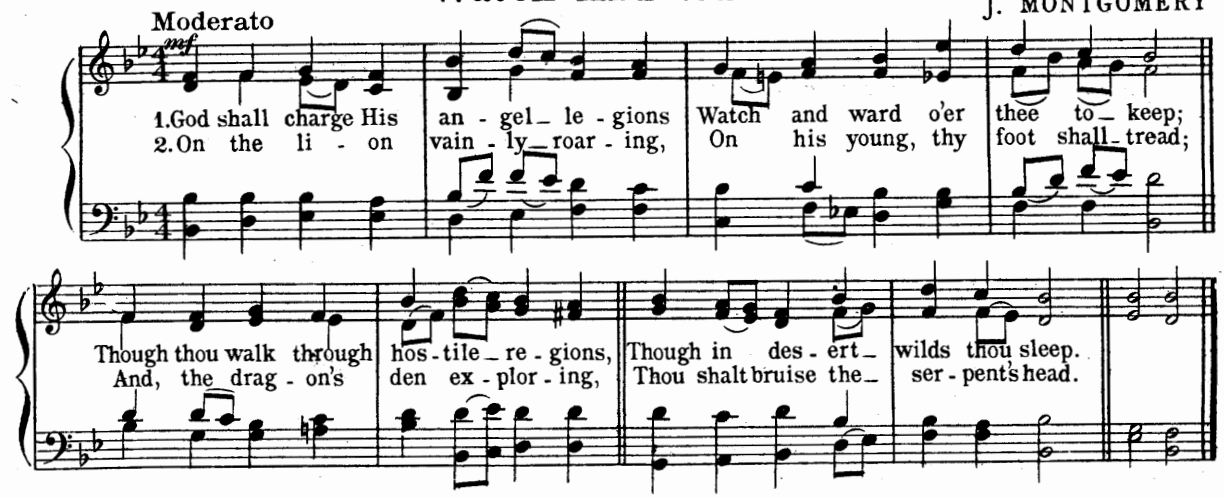
JOSEPH SCRIVEN

C. CROZAT CONVERSE




## Watch And Ward

J. MONTGOMERY



# Waltz Song

J. OFFENBACH

Tempo di Valse

*mf*

See, she is danc - ing, Steps quite en - tranc - ing, Air - y and light of foot is she,

*cresc.* *dim.*

Out of her way, now, as she pass - es, Cleav - ing the air, like fall - ing star,

*cresc.*

See, she is danc - ing, steps so en - tranc - ing, Air - y and light of foot is she,

*cresc.* *cresc.* *ff*

Out of her way, now, as she pass-es and cleaves the air like fall - ing star.

# Widow Machree

SAMUEL LOVER

Allegretto

*mf* *cresc.*

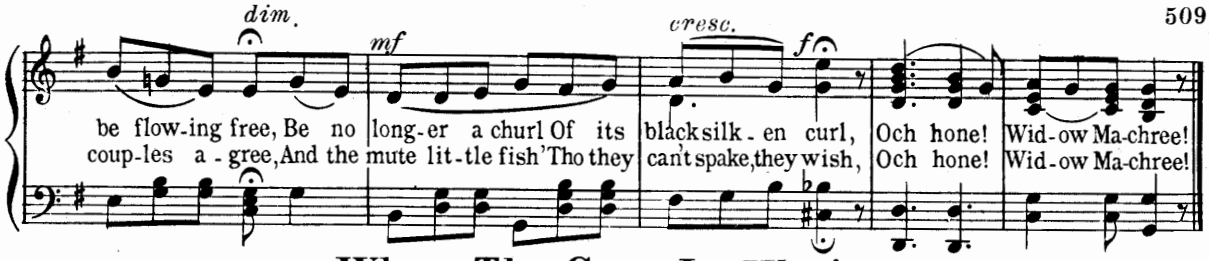
1. Wid - ow Ma - chree, 'tis no won - der you frown, Och hone! Wid - ow Ma-chree, Faith it
2. Wid - ow Ma - chree, now the sum-mer is come, Och hone! Wid - ow Ma-chree, When.

*f* *dim.*

ru - ins your looks, that same dir - ty black gown; Och hone! Wid - ow Ma-chree! How
ev - 'ry - thing smiles should a beau - ty look glum? Och hone! Wid - ow Ma-chree! See the

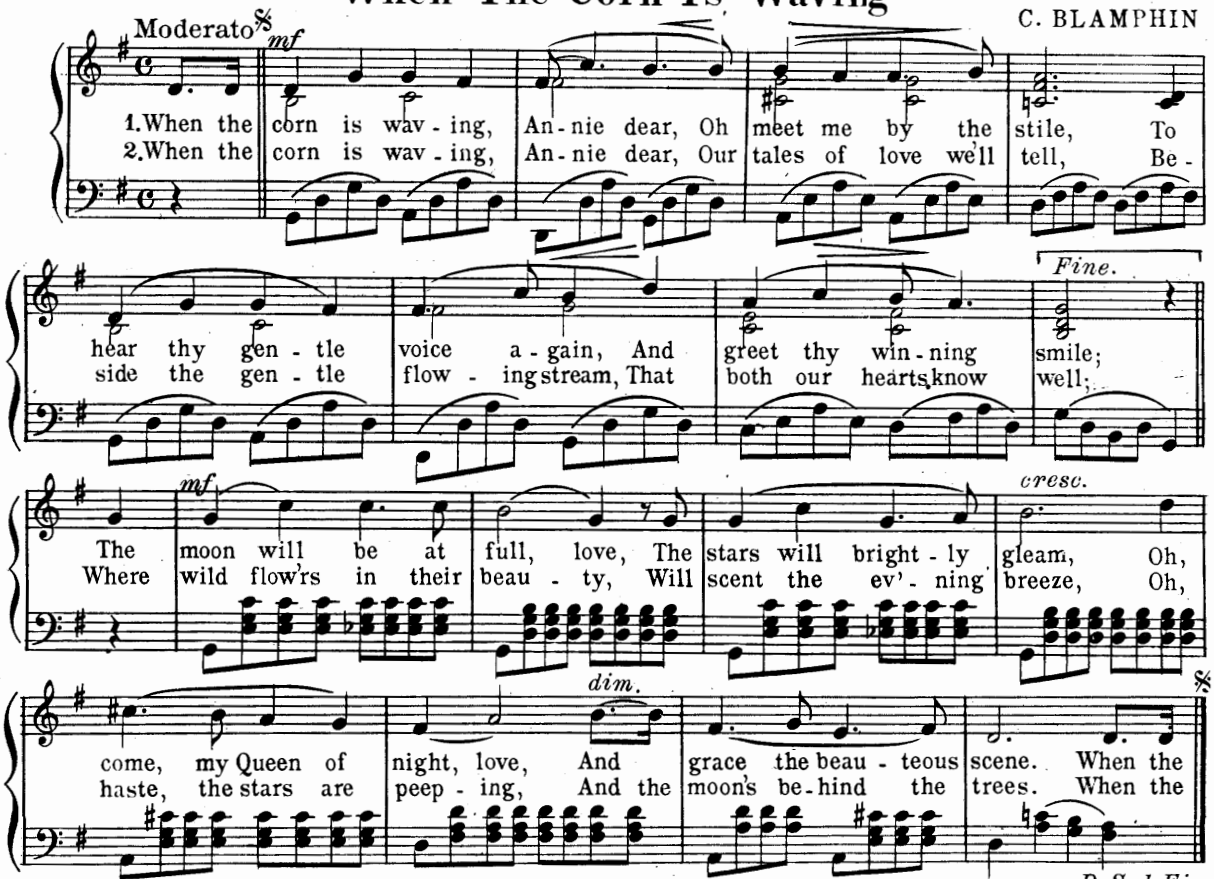
*mf* *cresc.*

al - ter'd your air, With that close cap you wear, 'Tis de - stroy - ing your hair That should
birds go in pairs, And the rab - bits and hares Why — e - ven the bears Now in




## When The Corn Is Waving

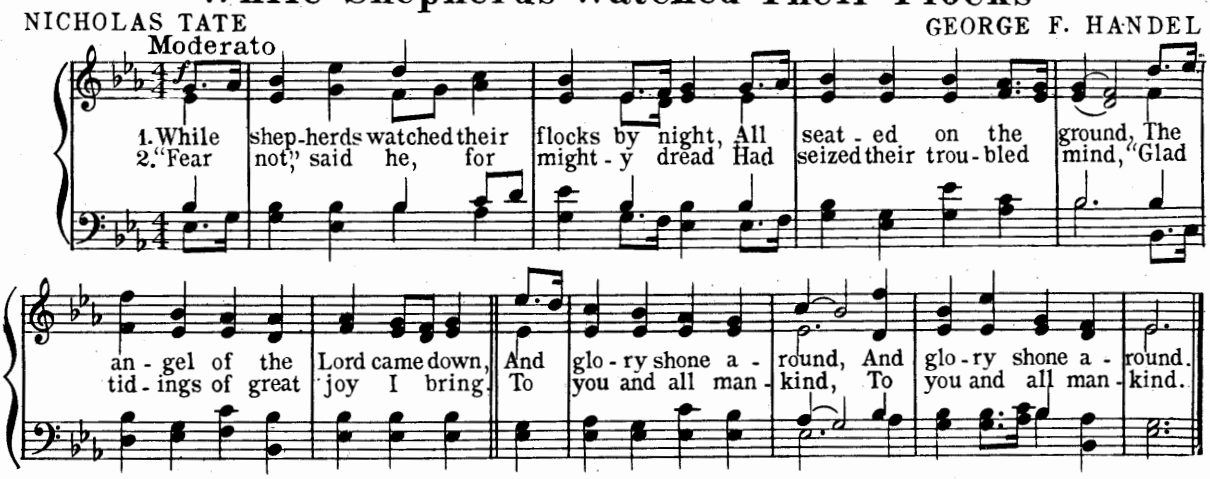
C. BLAMPHIN




## While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks

NICHOLAS TATE

GEORGE F. HANDEL



# A Wandering Minstrel

A. SULLIVAN

Allegretto

*p*

A wan-d'ring min-strel I, a thing of shreds and patch-es, Of bal-lads, songs and snatch-es, And dream-y lul-la-by! My ca-ta-logue is long, thro' ev-'ry pas-sion rang-ing, And to your hum-ours chang-ing I

*cresc.* *f* *p*

tune my sup-ple song! I tune my sup-ple song!

# A Wet Sheet And A Flowing Sea

Allegretto

*f*

1. A wet sheet and a flow-ing sea, A wind that fol-lows fast, And fills the white and rust-ling sail, And bends the gal-lant mast.
2. O for a soft and gen-tle wind, I heard a fair one cry, But give to me the snor-ing breeze, And white waves heav-ing high.

*cresc.* *Fine* *mf*

And bends the gal-lant mast my boys! While And white waves heav-ing high my boys! The

like the ea-gle free, A-way the good ship flys, and leaves old Eng-land on the lea. good ship tight and free, The world of wa-ters is our home, and mer-ry men are we.

*D.C.*

# Woman Is Fickle

G. VERDI

Allegretto

*p*

1. Wom-an is fick-le, False al-to-geth-er; Moves like a feath-er, Borne on the breez-es.
2. Wretch-ed the day is, When she looks kind-ly; Trusts to her blind-ly, He life thus wast-ing.

Wom-an with witch-ing smile, Will e'er de-ceive you; Oft-en will grieve you, Yet as she pleas-es,
Yet he must sure-ly be, Dull be-yond meas-ure; Who of love's hap-pi-ness, Ne'er has been tast-ing,

*cresc.* *poco a poco.* *f* *mf*

Her heart's un-feel-ing False al-to-geth-er, Moves like a feath-er Borne on the breeze.
Wom-an's un-feel-ing False al-to-geth-er, Moves like a feath-er Borne on the breeze.

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

Borne on the breeze. Yes, borne on the breeze.
Borne on the breeze. Yes, borne on the breeze.

# What Ails This Heart O' Mine?

Andante

SCOTCH SONG

*mf*

1. What ails this heart o' mine? What — means this wa-t'ry e'e What
2. When I gae out at e'en Or — walk at morn-ing air, Ilk

*cresc.* *cresc.*

gars me aye turn cauld as death, When I take leave o' thee? When thou art far a-wa, Thou'lt
rust-ling bush will seem to say, I us'd to meet thee there. Then I'll sit down and cry, An'

*rit.*

dear-er grow to me; But change o' place and change o' folk May gar thy fan-cy jee.
live a neath the tree, An' when a leaf fa's in my lap, I'll ca't a word-frae thee

# We Be Three Poor Mariners

Moderato

OLD ENGLISH

1. We be three poor mar - i - ners, New - ly come from the seas, We spend our lives in jeo - par - dy, While oth - ers live in ease; Shall we go dance the round, the round, the round? Shall we go dance the round, the round, the round? And he that is a bul - ly boy, Come, pledge me on this ground, this ground, this ground.

2. We care not for those mar - tial men, That do our states dis - dain, But we care for the mer - chant - men Who do our states main - tain; To them we dance this round, a - round, a - round, To them we dance this round, a - round, a - round, And he that is a bul - ly boy, Come, pledge me on this ground, this ground, this ground.

# Would I Were With Thee

Moderato

CARLO BOSSETTI

1. Would I were with thee ev - 'ry day and hour. Which now I pass so sad - ly far from thee; Would that my form possess'd the magic pow'r To fol - low where my heav - y heart would be; What - e'er thy lot o'er land or sea, Would I were with thee e - ter - nal - ly.

2. Would I were with thee when, the world for - get - ting, Thy wea - ry limbs up - on the turf are thrown; While bright and red the eve - ning sun is set - ting, And all thy thoughts belong to heav'n a - lone; While hap - py dreams thy thoughts employ, Would I were with thee in thy joy.

*rite dim*

# Wait For The Wagon

R. B. BUCKLEY

Allegretto

1. Will you come with me, my Phyl-lis dear, To yon blue moun-tain free? Where the
2. Where the riv-er runs like sil-ver And the birds they sing so sweet, I

blos-soms smell the sweet-est, Come rove a-long with me. It's ev-'ry Sun-day morn-ing,
have a cab-in, Phyl-lis, And some-thing good to eat. Come, list-en to my sto-ry,

When I am by your side, We'll jump in-to the wag-on And all take a ride.
It will re-lieve my heart, So jump in-to the wag-on And off we will start.

Wait for the wag-on, Wait for the wag-on, Wait for the wag-on, And we'll all take a ride.

# When He Cometh

GEO. F. ROOT

Moderato

1. When He com-eth, when He com-eth To make up His jew-els; All His
2. He will gath-er, He will gath-er The gems for His king-dom; All His

jew-els, pre-cious jew-els, His loved and His own.
pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own.

Chorus

Like the stars of the morn-ing His bright crown a-dorn-ing; They shall shine in their beau-ty, Bright gems for His crown.

# Within A Mile Of Edinboro'

Andantino

JAMES HOOK

1. 'Twas with - in a mile of Ed-in - bo - ro' town, In the ro - sy time of the year, Sweet flow - ers bloom'd, and the grass was down. And each shepherd woo'd his dear.
2. Jock - ie was a wag that nev-er wad wed, Though lang he had fol - low'd the lass, Con - tent-ed she earn'd and ate her brown bread, And mer - ri - ly turn'd up the grass.

Bonnie Jockie, blithe and gay, Kissed young Jen - nie mak-ing hay; The las - sie blush'd, and frowning cried, "Na, na, it win - na do; I can - na, can - na, win - na, win - na, maun-na buck - le to."
Bonnie Jockie, blithe and free, Won her heart right mer-ri - ly; Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cried, "Na, na, it win - na do; I can - na, can - na, win - na, win - na, maun-na buck - le to."

# When The Swallows Homeward Fly

Andante

FRANZ ABT

1. When the swal-lows' home-ward fly, When the ros - es scat-ter'd lie, When from nei-ther hill nor dale, Chants the sil-v'ry night-in-gale; In these words my bleeding heart Would to thee its grief impart, When I thus thy im - age lose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re-pose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re-pose?
2. When the white swans southward roves, To seek at noon the o - range groves, When the red tints of the west Prove the sun has gone to rest; In these words my bleeding heart Would to thee its grief impart, When I thus thy im - age lose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re-pose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re-pose?

# When Stars Are In The Quiet Skies

Andante

1. When stars are in the qui - et skies, Then most I pine for thee; Bend on me then thy ten - der eyes. As stars look on the sea! For thoughts, like waves that glide by night, Are still - est when they shine; Mine earth - ly love lies hush'd in light Be - neath the heav'n of thine; Mine earth-ly love lies hush'd in light Be - neath the heav'n of thine.

2. There is an hour when an - gels keep, Fa - mil - iar watch on men, When coars - er souls are wrapped in sleep Sweet spir - it, meet me then. There is an hour when ho - ly dreams, Thro slum - ber, fair - est, glide, And in that mys - tic hour it seems, Thou shouldst be by my side, And in that mys - tic hour it seems, Thou shouldst be by my side.

*ad lib.*

# We Lay Us Calmly Down To Sleep

Andante

1. We lay us clam - ly down to sleep, When friend - ly night is come, and leave To God the rest; Wheth - er we wake to smile or weep, Or wake no more on Time's fair shore, He know - eth best, He know - eth best.

2. As sinks the sun in west - ern skies, When day is done, and twi - light dim Comes si - lent on, So fades the world's most lur - ing prize, On eyes that close in deep re - pose, Till wakes the dawn, Till wakes the dawn.

*dim.* *cresc.*

Chorus

*cresc.* *dim.* *rit.e dim.*

O Fa - ther, bless in love thy child! We lay us down to sleep.

# When Johnny Comes Marching Home

Tempo di Marcia

L. LAMBERT

*mf*

1. When John-ny comes march-ing home a-gain, Hur-rah! — Hur-rah! — We'll give him a heart-y
2. The old — church bell will peal with joy, Hur-rah! — Hur-rah! — To wel-come home our

*cresc.* *f*

wel-come then Hur-rah! — Hur-rah! — The men will cheer, the boys will shout, The
dar-ling boy, Hur-rah! — Hur-rah! — The vil-lage lads and las-sies say, With

*cresc.* *ff*

la-dies they will all turn out, And we'll all feel gay when John-ny comes march-ing home. —
ros-es they will strew the way,

# The Woman Of Canaan

Andante

JOSEPH HAYDN

*mf*

1. With meek up-lift-ed eye, She fol-low'd near the Lord, And pray'd Him, lest her
2. And those who heard her pray, Be-sought the Lord to hear, And sent the sup-pliant

child should die, To speak one heal-ing word; Sad tears were on her cheek, Yet did she not de-
thence a-way, For still she fol-low'd near; But on-ward still she went, While no kind an-swer

spair, — For He whose pow'r she came to seek, A love-ly smile did wear; And though He an-swer'd
fell; — He told them He was on-ly sent, To save lost Is-ra-el, So He whose pow'r she

not, His mer-cy still she sought, And though He an-swer'd not, His mer-cy still she sought.
sought, Ap-pear'd to an-swer nought, So He whose pow'r she sought, Ap-pear'd to an-swer nought.

# Yesterday

Allegretto

J. BLOCKLEY

*mf*

1. And thou I lov'd art gone, Far o - ver the dark blue sea; This heart is left a - lone, That on - ly throbb'd for thee; The morn - ing sun is bright, The flow-ers a - round are gay; But where is the soft light, thou shedd'st on yes - ter - day? But where is the soft light thou shedd'st on yes - ter - day?

2. We stood a - midst these bow'rs, When last I wept a - dieu, Sur - round - ed by fair flow'rs, Of ma - ny a bril - liant hue; I saw the glit - ter - ing tear, That dimm'd thine eye's bright ray, But thou no more art here, and past is yes - ter - day, But thou no more art here, and past is yes - ter - day.

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

# Yankee Doodle

Allegretto

*mf*

1. Fa - ther and I went down to camp, A - long with Cap - tain Good - in', And there we saw the men and boys As thick as hast - y pud - din'.

2. And there we see a thou - sand men, As rich as Squire Da - vid; And what they wast - ed ev - 'ry day, I wish it could be saved.

Chorus

Yan - kee Doo - dle keep it up, Yan - kee Doo - dle dan - dy, Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be han - dy.

# A Yankee Ship And A Yankee Crew

Allegro — C. M. KING

1. A Yan-kee ship and a Yan-kee crew, Tal-ly hi ho, you know; O'er the bright blue waves like a sea - bird flew, Sing hey a-loft and a - low, Her wings are spread to the fai - ry breeze, The spray spark-ling as thrown from her prow, Her flag is the proud-est that floats on the seas, Her way home-ward she's steer - ing now. A Yan-kee ship and a Yan-kee crew, Tal-ly hi ho, you know; O'er the bright blue waves like a sea - bird flew, Sing hey a-loft and a - low.

2. A Yan-kee ship and a Yan-kee crew, Tal-ly hi ho, you know; With hearts on board both gal-lant and true; The same a-loft and a - low, The black-en'd sky, and the whist-ling wind, Fore - tell the ap-proach of the gale; As home and its joys flit o'er each mind, Hus-bands lov - ers! "on deck there, a sail!" A Yan-kee ship and a Yan-kee crew, Tal-ly hi ho, you know; Dis - tress is the word, God speed them thro', Bear a hand, a-loft and a - low.

*cresc.* *ff* *sempre ff*

# What Is Home Without A Mother?

Moderato

1. What is home with - out a moth-er? What are all the joys we meet, When her lov - ing smile no long-er Greets the com-ing, com-ing of our feet? The days seem long, the nights are drear, And

2. Things we prize are first to van-ish, Hearts we love to pass a - way; And how soon e'en in our child-hood, We be-hold her turn-ing, turn-ing gray; Her eye grows dim, her step is slow; Her

time rolls slow - ly on; And oh! how few are childhood's pleasures, When her gen - tle, gen - tle care is gone.
joys of earth are past; And some times ere we learn to know her, She has breath'd on earth, on earth her last.

## Where, O Where

Spirited

1. Where, Oh where are the ver-dant Fresh-men? Where, O where are the ver-dant Fresh-men? Where, O where are the
2. Where, Oh where are the gay young Sophmores? Where, O where are the gay young Sophmores? Where, O where are the

ver-dant Fresh-men? Safe now in the Soph'more Class. They've gone out from pre-scribed Eng-lish, They've gone
gay young Soph'mores? Safe now in the Jun-ior Class. They've gone out from their old Lat-in, They've gone

out from pre-scribed Eng-lish, They've gone out from pre-scribed Eng-lish, Safe now in the Soph'more Class.
out from their old Lat-in, They've gone out from their old Lat-in, Safe now in the Jun-ior Class.

## We Have Been Friends Together

Andante

H. RUSSELL

1. We have been friends to-geth-er, In sun-shine and in shade, Since first be-neath the
2. We have been gay to-geth-er; We laughed at lit-tle jests; For the fount of hope was

chest-nut tree, In in-fan-cy we played. But cold-ness dwells with-in thy heart, A
gush-ing Warm and joy-ous in our breasts; But laugh-ter now hath fled thy lip, And

cloud is on thy brow; We have been friends to-geth-er, Shall a light word part us now?
sul-len gloms thy brow; We have been gay to-geth-er, Shall a light word part us now?

# When Other Friends Are Round Thee

Allegretto

*mf*

1. When oth-er friends are round thee, And oth-er hearts are thine; When oth-er bays have
2. Yet do not think I doub't thee, I know thy truth re-mains; I would not live with-

*cresc.* *mf* *cresc.*

crown'd thee, more fresh, more green than mine, Then think, oh, think how lone-ly this
out thee, For all the world con-tains, Thou art the star that guides me a-

throb-bing heart must be, While,— while it beats, beats on-ly, Be-lov-ed one, for
cross life's trou-bled sea, And what ev-er fate be-tides me, This heart will turn to

*mf* *cresc.* *rit. e dim.*

thee, While, while it beats, beats on-ly, Be-lov-ed one, for thee.—
thee, And what ev-er fate be-tides me, This heart will turn to thee.—

# What Fairy-like Music

Allegretto

J. De PINNA

*mf*

1. What fai-ry-like mu-sic steals o-ver the sea, En-tran-cing the
2. winds are all hush'd and the wa-ters at rest, They sleep like the

sen-ses with charm'd mel-o-dy The
pas-sions in in-fan-cy's breast! 'Tis the

*mf* *cresc.*

voice of the mer-maid, that

*f* *dim.*

floats o'er the main, As she mingles her song with the gon-do-lier's strain! 'Tis the strain

# Will You Come To The Bow'r?

Allegretto

*mf*

1 Will you come to the bow'r I have shad - ed for you? Our bed shall be
2 There un - der the bow'r on ros - es you'll lie, With a blush on your

ros - es all span-gled with dew. Will you come to the bow'r I have shad - ed for
cheek, but a smile in your eye. There un - der the bow'r in ros - es you'll

*mf*

you Our bed shall be ros - es All span-gled with dew. Will you, will you,
lie With a blush on your cheek But a smile in your eye. Will you, will you,

*p*

will you, will you come to the bow'r? Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the bow'r?
will you, will you smile, my be - lov'd? Will you, will you, will you, will you smile, my be - lov'd?

# Vacation Days Are Here

Allegretto

J. C. JOHNSON

*mf*

1 Ho, ho, va - ca - tion days are here, Tra la, tra la, tra la! We wel-come them with
2 Ho, ho, the hill, the wood, the dale, Tra la, tra la, tra la! The lake on which we

right good cheer, Tra la, tra la, tra la! In wis - dom's halls we love to be, But
used to sail, Tra la, tra la, tra la! We greet thee all with right good cheer, In

yet 'tis pleas - ant to be free. Ho, ho, va - ca - tion days are here, Tra la, tra la, tra la!
thought un-changed a - gain we're here. Ho, ho, the hill, the wood, the dale, Tra la, tra la, tra la!

# When I Come.

Allegretto

*p* *pp* *ad lib.* *a tempo*

1. Must I then, must I then leave my hap-py lit-tle town, hap-py lit-tle town, And_
2. Ah, thy tears! ah, thy tears! they are fall-ing like the rain, fall-ing like the rain, Sweet_

*pp* *ad lib.* *p* *a tempo*

thou, my love, bide here? When I come, when I come, when I come back a-gain, come back a-gain, Then with
love, so dear to me; In the world, in the world, there are many fair be-side, ma-ny fair be-side, But_

*p*

thee I'll stay, my dear. If_ now with thee I can-not re-main, My love for thee's the same. When I
I'll be true to thee! Think not an-oth-er_ when I see, This heart will faith-less be. In the

*pp* *p* *a tempo*

come, when I come, when I come back a-gain, come back a-gain, Then with thee I'll stay, my dear!
world, in the world, there are ma-ny fair be-side, ma-ny fair be-side, But_ I'll be true to thee.

# Were You Ever In Rio Grand?

Allegretto

SEA SONG

*mf* *f* *mf*

1. Were you ev-er in Ri-o Grand? Way_ Ri-o, O were_ you ev-er on
2. Where the Por-tu-gee girls can be found, Way_ Ri-o, And they are the girls to

that strand / waltz a-round } We're bound for the Ri-o Grand. Way_ Ri-o, Way_ Ri-

*mf* *cresc.*

*f*

o, Then fare you well, my pret-ty young girl, We're bound for the Ri-o_ Grand._

# The Young May Moon

Allegretto

*mf*

1. The young May moon is beam-ing, love, The glow-worm's lamp is gleam-ing, love, How sweet to rove thro' Morn-a's grove, When the drow-sy world is dream-ing, love! Then a-wake! the heav'ns look bright, my dear, 'Tis nev-er too late for de-light, my dear, And the best of all ways to length-en our days, Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear.

2. Now all the world is sleep-ing, love, But the Sage, his star watch keep-ing, love, And I, whose star, more glo-ri-ous far, Is the eye from that case-ment peep-ing, love! Then a-wake! till rise of sun, my dear, The Sa-ge's glass we'll shun, my dear, Or, in watch-ing the flight, Of bod-ies of light, He might hap-pen to take thee for one, my dear.

*dim*

# Welcome To Spring

Gaily

*mf* *cresc.* *p*

1. All the birds so gai-ly sing of the joys of Spring-time, Nev-er did we hear such songs, which the hap-py day pro-longs, Wel-come Spring! with great de-light, with her blos-soms white.

2. Ev-'ry-thing seems hap-py now, for the Spring-time's com-ing, Play-ing, sing-ing, all re-joice, each one in a dif-f'rent voice, All the earth is clothed in green, Na-ture's garb se-rene.

# Which Way Does The Wind Blow?

Lively

*mf*

1. Which way does the wind blow, And where does he go? He rides o'er the wa-ter, And o-ver the snow.

2. O'er wood and o'er val-ley, And o-ver the height, Where goats can-not tra-verse, He's tak-en his flight.

# We May Roam Thro' This World

Allegretto

*p*

1. We may roam thro' this world, like a child at a feast, Who but sips of a sweet, And then flies to the rest; And when plea-sure be-gins to grow dull in the east, We may or-der our wings and be off to the west; But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile Are the dear-est gifts that Heav'n supplies, We nev-er need leave our own Green Isle For sen-si-tive hearts and for sun-bright eyes. Then re-mem-ber, when ev-er your gob-let is crown'd, Thro' this world, whether eastward or west-ward you roam, When a cup to the smile of dear wo-man goes round, Oh! re-mem-ber the smile that a-dorns her at home.

2. In Eng-land the gar-den of beau-ty, is kept By a dra-gon of pru-de-ry plac'd with-in call; But so oft this un-a-mi-able dra-gon has slept, That the gar-den's but care-less-ly watch'd af-ter all. Oh! they want the wild sweet brie-ry fence Which round the flow'rs of E-den dwells, Which warms the touch while win-ning the sense, Nor charms us least when it most re-pels.

*cresc.* *rit.* *a tempo*

# What Care We For Gold Or Silver?

Allegretto

*mf*

1. What care we for gold or sil-ver? What care we for house or land?

2. What care we for ship or o-cean, On-ward go-ing, hand in hand.

# Voyageur's Song

FRENCH-CANADIAN SONG

Moderato

*mf*

1. Joy to thee, my brave ca-noe, There's no wing so swift as you; Right and left the bub-bles rise, Right and left the pine-wood flies; Birds and clouds and tide and wind, We shall leave ye all be-hind. Joy to thee, my brave ca-noe, There's no wing so swift as you, Joy to thee, my brave ca-noe, There's no wing so swift as you.

2. Gent-ly, now, my brave ca-noe, Keep your foot-ing sure and true, For the rap-id close be-neath, Leaps and shouts his song of death; Now one plunge and all is done; Now one plunge, the goal is won. Joy to thee, my brave ca-noe, There's no wing so swift as you, Joy to thee, my brave ca-noe, There's no wing so swift as you.

# When The Day With Rosy Light

Allegretto

*mf*

1. When the day, with ro-sy light, In the morn-ing light ap-pears, And the dusk-y shades of night Melt a-way in dew-y tears, Up the sun-ny hills I roam, To bid good mor-row to the flow'rs, And wak-en in their high-land home The min-strels of the bow'rs.

2. Oh, 'tis sweet at ear-ly day, To climb the moun-tain's rock-y steep, And hear the birds and blos-soms gay, Wak-'ning from their hap-py sleep. Noon may have its sun-ny glare, Eve its twi-light and its dew, Night its soft and cool-ing air, But give me morn-ing dew.

*Fine mf*

*D.C.*

# What Are The Wild Waves Saying?

J. E. CARPENTER — STEPHEN GLOVER

Moderato

*mf*

1. What are the wild waves say - ing, Sis - ter, the whole day long, That ev - er a-mid our play - ing I hear but their low, lone song? Not by the sea-side on - ly There it sounds wild and free, But at night, when 'tis dark and lone - ly, In dreams it is still with me, But at night, when 'tis dark and lone - ly, In dreams it is still with me. Brother, I hear no sing - ing: 'Tis but the roll - ing wave, Ev - er its lone course wing - ing O - ver some o - cean cave. 'Tis but the noise of wa - ter Dash-ing a-gainst the shore, And the wind from some bleak-er
2. Yes; but the waves seem ev - er Sing - ing the same sad thing, And vain is my weak en - deav - or To guess what the sur - ges sing! What is that voice re - peat - ing, Ev - er by night and day? Is it a friend - ly greet - ing, Or a warn - ing that calls a - way? Is it a friend - ly greet - ing, Or a warn - ing that calls a - way? Brother, the in - land moun - tain, Hath it not voice and sound? Speaks not the drip - ping foun - tain As it be-dews the ground? E'en by the house-hold in - gle, Cur - tain'd and closed and warm, Do not our voic - es

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

*cresc.*

quar - ter Ming - ling with its roar, And the wind from some bleak - er quar - ter Ming - ling,
min - gle With those of the dis - tant storm? Do not our voic - es min - gle With those

*f* *dim.* *mf*

ming - ling with its roar No! no, no! it is some - thing great - er That
of the dis - tant storm? Yes! yes, yes! but there's some - thing

*cresc.* *dim*

speaks to the heart a - lone, The voice of the great Cre - a - tor Dwells in that might - y

*cresc.* *f*

tone! The voice of the great Cre - a - tor Dwells in that might - y tone!

# Why Do I Weep For Thee?

Slow with feeling

W. V. WALLACE

*dolce*

1. Why do I weep for thee? Why weep in my sad dreams? Part - ed, for aye are we, Yes,
2. Once, ah! what joy to share With thee the noon - tide hour: Then, not a grief nor care Had

part - ed like moun - tain streams. Yet with me lin - gers still That word, that one last word, Thy
can - ker'd the heart's young flow'r. The sun seems not to shed A ra - diance o'er me now, Save

*molto espress*

voice, thy voice yet seems to thrill The heart's fond chord. Why do I weep for thee? Why do I weep for thee?
mem'ry all seems dead since lost, Since lost art thou. Why do I weep for thee? Why do I weep for thee?

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