

109777

*Dedicated to the Music Lovers of America*

# THE BOOK OF A THOUSAND SONGS

*The World's Largest Collection of the  
Songs of the People, Containing More  
Than a Thousand Old and New  
Favorites . . . : : :*

Edited by

ALBERT E. WIER



MUMIL PUBLISHING CO.

INCORPORATED

NEW YORK

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ASSIGNED, JAN. 5th, 1920, TO  
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ASSIGNED, NOV. 3rd, 1922, TO  
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## P R E F A C E

THE purpose of this book has been to assemble within its covers practically every song, old and new, which by reason of its merit deserves a place in the hearts of music lovers. The more than one thousand songs which it contains have been selected with the greatest possible amount of careful discrimination, and it is the sincere hope of the publishers that it will fill a niche all of its own in the domain of musical collections for the home.

In order to compress such an enormous quantity of songs in a book of reasonable size, it has been deemed best to give an average of two verses to each song, experience having shown that a greater number of verses are rarely made use of by the music lover.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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## America

SAMUEL F. SMITH

Maestoso

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

dim.

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

cresc.

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

## The Star Spangled Banner

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

Moderato

1. Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud - ly we  
 2. On the shore dim - ly seen thro' the mist of the deep, Where the foe's haught - y

dim.

hail'd at the twi-light's last gleaming! Whose stripes and bright stars thro' the per - i - lous  
 host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing

cresc.

fight, O'er the ram-parts we watch'd were so gal - lant - ly stream - ing; And the rock - ets' red  
 steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch - es the

glare, the bombs burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still  
glean of the morn-ing's first beam, In full glo - ry re - flect - ed now shines in the

cresc.

there. stream. Oh! say, does that star-spang - led ban - ner yet wave, — O'er the

cresc.

land \_\_\_\_\_ of the free, and the home of the brave!

3.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,  
'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,  
A home and a country they'd leave us no more!  
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footstep's pollution;  
No refuge could save the hireling and slave,  
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave.

4.

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand,  
Between their lov'd homes and the war's desolation,  
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land,  
Praise the pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation;  
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust!"

### At Pierrot's Door

*Andante*

French Folk Song

*mf*

1. With the moon's paleshimmer, Lit-tle friend Pier - rot, Shines thy candle's glimmer On the fall - en snow.  
2. See my lan - tern flick-er, Now the light is out; Now the snowfalls thicker, Round and round a - bout.

Lend a pen, I pray thee, But a word to write, One farewell to say thee Ere I go to-night.  
Gusts go hel-ter - skel - ter, Lo, the night is old! Ope and give me shel-ter Ere I die of cold!

## Alice, Where Art Thou?

J. ASCHER

Andante con espressione

1. The birds sleep-ing gen-tly Sweet Lu-na gleameth bright, Her rays tinge the for-est, And  
 2. The sil-ver rain fall-ing Just as it fall- eth now; And all things sleep gen-tly! Ah!

all seems glad to-night. The wind sigh-ing by me, Cool-ing my fev-erd brow; The  
 Al-ice, where art thou? I've sought thee by lakelet, I've sought thee on the hill, And

stream flows as ev-er, Yet, Al-ice, where art thou? One year back this e-ven, And thouwert by  
 in the pleasant wildwood When winds blew cold and chill; I've sought thee in for-est, I'm look-ing heav'n-

*cresc.*

my side, And thouwert by my side, Vow-ing to love me; One year past this  
 ward now, I'm look-ing heav'n-ward now, Oh! there 'mid the star-shine, I've sought thee in

e-ven, And thouwert by my side, Vow-ing to love me, Al-ice, what-e'er might be-tide.  
 for-est I'm look-ing heav'nward now, Oh! there a-mid the starshine, Al-ice, I know, art thou.

H. F. LYTE

## Abide With Me

W. H. MONK

Andante

1. A-bide with me! Fast falls the e-ven-tide, The dark-ness deepens Lord, with me a-bide!  
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a-way;

When oth-er help-ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a-bide with  
 Change and de-cay in all a-round I see; O Thou who changest not, a-bide with  
 me!

**Ave Maria**  
(Cavalleria Rusticana)

15

P. MASCAGNI  
*dim.*

Andante sostenuto

Moth - er see my tears, See my tears are fall - ing, Thou hast al - so sor - row  
known. Life, Ah! it is so drear - y, my heart it is so wea - ry, Ah! leave me not a - lone O mother,  
hear me in the light, Look down on me, my comfort be And guide my steps a - right!  
Oh mother, hear me where thou art, And guard and guide my aching heart, my aching heart!

Moderato

**Auld Lang Syne**

ROBERT BURNS

1. Should auld ac-quaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should auld ac-quaintance  
2. We twa ha'e ran a - boot the braes, And pud the gow - ans fine We've wander'd mony a  
be for - got, And days of auld lang syne? For auld lang - syne, my dear, For  
wea - ry foot Sin' auld lang - syne.  
auld lang - syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet, For auld lang - syne.

# As Down In The Sunless Retreats

THOMAS MOORE

J. HAYDN

Andante

1. As down in the sun-less re-treats of the o-cean, Sweet flow-ers are spring-ing no-nee-dle points faith-ful-ly  
2. As still, to the star of its wor-ship, tho' cloud-ed, The

mor-tal can see; So deep in my soul the still prayer of de-vo-tion, Un-heard by the world, ri-ses o'er the dim sea, So, dark as I roam, in this win-try world shrouded, The Hope of my Spi-rit turns

si-lent to Thee, my God! si-lent to Thee; Pure, warm, si-lent to Thee! So, trem-bling to Thee, my God! trem-bling to Thee; True, fond, trem-bling to Thee! So,

deep in my soul the still prayer of de-vo-tion, Un-heard by the world, ri-ses dark as I roam, in this win-try world shrouded, The Hope of my Spi-rit turns

si-lent to Thee, trem-bling to Thee, si-lent to Thee, trem-bling to Thee, si-lent to Thee, My God, ri-ses si-lent to Thee! — trem-bling to Thee, trem-bling to Thee, trem-bling to Thee, My God, turns trem-bling to Thee! —

# As A Little Child

C. M. VON WEBER

Moderato

1. As a lit-tle child re-lies On a care be-yond its own,  
2. So let me, a child, re-ceive What to-day Thou shalt pro-vide,

Knows be-neath its fa-ther's eyes leave It is nev-er left a-lone.  
Calm-ly to Thy wis-dom leave What to-mor-row may be-tide.

# Away Down Souf

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

**Allegretto**

*mf*

1. We'll put for de Souf, ah! dats de place for de stee - ple chase and de bul-ly hoss race,  
2. My lub she hab a ver-y large mouf, One cor-nér in de Norf, tud-der cor-nér in de Souf, It

Po - ker brag, euch-er, sev-en up and loo, Den chime in nig - gas, won't you come a-long too?  
am so long it reach so far, Trab-ble all a-round it on a rail - road car.

**CHORUS**

No use talk-in'when de nig-ga wants to go Whar de corn-top blos-som and de cane brake grow; Den

slow tempo

come a-long to Cu-ba and we'll dance de pol-ka-ju - ba, Way down Souf, whar de corn grow.

# Aura Lee

**Moderato**

*cresc.*

1. As the black-bird in the spring, 'Neath the wil - low tree Sat and pip'd, I  
2. On her cheek the rose was born; There was mu - sic when she spake; In her eyes the

**CHORUS**

*mf*

heard him sing, Sing - ing Au - ra Lee. Au - ra Lee! Au - ra Lee!

*cresc.*

Maid of gold - en hair! Sun - shine came a - long with thee, And swal-lows in the air.

## Ah! So Pure

F. VON FLOTOW

Moderato, dolce ed espress.

Ah! so pure, Ah! so bright, Burst her beau-ty on my sight; Oh! so mild, so di - vine,  
 She be-guiled this heart of mine: Reft of aim, ere she came, Dark the fu-ture seemed to loom, Till her  
 clear brilliant sphere, New with light, dispelled the gloom. Woe! she fled, quickly sped All my joy in fleet-ing  
 gleams; As I wake, hopes for-sake, Robbing me of god-like dreams, of god-like dreams. Ah! so  
 pure, Ah! so bright burst her beau-ty on my sight, Oh! so mild, so di - vine, She be-  
 guiled this heart of mine. Martha, Martha! Thou hast taken ev'ry bliss a-way with thee! Canst thou leave me,  
 thus for-sa-ken! Come and share thy boon with me, Come share thy boon with me, Yes with me.

# Angel Gabriel

19

J. E. STEWART

Moderato

1. Oh! my soul, my soul am a - gwine for to rest In de arms of de an-gel Ga-bri - el, And I  
2. Oh! my soul, my soul am a - gwine for to rest, Gwine to rest just as sure as I am born, And I'll

climb on a hill and I look to de west, And I cross o - ver Jor-dan to de Lam'; And I'll  
look like a black-bird a sitt'n on a nest, When old Ga-br'il am blow-ing on de horn; And I'll

dim.

sit me down in de old arm-chair; Oh! brud-ders, I will nev-er tire, And old  
leave my clothes safe up - on de shore, For I'll have new gar-ments for to wear; And I'll

Sa - tan may sneeze, but I will take my ease, And I'll warm my - self at de ho - ly  
have bran'new shoes, and nev-er get de blues, And de an - gels dey will come and curl my

**CHORUS**

fire. I will shout, and I'll dance And I'll wake up ear-ly in de morn; And  
hair.

I will a - rise and rub my sleep - y eyes, When old Ga-bri-el am blow-ing his horn.

## A, B, C, Tumble Down D

Lively

A, B, C, tum - ble down D, The cat's in the cup-board and can't see me.

## Afterwards

J. W. MULLEN

Moderato espressivo

Moderato espressivo

1. Af - ter the day has sung its song of sor - row  
2. Some-times my heart grows wea - ry of its sad - ness,

I lin - ger yet where once we met, be - lov - ed,  
Then love, I wait, and list - en for your whis - per,

The flow'r have fled that blossom'd in the springtide,  
It can - not be that we should part for - ev - er,

And tho' the years have drift-ed us a-sun - der,  
I hear it yet, al - tho' its theme be al - ter'd,

Still we can love, al - tho' the shad - ows gath - er;  
Love we can love, al - tho' the shad - ows gath - er,

Come to my heart, and whis - per thro' the si - lence, "Hope on dear heart, our lives shall meet at last."

"Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last," "Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last."

cresc. Ending for 1st Verse

Ending for 2nd Verse cresc. cresc. f dim.

## Ave Maria

BACH - GOUNOD

Moderato

A - ve Ma - ri - - a, gra - ti - a ple - na, Do - mi - nus te - cum!  
A - ve Ma - ri - - a, Thou hap - py moth - er, God is with thee,

Be - ne dic - ta tu in mu - li e - ri - bus! et be - ne dic - ius  
Bless - ed, bless - ed art thou a - bove all moth - ers, Since in Bethlehem

cresc. molto

fruc - bus came to ven - tris the tu - i, Je - sus. Sanc - ta Ma - ri - a, sanc - ta Ma  
thee the an - gel of the Lord. Hon - ored and bless - ed, hon - ored and

ri - a, Ma - ri - a, o - ra pro no - bis, no - bis pec - ca - to - ri - bus,  
bless - ed Ma - ri - a, moth - er of Je - sus, In - fant Re - deem - er,

nunc et in ho - ra, in ho - ra mor - tis nos - tra! A - ve! A - ve!  
Born to save us from our sins and all our heav - y woes! A - men!

## Ah, 'Tis A Dream

E. LASSEN

Andante espressione

1. My na - tive land a - gain it meets mine eye, The old oaks raise their boughs on  
2. I feel the kiss that was in youth so dear, The words, "I love!" fall on mine  
3. And now when far in dis-tant lands, I roam My heart will wan - der to my

high, The vi - o - lets greet - ing seem, Ah! 'tis a dream.  
ear, I see thine eyes' soft beam! Ah! 'tis a dream.  
home, But while these fan - cies teem, Ah! 'tis a dream.

THOMAS MOORE

## Araby's Daughter

E. KIALLMARK

Andante

*mp*

1. Fare - well, fare-well to thee, Ara-by's daughter (Thus war-bled a Pe-ri be-neath the dark sea,) No  
2. Nor shall I ran, be-loved of her he-ro, for-get thee, Tho' ty-rants watch o-ver her tears as they start; Close,

pearl ev-er lay un-der O-man's green wa-ter, More pure in its shell than thy spir-it in thee. A-  
close by the side of that he-ro shall set thee, Em-balmed in the in-ner-most shrine of her heart.

round thee shall glis-ten the lov-li-est am-ber That ev-er the sor-row-ing sea-bird has wept; With

ma-ny a shell, in whose hol-low-wreathed chamber We Pe-ris of o-cean by moon-light have slept.

## Annie Laurie

LADY JOHN SCOTT

Moderato

*dolce.*

1. Max - wel-ton's braes are bon-nie, Where ear-ly fa's the dew, And 'twas  
2. Her brow is like the snow-drift Her throat is like the swan; Her

there that An-nie Lau-rie Gave me her prom-ise true; Gave me her prom-ise true, Which  
face it is the fair-est That e'er the sun shone on; That e'er the sun shone on, And

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

# Angels Meet Me at de Cross-roads

23

W. S. HAYS

**Moderato**

1. Come down, Ga - bri-el,  
2. I'se lib'd for months an' I'se  
blow your horn, lib'd for years,  
Call me home in de  
Can't get used to my

ear - ly morn; Send de char - i - ot down dis way, Come and haul me home to stay;  
weep-in' tears; Lost my way on de road in sin, Wake up, an - gels, pass me in.

**REFRAIN**

An-gels, meet me at de Cross-roads, meet me, An-gels, meet me at de Cross-roads, meet me,

An - gels, meet me at de Cross-roads, meet me, Don't charge a sin - ner an - y toll.

**Allegretto**

## Alma Mater, O.

1. { We're gath-ered now, my class-mates, to join our part - ing song; To  
To gaze on life's broad ruf - fled sea, to which we quick - ly go; But

pluck from mem'ry's wreath the buds which there so sweet-ly throng.) Oh! Al-ma Ma-ter O, Oh!  
ere we start we'll drink the health of Al-ma Ma-ter O, Oh!

Al-ma Ma-ter O, But ere we start we'll drink the health of Al-ma Ma-ter O.  
Al-ma Ma-ter O, Hur - rah! hur - rah! for col - lege days and Al-ma Ma-ter O.

# Angelina Baker

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

**Allegretto**

*mf*

1. Waydown on de old plan-ta-tion, dah's where I was born; I used to beat de  
2. I've seen my An-ge-li-na in de spring-time and de fall, I've seen her in de

whole cre-a-tion hoe-in' in de corn: Oh! den I work, and den I sing so hap-py all de day, Till  
corn field, and I've seen her at de ball; And eb-rytime I met her she was smil-ing like de sun, But

**CHORUS**

An - ge - li - na Ba - ker came and stole my heart a - way.  
now I'm left to weep a tear cayse An - ge - li - na's gone.

An - ge - li - na Ba - ker's gone; She left me here to weep a tear, and beat on de old jaw-bone

**A-Roving****Allegro**

1. At number three Old England Square, Markwell what I do say, At number three Old England Square My  
2. She was a girl a passing fair, Markwell what I do say, She was a girl a pass-ing fair, And had

Nan - cy does n't she live there! I'll go no more a - roving with you, fair maid. } A -  
dark blue eyes and cur - ly hair ! I'll go no more a - roving with you, fair maid. }

*cresc.*

rov-ing, a - roving, since roving has been my ru - in, I'll go no more a - roving with you fair maid.

H.B.FARNIE

## Among The Lilies

25

ALPHONS CZIBULKA

Tempo di Gavotte

A-mong the li - lies stray'd they twain for - get ting All the dan - ces and the  
 glow, — While star by star the vi'let night was set - ting, And the lamps burnt dim and  
 low! The air was heav - y with the breath of ro - ses, And the sil - v'ry fount rang  
 clear, — Whilst murmur'd fit-ful thro' the ca-denc'd clos - es, Love-vows fell on rap-tur'd ear!

## All Through The Night

Old Welsh Song

Slowly

1. Sleep, my love, and peace at - tend thee All through the night; Guard-i-an an - gels,  
 2. Though I roam a min - strel lone - ly, All through the night; My true harp shall  
 God will lend thee, praise thee on - ly, All through the night. Soft the drow - sy hours are creep-ing,  
 All through the night. Love's young dream, a - las! is o - ver,  
 Hill and vale in slum-ber steep-ing, Love a - lone his watch is keep-ing All through the night.  
 Yet my strains of love shall ho - ver, Near the pres-en-ce of my lov - er, All through the night.

## Ah! I Have Sighed To Rest Me

(Il Trovatore)

G. VERDI

Andante sostenuto

*dolce*

1. Ah! I have sighed to rest me Deep in the quiet grave, sigh'd to rest me, But all in vain I  
 2. Out of the love I bear thee, Yield I my life for thee; Wilt thou not think, Wilt thou not think of

crave. O fare thee well, my Le-o-no-ra, fare-thee-well! Ah! I have sigh'd for rest, Yet all in vain do I  
 me? O think of well, my Le-o-no-ra, fare-thee-well!

2.

crave, O fare-thee-well, my Le-o-no-ra, fare-thee-well! me, my Le-o-no-ra, fare-thee-

*a tempo*

well! Out of the love I bear thee, Yield I my life for thee. Ah! think of me; ah! think of

me, my Le-o-no-ra, fare-thee-well! Tho' I no more be hold thee, Yet is thy name a

*cres - cen - do*

spell, Yet is thy name, yet is thy name a spell, Cheering my last lone hour, Le-o-no-ra, fare-well!

## All Glory, Laud, And Honor

M. TESCHNER

Moderato

1. All glo-ry, laud, and hon-or To Thee, Re-deem-er, King! To whom the lips of  
 2. The com-pa-ny of an-gels Are prais-ing Thee on high; And mor-tal men, and

*Fine.*

chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas all things Cre - a - ted, make re - ring. Thou art the King of peo-ple of the Is - rael, Thou He - brews With

*D.C. 1st lines, 1st verse.*

Dav - id's roy - al palms be - fore Thee Son, Who in the Lord's name went: Our praise and prayer and com - est, The King and Bless-ed One. an - thems Be - fore Thee we pre - sent.

**Am I Not Fondly Thine Own?***Andante*

1. Thou, thou reign'st in this bos - om, There, there, hast thou thy throne, Thou, thou know'st that I love thee,  
2. Then, then e'en as I love thee, Say, say, wilt thou love me? Tho'ts, tho'ts ten - der and true, love,

Am I not fond - ly thine own? Yes, yes, yes, yes, Am I not fond - ly thine own?  
Say, wilt thou cher - ish for me? Yes, yes, yes, yes, Say, wilt thou cher - ish for me?

**At Evening-Time**

C.M. STEADMAN

*Allegretto*

1. The lights fade out of calm-ed sea, Dark shad-ows seam its breast; Flush'd like to pet-al  
2. Rest comes at last! o'er pur-ple hills The sheep-bell tin - kles clear. And slow the lov-ing

*ad lib.* *Fine*

of a flow'r, The sail fades in the west. Far o'er the blue the wear - y winds Have  
kine de - scend The paths, and on the ear Ring joy - ous ech - oes from a - far, The

gone, and swells no more The waves' sad mu - sic, or the break Of rip - ples on the shore.  
sic - kles keen laid by; Then all sound dies, and earth and sea Sleep calm'neath si - lent sky.

# Ah, For Wings To Soar

Andante

1. Ah! for wings to soar  
2. Ah! for one sweet word,

O'er the dark blue Whis-pered in mine ear,—  
Speed-ing from this Stir-ring, as it

ex-ile shore, To live in peace, with thee dear.—  
The years seem bright when hope's soft star Shone

oft hath stirred My heart with mem-ries  
The years roll on, and hope once strong Grows

out in light a-cross our way, And ev'-ry hill and vale a-far Was gladden'd by its ray.—  
faint and wea-ry with de-lay, Ah, me! how earn-est ly I long To thee to fly a way!

D.C.

Allegretto

# Away With Melancholy

W.A. MOZART

1. A-way with mel-an-chol-y! Nor dole-ful changes ring On life and hu-man  
2. Then what's the use of sigh-ing While time is on the wing Can we pre-vent his

fol-ly, But mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly sing Fa la. Come on, ye ro-sy hours, Gay,  
fly-ing? We'll mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly sing Fa la. If griefs, like A-pril showers, A

smiling moments bring; We'll strew the way with flowers, And mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly sing Fa la.  
moments sad-ness bring; Joy soon succeeds like flowers, Then cheer-i-ly, cheer-i-ly sing Fa la.

Andante

# Annie Lisle

H. S. THOMPSON

1. Down where the waving willows 'Neath the sunbeams smile, Shadow'd o'er the murmur ring waters Dwelt sweet Annie  
2. Sweet came the hallow'd chiming Of the Sabbath bell, Borne on the morning breezes Down the woody

Lisle; Pure as the for-est li-ly, Nev-er tho't of guile — Had its home with-in the bo-som of sweet An-nie  
dell. On a bed of pain and anguish Lay dear An-nie Lisle, Chang'd were the love-ly features, Gone the happy

Lisle. smile. Wave willows, murmur waters, Goldensunbeams, smile! Earthly mu-sic cannot waken Love-ly Annie Lisle.

dim. e rit.

### Moderato All Hail The Power Of Jesus' Name!

OLIVER HOLDEN

All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall! Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem,  
Crown Him, ye morning stars of light, Who fixed this earthly ball; Now hail the Strength of Israel's might.

And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.  
And crown Him Lord of all; Now hail the Strength of Israel's might, And crown Him Lord of all.

Allegretto

### Ah! Tell Me Why

A. WARLAMOFF

Say, ah! why dost thou un-to me ap-pear, Beau-ti-ful Li-ly a-gain and a-  
2. Ah! thou art jest-ing with all my heart's pain, Sor-row and long-ing my lone-ly life

gain? Why re-a-wa-ken with in my heart drear Mem'ries that fill me with  
fill; Al-though I know that I loveth thee in vain For thee a-lone does my

wild yearn-ing pain! Ah! tell me why! Ah! tell me why! Ah! tell me why! Ah! tell me why!

true heart beat still! Ah! tell me why! Ah! tell me why! Ah! tell me why!

# Adieu! 'Tis Love's Last Greeting

Moderato

FR. SCHUBERT

Moderato

1. A-dieu! 'tis love's last greet-ing, The part-ing hour is come! And fast thy soul is  
 2. A-dieu! go thou be-fore me, To join the ser-aph throng! A se-cret sense comes

fleet-ing, To seek its star-ry home! Yet dare I mourn when Heav-en Has bid thy soul be  
 o'er me, I tar-ry here not long! A-dieu! there comes a mor-row, To ev'-ry day of

free, A life of bliss has giv-en For ev-er-more to thee! Yet dare I mourn when  
 pain! On earth we part in sor-row, To meet in bliss a-gain! A-dieu! there comes a

Heav-en Has bid thy soul be free, A fair-er life has giv-en For all e-ter-ni-ty!  
 mor-row, To ev'-ry day of pain! On earth we part in sor-row, To meet in bliss a-gain!

## Amici

Moderato

CHORUS

1. Our strong band can ne'er be bro-ken, It can nev-er die; Far sur-pass-ing  
 2. Mem'-ry's leaf-lets close shall twine A-round our heart for aye, And waft us back o'er

wealth un-spo-ken, Sealed by friend-ship's tie. A-mi-ci us-que, ad-a-ras,  
 life's broad track To pleas-ures long gone by.

Deep gra-ven on each heart. Shall be found un-wav-ring true, When we from life shall part.

# All Quiet Along The Potomac

31

MRS. ETHEL BEERS

J. DAYTON

Adagio

1. "All quiet a-long the Po-tomac," they say, "Ex - cept now and then astray pick-et  
2. All quiet a-long the Po-tomac to-night, Where the sol-diers lie peace-ful-ly dream-ing,

shot, as he walks on his beat, to and fro, By a ri - fle-man hid in the thick - et.  
tents, in the rays of the clear au-tumn moon Or the light of the watch-fires are gleam - ing.

'Tis noth-ing a pri-va-te or two now and then Will not count in the news of the bat - tle;  
A trem-u-lous sigh, as the gen-tle night wind Through the for - est leaves soft-ly is creeping;

Not an of - fi-er lost, on - ly one of the men Moan-ing out all a - lone the death rat - tle."  
While stars up a - bove, with their glit-ter-ing eyes, Keep guard; for the arm-y is sleep-ing.

# Angels Ever Bright And Fair

HANDEL

Andante

An-gels ev-er bright and fair, An-gels ey-er bright and fair, Take, O take me, Take, O  
*mp*

take me to your care, Take, O take me, Take, O take me to your care, An-gels

ev-er bright and fair, Take, O take me to your care, Take, O take me to your care.

## All Souls' Day

EDWARD LASSEN

Molto lento espressivo

1. Oh! bring to me the fra-grant mi-gnonette, The glowing as-ter, as a gift to-day, And, thus re-hand to clasp and close in mine, That we are one may all who look know say, Oh! give me

cresc.

call the love that cheers us yet, As once in May, As once in May! Give me thy that fond lov-ing glance of thine, As once in May, As once in May,

On ev'-ry grave sweet flow'r their breath im-part, All think up-on the ho-ly dead to-day Think thou of

cresc.

me and rest up-on my heart As once in May, As once in May.

dim. e rit. poco a poco pp

Andantino

## Angry Words

*mf*

1. An-gry words are light-ly spok-en In a rash and thoughtless hour; Bright-est links of life are  
 2. Poi-son-drops of care and sor-row, Bit-ter poi-son-drops are they, Weav-ing for the com-ing

bro-ken By their fell in sid-iou-s power. Hearts in - spired by warm-est feel-ing, Ne'er be-  
 mor-row Sad-dest mem'-ries of to - day. An - gry words! oh, let them nev-er From the

fore by an-ger stirred; Oft are rent past hu-man heal-ing By a sin-gle an-gry word.  
 tongue un-guarded slip, May the heart's best im-pulse ev - er Check them ere they pass the lip.

## Angel's Serenade

G. BRAGA

Andante (The Child)

*smp dolce*

1.What tones are those that are soft-ly and sweet-ly play - ing, Didst hear them,  
 2.— No! Ah! No! — for it was no earth-ly mel - o - dy, That did a -

moth - er, as on the wind's pin - tions they're stray - ing; Pray tell me, moth - er whence  
 wake me, so sweet - ly and so ten - der; It more re - sem - bled the

(The Mother)

*cresc.*

those heav'ny sounds pro - ceed? Calm thee, my dar - ling I  
 sound of an - gels sing - ing, To join their le - gion; they're

*To Coda* ♩

you!

On - ly the Zeph - yrs float - ing by On - ly the moon - up -

ris - ing, Of that sweet song, poor flow'r etweak and fad - ing, Who could have sung it for thee? No! No!

call - ing,

*animato*

call - ing me, Farewell, my dearest moth - er, Sweet angels, I fol - low thee! — I fol - low thee! —

*rit.**sempre rit.**atempo**et dim.*

I fol - low thee!

I fol - low thee!

I fol - low thee!

# The Blue Bells Of Scotland

Moderato

1. O where, and O where is your High-lan<sup>d</sup> lad-die gone? O where, and O  
 2. O where, and O where does your High-lan<sup>d</sup> lad-die dwell? O where, and O

where is your High-lan<sup>d</sup> lad-die gone? He's gone to fight the foe, for King  
 where does your High-lan<sup>d</sup> lad-die dwell? He dwelt in mer-ry Scot-land at the

George up-on the throne; And it's oh! in my heart, how I wish him safe at home!  
 sign of the Blue Bell; And it's oh! in my heart that I love my lad-die well.

# Boat Song

C. M. VON WEBER

Moderato

1. On we are float-ing in sun-shine and shad-ow, Soft are the rip-ples that sing as we  
 2. Light-ly our boat on the wa-ter is swing-ing, On-ward she floats while the swift oarswe

go, Soft-ly they break on the edge of the mead-ow, Woo-ing the grasses with mel-o-dies low.  
 ply, Gay are our hearts as the songs we are sing-ing, Bright are our hopes as the ra-di-ant sky.

# Blow, Boys, Blow

(A Hoisting Chantey Song)

Lively  
SOLO

CHORUS

SOLO

1. Blow, my bul-lies, I long to hear you, Blow, boys, blow!  
 2. A Yan-kee ship's gone down the riv-er, Blow, boys, blow!

And

Blow, my bul-lies, I come to cheer you, Blow, my bul-ly boys, blow!  
 what do you think they got for din-ner? Blow, my bul-ly boys, blow!

CHARLES MACKAY

**Baby Mine**

ARCHIBALD JOHNSTON

Moderato

1. I've a let - ter from thy sire, Ba-by mine, Ba - by mine; I could read and never  
 2. Oh, I long to see his face, Ba-by mine, Ba - by mine; In his old ac - cus-tomed

*cresc.*

tire, Ba - by mine, Ba - by mine; He is sail-ing o'er the sea, He is com-ing back to me, He is  
 place, Ba - by mine, Ba - by mine, Like the rose of May in bloom, Like a star a - mid the gloom, Like the

*cresc.* *f* *rit.*

com-ing back to me, Ba - by mine, Ba - by mine, He is com-ing back to me, Ba - by mine -  
 sun-shine in the room, Ba - by mine, Ba - by mine, Like the sun-shine in the room, Ba - by  
 mine -

**Baby Bunting**

Gaily

Bye, — Ba - by Bunt - ing, Dad - dy's gone a hunt - ing, To

get a lit - tle rab - bit skin, To wrap his Ba - by Bunt - ing in.

**Baa! Baa! Black Sheep**

Lively

Baa! Baa! Black sheep, have you an - y wool? Yes, sir, yes, sir! Three bags full,

One for my mas-ter, and one for my dame, But none for the naughty boy that cries in the lane.

## Bonnie Charlie

FINLEY DUN

Moderato

1. Bon - nie Char - lie's now a - wa; Safe - ly owre the friend - ly main;  
 2. Ye trust - ed in your Hie - land men, They trust-ed you, dear Char - lie!

CHORUS

Mon - y a heart will break in twa, Should he ne'er come back a-gain. Will ye no come back a-gain?  
 They kent your hid - ing in the glen, Death or ex - ile brav - ing.

Will ye no come back a - gain? Bet-ter lo'ed ye can-na be Will ye no come back a-gain?

## The Blue Juniata

Mrs. M. D. SULLIVAN

Andante

1. Wild roved an In - dian girl, Bright Al - fa - ra - ta, Where sweep the  
 2. Gay was the moun-tain song Of bright Al - fa - ra - ta, Where sweep the

wa - ters of the blue Ju - ni - a - ta. Swift as an an - te - lope, Thro' the for - est  
 wa - ters of the blue Ju - ni - a - ta. Strong and true my ar - rows are, In my paint - ed

go - ing, Loose were her jet - ty locks, In wa - vy tress - es flow-ing.  
 quiv - er, Swift goes my light ca - noe A - down the rap - id riv - er.

## Ba-Be-Bi-Bo-Bu

Moderato

cresc.

eresc.

B - a, ba, B - e, Be, B - i, bi, Ba-be-bj, B - o, Bo, Ba-Be, bi, bo, B - u, bu, Ba-be, bi, bo bu.

## Begone! Dull Care

**Allegretto**

1. Be gone! dull care, — I pri-thee be - gone from me, — Be-gone! dull  
2. Too much care — Will make a young man turn grey — And too much

care, You and Will I shall nev-er a - gree, clay Long time hast thou been My wife shall dance and tarrying here, And I will sing, So

fain thou wouldst me kill — But i - faith, dull care, — Thou nev-er shalt have thy will.  
mer-ri-ly pass the day, — For I hold it one of the wis-est things To drive dull care a-way.

## Blow The Man Down

(A Hoisting Chantey-Song)

**Waltz Tempo**

**Solo**

1. As I was a walking down Pa-ra-dise Street, (Way!) Hey! Blow the man down! A  
2. Says she to me, "Will you stand treat?" (Way!) Hey! Blow the man down! "De-

**Chorus**

pret - ty young dam-sel I chanced for to meet. (Give me some time to blow the man down.)  
light - ed," says I, "for a charm - er so sweet" (Give me some time to blow the man down.)

## Bohunkus

**Moderato**

1. There was a farm - er had two sons, And these two sons were broth-ers;  
2. Now, these two boys had suits of clothes, And they were made for Sun-day;

Bo - hunk - us was the name of one, Jo - se - phus was the oth - ers.  
Bo - hunk - us wore his ev - 'ry day, Jo - se - phus, his on Mon-day.

# The British Grenadiers

**Tempo di Marcia**

1. Some talk of A-lex - an-der, And some of Her-eu - les, Of Hec-tor and Ly-san-der, And  
2. None of those ancient he-roes e'er saw a can-non - bail, Or know the force of pow-der To

such great names as these; But of all the world's brave he - roes There's none that can com -  
slay their foes with - al; But our brave boys do know it, And ban-ish all their

pare, With a fears, - Sing-ing tow, row, row, with a tow, row, row, To the Brit-ish Gren - a - diers.

# The Broken Ring

F. GLUCK

**Andante**

1. Far in a shad-ed val - ley A wa - ter-mill ap-pears; But she I love has van-ish'd From  
2. She promised to be faith - ful, She pledged it with a ring; But faithless hath she prov-en, Her

scenes of hap-pier gift in twain did years; But she I love has van - ish'd From scenes of hap-pier years.  
spring; But faith-less hath she prov - en, Her gift in twain did spring.

# The Brown Hair'd Maiden

Scotch Song

**Moderato**

1. Ho - ro, my brown-hair'd maid - en, Hee - ree, my bon - nie maid - en, My  
2. O maid, whose face is fair - est, The beau - ty that thou bear - est, Thy

sweet - est, neat - est, maid - en, I'll wed ev - none but thee.  
witch - ing smile the rar - est, Are ev - er with me.

## The Bridge

H.W. LONGFELLOW

M. LINDSAY

Andante espressivo

1. I stood on the bridge at mid-night, As the clock were striking the hour, And the moon rose o'er the  
 2. For my heart was hot and rest-less, And my life was full of care, And the bur-den laid up

city, Be - hind the dark church tow'r, And like the wa-ters rushing A - mong the wooden piers,  
 on me Seem'd greater than I could bear. But now it has fallen from me, It is bur-ied in the sea

A flood of thoughts came o'er me, That filled my eyes with tears How oft-en, oh! how  
 And on - ly the sor - row of oth-ers Throws its shad-ow o - ver me; Yet when-ev-er I cross the

oft-en, In the days that had gone by, I had stood on that bridge - at mid-night, And  
 riv-er, On its bridge with wooden piers, Like the o - dor of brine from the o - cean Comes the

gazed on that wave and sky! How oft-en, oh! how oft-en, In the days that had gone by, I had  
 thought of oth - er years, And for - ev-er, and for - ev-er, As long as the riv-er flows, As

stood on the bridge at mid-night, And gazed on that wave and sky! How oft-en, oh! how oft-en, I had  
 long as the heart has pas-sions, As long - as life has woes, The moon and its broken re-flec-tion, And its

wished that the ebb-ing tide Would bear me a-way on its bos-om, O'er the o - cean wild and wide!  
 shad-ows shall ap - pear As the symbol of love in heav-en, And its wav-er-ing im - age here.

## Blue-Eyed Mary

**Allegretto**

1. "Come tell me, blue-eyed stran - ger, Say, whith-er dost thou  
2. Come here, I'll buy thy flow - ers, And ease thy hap - less

roam? O'er this wide world a  
lot; Still wet with ver - nal

ran - ger, Hast thou no friends, no home? "They call'd me, blue - eyed Ma - ry, When  
show - ers, I'll buy for - get - me not. "Kind sir, then take these po - sies, They're

friends and for - tune smiled; But, ah! how for - tunes va - ry! I now am Sor - row's child"  
fad - ing like my youth; But, nev - er, like these ros - es, Shall with - er Ma ry's truth!"

## Bright, Rosy Morning

**Allegretto**

1. The bright ro - sy morning Peeps o - ver the hills, With blush-es a - dorn-ing The mea - dows and fields.  
2. The deer roused be - fore us, A - way seems to fly, And pants to the cho - rus Of hounds in full cry.

**CHORUS**

While the merry, merry, merry horn Calls, Come, come a - way, A - wake from your slumbers, And hail the new day."

## Blest Be The Tie That Binds

**Andante**

H. G. NAGELI

1. Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Chris - tian love;  
2. Be - fore our Fa ther's throne, Our We hearts pour in our ar - dent prayers;

The fel - low - ship, of kin - dred minds Is Our like com - forts that and a - bove. Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, and our cares.

## Beautiful Star In Heaven So Bright

*Allegretto con anima*

S.M. SAYLES

1. Beau-ti-ful star, in heav'n so bright,  
2. In fan - cy's eye thou seem'st to say,

Soft - ly falls thy sil - vry light, As thou moyest from  
Fol-low me, come, from earth a-way; Upward thy spir - it's

cresc.

earth a-far, Star of the eve-ning, beau-ti-ful star, Beau - ti-ful  
pin-ions try, To realms of love be - yond \_ the sky, To realms of love be - yond \_ the sky. Beau - ti-ful  
star, Beau - ti-ful star, Beau - ti-ful star, Beau - ti-ful, beautiful star.

*cresc.* *f* *dim.* *p* *rall.*

*Moderato*

## Before Jehovah's Awful Throne

FREDERICK M.A. VENUE

1. Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions, bow with sa - cred joy; Know that the  
2. His sov'reign pow'r, with out our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men; And when like

Lord is God a - lone; He can cre - ate, and He de - stroy, He can cre - ate, and He de - stroy.  
wand'ring sheep we strayd, He broughtus to His fold a - gain, He broughtus to His fold a - gain.

*Andante*

## Brightest And Best

SAMUEL WEBBE

1. Bright-est and best of the sons of . the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid:  
2. Cold on His cra - dle the dew-drops are shin-ing, Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;

Star of the East, the hor - i - zon a - dorning, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.  
An-gels a - dore Him in slumber re - clin - ing, Ma - ker and Monarch and Sa - viour of all.

## Ben Bolt

NELSON KNEASS

Moderato

1. Oh! don't you re-member sweet Al-ice, Ben Bolt, Sweet Al - ice, whose hair was so brown,  
 2. — Un - der the hick-o - ry tree, Ben Bolt, Which stood at the foot of the hill, Who  
 To -

wept with de-light when you gave her a smile, And trembled with fear at your frown? In the  
 geth-er we've lain in the noon-day shade, And lis-tened to Ap - ple-ton's mill. The

old church-yard, in the val-ley, Ben Bolt, In a cor-ner ob-scure and a lone, They have  
 mill-wheel has fall - en to piec-es, Ben Bolt, The raft-ers have tum - bled in, And a

fit-ted a slab of the gran-ite so gray, And sweet Al-ice lies un - der the stone, They have  
 qui-et that crawls'round the walls as you gaze, Has followed the old - en din, And a

ad lib.

fit-ted a slab of the gran-ite so gray, And sweet Al-ice lies un - der the stone.  
 qui-et that crawls'round the walls as you gaze, Has followed the old - en din.

## Billy Boy

Allegretto

1. Oh, where have you been, Billy boy, Billy boy? Oh, where have you been, charming Billy?  
 2. Did she bid you to come in, Billy boy, Billy boy? Did she bid you to come in, charming Billy?

I have Yes, she

been to seek a wife, She's the joy of my life, She's a young thing, and can-not leave her mother.  
 bade me to come in, There's a dimple in her chin, She's a young thing, and can-not leave her mother.

## Barney Buntline

**Allegretto**

1. One night came on a hur - ri - cane, the sea was moun-tains roll - ing, When  
2. "Fool - hard - y chaps as lives in towns, what dan - ger they are all in! And

Bar - ney Buntline turn'd his quik, and said to Bil - ly Bowling: "A strong sou'wes-ter's blow-ing, Bill, O  
now they're quaking in their beds for fear the roof should fall-in. Poor crea-tures, how they en - vies us, And

can't you hear it roar now; God help 'em, how I pit - ies all un -  
wish - es, I've a no - tion, For our good luck in such - a storm un -

**CHORUS**

hap - py folks a - shore, now!" Bow,wow,wow, rum - ti id - dy, rum - ti id - dy, Bow,wow,wow.  
be up - on the o - cean!"

## Bonnie Doon

**Andante**

1. Ye banks and braes of bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair, How can ye sing, ye  
2. Oft have I strayed by bon - nie Doon, To see the rose and wood-binetwinde; Where il - ka bird sang

lit - tle birds, And I sae wea - ry, full of care? You'll break my heart, ye lit - tle birds, That wanton through the  
of his love, And fond - ly sae did I o'mine, With lightsome heart I pulled a rose, Full sweet up - on its

flow - ring thorn; Ye mind me of de - part - ed joys, De - part - ed, nev - er to re - turn.  
thorn - y tree; But my false lov - er Stole the rose, And left the thorn be - hind to me.

## Bid Me Good-bye

F. PAOLO TOSTI

Tempo di Valse Lente

2nd Verserit.

1. If in your heart a corner lies, That has no place for me,  
 2. Man's love is like the rest-less waves, Ev-er at rise and fall,  
 You do not love me  
 as I deem, That love should ev-er be.  
 wo-man craves, It must be all in all.  
 Is there a sin-gle joy or pain, That I may  
 Ask me no more if I re-gret,  
 You need not  
 nev-er know?  
 care to know;  
 Take back your love, it is in vain,  
 A wo-man's heart does not for-get,  
 Bid me good-bye, and go.  
 Bid me good-bye, and go.  
 CHORUS  
 You do not love me, no,  
 Bid me good-bye and go;  
 Good-bye good-bye, 'tis bet-ter so,  
 Bid me good-bye, and go.  
 Bye good-bye, 'tis bet-ter so;  
 Bid me good-bye and go.

## Bed-Time

Andante

1. The eve-ning is com-ing, The sun sinks to rest, The crows are all fly-ing straight home to the nest.  
 2. The flow-ers are clos-ing, The dai-sy's a-sleep, The prim-rose is bur-ied in slum-ber so deep,  
 "Caw" says the crow as he flies o-ver-head, "It's time lit-tle peo-ple were go-ing to bed!"  
 Closed for the night are the ro-ses so red, It's time lit-tle peo-ple were go-ing to bed!

# Beautiful Dreamer

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

**Moderato**

1. Beau-ti-ful dreamer, wake un-to me, Star-light and dew-drops are wait-ing for thee, —  
 2. Beau-ti-ful dreamer, out on the sea, Mer-maids are chant-ing the wild lo-re lei,  
  
 Sounds of the rude world heard in the day, Lull'd by the moon-light have all pass'd a-way!  
 O - ver the stream-let va - pors are borne, Wait-ing to fade at the bright com-ing morn.  
  
*cresc.* Beautiful dreamer, queen of my song, Listwhile I woo thee, with soft mel-o-dy;  
 Beautiful dreamer, beam on my heart, E'en as the morn on the streamlet and sea; Gone are the cares of  
  
 life's bu-sy throng, Beau-ti-ful dreamer, a-wake un-to me! Then will all clouds of  
 sor-row de-part, Beau-ti-ful dreamer, a-wake un-to me!  
 Beau-ti-ful dreamer, a-wake un-to me!

# Black-Eyed Susan

**Andante**

1. All in the Downs the fleet was moord, The stream-ers wav-ing in the wind, When black-ey'd  
 2. Wil-liam was high up-on the yard, Rock'd by the bil-lows to and fro, Soon as her  
  
 Su-san came on board, "O where shall I my true love find? Tell me, ye  
 well-known voice he heard, He sigh'd and cast his eyes be-low; The cord slides  
  
 jo-vial sail-ors, tell me true, If my sweet Wil-liam, If my sweet Wil-liam sails a-mong your crew?"  
 swift-ly thro' his glowing hands, And quick as light-ning, And quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

# The Bull-Dog

Moderato

1. Oh! the bull-dog on the bank!  
2. Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him.  
Oh! the  
Oh! the  
And the bull-frog in the pool;  
And the snap-per caught his paw;

CHORUS Piu Allegro

bull-dog on the bank:  
polly-wog died a laugh-ing  
ritard. attacca il cho.  
Oh! the bull-dog on the  
And the bull-frog in the pool;  
Just to see him wag his jaw;

bank, And the bull-frog in the pool. The bull-dog call'd the bull-frog A green old wa-ter fool.

CHORUS  
Sing-ing tra, la, la, la, la, Sing-ing tra, la, la, la, la, Sing-ing  
tra, la, la, Sing-ing tra, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la.  
Repeat pp  
tra, la, la, Sing-ing tra, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la.

# The Bell Is Ringing

Allegretto

ROUND

1. Hark! the bell is ring-ing, Call-ing us to sing-ing, Hear the cheer ful lay, Come, come, come a-way!  
2. Hark! the bell is ring-ing, Call-ing us to sing-ing, Hear the cheer ful lay, Come, come, come a-way!  
3. Hark! hark! the bell is ring-ing, Call-ing us to sing-ing, Come, come, come, come a-way!

# Balm Of Gilead

H.T. BRYANT

**Allegro**

1. Mas-sa lov'd his good old Ja-mai-ca, his good old Ja-mai-ca, his good old Ja-mai - ca,  
2. Ain't I glad to get out the wil-der-ness, get out the wil-der-ness get out the wil-der-ness,

Mas-sa lov'd his good old Ja-mai-ca, Way down in Al-a - bam! Oh, we ain't go-ing home an-y  
Ain't I glad to get out the wil-der-ness, Oh my lamb. Oh, we ain't go-ing home an-y

more, Oh, we ain't go-ing home an-y more, Oh, we ain't go-ing home an-y more, Down the peach-blow

farm. Balm of Gil-ead, Balm of Gil-ead, Balm of Gil-ead, 'Way down'the peach-blow farm.

# Bunker Hill

HENRY L. TUCKERMAN

**Tempo di Marcia**

1. Lonely and still was the wood and hill, And the waves be-low yet slumbered. The breez-es light of a  
2. The heroes tho't as they bravely wrought, Their country's al-tar rear-ing, Of a no-ble land by

summer night All the dew-y hours num-bered. The sen-try's tramp from the foeman's camp, With his  
val-or's hand Made free and home en-dear-ing. In firm ar-ray when broke the day, The

tone of has-ty warn-ing, Came low and clear to the yeoman's ear. As he watch'd the ear-ly dawning  
dead-ly charge they wait-ed, And side by side in si-lent pride With skill their prowess mat-ed.

## The Brave Old Oak

H. F. CHORLEY

Maestoso

1. A song for the oak, the brave old oak, Who hath ruled in the green-wood long, Here's  
 2. He saw the rare times, when the Christmas chimes Were a mer - ry sound to hear, And the

health and re-noun to his broad greencrown, And his fif-ty arms so strong. There is fear in his frown when the  
 squire's wide hall, and the eot - tage small, Were full of Christmas cheer. And all the day to the

sun goes down, And the fire, in the west fades out; And he show-eth his might on a  
 re - beck gay, They carold with glad-some swains. They are gone, they are dead, in the

wild mid-night, When the storms through his branches shout. Then sing to the oak, the brave old oak, Who hath  
 church-yard laid, But the brave tree, he still re - mains.

stood in his pride so long; And still flour-ish he, a hale green tree, When a hun-dred years are gone.

Allegretto

## Buttercups And Daisies

1. But-ter-cups and dai-sies Oh, the pret-ty flowers, Com-ing ere the spring-time, To tell of sun-ny hours!  
 2. Ere the snowdrop peep-eth Or the cro-eus bold, Ere the ear-ly prin-rose Opes its bud of gold

While the trees are leaf - less, While the fields are bare, But - ter-cups and dai - sies Spring up here and there.  
 Somewhere on the sun-ny bank But - ter cups are bright, Somewhere in the frozengrass Peeps the dai - sy white.

# By The Sad Sea Waves

49

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT

**Andante**

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

hope and pleas-ure gone. I was young, I was fair, I had once not a care, From the home up-on me smil'd. Oh, how sweet 'mid the dew, Ev'-ry flow'r that I knew, Breath'd a ris-ing of the morn to the set-ting of the sun; Yet I pine like a slave By the sad sea wave, Come a-gen-tle welcome back to the worn and wear-y child. I a-wake in mygrave By the sad sea wave, Come a-

*ad lib.*

gain, bright days of hope and pleas-ure gone, Come a-gain, bright days, Come a-gain, come a-gain..  
 gain, dear dream so peace-ful-ly that smil'd, Come a-gain, dear dream, Come a-gain, come a-gain.

# Boer National Song

**Moderato**

1. Once more o'er Trans-vaal hills and plains Our flag's four col-ours blow; And  
 2. Through man 'ya fierce and an-gry storm Thou wert our light of day. And

woe to the un-god-ly hand That tries to bring it low! Then, flag of free-dom, wave a-loft, The now that storm to calm gives place To - geth-er let us stay. Though Bri-ton-s, Kaf-firs lions assailed, Thou

*poco rit.*

air is bright and clear, Our en-em-ies are put to flight, More joy-ous days are near.  
 couldst not be a-based, And to their ut-most grief and shame, Thee high-er up have raised.

## La Brabanconne

**Tempo di Marcia**

Belgian Hymn

1. A-way with bond-age long en-thrall-ing! O Belgium a-wake and a-rise!  
 2. Lui l'aur-ait dit de l'ar-bi-trai-re, Se-con-dant les af-freux-pro-jets,

Now at the voice of hon-or call-ing, A-loft thy ban-ner flies. Once a-gain in pride and  
*Surnous un pin-ce san-gui-vai-re, Vient lan-cer des boulets.* C'en est fait Bel-ge-s, tout

glo-ry, — Na-tion un-conquer'd ev-er-free, On thy standard, bla-zon forth the sto-ry, Of  
*chan-ge, A-vec Nas-sau plus d'indi-gne strai-tés, La mi-traille, a-brisé l'o-ram-ge, Sur*

King and Law and Liber-ty! Once a-gain, in thy pride and glo-ry, — Na-tion unconquer'd ev-er  
*l'ar-bre de la li-ber-té, La mitraille a-brisé l'o-ram-ge, Sur l'ar-bre de la li-ber-*

erece. *L'argamente et ff*

free, On thy stan-dard bla-zon the sto-ry Of King and Law and Lib-er-ty!—  
*te, Sur l'ar-bre de la li-ber-té, — Sur l'ar-bre de la li-ber-té.*

## Baby's Night

**Andante**

1. Twin-kle bright-ly, stars of light, Christ-mas Eve is Ba-bys night; of the skies;  
 2. Dar-ling, raise your soft blue eyes, To the brill-i-ance

Sweet my dar-ling, God is good, Thus to hon-or ba-by-hood.  
 Can you see the an-gei-throng? Can you hear their won-drous song?

# Bonny Eloise

51

Moderato

*dolce.*

1. O, sweet is the vale where the  
2. O, sweet are the scenes of my

Mo-hawk gent-ly glides On its clear wind-ing way to the  
boy-hood's sun-ny years, That be-span-gle the gay val-ley

sea, And dear-er than all sto-ried streams on earth be-sides, Is this bright rol-ling riv-er to  
o'er, And dear are the friends seen thro' mem-o ries fond tears That have lived in the blest days of

me; But sweet-er, dear-er, yes, dear-er far than these Who charm where oth-ers all  
yore;

fail Is blue-eyed, bon-ny, bon-ny E - lo-ise, The belle of the Mo-hawk vale.

*cresc.*

# The Banks Of Allan Water

Andante espressivo

*cresc.*

1. On the banks of Al-lan wa-ter, When the sweet spring-time did fall, Was the mil-ler's love-ly  
2. On the banks of Al-lan wa-ter, When brown Au-tumn spread its store, There I saw the mil-ler's

daugh-ter, Fair-est of them all; For his bride a sol-dier sought her, And a  
daugh-ter, But she smil'd no more. For the sum-mer grief had brought her, And the

win-ning tongue had he; On the banks of Al-lan wa-ter, None was gay as she.  
sol-dier false was he; On the banks of Al-lan wa-ter, None was sad as she.

*cresc.*

*dim.*

*rit.*

## The Bowld Sojer Boy

SAMUEL LOVER

Allegretto

1. Oh, there's not a thrade that's go-ing, Worth show-ing, or know-ing, Like that from glo-ry growing, For a  
 2. But when we get the route, How they pout, and they shout, While, to the right a-bout Goes the

bowld so-jer boy! Where right or left we go, Sure you know, friend or foe, Will have the hand or toe, From the  
 bowld so-jer boy! 'Tis then that la-dies fair, In de-spair tear their hair, But for niver a one I care, Says the

bowld so-jer boy. There's not a town we march thro', But la-dies look-ing arch, Thro' the  
 bowld so-jer boy. For the world is all be-fore us, Where the land-la-dies a-dore us, And

win-dow panes will sarch Thro' the ranks to find their joy, While up the street, each girl you meet, With  
 ne'er re-fuse to score us, But chalks us up with joy, We taste her tap, we tear her cap, "Oh,

looks so sly will cry "My eye! Oh! is - n't he a dar-ling, The bowld so - jer boy!"  
 that's the chap for me," says she, "Oh! is - n't he a dar-ling, The bowld so - jer boy!"

## Bibabutzemann

Allegretto

Gay dances Bi-ba-butzemann, All in and out and round about; Gay dances Bi-ba-butzemann, Our

house all round a-bout. He whirls himself and twirls himself, And flings his bag be-hind himself. Gay

# Break, Break, Break

53

W. R. DEMPSTER

**Maestoso**

1. Break, break, break, On thy cold gray stones, O Sea! And I would that my tongue could  
2. Break, break, break, At the foot of thy crags, O Seal! But the ten - der grace of a day that

ut-ter The thoughtsthat a - rise in me. O well for the fish-er-man's boy, That he  
is dear Will nev - er come back to me. And the state-ly ships go on To their

shouts with his sis-ter at play! O well for the sail- or lad, That he  
ha - ven un-der the hill: But O for the touch of a van-ish-ed hand, And the

sings in his boat on the bay! Break, break, break, On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!  
sound of a voice that is still! Break, break, break, At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!

## Brother So Fine

**Allegretto**

1. Broth-er so fine, broth-er so gay, Come, do not be an-gry, I pray, Broth-er so fine,  
2. Broth-er so fine, broth-er so gay, Come, do not be an-gry, I pray, Broth-er so fine,

brother so gay, Don't be an-gry pray. Shines the sun nev-er so clear, Some time must he  
brother so gay, Don't be an-gry pray. Ah, for me you think no thought, When I'm gone you

dis - ap - pear, Broth-er so fine, broth-er so gay, Don't be an - gry pray.  
deem it noight, Broth-er so fine, broth-er so gay, Don't be an - gry pray.

## Beauty's Eyes

F. P. TOSTI

Lentamente

1. I want no stars in heav'n to guide me, I need no moon, no sun to shine, While I have  
 2. I hear no birds at twi-light call-ing, I catch no mu - sic in the stream, While your

you sweet-heart be-side me While I know that you are mine. I need not fear what-e'er betide me For gold-en words are fall-ing While you whis - per in my dreams Ev'-ry sound of joy en-thralling

straight and sweet my path-way lies, I want no stars in heav'n to guide me While I gaze in your dear Speaks in your dear voice a - lone While I hear your fond lips call-ing While you speak to me, mine

eyes, I want no stars in heav'n to guide me While I gaze in your deareyes.  
 own, While I hear your fond lips call-ing, While you speak to me my own.

## Blessed Saviour, Thee I Love

GEORGE DUFFIELD

Fine

Moderato

1. Bless - ed Sav - iour, Thee I love, All my oth - er joys a - bove;  
 2. Once a - gain be - side the cross, All my gain I count but loss;

D.C.-I. Ev - er let my glo - ry be On - ly, on - ly, on - ly Thee!  
 2. Hence, vain sha - dows! let me see Je - sus, cru - ei - fied for me.

All my hopes in Earth - ly pleas - ures Thee a - bide, Thou my hope, and Clouds they are that naught be - side; hide my day;

## Bonnie Dundee

Allegretto con spirito

1. To the Lords of Con-ven-tion'twas Clav-er-house spoke, "Ere the King's crowngodown there are heads to be broke; Then  
2. Dun-dee he is mounted, he rides up the street, The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat; But the

each Cav-a-lier who loves hon-or and me, Let him fol-low the bon-nets o' bon-nie Dundee;"  
Pro-vost (douce man) said "Just e'en let it be, For the toun is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dundee."

**CHORUS**

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come saddle my hor-ses, and call out my men; Un-  
hook the west port, and let us go free, For it's up wi' the bon-nets o' bon-nie Dundee!"

## Brother, Tell Me Of The Battle

GEORGE F. ROOT

Moderato *mf*

1. Brother, tell me of the bat-tle, How the sol-diers fought and fell; Tell me of the wea-ry  
2. Brother, tell me of the bat-tle, For they said your life was o'er; They all told me you had

march-es, She who loves will lis-ten well. Bro-ther, draw thee close be-side me, Lay your  
fall-en, That I'd nev-er see you more. Oh, I've been so sad and lone-ly, Filled my

head up-on my breast, While you're tell-ing of the bat-tle, Let your fe-ver'd fore-head rest.  
breast has been with pain, Since they said my dear-est broth-er I should nev-er see a-gain.

## Bridal Chorus

RICHARD WAGNER

Allegretto

1. Guid-ed by us, thrice hap-py pair, En-ter this door-way,'tis love that in-vites; Allthat is brave,  
 2. Home joys di-vine, home joys so pure, Love ev-er faith-ful and love ev-er sure; Allthat is brave,

all that is fair, Love now tri-ump-hant for ev-er u-nites. Champion of vir-tue, bold-ly ad-vance,

Flow-er of beau-ty, gen-tly ad-vance; Now the loud mirth of rev-ling is end-ed, Night bring-ing

peace and bliss has de-scend-ed Fann'd by the breath of hap-pi-ness, rest, Clos'd to the world, by

love on-ly blest! Guid-ed by us, thrice hap-py pair, En-ter this doorway,'tis love that in-vites;  
 Home joys di-vine, home joys so pure, Love ev-er faith-ful and love ev-er sure;

All that is brave, all that is fair, Love now tri-ump-hant for-ev-er u-nites, for-ev-er u-nites..

## Beautiful Sea

Allegretto

1. Beau-ti - ful sea, beau-ti - ful sea, Oh, how I love on thy bo - som to roam.  
 2. Foam-ing and free, foam-ing and free, There is my rest-ing-place, there is my home.

**Bob Up Serenely**  
"Olivette"

57

E. AUDRAN

Allegretto

1. If in a state of ex-hil-a-  
2. So should it be with a po-li-  
ti-cian, When all his late and dim-ly  
mea-sures go a-

saw, Two la-dies wait-ing an ex-plan-a-tion Your wedded wife and your moth-er-in-law; That is the  
wry, With pa-pers bla-ming his wrong am-bit-ion And vo-ters ask-ing the wherefore and why?

cresc.

time for dis-ap-pear-ing! Just take a head-er, down you go Then when the sky a-bove is clear-ing, Then when the  
sky above is clear-ing, Bob up se-re-nely, bob up se-re-nely Bob up se-re-nely from be-low! *mf*

**Birds Of A Feather**

"Erminie"

Moderato

"Erminie"

E. JAKOBOWSKI

*fa tempo*

Down-y jail-birds of a fea-ther, We are shift-ers, we are shift-ers, Work-ing skil-ful-

ly to - geth - er; Through the wick-ed world we roam; Eas-ing ma-ny a mor-tal bur-den,

cresc.

Kind-er coves were nev-er heard on But a start you'll take our word on, Char-i - ty be-gins at home.

*ff sva ad lib.*

Waltz Tempo

## The Blue Alsatian Mountains

STEPHEN ADAMS

*mf*

1. By the blue Al - sa-tian moun-tains Dwelt a mai - den young and fair, Like the care-less-flow-ing  
 2. By the blue Al - sa-tian moun-tains Came a stran-ger in the Spring, And he lin-ger'd by the  
 3. By the blue Al - sa-tian moun-tains Man - y spring-times bloom'd and pass'd, And the mai-dan by the

foun-tains Were the rip - ples of her hair, Were the rip - ples of her hair, An-gel  
 foun-tains Just to hear the maid-en sing, Just to hear the maid-en sing, Just to  
 foun-tains Saw she lost her hopes at last, She lost her hopes at last, And she

mild her eyes so win - ning, An-gel bright her happy smile, When be -neath the foun-tains spin -  
 whis-per in the moon-light, Word the sweet-est wait - ing, she had known, Just to charm a - way the hours,  
 with-ered like a flow - er That is wait - ing for the rain, She will never see the stran - ger,

ning, You could hear her song the while, A - dé, A - dé, A - dé, Such songs will pass a - way,  
 Till her heart was all his own, A - dé, A - dé, A - dé, Such dreams may pass a - way,  
 Where the foun - tains fall a - gain, A - dé, A - dé, A - dé, The years have pass'd a - way,

CHORUS

Tho' the blue Al - sa-tian moun-tains Seem to watch and wait al - way.  
 But the blue Al - sa-tian moun-tains Seem to watch and wait al - way.  
 But the blue Al - sa-tian moun-tains Seem to watch and wait al - way.

A - dé, A - dé, A - dé,  
 (A - day)

Such songs will pass a - way, Tho' the blue Al - sa-tian moun-tains Seem to watch and wait al - way.

## The Bell Doth Toll

Slowly

Round

The bell doth toll, Its ech-oes roll, I know the sound full well; I love its ring-ing, For it

3

calls to sing-ing, With its bim, bim, bim, bom, bell, Bim, bom, bim, bom, bell.

# The Bloom Is On The Rye

59

HENRY R. BISHOP

Andante espressivo

1. My pret-ty Jane! my pret-ty Jane! Ah! nev-er, nev-er look so shy, But meet me, meet me in the  
 2. But name the day, the wed-ding day, And I will buy the ring, The lads and maids in  
 eve - ning, While the bloom is on the rye. — The spring is wan-ing fast, my love, The  
 fav-ors white, And vil-lage bells, the vil-lage bell shall ring. The spring is wan-ing fast, my love, The  
 corn is in the ear, The summer nights are coming love, The moonshines bright and clear; Then pretty Jane, my  
 corn is in the ear, The summer nights are coming love, The moonshines bright and clear; Then pret-ty Jane, my  
 dear-est Jane, Ah! never look so shy, But meet me, meet me in the eve-ning, While the bloom is on the rye. —  
 dear-est Jane, Ah! never look so shy, But meet me, meet me in the eve-ning, While the bloom is on the rye. —

# Belle Mahone

J. H. McNAUGHTON

Andante

1. Soon be-yond the har-bor bar, Shall my bark be sail-ing far, O'er the world I wan-der lone,  
 2. Lone-ly like a with-ered tree, What is all the world to me? Life and light were all in thee,  
 Sweet Belle Ma-hone. O'er thy grave I weep good-bye, Hear, O hear my lone-ly cry, O with-out thee what am I,  
 Sweet Belle Ma-hone. Dai-sies pale are grow-ing o'er All my heart can e'er a-dore, Shall I meet thee nev-er more,  
 Sweet Belle Ma-hone? Sweet Belle Ma-hone! Sweet Belle Ma-hone! Wait for me at Heaven's gate, Sweet Belle Mahone!

## Blissful Dreams Come Stealing O'er Me

Andantino

FRANZ ABT

*mf*

1. Bliss-ful dreams come steal-ing o'er me, Bring-ing hap-py scenes gone by; Where each day new  
2. Though each day fresh care be bringing, That brief vis-ion soothes my heart. Bids me hope the

*dim.*

pleas-ures bring-ing, Left at heart no cause to sigh. Home of peace! I see thy por-tals,  
day not dis-tant, When loved forms no more shall part. Come, sweet sleep, my eye-lids seal-ing,

*erese.*

Hear the voic-es dear to me, — Grasp the hands of pure af-fec-tion, And the glance of  
Come, bright dream, my soul to cheer; — Waft me back to scenes of pleas-ure, Bring the smile and

*poco rit.*

rap-ture see. Grasp the hands of pure af-fec-tion, And the glance of rap-ture see.  
chase the tear. Waft me back to scenes of pleas-ure, Bring the smile and chase the tear.

## The Bluebird

Gaily

CH. DEBERIOT

*mf*

1. Sweet bird, thy ear-ly note is gay, In woodland or in glade; — It tells of flow'r's that  
2. Sweet bird, I hear thy wel-come call, As on thy hal-cyon wing; — Now joy-ous swell, now

*cresc.*

ne'er de-cay, Of joys that nev-er fade; — Thy song, so sweet-ly it doth float O'er  
gen-tly fall, Sweet warb-ler of the Spring! — How man-y hours I sat and heard Thy

*mf*

leaf-y bank and dell, It seems some spir-it's mocking note From Ech-o's sil-ver shell.—  
ten-der, lov-ing lay, Oh! thou didst seem some spir-it bird From E-den lands a-way.

# Beautiful Bells

61

E. O. LYTE

Moderato

Moderato

Ring again, Ring again, Beau-ti - ful bells, beau - ti - ful.  
Ring-ing, Ring-ing, Ring-ing, Ring-ing, Ring-ing.  
bells; Ring a - gain, Ring a - gain, Beau-ti - ful bells, beau - ti - ful bells.  
Ring-ing, Ring-ing, Ring-ing, Ring-ing, Ring-ing.  
1. On the breeze of ev'ning stealing, Hark! the bells are slow - ly peal - ing, Wak - ing  
2. As the toil of day is end - ing, Thro' the vales the bells are send - ing Tones with  
ev -'ry ten - der feel - ing, Beau-ti - ful bells, beau - ti - ful bells, bells, beau - ti - ful bells.  
ev -'ry mur - mur blend - ing, Beau-ti - ful bells, beau - ti - ful bells, bells, beau - ti - ful bells, bells.

# Brightest And Best

F. MENDELSSOHN

Adagio non troppo

Adagio non troppo

1. Brightest and best of the sons of the  
2. Cold on His cra - dle the dew - drops are  
morn - ing! Dawn on our dark - ness, and lend us thine aid! Star of the East - the ho - ri - zon a - shin - ing Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall; An - gels a - dore Him, in slum - ber re -  
dorning, Guide where our In - fant Re - deemer is laid!  
clin - ing, Ma - ker, and Mon - arch, and Saviour of all!

## Bells Of Shandon

REV. FRANCIS MAHONY

Andante

1. With deep af - fection and re - col - lec - tion, I oft - en think of those Shandon  
 2. I've heard bells chim-ing full many a clime - in, Toll-ing sub - lime in cath - e - dral

Bells, Whose sound so wild would in days of childhood Fling round my cra - dle their mag - ic shrine, While at a glib rate brass tongues would vi - brate But all their mu - sic spoke naught like

spells; On this I pon - der wher-e'er I wan - der, And thus grow fond - er sweet Cork of thine; For mem - ry, dwell - ing on each proud swell - ing Of thy bel - fry, knell - ing its bold notes

thee; With thy Bells of Shandon, that sound so grand on The pleasant wa - ters of the Riv - er Lee. free, Made the Bells of Shandon sound far more grand on The pleasant wa - ters of the Riv - er Lee.

## The Bay Of Biscay

Moderato

Old English

1. Loud roar'd the dread-ful thun - der, The rain a del - uge show'rs, The clouds were rent a -  
 2. Now dash'd up - on the bil - low, Her op - ning tim - bers creak, Each fears a wa - try

sun - der, By light - ning's vi - vid pow'r. The night was drear and dark, Our pil - low, None stop the dread - ful leak. To cling to slipp - 'ry shrouds, Each

poor, de - vot - ed bark, Till next day, there she lay, In the Bay of Bis - cay O! breath-less sea - man crowds, As she lay, till next day, In the Bay of Bis - cay O!

*a tempo*

# Belle Ob Baltimore

63

J.G. EVANS

**Allegro**

1. I've been thro' Car-o - li - na, I've been to Ten-nes - see, I sail'd the Mis-sis - sip - pi, For  
2. My Belle is tall and slender, And sings so ber-ry clear, You'd tink she was an owl-ingale, If

mas - sa set me free; I've kiss'd de lub - ly cre - ole On Loui - si - an - a's shore, But I  
once her voice you hear; I walk'd down to her cab - in, And rapp'd up - on de door, I

neb - ber found de gal to match De bloom-ing Belle ob Bal - ti - more. Oh, boys, Bell's a beau - ty,  
went to gub my dog - ger-type To my sweet Belle ob Bal - ti - more.

Eyes so bright and cheek so soot - y; No gal I eb - er seen a - fore, So sweet as Belle ob Bal - timore.

CHORUS

# The Blacksmith

W. A. MOZART

**Moderato**

1. Oh! the black-smith's a fine sturdy fel - low, Hard his hand, but his heart's true and  
2. Blow the fire, stir the coals, heap-ing more on, Till the iron's all a glow, let it

cresc.

mel - low See him stand there his huge bel - lows blow - ing, With his strong braw - ny arms free and  
roar on! While the smith high his ham - mer's a - swinging, Fi - 'ry sparks fall in show'r's all a-

cresc.

bare. See the fire in the fur - nace a glow - ing, Bright its spar - kle and flash, loud its roar.  
round, And the sledge on the an - vil is ring - ing, Fills the air with its loud clang - ing sound.

## Blow, Ye Winds, Heigh-ho!

Old English

Moderato

*mf'*

1. A cap-i-tal ship for an ocean trip Was the Wal-loping Win-dow Blind! No  
 2. The bo'-swain's mate was ve-ry se-date, Yet fond of a-muse-ment too; He

wind that blew dis-mayed her crew, Or troubled the Cap-tain's mind; The  
 played hop-scotch with the star-board watch, While the cap-tain he tick-led the crew! And the

man-at the wheel was-made to feel Con-tempt for the wild-est blow-ow-ow, Tho' it  
 gun-ner we-had was ap-par-ent-ly mad, For he sat on the af-ter rai-ai-ail, And

of-ten appeared, when the gale had cleared, That he'd been in his bunk be-low. Then blow, yewinds, heighho! A  
 fired sa-lutes with the cap-tains boots, In the teeth of the boooming gale!

CHORUS

*cresc.**rit.**fa tempo*

rov-ing I will go! I'll stay no more on England's shore, So let the music play-ay-ay! I'm off for the morning

*cresc.* train! I'll cross the rag-ing main! I'm off to my love with a box-ing glove, Ten thou-sand miles a-way.

## Bonnie Blue Flag

H. McCARTHY

Moderato

*mf'*

1. We are a band of broth-ers, and na-tive to the soil, Fight-ing for the  
 2. First, gall-ant South Car-o-li-na so nob-ly made the stand, Then came Al-a-

proper-ty we gained by hon-est  
ba - ma, who took her by the  
toil; And when our rights were threatened, the cry rose near and  
hand; Next quick-ly Mis - sis - sip - pi, Georgia and Flor-i -

far, — Hur rah! — for the Bon-nie Blue Flag that bears a sin-gle star. — Hur rah! hur -  
da, — All raised on high the Bon-nie Blue Flag that bears a sin-gle star. — Hur rah! hur -

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

### **Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms**

THOMAS MOORE

Andante

1. Be - lieve me if all those en - dear-ing young charms, Which I gaze on so fond-ly to - day, Were to.  
2. It is not while beau-ty and youth are thine own, And thy cheek's unprofaned by a tear, That the

change by to-mor-row and fleet from my arms, Like fair - y gifts fad - ing a - way, Thou wouldst  
fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more dear, Oh, the

still be a - dored as this heart that has tru - ly loved, mo-ment thou art: Let thy love-li-ness fade as it will, And a -  
nev-er for-gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the close: As the

round the dear ru - in, each sun - flow-er turns on her wish of my heart, Would en - twine it - self ver-dant - ly still.  
god when he sets, The same look that she gave when he rose.

## Bingo

**Allegro**

Here's to Rens-se-laer, drink it down, drink it down, Here's to Rens-se-laer, drink it down, drink it down,

Here's to Rens-se-laer, may she nev-er have a peer, Drink it down, drink it down, drink it

down, down, down. Balm of Gil-e-ad, Gil-e-ad, Balm of Gil-e-ad, Gil-e-ad,

Balm of Gil-e-ad, Way down on the Bin-go farm. We won't go there an-y more, We

won't go there an-y more, We won't go there an-y more, Way down on the Bin-go farm.

Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go, Way down on the Bin-go farm. *D.C.*

\* The name of any college may be substituted.

## Beer Waltz

Heidelberg Song

**Quickly**

La, la-le-ra-la la la la la la la la, la-le-ra-la la la la la la la la

la Hat sie! la Ist sie! la la-lé-ra-la la la

la la

O je - rum, je - rum, je - rum, je - rum, la la-lé-ra-la la la la la la la la la la!

### Be Kind To The Loved Ones At Home

I. B. WOODBURY

**Moderato**

1. Be kind to thy fa-ther for, when thou wert young, Who loved thee so fond-ly as he?  
2. Be kind to thy moth-er for, lo! on her brow May trac - es of sor - row be seen;

He caught the first ac-cent that fell from thy tongue, And joined in thy in - no-cent glee.  
Oh! well mayst thou cher-ish and com-fort her now, For lov - ing and kind has she been.

Be kind to thy fa-ther, for now he is old; His locks in - ter-ming-led with gray;  
Re - mem-ber thy moth-er, for thee will she pray, As long as God giv - eth her breath;

His foot-steps are fee - ble, once fear-less and bold; Thy fa - ther is pass-ing a - way.  
With ac-cents of kind-ness then cheer her lone way, E'en to the dark val - ley of death.

## The Bold Fisherman

G. W. HUNT

Waltz time

1. There once was a bold Fish-er-man, Who sail'd forth from Bill-ings-gate, To catch the mild bri-ny-o, He bel-low'd and he  
2. First he wrig-gled, then he strig - gled, In the wa-ter so po - gy, And the shy mack-er-el. But when he ar-rove off Pimli-co, The stormy wind, it did be-yel-lowed Out for help, but in vain; Then down did he gen-tly gli-i-ide, To the bottom of the sil-vry

gin to blow, And his lit-tle boat did wibble wobble so, That slick o-ver-board he fell.  
ti - i-ide, But pre - vi-cus-ly to that he cri - i-ied, "Fare - well, Ma - ry Jane!"

**CHORUS**

Twin-kle doo-dle-dum, Twin-kle doo-dle-dum, That's the high-ly in-ter-est-ing song he sung: Twinkle  
Twin-kle doo-dle-dum, Twin-kle doo-dle-dum, That's the re-frain of the gentle song he sung: Twinkle

doo - dle - dum, Twin - kle doo - dle - dum, Oh! the bold Fish - er - man.  
doo - dle - dum, Twin - kle doo - dle - dum, Said the bold Fish - er - man.

## Bay Of Dublin

LADY DUFFERIN

Andante

1. Oh! Bay of Dub-lin! my heart's troublin' Your beauty haunts me like a — fever dream Like frozen  
2. Sweet Wicklow mountains! the sunlight sleeping On your green banks is a picture rare; You crowd a-

foun-tains that the sun sets bub-blin', My heart's blood warms when I — but hear your name; And nev-er round me like young girls peep-in'; And puz-zlin' me to say which is most fair; As tho' you'd

till this life-pulse ceas-es, My ear-liest, lat-est thought will cease to be, There's no-one  
see your own sweet fa - ces Re-lect-ed in that smooth and sil - ver sea, My bles-sin'  
  
here knows how fair that place is, And no one cares how dear it is to me.  
on those love-ly pla - ces, Tho' no one cares how dear they are to me.

## Battle Hymn Of The Republic

JULIA WARD HOWE

W. STEFFE

Tempo di Marcia

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is  
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps; They have  
  
tramp - ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath  
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can  
  
loosed the fate - ful light-ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword, His truth is marching on.  
read His right-eous sen - tence by the dim and flar-ing lamps, His day is marching on.  
  
*CHORUS*  
Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!  
Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

## Bavarian Yodel

Waltz time

mf

1. All hail to the friendship that binds us in one, Our hearts warmer grow as the happy years run; Let  
2. As green as the i - vy when chill-ings snows fall, Those hearts in the winter of life shall re-call, Let

sorrows cloud gath-er, we'll laugh as it lowers, Light-heart-ed and gay as this war-ble of ours. Ah!  
fair hours of youth, and with heart-i-est praise, Shall bless thee, dear Harvard, their hap-pi-est days. Ah!

*YODEL*

*f*

## The Battle-Cry Of Freedom

GEO. F. ROOT

March time

1. Yes, we'll ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, we'll ral - ly once a-gain, Shouting the bat-tle-cry of freedom; We will  
2. We are springing to - the call of our brothers gone before, Shouting the bat-tle-cry of freedom; And we'll

ral - ly from the hill-side, we'll gath-er from the plain, Shout-ing the bat-tle-cry of freedom.  
fill the va-cant ranks with a mill-ion free-men more, Shout-ing the bat-tle-cry of freedom.

CHORUS

The Un-union for-ev-er, Hur- rah! boys, Hur-rah! Down with the trait-or, Up with the stars; While we

ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, Ral - ly once a - gain, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of free-dom.

# Babylon Is Fallen

71

Moderato

HENRY C. WORK

1. Don't you see de black clouds Ris - in' o-ber yon-der Whar' de mas-sa's ole plan-ta-tion am?  
 2. Don't you see de light-nin' Flash-in' in de canebrake, Like as if we gwine to hab a storm?

Neb-ber you be fright-en'd Dem is on - ly dark-eys Come to jine and fight for Un-cle Sam.  
 No! you is mis-tak - en 'Tis de dark-eys bay'-nets, An' de but-ton's on dar u - ni - form.

CHORUS,

Look out dar, now! We's a gwine to shoot! Look out, dar, don't you un-der - stand?

O don't you know that

Bab-y-lon is fall-en! Bab-y-lon is fall-en! And we's a gwine to oc - cu-py de - land!

# Buy A Broom

Waltz time

1. From Deutchland I came with my light wares all la-den, To dear, hap-py England, in summers gay  
 2. To brush a - way in-sects that sometimes an- noy you, You'll find it quite han-dy, to use night and

bloom, Then lis - ten, fair la-dy, and young pret-ty maid-en, Oh! buy of the wand'ring Ba -

day; And what bet-ter ex-er-cise, pray, can em - ploy you, Than to sweep all vex - a - tious in -

va-ri-an a broom. Buy a broom! buy a broom! Oh! buy of the wand'ring Ba - va-ri-an a broom!

tru-ders a - way. Buy a broom! buy a broom! Than to sweep all vex - a - tious in - tru-ders a - way.

## Comrades

FELIX MCGLENNON

March time

1. We from childhood play'd to - gether, My dear comrade Jack and I, We would fight each oth - er's  
 2. When just bud-ding in - to manhood, I yearn'd for a Sol-dier's life, Night and day I dream'd of  
 3. I en - list - ed, Jack came with me, And ups and downs we shared, For a time our lives were

batt - les, To each oth - er's aid wed' fly; And in boy - ish scrapes and troubles, You would find us  
 glo - ry, Long-ing for the bat-tle's strife, I said "Jack, I'll be a soldier, 'Neath the Red, the  
 peace - ful, But at length war was de - clared; Eng - land's Flag had been in-sult-ed, We were or - dered

ev - 'ry - where, Where one went the oth - er fol - low'd Naught could part us for we were  
 White and Blue;" "Good-bye, Jack," said he, "no, nev - er! If you go, then I'll go too."  
 to the front. And the Regiment we be - long'd to, Had to bear the bat-tle's brunt.

CHORUS *mf*      *cresc.*  
 We were com - rades, com - rades, ev-er since we were boys, Sharing each oth - er's

sor - rows, sharing each oth - er's joys, Comrades when manhood was dawn - ing, Faithful what

e'er may be - tide, When danger threatened, my darling old comrade was there by my side.

## Christmas Song

Allegretto

1. Ev - 'ry year there comes to us the dear Christ child, Once to earth a - gain With ways some-  
 2. Gives each one his bless - ing, all in ev - 'ry home, In our hearts to keep it, Ev - 'rywhere we roam.

## Captain Jinks

Lively

1. I'm Cap-tain Jinks, of the HorseMarines; I feed my horse on corn and beans, And  
2. I joined my corps when twen-ty-one, Of course I thought it capital fun, When the

sport young la-dies in their teens, Tho' a cap-tain in the Army. I teach young la-dies  
en-e-my came, of course I run, For I'm not cut out for the Army. When I left home, ma-

how to dance, How to dance, How to dance, I teach young la-dies how to dance, For  
ma, she cried, Ma-ma she cried, Ma-ma she cried, When I left home, ma-ma she cried, He's

cresc.

Chorus

I'm the pet of the ar-my. I'm Captain Jinks of the HorseMarines, I feed my horse on  
not cut out for the ar-my.

cresc.

corn and beans, And often live be-yond my means, Tho' a cap-tain in the ar-my.

## Chairs To Mend

ROUND

1<sup>f</sup>

Chairs to mend, old chairs to mend; rush or cane bot-tom, old chairs to mend, old  
chairs to mend. New macker-el, new macker-el, New macker-el, new macker-el.

2

Old rags, an-<sup>y</sup> old rags? Take money for your old rags? Any hare skins, or rab-bitskins?

## Carme

Allegretto

*p*

1. Near the vil - age there lives a fair maiden, Who my hearth has enslav'd ev - er - more, And each  
 2. From the fields when her day's work is end - ed, She comes singing a gay blithe - some song, And I

*f*

evening I go to her cot - tage and say as I stand near the door. Sleep, dear Carme!  
 stand with my heart full of joy As I see her go gay - ly a - long.

*mf*

mé! for to sleep is a source of de - light Rest while thy

*dim.*

lov - - er is guarding you all thro' the night. guarding you all thro' the night.

*cresc.*

## Child's Dreamland

Slow Waltz

*mf*

When the moon is beam - ing, O'er the wa - ters gleam - ing, Lit - tle ones are dream -

*cresc.*

*dim*

ing, Free from toil and care. Once a - gain they wan - der, O'er the mea-dows

*cresc.*

*dim*

yon - der, Hand, in hand in child's dream land, Where all is bright and fair.

# Carry Me Back To Old Virginny

75

Moderato

E. P. CHRISTY

1. On the float-ing scow of old Vir-gin-ny, I work'd in from day to day, A -  
2. If I was on - ly young a - gain, I'd lead a dif-frent life; I'd

rak - in' a - mongst de oys - ter beds, To save my mon-ey, and buy a farm, And take me it was but play; But

now I'm grow-ing now old age, he ver - y old, I holds me tight, My can-not work an - y limbs are grow - ing more; So car - ry me back to take me back to

old Vir-gin-ny, To old Vir-gin-ny, To old Vir-gin-ny's shore. Den car - ry me back to old Vir-gin - ny, To

old Vir-gin-ny's shore; Oh, car - ry me back to old Vir-gin-ny, to old Vir-gin - ny's shore.

CHORUS *Faster*

Andante

## Chinese Baby Song

*mf*

Snail, snail, come out and be fed, Put out your horns and then your head,

*mf*

And your pa - pa and your ma - ma will give you boiled mut - ton.

## Christmas Chimes

BRINDLEY RICHARDS

Andante

*p*

1. What bells are those, so soft and clear, That fall me - lodious on mine ear? Say, mother say, the whole night long.  
 2. Child, they glorious ti - dings bring, Those bell their Chrismas carols sing. Joy to us - a child is borna

E'en in my dreams I heard their song, And son - is giv'n, Hail Christ-mas morn, The wak - ing in the morn-ing time. A - gain I heard their joy - ous chime, star - ry host that line the sky, Sing glory to God, to God on high.

What bells are those? say, mother, say! What bells are those? say, mother, say! My Glo - ry to God, on earth be peace! To men - sal - va - tion and release. Glory to God! hark! hark! the strain

Mounts up from yon - der hoa - ry fane, And ris - ing with mel - o-dious voice, Bids high and low to - day re - joice.

Bids high and low to - day re - joice Glo - ry to God! hark! hark! the strain, Glo - ry to God, on earth be peace.

Moderato

## Child's Hymn

*mf*

1. Let chil - dren that would fear the Lord, Hear what the teach - ers  
 2. Have you not heard what dread - ful plagues, Are threat - end by the

say; With rev - rence hear their pa - rent's words, And with de - light o - bey;  
 Lord; To him that breaks his fa - ther's laws, Or mocks his moth - er's word?

# Climb Up, Ye Chillun Climb

77

Moderato

1. Ja-cob dreamthe sawa lad-der Reach-in'to de sky, An-gels go - in' up and downit,  
 2. If I had a goldenlad-der Reach-in'to de sky, I would shin-ny up to Heaben,

Climb up, chil-lun, climb! What a show to git to Heab-en, Such a hap-py time!  
 Climb up, chil-lun, climb! Id shake handswid Mo-ses, Aa - ron, And de cir-cle jine!

**Refrain**

Don't I wish Id bin dar hon-ey, Climb up chil-lun climb! Climb up ye lit-tle chil-lun!  
 Sing de songs a mong de bless-ed, Climb up, chil-lun climb!

Climb up, ye old-er peo-ple! Climb up to de sky!

Now is your chancefor Heaben Go up in six and se-ven, Climb up, ye chillun, climb!

# Come, All You Young Men

Allegretto

1. Come, all you young men, in your mer, - ry ways, And use — well your time in  
 2. The day is far spent, and the night's com-ing on, So give us your arm and we'll

your youthful days, That you may be happy, That you may be hap-py When you grow old:  
 jour-ney a - long, That you may be happy, That you may be happy When you grow old.

## Cheer, Boys, Cheer

H. RUSSELL

Tempo di Marcia

1. Cheer, boys, cheer, no more of i - dle sor - row, Cour-age! true heart shall bear us on our way;  
 2. Cheer, boys, cheer, the steady breeze is blow-ing, To float us free - ly o'er the o-cean's breast;

Hope points be - fore and shows the bright to-mor-row; Let us for-get the dark-ness of to-day. So  
 The world shall fol - low in the track we're go-ing, The star of Em-pire glit-ters in the West. Here

fare-well Eng-land, much as we a-dore thee, We'll dry the tears that we have shed be-fore;  
 we had toil and lit - tle to reward it, But there shall plen - ty smile up - on our pain;

Why should we weep to sail in search of for-tune? So fare-well, Eng-land! farewell for - ev.er more.  
 And ours shall be the prai-rie and the for-est And bound-less meadows ripe, ripe with golden grain.

Cheer, boys, cheer for coun-try, moth-er coun-try, Cheer, boys, cheer the will - ing strong right hand,  
 Cheer, boys, cheer for Eng-land, moth-er Eng-land, Cheer, boys, cheer, u - nit - ed heart and hand,

Cheer, boys, cheer, there's wealth for hon-est la-bor, Cheer, boys, cheer, for the new and hap-py land!

"L'ECLAIR"

## Call Me Thine Own

L. HALEVY

Andante

1. Call me "thine own," name fond, en - dear-ing, Like mu-sic sweet it falls on mine ear; Tells me of  
 2. Years may roll on, youth's dreams may leave us, Hope faint and die - that light-ed our way; Tri-als may

hope, life's pathway cheer-ing, Whis-pers of home, with thee ev-er near; Call me "thine own," doubt would de-come, sor-rows may grieve us, Friends may de-part, or false-ly be-tray; Call me "thine own," all else may

stroy, For on-ly thro' faith are we se-cure; Mak-ing our hearts strong to en-dure What lies be-fore us, fail, With love in our hearts, Heav'n still remains; Each bond with time fresh vig-or gains, And o'er life's tempests

cresc.

sor-row or joy; Call me "thine own," thine, thine a-lone, Name fond en-dear-ing, Call me "thine own," love shall pre-vail;

dim.

### Chime Again, Beautiful Bells

Andante

H. R. BISHOP

1. Chime a-gain, chime a-gain, beau-ti-ful bells, Now thy soft mel-o-dy floats on the wind,  
2. Chime a-gain, chime a-gain, beau-ti-ful bells, Lin-ger a -while o'er the deep, dusk-y bay,

Burst-ing at in-ter-val-s over the sails, Leav-ing a train of re-flec-tion be-hind;  
Faint-er and faint-er thy mel-o-dy swells, Fast fades the land and thy sounds die a-way; The

An-swer-ing ech-oes that gath-er a-round, Call from the heart ev'-ry wish that is dear.  
cold lamp of night now sil-vers the deep, On sails the bark from this hap-py shore,

Voi-ces of friend-ship still ring in each sound, Bid-ding me wel-come that chime with a tear.  
Lone-ly I'm left on the wa-ters to weep, The chimes of those beau-ti-ful bells to de-plore.

## Come Back to Erin

CLARIBEL

Moderato

*mf*

1. Come back to E - rin, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, Come back, A-roon to the land of thy birth,  
2. O - ver the green sea, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, Long shone the white sail that bore thee a way.

Come with the sham-rocks and spring-time, Ma-vour-neen, And its Killar-ney shall ring with our mirth.  
Rid - ing the white waves, that fair \_ sum-mer morn-in' Just like a Mayflow'r a - float on the bay.

Sure, when we sent ye to beau - ti - ful Eng-land, Lit - tle we thought of the lone win - ter days,  
O, but my heart sank, when clouds came be-tween us, Like a grey cur - tain the rain fall-ing down.

Lit - tle we thought of the hush of the starling, O - ver the moun - tain, the bluffs and the bays! Then  
Hid from my sad eyes the path o'er the o cean, Far, far, a - way where my col - leen had flown. Then

come back to E - rin, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, Come back a - gain to the land of thy birth, —

Come back to E - rin, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, And its Killar-ney shall ring with our mirth.

## The Campbells Are Coming

SCOTCH AIR

Allegro

*f*

The Campbells are com-in', O ho, O ho, The Campbells are com-in', O ho, O ho! The

Fine

Campbells are com-in' to bon-nie Loch-leven, The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho!

1 Up - on the Lomonds I lay, I lay, Up - on the Lomonds I lay, I lay; I  
2 The great Ar - gyle — he goes be-fore, He makes his can - non loud-ly roar, Wi'

D.S.

look - ed down to bon-nie Loch-leven And heard — three bon - nie pi - pers play The  
sound of trum-pet pipe, — and drum, The Campbells are com-in' O - ho, O - ho! The

## The Carrier Dove

D. JOHNSON

Allegretto

1. Fly a way to my na - tive land, sweet dove! Fly a way to my ha - tive  
2. Oh! fly to her bower, and say the chain Of the ty - rant is o - ver me

land, And — bear — these lines to my la - dy love, That I've traced with a fee - ble  
now, That I nev - er shall mount my steed a - gain, With hel - met up - on — my

hand. She mar - vels much at my long de - lay, A ru - mor of death she has  
brow; No friend to my lat - tice a sol - ace brings, Ex - cept when your voice is

heard, Or she thinks, perhaps I false - ly stray, Then fly to her bower, sweet bird.  
heard, When you beat the bars With your snowy wings Then fly to her bower, sweet bird.

# Child Of The Regiment

Andante con moto

G. DONIZETTI

1. Ask me not why my heart with fond e - motion Beats for the brave companions of my  
2. Chide me no more! Were I de - void of feel-ing, Would my in - grat - i - tude not wake thy

youth! Had they not tend - ed me with love's devo-tion, I had not lived, a - las, to prove my  
fears Worthless would be this moment's fond re - vealing, If I could cast a - side the ties of long, long

truth: A help - less babe upon the field I lay, And but for them my life had passed a way, My  
years. Thou hast my love; thine is a mother's claim; To them forget not that thouow'st the name, My

life had passed a way: Ere I for - get them, all their loving kindness Bring o'er my heart oblivion of the  
mother, my mother dear, Ere I can cease to think of all their kindness Bring o'er my heart oblivion of the

past: But when you win for me that fa - tal blindness In mercy let that moment, that moment be my last.  
past: But when you

# Cradle Song

Fr. SCHUBERT

Andante tranquillo

1. Slumber, slumber, ten - der lit - tle flower, Mother's loving care, doth a-round thee twine;  
2. Slumber, slumber, lit - tle fa - ded flower, Still doth moth - er's love a-round thee glow;

Sweet - and rest - ful, be this hour - then Death's power Soothing fall - this Guarding thee - where lul-la - by of mine.  
Strong - er is it rit. e'er thy spir - it go.

## Come Home, Father

HENRY C. WORK

Slowly

*mf*

1. Father, dear father, come home with me now! The clock in the steeple strikes one; You said you were coming right  
 2. Father, dear father, come home with me now! The clock in the steeple strikes two; The night has grown colder, and

home from the shop, As soon as your day's work was done.— Our fire has gone out, our house is all dark, And Ben - ny is worse, But he has been call - ing for you.— In - deed he is worse, Ma says he will die, Per-

mother's been watch-ing since haps be-fore morn-ing shall tea, With poor brother Ben - ny so sick in her arms, And no one to help her but dawn; And this is the mes-sage she sent me to bring "Come quick-ly, or he will be

me," Come home! come home! come home! Please, father, dear father, come home. Hear the sweet voice of the child, Which the gone,"

cresc.

nightwinds re-peat as they roam! Oh, who could resist this most pleading of prayers? "Please, father, dear father, come home!"

*dim.* *mf*

## Cradle Song

JOHANNES BRAHMS

Slowly

*p*

1. Lulla-by and good night, with ro - ses be - dight, With li - lies be - decked is ba - by's wee bed, Lay thee  
 2. Lulla-by and good night, thy mother's de - light, Bright an - gels a - round my dar - ling shall stand, They will

down now and rest, may thy slum - ber be blest, Lay thee down now and rest, may thy slum - ber be blest.  
 guard thee from harms, thou shalt wake in my arms, They will guard thee from harms, thou shalt wake in my arms.

*dim.*

## Cradle Hymn

J.J. ROUSSEAU

Andante

1. Hush, my babe, lie still and slum-ber, Ho - ly an-gels guard thy bed. Heav'nly bless-ings  
 2. Soft and eas - y is thy cra - dle, Coarse and hard thy Sa - viour lay: When His birthplace

with-out num-ber, Gent-ly fall-ing on thy head. How much bet-ter thou'rt at - tend-ed, Than the  
 was a sta - ble, And his soft-est bed was hay. Oh, to tell the wondrous sto - ry, How his

Son of God could be; When from heav-en He de-scend-ed, And be - came a child like thee.  
 foes a - bused their King, How they killed the Lord of glo - ry, Makes me an - gry while I sing.

## Come, Ye Disconsolate

SAMUEL WEBBE

Moderato

1. Come ye dis - con-so-late, where - er ye lan - guish, Come, at the mer - cy seat, fer - vent - ly kneel;  
 2. Joy of the des - o - late, light of the stray - ing. Hope, when all oth - ers die, fade - less and pure,

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an - guish: Earth hath no sor - row that Heav'n cannot heal.  
 Here speaks the Com - fort - er, in mer - cy say - ing, Earth hath no sor - row that Heav'n cannot cure.

## Come, Thou Almighty King

FELICE GIARDINI

CHARLES WESLEY

Andante

1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Fa - ther! all  
 2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword; Our pray'r at - tend; Come, and Thy

cresc.

glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days.  
 peo - ple bless, And give Thy word suc - cess, Spir - it of ho - li - ness! On us de - scend.

## Crambambuli

85

*Allegro*

1 Cram-bam-bu-li, it is the ti-ble Of that good song we love the best; It is the means of  
2 Were I in to an inn as cended, Most like some no-ble cav-al-i-er, I'd leave the bread and

health most vi-tal, When ev-il for-tunes us mo-lest. From eve-ning late till mor-nig free, I'll roast un-tended, And bid them bring the cork-screw where-When blows the coach-man tran tan te, Then

drink my glass, cram-bam-bu-li, Cram bim bam, bam bu-li, cram-bam-bu-li.  
to my glass, cram-bam-bu-li, Cram bim bam, bam bu-li, cram-bam-bu-li.

## Cuckoo

ALFRED S. GATTY

*Allegretto*

*cresc.*

1 Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Pretty bird say; Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Pri thee, so gay?  
2 Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Pray, Mistress Spring, Cuckoo! Cuckoo! What do you bring?

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! I loud-ly sing, The near approach of our friend Mistress Spring.  
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Sweet scented May, Sunshine to gladden the children at play. Ah! dear mistress Spring  
Ah! children at play.

## The Cow

*Allegretto*

1 Thank you, pret-ty cow, that made pleas-ant milk to soak my bread.  
2 Where the pur-ples vio-let grows, where the bub-bling wa-ter flows,

Ev-'ry day and ev-'ry night, warm and fresh, and sweet, and white.  
Where the grass is fresh and fine, pret-ty cow, go there and dine.

## Comin' Thro' The Rye

ROBERT BURNS

Lively

1. If a bod - y meet a bod - y, Com - in' thro' the rye, If a bod - y  
 2. If a bod - y meet a bod - y, Com - in' frae the town, If a bod - y  
 kiss a bod - y, Need a bod - y cry?  
 greet a bod - y, Need a bod - y frown?  
**CHORUS**  
 Ev - ry lassie has her lad-die,  
 Nane, they say, ha'e I;  
 Yet a' the lads they smile on me, When com - in' thro' the rye.

## Cradle Song

C. M. VON WEBER

Moderato

1. Sleep, my heart's dar-ling, in slum-ber re-pose; Let the fair lids o'er those blue eyes now close;  
 2. Now, dear-est ba-by, is morn's gold-en time; Not thus thoult slum-ber in life's lat-ter prime;  
 All is as peace-ful and still as the tomb, Nor shall the gnats wake thee with their low hum.  
 Sor-ro-w and care then will watch by thy bed, Ne'er more sweet peace will there pil-low thy head.

## The Church's One Foundation

S. S. WESLEY

SAMUEL I. STONE

Moderato

1. The Church's one foun-da-tion, Is Je-sus Christ, her Lord. She is His new cre-a-tion, By wa-ter and the word: From heav'n He came and sought her, To be His holy Bride, With His own blood He boughther, And for her life He died. birth; One ho - ly Name she bless - es, Partakes one holy food; And to one hope she press-es, With ev - ry grace endued.  
 2. E-lect from ev - ry na-tion, Yet one o'er all the earth, Her char-ter of sal-va-tion, One Lord, one faith, one

# Crown Him With Many Crowns

87

Moderato

M. BRIDGES

1. Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne; Hark! how the heavenly side, Those wounds,yet vis - i -

an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own! A - wake, my soul, and sing Of  
ble a - bove, In beau - ty glo - ri - fied: No an - gel in the sky Can

Him who died for thee; And hail Him as thy match-less King Through all e - ter - ni - ty.  
ful - ly bear that sight, But downward bends his wondering eye At mys-ter-ies so bright.

# Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove

J. B. DYKES

Andante

1.Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav'n - ly Dove, With all Thy quick'-ning pow'rs  
2. See, how we grov - el here be - low Fond of these earth - ly toys,

Kind - le a flame of sa - cred love, In these cold hearts of ours.  
Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.

# Come, Thou Fount Of Every Blessing

JOHN WYETH

Fine

Andante

1. (Come, Thou Fount of ev - ry. bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;) streams of  
mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise;) D.G. Praise the mount, I'm fixed up - on it! Mount of Thy re-deem - ing love.

Teach me some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;

## Ciribiribin

A. PESTALOZZA

Tempo di Valse

*p*

I am wait-ing here for you love As the eve-ning bree - zes blow Watch-ing shad-ows  
of the riv-er As they flit both to and fro. I have come to see the  
love-light dancing in your eyes of blue, And to hear you soft - ly whis-per  
— that to me you'll e'er be true. Ci-ri-bi-ri-bin, Ci-ri-bi-ri-bin, Ci-ri-bi-ri-

*mf a tempo*

Refrain

*cresc*

bin. Ci-ri - bi - ri bin, the moon looks down up - on our hap - pi - ness se -  
rene, Ci-ri-bi-ri-bin, the stars bow down be - fore thee, O my ra-diant queen.

*mf*

Ci-ri-bi-ri-bin, more love than mine for thee the world has nev - er seen Ci-ri-bi-ri-

*ff*

bin, Ci-ri - bi - ri bin, Ci-ri-bi-ri-bin, my ra-diant queen.

# Come, My Gallant Soldier, Come

Allegretto

H. R. BISHOP

1. Come, my gallant soldier come, Leave the proud embattled field, Shril-ly fife and roll-ing drum,  
 2. In thy na-tive val-ley find, Far a-way from pom-pom pow'r, Constan-tant love and peace of mind,

All the pleasures war can yield, Quickly come again be hold the hap-py land Where thou wert born, And  
 Here in bright af-fec-tion's bow'r, Quickly come again be hold the hap-py land Where thou wert born, And

hear its musi-cic sweet and wild, The mer-ry mountain horn. La la la la la la la la  
 la la la la la la la la la la The mer-ry mountain horn.

# Cast Thy Burden On The Lord

F. MENDELSSOHN

Piu Adagio

*p* Cast thy bur-den up-on the Lord; And He shall sus-tain thee; He

*cresc.* nev.er will suf-fer the righteous to fall; He is at thy right-hand. Thy mer-cy, Lord, is

*cresc.* great, And far a-bove the heav'n.s. Let none be made ashamed That wait upon Thee.

# Carve Dat Possum

SAM LUCAS

**Allegretto**

1. De pos - sum meat am good to eat, Carve him to de heart; You'll always find him good and sweet,  
 2. I reached up for to pull him in, Carve him to de heart; De pos-sum he be-gan to grin

Carve him to de heart; My dog did bark and I went to see, Carve him to de heart; And dar was a pos-sum  
 Carve him to de heart; I car-ried him home and dressed him off, Carve him to de heart; I hung him dat night

CHORUS

up dat tree, Carve him to de heart. | Carvedat pos-sum, carve dat pos-sum, children, Carvedat pos-sum,  
 in de frost, Carve him to de heart. | Carvedat pos-sum, carve dat pos-sum, children, Carvedat pos-sum,

carve him to de heart; Oh, carvedat possum, carve dat possum, children, Carvedat possum, carve him to de heart.

**Andante**

# Castles In Spain

V. BELLINI

1. When I was a beg - gar - ly boy, And lived in a cel - lar damp, I  
 2. Since then I have toiled day and night, I have mon - ey and power, a good store, But I'd

had not a friend, nor a toy, But I had A lad-din's lamp; When I could not sleep for cold, I had  
 give all my lamp silver bright, For one that is mine no more; Take, For-tune, whatev-er you choose, You

cresc.

fire e - nough in my brain And builded, with roofs of gold, My beauti - ful castles in Spain!  
 gave and may snatch it a - gain; I have nothing twould pain me to lose, For I own no more castles in Spain!

# Carnival Of Venice

THOMAS MOORE

91

*Andantino*

1. Oh, come to me when day-light sets, Sweet, then come to me; When smooth-ly go our  
 2. Oh, then's the hour for those who love, Sweet, like thee and me; When all's so calm, be -  
 \*  
 gon-do-lets O'er the moon-light sea. When mirth's a-wake and love begins, Be-neath that glancing  
 low, a-bove, In heav'n and o'er the sea. When mai-dens sing sweet barcarolles, And Ech-o sings a-  
 ray, With sounds of lutes and imando-lines, To steal young hearts away. Then come to me when  
 gain - So sweet that all with ears and souls Should love and list-en then. So come to me when  
 day-light sets, Sweet, then come to me, When smooth-ly go our gon-do-lets O'er the moonlight sea...  
 day-light sets, Sweet, then come to me, When smooth-ly go our gon-do-lets O'er the moonlight sea...

# Children's Hosanna

JOHN KING

*Moderato*

1. When His sal-va-tion bring-ing, To Zi-on Je-sus came, The chil-dren all stood  
 2. And since the Lord re-tain-eth His love for chil-dren still Tho' now as King he  
 sing-ing Ho-san-nas to His name. Nor did their zeal of-fend Him, But  
 reign-eth On Zi-on's heav'n-ly hill. We'll flock a-round His ban-ner, Who  
 as He rode a-long, He let them still at-tend Him, And smiled-to hear their song  
 sits up-on the throne, And cry a-loud, Ho-san-na! To Dav-id's roy-al Son!

## Clochette

J. L. MOLLOY

Allegretto

Spinn-ing was young Clo-chette Came a fond youth to woo, She was a sad co-quette  
 Si - lent was young Clo-chette Grieved in her heart was she, For tho' a sad co-quette  
 Let me, he said, Clo-chette This lit-tle blos-som take, Wept then this sad co-quette

He was a lov-er true. Clo-chette, Clo-chette, you driveme far from you; Clo-chet - te Clo-  
 None was as dear as he. Clo-chette, Clo-chette, I go for love of you; Oh! speak, then dear Clo-  
 As tho' her heart would break, Clo-chette, Clo-chette, I know now you are true, Clochet - te Clo-

*1st & 2d Verse*      *dim.*      *3d Verse*

chet-te, I come to say a-dieu.  
 chette, She on - ly said a-dieu.      chet-te we'll ne-ver say a-dieu.

## Come Lasses And Lads

Allegretto

Come, lass-es and lads, get leave of your dads, And a-way to the Maypole hie; For ev'-ry fair has a

sweetheart there, And the fid-dler's stand-ing by. For Willie shall dance with Jane, And Johnny has go this

Joan, To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, Trip it up and down, To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, Trip it up and down.

## Crow Song

**Allegretto**

*mf SOLO*

1. There were three crows sat on a tree, O  
2. Said one old crow un - to his mate, O

CHORUS

Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gar!  
Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gar!

3

Bil - ly Ma - gee!

**SOLO**

There Said were three crows sat on a tree, O  
Said one old crow un - to his mate, O

CHORUS

Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gar!  
Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gar!

There Said

Bil - ly Ma - gee

were three crows sat on a tree, And they were black as crows could be,  
one old crow un-to his mate, "What shall we do for grub to ate?" And they all flapped their wings and cried

Caw, Caw, Caw, Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gar! And they all flapped their wings and cried Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gar!

3

## Co - ca - che - lunk

**Vivace**

1. When we first came on this cam-pus, Fresh-men we as green as grass; Now as grave and  
2. We have fought the fight to-gether, We have strug-gled side by side; Bro-ken is the

bond that held us

rev - er - end Sen - iors, Smile we o - ver the ver - dant pass. Co - ca - che - lunk - che - lunk - che - la - ly,

We must cut our sticks and slide.

CHORUS

Co - ca - che - lunk - che - lunk - che - la - ly,

Co - ca - che - lunk - che - lunk - che - la - ly, Hi! O chick-a-che - lunk - che - lay

## Come And See Me

**Allegretto**

1. Come and see me,  
2. Bring with you your  
Ma - ry Ann, this sis - ter Jane, my af - ter - noon at gar - den she must three,  
Come as ear - ly And hear the mer - ry

as you can, and stay till af - ter tea, We'll jump the rope, we'll dress the doll, we'll feed my sis - ter's  
birds a - gain, up - on the ap - ple tree. We'll hunt the mead - ow, cross the brook, we'll seek the woods a -

birds, And read my lit - tle sto - ry book, so full of ea - sy words, So come and see me,  
far, Where in a sun - ny lit - tle nook, the blue-eyed violets are. So come and see me,

Ma - ry Ann, this af - ter - noon at three, Come as ear - ly as you can, and stay till af - ter tea.

## Come, Cheerful Companions

**Allegro**

1. Come, cheerful companions, u - nite in our song, Here's to the friends we love! May bountiful Heaven their  
2. And first, the dear parents who watch o'er our youth, They are the friends we love! And next are the teachers who

sweet lives pro-long! Here's to the friends we tell us of truth, They are the friends we love! Oh, sym-pa-thy deep-ens when ev-er we sing;

Friendship's the mystical word in our ring; Here's to our friends! Here's to our friends! Here's to the friends we love!

# Canadian Boat Song

THOMAS MOORE

**Allegretto**

*mf*

1. Faintly as tolls the evening chime, Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time, Our  
2. Why should we yet our sail unfurl? There is not a breath the blue wave to curl, There  
voices keep tune, and our oars keep time; Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll  
is not a breath the blue wave to curl; But when the wind blows off — the shore, Oh!  
sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn; Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The  
sweetly we'll rest the weary oar; Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast, The  
rapids are near, and the day-light's past, The rapids are near, and the day-lights past.

# Come, Play Me That Simple Air

**Andante**

*mf*

1. Come, play me that simple air — a-gain, I used so to love in life's young day, And  
2. Sweet air! how ev'-ry note brings back some sun - ny hope, some day-dream bright, That  
bring, if thou canst, the dreams that then were waken'd by that sweet lay. The  
shin - ing e'er life's ear - ly track, Fill'd even its tears with light. The  
ten - der gloom its new found life that  
strain Shed o'er the heart and brow, Grief's shadow, without its pain, Say where, where is it now?  
came, With love's first ech - oed vow, The fear, the bliss, the shame, Say where, where are they now?

# Columbia, God Preserve Thee Free!

JOSEPH HAYDN

**Moderato**

1. Ark of Free dom! Glo-ry's dwell ing! Columbia, God pre-serve thee free! When the  
 2. Land of high, he - ro ic glo - ry: Land whose touch bids slav -'ry flee: Land whose

storms are round thee swell-ing, Let thy heart be strong in thee, God is with thee, wrong re-  
 name is writ in sto - ry, Rock and ref - uge of the free: Ours thy great-ness, ours thy

pell-ing: He a - lone thy champion be. } Ark of Free-dom! Glo-ry's dwell-ing! Columbia,  
 glo - ry; We will e'er be true to thee. }

God preserve thee free! Ark of Free-dom! Glo-ry's dwell ing! Columbia, God preserve thee free!

## Castanet Song

(Carmen)

GEORGES BIZET

**Allegretto**

La la la la la la la la La

la la la la la La la la la

la la la la La la la la la la

*Fine*

D.C.

# De Camptown Races

97

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

*Allegro*

1. De Camp-town la - dies sing dis song Doo-dah! doo-dah! De Camp-town race track  
 2. De long-tail fil-ly and de big black hoss Doo-dah! doo-dah! Dey fly de track, and dey

five mile long Oh! doo-dah day! I come down dar wid my hat caved in Doo-dah! doo-dah! I  
 both cut cross Oh! doo-dah day! De blind hoss stick-en in a big mud hole Doo-dah! doo-dah! He

CHORUS

go back home wid a pock-et full of tin Oh! doo-dah day! Gwine to run all night!  
 can't touch bot-tom wid a ten - foot pole Oh! doo-dah day!

Gwine to run all day! I'll bet my mon-ey on de bob tail nag Some-bod-y bet on de bay.

"Rigoletto"

Caro Nome

G. VERDI

*Moderato*

Car'dup-on my in-most heart, Is that name for- ev- er more, Ne'er a-

gain from thence to part, Name of love that I a - dore; Thou to me art ev- er near, Ev'-ry

thot to thee will fly, Life for thee a-lone is dear, Thine shall be my part-ing sigh.

## Ching-a-Ling

Waltz Time

1. We rev-el in song, in Spain we be-long, Far o'er the o-cean, when Lu-ci-fer's star Shines  
 2. We charm and en-trance all men in the dance, Come they from near us or come they from far; We

clear in the East we re-dance and we glide, while turn from the feast, To the tune of our light gui-tar. Ha! ha!  
 loud, far and wide Sounds the tune of our light gui-tar. Ha! ha!

**CHORUS**

Ching-a-ling-a-ling, ching-a-ling-a-ling, Ha! ha! Ha! ha! These were the words which we heard from a-far.

Ching-a-ling-a-ling, ching-a-ling-a-ling, Ha! ha! Ha! ha! To the tune of our light gui-tar. Ha! ha!

## Come, Oh, Come With Me

Allegretto

Italian Melody

1. — Come, O come with me, the moon is beam-ing, Come, O come with me; the stars are  
 2. My skiff is by the shore, she's light and free, To ply the feath-ered oar is joy to

gleaming; All a-round, a-bove, with beau-ty teeming; Moon-light hours have joys for me.  
 me; — And while we glide a-long, o'er the dark blue sea, — Well sing our sweet-est mel-o-dy.

Tra la la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la la. *D.C.*

# Come To The Old Oak Tree

99

*Allegretto*

1. Come to the old oak-tree, By the light of the pale moon's glance; O come with a foot-step free, And  
 2. Spring, with its ear-ly leaves, And the Summer, with all its flowers, Here Art in her beau-ty weaves Bright

DUET or SEMI CHORUS

join in the gypsies' dance. A-round us, a - bove us, Pure mel-o-dy floats, And voi-ces that love us Re-  
 wreaths in fair Natures' bowers. No stormclouds are dark-lingThe haunts of the free, But, all here is sparkling In

CHORUS

peat the soft notes. Then come to the old oak tree, By the light of the pale moon's glance, Oh, come with a footstep  
 beau-ty for thee.

free, And join in the gypsies' dance; Then dance, then dance where the light-est of light feet dance!

# Clime Beneath Whose Genial Sun

Scotch Folksong

*Moderato *mf**

1. Clime be - neath whose ge - nial sun Kings were quell'd and free - dom won:  
 2. Crown - less Ju - dah mourns in gloom; Greece lies slum - bring in the tomb;

Where the dust of Wash-ing-ton Sleeps in glo - ry's bed, He - roes from thy syl - van shade  
 Rome hath shorn her ea - gle plume, Lost her conq-uring name. Youth ful Na - tion of the West,

Chang'd the plough for bat - tle blade; Ho - ly men for thee have pray'd, Pa - triot mar - tyrs bled.  
 Rise! with tru - er great-ness blest, Saint-ed bands from realms of rest Watch thy bright'ning fame.

## Christmas Of Old

Swiss Air

Andante

*mf*

## Calvary

PAUL RODNEY

Andante espressivo

# Christmas Song

101

**Andante maestoso**

A. ADAM

1. Oh, sol - emn hour! when hearts were lowly bend - ing, And all the world seem'd en-shrouded in  
2. Oh, love - ly hour! when light first faintly gleam - ing, And hearts were fill'd with a rapture di -

night; When pleading prayers to Heaven were as - cend - ing, A - bove the gloom smil'd a spir - it of  
vine; Led by the star whose rays were bright - ly beam - ing, Came Eastern sa - ges round that ho - ly

light; 'Twas Hopes bright form they saw so bright - ly shin - ing In robes un - fad - ing  
shrine; While there they saw the King of Glo - ry sleep - ing, Our Friend, Pro - tec - tor,

greet their tear - ful eyes; Beau - ti - ful Hope! no lon - ger hearts re - pin - ing, As  
in a man - ger laid; Their hearts were glad, and sad eyes ceased their weep - ing, For

love and joy on wings of faith a - rise, As love and joy on wings of faith a - rise.  
Faith was twin - ing wreaths that nev - er fade, For Faith was twin - ing wreaths that nev - er fade.

## Come Unto Him

CHARLES GOUNOD

**Adagio**

Come unto Him, all ye who la - bor! Your Lord will give you rest and peace, Comfort for all your sor - row. Ye  
weary, He will give you rest for your souls, Ye weary, He will give you rest for your souls.

# The Dying Volunteer

A. E. MUSE

Slow Waltz time

1. Come mother, dear mother, Oh! come to me now; My soul wings its flight, I would see thee once more, A-  
2. Thou'l hear dearest mother, A-las! not from me, I hunted the foe thro' green valley and crag For

gain I would feel thy dear hand on my brow. One moment on earth, ere the struggle is stamped on my brain were the last words from thee, "Tho' life be the for - feit be true to thy o'er. Ere life's pulse is stilled, And the cold chill of death Creeps o'er my heart I would see thee once flag! Those words nerve d'my arm when I struck the bold blow For my country, my flag, For glory, for

more. Fond words of fare-well with my very last breath I'd whisper to thee from e-ter-ni-ty's shore. thee. But now all is o - ver, I'm done with earth's foe, For Heaven's bright portals are op'ning to me.

# Dolly Day

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Not too fast

1. I've told you 'bout de ban-jo, de fiddle and de bow, Like wise about de cot-ton field, de  
2. I like to see the clo-ver, dat grows about de lane, I like to see de 'bac-co plant, I

shubble and de hoe; I've sung a-bout de bul-gine dat blew de folks a-way, And like de su - gar cane; But on the old plan-ta-tion, der's noth-ing half so gay, Der's

now I'll sing a lit-tle song a-bout my Dolly Day. Oh, Dolly Day, looks so gay, I noth-ing dat I love so much, as my sweet Dolly Day.

**Dolcy Jones**

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Moderato

*mf*

1.Oh ladies don't you wonder whén I a-gain ap-pear: I've just been ober yon-der To  
2.Oh when I go a-courtin I ride thro'mud and rain: I leabe de old hoss snortin At de

see my Dol - cy dear: For Dolcy steps so lightly A - mong de bricks and stone, Her  
cor-ner ob de lane. I find my Dol - cy weeping And charm her wide bones, Bye'n

Chorus

Deyes dey shine so bright-ly, Oh! da - da,D'D Dol - cy Jones! Bye, bye, my dar - ling!  
bye I leabe her sleep-ing, Oh! da - da,D'D Dol - cy Jones! Bye, bye, my dar - ling!

Sleep to de rat-tle ob de bones! Slum-ber till morning, My lub-ly Dol - cy Jones.

**Dickory, Dickory, Dock**

Lively

*mf*

Dicko-ry, dick-o-ry, dock; The mouse ran up the clock; The

clock struck "one," The mouse ran down; Dick-o - ry, dick-o - ry, dock.

# The Dear Little Shamrock

Moderato

*mf*

1. There's a dear lit-tle plant that grows in our isle, 'Twas Saint Pat-rick him-self, sure, that  
2. That dear lit-tle plant still grows in our land, Fresh and fair as the daughters of

set it; And the sun on his la-bor with pleasure did smile, And with dew from his  
E-erin; Whose smiles can be-witch and whose eyes can com-mand, In each climate they

eye oft-en wet it. It shines thro'the bog, thro'the brake, and the mireland, And he  
ev-er ap-pear in. For they shine thro'the bog, thro'the brake, and the mireland, Just

call'd it the dear lit-tle shamrock of Ire-land. The dear lit-tle shamrock, the  
like their own dear lit-tle shamrock of Ire-land.

sweet lit-tle shamrock, The dear lit-tle, sweet lit-tle sham-rock of Ire-land.

# Dutch Warbler

Waltz time

1. Oh where, oh where is mine little dog gone, Oh where, oh where can he be? His ears cut  
2. I loves mine la-ger, tish very goot beer, Oh where, oh where can he be? But wit no

short and his tail— cut long: Oh where, oh where ish he? Tra la la la la la la

mon-ey, I can-not drink here: Oh where, oh where ish he?

la la la la, Lala la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la, Tralala la la la la la!

## Down Among The Dead Men

Moderato

ROBERT DYER

*mf*

1. Heres a health to the king and a last-ing peace, To fac-tion an end, to wealth increase! —  
2. Let charm-ing beau-ty's health go round, In whom ce - les - tial joys are found; And

Come, let's drink it while we have breath, For there's no drink-ing af - ter death; And may con - fu - sion still pur - sue The sense-less wo - man hat - ing crew; And

*p cresc*

he that will this health de - ny, Down among the dead men, Down among the dead men,  
they that wo - man's health de - ny, Down among the dead men, Down among the dead men,

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

## Dear Old Pals

Andante

*Faster*

Dear old pals! jol - ly old pals! Al - ways to-gether in all sorts of weath-er,

Andante

*Faster*

Al - ways game, ev - er the same, Give me for friendship my jol - ly old pals!

## Drinking Song

P. MASCAGNI

See the wine is gai-ly flowing In the glasses how it spar-kles, Just like Cu-pid when his  
 smiles bestowing on our hol-i-day. See the wine is gai-ly flowing, In the glasses how it  
 sparkles, Just like Cu-pid when his smiles bestowing on our hol-i-day. Hail! the wine as it  
 spar-kles, For it ban-i-shes all trou-bles, and it joy and plea-sure brings in  
 full to ev'-ry heart! — spark-ling wine,— and we'll drink a toast!

## Dear Evelina

Waltz Time

1. Way down in the meadow where the fi-ly first blows, Where the wind from the mountains neer  
 2. She's fair as a rose like a lamb she is meek, And she nev'er was known to put  
 ruf-fles the rose; Lives fond Ev-e-li-na, the sweet lit-tle dove, The pride of the  
 paint on her cheek, In the most graceful curls hangs her ra-v-en black hair, And she nev-er re-

Chorus

val - ley, the girl that I love . . . there.

Dear Eve - li - na, sweet Eve - li - na,

li - na, My love for thee shall nev - er, nev - er die.

nev - er, nev - er die.

## Dedication

ROBERT FRANZ

## Andante Espressivo

mf

Oh, thank me not for what I sing thee; Thine are the songs, no gift of mine.

mf

Thou gav'st them me;— I but return thee what is and ev - er will be thine.

mf

Thine were they, ev - ry one for - ev - er. The light - which in thy dear eyes shone

Tru - ly hath taught me how - i to read them; Dost thou not know — they

are thine own. Dost thou not know they are thine own?

## The Daughters of Erin

Spirito

1. We may roam thro' this world like a child at a feast, Who but sips at a sweet and then  
 2. In Eng-land the gar-den of beau-ty is kept By a dra-gon of pru-der-y

flies to the rest, And when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east, We may or-der our wings and be  
 plac'd with-in call, But so oft this un-ami-a-ble dra-gon hasslept That the garden's but care-less-ly

cresc.  
 off to the west. But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile Are the dear-est gifts that heav'n supplies, We  
 watch'd af-ter all. Oh! they want the wild sweet briar-y fence, Which round the flow'rs of Er - in dwells, Which

nev-er need leave our own Green Isle For sen-si-tive hearts and for sun-bright eyes.) Then re-  
 warns the touch while win-ning the sense, Nor charms us least when it most re-pels.)

mem-ber when ev-er your gob-let is crownd, Thro' this world whether eastward or westward you roam, When a  
 cup to the smile of dear wo-man goes round, Oh! re-mem-ber the smile which adorns her at home.

## Dixie Land

DAN EMMET

Lively

1. {I wish I was in de land ob cot-ton, Old times dar am not for-got-ten,) Look a -  
 In Dix-ie-land whar I was born in, Ear-ly on one fros-ty morn-ing,) Look a -  
 2. {Old Mis-sus Ma-ry "Will-de-wea-ber" Will-ium was a gay de-cea-ber,) Look a -  
 But when he put his arms a-round her, He smiled as fierce as a for-ty pound-er,) Look a -

*f*

way, look a-way, look a-way, Dix-ie Land.

*dim.*

Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-

ray! Hoo-ray! In Dix-ie Land I'll take my stand, to lib and die in Dix-ie, A-way, A-

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

## Dearest Mae

JAMES POWER

*Allegretto*

1. Now, nig-gers list-en to me,— a sto-ry Ill re-late; It hap-pend in de  
2. Old mas-sa gib me hol-li-day, an' say he gib me more, I tankd him be-ry

val-ley, in de old Car-li-na state; Way down in de mead-ow,— 'twas  
kind-ly, an' shoved my boat from shore; So down de riv-er I glides a-long wid my

dere I mow'd de hay; I al-ways work de hard-er when I think ob lub-ly Mae.  
heart so light and free, To de cot-tage ob my lub-ly Mae, I long'd so much to see.

CHORUS

Oh, dearest Mae, you're lub-ly as the day; Your eyes are bright, dey shine at night, Whende moon am gone a-way.

## The Days Of Youth

R. RADICKE

Andante

*p*

1. With the gold-en truth of the days of youth Rings a song I ev-er hear; O how far a-way is that  
 2. Tho' the swallows roam, yet at last they home, And their nests are warm a-gain, But the emp-ty heart has in

rall.

time to-day, And all I once held dear! What the swallows grey as they wing'd their way, Sang in joy no part, Once joy has turn'd to pain: Nev-er swallows brought back what heart had sought And had

dim.

Au-tumn, sang in Spring, O'er the vil-lage street as they're dart-ing fleet Do they still sing? wept with bit-ter tears, Still the swal-low sings as in van-ish'd Springs Of oth-er years.

*cresc.*

## Do They Miss Me At Home?

S. M. GRANNIS

Andantino

*mf*

1. Do they miss me at home? do they miss me? Twould be an as-sur-ance most dear To  
 2. When twi-light ap-proach-es, the sea-son That ev-er is sa-cred to song, Does

knew at this mo-ment some loved one Were say-ing "I wish he were here;" To some one re-pet my name o-ver, And sigh that I tar-ry so long? And

feel that the group at the fire-side Were think-ing of me as I roam; Oh, yes, 'twould be joy be-yond is there a chord in the mu-sic That's missed when my voice is a-way, And a chord in each heart that a-

*pp*

meas-ure To know that they miss'd me at home, To know that they miss'd me at home. wak-eth Re-gret at my wea-ri-some stay, Re-gret at my wea-ri-some stay?

## Darby And Joan

J.L. MOLLOY

Andante con moto

*mf*

1. Dar-by dear, we are old and gray, Fif - ty years since our wed-ding day, Shad-ow and sun for  
 2. Dar-by dear, but my heart was wild When we bur-ied our ba - by child, Un - til you whisp-ered,

*cresc*

"ev - 'ry one as the years roll on: Dar-by dear, when the world went wry, Hard and sor-row-ful  
 "Heavn knows best!" and my heart found rest; Dar-by dear, 'twas your lov- ing hand Show'd me the way to the

*rall*

then was I, Ah! lad, how you cheerd me then, "Things will be bet-ter, sweet wife, a - gain!" Al-ways the same,  
 bet-ter land; Ah! lad, as you kissed each tear, Life grew bet-ter and Heav-en more near: Al-ways the same,

Dar - by my own, Al-ways the same to your old wife Joan, Al-ways the same to your old wife Joan.

*p meno mosso*

## Do You Remember?

B.GODARD  
*cresc.**Allegro*

1. Dear heart, rememb'rest thou thy prom - ise, Thougav'st me in the hap-py past?  
 2. Dost thou re-mem-ber hours of sad - ness, When but for one day we would part?

*mf*

Dost thou re-call our rap-tur'd kiss - es, When in these arms I held thee last? —  
 A-way from thee Death would be wel - come, For thee a - lone e'er beats my heart, —

*cresc.*

To me a - lone give thy af - fec - tion, For I shall ev-er need thy kiss - es.  
 To me a - lone give thy af - fec - tion, For I shall ev-er need thy kiss - es.

*ff*

*rall.*

*dim. e rall.*

*p*

## Darling Nelly Gray

B. R. HANBY

Moderato

*mf*

1. There's a low—green—val—ley on the old Ken-tuck-y shore, Where I've whiled many hap—py hours a—  
 2. When the moon had climbed the mountain, and the stars were shining too, Then I'd take my—dar—ling Nel—ly

way, A—sitting and a—sing—ing by the lit—tle cot—tage door, Where lived my dar—ling Nel—ly  
 Gray, And we'd float down the riv—er in my lit—tle red ca—noe, While my ban—jo sweet—ly I would play.

CHORUS

O my poor Nel—ly Gray, they have tak—en you a—way, And I'll nev—er see my dar—ling an—y more; I'm  
 sit—ting by the riv—er and I'm weep—ing all the day, For you've gone from the old Ken-tuck—y shore.

## Don't Kill The Birds

E. L. WHITE

Allegretto

*mf*

1. Don't kill the birds, the lit—tle birds That sing a—bout your dobr, Soon as the joy—ous  
 2. Don't kill the birds, the lit—tle birds That play a—mong the trees; Twould make the earth a

spring has come, And chill—ing storms are o'er. The lit—tle birds, how sweet they sing! Oh!  
 cheer—less place, Be—reft of songs like these. The lit—tle birds, how fond they play! Do

let them joy—ous live; And nev—er seek to take the life Which you can nev—er give.  
 not dis—turb their sport; But let them war—ble forth their songs Till win—ter cuts them short.

## Dancing Lesson

"HANSEL and GRETEL"

*Allegretto*

Bro-ther come and dance with me, Both my hands I'm of-fring thee, First this way,  
then that way, Then a-round, it is-n't hard.  
Dance would I if I knew how, when to dance and how to bow, Please tell me what I  
ought to do, so I can dance the steps like you Now with your foot, go tap, tap, tap,  
With your hands go clap,clap,clap. Once this way, Once that way, It's not ve-ry hard.

## Days Of Absence

J. J. ROUSSEAU

*Andante*

1. Days of ab-sence, sad and drear-y, Cloth'd in sor-rows dark ar-ray;  
D.C. When the hea-vy sigh be ban-ish'd; When this bos-om cease to mourn?  
Hours of bliss, too quick-ly van-ish When will aught like you re-turn;

## Dreaming Of Home And Mother

J. P. ORDWAY

Moderato

1. Dreaming of home, dear old home! Home of my childhood and mother; Oft when I wake, 'tis  
 2. Sleep, balm-y sleep, close mine eyes. Keep me still think-ing of mother, Hark! 'tis her voice I

sweet to find I've been dream-ing of home and mother. Home, dear home, childhood's happy home!  
 seem to hear, Yes, I'm dream-ing of home and mother. An - gels come, soothing me to rest,

Where I played with sis-ter and with brother; 'Twas the sweetest joy when we did roam, O - ver  
 I can feel their presence as no oth-er; For they sweetly say I shall be blest With bright

## Chorus

hill and thro'dale with mother. vis - ions of home and mother.

Dreaming of home, dear old home, Home of mychild-hood and

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

## Darling, Go To Rest

Andantino

1. Evening shades are fall-ing; Time to go to rest; Stars are soft-ly calling Darling to her rest.  
 2. Time to go to bed, love; Lay me down to sleep; Wear.y lit-tle head, love, God will safely keep.

Sweet the sleep be-fore thee Till morning light; God in heav'n watch o'er thee, My love good night.  
 Now the lit - tle kiss, love, Arms clasped so tight; Pleasant dreams of bliss, love, My love good night.

Andante

**Daddy**

115 F. BEHREND

*p* *cresc.* *dim.*

1. Take my head on your shoulder, Dad-dy, Turn your face to the west, It is just the hour when the  
2. Why do your big tears fall, — Dad-dy, Mother's not far a-way, I often seem to

sky turns gold, The hour that mother loves best. The day has been long — with-out you Daddy, You've  
hear her voice — falling a-cross my play. And it some-times makes me cry, — Daddy, To

*cresc.*

been such a while a-way, And now you're as tir'd of your work, Daddy, As I am tir'd of my  
think it's — none of it true, Till I fall a - sleep to dream, Daddy, Of home and mother and

*p*

play. But I've got you and you've got me, So ev'-ry-thing seems right; I won-der if moth-er is  
you. For I've got you and you've got me, So ev'-ry-thing may go; We're all the world to each

*mf*

think-ing of us. Be-cause it is my birth-day night.  
oth - er, dad, For moth-er, dear moth-er once told me so.

### Ding, Dong, Bell

Allegretto

*mf*

Ding, dong, bell, Pus-sy's in the well; Who put her in? Lit-tle Johnny Green; Who pull'd her out?

Big John Stout. Whata naughty boy was that, To drown our lit-tle Pus-sy cat!

## The Danube River

H. AÏDE

Andantino

*mf*

1. Do you re-call that night in June, Up-on the Dan-ube riv-er? We lis-tened to a  
 2. Our boat kept meas-ure with its oar, The mus-ic rose in snatch-es; From pea-sants danc-ing

Länd-ler-tune, And watched the moonbeams quiver. I oft since then have watched the moon, But never, no, Oh  
 on the shore, With boist-rous songs and catches. I know not why that Länd-ler rang Thro' all my soul, But

*rit.*

*a tempo*

nev-er, nev-er, Can I for-get that night in June, Up-on the Dan-ube riv-er, Can  
 nev-er, nev-er, Can I for-get the songs they sang, Up-on the Dan-ube riv-er, Can

I for-get that night in June, Up-on the Dan-ube riv-er, Can I for-get that night in June, Up-  
 I for-get the songs they sang, Up-on the Dan-ube riv-er, Can I for-get the songs they sang, Up-

on the Dan-ube riv-er, Can I for-get that night in June, Up-on the Dan-ube riv-er.  
 on the Dan-ube riv-er, Can I for-get the songs they sang, Up-on the Dan-ube riv-er.

LADY JANE SCOTT

## Douglas, Tender And True

D. M. MULOCK

Allegretto

*mf*

1. Could ye come back to me, Doug-las! Doug-las! In the old like-ness that I knew, I-  
 2. Nev-er a scorn-ful word should grieve ye; I'd smile as sweet as the an-gels do,—

would be so faith-ful, so lov-ing, Doug-las! Doug-las! Doug-las! Doug-las! ten-der and true.  
 Sweet as your smile on me shone ev-er, Doug-las! Doug-las! Doug-las! ten-der and true.

## The Dutch Company

**Marcato**

1. Oh, when you hear the roll of the big bass drum, Then you may know that the  
2. When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war, When Deitch meets Deitch, then comes the

Deitch have come, For the Deitch com-pa-ny is the best com-pa-ny That ev-er came o-ver from  
lag - er beer,

old Ger - ma - ny. Ho - ra, ho - ra, ho - ra la la la la, Ho - ra, ho - ra,

ho - ra la la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, He is mine oys - ter raw.

## Drinking Song

**Moderato**

1. My com - rad es when I'm no more drinking, But sick with gout or pal - sy lie, Ex-hau-sted on my sick-bed  
2. And when me to my grave you're bringing, Then fol - low af - ter, man by man, Let no sad fun - ral bells be

sing-ing, Be - lieve me, then my end is nigh. But die I this day or to - mor-row, My  
ring-ing, But tink - ling glass-es be our plan. And on my tomb-stone be in - scrib-ed, "This

tes - ta - ment's al - ready made: My bur - ial from your hands I'll bor - row, But without splendor or pa - ride.  
man was born, lived, drank and died. And now he lies here who in - bib-ed, In all life's joy the pur - ple tide."

## Drifting

CLARIBEL

Andante espressivo

*p*

1. Drear-i-ly drift the shad-ows O - ver my life a - gain; Heav-i-ly in my bo- som  
 2. Life is a wea-ry jour-ney, Time is so dark and cold; Vain-ly I've grasped for sun-beams,

Throbs the might-y pain. O - ver earth's drear-y des-ert, Lone-ly and un- ca- ressed  
 Shad-ows are all I hold. Hearts that I loved are faith-less, Lips that my own have pressed

Roams my wea-ry spir-it, Vain - ly seek-ing rest; Fear-ful-ly here I'm tread-ing,  
 Lie in the tomb's sad si - lence Where I, too, long to rest; Fear-ful-ly here I'm tread-ing,

Wea-ri-ly here I wait. Beau-ti-ful an - gel war-dens, O - pen the pearl - y gate.

*mf*      *dim.*      *mf*      *p*

## Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes

W.A. MOZART

Andante

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

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

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

## The Dustman

J. L. MOLLOY

Andante

When the toys are grow-ing  
smiles the good old  
Dust-man, in their eyes the dust he  
throws, Till their  
nur-sry still re-ech-oes to the  
lit - tle heads are fall-ing, and their  
chil-dren's mer-ry din; Then un  
mer-ry eyes must close; Then the  
Dust-man, ver-y  
no-ticed comes an old man up the stair,  
gen-tly, takes each lit - tle dimpled hand,  
Light-ly to the chil-dren pass- es, Lays his  
Leads them through the sweet green for-ests, far a  
hand up - on their hair. Soft-ly land, far a-way in slumber-land, far a-way in slumber-land.  
way in slum-ber rit.

"ERMINIE"

## Dream Song

E. JAKOBOWSKI

Allegretto

Song of joy, song of cheer, Song of prom-ise, soft and clear. Sweet sounds that fill  
the tran-quil grove, Glad joyous trill of hope and love. Song of joy, song of cheer,  
Song of promise soft and clear, Sounds that fill the tran-quil grove, Glad joyous trill of hope and love  
rit.

Adagio cantabile

## Evening

L.VON BEETHOVEN

1. Shades of eve - ning now de - scend, And twi - light  
 2. Peace - ful hour when toil is o'er, In gen - tie

glooms o'er friend - ship's all bond are steal - ing, Dis - tant mur - murs  
 - ship's all bond are steal - ing, Dis - tant mur - murs

soft - ly blend more With Are far bright - off chimes so smiles our sweet - ly in - peal - ing.  
 hearth - once more Are bright - off chimes so smiles our sweet - ly in - peal - ing.

rit. e dim.

## Embarrassment

FRANZ ABT

Andantino

1. To tell thee something I am yearn-ing, Yet how to speak it know not well; Yet  
 2. To thee with joy would I be sing - ing, A song which in my heart is heard; But

would'st thou still the clue be learn - ing, I on - ly could as an - swer tell; I  
 still my lips are on - ly bring - ing, One soul - felt, ten - der plead-ing word: I

Molto espressivo

love thee dar - ling faith - ful - ly, Love thee, and on - ly thee, I

love thee dar - ling faith - ful - ly, Love thee, and on - ly thee!

# Erin Is My Home

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*Andante espressivo*

1. Oh! I have roam'd in ma - ny lands, And ma - ny friends I've met; Not  
 2. In E - rin's Isle there's man-ly hearts, And bos - oms pure as snow; In

cresc.

one fair scene or kind - ly smile Can this fond heart for-get; But I'll con-fess that I'm con-  
 E - rin's Isle there's right good cheer, And hearths that ev - er glow, In E - rin's Isle I'd pass my

dim.

tent,) No more I wish to roam; Oh! steer my bark to E - rin's Isle, For

E - rin is my home, Oh! steer my bark to E - rin's Isle, For E - rin in my home.

*cresc.*

*dim.*

# Ellen Bayne

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

*Andante*

1. Soft be thy slum-bers, Rude cares de-part, Vis - ions in num-bers cheer thy young heart.  
 2. Dream not in an - guish, dream not in fear; Love shall not lan-guish; Fond ones are near.

Dream on, while bright hours and fond hopes re-main, Bloom - ing like smil-ingbow'r's for thee Ellen Bayne.  
 Sleep-ing or wak - ing, In pleas-ure or pain, Warm hearts will beat for thee, Sweet Ellen Bayne.

*CHORUS*

Gentle slumbers o'er thee glide, Dreams of beauty round thee bide, While I linger by thy side, Sweet Ellen Bayne.

*cresc.*

*dim.*

## Eton Boating Song

By A.D.E.W.

**Allegretto**

*mf*

1. Jol - ly boat-ing weather,  
2. Oth-ers will fill our places,

And a hay har-vest breeze,  
Dress'd in the old light blue,  
Blade We'll re-col-

on the feather, lect our ra-ces,  
Shade We'll to the off flag be trees, true,  
And Swing, youth will be swing to - still in our

geth-er fa - ces, With your backs be - tween your E - ton knees, crew,  
When we cheer for an And Swing, youth will be

*cresc.*

swing to - geth - er, With your backs be - tween your E - ton knees.  
still in our fa - ces, When we cheer for an And crew.

*cresc.*

## Ellie Rhee

SEPTIMUS WINNER

**Andante espressivo**

*mf*

1. Sweet El - lie Rhee, so dear to me, Is lost for ev - er - more; Our home was down in  
2. Oh, why did I from day to day Keep wishing to be free, And from my mas - sa

**REFRAIN**

Ten - nes-see, Be - fore dis cru-el war. Then car - ry me back to Ten - nes-see,  
run a - way, And leave my El - lie Rhee.

Back where I long to be; A - mong the fields of yel - low corn; To my dar - ling El - lie Rhee.

## Ever Of Thee

FOLEY HALL

Moderato

*mf*

1. Ev-er of thee I'm fond-ly dream-ing. Thy gen-tle voice my spir-it can cheer;  
 2. Ev-er of thee, when sad and lone-ly, Wand-ring a-far my soul joy'd to dwell;

Thou art the star that, mild-ly beam-ing, Shone o'er my path when all was dark and drear:  
 Ah! then I felt I loved thee on - ly, All seemed to fade be-fore af-fec-tion's spell;

Still in my heart thy form I cher-ish, Ev'-ry kind thot like a bird flies to thee. Ah!  
 Years have not chill'd the love I cher-ish, True as the stars hath my heart been to thee. Ah!

nev-er till life and mem-ry per-ish, Can I for-get how dear thou art to me: Morn, noon and night, wher-  
 nev-er till life and mem-ry per-ish, Can I for-get how dear thou art to me: Morn, noon and night, wher-

e'er I may be, Fond-ly I'm dream-ing ev-er of thee; Fond-ly I'm dream-ing ev-er of thee.  
 Fond-ly I'm dream-ing ev-er of thee; Fond-ly I'm dream-ing ev-er of thee.

## Evening Hymn

JOHN HATTON

Andante

*mf*

1. Glo-ry to Thee, my God this night, For all the bless-ings of the light:  
 2. For-give me, Lord, for Thy dear Son, The ills that I this day have done:

Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings, Un-der Thine own Al-might-y wings.  
 That with the world, my self, and Thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

## Emmett's Lullaby

J.K. EMMETT

Andante

1. Close your eyes, Le - na, my dar-ling, While I sing your lul-la - by, Fear thou no dan-ger, Le-na,  
 2. Bright be de morn-ing, my dar-ling, Ven you ope your eyes Sun-beams glowall'round you, Le-na,

Move not, dear Le - na, my darling, For your brood-er watch-es nigh you, Le-na dear. An-gels guide thee,  
 Peace be with thee, love, my darling, Blue and cloudless be the sky for Le-na dear. Birds sing their bright

Le - na dear, my dar-ling, Noth-ing e - vil can come near; Bright-est flow-ers bloom for thee,  
 songs for thee, my dar-ling, Full of sweet-est mel-o - dy; An - gels ev - er hov - er near,

**CHORUS**

Dar - ling sis-ter, dear to me. Go to sleep, go to sleep, my ba - by, My ba - by, my ba - by;  
 Dar - ling sis-ter, dear to me.

Go to sleep, my ba - by, ba - by, oh, bye, Go to sleep, Le - na, sleep.

## Eileen Aroon

Andante

1. When like the ear-ly rose, Ei-leen A - roon! Beau-ty in childhood's blows, Eileen A - roon!  
 2. Is it the laugh-ing eye, Ei-leen A - roon! Is it the tim-id sigh, Eileen A - roon!

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

When, like a di - a - dem, Buds blush a - round the stem, Which is the fair-est gem? Ei-leen A - roon!  
 Is it the tender tone, Soft as the stringed harp's moan? Oh, it is truth a - lone, Ei-leen A - roon!

# Entrance Song

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*"BEGGAR STUDENT"*

E. MILLOCKER

Slow Waltz Tempo

The musical score consists of ten staves of music. The top staff features a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 2/4 time signature. The vocal part begins with "Ha!" followed by "yet this he - ro all vic-tor - ious Who's re - vered -". The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with various chords. Subsequent staves continue the vocal line with lyrics like "high and low Mad-ding thought,a wo-man ven - tur'd to in - flict on", "him a blow! Ev -'ry time that the thought a - ri - ses, pride and fu - ry", "al - most choke me, But soon I'll teach her that I can pun - ish all who dare pro - voke me!", "My deeds e - nor-mi-ty really I can't see,What was there so much a - miss! Ha!", "all I did was to print on her shoul - der a kiss", and "All I did was to print on her shoul - der a kiss!". The piano part includes dynamic markings such as *sempre p*, *dim.*, *pp*, *cresc.*, *dim*, *cresc. e rit.*, *a tempo*, *f*, *sempr*, *cresc.*, and *ff*. The vocal line concludes with a final "Ha!"

# Even Bravest Heart May Swell

*"FAUST"*

CH. GOUNOD

**Andante**

Even bravest heart may swell in the moment  
of farewell, Lov - ing smile of sis - ter kind,  
qui - et home I leave be-hind; Oft shall I  
think of you, when - e'er the wine cup cir - cles round.  
When a lone my watch I keep, and my com - rades  
lie asleep; A mong their arms upon the tent - ed bat - tle ground.

## Evening Prayer

*"HANSEL AND GRETEL"*

**Slowly**

When I lay me down to sleep, Angels guard o'er me doth keep; Two on watch are stay - ing,

Two are soft-ly pray-ing, Two to guard my right hand,— Two to guard my  
 left stand,— Two to slumber take me, Two from slumber wake me, Two who watchful  
 tar-ry, My soul to God to car-ry!

*"TANNHÄUSER"*

Andante

## Evening Star

R. WAGNER

p  
 Thou, star re-splen-dent, puré and bright, 'Mid hu-man life's dull shade — and gloom,' Pour how o'er us thy stream of light,  
 Shine clear from heav-en, As-suage our doom. Ere long a soul to thee — a scend-ing, Grace re-flect thy light ex-tend-ing,

Ere long a soul to thee a - scend - ing, Will grace re -  
flect thy light ex - tend - ing.

**"LUCIA"****Ensanguined and Lurid**

Tempo di Marcia

G. DONIZETTI

*sf*  
En - san - guined and lu - rid the day is a - ri - sing, When ha - tred and fu - ry no  
more need dis - gui - sing, 'Mid light - ning and thun - der I'd rend thee a - sun - der, Though  
de - mons of e - vil would shield thee from harm, The day of my ven - geance no  
*affrettando e cresc.*  
lon - ger shall tar - ry, No earth - ly resis - tance thy doom now can longer a - vert.

**Early To Bed**

ROUND

Slowly

*1mf*

Ear - ly to bed and ear - ly to rise, Makes a man  
health - y and wealth - y and wise, Wise, health - y and wealth - y.

"Rigoletto"

## Ev'ry Flower

G. VERDI

**Allegretto**

mf

Ev'-ry flow - er is e-qual-ly cher- ish'd, ev-'ry thought - of ex-clu - sion

— with-in me I smo - ther, None is dear - er to me than a - no - ther, in their

turn I — for each one would die. Let the fu - ture de-cide who shall bless —

cresc.

me, While I woo ev - 'ry flow - er de-light-ed, If to-day one — my love hath re-

qui- ted, for a - no - ther, a - no - ther to-mor-row I sigh, to-mor - row, for a -

no - ther to-mor-row I sigh!

dim.

mf

## The Evening Bell

**Andante**

dolce.

1. Hark! the peal-ing, soft- ly steal-ing, Eve-night bell, Sweet-ly ech-oed down the dell.  
2. Wel-come, wel-come is thy mu - sic, Sil - v'ry bell, Sweet-ly tell-ing day's fare - well.

pp

## E Pluribus Unum

Moderato

1. Though man-y and bright are the stars that ap-pear In that flag by our country un-furl'd, And the  
 2. From the hour when those pa-tri-ots fear-less-ly flung That ban-ner of star-light a-broad, Ev-er

stripes that are swell-ing in maj-es-ty there, Like a rain-bow a-dorn-ing the world; Their  
 true to themselves, to that mot-to they clung, As they clung to the promise of God; By the

lights are un-sul-lied as those in the sky, By a deed that our fa-thers have done; And they're  
 bay-o-net traced at the mid-night of war, On the fields where our glo-ry was won; Oh!

leagued in as true and as per-ish the heart or the ho-ly a-tie, In their mot-to of "Ma-ny in one."  
 hand that would mar Our mot-to of "Ma-ny in one."

## Edite, Bibite

Vivo

1. Loud let the glasses clink, Drink deep, nor spare the flowing bowl! The man who fears to drink Has no true  
 2. This is the stu-dent's hour, The stern pro-fessor's work is done; We own no oth-er pow'r Save wine and

sf CHORUS sf sf

soul. song. E-di-te, bi-bi-te col-le-gi-a-les, Post mul-ta soe-cu-la, po-cul-la nul-la.

## Ecce Quam Bonum

Maestoso

f Ec-ce quam bo-num, quam-que ju-cun-dum, ha-bi-ta-re crese. rit. ff

Ec-ce quam bo-num, quam-que ju-cun-dum, ha-bi-ta-re fra-tres in u-num.

H.B. FARNIE

## Farewell Forever

131

M. CONNELLY

**Moderato**

1. All night thro' thy slumbers my pas-sion-ate numbers, Have thrill'd to thy dreaming heart, Till  
2. My heart wild-ly beat-ing would hear thee re-peat-ing Thy vow, thou art mine a - lone. And

drawn far by my sor-row, Thou wak'st with the mor-row, To know that this hour we part The  
o'er the bil-low, My dream haunt-ed pil-low, Shall bring thee a - gain mine own. One

cresc.

dews of last touch on my hand, one kiss on my plain, Yet on my O-ver!and cheeks tears are fall-ing like rain.  
night are dry on the brow, thou art a mem-o-ry now.

rit.

Oh! Oh! Farewell for ev-er, Farewell to thee! Mountains may sever, ma-ny a

lea! Bright tho' our dream-ing, 'Twas not to be, Fare-well, my own, to thee!

## The Farewell

LUDWIG von BEETHOVEN

**Adagio**

1. Fare thee well, thou true and lov-ing heart-ed! Brief and few our last sad words must  
2. Thou may'st prize each fond and sim-ple to - ken, Though wide seas between us dark - ly

be; Oh! when I am gone, when far we're part-ed, Mem-ry may bring back past joys to thee.  
roll; Ev'-ry ten-der truth these lips have spo-ken, Deeply hid with-in thy faith ful soul.

## For You

SYDNEY SMITH

Andante espressivo

*mf*

1. They say the year has swallow's wings, But mine have leaden feet, Since last we stood and said "good-bye," That  
 2. They told me if we linked our lives, That you would rue the day, And when the sorrows gathered round, Your

eve in June-tide sweet; I read the an-guish in your eyes, As sad you turned a-way, But oh! you guess'd not  
 love would pass a way. But had I known what life would be When ev'ry hope had fled, Those cru-el words I

Lento

what I bore, The tears I could not stay. For you! for you! my dar - ling, I spoke those words un - true,  
 spoke that night, Had ne'er by me been said.

I left you, tho' I loved you, And broke my heart for you! For you, for you, my dar - ling, I

*cresc.* *f* *rit.* *dim.*  
 spoke those words un - true, I left you, tho' I loved you, And broke my heart for you.

## Farewell Song

Moderato

1. A last good - bye! The part - ing hour draws near - er, So  
 2. For - get us not! This word shall be the to - ken, Our

*cresc.* *ff*  
 grows our friend-ship dear - er, Fare - well, kind friends Fare - well for aye!  
 faith shall not be bro - ken. For - get us not! For - get us not!

"MIKADO"

## The Flowers That Bloom In The Spring

Allegro

A. SULLIVAN

*mf*

1. The flow-ers that bloom in the spring, Tra la, Breathe pro-mise of mer-ry sun-shine. As we  
 2. The flow-ers that bloom in the spring, Tra la, Have noth-ing to do with the case. I've

*cresc.*

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

*dim.*

summer of ro-ses and wine, Of a summer of ro-ses and wine; And that's what we mean when we  
 ca - ri - ca-ture of a face, With a ca - ri - ca-ture of a face; And that's what we mean when I

*cresc.*

say that a thing Is wel-come as flowers that bloom in the spring.Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, The  
 say, or I sing, "Oh, bo-ther the flowers that bloom in the spring.Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, Oh

flow-ers that bloom in the spring.) Tra la la la la Tra la la la la, — Tra la la la la la! —

*p*

## Forget-Me-Not

Andante sostenuto

G. GRABEN-HOFFMANN

*p*

1. I look on thee, thou lit - tle flow'r Be-pearl'd with fresh - est morn-ing dew, And in my  
 2. And as I go, I leave my love, a sweet - est wish to cheer thy lot, To thy dear

*accel.*

breast a star - let shinesWith rays that match thy leaves of blue, With rays that match thy leaves of blue.  
 eyes, my heart re-plies, In ten-drest tones,"for-get - me-not" In ten-drest tones,"for-get - me-not!"

*rit. e espressivo*

## Flower Song

GUSTAV LANGE

Lento espressivo

*p*

Sweet ro - ses fair per-fume the air, In boundless pro-fu - sion ev 'ry where; And  
vi - olets wild, with scent - so mild, En-rich - the balm-y air, But  
when win-ter comes, the flow'rs are gone, Scat-ter'd the rose - leaves lie,  
No more sweet vio - lets raise their heads, For then they all must die, all \_ must  
die, all must die! Then beau-ti-ful Spring for earth will takewing, And bring once a-gain each  
beau - teouthing, The ro - ses once more will cling round the door, And glad songs this earth will ring.

*rit.e dim.*

## The Fairy Ring

Moderato

*mf*

1. Let us laugh, and let us sing, Dan-cing in a mer-ry-ring; Well be fai-ries on the green, Sporting round the fairy queen.  
2. Like the sea-sons of the year, Round we circle glad-ly here: I'll be Summer, you'll be Spring, Dancing in a fairy-ring.

# Flag Of The Free

**Tempo marcia**

1. Flag of the Free! fair-est to see! Bornethro' the strife and the thunder of war, Banner so  
 2. Flag of the Free! all turn to thee, Gold-en thy stars in the blue of their sky! Flag of the

Cho. Flag of the Free, all hail to thee! Floating the fair-est on o-cean or shore, Loudring the

bright brave! with star-ry light, Float ev-er proudly from mountain to shore.  
 foes, let them rave, Crimson thy bars floating gai-ly on high!

cry, ne'er let it die, Un-ion and Lib-er-ty now ev-er-more!"

1. Fine.

Sa - ges of old thy com-ing fore-saw, Em-pire of jus-tice, em-pire of law;  
 Splen-did thy sto-ry, might-y to save, Match-less thy beau-ty, on land or wave,

Flag of our fa-thers! round all the world, Blest of the mill-i-ons wher-ev-er un-furled;  
 He-roes have borne thee a-loft in the fray, Foe-men who scorned thee have all passed a-way;

D.C.

Terror to ty-rants, hope to the slave, Spread thy fair folds to shield and to save,  
 Pride of our coun-try, hailed from a-far, Ban-ner of Prom-ise, lose not a star,

# Far O'er Hill And Dell

J.R. PLANCHE

**Allegretto**

1. Far, far o'er hill and dell, On the wind steal-ing, List to the con-vent bell Mournful-ly peal-ing.  
 2. Now thro'the charmed air, Slow-ly as-cend-ing, List to the chanted prayer Sol-emn-ly blend-ing;

Hark! hark! it seems to say, "As melt these sounds a-way, So life's best joys de-cay, Sadness re-veal-ing"  
 Hark! hark! it seems to say, "Turn from such joys a-way, To those which ne'er de-cay, Tho'life be end-ing"

## Fairy-Belle

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Moderato

*mf*

1. The pride of the vil-lage, and the fair-est in the dell, Is the queen of my song, and her  
 2. She sings to the meadows and she car-ols to the streams; She laughs in the sun-light, and

*cresc.*

*dim.*

name is Fair-y - Belle; The sound of her light step may be heard up-on the hill, Like the  
 smiles while in her dreams; Her hair, like the this-tle-down, is borne up-on the air, And her

*mf*

fall of the snowdrops or the dripping of the rill. Fair-y-Belle, gentle Fair-y-Belle, The star of the night and the  
 heart, like the hummingbirds is free from ev'ry care.

lil-y of the day, Fair-y-Belle, The queen of all the dell, Long may she rev-el on her bright, sunny way.

## Farewell, My Lilly Dear

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Moderato

*mf*

1. Oh! Lil - ly dear it grieves me, The tale I have to tell: Old mas-sa sends me  
 2. I's gwine to roam the wide world, In lands I nev-er hoed; With noth-ing but my

roam - ing, So, Lil - ly, fare you well! Oh! fare you well, my true love, Fare-  
 ban - jo, To cheer me on the road, For when I'm sad and wea - ry, I'll

well, old Ten-nes - see; Then let me weep for you, love, But do not weep for me.  
 make the ban - jo play, To mind me of my true love, When I am far a - way.

# The Faded Coat Of Blue

187

J.H. McNAUGHTON

Slowly

*mf*

1. My brave lad sleeps in his fad-ed coat of blue; In a lone-ly grave un-known lies the  
 2. He cried, "Give me wa - ter and just a lit- tle crumb, And my moth-er she will bless you thro'

*cresc.*

*dim.*

heart that beat so true. He sank faint and hun-gry a- mong the fam-ish'd brave, And they all the years to come; Oh! tell my sweet sis - ter, so gen-tle, good and true, That I'll

*cresc.*

*dim.*

laid him sad and lone - ly with - in his name-less grave. No more the bu - gle meet her up in Heav'n, in my fad-ed coat of blue."

calls the wea-ry one, Rest, no-ble spir-it, in thy grave un-known! I'll find you, and know you, a-

*rit.*

mong the good and true, When a robe of white is giv'n for the fad-ed coat of blue.

# Father, Whate'er Of Earthly Bliss

LOWELL MASON

Andante

1. Fa - ther, what - e'er of earth - ly bliss Thy Sov - 'reign will de - nies,  
 2. Give me a calm and thank - ful heart, From ev - 'ry mur - mur free;

Ac - cept - ed at Thy throne of grace im - part, Let this pe - ti - tion rise.  
 The bless - ings of Thy grace im - part, And make me live to Thee.

## Flee As A Bird

MARY S. B. DANA

Andante

*mf*

1. Flee as a bird to your moun-tain, Thou who art weary of sin; Go to the clear fall-ing foun-tain, He will for-sake thee, Oh, nev-er,  
 2. Hewillprotecttheefer ev-er, Wipe ev-e-ry falling tear;

Where you may wash and be clean; Fly for th'a-venger is near thee, Call, and the Saviour will hear thee, Shel-tered so ten-der-ly there! Haste then, the hours are fly-ing, Spend not the moments in sigh-ing,

a tempo rit.

He on His bosom will bear thee; Oh, thou who art wea-ry of sin, Oh, thou who art wea-ry of sin.  
 Cease from your sorrow and cry-ing, The Saviour will wipe ev-ry tear, The Sav-iour will wipe ev-ry tear.

## Fairest Lord Jesus

C. ELVIN HAUPT

Moderato

*p*

1. Fair-est Lord Je-sus! Sovereign of all things! Son of God, and in man come down!  
 2. Fair are the for-ests, yet more fair the green fields In the spring-time's beauteous day:

Thee will I love, and fair-er, Thee will I hon-or: Thou art my soul's bright Joy and Crown.  
 Je-sus is Je-sus is tru-er, 'Tis He our sorrowing hearts make gay.

## From Ill Do Thou Defend Me

J. S. BACH

Maestoso

1. From ill do Thou de-fend me; Re-ceive me, lead me home; Thy love full oft in  
 2. New bless-ings dai-ly send me; From Thee all good things come.

kind-ness hath milk and honey giv'n; O heal my mor-tal blind-ness, And fix my heart on Heav'n.

## Forsaken

TH. KOSCHAT

Andante

1. For - sa - ken, for - sa - ken, for - sa - ken am I Like a stone on the pathway, neg -  
 2. Near a knoll in the for-est, where sweetflowers bloom, My sweetheart is sleep-ing in

lect - ed I lie. To the church-yard there yon-der so sad - ly I go And there low-ly  
 mos-sy cov-er'd tomb: So there oft - en I wander to weep and to sigh And mur - mur to

kneel-ing I pour out my woe, And there low-ly kneel-ing I pour out my woe.  
 her there, "For - sa - ken am I," And mur - mur to her there "For - sa - ken am I."

## Fox and Goose

Moderato

1. Foxyou'vestolen my graygander, Bet - terbringhimback, Bet - terbringhimback! There'sa hunter  
 2. Soon he will, his ri - fle showing Shootyouin the head, Shootyou in the head! Fast thereddrops

watch-ing yon-der, He is on your track, There'sa hun - ter watch-ing yon-der, He is on your track.  
 will be flowing, Youwillthenbe dead, Fast the reddrops will be flow-ing, Youwillthenbe dead.

## Forty-Nine Bottles

Moderato

1. For-ty nine bot-tles hang-ing on the wall, For - ty-nine bottles hang-ing on the wall,  
 2,3 etc. For - ty eight bot-tles etc.

Take one a-way from them all, For - ty-eight bot-tles hang-ing on the wall.

Allegro marcato

## Free America

1. That seat of sci - ence, Ath - ens, and earth's proud mis-tress, Rome, Where now are all their  
 2. We led fair Frank-lin hith - er, and lo! the des-ert smiled, A par-a-dise of

glo - ries? we scarce can find a tomb; Then guard your rights, A - mer - i - cans, Nor  
 pleas - ure, Was o - pen'd to the world; Your har - vest, bold A - mer - i - cans, No

dim.

stoop to law - less sway, Op - pose, op - pose, op - pose, — for North A - mer - i - ca.  
 pow'r shall snatch a - way, Huz - za, huz - za, huz - za — for free A - mer - i - ca.

## Farewell, O Joyous, Sunny Grove

Moderato

1. Fare - well, O joy - ous, sun - ny grove, Fare - well, fare - well! Too  
 2. Fare - well, O for - est great and grand, Fare - well, fare - well! Fare -

soon, I hear the part - ing knell, Fare - well, fare - well! Up -  
 well, O flow'rs, a ra - diant band, Fare - well, fare - well! And

on the a - zure of the sky My spir - it's sad - ness seems to lie Fare -  
 may your per - fume, strange-ly sweet, Some oth - er wea - ry wand'rer greet, Fare -

cresc.

rit. dim.

well, fare - well.  
 well, fare - well.

# Flow Gently, Sweet Afton

141

ROBERT BURNS

J. E. SPILMAN

*Allegretto*

1. Flow gen-tly sweet Afton, a-mang thy green braes; Flow gen-tly, I'll sing thee a song in thy  
2. How loft-y sweet Afton, thy neighbor-ing hills, Far marked with the cours-es of clear-wind-ing

praise; My Ma-ry's a - sleep by thy mur-mur-ing stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet Afton dis-turb not her  
rills! There dai-ly I wan-der as morn ris-es high, My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my

dream. Thou stock-dove, whose eech-o re-sounds from the hill, Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny  
eye. How pleas-ant thy banks and green val-leys be-low, Where wild in the woodlands the primroses

dell, Thou green crest-ed lapwing, thy screaming for-bear, I charge you, dis-turb not my slumbering fair.  
blow! There oft, as mild evening creeps o-ver the lea, The sweet-scent-ed birk shades my Ma-ry and me.

## Farewell

*Andante*

F. SILCHER

I to-mor-row, love, must go, Fare-well I must leave thee; Thus to part thou

love-ly one, Bit-ter-ly doth grieve me. I so true-ly have loved thee,

Far be-yond all mea-sure, How can I then leave thee, Who art all my trea-sure?

## Flowers For The Brave

E.W. CHAPMAN

Andantino

1. Once a - gain the flowers we gath- er On these sa - cred mounds to lay; O'er the  
 2. But these brave men now are sleep-ing While their deeds in mem-o - ry live, And the

erese.

dim. mf

tombs of fall-en he - roes Float the stars and stripes to - day. From the moun-tain, hill, and  
 trib - ate we are bringing 'Tis the na - tion's joy to give. Bring we here the gold and

val - ley, Is - sued forth a no - ble throng, With he - ro - ic val - or fight-ing Till was  
 pur - ple, Scar - let, blue, and lil - y white, Tas-sels from the sil - ver birch - es And the

heard the vic - tor's song. With he - ro - ic val - or fight-ing Till was heard the vic - tor's song.  
 tu - lips gay and bright. Tas-sels from the sil - ver birch - es And the tu - lips gay and bright.

rit.

## Far Away

M. LINDSAY

Andante

1. Where is now the mer-ry par - ty, I re - mem - ber long a - go; Laughing round the Christ-mas fireside Brighten -  
 2. Some have gone to lands far distant, And with strangers made their home; Some up - on the world of waters All their

by its rud - dy glow: Or in summer's balmy evenings, In the field up - on the hay? They have  
 lives are forced to roam; Some are gone from us for - ev - er, Longer here they might not stay, They have

all dispers'd, and wander'd Far a - way, far a-way, They have all dispers'd, and wander'd Far a - way, far a-way.  
 reached a fair - er re - gion Far a - way, far a-way, They have reached a fair - er re - gion Far a - way, far a-way.

# Five O'clock In The Morning

143

CLARIBEL

**Allegretto**

1. The dew lay glit-tring o'er the grass, A mist lay o - ver the brook; At the ear-liest beam of the  
2. And Bessie, the milkmaid, merri-ly sang, The meadows were fresh and fair, And the breeze of morn - ing

gold - en sun The swal - low her nest for - sook; The snow - y blooms of the haw-thorn-tree Lay  
kissed her brow And played with her nut-brown hair. But oft she turned and looked a - round, As

thick-ly the ground a - dorn - ing, The birds were singing in ev - 'ry bush, At five o'clock in the  
if the si - lence scorn-ing; Twas time for the mower to whet his scythe, At five o'clock in the

morn - ing; The birds were sing-ing in ev - 'ry bush, At five o - 'clock in the morn - ing.  
morn - ing; Twas time for the mower to whet his scythe, At five o - 'clock in the morn - ing.

## Fanny

**Andante**

*mf*                          *cresc.*                          *dim.*

1. Oh Fan - ny is - more fair Than flow - 'rets sweet and rare; Nor in the world you'll  
2. The waves of Neath shall roll Back to their source e'er my fond soul Shall change through weal or

*welsh Song*

find - A no-blter heart and mind! The po - ets in their lays With one voice all sing in praise Of  
woe, Though they the world o'er-flow; Though time himself grows old, Yet my heart shall neer grow cold, The

her, though language fails to tell What charms within her dwell!  
char-ming girl is all too dear, My Fan - ny is so fair!

## Farmyard Song

ED. GRIEG

**Allegretto**

Come out, snow-white lamb-kin, come out, calf and cow, come Puss, with your kit-ten, the  
 sun's shin-ing now, Come out, yel-low duck-ling, come out, downy chick-ling, that scarcely can sprawl, come  
 out at my call! Come, pi-geons a - coo-ing, fly out for your woo-ing! The dew's on the grass, come  
 out ere it pass! For soon, too soon the sum-mer it pass-es, and call but Au-tumn, be-hold him!

## Fair As The Morning

G. E. ROOT

**Moderato**

Fair as the morn-ing, bright as the day, Vis-ion of beau-ty, fade not a-way, O - ver the mountain,  
 2. An-ge-l of slum-ber, bright as the day, Vis-ion of beau-ty, tar - ry for aye: Chase from my spir-it  
 o - ver the sea, shadows of care, Come in sweet dreams to me. Far and wide the e-choes roll a-long, While the day-world  
 sings its bu-sy song; But what are all its la - bors to me, Un - der the Dream-land tree.

# Follow Me, Full Of Glee

**Allegro**

1. Chil-dren go, to and fro,  
2. Birds are free, so are we,

In' a mer - ry, pret - ty row: Foot-steps light, fa - ces bright,  
And we live as hap - pi - ly; Work we do, stud - y, too,

'Tis a hap - py, hap - py sight; Swift-ly turn - ing round and round, Do not look up - on the ground;  
Learn-ing dai - ly some-thing new; Then we laugh, and dance, and sing, Gay as birds or an-y-thing.

**CHORUS**

Fol - low me, full of glee, Sing - ing mer - ri - ly.  
Fol - low me, full of glee, Sing - ing mer - ri - ly.

Sing-ing mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly,  
Sing-ing mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly.

Sing-ing mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, Fol - low me, full of glee, Sing - ing mer - ri - ly.

# Fiddle-de-dee

**Allegretto**

1. Fid - dle - de - dee, Fid - dle - de - dee, The fly has mar - ried the bum - ble - bee.  
2. Fid - dle - de - dee, Fid - dle - de - dee, The fly has mar - ried the bum - ble - bee.

Says the fly, says he, "Will you mar - ry me? And live with me, Sweet bum - ble bee?"  
Says the bee, says she, "I'll live un-der your wing, And you'll nev - er know I car - ry a sting."

Fid - dle - de - dee, Fid - dle - de - dee, The fly has mar - ried the bum - ble - bee.

## Fair Harvard

Andante

*mf*

1. Fair Har-vard! thy sons to thy ju - bi-lee throng, And with blessings surrend're thee o'er, By these  
 2. To thy bow'r's we were led in the bloom of our youth, From the home of our infantile years, When our

fes - ti - val rites, from the fa - thers had warnd, and our age that is past, To the moth - ers had pray'd And our age that is wait - ing be - fore, O tears! Thou

rel - ic and type of our then were our pa-rent, the an - ces-tor's worth, That has nurse of our souls, We were long kept their mem-o - ry mould-ed to man-hood by warm, First thee, Till

flow'r of their wil - der-ness, freight-ed with treasure tho'ts, star of their night, Calm friendships and hopes, Thou didst launch us on Des - ti - ny's sea, ris - ing thro' change and thro' storm!

## Fine Old English Gentleman

*To be recited*

1. I'll sing you an oid bal-lad that was made by an old pate, Of a poor old Eng-lishgen-tle-man, who  
 2. His hall so old washung around with pikes, and guns, and bows, With swords and good old bucklers, that had

had an old es-tate; He kept a brave old mansion at a boun-ti - ful old rate, With a doubl - et and trunk hose, And

good old por-ter to relieve the old man at his gate, Like a fine old Englishgentleman, all of the old-en time. quaffed a cup of good old wine to warm his good old nose, Like a fine old Englishgentleman, all of the old-en time.

# The Flag Of Our Union Forever

Tempo Marcia

WM. VINCENT WALLACE

1. A song for our ban - ner, the watch-word re-call, Which gave the Re-pub - lic her  
 2. What God in His in - fi - nite wis - dom designed, And armed with the wea-pons of

sta-tion, "U - nit-ed we stand, di - vid-ed we fall," It made and preserv'd us a na-tion.  
 thunder, Not all the earth's despots or fac-tions combined, Have the pow'r to con-quer or sunder.

**CHORUS**

The un - ion of lakes, the un - ion of lands, the un - ion of states none can sev-er, The  
 un - ion of hearts, the un - ion of hands, And the flag of our Un - ion for - ev - er.

# The Farmer

Allegretto

Shall I show you how the farm-er, shall I show you how the farm-er, Shall I show you how the

farm-er sows his bar - ley and wheat? Look,tis so, so that the farm-er, look,tis

so, so that the farm-er, Look,tis so, so that the farm-er sows his bar-ley and wheat.

## Forever And Forever

F. P. TOSTI

*Moderato assai*

1. I think of all thou art to me I dream of what thou canst not be My life is  
we had nev-er met I had been spared this mad re-gret, This end-less

*piu animato*

cursed with thoughts of thee, For-ev-er and for-ev-er. My heart is full of grief and  
striv-ing to for-get, For-ev-er and for-ev-er. Per-chance if thou wert far a-

*a tempo*

woe, I see thy face where'er I go, I would a-las! it were not so, For-ev-er  
way, Did I not see thee day by day I might a-gain be blithe and gay, For-ev-er

*rit.*

and for-ev-er 2. Per-chance if er. Ah! no! I could not bear the pain Of

*cresc.*

nev-er see-ing thee a-gain, I cling to thee with might and main, For-ev-er and for-

*rit.e dim.*

*Lento e pp*

ev-er Ah! leave me not! I love but thee! Bless-ing or curse which e'er thou

*cresc.*

be; Oh, be as thou hast been to me For-ev-er and for-ev-er!

# Funiculi, Funicula

149

L. DENZA

Allegro

*mf*

1. Some think the world is made for fun and frolic, And so do I!  
 2. Ah me! 'tis strange that some should take to sighing, And like it well!

*f*

— And so do I! Some think it well to be all melancholic, To pine and So cannot  
 — And like it well! For me, I have not thought it worth the trying,

*f*

sigh; To pine and sigh; But I I love to spend my time in singing,  
 tell! So can-not tell! With laugh, with dance and song the day soon passes—

*f*

Some joy-ous song, Some joy-ous song, To set the air with mu-sic brave-ly  
 Full soon is gone, Full soon is gone, For mirth was made for joyous lads and

*f*

ring-ing lass-es Is far from wrong! Is far from wrong! Lis - ten, lis - ten,  
 To call their own! To call their own! Lis - ten, lis - ten,

*cresc.*

Ech - oes sound a - far! Lis - ten, lis - ten, Ech - oes sound a - far! Fu-ni - cu -  
 Hark the soft gui - tar! Lis - ten, lis - ten, Hark the soft gui - tar! Fu-ni - cu -

*cresc.*

li, fu-ni - cu - la, fu-ni - cu - li, fu-ni - cu - la! Echoes sound a - far, Fu-ni - cu - la, fu-ni - cu - la!  
 li, fu-ni - cu - la, fu-ni - cu - li, fu-ni - cu - la! Hark the soft gui - tar? Fu-ni - cu - la, fu-ni - cu - la!

## The Future Mrs. Awkins

A. CHEVALIER

Moderato

1. I know a lit - tle do - ner, I'm a - bout to own 'er, She's a - goin' to mar - ry  
 2. I shan't for - git our meet - in', "G' - arn" was her greet - in', "Just yer mind what you're a -

me. bout!" At 'Er fust she said she would - n't, then she said she could - n't,  
 pret - ty 'ead she throws up, then she turns her nose up,

Then she whis - per'd, "Well I'll see!" Sez I, "Be Mis - sis 'Aw - kins  
 Say - in "Let me go, I'll shout!" "I like your style" sez Li - zer

Mis - sis 'En - 'ry 'Aw - kins, Or a - crost the seas I'll roam, So  
 Thought as I'd sur - pris'e 'er, Cop 'er round the waist like this! Sez

'elp me bob I'm cra - zy, Li - zer you're a dai - sy, Won't yer share me 'um - ble  
 she, "I must be dream-in;" chuck it, I'll start scream - in;" "If yer do," sez I "I'll

rit. e<sup>t</sup> dim. CHORUS

'ome? "Won't yer?" Oh! Li - zer! Sweet Li - zer! If you die an old maid you'll 'ave  
 kiss. "Now then"

on - ly your - self to blame D'year Li - zer! Dear Li - zer! 'Ow d'yer fancy 'Awkins for yer oth - er name?

Adapted

## Funeral Song Of The Nation

151

FR. CHOPIN

Lento

Muffled the drum, muffled the drum, Heroes borne home while hearts and hopes are numb, Heroes borne home while  
 hearts and hopes are numb; Sav-iours of the land, Grim, dé-vot-ed band, Now let them rest, who for  
 coun-tr-y gave their best. Sav-iours of the land Grim, de-vot-ed band, Now let them rest, who for  
 coun-tr-y gave their best, For them, an - gelic songs are sound-ing From skies a - bove in joy re-sounding!  
 Let them rest, Let them rest, Those who for coun-tr-y and home gave their best!

## The First Nowell

Old Carol

Moderato

1. The first Nowell the an-gel did say, Was to cer-tain poor shepherds in fields as they  
 2. They looked a - bove, and there saw a star, As it shone in the East but be-yond them a -  
 3. And by the light of that same bright star There were three wise men came from the east country  
 lay In fields where they lay keep-ing their sheep, On a cold winter's night, that was so deep  
 far; And to the earth it gave forth great light, And con-tin-u - ed so both day and night  
 far; To seek the King it was their in - tent, And to fol-low the star wher-ever it went.

## CHORUS

Now - ell, Now - ell, Now - ell, Now - ell, Born is the King of Is - ra - el.

## Flag Of '76

O. S. MATTESON

Moderato

1. Our bright, star-ry flag, let us fling to the breeze, With its col - ors of red, white and  
 2. Do we dream o'er the past with its toil and its tears, Ere was flung out the red, white and

blue, — That time hon - ored em - bl em our fore - fa - thers won With the  
 blue, — Those dark days of pain to those grand-heart - ed men, As they

blood of the brave and the true; It has float - ed proud - ly forth o'er the  
 plann'd for the brave and the true; Just a hun - dred years a - go, how they

foam-crest - ed wave, Till a world owns it peer - less and grand, First in  
 toiled for the right, How they fought, how they bled, how they died, But they

war, first in peace, like the sun shall it reign, While Col - um-bia's stargleams out o'er the land.  
 won, yes, they won, and the flag kiss'd the breeze, All tri - umphant o'er the land and the tide.

CHORUS

Then fling out its folds, ex - ult-ant on the air, And join the march of loy - al men and true, And Col -

um - bi - a's watch-word shall ev - er be, God bless our na - tion's red, white and blue.

### From Greenland's Icy Mountains

Andante

LOWELL MASON

1. From Green-land's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's cor - al strand, Where Af - ric's sun - ny  
2. What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle; Though ev - 'ry pros - pect

foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand; From many an an - cient riv - er, From  
pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile; In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The

many a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.  
gifts of God are strown: The hea - then in his blind - ness Bows down to wood and stone.

### Funeral Dirge

Grave

G. F. HANDEL

1. Un - veil thy bos - om, faith - ful tomb; Take this new treas - ure to thy  
2. Nor pain, nor grief, nor anx - ious fear, In - vase thy bounds, no mor - tal

trust, And give these sa - cred rel - ics room To slum - ber in the si - lent  
woes Can reach the peace - ful sleep - er here, While an - gels watch the soft re -

dust; And give these sa - cred rel - ics room To slum - ber in the si - lent dust,  
pose; Can reach the peace - ful sleep - er here, While an - gels watch the soft re - pose.

## Good-Bye

J.C. ENGELBRECHT

Moderato

*mf*

1. Fare-well, fare-well is a lone-ly sound And al-ways brings a sigh, But give to me when  
2. Fare-well, fare-well may do for the gay, When pleasure's throng is nigh, But give to me that

loved ones part, That sweet old word, "good-bye," That sweet old word, "good-bye," That  
bet-ter word, That comes from the heart, "good-bye," That comes from the heart, "good-bye," That

sweet old word, "good-bye," But give to me, when loved ones part, That sweet old word, "good-bye."  
comes from the heart, "good-bye," But give to me that bet-ter word, That comes from the heart, "good-bye."

Andante

## Guardian Angels

R. SCHUMANN

*p*

1. When chil-dren lay them down to sleep, Bright an-gels come, their watch to keep,  
2. When morn-ing light be-gins to break, And chil-dren from their sleep a-wake,

Cov-er them up, all safe-ly and warm, Ten-der-ly shield them from ev-'ry harm.  
Still at their side, and all thro' the day, An-gels keep guard as they work and play.

*cresc.*

*dim.*

Andante

## Golden Slumbers

*p*

1. Gold-en slum-bers kiss your eyes, Smiles a-wake you when you rise; Sleep, pret-ty wan-tons,  
2. Care is heav-y, there-fore sleep; You are care, and care must keep; Sleep, pret-ty wan-tons,

do not cry, And I will sing a lul-la-by, Lul-la-by, lul-la-by, lul-la-by

JOHN NEWTON

## Glorious Things Of Thee Are Spoken

155

JOSEPH HAYDN

Moderato

1. Glo-rious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God; He whose word can -  
 2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa-ters, Spring-ing from e - ter-nal love, Well sup - ply thy

not be bro - ken sons and daughters, Form'd thee for His And all fear of own a - bode; On the Rock of Who can faint while A - ges found-ed, such a riv - er

What can shake thy sure re - pose? With sal - va-tion's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes. Ev - er flows their thirst t'assuage? Grace which, like the Lord, the giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.

## Guide Me, Great Jehovah

F. HEROLD

Andante

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho-vah! Pil - grim through this bar-ren land; I am weak, but Thou art  
 2. Op - en now the jerys - tal fountain, Whence the heal - ing waters flow; Let the fier - y cloud-y -

might - y, Hold me with Thy powerful hand: Bread of Heaven, Bread of Heaven, Feed me now and ev - er more. pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney through: Strong De - liv - rer, Strong De - liv - rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.

JOHN BOWRING

## God Is Love, His Mercy Brightens

ITHAMAR CONKEY

1. God is love; His mer - cy bright - ens All the path in which we rove;  
 2. Chance and change are bu - sy ev - er; All Man de - cays, and a - ges move;

Bliss He wakes and woe He light - ens: God is wis - dom, God is love. But His mer - cy wan - eth nev - er: God is wis - dom, God is love.

# Gaudeamus Igitur

Andante

1. Gau-de-a-mus i-gi-tur, Ju-ve-nes dum su-mus; Gau-de-a-mus Tran-se-as ad  
2. U-bi sunt, qui an-te nos, In mun-do fu-e-re?  
i-gi-tur, Ju-ve-nes dum su-mus; Post ju-cun-dam ju-ven-tu-tem, Post moles-tam  
su-per-os, A-be-as ad in-fe-ros;  
se-nec-tu-tem, Nos ha-be-bit hu-mus, Nos ha-be-bit hu-mus.

Moderato

# Good-Night, Ladies

1. Good night, la-dies! Good night, la-dies! Good night, la-dies! Were going to leave you now.  
2. Fare-well, la-dies! Fare-well, la-dies! Fare-well, la-dies! Were going to leave you now.  
3. Sweetdreams, la-dies! Sweetdreams, la-dies! Sweetdreams, la-dies! Were going to leave you now.

Allegro

Repeat pp

Mer-ri-ly we roll a-long, roll a-long, roll a-long, Mer-ri-ly we roll a-long, O'er the deep blue sea.

Allegretto

# Girls And Boys Come Out To Play

1. Girls and boys come out and play, The moon doth shine as bright as day;  
2. Leave your supper and leave your sleep, And come to your play fel-lows in the street;

Come with a whoop and come with a call, And come with a good will or not at all.  
Up the lad-der and down the wall, A pen - ny loaf will serve you all.

J.E. RANKIN

**God Be With You**

W.G. TOMER

**Moderato**

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His counsels guide, up-hold you, With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you,  
 2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Neath His wings pro-tec-ting hide you, Dai- ly man-na still pro-vide you,

**CHORUS**

God be with you till we meet a-gain. Till we meet, — till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus'  
 God be with you till we meet a-gain. Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus'

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

**Good Night**

FRANZ ABT

**Andante**

1. In the West the sun de-clin-ing, Sinks be-neath the mountain height, Tints the clouds with golden lin-ing, Sets the  
 2. Bleaker winds the flow'rs be-numbing, On the hearth the cricket sings; Home the la-den bee flies humming, And the

hills with rubies shining, Then bids all the world good night. Good night, Good night! Good night, Good night, Good night!  
 drow-sy bat is coming, Dart-ing on his leath-ern wings.

**God Bless Our Native Land****Maestoso**

1. God bless our na-tive land! Firm may she ev-er stand, Through storm and night; When the wild  
 2. For her our prayrs shall rise To God a-bove the skies, On him we wait; Thou who art

temp-ests rave, Rul-er of wind and wave, Do Thou our coun-try save By Thy great might!  
 ev-er nigh, Guard-ing with watch-ful eye, To Thee a-loud we cry, God save the State!

## Gideon's Band

**Allegro**

1. Oh, keep your hat up - on your head, Oh, keep your hat up - on your head, Oh, keep your hat up -  
 2. Oh, keep your nose up - on your face, Oh, keep your nose up - on your face, Oh, keep your nose up -

on your head, For you will want it when you're dead.  
 on your face, For a ny-where else its out of place. If you be-long to Gid-e-on's band, Oh,

here's my heart and here's my hand; If you be-long to Gid-e-on's band, We're hunt-ing for a home.

## Go Down Moses

**Moderato**

1. When Is - real was in E-gypt's land, Let my peo-ple go! — Oppress'd so hard they could not stand,  
 2. Thus saith the Lord,bold Mo-ses said, Let my peo-ple go! — If not I'll smite your first borndead,

Let my people go!  
 Let my people go! "Go down Moses Waydownin Egypt's land; Tell old Pha-roah, Let my people go!

## Good Night

(ROUND)

**Andante**

1. Now to all a kind "good night," Sweet - ly sleep till morn - ing light; Till  
 3  
 morn - ing light, To all "good night," Sweet-ly sleep till morn - ing light;

3  
 1  
 Good night,— To all a kind good night, To all good night.

# Grave Of Washington

MARSHALL S. PIKE

Andante

1. Dis-turb not his slumbers, let Washington sleep, Neath the boughs of the wil-low that o-ver him weep; His  
2. A-wake not his slumbers, tread lightly a-round, 'Tis the grave of a freeman, 'tis Lib-er-ty's mound; Thy

arm is un-nerved, but his deeds re-main-bright, As the stars in the dark vault-ed heav-en at night. Oh! name is im-mor-tal, our free-dom you won, Brave sire of Co-lum-bia, our own Wash-ing-ton. Oh!

wake not the he-ro, his bat-tles are o'er, Let him rest un-dis-turbed on Po-wake not the he-ro, his bat-tles are o'er, Let him rest, calm-ly rest, on his

to-mac's fair shore; On the riv-er's green bor-der so flow-er-y drest, With the dear na-tive shore; While the stars and the stripes of our coun-try shall wave, O'er the

hearts he loved fond-ly, let Wash-ing-ton rest, With the hearts he loved fond-ly, let Wash-ing-ton rest. land that can boast of a Wash-ing-ton's grave, O'er the land that can boast of a Wash-ing-ton's grave.

# God Save The Nation

HENRY C. WORK

Maestoso

1. Thou who or-dain-est, for the land's sal-va-tion, Famine, and fire, and sword, and lam-en-ta-tion,  
2. By the great sign, fore-told of Thine ap-pear-ing, Coming in clouds, while mor-tal man stands fearing,

Now un-to Thee, we lift our sup-pli-ca-tion God save the na-tion! God save the na-tion. Show us, a-mid this smoke of bat-tle, clear-ing, Thy char-iot near-ing! Thy char-iot near-ing!

## The Glendy Burke

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Allegro

The musical score for "The Glendy Burke" consists of five staves of music. The first four staves are in common time (indicated by a '4') and the fifth staff is in 2/4 time. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The vocal parts are labeled 1. De and 2. De. The lyrics describe a boat named Glendy Burke, its crew, and the captain's song. The second section continues with more details about the boat and its crew. The third section includes a 'CHORUS' section where the lyrics mention taking duds and leaving town. The final section concludes with the chorus again.

1. De Glen - dy Burke is a mighty fast boat Wid a mighty fast cap - tain too,  
 2. De Glen - dy Burke has a fun - ny old crew And dey sing de boat - man's song

He sets up dar on de hur-ri-cane roof And he keeps his eye on de crew. I  
 Dey burn de pitch and de pine - knot too, For to shove de boat a - long. De

can't stay here for de works too hard; Im bound to leave dis town; I'll take my duds and fare ye well for I'll  
 smoke goes up an'de in - jine roars, An' de wheel goes round and round; So

**CHORUS**

tote 'em on my back When de Glen - dy Burke comes down. Ho! for Lou' - si - an - a!

take a lit - tle ride Whende Glen - dy Burke comes down.

I'm bound to leave this town I'll take my duds and tote 'em on my back When de Glendy Burke comes down.

## The Golden Rule

Allegretto

The musical score for "The Golden Rule" consists of two staves of music. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The lyrics are a moral lesson about treating others as you would like to be treated. The second section continues the lesson, emphasizing the importance of being honest, kind, and good. The final section concludes with a repetition of the moral lesson.

1. To do to oth - ers as I would That they should do to me, Will make me honest, kind and good, As  
 2. We never should be have a miss, Nor need be doubtful long; As we may always tell by this, If

chil - dren ought to be, Will make me hon - est, kind and good, As chil - dren ought to be.  
 things are right or wrong, As we may al - ways tell by this, If things are right or wrong.

# Grandfather's Clock

161

**Moderato**

HENRY C. WORK

1. My grand-father's clock was too large for the shelf, So it stood ninety years on the floor; It was  
2. In watching its pen - du-lum swing to and fro, Many hours had he spent while a boy; And in

tall - er by half than the old man him-self, Though it weighed not a pen - ny weight more. It was  
child-hood and man-hood the clock seem'd to know And to share both his grief and his joy. For it

bought on the morn of the day that he was born, And was always his treasure and pride.  
struck twenty-four when he en-terd at the door, With a blooming and beau-ti-ful bride. But it stopp'd short

never to go a-gain When the old man died. Ninety years, without slumbering tick,tick,tick,tick,tick, His

life seconds numbering tick,tick,tick,tick,tick, It stopp'd short never to go a-gain When the old man died.

*mf* CHORUS

But it stopp'd short

**Maestoso**

HENRY CAREY

1. God save our gra - cious king, Long live our no - ble king, God save the king; Send him vic -  
2. O Lord, our God, a - rise, Scatter his en - e - mies, And makethem fall; Con-found their

to - ri-ous, Hap - py and glo - ri-ous, Long to reign o - ver us; God save the king, all.  
pol - i - tics, Frustate their knav-ish tricks, On him our hopes we fix; God save us

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## Gipsy Song

M.W. BALFE

**Allegro**

*mf*

Come— with the gip-sy bride,— And re-pair To the fair, Where— the ma-zy dance—  
*segue*

Will the hours en-trance! Love is the first thing to clasp, But if he es-cape your grasp,

Friendship will then be at hand in the young rogue's place to stand, Hopewill then be no-thing  
*cresc.*

*poco a poco*  
 loath— to point out the way to both, Hopewill then be no-thing loath— To

*dim. et rit.* *pp* *a tempo*  
 point out the way to both. Come— with the Gip-sy bride,— And re-pair—  
 — To the fair, Where— the ma-zy dance— Will the hours en— trance.

## God Save America

Round

*f* *2* *3* *4* *5*

God save A - mer - i - ca! Bless the U - nit - ed States! Con -  
 tin - ue the Un - ion for - ev - er, and ev - er, A - men.

## The Good Rhine Wine

JOHN GAY

Moderato

1. Pour out the Rhine-wine! let it flow Like a free and bounding riv-er; Till sad - ness sinks and  
 2. Pour out the Rhine-wine, ev-er-more! Let the gob-let ne'er be tir-ing; The Po - et's song and the

ev'-ry woe Lies drown'd be-neath its waves for-ev-er. For naught can cheer the off - ring meet at hearts that pine, Like a Free-dom'shrine, Is a

Sa-geslore The Pa - triots' lof - ty soul in-spir-ing. For

deep, deep draught of the good Rhine-wine, Like a deep, deep draught, Like a deep, deep draught of the deep, deep draught of the good Rhine-wine, Is a deep, deep draught, Is a deep, deep draught of the deep, deep draught of the good Rhine-wine.

good Rhine-wine, Like a deep, deep draught, Like a deep, deep draught of the good Rhine-wine. good Rhine-wine, Is a deep, deep draught, Is a deep, deep draught of the good Rhine-wine.

Andante

## Grinding

English Song

1. In class-room cold I sit and con from time of ear - ly mat-in, Wi - man-y'a sigh and  
 2. With "ars Po - e - ti - ca" Im vex'd, Hex am - e - ters Ho - mer-ic, Eu - ri - pi - des tor -

long drawn yawn, my musty Greek and Lat-in; I've store of flim - sy Ger - man texts, in ments me nextwith tra - ge - dy hys - ter - ic; The threads of Li - v'y's pro - sy tale I'm

ug - ly yel - low bind-ing; And all the gloomy morn-ing through, I'm grind-ing, grind-ing, grind-ing.  
 pain-ful-ly un - winding; And still the hours drag slow-ly on, I'm grind-ing, grind-ing, grind-ing.

## Good Night And Pleasant Dreams

Wm V. WALLACE

Andantino

1. When on its couch of rosy clouds The burn-ing sun has sunk to rest, And tired of song, the  
 2. Oh, bit-ter is the ex-ile's fate Who wan-ders from his peace-ful cot, No gen-tle wish, or

wood-land bird Is sleep-ing in its qui-et nest, When eve-ning lays its mis-ty hand On  
 sooth-ing word Can min-gle in his lone-ly lot. On some still bank of moss and flow'r's, Be-

dew-y flow'r's and prat-tling streams, How sweet to hear from lips we love, Goodnight! goodnight and  
 neath the star's in-con-stant beams, He rests a-long, with none to breathe, Goodnight! goodnight and

cresc.

pleas-ant dreams! How sweet to hear from lips we love, Good-night! good-night and pleasant dreams!  
 pleas-ant dreams! He rests a-long, with none to breathe Good-night! good-night and pleasant dreams!

dim. e rit.

Allegretto

## The Girl I Left Behind Me

1. I'm lone-some since I cross'd the hill, And o'er the moor and val-ley; Such heav-y thoughts my  
 2. Oh, ne'er shall I for-get the night, The stars were bright a-bove me, And gen-tly lent their

heart do fill, Since part-ing with my sil-v'ry light, When first she vow'd she Sal-ly. I seek no more the fine and gay, For  
 loved me. But now I'm bound to Bright-on camp, Kind

each does but re-mind me How swift the hours did pass a-way With the girl I've left be-hind me.  
 Heav'n, may fa-vor find me, And send me safe-ly back a-gain To the girl I've left be-hind me.

## Goodbye, Sweetheart, Goodbye

J.L. HATTON

Andante con moto

*4mf*

1. The bright stars fade, the morn is break-ing, The dew-drops pearl each bud and leaf; And  
 2. The sun is up, the lark is soar-ing, Loud swells the song of chan - ti - cleer, The

I from thee my leave am tak - ing, With bliss too brief, with bliss too brief, with I am here, yet I am here, yet

lev - 'ret bounds o'er earth's soft floor-ing, Yet I am here, yet I am here, yet

*pp*

bliss - too brief. How sinks my heart with fond a - larms, The tear is hid-ing  
 I am here. For since night's gems from heav'n did fade, And morn to flo - ral

*p*

in mine eye, For time doth thrust me from thine arms, Good-bye, sweet-heart, good-bye Good-bye  
 lips doth lie, I could not leave thee, though I said, Good-bye, sweet-heart, good-bye Good-

*cresc. molio*

bye, sweetheart, good-bye For time doth thrust me from thine arms, Good-bye sweetheart, good-bye.  
 bye, sweetheart, good-bye I could not leave thee, though I said, Good-bye sweetheart, good-bye.

## Gaily The Troubadour

T.H. BAYLEY

Moderato

*4mf*

1. Gai-ly the Trou-ba-dour touch'd his gui - tar, When he was hast - en-ing home from the war;  
 2. She for the Trou-ba-dour hope-less-ly wept; Sad - ly she thought of him when oth - ers slept;

Sing-ing, "From Pal - es-tine, hith - er I come; La - dy love, la - dy love, wel-come me home!"  
 Sing-ing, "In search of thee would I might roam; Trou-ba-dour, Trou-ba-dour, come to thy home!"

## Gone Where The Woodbine Twineth

APSLEY STREET

Moderato

1. He is gone where the wood-bine twin-eth, With the vine on the i - vied wall, 'Neath the sweet, No

2. He is gone where the wood-bine twin-eth, Let him rest, for his sleep is shade of the weeping willow, Where its long drooping branches fall. Re-mem-ber then the soldier, Once more on the field of battle, Shall he march to the drum's low beat, His heart no more shall quicken, To

no - ble and so - the bu-ble's thrill- And cast thy lit - tle to-ken A flow-ret on his grave. Then brave, blow, For death has found a victim, And his head at last lies low.

go where the woodbine twineth, When spring is bright and fair, And to the soldier's resting place Some little tribute bear.

## The Glorious Fourth

Moderato

1. We'll march and shout hur - rah! With flags and ban-ners gay! For is it not the day the winds ex -

2. Co - lum - bia's free - men brave Re - joice to do and dare! This glo - ri - ous Fourth We cel - e - brate to - day? This day gave Free - dom birth; Its ult to wave The stars and stripes in air! 'Tis North and South no more; One

fame now fills the earth. For this th'em - bat - tled he - roes stood To serve their coun - try's good. Coun - try we a - dore. No stars have from our ban - ner fled, What glo - ri - ous light they shed!

# Gentle Nettie Moore

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G. S. PIKE

Moderato

1. In a lit-tle white cottage, Where the trees are ev-er green, And the climbing ros-es blos-som by the  
2. Be - low us in the val-ley, On the San-tee's dancing tide. Of a sum-mer eve I'd launch my o - pen

door; I've oft - en sat and lis-ten'd To the mu - sic of the birds, And the gen-tle voice of charming Nettie  
boat; And when the moonwas ris-ing, And the stars be-gin to shine, Down the riv-er we so mer-ri - ly would

*mf* CHORUS

Moore. float. Oh! I miss you, Net-tie Moore, And my hap-pi-ness is o'er, While a spir-it sad a-round my heart has

*Slower*

come; And the bu-sy days are long, And the nights are lonely now, For you're gone from our lit-tle cottage home.

# Go, Forget Me

W. A. MOZART

*Andante*

1. Go, for - get me, why should sor - row O'er that brow a shad - ow fling? Go, for - get me,  
2. Like the sun, thy pres - ence glow - ing Clothes the meanest thing in light; So when thou, like

and to-mor - row Bright - ly smile, and sweet - ly sing. Smile, tho' I may not be near thee,  
him, art go - ing, Love - liest ob - jects fade in night; All things looked so bright a - bout thee,

Smile, tho' I may nev - er see thee; May thy soul with pleasure shine, Last-ing as the gloom of mine.  
That they nothing seem without thee; By that pure and lu - cid mind, Earthly vis - ions are refined.

## The Groves Of Blarney

R. A. MILLIKIN

Moderato

1. The groves of Blarney, they look so charming, All by the purling of sweet si-lent  
2. 'Tis La-dy Jef-freys that owns this sta-tion, Like Al-ex-an-der or Queen Hel-en

streams, Being bank'd with posies that spon-ta-neous grow there, Planted in or-der by the sweet rock  
fair, There's no com-mand-er throughout the na-tion, For em-u-lation can with her com-

close; 'Tis there the dai-sy and the sweet car-na-tion, The blooming pink and the rose so  
pare; She has cas-tles round her that no-nine pound-er, Could dare to plunder her place of

fair, The daf-fy-down dil-ly, be-side the li-ly, Flowrs that scent the sweet fragrant air,  
strength, But Ol-i-ver Crom-well, he did her pummel, And made a breach in her bat-tle-ment.

## Geography Song

Allegretto

1. Oh, have you heard ge-o-raphy sung? For if you've not, it's on my tongue, A-bout the Earth in  
2. All o'er the earth are wa-ter and land, Be-neath the ships or where we stand, And far be-yond the

CHORUS

air that's hung, All covered with green lit-tle is-lands, O-ceans, gulf-s and bays and seas; Chan-nels and straits,  
O-cean strand Are thousands of green lit-tle is-lands, Con-ti-nents and capes there are, Isth-mus and then

sounds, if you please; Great Arch-i-pel-a-goes, too, and all these Are covered with green lit-tle islands.  
pen-in-su-la, Moun-tain and val-ley, and shore stretching far, And thousands of green lit-tle islands.

# God Save Our President

169

S. WINNER

Maestoso

*mf*

1. God save our Pres - i - dent! Stretch forth thy hand; God bless our Gov - ern - ment,  
 2. God save our Pres - i - dent! Give him thy aid; Say in thy whis - per - ings,

*mf*

Bid it to stand, Scatter our en - e - mies Broad - cast and far,  
 "Be not a - fraid!" Give him the strength wherewith To bat - tle for right,

*f*

Keep from our Commonwealth Tur - moil and war. Oh! God save our President! Stretch forth Thy  
 In Thy om - nip - o - tence Give him the might.

*f*

hand, forth Thy hand Al - might - y God, bless our Gov - ern - ment, Bid it to stand; it to stand.

# God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen

Old Carol

Moderato

*p*

1. God rest you, mer - ry gen - tle - men, Let noth - ing you dis - may; Re - mem - ber Christ our Sa - viour Was  
 2. In Beth - le - hem, in Jew - ry, This bless - ed Babe was born, And laid with - in a man - ger Up -

*mf*

born on Christmas Day; To save us all from Satan's power, When we were gone a - stray.} Oh,  
 on this bless - ed morn; The which his moth - er Ma - ry, Did noth - ing take in scorn.}

*cresc.*

tid - ings of com - fort and joy, com - fort and joy, Oh, tid - ings of com - fort and joy.

Moderato

## The Golden Shore

ALFRED S. GATTY

1. I re - mem - ber, I re - mem - ber, In years long pass'd a - way, A  
 2. I re - mem - ber, I re - mem - ber, A sail - or bold to be, I

lit - tie maid and I would meet Be - side the stream to play; We used to watch the  
 left the lit - tie maid be - hind, And crossed the dis - tant sea; But when the ship came

sun go down Up - on the gold - en tide; And count the ships that glid - ed by To  
 back a - gain, And touched the gold - en shore; I found the lit - tie maid and I Would

*mf* *ad lib.*

reach the o - cean wide; And count the ships that glid - ed by, To reach the o - cean wide.  
 meet on earth no more; I found the lit - tie maid and I Would meet on earth no more.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

Moderato

## God Reigns

FELIX MENDELSSOHN

1. Be - fore the Lord we bow, The God who reigns a - bove, And rules the world be - low, Boundless in  
 2. The na - tion Thou hast blest May well Thy love de - clare, From foes and fears at rest, Pro - tect - ed

pow'r and love. Our thanks we bring In joy and praise, Our hearts we raise To heav'n's high King.  
 by Thy care. For this fair land, For this bright day, Our thanks we pay, Gifts of Thy hand.

## Gloria Patri

Maestoso

Glory to be to the Father, and to the Son shall be, And to the Holy Ghost;  
 As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, World with-out end, A - men;

"The Mascot"

## Gobble Duet

E. AUDRAN

Allegretto

1. When I behold your man-ly form, A sweete-e-mo - tion a-gi-tates me, And when your lovely face I  
 2. When-ev-er, love, your eyes meet mine, I feel a strange ex-hil-a- ra-tion, And of your hair the sweet per-

*rit.* *a tempo*

see, De-light un-bounded perme-ates me, The tones melo-dious of your voice, Are sweet-er far than sweetest fume, Gives a de-lightful ti - til - la-tion, When you ap-proach me sudden-ly, Just like a lit-tle chick, I

hon-ey And when your glances rest on me, Right there it makes me feel so fun-ny. I my turkeys love, tremble, And when your lit-tle hand meets mine, My rap-tures I can-not dis-semble.

And I my sheep love, When they sound their sweet gobble,gobble,gobble, When they softly bleat baa, But

*rit.* *p a tempo* *mf* *p*

you I more than turkeys love, And you more then sheep I love, When they sound their sweet

est gobble,gobble, When they softly bleat baa, gobble,gobble,gobble, baa, gobble,gobble,gobble,

baa, gobble,gobble,gobble, gobble,gobble,gobble, gobble,gobble,gobble, baa.

## The Good-Bye At The Door

S. GLOVER

Moderato

*mf*

1. Of all the mem'ries of the past That come like sum - mer dreams, Whose rain-bow hues still round us  
 2. But time and place have quite estranged Each ear - ly friend we knew; How few re-main, how man - y

east Their bright, their bright, but fleet-ing beams; The dear - est sweetest that can be \_\_\_\_\_ Of  
 changed, Of those, of those we deem so true; Those hap - py hours a-gain to me \_\_\_\_\_ But

days gone long be - fore, Are those that oft re-call to me \_\_\_\_\_ The "good-bye," the "good-bye" at the  
 mem - ry can re-store, The ling - ring thought will ev - er be \_\_\_\_\_ The "good-bye," the "good-bye" at the

door, Are those that bring to mind to me, \_\_\_\_\_ The "good-bye," the "good-bye" at the door.  
 door, The ling - ring thought will ev - er be, \_\_\_\_\_ The "good-bye," the "good-bye" at the door.

## Gentle Annie

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Andante mosso

*4*

1. Thou wilt come no more, gen-tle Annie, Like a flow'r thy spir - it did de -  
 2. We have roamed in youth 'mid the bow-ers When thy down - y cheeks were in their

part, Thou art gone, a - las, like the ma - ny That have bloomed in the sum-mer of my  
 bloom, Now I stand a - lone 'mid the flowers, While they min - gle their per-fume o'er thy

heart. Shall we nev - er more be - hold thee, Nev - er hear thy win - ning voice a -  
 tomb. Shall we nev - er more be - hold thee, Nev - er hear thy win - ning voice a -

gain, When the spring-time comes, gentle Annie, When the wild flow'rs are scatter'd o'er the plain?

### Good-Bye, My Lover, Good-Bye

Allegro

1. The ship goes sail-ing down the bay, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye! We may not meet for  
 2. I'll miss you on the storm-y deep, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye! What can I do but

cresc.

ma-ny a day, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye! My heart will ev-er-more be true, Tho' now we sad-ly  
 ev-erweep? Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye! My heart is bro-ken with re-gret! But nev-er dream that

rit.

slower

say a-dieu; Oh, kiss-essweet I leave with you, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye! The ship goes sail-ing  
 Ill for-get; I lov'd you once, I love you yet, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye!

mf CHORUS

down the bay, Good-bye, my lover, good-bye! 'Tis sad to tear my heart a-way! Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!

cresc.

rit.

### The Good "Three Bells"

CHARLES JARVIS

Allegro

1. Come swell the strain, the proud re-frain, That sings of no-ble deeds; How true men brave on  
 2. When storms came down with blackest frown, And woke the o-cean's wrath; And one lost bark in

o-cean's wave Win fame's most worthy meeds! And high, to-day, in grate-ful lay. 'Mid mu-sic'switching  
 tempest dark, Lay in the mad wind's path, Heav'n, please to prove how hu-man love In Al-bi'n bosoms

spells, Let ev'-ry lip bless that good ship, Brave Crighton's ship Three Bells.  
dwell's. Turn'd to that wreck, that death-swept deck, Brave Crighton's ship Three Bells.

Oh! the good ship, Three  
Bells! Oh! the good ship, Three Bells! With her sturdy crew, And the captain true, That man the good Three Bells!  
Three Bells! Three Bells!

"Sonnambula"

Moderato

## Gentle Maiden

V. BELLINI

Gen - tle maid - en, those eyes re - mind me Of a tie thát e'er must bind me, Un - for -  
got - ten she stands be - fore me; In her beau - ty, in her beau - ty, in her truth, Her sweet  
im - age thou dost re - store me, Fond re - mem-brance, fond re - mem-brance of my  
youth, Thou her im - age dost re - store me, Fond re - mem-brance of my youth, Thou her im - age dost re -  
store me, Fond re - mem-brance, Fond re - mem - - - - brance of my youth.

# Hark! Hark! The Lark

FRANZ SCHUBERT

**Allegretto**

Hark! hark! the lark at Heavn's gate sings And Phoebus'gins to rise, His steeds to wa-ter  
at those springs, On cha-lid' flow'r's that lies, On cha-lid' flow'r's that lies. And winking Ma-ry-  
buds be-gin To ope the gold-en eyes; With ev'-ry-thing that pret-ty bin; My  
la - dy sweet a - rise, With ev'-ry-thing that pret-ty bin; My La - dy sweet a - rise, a -  
rise, a - rise, My La - dy sweet, a - rise, a - rise, a - rise, My La - dy sweet, a - rise.

# Holy! Holy! Holy!

J. B. DYKES

**Moderato**

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! Lord God Al-migh-ty! Ear-ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to  
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast-ing down their golden crowns a-round the glas-sy  
Thee. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, mer-ci-ful and migh-ty, God in three persons, bless-ed Trin-i - ty!  
sea; Cher-u-bim and Seraphim falling down be-fore Thee, Whichwert, and art, and ev- er-more shalt be.

## Humoreske

A. DVĚRÁK

Grazioso *mf*

When the moon is shin - ing and the lit - tle stars are pin - ing for a  
*cresc.*

sight of you, my pret - ty,dain - ty maid, Then I come a-creep - ing'neath the  
*dim.*

*cresc.* trees where birds are sleep - ing and I sing to you this ser - en -  
*dim.* *Fine* ade.

*mf* O - pen thy win - dow, list to my song,dear For you a-lone I'm pin - ing, For I'll  
 ev - er be true,dear, be thou with-out fear, I am thine and thou art mine for - ev - er, So  
*rit.* *dim.* *D.C.*

## Holy Ghost, With Light Divine

L. M. GOTTSCHALK

Andante

1. Ho - ly Ghost,with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;  
 2. Ho - ly Ghost,with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.  
 Long hath sin, with - out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.

# The Heart Of A Sailor

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STEPHEN ADAMS

Con spirto

1. Now who's the man for a lass towed, To be true and never fail her? You may trust to me, for I've  
2. Then he has to be so oft at sea, Which saves a deal of both'er, For husbands and wives don't

sail'd the sea, There's none like an honest sailor! For his thoughts are free as the  
al - ways a-gree As they should with one an - oth'er. And if he flirts with

wind or sea, And he's got such a dash of the bri-ny, His heart is light and his laughsobright, He  
one or two In the ports of ev'-ry na-tion, You can all do the same without an - y blame, Which is

makes life all sun-shi - ny. He may sail in a smack or a man-o'war, Or a-board of an Arctic whaler,  
sure - ly a con-so - la - tion.

1. & 2. 3.  
But it's all the same, If Jack's his name, And he's got the heart of a sai - lor. got the heart of a sai - lor.

# Home, Home, Can I Forget Thee?

Folk Song

Andante

1. Home, home, can I for - get thee? Dear, dear, dear - ly lov'd home. No, No, still I regret thee  
2. Home, home, why did I leave thee? Dear, dear, friends do not mourn. Home, home, once more receive me

Tho' I may far from thee roam - turn.. Home, home, home, dearest and happiest home -

Quickly to thee I'll re -

## The Hundred Pipers

Scotch Song

**Allegretto**

1. Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a', Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a', We'll  
 2. Oh! our sod-ger lads looked braw, looked braw, Wi' their tartans, kilts, an' a', an' a', Wi' their

up an gie them a blaw, a blaw, Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a! O, it's ower the Border, a-  
 bonnets an' feathers an' glit-tring gear, An' pi-brochs sound- ing sweet and clear. Will they a' re-turn to their

wa', a - wa', It's ower the Bor-der, a - wa', a - wa', We'll on and we'll march to  
 ain dear glen? Will they a' re-turn, our Hie - land men? Second sight - ed Sand - y

**CHORUS**

Car-lisle Ha', Wi' its yetts, its cas-tle an' a', an' a. {Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a', Wi' a  
 look'd fu' wae, And mo-thers grat when they march'd a-way.}

hundred pipers an' a', an' a', We'll up an gie them a blaw, a blaw, Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a!

**Moderato****He's The Lily Of The Valley**Slave Hymn  
Fine

H'e the li - ly of the val-ley, Oh! my Lord; H'e the li - ly of the val-ley, Oh! my Lord.

1. King Je - sus in His char - iot rides, Oh! my Lord, With four white horses side by side, Oh! my Lord.  
 2. What kind of shoes are those you wear, Oh! my Lord, That you can ride up - on the air, Oh! my Lord?

D.C.

## Hail Columbia!

Maestoso

Hail, Co-lum-bia, hap-py land! Hail, ye he - roes! heav'n-born band! Who fought and bled in  
 2. Im-mor-tal pa-triots! rise once more, De-fend your rights, de - fend your shore; Let no rude foe with

Freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in Free-dom's cause, And when the storm of war was gone, En-  
 im-pious hand, Let no rude foe with im-pious hand, In-vade the shrine where sa-ered lies, Of

joyed the peace your val-or won. Let in-de-pend-ence be our boast, Ev-er mind-ful  
 toil and blood the well-earn'd prize, While off-ring peace, sin-cere and just, In heav'n we place a

CHORUS.

what it cost; Ev-er grate-ful for the prize, Let its al-tar reach the skies. Firm,u-ni-ted,  
 man-ly trust, That Truth and Jus-tice will pre-vail, And ev'-ry scheme of bond-age fail. Firm,u-ni-ted,

let us be, Rallying round our lib-er-ty, As a band of brothers join'd, Peace and safety we shall find.

## How Can I Leave Thee!

Andante

1. How can I leave thee! How can I from thee part! Thou on-ly hast my heart, Sis-ter, be-lieve.  
 2. Blue is a flow-ret Called the "For-get-me-not," Wear it up-on thy heart, And think of me!

Thou hast this soul of mine, So close-ly bound to thine. No other can I love, Save thee a-lone!  
 Flow-ret and hope may die. Yet love with us shall stay, That can-not pass a-way, Sis-ter, be-lieve.

**Hark! The Vesper Hymn**

J. ROUSSEAU

**Moderato**

1. Hark! the ves - per hymn is steal-ing O'er the wa - ters soft and clear;  
2. Now like moonlight waves re-treat-ing To the shore, it dies a - long; Near-er yet and  
Near-er peal ing, Soft it breaks up - on the ear, Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te,  
surg - es meet - ing, Breaks the min - gled tide of song. Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te,  
Ju - bi - la - te, A - men. Far - ther now, now far - ther steal - ing, Soft it fades up - on the ear.  
Ju - bi - la - te, A - men. Hark! a - gain, like waves re - treat - ing, To the shore, it dies a - long.

**He Giveth His Beloved Sleep**

FRANZ ABT

**Andante**

1. Sor - row and care may meet - The tem - pest clouds may lowr, - The surge - of sin may din - of war may roll, - With all her rag - ing flight, - Grief may op - press the  
beat - Up - on earth's trou - bled shore; God doth His own in safe - ty keep, soul, - Through - out the wea - ry night; God doth His own in safe - ty keep,  
He giv - eth His be - lov - ed sleep, He giv - eth His be - lov - ed sleep. 2. The  
He giv - eth His be - lov - ed sleep, He giv - eth His be - lov - ed sleep.

**Haymaking Song****Allegretto**

1. Boys and girls come out to - day, We must go a - making hay, Heigh-o! Heigh-o! out a-making hay.  
2. While the bright warm sun doth shine Rake the newmown hay in line, Heigh-o! Heigh-o! rake it in - to line.

**Hark! My Soul**

L.VON BEETHOVEN

**Andante**

1. Hark! my soul, how ev-ry thing  
2. All the flow'r's that gild the spring Strives to serve our Hi - ther their still boun-teous King; mu - sic bring, Na-ture's chief and

sweet - est choir springs, and flow'rs, Him with cheer-ful How to use thy notes ad - mine, no - bler pow'r's. Chant-ing ev-'ry Call whole na-ture day their lands, to thy aid,

While the grove their song ap - plauds. Though their voi-ces low - er be, Streams have too their Since 'twas He whole na - ture made; Join in one e - ter - nal song, Who to one God

mel - o - dy; all be - long; Night and day they war - bling run, Nev - er pause, but still sing on. Live for - ev - er, glo - rious Lord! Live, by all Thy works a - dored.

**Hark! The Herald Angels Sing**

F. MENDELSSOHN

**Moderato**

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King! Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild,  
2. Christ, by high-est heav'n a - dored; Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord, Late in time be - hold him come,

God and sin-ners re-con-ciled." Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the triu - mph of the skies; With th' angelic Offspring of the favored one. Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead see; Hail th' incarnate De-i - ty: Pleased, as man, with

host pro-claim, "Christ is born in Beth-le-hem!" Hark! the herald an-gels sing, "Glory to the newborn King!" men to dwell, Je - sus, our Im-ma-nu - el!"

THOMAS MOORE

## Hark! 'Tis The Breeze

JACQUES ROUSSEAU

Andantino

*p*

1. Hark! 'tis the breeze of twi-light, call-ing Earth's wea-ry chil-dren to \_\_\_\_ re-pose;  
2. Guard us, oh Thou, who nev-er sleep-est Thou who, in si-lence thron'd a-bove,

While, round the couch of Na-ture fall-ing, Gent-ly the night's soft cur-tains close.  
Through-out all time, un-wea-ried, keep-est Thy watch of glo-ry, pow'r, and love.

Soon o'er a world in sleep re-clin-ing, Num-ber-less stars, thro' yon-der dark,  
Grant that, be-neath Thine eyes se-cure-ly, Our souls, a-while from life with-drawn,

Shall look, like eyes of cher-ubs shin-ing From out the veils that hid \_\_\_\_ the Ark.  
May, in their dark-ness, stil-ly, pure-ly, Like seal-ed foun-tains, rest \_\_\_\_ till dawn.

## How Happy Is The Child

M. BRUCK

Andante

*p*

1. How hap-py is the child who hears, In-struc-tion's warn-ing voice,  
2. For she has treas-ures grea-ter far, Than east or west un-fold;

And who ce-les-tial wis-dom marks, His ear-ly, on-ly choice.  
And her re-wards more pre-cious are, Than all their stores of gold.

## Heaven Is My Home

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

Moderato

*f*

1. I'm but a strang-er here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a de-sert drear, Heav'n is my home.  
2. What tho'te temp-est rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my pil-grim-age, Heav'n is my home.  
3. There at my Sav-iour's side, Heav'n is my home; I shall be glor-i-fied, Heav'n is my home.

Dan-ger and sor-row stand Round me on ev'-ry hand, Heav'n is my fa-ther land, Heav'n is my home.  
 Time's cold and win-try blast, Soon will be o-ver past I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.  
 There are the good and blest, Those I loved most and best, There, too, I soon shall rest, Heav'n is my home.

### Humpty Dumpty

**Allegretto**

Hump - ty Dump - ty sat on a wall, Hump - ty Dump - ty had a great fall;  
 All the King's hors-es and all the King's men, Could-n't put Hump-ty to geth-er a-gain.

### Hey, Diddle, Diddle

**Allegretto**

Hey, did-dle, did-dle, The cat and the fid-dle, The cow jump'd o-ver the moon;— The  
 lit - tle dog laughed To see such sport, And the dish ran af-ter the spoon..

### The Hobby Horse

**Allegretto**

1. Hop, hop, hop! Nim-ble as a top, Where 'tis smooth and where 'tis ston-y,  
 2. Whoa, whoa, whoa! How like fun you go, Ve - ry well, my lit - tle po - ny,

Trudge a - long, my lit - tle po - ny, Hop, hop, hop, hop, hop! Nim-ble as a top.  
 Safe's our jaunt tho' rough and ston-y, Spare, spare, spare, spare! Sure e - nough we're there.

## Habanera

G. BIZET

Allegretto, quasi andantino

*mf*

Ah! love, thou art a wil-ful wild bird, and none may  
 hope thy wings to tame, If it please thee to be a reb-el, say, who can try and thee re-  
 claim? Threats and pray'r's a - like un - heed-ing, oft ar-dent hom-age thou'l't re-fuse Whilst  
 he who doth cold-ly slight, thou for thy mas-ter oft thou'l't choose, Threats and pray'r's a - like un-  
 heed-ing, oft ar-dent hom-age thou'l't re-fuse, Whilst he who doth cold-ly slight, thou for thy mas-ter oft thou'l't  
 choose, For love he is the lord of all, and ne'er law's i-cy fet-ters will he wear, If thou me  
 lov-est not, I love thee, And if I love thee, now be-ware! Love thou not me, Then I love thee and

if I love thee, now beware! Love thou not me, Then I love thee—and if I love thee, now beware!

### Holy Night! Peaceful Night!

FRANZ GRUBER

Andante

1. Ho-ly night! peaceful night! Thro' the dark-ness beams a light, Yon-der where the sweet vig-i-ls keep,  
 2. Si-lent night! ho-li-est night! Darkness flies and all is light! Shepherds hear—the an-gels sing:

O'er the Babe who in si-lent sleep Rests in heav-en-ly peace, Rests in heav-en-ly peace.  
 Hal-le-lu-jah! hail the King! Je-sus the Sav-iour is here! Je-sus the Sav-iour is here!

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

### How Gentle God's Commands

H. G. NÄGELI

Andante

1. How gen-tle God's com-mands! How kind His pre-cepts are! Come, That  
 2. Be-neath His watch-ful eyes His saints se-cure-ly dwell! That

cast your hand which bur-dens on na-ture Lord And trust His con-stant chil-dren care. well.

### The Huntsmen

Round

Lively

A south-er-ly wind and a cloud-y sky Pro-claim it a hunt-ing morn-ing;

To horse my brave boys and a-way;— Bright Phoe-bus the hill is a-dorn-ing;

Hark! hark! for-ward,— tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra.

## The Hour Of Parting

V. BELLINI

Andante espressivo

*mf*

1. Sad hour of part-ing, too quick-ly here, Spir-its to sev-er linked by each thought,  
2. O thou bless'd Spir-it, bend kindly down! Droop-ing be-hold us 'neath ad-verse fatel

Bring-ing thyan-guish, thy bit-ter tear, thy bit-ter tear. Lone-ly we'll wan-der To thy pro-tec-tion  
Shel-ter us from its with-er-ing frown, its with-ring frown.

through the day, Hopeless must weep thro' night's de-lay; Our hearts are breaking with this fare-well,  
now we flee; Safe in thy shad-ow let us bel In sor-row part-ed by Fate's com-pel,

— with this fare-well! Fare - well! Oh, must we say fare-well? Fare - well! Oh, must we say fare-well?  
— by stern com-pel, Fare - well! It is our last fare-well! Fare - well! It is our last fare-well!

Waltz time

## Go 'Way, Old Man

SLAVE SONG

*mf*

1. Oh I'll build me a lit-tle hut, In the moun-tains so high, For to  
2. Oh! her eyes spar-kle like de di - a-mond, Like de bright morn-ing star, Oh! her

gaze on my true love, As she do pass by! Go 'way, old man, and  
cheeks am so lub-ly Her face am so fa'r! Go 'way, old man, and

leave me a - lone, For I am a stran-ger, and a long way from home.

# Homes Not Merely Four Square Walls

CHAS. SWAIN

Moderato

Moderato

1. Home's not mere-ly four square walls, Though with pic-tures hung and gild-ed; Home is where af-  
 2. Home's not mere-ly roof and room, Needs it something to en-dear it; Home is where the

fec - tion calls Filled with shrines the heart hath build-ed. Home! go, watch the faith-ful dove,  
 heart can bloom; Where there's some kind lip to cheer it. What is home with none to meet?

Sail-ing' neath the heaven a-bove us; Home is where there's one to love, Home is where there's  
 None to wel-come none to greet us? Home is sweet-and on - ly sweet. Where there's one we

one to love us. Home is where there's one to love, Home is where there's one to love us.  
 love to meet us. Home is sweet. and on - ly sweet. Where there's one we love to meet us.

# The Hardy Norseman

Noise Song

Risoluto

Risoluto

1. The har - dy Norseman's home of yore Was on the foaming wave! And there he gathered  
 2. What tho' our pow'r be weaker now Than it was wont to be, When bold - ly forth our

bright re - noun, The brav- est of the brave. Oh! ne'er should we for - get our sires, Wher-  
 fa - thers sail'd, And con-querd Nor-man - die! We still may sing their deeds of fame In

cresc.

ev - er we may be; They brave-ly won a gal - lant name And ruld the stormy sea.  
 thrill-ing har - mo ny; For they did win a gal - lant name And ruld the stormy sea.

## Happy And Light

M. W. BALFE

Allegretto

Happy and light of heart are those, Yes, Happy and light of heart are those who in each oth - er faith re - pose,

er faith re - pose, Hap - py and light, and light of heart are those, Who faith re - pose, in each

oth - er faith re - pose, ah, Happy and light of heart are those, who in each oth - er faith re - pose,

Who in each oth - er, Who in each oth - er, Who in each oth - er faith re - pose,

Happy and light of heart are those, Who in each oth - er faith re - pose, Who in each oth - er faith re - pose, yes

Hap - py and light of heart are those, Who in each oth - er faith re - pose, Happy and

light, Happy and light, Who in each oth - er faith re - pose, Their faith re - pose.

"Il Trovatore"

## Home To Our Mountains

G. VERDI

Andante

Home to our moun-tains let us re-turn, dear, There in thy young days peace had its reign;

Then shall thy sweet song fall on my slum-bers, There shall thy lute make me joy-ous a-gain.

*dolce* Rest thee, my moth-er! kneeling be-side thee, I will pour forth my trou-ba-dour lay, O

sing and wake now thy lute's soft numbers, Yes, I will pour forth my trou-ba-dour lay. O

sing and wake now thy sweet lute's soft numbers, Yes, I will pour forth my trou-ba-dour lay, Oh

*sempr<sup>e</sup> pp* sing, While I with my trou-ba-dour lay, Oh sing, While I with my trou-ba-dour lay, *sempr<sup>e</sup> p*

*poco a poco* morendo Lull thee to rest, lull thee to rest.

# Hail to the Chief

Maestoso

1. Hail to the chief, who in tri-umph ad-van-ces, Hon-or'd and bless'd be the ev-er-green pine!—  
 2. Ours is no sap-ling, chance-sown by the fountain, Blooming at Bel-tane, in winter to fade; When the

Long may the tree in his whirl-wind has strip'd ev-ry ban-ner that glances, leaf on the mountain, Flour-ish, the shel-ter and grace of our line.  
 The more shall Clan Al-pine exult in her shade.

Hail to the chief, who in tri-umph ad-van-ces, Hon-or'd and bless'd be the ev-er-green pine!—  
 Ours is no sap-ling, chance-sown by the fountain, Blooming at Bel-tane, in winter to fade; When the

Long may the tree in his whirl-wind has strip'd ev-ry ban-ner that glances, leaf on the mountain, Flour-ish, the shel-ter and grace of our line.  
 The more shall Clan Al-pine exult in her shade.

Allegro

Heavn send it hap-py dew, Earth lend it sap a-new; Gai-ly to bour-geon and broad-ly to grow;  
 Moord in the rift-ed rock, Proof to the tempest shock, Firmer he rootshim, the ru-der it blow;

While ev-ry high-lan-dren, Sends our shout back a-gain, "Roder-igh Vich Al-pinedhu, ho! i - e - roe!"  
 Menteith and Breadal-bane, then Ech-o his praise a-gain, "Roder-igh Vich Al-pinedhu, ho! i - e - roe!"

Allegretto

SOLO

# Haul on the Bowlin'

CHORUS

Sea Chantey

1. Haul on the bow-lin', Our bul - ly ship's a roll - in! Haul on the bow-lin', the bow-lin', haul!  
 2. Haul on the bow-lin', Our cap-tain he's a growl-in! Haul on the bow-lin', the bow-lin', haul!

## **Herdsman's Mountain Home**

## Andante

# **Hearts And Homes**

J. BLOCKLEY

## **Andante**

J. BLACKLEY

**Andante**

1. Hearts and homes, sweet words of pleasure, Mus-i-c breathing as ye fall; Making each the oth-er's  
 2. Hearts and homes, sweet words re-veal-ing, All most good and fair to see; Fit-ting shrines for pur-est

*cresc.*

**Fine. f**

tre-a-sure, Once di-vid-ed, los-ing all. Homes, ye may be high or low-ly, Hearts a-  
 feel-ing, Tem-ples meet to bend the knee. In-fant hands bright gar-lands wreathing, Hap-py

*p.p.c.*

lone can make you ho-ly; Be the dwel-ling e'er so small, Hav-ing love, it boast-est all.  
 voi-ces in-cense breath-ing, Emblems fair— of realms a-bove, For love is heavn, and heavn is love.

## Her Bright Smile

W.T. WRIGHTON

Andante espressivo

1. 'Tis years since last we met, And we may not meet a-gain; I have strug-gled to fo  
 2. At the first sweet dawn of light, When I gaze up-on the deep, Her form still greets my  
 get, But the struggle was in vain; For her voice lives on the breeze, And her spir-it comes at  
 sight, While the stars their vig-ils keep: When I close mine aching eyes, Sweet dreams my sen-ses  
 will; In the mid-night on the seas, Her bright smile haunts me still; For her voice lives on the  
 fill; And from sleep when I a-rise, Her bright smile haunts me still; When I close mine aching  
 breeze, And her spir-it comes at will; In the mid-night on the seas, Her bright smile haunts me still.  
 eyes, Sweet dreams my sen-ses fill; And from sleep when I a-rise, Her bright smile haunts me still.

## Highland Mary

Scotch Song

Lento

1. Ye banks and braes, and streams a-round The cas-tle o' Mont-gom-e-ry, Green be your woods and  
 2. How sweet-ly bloom'd the gay green birk How rich the hawthorn's blos-som, As un-der-neath their  
 fair your flow'r's, Your wa-ters nev-er drum-lie! There sim-mer first un-faulds her robes, And  
 fra-gant shade, I clasp'd her to my bos-om! The gold-en hours, on an-gel wings, Flew  
 there they lang-est tar-ry, For there I took the last fare-well O' my sweet Highland Ma-ry.  
 o'er me and my dear-ic, For dear to me as light and life Was my sweet Highland Ma-ry.

# Heavily Wears The Day

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*Andante espressivo*

1. Heav - i - ly wears the day in sighs and tears a - way, Heav - i - ly  
 2. Oft did he tell me so, when I would bid him go, Oft did he

wears the day in sighs and tears a - way; With weep-ing I am wea-ry, wea-ry, When at the  
 tell me so, when I would bid him go, My trif-ling nev-er made him wea-ry, "When I am

door I stand, see-ing the dark-end land All still and drea-ry, I am so wea-ry; When at the  
 far a - way, o - ver the bound-ing spray, You will be drea-ry, dear one, and wea-ry; When I am

door I stand, see-ing the dark - end land, All still and drea-ry, I am so wea-ry.  
 far a - way, o - ver the bound-ing spray, You will be drea-ry, dear one, and wea-ry."

# The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls

THOMAS MOORE

*Andante*

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

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

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

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## Heart Throbs

FR. BENDEL

*Andante espressivo*

Won-der-ful the joy I feel, At one word from thee; When thy lov-ing eyes reveal

All thou thinkst of me.

1. Lays the spell in thee or me?  
2. Some deep throb of sym-pa-thy,

An-swer vain you'll Bind our souls as

dolce

seek, one, 'Tis our love in sym-pa-thy For our hearts by fate's de-cree, 'Tis our souls that speak.

rit.

D.C.

## Has Sorrow Thy Young Days Shaded?

*Andante*

1. Has sor - row thy young days shad - ed, As clouds o'er the morn-ing fleet? Too  
2. Has love to that soul so ten - der Been like our La - ge - nian mine, Where

fast have those young days fad - ed, That even in sor - row were sweet. Does  
spark - les of gold - en splen - dor, All over the sur - face shine? But

time with his cold wing if in pur - suit we go with - er Each feel - ing that once was dear? Come,  
deep - er, Al - lur'd by the gleam that shone Ah!

child of mis - for - tune! hith - er, I'll weep with thee tear for tear.  
false as the dream of the sleep - er, Like love, the bright ore is gone.

*mf*

*dim.*

*mf*

*rit.*

"Bohemian Girl"

## The Heart Bow'd Down

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M. W. BALFE

Moderato

1. The heart bow'd down by weight of woe, To weak-est hopes will cling, To thought and impulse past, On mo - ments of de-

2. The mind will in its worst de-spair Still pon-der o'er the while they flow, That can no com - fort bring, that can, that can no com - fort light that were Too beau - ti - ful to last, that were too beau - ti - ful to

bring; To those ex - cit - ing scenes will blend, O'er plea-sure's path - way thrown But mem - ry is the last; To long de-part - ed years ex - tend, Its vis - ions with them flown For mem - ry is the

on - ly friend That grief can call its own. That grief can call its own, - That grief can call its own.

"Martha"

## Heaven May To You Grant Pardon

FR. VON FLOTOW

Larghetto

Heav-en may — to you grant par - don, That you broke my trust-ing heart, — Darkest

gloom — is o'er me low'r - ing, You a - lone have caused this smart. Oh! may

Heav - en grant you par - don, That you broke — my trust-ing heart — Heav-en

# Hi - le, Hi - lo

Waltz Time

*mf*

Come, bro-thers, fill your glas - ses, And drink the red wine up, There's naught on earth sur-

pas - ses The cheerful, brim-ming cup. — No thought ac-cord the mor - row, But live your lives to-

CHORUS

day! — Good wine dis-pels all sor - row, And cour-age gives al-way. — Hi - le, hi - lo, hi - le, hi - lo!

With us 'tis ev - er so! — Hi - le, hi - lo, hi - le, hi - lo! With us 'tis ev - er so!

# Here's To The Maiden

Allegretto

*mf*

1. Here's to the maid-en of bash-ful fif - teen,  
2. Here's to the char-mer whose dim-ples we prize,  
Now to the wi - dow of fif - ty;  
Now to the dam - sel with none sir;

Here's to the flaunting ex - tra - vagant lass; And here's to the house - wife that's thrif - ty.  
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes, And now to the nymph with but one, sir.

CHORUS

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

# Hawaiian Farewell Song

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"Aloha Oe"

Moderato espressivo

1. Now has come the hour sad of part-ing, Our daydream of love, my own, is o'er you On-ly  
2. When you're far a-way, ah! think of me, love, As I will be dream-ing e'er of you Let fond

mem-ories will soon be left us, As our lives seem to glide on as be-fore! Fare-  
rec-collec-tion be your fan-cy; And to me may your heart be ev-er true!

**CHORUS**

well, dear love, I'll dream of you, No pass-ing grief is this my heart is feel-ing, I  
love you so, be-fore you go, I'll say "Dear lov'd one, fare-well!"

## Hours There Were

J. WADE

Andante

1. Hours there were to mem'ry dear-er Than the sun-bright scenes of day; Friends were fond-er,  
2. Oft when ev'-ning fad-ed mild-ly, O'er the wave our bark would rove, Then we've heard the

joys were near-er, But a-las! they've fled a-way! Oh, 'twas when the moonlight play-ing On the  
night-bird wild-ly Breathes his ves-per tale of love. Songs like these my love would sing me, Song that

val-ley's si-lent grove, Told the bliss-ful hour for stray-ing With my fond, my faith-ful love.  
war-ble round me yet; Ah! but where does mem'ry lead me? Scenes like these I must for-get.

## His Love Shines Over All

G. FORBES

Andante

1. In days of grief and sor - row, To fear and doubt a prey; When, o'er the com-ing  
 2. When storms a-round are rag - ing, And all is dark and drear; Let hope, thy fears as-

mor - row, Hope sheds no bright'ning ray. Yet still, sad heart, re - mem - ber, 'Midst  
 sua - ging For ev - er-more be near. Tho' dark-ness all the earth en-shrouds, Let

all thy grief and pain, To stern and bleak De - cem - ber The spring suc-ceeds a -  
 nought thy heart ap - pal; While, far a - bove the dark-est clouds, The sun shines o - ver

gain, To stern and bleak De - cem - ber, The spring suc-ceeds a gain.  
 all, While, far a - bove the dark-est clouds, The sun shines o - ver all.

MRS. HEMANS

## The Hour Of Prayer

HEROLD

1. Child, a-midst the flow'r's at play, While the red light fades a - way; Moth-er, with thine earnest eye,  
 2. Traveller, in the stran-ger's land, Far from thine own household band; Mourn-er, haunt-ed by the tone

crescendo colla voce      tranquillo      cresc.

Ever following si - lent - ly; Fa-ther, by the breeze of eve, Called thy harvest-work to leave Pray, ere yet the  
 Of a voice from this world gone; Cap-tive in whose nar - row cell Sunshine hath not leave to dwell; Sai-lor on the

dark hours be, Lift the heart and bend the knee! Pray, ere yet the dark hours be, Lift the heart and bend the knee!  
 darkening sea Lift the heart and bend the knee! Sai-lor on the darkening sea Lift the heart and bend the knee!

# Homeward Bound

J.W. DADMUN

**Moderato**

1. Out on an o - cean all bound-less we ride, We're home-ward bound, home-ward bound;  
 2. Wild-ly the storm sweep-sus on as it roars, We're home-ward bound, home-ward bound;

Tossed on the waves of a rough, rest-less tide, We're home-ward bound, home-ward bound;  
 Look! yon-der lie the bright heav-en - ly shores, We're home-ward bound, home-ward bound;

Far from the safe qui-et har-bor we rode, Seek-ing our Fa-ther's ce - les - tial a - bode;  
 Stead-y! O pi - lot! stand firm at the wheel, Stead-y we soon shall out-weather the gale;

Prom-ise of which on us each He be - stowed, We're home-ward bound, home-ward bound.  
 Oh! how we fly 'neath the loud creak-ing sail, We're home-ward bound, home-ward bound.

R.KEENE

# How Firm A Foundation

**Moderato**

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His  
 2. Fear not, I am with thee, O, be not dis-mayed, For I am thy God, I will

ex - cel-lent Word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, You who un-to  
 still give thee aid: I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by My

Je - sus for ref - uge have fled? You who un-to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?  
 right-eous, om-nip - o - tent Hand, Up-held by My right-eous, om-nip - o - tent Hand.

## Happy Are We To-Night

*Allegro*

1. Happy are we to-night, boys, Happy, happy are we; The hearts that we de-  
 2. Man-y will be the mile, boys, Man-y, man-y the mile, That we shall rove and

*Fine*

light, boys, With us may hap-py be - guile The Friends may laugh with those who laugh, And  
 smile, boys, With those we ne'er be - voi - ces we have oft - en heard, And

*D.C.*

sigh for those in pain; The most of us have met be-fore, And now we meet a - gain.  
 fa - ces we have met, Like tones of sweet-est mel-o - dy, We nev-er can for - get.

"Lucia"

## Hail To The Happy Bridal Day

G. DONIZETTI

*Moderato mosso*

Hail to the hap - py bri - dal day, Hence, ev - ry thought of sor - row,

Let ev - ry heart with hope be gay, Bright be to thee each mor - row,

Friend - ship and love will guide thee Far from tempta - tion and dan - ger,

May ev - ry good be - tide thee, That on thy head we im - plore.

*D.C.*

# Hark! I Hear A Voice

*Allegro*

Hark! I hear a voice, Way up in the mountain top, tip-top, De-scend-ing down be - low, De-

scend-ing down be - low, low. Let us all u-nite in love Trust-ing in

The pow'r's a - bove Mer-ri-ly now we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll,

roll, we roll, Mer-ri-ly now we roll, we roll, O'er the deep blue sea.

# Hoop De Dooden Do!

A. NISH

*Allegretto*

1. Some hun-dred years a - go or so, Good ole Mas-sa set me free, Den de mis-sus  
 2. I walk'd a - long a mile or two, Wid-out a boot, wid-out a shoe; Den my feet did

she did cry; "Hoop de doo-den do!" I clap't my trunk up - on my back, And  
 hurt me so, "Hoop de doo-den do!" I stood my trunk down on de ground, Just

start-ed for de rail-way track, And soon I heard de whis-tle hol-ler "Hoop de doo-den do!"  
 for to take a look a-round, De whis-tle scream'd wid all his might "Hoop de doo-den do!"

## Home Again

MARSHALL S. PIKE

*Andante*

1. Home a-gain, home a-gain. From a for-ign shore! And oh, it fills my soul with  
 2. Hap-py hearts, hap-py hearts, With mine have laughed in glee, But oh, the friends I loved in

joy To meet my friends once more. Here I dropped the part-ing tear, To cross the o-cean's  
 youth Seem hap-pi-er to me; And if my guide should be the fate Which bids me long-er

foam, But now I'm once a-gain with those Who kind-ly greet me home,) Home a-gain, home a-gain,  
 roam, But death a-lone can break the tie That binds my heart to home,

From a for-ign shore, And oh, it fills my soul with joy To meet my friends once more.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

## Home, Sweet Home

SIR HENRY BISHOP

*Andante*

1. Mid pleasures and pal-a-ces though we may roam, Be it ev-er so humble, theres no place like  
 2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the rear wild, And feel that my mother now thinks of her

home; A charm from the skies seems to hal-low us there, Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er  
 child; As she looks on that moon from our own cot-tage door, Thro' the woodbine whose fra-grance shall

met with elsewhere,) Home, home, sweet, sweet, home, There's no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home  
 cheer me no more.)

# Hard Times Come Again No More

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STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Moderato

1. Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its ma-ny tears While we all sup sor-row with the  
2. While we seek mirth and beau-ty and mu-sic light and gay There are frail forms faint-ing at the

poor: There's a song that will lin-ger for-ev-er in our ears; Oh! Hard Times, come a-gain no more.  
door: Though their voi-ces are si-lent, their plead-ing lookswill say Oh! Hard Times, come a-gain no more.

CHORUS

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

Ma-ny days you have lin-ger'd a-round my cab-in door, Oh! Hard Times, come a-gain no more.

Slower

## Holland's National Hymn

Moderato

1. Who boasts of true Hol-land-ish blood, Whose heart ab-hors the wrong, May join our good-ly  
1. Wien Neér-lands bloed door de a-ders vloeit, Van vreem-de smet-ten vry; Wiens heart voor Land and

brotherhood, May join our fes-tive song. Our man-ly voi-ces let us raise And take him by the  
Kon-ing gloeit, Ver-heff den Zang, as wij. Hij stem met ons, ve-reend van zin, Met on-be-klem-de

hand, And sing the hon-or and the praise Of our dear Fa-ther-land; Of our dear Fa-ther-land!  
borst, Het rond and har-tig fest-ließt in Voor Va-der-land and Vorst, Voor Va-der-land and Vorst.

**Hark! Hark! My Soul**

J. B. DYKES

Moderato

*mf*

1. Hark! hark, my soul, An-gel - ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and o-cean's wave-beat Je-sus bids you  
2. On-ward we go, for still we hear them sing-ing "Come, wear - y souls for Je-sus bids you

shore. How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell-ing Of that new life when sin shall come;" And through the dark, its e - choes sweet - ly ring-ing, The mu-sic of the Gos-pel

be no more! An-gels of Je - sus, An-gels of light, Sing-ing to wel - come the leads us home.

*p* *cresc.* *pp*

pil-grims of the night Sing-ing to wel - come the pil-grims, the pil-grims of the night.

JOS.H.GILMORE

Moderato

**He Leadeth Me**

WM. B. BRADBURY

*mf*

1. He lead-eth me! oh, blessed thought! Oh, words with heav'nly comfort fraught! Whate'er I do, wher-  
2. Sometimes'midscenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where E - den's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er

*REFRAIN*

e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! By trou-bled sea, Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me. He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me!

His own hand He lead-eth me! His faith-ful fol-lower I would be, For by His hand He leath-eth me.

# Hark! I Hear An Angel Sing

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Andante

1. Hark! I hear an an-gel sing, An-gels noware on the wing, And their voi-ces ring-ing clear,  
2. Just beyond yon cliff of snow, Sil-ver riv-ers brightly flow; Smil-ing woods and fields are seen,

Tell us that the Spring is near. Dost thou hear them gen-tle one, Dost thou see the glo-ri-ous sun  
Man-tled in a robe of green; Birds and bees and brooks and flowrs, Tell us all of ver-nal hours;

Ris-ing high-er in the sky. As each day, as each day it pass-es by? Hark! I hear an an-gel sing,  
There the birds are weaving lays For the hap-py, the hap-py Springtime days. Just beyond yon cliff of snow,

An-gels noware on the wing, And their voi-ces sing-ing clear, Tell us that the Spring is near.  
Sil-ver riv-ers brightly flow, Smil-ing woods and fields are seen, Mantled in a robe of green.

HUGH R. HARWEIS

## The Homeland! O The Homeland!

ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Moderato

1. The Home-land! O the Home-land! The land of souls free-born! No gloom-y night is  
2. My Lord is in the Home-land! With an-gels bright and fair; No sin-ful thing nor

known there, But aye the fade-less morn: I'm sigh-ing for that Coun-try, My  
e-vil, Can ev-er en-ter there; The mu-sic of the ran-somed Is

heart is ach-ing here; There is no pain in the Home-land, To which I'm draw-ing near.  
ring-ing in my ears, And when I think of the Home-land, My eyes are wet with tears.

## The Hazel Dell

GEO. F. ROOT

Moderato

1. In the Hazel Dell my Nel-ly's sleeping, Nel-ly lov'd so long; And my lone-ly, lone-ly watch I'm  
2. In the Hazel Dell my Nel-ly's sleeping, Where the flowers wave; And the si-lent stars are night-ly

keep-ing, Nel-ly lost and gone; Here in moon-light oft-en we have wander'd Thro' the si-lent  
weep-ing, O'er poor Nel-ly's grave, Hopes that once my bo-som fond-ly cherisht Smile no more on

shade, Nowwhere leaf-y branches droop-ing downward, Lit-tle Nel-ly's laid. All a-long my  
me; Ev'-ry dream of joy a-las has per-ish'd, Nel-ly dear, with thee.

watch I'm keeping In the Ha-zel Dell, For my darling Nel-ly's near me sleep-ing, Nel-ly dear, fare-well.

## Hot Cross Buns!

Allegro

Hot Cross Buns! Hot Cross Buns! One a penny, two a penny, Hot Cross Buns! If you have no daughters,

If you have no daughters, If you have no daugh-ters, Pray give them to your sons;

But if you have none of these lit-tle elves, Then you must eat them all your-selves.

# The Dearest Spot

W. T. WRIGHTON

Moderato

1. The dear-est spot of earth to me, Is home, sweet home, The fair - y land I've longed to see, Is  
 2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home, I've learned to look with lov - er's eyes, On

home, sweet home, There how charmed the sense of hearing There where hearts are so en-dear-ing  
 home, sweet home, There where vows are tru - ly plighted, There where hearts are so u - ni - ted,

All the world is not so cheer - ing, As home sweet home. The dear-est spot of  
 All the world be-sides I've slight - ed, For home sweet home,

earth to me, is home, sweet home; The fair-y land I've longed to see, Is home, sweet home.

# Do They Think Of Me At Home?

CHAS. W. GLOVER

Andante

1. Do they think of me at home, Do they ev - er think of me? I who shared their ev 'ry grief, I who  
 2. Do they think of me at eve? Of the songs I used to sing? Is the harp I struck un - touch'd, Does a

mingled in their glee? Have their hearts grown cold and strange To the one now doom'd to roam, I would  
 stran-ger wake the string? Will no kind for - giv-ing word Come a - cross the rag - ing foam? Shall I

give the world to know, "Do they think of me at home?" I would give the world to know, "Do they think of me at home?"  
 nev-er cease to sigh, "Do they think of me at home?" Shall I nev-er cease to sigh, "Do they think of me at home?"

## Innisfail

Andante

*mf*

1. O land of saints, of streams and song, And sor-row wild as Benshee's wail, The hun-dred harps of  
 2. The glo-ry of a thou-sand years Is not to van-ish like a dream, We swear it by the

Ta - ra long To swell the cry of In-nis-fail, Whose modest maid-ens watch and pray For  
 quench-less tears That o'er the grave of Em-met stream; Green flag be fore-most as of yore; Thy

help that comes from Heav'n a-lone; Whose stal-wart sons sus-tain the sway In ev'-ry em-pire  
 pri-mal strength, lov'd isle, re-new; Thy hon-ors bright'ning more and more, Long as a sham-rock

**CHORUS**

*mf*

save their own. O In-nis-fail, my own dear isle, Tho' ling-ring years of wrong be thine, The  
 drinks the dew.

*cresc.*

sunburst thro' the storm shall smile; The day has dawnd, thy light shall shine. O In-nis-fail! O In-nis-fail!

## I'm Troubled In Mind

Slave Hymn

Andantino

*mf*

I'm trou-bled, I'm trou-bled, I'm troubled in mind, If Je-sus don't help me I surely will die.

1. O Je-sus, my Sa-viour, on Thee I'll de-pend, When trou-bles are near me, You'll be my true friend.  
 2. When la-den with trouble, and bur-den'd with grief, To Je-sus in se-cret I'll go for re-lief.

## In Old Madrid

H. TROTÉRE

Tempo di Bolero

*p*

1. Long years a - go, in old Ma-dr-id, Where soft-ly sighs of love the light gui-  
2. Far, far, a-way, from old Ma-dr-id, Her lov-er fell long years a - go for

tar, Two sparkling eyes, a lat - tice hid, Two eyes as dark-ly bright as love's own star! There  
Spain, A con-vent veil those sweet eyes hid, And all the vows that love had sigh'd were vain. But

on the casement ledge when day was o'er, A ti - ny hand was light-ly laid; A face look'd out, as from the  
still be-tween the dusk and night, 'tis said Her white hand opes the lat-tice wide, The faint sweet ech-o of that

*cresc.* *rit.* *a tempo* *mf.*

riv - er shore, There stole a ten-der ser - a - nade! — Rang the lov - er's hap - py song,  
ser - en-ade, Floats weird-ly o'er the misty tide! — Still she lists her lov - er's song,

Light and low from shore to shore, But Ah! the riv - er flow'd a - long Be-tween them ever-  
Still he sings up - on the shore, Tho' flows a stream than all more strong Be-tween them ever-

*cresc.*

Tenderly *p.*

more. rit. Come, my love, the stars are shin-ing, Time is fly-ing,

more.

*p.* rit.

Love is sigh-ing, Come, for thee a heart is pin-ing, Here a - lone I wait for thee!

## The Ivy Green

HENRY RUSSELL

Andantino

*mf*

1. A dainty plant is the ivy green, That creepeth o'er ruins old,  
2. Fast he stealeth, tho' he wears no wings, And a staunchold heart has he,  
How right choice food are his meals I ween, In his cell so lone and cold; The wall must be crumbled,  
closely he twin-eth, how closely he clings, To his friend, the huge oak tree! And slyly he traileth a -  
stones de-cayed, To pleasure his dain-ty whim, And the molder-ing dust that years have made Is a  
long the ground, And his leaves he gen-tly waves, As he joy-ous-ly hugs and crowdeth round The  
mer-ry meal for him Creeping where no life is seen, A rare old plant is the I - vy green,  
mold of dead men's graves Creeping where no life is seen, A rare old plant is the I - vy green,  
Creeping where no life is seen, A rare old plant is the I - vy green, Creep - ing, creeping,  
rare old plant is the I - vy green, Creeping where no life is seen,  
Creeping where no life is seen Creep - ing, creep-ing, A rare old plant is the I - vy green.

## I Cannot Sing The Old Songs

CLARIBEL

Slowly

*mf*

1. I can-not sing the old songs, I sang long years a - go, For heart and voice would fail me, And  
2. I can-not sing the old songs, Their charm is sad and deep; Their mel - o-dies would wa-ken Old

foolish tears would flow; For bygone hours come o'er my heart, with each fa-mil-iar strain. I cannot sing the  
sorrows from their sleep, And tho' all un - for - got-ten still, and sad - ly sweet they be, I cannot sing the  
  
old songs, Or dream those dreams a - gain, I cannot sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a - gain.  
old songs, They are too dear to me; I cannot sing the old songs, They are too dear to me.

### I'm Saddest When I Sing

T. H. BAYLY

Andante

1. You think I have a mer - ry heart, Be - cause my songs are gay; But oh! they all were  
2. I heard them first in that sweet home I nev - er more shall see; And now each song of  
  
taught to me By friends now far a - way. The bird re-tains its sil - ver note, Tho'  
joy but breathes In plain-tive tones for me. A - las! 'tis vain in win - ter-time, To  
  
bond-age chains his wing; His song is not a hap - py one; I'm sad-dest when I sing.  
mock the songs of spring; Each note re-calls some with-ered leaf; I'm sad-dest when I sing.

### I Think Of You

E. DEVEREUX

Andante

1. I think of you in wak - ing hours, I dream of you by night, To  
2. With - out you life would be a bar - ren de - sert void of charm, And  
  
dim.  
know our hearts may beat as one fills me with sweet de - light.  
but the tho't of los - ing you frights me with wild a - larm.

## It Is Better To Laugh Than Be Sighing

Allegretto non troppo

G. DONIZETTI

1. It is bet - ter to laugh than be sigh - ing, When we think how life's mo - ments are  
 2. In the world we some be - ings dis - cov - er, Far too frig - id for friend or for

fly-ing; For each sor - row fate ev - er is bring - ing, There's a plea-sure in store for us  
 lov - er; Souls un - blest and for - ev - er re - pin - ing, Tho' good for - tune a-round them be

spring - ing. Tho' our joys, like the wave in the sun-shine, Gleam a while then be lost to the  
 shin - ing. It were well if such hearts we could ban-ish To some plan - et far di-stant from

sight; Yet for each spark-lin-ray, That so pass - es a - way, Comes an - oth - er as bri-liant and light  
 ours, They're the dark spots we trace On this earth's fa-vor'd space, They are weeds that choke up the fair flow'rs

Tempo I

Then 'tis bet-ter to laugh than be sigh - ing, They are wise who re-solve to be

gay, When we think how life's mo - ments are fly - ing, Oh! en - joy pleasure's gifts while we may.

"Carmen"

## If You Love Me

Andantino

G. BIZET

If you love me Carmen, if you love me, my Carmen Then you may, yes you may Beright

dim. *mf*

proud love, to day! If you love me, — if you love me! Thee I love, Es-camil-lo, May I  
die if 'tis false Never have I lov'd yet as I love thee, my own, — Ah! I love thee, ah! I love thee!

## In The Time Of Roses

J. REICHARDT

Andante espressivo

1. In the time of ros - es, Hope, thou wea - ry heart! Spring a balm dis-  
2. In the time of ros - es, Wea - ry heart, re - joice! Ere the sum-mer

clos - es For the keen - est smart. Tho' thy grief o'er come thee Thro'  
clos - es Comes the longed for Voice. Let not death ap - pal thee, For,

the win-ter's gloom, Thou shalt thrust it from thee, When the ros - es bloom.  
be-yond the tomb, God Him - self shall call thee, When the ros - es bloom.

## I Know Not Why I Love Thee

Andante

1. I know not why I love thee, Thou dost not think of me; But still my heart will wander For-  
2. A mag - ic spell is round me, My spir - it to en-chain; I strug - gle to forget thee, To

ev - er back to thee; But still my heart will wander For - ev - er back to thee.  
free my heart a - gain; I strug - gle to forget thee To free my heart a - gain.

## It Was Not So To Be

VICTOR NESSLER

Andante con moto

*mf*

rit. 1. How badly is the course of life ad-  
2. Grief, en-vy, hate, were mine in am- ple just - ed, That where sweet  
meas - ure, A storm-tried,

ros - es bloom sharp thorns a - bound, What though the heart has dear - ly, fond - ly trust - ed, The hour of  
sad and wea - ry wan - d'rer I, I dreamt of peace and hours of tran-quil pleas - ure, When un - to

part-ing will at last come round. Of thy fond glanc-es, once I read the mean - ing, They spoke of  
thee my path-way led me nigh. Then through my soul a flash of joy went gleam - ing, Fair would I

joy and hap - pi - ness for ine: God bless thee, love, it was but i - dle dream-ing, God bless thee, love, it was not so to  
pledge my youth ful life to thee: God bless thee, love, it was but i - dle dream-ing, God bless thee, love, it was not so to

be. — God bless thee, love, it was but i - dle dream - ing, God bless thee, love, it was not so to be.  
be. — God bless thee, love, it was but i - dle dream - ing, God bless thee, love, it was not so to be.

## I Think When I Read That Sweet Story

Andante

1. I — think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a - mong men,  
2. I — wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arm had been thrown'round me,

How He called lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.  
And that I — might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."

"PINAFORE"

## I'm Called Little Buttercup

A. SULLIVAN

Tempo di Valse

I'm call'd lit-tle But-ter-cup, Dear lit-tle But-ter-cup Tho' I could nev-er tell why; But

still I'm call'd But-ter-cup, Poor lit-tle But-ter-cup, sweet lit-tle But-ter-cup I — I've snuff and to-

bac-ey, And ex-cel-lent jack-y; I've scis-sors and watches and knives. I've rib-bons and la-ces to

set off the fa-ces, Of pret-ty young sweethearts and wives, I've trea-cle and tof-fee, I've tea and I've

cof-fee, Soft tom-my and suc-cu-lent chops, I've chickens and con-ies, and pret-ty po-lo-nies, And

ex-cel-lent pep-per mint drops. Then buy of your But-ter-cup, Dear lit-tle But-ter-cup, sail-ors should

nev-er be shy, — So buy of your But-ter-cup, poor lit-tle But-ter-cup, Come, of your Buttercup buy.

## Garibaldi's War Hymn

A. OLIVERI

**Tempo di Marcia**

The musical score consists of six staves of music in common time. The first staff starts with a forte dynamic and includes lyrics: "To arms! To arms! The tombs they are riv-en, the dead are a-ris-en, Our martyrs have". The second staff begins with a dynamic of *mf* and continues the lyrics: "Your homes by the banks of the Dan-ube are buil-ded, But ours by the". The third staff continues the lyrics: "burst from their se-pul-chre pri-son! Sword in hand and their heads wreathed with". The fourth staff continues: "suns of I-tal-ia are gild-ed! Your camps they de-spoil us, our bread ye are". The fifth staff continues: "lau-rels of fame, And the fire of I-tal-ia in heart! A-way then, now has-ten in". The sixth staff continues: "steal-ing! Our chil-dren ap-pealing shall not call in vain! The seas and the Alps are our". The seventh staff begins with a dynamic of *f* and continues: "bat-tle ar-ray-ing, Our flag to the free wind of hea-ven dis-playing On the foe with the". The eighth staff continues: "coun-try's con-fines, With the cha-riot of fire we'll cross the Ap-pe-nines! The tra-ces of". The ninth staff begins with a dynamic of *f* and continues: "steel! on the foe with the fire! On the foe with the fire of I-tal-ia in heart! A-". The tenth staff continues: "con-quest for ev-er de-stroy-ing, Our ban-ner de-ploy-ing well raise once a-gain!". The eleventh staff begins with a dynamic of *f* and continues: "way from I-tal-ia! A-way from I-tal-ia! A-way from I-tal-ia! Now stran-ger a-way!". The twelfth staff concludes with a dynamic of *f*.

**CHORUS**

## In Our Little Bark We Glide

**Moderato**

The musical score consists of two staves of music in common time. The first staff starts with a dynamic of *mf* and includes lyrics: "In our lit-tle bark we glide". The second staff continues the lyrics: "Call me o-ver, call me o-ver". The third staff continues: "Gent-ly o-ver the rip-pling tide". The fourth staff continues: "Call me o-ver the riv-er to-night".

# It's A Way We Have At Old Harvard

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**Moderato**

1. It's a way we have at old Har - vard, It's a way we have at old Har - vard, It's a  
 2. For we think it is no sin, sir, To take the Fresh - men in, sir, And

cresc.

way we have at old Har - vard To drive dull care a - way; To drive dull care a -  
 ease them of their tin, sir, To drive dull care a - way; To drive dull care a -

way, To drive dull care a - way, It's a way we have at old Har - vard, It's a  
 way,

cresc.

way we have at old Har - vard, It's a way we have at old Har - vard, To drive dull care a - way.

## In Cellar Cool

**Slowly**

1. In cel-lar cool I sit me here, Up on a pipe at lei - sure, And with a cheer - ful  
 2. Poor me a thirst-y de-mon plagues But I shall sure - ly fright him, And with my wine-glass

>

mind I or - der Wine in right good meas-ure; The tap - ster draws a migh - ty glass When  
 in my hand, I'll up and brave - ly fight him, The whole world seems ro - sy red and

rit.

he be-holds me wink-ing I hold my cup high in the air, When I'm drinking,drinking,drinking.  
 ev - er to my thinking I'd do no harm to an - y man When I'm drinking,drinking,drinking.

## It Was A Lover And His Lass

THOMAS MORLEY

**Allegretto**

1. It was a lover and his lass, With a hey, with a ho, with a hey no-ni-  
2. This carol they began that hour, With a hey, with a ho, with a hey no-ni-

no, And a hey no-ni-no-ni-no, That o'er the green corn-fields did pass, In spring-time, in  
no, And a hey no-ni-no-ni-no, — How that life was but a flow'r In spring-time, in

springtime, in springtime, The on-ly pret-ty ring-time, When birds do sing, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey  
springtime, in springtime, The on-ly pret-ty ring-time, When birds do sing, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey

a poco  
ding a ding a ding, Hey ding a ding a ding, Sweet lov-ers love the spring.  
ding a ding a ding, Hey ding a ding a ding, Sweet lov-ers love the spring.

## I Saw A Rosebud

C.M. VON WEBER

**Moderato**

1. With-in my path-way, a rose-bud grew, It was so bloom-ing and fair to view; It shed its  
2. Ye love-ly mai-dens, I sing of you, All beauteous e'en as the rose to view; With ev'-ry

cresc.  
per-fume far o'er the land, I would have pluck'd it — it pierc'd my hand, I would have  
charm to win and please, Ye first at tract us 'tis but to tease, Ye first at-

pluck'd it, it pierc'd my hand.  
tract us 'tis but to tease.

## In The Gloaming

ANNIE F. HARRISON

**Andante**

*p*

1. In the gloam-ing, oh, my dar-ling! when the lights are dim and low, And the qui - et  
 2. In the gloam-ing, oh, my dar-ling! think not bit - ter - ly of me! Though I passed a -

rall.

shad - ows, fall-ing, soft-ly come and lone - ly, soft - ly go; When the winds are sob - bing faint-ly long-ing;

way in si - lence, left you set you free; For my heart was crushed with

con anima

with a gen-tle, un-known woe, Will you think of me and love me, As you did once  
 what had been could nev-er be. It was best to leave you thus, dear, Best for you and

1. 2. rall. cresc.

long a - go? (Omit.) me, It was best to leave you thus, Best for you and best for me.

## If Love Were What The Rose Is

C. PINSUTI

**Andante espressivo**

*mf*

1. If love were what the rose is, And I were like the leaf, Our lives would grow to gether, In  
 2. If I were what the words are, And love were like the tune, With dou - ble sound and sin - gle, De -

sad or sing-ing weather, Blown fields or flow'r-ful clo - ses, Green pleasure or grey grief, If  
 light our lips would min - gles, With kiss - es glad as birds are, That get sweet rain at noon, If

*un poco rall. rall. p*

a tempo cresc.

*f* con passione

*p* con grazia

love were what the rose is And I were like the leaf, If love were what the rose is, And I were like the leaf!  
 I were what the words are, And love were like the tune, If I were what the words are, And love were like the tune!

## I Love Thee

EDWARD GRIEG

Andante

*mp*

1. Light of my life whose image my heart hold - eth! Thou at whose feet I wor - ship  
thee in dreaming, and in wak - ing, Thy perfect bliss I set all

and a-dore! With wings of love my spi - rit thee en-fold- eth, I  
else before; Wher-ev - er fate my foot-steps may be tak - ing, I

love thee dear, I love thee dear, I love thee dear, now and for - ev - er-more! I

*cresc. sempre*

*rit.* love thee dear, now and for - ev - er-more!

*dim.* 2. I think of

## I Remember, I Remember

Andante

1. I re - mem - ber, I re - mem - ber The house where I was born, The lit - tle win - dow  
2. I re - mem - ber, I re - mem - ber The ros - es red and white, The vio - lets and the

where the sun Came peep-ing in at morn; He nev - er came a wink too soon, Nor  
li - ly - cups, Those flow - ers made of light; The li - la - cies, where the ro - bin built, And

brought too long a day, But now I of - ten wish the night Had borne my breath a - way.  
where my bro - ther set, The la - bur - num, on his birth - day, And the tree is liv - ing yet.

Andantino

1. I'm sit - ting on the stile, Ma-ry, Where we sat side by side, On a bright May morning,  
 2. The place is lit - tle changed, Ma-ry, The day as bright as then, The lark's loud song is

long a - go, When first you were my bride. The corn was springing fresh and green, And the  
 in my ear, And the corn is green a - gain! But I miss the soft clasp of your hand, And your

*erese.* *sotto voce e con espress.* *crese.*

lark sang loud and high, And the red was on your lip, Ma-ry, And the love-light in your  
 breath warm on my cheek, And I still keep list'ning for the words You nev - er more will

*rall. ad lib.*

eye, speak, And the red was on your lip, Ma-ry, And the love-light in your eye.  
 And I still keep list'ning for the words You nev - er more will speak.

## I Seen Her At De Window

Moderato

1. As I walked out last Sun-day night, The wed-der it was ha - zy A pret-ty girl I  
 2. Her hair was curl-ed tight round her head, I could not keep from grinn-ing; I real-ly thought I

**CHORUS**

chanced to meet Oh! she set this col-ord man cra - zy! I seen her at de win-dow, It  
 should sus-pire, When I heard that yal-ler girl sing-ing.

was my dear Lu - cin-da; She dress'd so neat, and looked so sweet, I'd gin my life to bin in thar.

## I Dreamt I Dwelt In Marble Halls

M. W. BALFE

Moderato

1. I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls, With vas-sals and serfs at my side, And of all who as-  
 2. I dreamt that suitors sought my hand; That knights upon bend-ed knee, And with vows no maid-

sembled with-in those walls, That I was the hope and the pride. I had riches too great to count, could  
 en heart could withstand, They pledg'd their faith to me; And I dreamt that one of that no - ble

boast Of a host Came high an-ces-tral forth my hand to name; But I al - so dreamt, which pleas'd me most, That you lov'd me  
 claim. But I al - so dreamt, which charm'd me most, That you lov'd me

still the same, That you lov'd me, you lov'd me still the same, That you lov'd me, you lov'd me still the same.  
 still the same, That you lov'd me, you lov'd me still the same, That you lov'd me, you lov'd me still the same.

## The Ingle Side

Moderato

1. It's rare to see the morn-ing bleeze, Like a bon - fire frae the sea; It's fair to see the  
 2. Glens may be gilt wi' gow-ans rare, The birds may fill the tree, And meadows hae the

bur - nie kiss The lip o the flow - ry lea; An' fine it is on green hill-side, Where  
 scent-ed wair That sim - mer growth can gie; But the can - ty hearth where cron - ies meet, An'the

hums the bon - nie bee, But rar - er, fair - er, fin - er far Is the In - gle side for me.  
 dár - ling o' our e'e, That makes to us a warl' complete, O, the In - gle side for me.

# I'll Hang My Harp On A Willow Tree

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Moderato

1. I'll hang my harp on a willow tree, I'll off to the wars a-gain; My peace-ful home has no  
 2. She took me a-way from my war-like lord, And gave me a silk-en suit, I thought no more of my

cresc.

charms for me, The bat - tle field no pain; The la-dy I love will soon be a bride, With a mas-ter's sword, When I playd on my mas-ter's lute; She seem'd to think me a boy a-bove Her

dim.

di-a-dem on her brow; Oh! why did she flat-ter my boy-ish pride, She's go-ing to leave me pages of low de-gree; Oh! had I but lov'd with a boy-ish love, It would have been better for

dim. e rit.

now, Oh! why did she flat-ter my boy-ish pride, She's go-ing to leave me now!— me, Oh! had I but lov'd with a boy-ish love, It would have been bet-ter for me.—

# I've Been Roaming

CHAS. E. HORN

Allegretto

1. I've been roam-ing, I've been roam-ing Where the mea-dow dew is sweet; And I'm  
 2. I've been roam-ing, I've been roam-ing By the rose and lil-y fair; And I'm

com-ing, and I'm com-ing With its pearls up-on my feet, I've been roam-ing, I've been roam-ing  
 com-ing, and I'm com-ing With their blos-soms in my hair, I've been roaming, I've been roaming

Where the mea-dow dew is sweet, And I'm com-ing, and I'm com-ing With its pearls up-on my feet.

## I'll Sing Thee Songs Of Araby

FREDERIC CLAY

Andantino

1. I'll sing thee songs of Ara-by, And tales of fair Cash-mere, Wild  
 2. Thro' those twin lakes, when won-der wakes, My rap-tur'd song shall sink, As the

tales to cheat thee of a sigh, Or charm thee to a tear; } And dreams of de-light shall  
 di-ver dives — for pearls, Bring tears, bright tears to their brink;

dim.

on thee break, And rain-bow vi-sions, rise, And all my soul shall strive to wake Sweet

cresc.

won-der in thine eyes, And all my soul shall strive to wake Sweet won-der in thine eyes.

R. HEEB'R

## If Thou Wert By My Side

S. NELSON

Moderato

1. If thou wert by my side, my love, How fast would eve-ning fall, In green Ben-gal-a's  
 2. I miss thee at the dawn-ing gray, When, on our deck re-clined, In care-less ease my

palm-y grove, List-ning the night-in-gale. If thou, my love wert by my side, My  
 limbs I lay, And woe the cool-er wind. I miss thee, when by Gun-ga's stream My

cresc.

dim.

ba-bies at my knee, How gai-ly would our pin-nace glide, O'er Gunga's mi-mic sea.  
 twilight steps I guide, But most beneath the lamp's pale beam, I miss thee from my side.

## I Love My Love

C. PINSUTI

Allegro moderato

*mf*

1. What is the meaning of the song That rings so clear and loud,  
2. What is the meaning of thy thought, O maid-en fair and young, Thou night-in-gale a -  
There is such pleasure

*p e leggiero.*

mid the copse, Thou lark a-bove the cloud? Thou lark a-bove the cloud? What says thy song, thou  
in thine eyes, Such mu-sic on thy tongue? Such mu-sic on thy tongue? There is such glo - ry

*rf*

joy-ous thrush, Up in the wal - nut tree? What says thy song, thou joy-ous thrush, Up  
on thy face, What can the mean-ing be? There is such glo - ry on thy face, What

*f.*

in the wal-nut tree? What says thy song? What says thy song? "I love my love, I love my love, be -  
can the meaning be? O maid-en fair! O maid-en fair!

*rall.*

cause I know my love loves me;" "I love my love, I love my love, be-cause I know my love loves me!"

## Integer Vitae

HORATII FLACCI

Moderato

1. In - te - ger vi - tæ scel - e - ris - que pu - rus Non - e - get Mau - ris jac - u - lis, nec  
2. Si - ve per Syr - tes i - ter as - tu - o - sas, Si - ve fac - tu - rus per in - hos - pi -

ar - cu - ta - lem Nec ve - ne - na - tis grav - i - da sa - git - tis, Fus - ce, pha - re - tra.  
Cau - ca - sum, vel quæ lo - ca fab - u - lo - sus Lam - bit Hy - das - pes.

Moderato

*mf*

1. In the Chris-tian's home in glo - ry, There re - mains a land of rest, There my  
2. He is fit - ting up my man-sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly must stand; For my

CHORUS

Sav-iour's gone be - fore me, To ful - fil my soul's re - quest. There is rest for the  
stay shall not be tran-sient, In that ho - ly hap - py land. 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.

## In Heavenly Love Abiding

Andante non lento

FELIX MENDELSSOHN

*cresc.*

1. In heavenly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear, And safe in such con-fid - ing, For  
2. Wher - ev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shepherd is be-side me, And

*cresc.*

nothing changes here. The storm may roar - with-out me, My heart may low be laid, But God is round a -  
nothing can I lack. His wis-dom ev - er wak-eth, His sight is never dim; He knows the way He

*dim.*

bout me, And can I be dis-mayed? But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis-mayed?  
tak-eth, And I will walk with him; He knows the way He tak-eth, And I will walk with Him.

MARY S. B. DANA

## I'm A Pilgrim

Moderato

*mf*

1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stranger: I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night.  
2. Of that coun - try to which I'm go - ing, My Re - deem - er, my Redeem - er is the light:

Do not de-tain me, for I am  
There is no sor-row, nor an-y  
go-ing To where the stream-lets are ev-er flow-ing.  
sigh-ing, Nor an-y sin there, nor an-y dy-ing.

**REFRAIN**

Im a pil-grim, and Im a stran-ger: I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night.

## I Was A Wandering Sheep

JOHN ZUNDEL

Andante

1. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold;— I did not love my  
2. The Shep-herd sought His sheep, The fa-ther sought His child; He fol-lowed me o'er

Shep-herd's voice, I would not be con-trolled; I was a way-ward child, Fam-

vale and hill, O'er des-erts waste and wild: He found me nigh to death, Fam-

did not love my home, I did not love my Fa-ther's voice, I loved a-far to roam.  
ished, and faint, and lone; He bound me with the bands of love, He saved the wandering one.

## In Excelsis Gloria

Moderato

1. Christ is born of maid-en fair; Hark! the her-alds in the air!  
2. Shep-herd saw those an-gels bright Car-ol-ing in glo-ri-ous light;

Thus a-dor-ing hear them there, "In ex-cel-sis glo-ri-a!"  
"God, His Son, is born to-night In ex-cel-sis glo-ri-a!"

## I Love To Tell The Story

WM. C. FISCHER

Moderato

1. I love to tell the Sto - ry Of un-seen thing a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry Of  
 2. I love to tell the Sto - ry; More wonder - ful it seems Than all the gold-en fan-cies Of

Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the Sto - ry, Be - cause I know it's - true; It  
 all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the Sto - ry, It did so much for me; And

**REFRAIN**

sat - is-fies my long-ing As noth - ing else would do. I love to tell the Sto - ry, 'Twill  
 that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.

be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.

EDWIN H. SEARS

## It Came Upon The Midnight Clear

R. S. WILLIS

Allegretto

1. It came up-on the mid-night clear, That glo-rious song of old, From an-gels bending  
 2. Still through the clo-ven skies they come, With peaceful wings un-furld; And still their heavenly

near the earth To touch their harps of gold: "Peace to the earth, good-will to men, From  
 mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world; A - bove the sad and low - ly plains They

heavens all gra-cious King;" The world in sol-emn still-ness lay, To hear the an-gels sing!  
 bend on hovering wing, And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless-ed an-gels sing!

"Maritana"

## In Happy Moments

W. V. WALLACE

Moderato

1. In hap - py mo-ments day by day, The sands of life may pass beat, In  
 2. Though anx - ious eyes up - on us gaze, And hearts with fond - ness beat, Whose

swift but tranquil tide a - way, From time's un-er - ring glass, Yet hopes we used as  
 smile up-on each fea-ture plays With truth-ful-ness re-plete, Some thoughts none oth-er

bright to deem, Re-mem-brance will re-call, Whose pure and whose un-fad - ing beam, Is  
 can re-place, Re-mem-brance will re-call, Which in the flight of years we trace, Is

dear-er far than all, Whose pure and whose un-fad - ing beam, Is dear-er far than all.  
 dear-er far than all, Which in the flight of years we trace, Is dear-er far than all.

rit.

## I'd Offer Thee This Hand Of Mine

Andante

1. I'd of - fer thee this hand of mine, If I could love thee less; But  
 2. I leave thee in thy hap - pi - ness, As one too dear to love; As

heart as war-mand pure as thine Should nev - er know dis - tress. My for - tune is too hard for  
 one I think of but to bless, As wretch-ed-ly I rove. But oh! when sorrows cup I

thee; 'Twould chill my dear-est joy; I'd rath - er weep to see thee free, Than win thee to de-stroy.  
 drink, All bit-ter thought it be, How sweet'll be for me to think It holds no drop for thee!

## In The Boat

**Allegretto**

E. GRIEG.

1. Sea-gulls flock-ing with feath-ers snow - y In the sun-shine gay!  
2. O'er thy shoul-ders thy tress-es loos - en My de - light!

Ti - ny gos - lings with yel-low stock-ings proudly strut; Row, row the o - cean o'er,  
Then shall we dance in the mel-low glist-ning sum-mer night! Wait, wait, mid - summer day,

Smooth-ly to yon dis-tant shore, Still is ev - ry bil-low My fair la - dy.  
Do not hast-en too soon a - way, Vi - o-lins glad are playing My fair la - dy.

## Isle Of Beauty

THOS. H. BAYLY

**Moderato**

1. Shades of eve - ning, close not o'er us, Leave our lone - ly barque a - while;  
2. 'Tis the hour when hap - py fa - ces Smile a - round the ta - per's light;

Morn, a - las! will not re - store us Yon - der dim and dis - tant isle;  
Who will fill our va - cant pla - ces, Who will sing our songs to - night?

Still my fan - cy can dis - cov - er Sun - ny spots where friends may dwell,  
Through the mist that floats a - bove us, Faint - ly sounds the ves - per bell;

Dark - er shad - ows round us hov - er, Isle of Beau - ty, "fare thee well!"  
Like a voice from those who love us, Breath - ing fond - ly, "fare thee well!"

# Jamie's On The Stormy Sea

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BERNARD COVERT

Allegretto

1. Ere the twi-light bat was flit - ting, In the sun - set, at her knitting, Sang a lone-ly  
 2. Warm-ly shone the sun-set glow-ing; Sweetly breath'd the young flow'r's blowing Earth with beauty

maid-en, sit - ting Un - der-neath her thresh-old tree; And, ere day-light died be - fore us,  
 o - ver-flow-ing, Seemed the home of love to be, As those an - gel tones as-cend - ing,

And the ves - per stars shone o'er us, Fit-ful rose her ten - der chor-us, "Ja - mie's on the stormy sea."  
 With the scene and sea - son blending, Ev - er had the same low ending, "Ja - mie's on the stormy sea."

## Jenny Jones

Allegro

We come to see Miss Jennie Jones, Jen-nie Jones, Jennie Jones, We come to see Miss Jen-nie Jones.

*Spoken*

How is she to - day? { 1. She's washing:  
 2. She's ironing:  
 3. She's sweeping:  
 4. She's sick:  
 5. She's dead: }

We're right glad to hear it, To  
 We're right sor - ry to hear it, To

hear it, to hear it, We're right glad to hear it And how is she to - day?  
 hear it, to hear it, We're right sor - ry to hear it And how is she to - day?

## Jack Spratt

Allegro

Jack Spratt could eat no fat, His wife could eat no lean; And so be-twixt them both, you see, They made the platter clean.

## Jim Along Josey

Moderato

1. Oh I se from Lu - si - an - na, as you all know,  
2. My sis - ter Rose de od - er night did dream, Dat

Dar whar Jim a-long Jo-sey's all de go; Dem niggahs all rise wen de bell does ring, An  
she was float - in' up an' down de stream. An' when she'woke she be gan to cry, An'de

dis is de song dat dey do sing. Hey git a-long, git a-long, Jo-sey, Hey git a-long  
white cat pick'd out de black cat's eye.

CHORUS  
Allegro

Jim a-long Joe! Hey git a-long, git a-long Jo-sey, Hey git a-long, Jim a-long Joe!

## Jordan Am A Hard Road To Trabbel

T. F. BRIGGS

Allegretto *mf*

1. I rived in-to New York, to pass de time a-way, I trabbel'd o'er de Russ pavent ac-  
2. Den I look to de Norf, and I look to de East, And I hol-ler for de ox - cart to

cord-in'. Da'r gwine to hab it flinish'd when de Cit-y Hall bell Sounds o - ber on de oth-er side of  
come on, Wid four - gray hors-es a driven on de lead, To take us to de oth-er side of

CHORUS

Jor-dan. I took off my coat, and roll up my sleeve, Jor-dan am a hard road to

trab - bel, I took off my coat, and roll up mysleeve Jor-dan am a hard road to trab - bel I believe.

### John Brown's Body

W. STEFFE

Allegro marcia

1. John Brown's bo - dy lies a - mould - ring in the grave,  
 2. The stars of heav - en are look - ing kind - ly down,

John Brown's bo - dy lies a - mould - ring in the grave, John Brown's bo - dy lies a -  
 The stars of heav - en are look - ing kind - ly down, The stars of heav - en are

CHORUS

mould - ring in the grave, His soul goes marching on! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!  
 look - ing kind - ly down, On the grave of old John Brown! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His soul is marching on.

Allegro

### Jack And Jill

*mf*

Jack and Jill went up the hill, To fetch a pail of wa - ter;

*mf*

Jack fell down, And broke his crown, And Jill came tum - bling af - ter.

## Just Before The Battle, Mother

GEO. F. ROOT

Moderato

Musical score for "Just Before The Battle, Mother" by Geo. F. Root. The score consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The tempo is indicated as "Moderato". The lyrics describe a soldier's thoughts before battle, mentioning his mother, comrades, and the "Battle Cry of Freedom". The score includes a "CHORUS" section where the singer bids farewell to his mother.

1. Just be-fore the bat-tle, moth-er,  
2. Hark! I hear the bug-gles sound-ing,  
I am think-ing most of  
'Tis the sig-nal for the  
you, While up-on the field we're  
fight, Now may God pro-pect us,  
  
watching, With the en-e-my in view. Comrades brave are round me ly-ing, Filled with tho'ts of home and  
moth-er, As He ev-er does the right. Hear the "Bat-tle Cry of Freedom," How it swells up-on the  
  
God; For well they know that on the mor-row, Some will sleep be-neath the sod.  
air; Oh, yes, we'llral-ly 'round the stand ard, Or we'll per-ish no-bly there.  
  
CHORUS  
Fare-well, moth-er, you may nev-er, you may nev-er, moth-er, Press me to your heart a-gain; But  
  
rit.  
Oh, you'll not for-get me, moth-er, you will not for-get me, If I'm num-bered with the slain.  
Repeat pp

E. CASWALL

## Jesus! The Very Thought Of Thee

J. B. DYKES

Andante

Musical score for "Jesus! The Very Thought Of Thee" by J. B. Dykes. The score consists of two staves of music with lyrics underneath. The key signature is G major (no sharps or flats). The tempo is indicated as "Andante". The lyrics express deep devotion and love for Jesus Christ, comparing His presence to sweet fragrance and rest.

1. Je-sus! the ver-y thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills my breast;  
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem-ry find meek!  
3. O hope of ev'-ry con-trite heart! O joy of all the meek!  
  
But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest.  
A sweet-er sound than Thy blest name, O Sav-iour of man-kind!  
To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!

## Just After The Battle

GEORGE E. ROOT

Moderato

*mf.*

1. Still up-on the field of bat-tle I am ly - ing moth-er dear, With my wounded com-rades  
 2. Oh, the first great charge was fear-ful And a thou-sand brave men fell, Still a - mid the dreadful

*cresc.*

wait - ing, For the morn-ing to ap - pear Ma-ny sleep to wak-en nev - er,  
 car - nage, I was safe from shot and shell So a - mid the fa - tal show - er,

In this world of strife and death, And ma - ny more are faint-ly call - ing,  
 I had near - ly passed the day, When here the dread - ed Min - nie struck me,

*rit. et dim.*

*p a tempo*

With their fee - ble dy-ing breath. Moth-er dear, your boy is wounded, And the night is drear with  
 And I sunk a - mid the fray.

*rit.*

pain,(with pain,) But still I feel that I shall see you, And the dear old home a - gain.

## Japanese National Hymn

Maestoso

*f.*

May our gra - cious Emp - pror reign, Till a thou - sand, yea, ten thou - sand years shall roll,  
 Ki - mi ga - yo - wa Chi - yo ni - ya - chi - yo ni Sa - za - ré

*dim.* *cresc.*

Till the sand in the brook - let grows to stone, And the moss from these peb - bles em - er - alds make!  
 ish - i no I wa - o to na - ri - té, Ko - ké, no mu - - su - ma - dé.

**Jesus, Lover Of My Soul**

S. B. MARSH

Andante

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,— While the near - er  
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;— Leave, ah! leave me

wat - ers roll, While the tem - pest still is high; Hide me, O my Sav - iour! hide,  
not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me! All my trust on Thee is stayed;

Till the storm of life be past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh! receive my soul at last!  
All my help from Thee I bring, Cov - er my de - fenceless head With the shadows of Thy wing!

MARY L. DUNCAN

**Jesus, Tender Shepherd, Hear Me**

J. B. DYKES

Adagio

1. Je - sus, ten - der Shep - herd, hear me, Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;  
2. All this day Thy hand has led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care;

Thro' the dark - ness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morn - ing light.  
Thou hast cloth'd me, warm'd and fed me, List - en to my eve - ning pray'r.

**Jesus Lives**

Moderato

1. Je - sus lives! no lon - ger now Can thy ter - rors, Death, ap - pall us; Je - sus  
2. Je - sus lives! hence forth is death But the gate of life im - mor - tal; This shall

lives! by this we know Thou, O Grave, canst not en - thrall us. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men!  
calm our trem - bling breath, When we pass its gloom - y por - tal. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men!

# Jerusalem

237

HENRY PARKER

**Moderato**

*p dolce*

1. From out their peaceful vil-lage A-long the sun-lit way, The Prince of Peace leads on-ward A  
2. He rides as Is-rael's rulers Once rode in king-ly state, The palm-leaves wave a-round Him, The

*cresc.*

*poco*

*a*

The Prince of Peace leads on-ward A  
The palm-leaves wave a-round Him, The

*poco*

pil-grim band this day. Then lo! with shout triumphant They hear the hillside ring, With shouts of crowdsthat  
people throng the gate. Re-joice, O Gold-en Ci-ty! Let loud Ho-sannas ring, While thro' thy streets He

*rit. e dim.*

has-ten To greet their pro-phet King. Ho-san-na! Ho-sanna, Ho-san na!  
rid-eth, Thy Sav-iour and thy King. Ho-san-na!

**Andante non troppo**

Lord, now as we meet Thee, Sing we Ho-san-na! Sav-iour, we greet Thee, Lord and King

Lord, now as we meet Thee, Sing we Ho-san-na! Sav-iour, we greet Thee, Re-deemer, Lord and King!

**Maestoso**

# Joy To The World

G. F. HANDEL

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare Him  
2. Joy to the world, the Sav-iour reigns, Let men their songs em-ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and

room, And Heav'n and na-ture sing, And Heav'n and na-ture sing,  
plains Re-peat the sounding joy, Re-peat the sounding joy,

And Heav'n and na-ture sing  
Re-peat the sounding joy.

## Jessie, The Flower O'Dumblane

ROBERT A. SMITH

Andante

*mf*

1. The sun has gane down o'er the lof - ty Ben Lo-mond, And left the red clouds to pre-  
 2. She mod-est as u - ny, and blithe as she's bon-nie, For guile-less sim-plic - i - ty

side o'er the scene; While lane - ly I stray in the calm sim-mer gloam-in', To -  
 marks her its ain; And far be the vil - lain, di - vest - ed of feel - in', Whad

muse on sweet Jes-sie, the flow'r o'Dumblane. How sweet is the brier wi' its saft faulding blossom, And  
 blightin in its bloom the sweet flow'r o'Dumblane. Sing on, thou sweet ma-vis, thy hymn to the e'e-nin', Thou'rt

sweet is the birk wi' its man - tle o' green; But sweet - er and fair - er, and  
 dear to the ech - oes of Clad - er - wood glen, Sae dear to this bo - som, sae

dear to this bo - som, Is love - ly young Jes - sie, the flow'r o' Dumblane, Is  
 art - less and win - ning, Is charm-ing young Jes - sie, the flow'r o' Dumblane, Is

love - ly young Jes-sie, Is love - ly young Jes-sie, Is love - ly young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.  
 charm-ing young Jes-sie, Is charming young Jes-sie, Is charming young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

## Juanita

Andante

*mf*

1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, Ling-ring falls the southern moon; Far o'er the mountain, Breaks the day too soon!  
 2. When in thy dream-ing, Moons like these shall shine a - gain, And daylight beaming Prove thy dreams are vain,

*p slower*

In thy dark eye's splendor, Where the warm light loves to dwell, Weary looks, yet tender, Speak their fond fare-  
Wilt thou not, re - lent-ing, For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh, In thy heart con-sent-ing To a pray'r gone

*mf*      *(3)*      *(3)*      *p tenderly, rit.*

well! Ni-ta! Jua - ni-ta! Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni-ta! Jua - ni-ta! Lean thou on my heart.  
by? Ni-ta! Jua - ni-ta! Let me lin - ger by thy side! Ni-ta! Jua - ni-ta! Be my own fair bride!

### John Anderson, My Jo

ROBERT BURNS

Moderato

1. John An - der - son, my Jo, John, when Na - ture first be - gan - To  
2. John An - der - son, my Jo, John, ye wers my first con - ceit, I

try her can - ny hand, John, her mas-ter-work was man; And you a - mang them a', John, so  
think nae shame to own, John, I lo'ed ye ear and late; They say ye're turn-ing auld, John, and

trig from top to toe, She prov'd to be nae jour-ne-y-wark, John An-der-son, my Jo.  
what tho' it be so? Y'e're ay the same kind man to me, John An-der-son, my Jo.

### Joys That We've Tasted

W.B. HALL

Allegretto

1. — Joys that we've tast - ed May sometimes re - turn, But the torch when once wast - ed, Ah! how can it  
2. — Man - y the changes Since last we met, Blush-es have brighten'd, And tears have been

burn? Splen - dors now cloud-ed, Say, when will ye shine? Broke is the gob - let, and wast - ed the wine -  
wept; Friends have been scat - ter'd, Like ros - es in bloom, Some at the bridal, and some at the tomb.

## Jingle Bells

Allegro

1. Dash-ing thro' the snow, In a one horse o - pen sleigh; — O'er the fields we go  
 2. A day or two a - go, I thot I'd take a ride; And soon Miss Fan-nie Bright, Was

*dim.*

Laugh-ing all the way; The Bells on bob-tail ring, — Mak-ing spir - its bright; What  
 seat - ed by my side; The horse was lean and lank, Mis - for-tune seem'd his lot, He

*cresc.*

fun it is to ride and sing a sleigh - ing song to-night! Jin-gle bells, Jin-gle bells,  
 got in - to a drift - ed bank and then us got up - set!

*CHORUS*

Jin-gle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one horse o - pen sleigh!

*cresc.*

Jingle bells, Jingle bells, Jin-gle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one horse o - pen sleigh!

## Jesus Christ Is Risen To Day

Marcato

WORGAN

1. Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day, Al - le - lu - ia! Our tri - umph - ant  
 2. Hymns of praise then let us sing, Al - le - lu - ia! Un - to Christ, our

ho - ly day, Al - le - lu - ia. Who did once up - on the Cross,  
 heav'n - ly King, Al - le - lu - ia. Who end - ured the Cross and grave,

Al - - le - lu - ia. Suf - ferd to re - deem our loss.  
Sin - ners to re - deem and save. Al - - le - lu - ia.

BERNARD OF CLUNY

**Jerusalem, The Golden**

ALEX. EWING

Moderato

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest, Be -  
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And  
  
neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest. I know not, oh, I know not, What  
bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng. The Prince is ev - er in them, The  
  
joys a - wait us there, What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be-yond com - pare.  
day-light is se - rene; The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.

**Jesus, My All, To Heaven Is Gone**

JOHN CENNICK

Moderato

1. Je - sus, my all, to Heav'n is gone, He whom I fix my hopes up-on; His track I see, and  
2. This is the way I long have sought, And mourn'd because I found it not; My grief a bur - den  
  
I'll pur-sue The nar - row way, till Him I view. The way the ho - ly pro - phets went, The  
long has been, Be-cause I was not saved from sin. The more I strove a - gainst its pow'r, I  
  
road that leads from ban - ish - ment, The King's highway of ho - li - ness, I'll go, for all His paths are peace.  
felt its weight and guilt the more; Till late I heard my Sav - iour say, "Come hither, soul, I am the way."

## Kathleen Mavourneen

F. W. N. CROUCH

**Andante**

1. Kath-leen Ma-vour-neen, the grey dawn is break-ing The horn of the hun-ter is heard on the sun's golden  
2. Kath-leen Ma-vour-neen, a-wake from thy slum bers; The blue mountains glowin

Small notes to be sung to the 2nd verse

hill; The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shak - ing; Kath-leen Ma-vour-neen, what! light; Ah! where is the spell that once hung on my num-bers? A - rise in thy beau-ty, thou

slum-bring still? Kath-leen Ma-vour-neen, what star of my night; A -rise in thy beau-ty, thou

soon we must sev-er? Oh! hast thou for-got-ten this day we must part? It may be for sad tears are fall-ing, To think that from E-ri n and thee I must part! It may be for

years, and it may be for-ev-er; Then why art thou si - lent, thou voice of my heart? It

may be for years, and it may be for-ev-er; Then why art thou si-lent, Kathleen Ma-vourneen?

*con amore affette*

## The King Of France

March time

1. The King of France with for-ty thousand men, March'd up the hill and then march'd down a-gain.  
2. The King of France with for-ty thousand men, — Gave sa-lute and then march'd down a-gain.

## Keller's American Hymn

M. KELLER

Maestoso

*f*

1. Speed our Re-pub-lic, O Fa-ther on high, Lead us in path-ways of jus-tice and right;  
 2. Fore-most in bat-tle, for Free-dom to stand, We rush to arms when a-roused by its call;

*p cresc.* *mf*

Rul-er as well as the ruled, one and all, Gir-dle with vir-tue, the ar-mor of might!  
 Still as of yore when George Wash-ing-ton led, Thun-ders our war-cry, "We con-quer or fall!"

*f*

Hail! three times hail to our coun-try and flag! Rul-ers as well as the ruled, one and all,  
 Hail! three times hail to our coun-try and flag! Still as of yore when George Wash-ing-ton led,

*mf*

Gir-dle with vir-tue, the ar-mor of might! Hail! three times hail to our coun-try and flag!  
 Thun-ders our war-cry, "We con-quer or fall!" Hail! three times hail to our coun-try and flag!

## Kind Words Can Never Die

ABBY HUTCHINSON

Andante

*mf*

1. Kind words can never die, Cher-ished and blest, God know's how deep they lie, Lodged in the breast;  
 2. Child-hood can never die Wrecks of the past, Float o'er the mem-o-ry, Bright to the last.

*rall. tempo*

Like childhood's simple rhymes, Said o'er a thou-sand times, Go through all years and climes, The heart to cheer.  
 Man-y a hap-py thing, Man-y a dai-sy spring, Floats on time's ceaseless wing, Far, far a-way.

**CHORUS**

Kind words can nev-er die, nev-er die, nev-er die, Kind words can nev-er die, no, nev-er die.  
 Child-hood can nev-er die, nev-er die, nev-er die, Child-hood can nev-er die, no, nev-er die.

## Knock'd 'Em In The Old Kent Road

ALBERT CHEVALIER

Moderato

The sheet music consists of six staves of music. The first five staves are for the voice and piano, with lyrics appearing below the notes. The sixth staff is a chorus section for the voice and piano.

**Staves 1-5:**

- Line 1:** Last week down our al - ley come a toff, Nice old geez - er with a nas - ty cough,
- Line 2:** Some say nas - ty things a - bout the moke, One old cove thinks is leg is real - ly broke,
- Line 3:** Sees my mis-sus,takes is top - per off In a ver - y gen - tle-man - ly way!
- Line 4:** That's is en - vy, cos we're car - riage folk, Like the toffs as rides in Rot - ten Row!
- Line 5:** "Ma'am" says he, "I 'ave some news to tell, Your rich Uncle Tom of Cam - ber - well,
- Line 6:** Straight it woke the al - ley up a bit, Thought our lod - ger would 'ave 'ad a fit,
- Line 7:** Popped off re - cent, which it ain't a sell. Leav - ing you 'is lit - tle don - key shay."
- Line 8:** When my mis - sus, who's a re - al wit, Says "I 'ates a Bus because its low!"

**CHORUS (Staff 6):**

- "Wot cher!" all the neighbors cried, Who'reyergoin' to meet, Bill? Have yer bought the street, Bill?"
- Laugh! I thought I should 'ave died Knock'dem in the Old Kent Road.
- Road.

3. When we start the blessed donkey stops,  
He wont move, so out I quickly lops,  
Pals start wackin' him, when down he drops,  
Someone says he wasn't made to go.  
Lor' it might 'ave been a four in' and,  
My old Dutch knows 'ow to do the grand,  
First she bows, and then she waves 'er 'and,  
Calling out "We're goin' for a blow!"

4. Ev'ry evenin' on the stroke of five,  
Me and Missus takes a little drive,  
You'd say, "Wonderful they're still alive,"  
If you saw that little donkey go.  
I soon showed 'im that 'ed have to do,  
Just whatever he was wanted to,  
Still I shan't forget that rowdy crew,  
'Ollerin' "Woah! steady! Neddy, Woah!"

# Kiss Me Quick And Go

245

F. BUCKLEY

Allegretto

*mf*

1. The oth - er night, while I was spark-ing Sweet Tar - li - na Spray, The  
 2. Soon af - ter that I gave my love A moon-light prom-e - nade. At

more we whis-per'd our love talk-ing, The more we had to say; The old folks and the  
 last we fetch'd up to our door, Just where the old folks stayd; The clock struck twelve, her

rit.

lit - tle folks, We thot were fast in bed, We heard a foot-step on the stairs, } And  
 heart struck too, And peep-ing o - ver head, We saw a night-cap raise the blind, }

CHORUS *a tempo*

what d'ye think she said? O! kiss me quick and go! My hon-ey, kiss me quick and  
 go! To cheat sur-prise, and pry-ing eyes, Why kiss me quick and go!" O! go!"

Andante

# Kathleen Aroon

FRANZ ABT

1. Why should we part-ed be, Kath-leen A-roon! When thy fond hearts with me, Kathleen A-roon?  
 2. Give me thy gen-tle hand, Kath-leen A-roon! Come to the hap - py land, Kathleen A-roon?

*cresc.*

Come to those gold - en skies, Bright days for us may rise, Oh! dry those tear-ful eyes, Kathleen A-roon!  
 Come o'er the waves with me, These hands shall toil for thee, This heart will faith-ful be, Kathleen A-roon!

*poco rit.*

## Kemo, Kimo

Lively

*mf*

1. In South Car - li - na de dark-ies go Sing song,Kit-ty,cant you ki' - me, oh!  
 2. Dar was a frog liv'd in a pool, Sing song,Kit-ty,cant you ki' - me, oh!

Dat's whar de white folks plant de tow, Sing song,Kit-ty,cant you ki' - me, oh! Cov'er de ground all  
 Sure he was de big-gest fool, Sing song,Kit-ty,cant you ki' - me, oh! For he could dance and

o-ver wid smoke, Sing song,Kit-ty,cant you ki' - me, oh! And up de dark-ies heads dey poke,  
 he could sing, Sing song,Kit-ty,cant you ki' - me, oh! And make de woods a-round him ring,

SING SONG, Kit-ty, can't you ki' - me, me! KE-MO, KI-MO! DAR! OH, WHA'? WID MY HI, MY HO, AND

in come Sally, sing-ing, Sometimes penny winkle ling-tum nip-cat, Sing song,Kit-ty,cant you ki' - me, oh!

## Kingdom Come

HENRY C. WORK

Allegro

*mf*

1. Say dar-keys, hab you seen de mas-sa Wid de muff-stash on his face? Go long de road some  
 2. He six foot one way, two feet tud-der, An' he weight tree hundred pounds, His coat so big he

time dis-morn-in', Like he gwine to leab de place? He seen a smoke way up de rib-ber, Wharde  
 couldnt pay de tai-lor, An' it won't go half way round. He drill so much dey call him Cap'an, An' he

Lin-kum gun-boats lay; He took his hat an' lef' ber-ry sud-den, An' I  
get so dref-ful tann'd, I spec he try an' fool dem Yan-kees For to

**CHORUS**

spec he's run a-way! De mas - sa run? ha, ha! De dar - key stay? ho,  
tink he's con - tra - band.

ho! It mus' be now de king - dom com-in' An' de year ob Ju - bi - lo!

## The Keel Row

Scotch Folk Song

Allegretto

1. As I came down the Can-on gate, the Can - on gate, the Can-on gate, As I 'came down the  
2. He wears a blue bon - net, blue bon - net, blue bon - net, A snow white rose up-

on it, A dim-ple in his chin. And mer - ry may the keel - row, the keel - row, the keel - row, the

keel - row, Oh mer - ry may the keel - row, The ship that my love's in. Mer - ry may the

keel - row the keel - row, the keel - row, Oh, mer - ry may the keel - row, The ship that my love's in.

## The King Of Love My Shepherd Is

Moderato *legato*

The King of Love my\_ Shep-herd is, Whose good - ness fail - eth nev - er, I

noth-ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for ev - er. Where streams of liv - ing

wat - ers flow, My ransomed soul He lead - eth, And where the ver - dant pas - tures grow, With

food ce - lest - ial feed - eth; The King of Love my Shep-herd is.

CH GOUNOD

## Killarney

Moderato *mf*

1. By Kil-lar - ney's lakes and fells, Em'rald isles and wind-ing bays, Moun-tain paths and -  
2. In-nis-fal - len's ruin-ed shrine May sug-gest a pass-ing sigh; But man's faith can -

wood-land dell's Mem 'ry ev - er fond - ly strays, Boun-teous na - ture loves all lands,  
ne'er de - cline Such Godswond - ers float - ing by; Cas - tle Lough and Glen-a bay;

Beau - ty wan - ders ev - ry - where, Foot-prints leaves on ma - ny strands,  
Moun-tains Tore and Ea - gle's Nest; Still at Mu - cross you must pray -

M. W. BALFE

rall.

*dim. pp a tempo*

But her home is — sure - ly there! An-gels fold their wings and rest, In that E - den  
Tho' the monks are — now at rest, An-gels won-der not that man There would fain pro-

*cresc.*

of — the West Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair\_ Kil - lar - ney.  
long life's span, Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair\_ Kil - lar - ney.

## King Christian

Danish Hymn

Marcato

1. King Chris-tian stood by lof - ty mast, In mist and smoke; His sword was ham-mered his red  
2. Nils Juel gave heed to tem-pests roar; Now is the hour! He hoist-ed his red

ing so fast, Through Goth - ic helm and brain it pass'd; Then sank each hos - tile flag oncemore, And smote up - on the foe full sore, And shout - ed loud thro'

hulk and mast, In mist and smoke. "Fly!" shout - ed they, "fly, he who can! Who tem-pests roar, "Now is the hour!" "Fly!" shout - ed they, "for shel - ter fly! Of

braves of Den-mark's Chris-ti - an, Who braves of Den - marks Den-mark's Christi - an the stroke?" Den-mark's Juel who can de - fy, Of Den - marks Juel who can de - fy the pow'r?"

"Lohengrin"

Maestoso

## King's Prayer

R. WAGNER

Oh, King of Kings, on Thee I call! Look down on us in this dread hour! Let

eresc.

him in this or - deal fall whom Thou knowst guil - ty, Lord of powr! To

dim.

stain-less knight give strength and might, With cra-ven heart the false one smite; Do thou, O

dim.

Lord, to hear us deign, for all our wisdom is but vain, For all our wisdom is but vain.

## Katey's Letter

Andante con espressione

LADY DUFFERIN

*mf*

1. Och, girls, dear, did you ev - er hear, I wrote my love a let - ter, And al - tho' he can-not  
 2. My heart was full, but when I wrote I dard not put the half in, The - neigbors know I

read, — sure I thought 'twas all the love him, and they're might - y fond of bet - ter, For why should he be puz - zled with hard name out - side, for chaffing, So I dard not write his

spell-ing in the mat-ter, When the maneing was so plain that I love him faithful - ly. *rit.* *a tempo*  
 fear they would be laughing, So I wrote from lit-tle Kate to one whom she loves faithful - ly." *mf*

I love him faith-ful-ly And he knows it, oh! he knows it, with-out one word from me.  
 I love him faith-ful-ly And he knows it, oh! he knows it, with-out one word from me.

## Larboard Watch

T. WILLIAMS

**Andante**

1. At dreary mid-night's cheerless hour, De-sert-ed e'en by Cynthia's beams, When tempests beat and  
 2. With anx-i-ous care he eyes each wave, That swelling, threatens to o'er-whelm, And his storm-beat-en

*cresc.*      *mf*      *f*

tor-rents pour, And twink-ling stars no bark to save, Di-rects with skill the lon-gergleam; The wea-ried sai-lor, spent with toil, Clings faithful helm. With joy he drinks the cheer-ing grog, Mid

*mf*      *f*

firm-ly to the weathershrouds, And still the lengthened storms that bellow loud and hoarse. With joy he heaves the hour to guile, And still the lengthened hour to guile reel-ing log. With joy he heaves the reel-ing log,

*f dolce*      *cresc.*      *poco*      *a poco*

Sings as he views the gath- ring clouds, Sings as he views the gath- ring clouds,  
 And marks the lee-way and the course, And marks the lee-way and the course,

*Animato*      *mf*

"Lar-board Watch A-hoy!" "Lar-board Watch, A-hoy!" But who can speak the joy he feels While o'er the

"Lar-board Watch A-hoy!" "Lar-board Watch, A-hoy!"

*poco*      *a poco*

foam his ves-sel reels, And his tird eye-lids slum-bring fall, He rouses at the welcome call Of

*dim.*

"Lar-board Watch, A-hoy!" Lar-board Watch, Lar-board Watch, Lar-board Watch A-hoy!"

Moderato

## Lullaby

E. JAKOBOWSKI

1. Dear moth-er in dreams I see her, With lov'd face sweet and calm, And hear her voice with  
 2. Ah! e'en when her life was eb-bing, Her words were all of me, My fu-ture years were

love re-joice, When nest-ling in her arms, I think how she soft- ly press'd me, Of the tears in each glist'ning  
 all her fears, Her fate 'twas not to see, My fa-ther I heard you weep-ing, As in sor-row you stand-ing

eye, As her watch sh'd keep, When she rock'd to sleep, Her child with this lul-la-by Bye, bye, bye, bye,  
 by, And my moth-er's plaint, In her ac-cent斯 faint, This ten-der sweet lul-la-by Bye, bye, bye, bye,

Slowly

bye, bye, bye, Bye, bye, bye, bye, Bye, bye drow-si-ness o'er-tak-ing Pret-ty lit-tle eye-lids

sleep. Bye, bye Watch-ing till thou'rt waking Darling be thy slumber deep! Bye, bye Drowsiness o'er-taking,

Pret-ty lit-tle eye-lids sleep. Bye, bye Watch-ing till thou'rt waking Darling be thy slumber deep! Bye, bye, Bye, bye.

Cheerily

## The Little Bird

1. Came a bird-ie a fly-ing, On my foot he did light, In his bill he'd a let-ter, With greeting so bright.  
 2. Dear bird-ie, fly back now, With a mes-sage and kiss, For I may not go too Lest me they should miss.

# Love's Old Sweet Song

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J. L. MOLLOY

**Andante**

*mf*

1. Once in the dear dead days be-yond re-call, When on the world the mists be-gan to fall,  
 2. E - ven to-day we hear love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it dwells for-ever more,

*cresc.*

Out of the dreams that rose in hap-py throng, Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song,  
 Foot-steps may fal - ter, wear-y grow the way, Still we can hear it at the close of day,

*cresc.*

And in the dusk where fell the firelight gleam, Soft-ly it wove it-self in - to hour dream.  
 So in the end when life's dim shad-ows fall, Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

*p a tempo*

Just a song at twi-light, when the lights are low; And the flick-ring shadows Soft-ly come and

*cresc.*

*f*

go Tho the heart be weary, sad the day and long, Still to us at twi - light

comes love's old song, Comes love's old sweet song.

*rit.*

# The Little Lamb

**Gaily**

*mf*

1. On the grassy meadow, where the vio-let's seen, Goes my lamb a graz-ing On the grass so green.  
 2. On the grassy pas-ture glad my lambkin springs, Feel-ing just as I do, Happiness in spring

# Legend of the Bell

R. PLANQUETTE

**Allegretto**

Musical score for "Legend of the Bell" by R. Planquette. The score consists of eight staves of music for two voices (Soprano and Bass) and piano. The vocal parts are in 2/4 time, while the piano part is in 4/4 time. The vocal parts sing in unison throughout. The piano part features sustained bass notes and rhythmic patterns. The vocal parts sing the lyrics in a repeating, rhythmic pattern. The score includes dynamic markings such as *mf*, *cresc*, *dim*, *ff*, *p*, and *sva*.

Ding dong ding ding ding ding bell! So the le-gend run -eth, so the old men tell  
*cresc* *dim*

Ding dong ding ding ding ding ding ding bell, When the heir re-turn -eth will clang the bell.

Ding dong ding ding

Ding dong ding ding!

Ding dong ding ding ding ding ding ding bell So the le-gend run -eth so the old men tell,

Ding dong ding ding!

# The Little Patriot's Song

**March time**

Musical score for "The Little Patriot's Song". The score consists of two staves of music for two voices (Soprano and Bass) and piano. The vocal parts sing in unison. The piano part provides harmonic support with sustained bass notes and rhythmic patterns. The vocal parts sing the lyrics in a repeating, rhythmic pattern. The score includes dynamic markings such as *f* and *p*.

1. Our coun - try, 'tis so grand you see, Be - cause it's home to you and me.  
 2. The Stars and Stripes high in the air, Pro - tect our land so bright and fair.