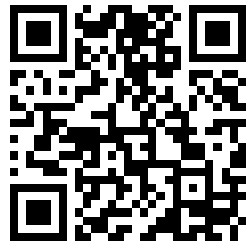
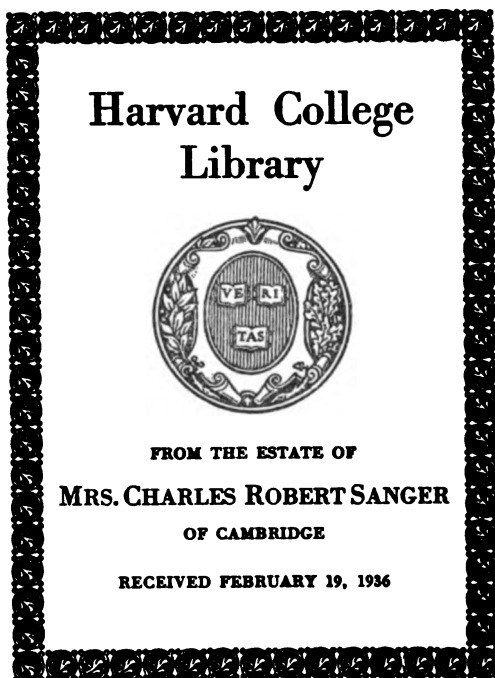

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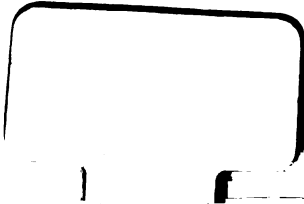
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THE EDITOR.

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Grandfather's Clock

HENRY C. WORK

Moderato

p

1. My grand-fa-ther's clock was too large for the shelf, So it stood nine-ty years on the
 2. In watch-ing its pen-du-lum swing to and fro, Many hours had he spent while a
 3. My grand-fa-ther said that of those he could hire, Not a ser- vant so faith-ful he
 4. It rang an a - larm in the dead of the night An a - larm that for years had been

p

floor, — It was tall - er by half than the old man him-self, Though it
 boy, — And in child - hood and man - hood the clock seem'd to know And to
 found; — For it wa - sted no time and had but one de-sire At the
 dumb; — And we knew that his spir - it was plum-ing for flight, That his

mf

weighed not a pen-ny weight more. — It was bought on the morn of the
 share both his grief and his joy. — For it struck twen-ty-four when he
 close of each week to be wound. — And it kept in its place, not a
 hour of de - part-ure had come. — Still the clock kept the time, with a

day that he was born, And was al - ways his treas - ure and pride.
 en - ter'd at the door, With a bloom-ing and beau - ti - ful bride.
 frown up-on its face, And its hands nev - er hung by its side.
 soft and muffled chime, As we si - lent - ly stood by his side. But it

stopp'd short nev-er to go a-gain When the old man died. Nine-ty

mf CHORUS

years, with-out slum-ber-ing (tick, tock, tick, tock) His life se-conds num-ber-ing

cresc *dim*

(tick, tock, tick, tock,) It stopp'd short nev-er to go a-gain When the old man died.

Old Folks At Home

Moderato

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

mf

1. Way down up-on the Swa-nee rib-er, Far, -far a - way;
 2. All round de lit - tle farm I wan-dered, When I was young;
 3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush-es, One dat I love;

Dere's wha' my heart is turn-ing eb - er, Dere's wha' de old folks stay.
 Den man-y hap-py days I squan-dered, Man - y de songs I sung.
 Still sad-ly to my mem-'ry rush-es, No mat-ter where I rove.

mf

All up and down de whole cre - a - tion,
 When I was play - ing wid my brud - der,
 When will I see de bees a - hum - ming,

mf

Sad - ly I roam;
 Hap - py was I;
 All 'round de comb;
 Still long - ing for de
 Oh, take me to my
 When will I hear de

old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.
 kind old mud - der, Dere let me live and die.
 ban - jo tum - ming, Down in my good old home?

f

All de world am sad and drear-y; Eb-'ry whar I roam,

f

Oh! dar-kies how my heart grows wea-ry, Far from de old folks at home.

Home, Sweet Home

11

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE
Andante

HENRY R. BISHOP

1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces_ though_ we may roam, Be it
2. I_ gaze_ on the moon as I_ tread_ the drear wild, And_
3. An - ex - ile from home, splen - dor daz - zles in vain, Oh_

ev - er so hum - ble there's no_ place like home. A_
feel_ that my moth - er now thinks_ of her child. As she
give_ me my low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain. The

mf charm_ from the skies seems to hal - low us there, Which,
looks_ on that moon from our own_ cot - tage door, Thro' the
birds_ sing - ing gai - ly that came_ at my call, Give me

f seek_ thro' the world is ne'er met with else - where.
wood - bine whose fra - grance shall cheer me no more.
them_ and that peace of mind dear - er than all.

p Home, Home, Home sweet home. There's *mf*

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a treble and bass clef for the piano part and a single staff for the voice. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The score is divided into five systems, each with piano accompaniment and vocal lines. The lyrics are arranged in three parts, with the first part starting at the beginning and the second and third parts continuing the melody. The score concludes with a piano part and the lyrics 'Home, Home, Home sweet home. There's'.

no — place like home, Oh, there's no — place like home.

The Vacant Chair

GEO. F. ROOT

With feeling

p

1. We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va-cant chair, We shall
 2. At our fire-side, sad and lone-ly, Oft-en will the bo-som swell At re-
 3. True, they tell us wreaths of glo-ry, Ev-er more will deck his brow, But this

resc

f

lin-ger to ca-ress him, While we breathe our eve-ning pray'r When a
 mem-brance of the sto-ry How our no-ble Wil-lie fell, How he
 soothes the an-guish on-ly, Sweep-ing o'er our heart-strings now. Sleep to-

dim

mf

year a-go we gath-ered Joy was in his mild blue eyes, But a
 strove to bear our ban-ner Thro' the thick-est of the fight, And up-
 day, oh, ear-ly fal-len, In thy green and nar-row bed, Dir-ges

dim

gold-en chord is sev-ered, And our hopes in ru-in lie.
 hold our coun-try's hon-or, In the strength of man-hood's might. We shall
 from the pine and cy-press, Min-gle with the tears we shed.

meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va-cant chair, We shall

lin - ger to ca - res him, While we breathe our eve-ning pray'r.

Home, Home, Can I Forget Thee?

FOLK SONG

Andante

1. Home, home, can I for-get thee? Dear, dear, dear-ly lov'd home.
2. Home, home, why did I leave thee? Dear, dear, friends do not mourn.

No, No, still I re-gret thee Tho' I may far from thee roam.
Home, home, once more re-ceive me Quick-ly to thee I'll re-turn.

Home, home, home, home, dear-est and happi-est home.

Mother's Old Red Shawl

C. MOULAND

Moderato

1. It now lies on the shelf, it is faded and torn, That
 2. Oh, my heart of - ten aches with a dull throbbing pain, When
 3. Oh, how bright - ly her face to my mem - 'ry ap - pears, That

dear old shawl by moth - er worn, — 'Tis — all that is left for this
 child - hood vis - ions come a - gain, — And sad - ly I think of the
 face so dear to child - hood's years, — How sweet sounds her voice, with a

heart to a - dore, To bring to mind those hap - py days of
 days that are past, Too joy - ous and too beau - ti - ful to
 ca - dence of love, Though now 'tis tuned to mel - o - dies a -

yore; How of - ten the hands to these folds have been press'd, That
 last; Oh, fond, love - ly child - hood made bright by the smile Of
 bove; For life glides a - way like a tale that is told, But

now be - neath the dais - ies are at rest, — The
 one whose love could ev - 'ry care be - guile, — How
 joys of child - hood nev - er can grow old, — And

tears come un-bid-den and si-lent-ly fall, To
glad-ly I'd fly from the world's bit-ter thrall, To
vis-ions of moth-er, so dear to us all, Come

dim. gleam like gems on moth-er's old red shawl. It is
seek the heart that throbb'd be-neath this shawl.
back when-e'er I see her old red shawl. *p*

use-ful no more, Yet I fond-ly a-dore That

dear old shawl my moth-er wore, — And thro' life it shall be a loved

cresc. treasure to me, That lit-tle old red shawl my moth-er wore.

The Old Oaken Bucket

SAMUEL WOODWORTH

Moderato

mp

1 How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When
 2 The moss cov-er'd buck-et I hail as a treas-ure, For
 3 How soon from the green mos-sy rim to re-ceive it, As

fond rec-ol-lection pre-sents them to view, The or-ward, the mead-ow, the
 of-ten at noon when re-turnd from the field, I found it the source of an
 pois'd on the curb it re-clind to my lips, Not a full flow-ing gob-let could

deep tan-gled wild-wood, And ev-'ry lov'd spot which my in-fan-cy knew. The
 ex-qui-site pleas-ure, The pur-est and sweet-est that na-ture can yield. How
 tempt me to leave it, Tho' fill'd with the nec-tar that Ju-pi-ter sips. And

mf *cresc.*

wide spread-ing stream, — the mill that stood near it, The
 ar-dent I seized it with hands that were glow-ing, And
 now far re-moved from the loved sit-u-a-tion, The

f

bridge and the rock where the cat-a-act fell. The
 quick to the white peb-ble bot-tom it fell. Then
 tear of re-gret will in-tru-sive-ly swell. As

mf

cot of my fa - ther, the dai - ry house by it, And
 soon with the em - blem of truth o - ver - flow - ing, And
 fan - cy re - verts to my fa - ther's plan - ta - tion, And

dim.

e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well. The
 drip - ping with cool - ness it rose from the well. The
 sighs for the buck - et that hung in the well. The

rit.

old oak - en buck - et the i - ron bound bucket, The moss cover'd buck - et that hung in the well.

Home Again

M. S. PIKE

Moderato

mf

1 Home a - gain, home a - gain, from a for - eign
 2 Hap - py hearts, hap - py hearts With mine have laugh'd in
 3 Mu - sic sweet, mu - sic soft, Lin - gers 'round the

shore, And oh! it fills my soul with joy, To
 glee, But oh! the friends I lov'd in youth, Seem
 place, And oh! I feel the child - hood charm, That

mf

meet my friends once more; Here I dropp'd the
hap - pi - er to me; If my guide should
time can - not ef - face; Then give me but my

cresc. *dim.*

part - ing tear, To cross the o - cean's foam, But
be the fate, Which bids me lon - ger roam, But
home - stead roof, I'll ask no pal - ace dome, For

now I'm once a - gain with those, Who kind - ly greet me home.
death a - lone can break the tie, That binds my heart to home.
I can live a hap - py life With those I love at home.

mf

Home a - gain, home a - gain, from a for - eign shore, And

dim.

oh, it! fills my soul with joy, To meet my friends once more.

I Cannot Sing The Old Songs

CLARIBEL

Moderato

mf

1. I can - not sing the old songs, I sung long years a - go For
 2. I can - not sing the old songs, Their charm is sad and deep; Their
 3. I can - not sing the old songs, For vis - ions come a - gain, Of

heart and voice would fail me, And fool - ish tears would flow; For
 mel - o - dies would wa - ken Old sor - rows from their sleep; And
 gold - en dreams de - part - ed And years of wea - ry pain; Per -

mf
 by - gone hours come o'er my heart, with each fa - mil - iar strain I
 though all un - for - got - ten still, and sad - ly sweet they be, — I
 haps when earth - ly fet - ters shall have set my spir - it free, My

can - not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a - gain, I
 can - not sing the old songs, They are too dear to me, I
 voice may know the old songs, For all e - ter - ni - ty, My

*cresc**dim*

can - not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a - gain.
 can - not sing the old songs, They are too dear to me.
 voice may know the old songs, For all e - ter - ni - ty.

The Dearest Spot On Earth

W. T. WRIGHTON

Moderato

mf

1 The dear - est spot on earth to me is Home, _____ sweet
2 I've taught my heart the way to prize my Home, _____ sweet

*mf**cresc.*

Home! The fai - ry - land I long to see Is
Home! I've learned to look with lov - er's eyes On

*dim.**mf*

Home _____ sweet Home.
Home _____ sweet Home.
Then how charmd the
Then when vows are

cresc.

sense of hear - ing, Then when hearts are so en - dear - ing
tru - ly plight - ed, Then when hearts are so u - nit - ed

*cresc.**dim.*

all the world is not so cheer - ing as Home _____ sweet
all the world be - sides I slight - ed for Home _____ sweet

Home. The dear - est spot on earth to - me is

Home sweet Home, The fair - y - land I've

long'd to - see is Home, sweet - Home.

The Old Arm-Chair

Andante with expression

HENRY RUSSELL

1 I love it, I love it, and who shall - dare To
 2 I sat and watch'd her man - y a day, When her
 3 'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now With

chide me for lov - ing that old arm chair, I've treas - ured it long as a
 eye grew dim and her locks were grey, And I al - most wor - shipp'd her
 quiv - er - ing breath and throb - bing brow, 'Twas there she nurs'd me 'twas -

cresc.

ho - ly prize, I've be - dewd — it with tears, and en -
 when she smild, — And turn'd — from her bi - ble to
 there she died, — And mem - 'ry flows with —

dim. mf

balmd it with sighs; 'Tis bound by a thou - sand bands to my heart, Not a
 bless her — child. — Years roll'd on, but the last one — sped, My —
 la - va — tide. — Say it is fol - ly and deem me — weak, While the

cresc. *dim.* *mf*

tie will break, not a link will start, Would ye learn the spell, a
 i - dol was shat - ter'd my earth star fled: I — learnt how much the
 scald - ing drops start down my cheek; But I love it, I love it, and

dim.

moth - er sat there, And a sa - cred thing is that old arm chair.
 heart can bear, When I saw her — die in that old arm chair.
 can - not tear My — soul from a moth - ers — old arm chair.

There's Music in the Air

Moderato con moto

G. F. ROOT

mf

1. There's mu - sic in the air — When the in - fant morn is nigh, And
 2. There's mu - sic in the air — When the noon - tide's sul - try beam Re -
 3. There's mu - sic in the air — When the twi - light's gen - tle sigh Is

faint its blush is seen On the bright and laugh-ing sky:
flects a gold-en light On the dis-tant moun-tain stream.
lost on eve-ning's breast As its pen-sive beau-ties die.

mf
Many a harp's ec-stat-ic sound, With its thrill of joy pro-found,
When be-neath some grate-ful shade, Sor-rows ach-ing head is laid,
Then, O then the loved ones gone, Wake the pure ce-les-tial song,

While we list en-chant-ed there To the mu-sic in the air.
Sweet-ly to the Spir-it there Comes the mu-sic in the air.
An-gel voi-ces greet us there In the mu-sic in the air.

Ah! 'Tis a Dream

Andante

E. LASSEN

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

high, The vi-o-lets greet-ing seem, Ah! 'tis a dream.
ear, - I see - thine eyes soft beam! Ah! 'tis a dream.

dim.

Be Kind To The Loved Ones At Home

Andante

I. B. WOODBURY

mf

1. Be kind to thy fa-ther, for when thou wert young, Who loved thee so fond-ly as
 2. Be kind to thy moth-er, for lol on her brow May tra-ces of sor-row be
 3. Be kind to thy broth-er, his heart will have dearth, If the smile of thy joy be with-

he? He caught the first ac-cents that fell from thy tongue, And
 seen; Oh, well mayst thou cher-ish and com-fort her now, For
 drawn. The flow-ers of feel-ing will fade at their birth, If the

joined in thy in-no-cent glee. Be kind to thy fa-ther, for
 lov-ing and kind hath she been. Re-mem-ber thy moth-er, for
 dew—of af-fec-tion be gone. Be kind to thy broth-er, where-

cresc.

now he is old, His locks in-ter-min-gled with gray, His
 thee she will pray, As long as God giv-eth her breath, With
 ev-er thou art, The love of a broth-er shall be An

mf

foot-steps are fee-ble, once fear-less and bold, Thy fa-ther is pass-ing a-way.
 ac-cents of kindness then cheer her lone way, E'en to the dark val-ley of death.
 or-na-ment pur-er and rich-er by far, Than pearls from the depth of the sea.

Do They Miss Me At Home?

Moderato

mf

1. Do they miss me at home, do they miss me? 'Twould
 2. When_ twi - light ap - proach - es, the sea - son That
 3. Do they set me a chair near the ta - ble When

cresc

be an as - sur - ance most dear, To know that this mo - ment some loved one, Were
 ev - er is sa - cred to song, Does some one re - peat my name o - ver, And
 ev - ning's home pleasures are nigh, When the can - dles are lit in the par - lor, And the

dim

mf

say - ing, I wish he were here; To feel that the group at the fire - side Were
 sigh that I tar - ry so long? And is there a chord in the mu - sic That's
 stars in the calm a - zure sky? And when the "good - nights" are re - peat - ed And

think - ing of me as I roam, Oh _ yes, 'twould be joy be - yond meas - ure To
 miss'd when my voice is a - way, And a chord in each heart that a - wak - eth Re -
 all lay them down to their sleep, Do they think of the ab - sent and waft me A

cresc

dim

know that they miss'd me at home, To know that they miss'd me at home. -
 gret at my wea - ri - some stay, Re - gret at my wea - ri - some stay? -
 whis - per'd "good - night" while they weep, A whis - per'd "good - night" while they weep? -

Auld Lang Syne

ROBERT BURNS

Moderato
mf

1. Should auld ac-quin-tance be for-got, And nev-er brought to
 2. We twa ha'e run a'-bout the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans
 3. We twa ha'e sport-ed i' the barn, Frae morn-in' sun til

mind, Should auld ac-quin-tance be for-got, And
 fine; But we've wan-der'd mon-y a wea-ry foot, Sin'
 dine, But— seas be-tween us braid ha'e roar'd, Sin'

mf

days o' Lang — Syne;
 Auld — Lang — Syne;
 Auld — Lang — Syne;

For Auld — Lang —

f

Syne, my dear, For Auld — Lang — Syne, We'll

dim

tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For — Auld — Lang — Syne.

Three Fishers

Andante

JOHN HULLAH

mf

1. Three fish-ers went sail-ing out in-to the west, Out—
 2. Three wives_ sat up in the light-house tow'r And they
 3. Three corps-es lay out on the shin- ing sands, In the

in-to the west as the sun went down; Each thought on the wo-man who
 trimm'd the lamps as the sun went down; They look'd at the squall, and they
 morn- ing gleam as the tide went down, And the wo-men are weep-ing and

mf

lov'd him the best, And the chil-dren stood watching them out of the town; For
 look'd at the show'r, And the night-rack came roll-ing up rag-ged and brown! But
 wring-ing their hands For_ those who will nev-er come back to the town; For

p

men must work, and wo-men must weep, And there's lit-tle to earn,— and
 men must work, and wo-men must weep,— Though storms be sud-den, and
 men must work, and wo-men must weep, And the soon-er it's o-ver, the

dim

man-y to keep; Tho' the har-bor bar_ be moan-ing.
 wa-ters deep, And the har-bor bar_ be -bye to the bar and it's
 soon-er to sleep, And good'

Do They Think Of Me At Home?

C.W. GLOVER

Andante With feeling

1. Do they think of me at home, Do they ev - er think of me? I who
 2. Do they think of me at eve, Of the song I used to sing? Is the
 3. Do they think of how I loved, In my hap - py, ear - ly days? Do they

shared their ev - 'ry grief, I who min - gled in their glee? Have their
 harp I struck un - touch'd, Does a stran - ger wake the string? Will no
 think of him who came, But could nev - er win their praise? I am

hearts grown cold and strange, To the one now doom'd to roam? I would
 kind for - giv - ing word, Come a - cross the rag - ing foam? Shall I
 hap - py by his side, And from mine he'll nev - er roam. But my

give the world to know Do they think of me at home? I would
 nev - er cease to sigh "Do they think of me at home?" Shall I
 heart will sad - ly ask, "Do they think of me at home?" But my

give the world to know Do they think of me at home?
 nev - er cease to sigh "Do they think of me at home?"
 heart will sad - ly ask, "Do they think of me at home?"

Serenade

F. SCHUBERT

Moderato

The musical score is written in G major and 3/4 time. It consists of a piano introduction and five systems of vocal and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady accompaniment of chords in the left hand and a melodic line in the right hand, often using triplets. The vocal line is a simple melody with lyrics in English. Dynamics include *pp*, *p*, *mf*, and *dim.*.

pp

p *3* *3* *3*

Thro' the leaves the night winds mov - ing, Mur - mur low and sweet;
Moon-light on the earth is sleep - ing, Winds are rustl - ing low;

mf *3* *3* *3* *dim.*

To thy cham - ber wind - ow rov - ing
Where the dark - ling streams are creep - ing

mf *3* *3* *dim.*

love hath led my feet.
Dear - est, let us go.

p *3* *3*

Si - lent pray'rs of bliss - ful feel - ing Link us though a - part,
All the stars keep watch in heav - en, While I sing to thee,

Link us tho' a - part.
While I sing to thee.

p On the breath of mu - sic steal - ing
And the night for love is giv - en,

To — thy dream - ing heart,
Dear - est come to me,

f To — thy dream - ing heart.
Dear - est come to me.

1st Ending

dim.

pp

2nd Ending

f Sad - ly in the for - est mourn - ing
Wails the whip - poor - will;

And the heart for thee is yearning;

dim. Bid it, love, be still,

f Bid it, love, be still. *dim.* Bid it,

love, be still. *ff*

dim.

Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms.

THOMAS MOORE

Andante

mf

1. Be-lieve me, if all those en-dear-ing young charms, Which I gaze on so fond-ly to
 2. It— is not while beau-ty and youth are thine own, And thy cheeks un-pro-faned by a

mf

day,— Were to change by to-mor-row and fleet in my arms, Like
 tear,— That the fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which

mf

fair-y gifts fad-ing a - way,— Thou wouldst still be a - dored, as this
 time will but make thee more dear,— Oh, the heart that has tru - ly lov'd

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

mf *f* *dim.*

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

Voices of the Woods

Melody by A. RUBINSTEIN

Arr. by MICHAEL WATSON

Moderato

1. Wel - come sweet spring - time! We greet thee in song,
2. Wel - come sweet spring - time! What joy now is ours,

Mur - murs of glad - ness fall on the ear,
Win - ter has fled to far dis - tant climes,

Voi - ces long hush'd, now their full note pro - long,
Flo - ra, thy pres - ence a - waits in the bow - ers,

E - cho - ing far and near.
long - ing for thy com - mands.

Sun - shine now wakes all the flow' - rets from sleep,
Brook - lets are whisp - 'ring as on - ward they flow,

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The score includes lyrics for two vocal parts and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 1. Wel - come sweet spring - time! We greet thee in song, 2. Wel - come sweet spring - time! What joy now is ours, Mur - murs of glad - ness fall on the ear, Win - ter has fled to far dis - tant climes, Voi - ces long hush'd, now their full note pro - long, Flo - ra, thy pres - ence a - waits in the bow - ers, E - cho - ing far and near. long - ing for thy com - mands. Sun - shine now wakes all the flow' - rets from sleep, Brook - lets are whisp - 'ring as on - ward they flow,

mf

Joy giv - ing in - cense floats on the air, — Snow - drop and
Songs of de light at thy glad re - turn, — Bound - less the

prim - rose both tim - id - ly peep — Pal - ing the
wealth thou in love dost be - stow — Ev - er with

glad new year. Balm - y and life breath - ing
lav - ish hand. How nat - ure loves thee, each

p

breez - es are blow - ing, Swift - ly to na - ture new
glad - voice dis - clos - es, Her - ald thou art of the

p

vi - gor be - stow - ing, Ah! how my heart beats with rap - ture a -
time - of the ro - ses, Ah! how my heart beats with rap - ture a -

p *dim.*

new, As earth's fair-est beau - ties a - gain meet my view.
 new, As earth's fair-est beau - ties a - gain meet my view.

Sing, then, ye birds! raise your voi - ces on high;

mf

Flow - 'rets a - wake ye! Burst in - to bloom; —

p *mf*

Spring - time is come; and sweet sum - mer is nigh, —

Sing, then, ye birds, O sing!

Thine Eyes So Blue And Tender

Andante Espressivo

E. LASSEN

p

* 1. Thine eyes so blue and ten - der,
2. Thy soft and gold - en tress - es,

When their soft glance I seek, — A - wake me to vis - ions of splen - dor,
Like a chain bind my heart, — So lov - ing and sweet their ca - ress - es,

Thoughts that I may not speak. 1. Dear eyes so blue. and
2. Ah! bright and silk - en

Nev - er from me de - part!

ten - der, I see them ev - 'ry - where! — My
tress - es, That haunt me ev - 'ry - where! — As

cresc soul like waves — of o - cean, they drown in life so fair!
some poor bird — that flut - ters, my spir - it you en - snare!

rit et dim *atempo*
p

* The words are sung to the melody in the left hand of the piano arr.

Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes

Old English

Andantino

The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff with a 6/8 time signature. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The score is divided into five systems, each with two staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. Dynamics include *p* (piano), *cresc.* (crescendo), and *dim.* (diminuendo). The piece concludes with a fermata over the final note.

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, - and I — will pledge with
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, not so — much hon - 'ring

mine, — Or leave a kiss with - in — the cup, — and
thee, — As giv - ing it a hope — that there — it

I'll — not ask for wine; — The thirst — that from the
could not with - ered be; — But thou — there - on did'st

soul — doth rise, doth ask a drink — di - vine, —
on - ly breathe, and send'st it back — to me, —

But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip, — I would not change for thine. —
Since when it grows and smells, I swear, not of — it - self, but thee. —

"Alice, Where Art Thou?"

J. ASCHER

Moderato

p *cresc.*

dim. e rit. *a tempo* 1. The birds sleep - ing gent - ly,
2. The sil - ver rain fall - ing,

cresc. *dim.*

Sweet Lu - na gleam - eth bright, Her rays tinge the for - est, And all seems glad to -
Just as it fall - eth now, — And all things slept gently, Oh! Al - ice, where art

mf

night. The wind sigh - ing by me, — Cool - ing my fevered brow; The
thou? I've sought thee by lake - let, I've sought thee — on the hill; And

cresc. *dim.* *Animato*

stream flows as — ev - er, Yet Al - ice, Where art thou? One year back this
in the pleas - ant wild - wood, When winds blow cold and chill. I've sought thee in

e - ven, And thou wert by my side, — One year back this
 for - est, I'm look - ing heav'n - ward, now, I've sought thee in

e - ven, And thou wert by my side. now. Vow -
 for - est, I'm look - ing heav'n - ward now. Oh!

rit. *p*

ing there 'mid to the love me; One year past this
 there 'mid to the star-shine; I've sought thee in

e - ven And thou wert by my side, Vow - ing to
 for - est I'm look - ing heav'n - ward now, Oh! — there a -

dim. *p*

love me, Al - ice, What e'er might be - tide!
 mid the star shine Al - ice I know, art thou!

rit. *a tempo*

The Low Back'd Car

SAMUEL LOVER

Allegretto

cresc.

mf

1. When first I saw sweet Peg-gy, 'Twas on a mar-ket day; A
 2. In bat-tles wide com - mo-tion, The proud and might-y Mars, With

dim.

low-back'd car she drove, and sat Up-on a truss of hay, But
 hos-tile scythes de-mands his tythes Of death, in war-like cars. But

when that hay was bloom-ing grass, And deck'd with flow'rs of spring, No
 Peg-gy, peace-ful god - dess, Has darts in her bright eye, That

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

flow'r was there, that could com-pare, To the bloom-ing girl I sing! As she
 knock men down in the mar- ket town, As— right and left they fly! While she

mf *cresc.*

sat in her low back'd car, The man at the turn - pike bar, Nev-er
 sits in her low back'd car, Than bat-tle more dan-g'rous far, For the

dim e rit.

ask'd for the toll, But just doc - tors' art, Can - not rubb'd his auld poll, And look'd af - ter the low back'd car. —
cure — the heart That is hit from the low - back'd car. —

Sally In Our Alley

H. CAREY

Andante

p *dim.* *p*

1. Of all the girls that are so smart There's none like pretty Sal - ly; She is the
2. Of all the days that's in the week, I dear - ly love but one day; And that's the

dim.

dar - ling of my heart — And she lives in our al - ley. There's neer a
day — that comes be - twixt — The Sat - ur - day and Monday. For then I'm

cresc. *f* *f*

la - dy in this land, That's half so sweet as Sal - ly; She is the
drest all in my best, To walk a - broad with Sal - ly; She is the

f *dim*

dar - ling of my heart — And she lives down in — our al - ley.
dar - ling of my heart — And she lives down in — our al - ley.

Nancy Lee

Allegro

mf

1. Of all the wives as e'er you know, Yeo
 2. The har-bour's past the breez-es blow, Yeo
 3. The boas 'n pipes the watch be low, Yeo

mf

ho! lads! ho, Yeo ho! yeo- ho! There's none like
 ho! lads! ho, Yeo ho! yeo- ho! 'Tis long, e'er
 ho! lads! ho, Yeo ho! yeo- ho! Then here's a

cresc.

Nan-cy Lee I trow, Yeo ho! yeo- ho! yeo
 we come back I know, Yeo ho! yeo- ho! yeo
 health be-fore us go, Yeo ho! yeo- ho! yeo

ho!
 ho!
 ho!

See there she stands an' waves her hand up on the
 But true an' bright from morn till night my home will
 A long, long life to my sweet wife and mates at

quay, An' ev'ry day when I'm a-way, she'll watch for me, An'
 be, An' all so neat an' snug an' sweet, for Jack at sea, An'
 sea, An' keep our bones from Dav-y Jones, wher-e'er you be, An'

cresc.

whis - per low, when tem - pests blow, for Jack at
 Nan - cy's face to bless the place, an' wel - come
 may you meet a mate as sweet as Nan - cy

ff

sea, Yeo - ho! lads - ho! yo - ho!
 me, Yeo - ho! lads - ho! yo - ho! The
 Lee, Yeo - ho! lads - ho! yo - ho!

f

sail or's wife the sail-or's star - shall be, Yeo - ho! we -

go a - cross the - sea, - The sail - or's wife the sail - or's

cresc. *ff*

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

La Paloma

(The Dove)

S. YRADIER

Moderato

mf

1. The day that I left my home for the roll-ing sea,
 2. And when I came home, from Ni - na to part no more,

mf

I said "Moth - er dear, oh, pray to thy God for
 To rest with my moth - er - dear on my na - tive

mf

me." And ere we sailed I
 shore. A - dieu to the ship where

mf

went a fond leave to take Of Ni
 oft - en with chang - ing mind Ive laughed

mf

— na, who wept as if her poor heart would break.
 — and Ive wept as veerd the light chang - ing wind. "Ni - na, if I should
 Then comes the day, the

die and o'er o - cean's foam, Soft - ly a white dove
hap - py and bles - sed day, Chas - ing all sad - ness,

on a fair eve should come. *mf* Op - en thy lat - tice, dear - est, for it will
sor - row and care a - way. Ni - na so fair, all smiles will be by my

be, My faith - ful soul that lov - ing comes back to thee!
side! Ni - na so dear, will be my own blush - ing bride!

Oh! a life on the sea! Sing - ing joy - ous and free, Ah! *crese*

we're go - ing None are so gay as we! *dim*

mf *3* *3* *3* *3*

Ah! a life on the sea! Sing-ing joy-ous and free, Oh! —

3 *3* *3* *3* *dim.* *3* *3*

— we're go - ing None are so gay as we!

Soldier's Farewell

JOHANNA KINKEL

Slowly
p

How can I bear to leave thee, One part-ing kiss I give thee; And
Ne'er more may I be - hold thee, Or to this heart en - fold thee; With

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

then what-e'er be - falls me, I go where hon-or calls me. Fare -
spear and pen-non glanc-ing, I see the foe ad - vanc-ing, Fare -

Espressivo

well, fare - well, my own true love, Fare -
well, fare - well, my own true love, Fare -

f well, fare - well, — my own true love.
 well, fare - well, — my own true love.

dim. et rit.

Comin' Thro' the Rye

Moderato

ROBERT BURNS

mf — Gin a bo - dy meet a bo - dy com - in' thro' the rye,
 — Gin a bo - dy meet a bo - dy com - in' frae the town,
 A - mong the train there is a swain I dear - ly lo'e my - sel' But

dim. Gin a bo - dy kiss a bo - dy need a bo - dy cry?
 Gin a bo - dy greet a bo - dy need a bo - dy frown?
 where's his home and what his name I din - na care to tell!

Ev'-ry las - sie has her lad - die, nane they say, — hae I, Yet

dim. a' the lads they smile at me when com - in' through the rye.

Last Night

H. KJERULF

Andante con moto

Last night the night-in-gale woke me, Last night when all was
 I think of you in the day - time, I dream of you by
 still, night, I sang in the gold - en moon - light, From
 I wake and I would you were here, love, And
 out tears the wood - land hill. I o - pen'd my win - dow so gent -
 are blind - ing my sight, I hear a low breath in the lime
 ly; I look'd on the dream - ing dew, And oh! the
 tree; The wind is float - ing through, And oh! the
 bird, my dar - ling, was sing - ing, sing - ing of you of you.
 night, my dar - ling, is sigh - ing, sigh - ing of you of you.

The Loreley

F. SILCHER

Andante

mf

1. I know not what spell is en-chant-ing, That makes me sad-ly in-
 2. The fair - est maid is re-clin - ing, In daz-zling beau - ty
 3. The boat - man in his bo - som, Feels pain-ful long - ings

mf

clined, — An old — strange leg - end is haunt - ing, And
 there, — Her gild - ed rai - ment is shin - ing, She
 stir, — He sees — not dan - ger be - fore him, But

will not leave — my mind; — The day - light slow - ly is
 combs her gold - en hair; — With gold - en comb — she's
 ga - zes up — at her; — The wat - ers sure — must

*cresc.**dim.*

go - ing, And calm - ly flows — the Rhine, — The
 comb - ing, And as she combs — she sings, — Her
 swal - low, The boat and him — ere long, — And

*cresc.**dim.*

moun-tain's peak is glow - ing, In eve - ning's mel - low shine. —
 song — a - midst the gloam - ing, A weird en - chant - ment brings. —
 thus — is seen the pow - er, Of cru - el Lor - e - ley's song. —

Ben Bolt

NELSON KNEASS

Moderato

cresc.

mf

1. Oh! don't you re-mem-ber, sweet Al-ice, Ben-Bolt, Sweet
 2. Oh! don't you re-mem-ber, the wood, - Ben-Bolt, Near the

dim. *cresc.*

Al-ice with hair so brown; She wept with de-light when you
 green sun-ny slope of the hill, When off - we have sung 'neath its

dim.

gave her a smile, And trem-bled with fear at your frown. In the
 wide spread-ing shade, And kept time to the click of the mill. The -

old church-yard, in the val-ley, Ben Bolt, In a cor-ner ob-scure and a-
 mill has gone to de-cay, - Ben Bolt, And a qui-et now reigns all a-

lone. They have fit-ted a slab of gran-ite so grey, And sweet
 round. See the old rus-tic porch with its ro-ses so sweet, Lies -

dim. *cresc.*

Al - ice lies un - der the stone. They have fit - ted a slab of —
 scat - ter'd and fall'n to the ground. See the old rus - tic porch, with its

dim.

gran - ite so grey, And sweet Al - ice lies un - der the stone.
 ro - ses so sweet, Lies — scat - ter'd and fall'n to the ground.

Darling Nelly Gray

B. R. HANDY

Moderato *mf*

1. There's a
 2. One —
 3. My —

low — green - val - ley on the old Ken - tuck - y shore, There I've
 night I went to see her, but "she's gone!" the neigh - bors say, The —
 eyes are get - ting blind - ed, and I can - not see the way, Hark! there's

dim.

whiled man - y hap - py hours a - way, A — sit - ting and a - sing - ing by the
 white man - bound her with his chain, — They have taken her to Georgia for to
 some - bod - y knock - ing at the door, — Oh! I hear the angels call - ing and I

lit - fle cot - tage door, Where lived my — dar - ling Nel - ly
wear her life a - way, As she toils in the cot - ton and the
see my Nel - ly Gray, Fare - well to the old Ken - tuck - y

Gray. — Oh! my poor — Nel - ly Gray, they have
cane. — Oh! my poor — Nel - ly Gray, they have
shore. — Oh! my dar - ling Nel - ly Gray, up in

tak - en you a - way, And I'll nev - er see my dar - ling an - y
tak - en you a - way, And I'll nev - er see my dar - ling an - y
heav - en there they say, That they'll nev - er take you from me an - y

more, — I'm — sit - ting by the riv - er and I'm
more, — I'm — sit - ting by the riv - er and I'm
more, — I'm a - com - ing, com - ing, com - ing, as the

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

Annie Laurie

53

Andante

LADY SCOTT

1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where
2. Her — brow is like the snow - drift, Her

ear - ly falls the dew, And 'twas there that An - nie
throat is like the swan, Her — face it is the

Lau - rie Gave me her prom - ise true. Gave me her prom - ise
fair - est That e'er the sun shone on. That e'er the sun shone

true, And ne'er for - get will I, But for
on, And dark blue is her e'e, And for

bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay - me down and dee.
bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay - me down and dee.

In Old Madrid

H. TROTÈRE

Tempo di Bolero

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

1. Long years a-
2. Far, far, a-

go, in old Ma-drid, Where softly sighs of love the light gui-tar, Two sparkling
way, from old Ma-drid, Her lov-er fell long years a-go for Spain, A con-vent

eyes, a lat-tice hid, Two eyes as dark-ly bright as love's own star! There
veil those sweet eyes hid, And all the vows that love had sigh'd were vain, But

on the case-ment ledge when day was o'er, A ti-ny hand was
still be-tween the dusk and night, 'tis said Her white hand opes the

light-ly laid; A face look'd out, as from the ri-er shore, There's
lat-tice wide, The faint sweet ech-o of that ser-en-ade, Floats

rit *a tempo* *mf*

stole a ten-der ser-a-nade! Rang the lov-er's hap-py song,
weird-ly o'er the mist-y tide! Still she lists her lov-er's song,

cresc

Light and low from shore to shore, But Ah! the riv-er flow'd a-long Be-
Still he sings up-on the shore, Tho' flows a stream than all more strong Be-

tween them ev-er-more.
tween them ev-er-more.

rit

p *Tenderly.*

Come, my love, the stars are shin-ing, Time is fly-ing, Love is sigh-ing,

p *rit*

Come, for thee a heart is pin-ing, Here a-lone I wait for thee. *D.C.*

thee, a-lone I wait, I wait for thee, — my love, I wait for thee, O come my love, I wait for thee, I wait for thee, my love, for thee

f *rit*

How Can I Leave Thee!

(Treue Liebe)

German Song

Andante

1. How can I leave thee! How can I from thee part!
 2. Blue is a flow-'ret Called the "For-get-me-not,"
 3. Would I a bird-were! Soon at thy side to be,

p *resc* *dim*

Thou on-ly hast my heart, Sis-ter, be-lieve;
 Wear it up-on thy heart, And think of me.
 Fal-con nor hawk would fear, Speed-ing to thee.

Thou hast this soul of mine, So close-ly bound to thine,
 Flow-'ret and hope may die, Yet love with us shall stay,
 When by the fowl-er slain, I at thy feet should lie,

dim

No oth - er can I love, Save thee a - lone!
That can - not pass a - way, Sis - ter be - lieve.
Thou sad - ly should'st complain, Joy - ful I'd die!

American Version

The Girl I Left Behind Me

SAMUEL LOVER

mf

1. I'm lone - some since I cross'd the hill, And o'er the moor and val - ley, Such
2. Oh ne'er shall I for - get the night, The stars were bright a - bove me, And
3. The bee shall hon - ey taste no more, The dove be - come a - ran - ger, The

mf

heav - y thoughts my heart do fill, Since part - ing with my Sal - ly. I
gent - ly lent their sil - v'ry light, When first she vowed she loved me. But
dash - ing waves shall cease to soar, Ere she's to me a - stran - ger. The

seek no more the fine and gay, For each but does re - mind me, How
now I'm bound for Bright - on camp, Kind Heav'n, may fa - vor find me, And
vows we've reg - is - tered a - bove, Shall ev - er cheer and bind me, In

dim

swift the hours did pass a - way, With the girl I left be - hind me.
send me safe - ly back a - gain To the girl I left be - hind me.
con - stan - cy to her I love, The — girl I left be - hind me.

When the Swallows Homeward Fly

FRANZ ABT

Andantino mf

When the swal - lows home-ward fly, When the ro - ses scat-ter'd
 When the white swan southward roves, To seek at noon the or - ange

cresc. lie, When from neith - er hill nor dale, Chants the silv'-ry night - in -
 groves, When the red tints of the west, Prove the sun is gone to

cresc. gale, In these words my bleed - ing heart, Would to thee its grief im -
 rest, In these words my bleed - ing heart, Would to thee its grief im -

f *mf* *mf*
 part. When I — thus thy im - age lose,
 part. When I — thus thy im - age lose,

mf
 Can I, ah! can I e'er know re - pose,
 Can I, ah! can I e'er know re - pose,

Can I, ah! can I e'er know re - pose.

dim.

Robin Adair

Moderato

C. KEPPEL

What's this dull town to me? Rob - in's not near,
What made th' as - sem - bly shine? Rob - in - A - dair,

What was't I wish'd to see, What - wish'd to hear?
What made the ball so fine? Rob - in - was there.

Where's all the joy and mirth, Made this town a heav'n on earth?
What, when the play was o'er, What made my heart so sore?

mf *dim.*

Oh! they're all fled, with thee, Rob - in - A - dair.
Oh! it was part - ing with Rob - in - A - dair.

mf *dim.*

Come Back to Erin

CLARIBEL

Moderato

mf

1. Come back' to E - rin, Ma - vour - neen, Ma - vour - neen,
 2. O - ver the green sea, Ma - vour - neen, Ma - vour - neen,

Come back, A-ron to the land of thy birth, — Come with the sham-rocks and
 Long shone the white sail that bore thee a-way, Rid - ing the white waves, that

spring-time, Ma-vour-neen, And its Kill-ar-ney shall ring with our mirth.
 fair sum-mer morn-in' Just like a May flowr a - float on the bay.

mf

Sure, when we sent ye to beau - ti - ful Eng - land,
 O, but my heart sank, when clouds came be - tween us,

mf

Lit - tle we thought of the lone win - ter days,
 Like a grey cur - tain, the rain fall - ing down, Lit - tle we thought of the
 Hid from my sad eyes the

hush of the star-ling, O - ver the moun-tain, the bluffs and the bays! Then
path o'er the o - cean, Far, far, a-way where my col - leen had flown, Then

mf
come back to E - rin, Ma - vour - neen, Ma-vour - neen,

Come back a gain to the land of thy birth,

mf
Come back to E - rin, Ma - vour - neen, Ma-vour - neen,

And its Kil - lar - ney shall ring with our mirth.

Bid Me Good-bye

F. PAOLO TOSTI

Slow Waltz Time

mf *cresc*

If in your heart a cor - ner lies, That has no place for
 Man's love is like the rest - less waves, Ev er at rise and

dim. *2nd Verse rit.* *cresc*

me, — — — You do not love me as I deem, That
 fall, — — — The on - ly love a wo - man craves, It

dim. *mf*

love should ev - er be. — — — Is there a sin - gle joy or
 must be all in all. — — — Ask me no more if I re-

dim. *cresc*

pain, That I may nev - er know? — — — Take back your love, it
 gret, You need not care to know; — — — A wo - man's heart does

cresc *f* *rit.*

is in vain, Bid me good - bye, and go. — — —
 not for get, Bid me good - bye, and go.

CHORUS

mf *cresc.* *cresc.*

You do not love me, no, — Bid me good - bye, and

go; — Good - bye, good - bye, — 'tis bet - ter so,

dim. *mf*

Bid me good - bye, — and go. — You do not love me,

cresc.

no, — Bid me good - bye and go. — Good - bye good -

dim. *rit.*

bye, 'tis bet - ter so, Bid me good - bye — and go. —

Listen To The Mocking Bird

ALICE HAWTHORNE

Moderato

mf

1. I'm dream-ing now of — Hal-ly, — sweet Hal-ly, — sweet
 2. Ah! well I yet re - mem-ber, — re - mem-ber, — re -

cresc.

Hal-ly, — I'm dream-ing now of — Hal-ly, — For the
 mem-ber, — Ah! well I yet re - mem-ber, — When we

f *dim.* *mf*

thought of her is one that nev-er dies; She's sleep-ing in the —
 gath - erd in the cot-ton, side by side; 'Twas in the mild Sep -

val-ley, — the val-ley, — the val-ley, — She's sleep-ing in the —
 tem-ber, — Sep - tem-ber, — Sep - tem-ber, — 'Twas in the mild Sep -

cresc. *dim.* *mf*

val-ley, — And the mock-ing bird is sing-ing where she lies. Lis-ten to the
 tem-ber, — And the mock-ing bird is sing-ing where she lies. Lis-ten to the

mock-ing bird, Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird, The mocking bird still sing-ing o'er her

grave: Lis - ten to the mock-ing bird, Lis - ten to the

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

When The Corn Is Waving

C. BLAMPHIN

Moderato *mf*

1. When the corn is wav-ing, An-nie dear, Oh meet me by the stile, To
2. When the corn is wav-ing, An-nie dear, Our tales of love we'll tell, Be-

hear thy gen-tle voice a - gain, And greet thy win - ning smile; The
side the gen-tle flow - ing stream, That both our hearts know well; Where

mf

moon will be at full, love, The stars will bright - ly
wild flow'rs in their beau - ty, Will scent the ev' - ning

cresc. *dim.*

gleam, Oh, come, my Queen of night, love, And -
breeze, Oh, haste, the stars are peep - ing, And the

mf

grace the beau - teous scene. When the corn is wav - ing,
moons be - hind the trees. When the corn is wav - ing,

An - nie dear, Oh, meet me by the stile, To

dim.

hear thy gen - tle voice a - gain, And greet thy win - ning smile.

In The Gloaming

87

Andante

A. F. HARRISON

p
1. In the gloam-ing, oh, my dar-ling, when the lights are dim and low,
2. In the gloam-ing, oh, my dar-ling, think not bit - ter-ly of me,

And the qui - et shad - ows fall - ing, soft - ly, come and soft - ly go;
Though I pass'd a - way in si - lence, left you lone - ly, set you free;

mf poco animato *cresc*
When the winds are sob - bing faintly, with a gen - tle un - known woe,
For my heart was crushed with long - ing, what had been could nev - er be;

Will you think of me and love me, as you did once long a - go?
It was best to leave you thus, dear, best for you and

best for me. It was best to leave you thus, Best for you and best for me.

My Old Dutch

CHAS. INGLE

Andante *mf*

1. I've got a pal, A reg'-lar out an' out-er, She's a
 2. I calls her Sal, 'Er pro-per name is Sair-er, An' yer
 3. Sweet, fine old gal, For worlds I would - n't lose 'er, She's a
 4. I sees yer Sal, Yer pret - ty rib - bons sport - in', Ma - ny

dear, good old gal, I'll - tell yer all a - bout 'er, It's
 may find a gal, As, - you'd con - sid - er fair - er, She
 dear, good old gal, An - that's wot made me choos 'er, She's
 years, now, old gal, Since - them young days of court - in', I

man - y years since fust we met, 'Er 'air was then as black as jet, It's
 ain't an an - gel, she can start A - jaw - in' till it makes you smart, She's
 stuck to me thro' thick and thin, When luck was out, when luck was in, Ah!
 ain't a cow - ard, still I trust, When we're to part. as part we must, That

whit - er now, but she don't fret, Not my old gal! *rit*
 just a wo - man, bless 'er 'eart, Is my old gal! — We've
 wot a wife to me she's been, An wot a pal! —
 death may come and take me fust, To wait my pal! —

mf CHORUS
 been to-ge-th-er now for for - ty years, An' it don't seem a day too much, — There

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

dim *cresc*

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

dim

The Future Mrs. 'Awkins

A. CHEVALIER

Moderato

1. I knows 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-
 3. She wears an art-ful bon-net, feath-ers stuck up-on it, Cov-er-in' a fringe all

me. At fust she said she would-n't, then she said she could-n't,
 bout!" 'Er pret-ty 'ead she throws up, then she turns her nose up,
 curled. She's just a-bout the sweet-est, pret- ti - est and neat-est,

Then she whisp-er'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
 Do - ner in the wide, wide world! And she'll be Mis - sis 'Aw - kins

Mis - sis 'En-ry 'Aw - kins, Or a - crost the seas I'll roam, So
Thought as I'd sur - prise 'er, Cop 'er round the waist like this! Sez
Mis - sis 'En-ry 'Aw - kins, Got 'er for to name the day, We

'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
set - tled it last Mon - day, so to church on Sun - day, Off we trots the don - key

rit. et dim. CHORUS *mf*

'ome? "Won't yer?" Oh! Li - zer! Sweet Li - zer!
kiss! "Now then" Oh! Li - zer! Sweet Li - zer!
shay. "Now then" Oh! Li - zer! Sweet Li - zer!

cresc. *dim.*

If you die an old maid you'll 'ave on - ly your - self to blame D'year Li - zer!
If you die an old maid you'll 'ave on - ly your - self to blame D'year Li - zer!
If you die an old maid you'll 'ave on - ly your - self to blame D'year Li - zer!

dim.

Dear Li - zer! 'Ow d'yer fan - cy 'Aw - kins for yer oth - er name?
Dear Li - zer! 'Ow d'yer fan - cy 'Aw - kins for yer oth - er name?
Dear Li - zer! Mis - sis 'En - ry 'Aw - kins is a first - class name!

Love's Old Sweet Song

J. L. MOLLOY

Andante

mf

1. Once in the dear dead days be-yond re-call, When on the world the mists began to fall,
2. E-ven to-day we hear love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it dwells for-ev-er more,

*cresc.**dim.*

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,

*p**cresc.**dim.*

And in the dusk where fell the fire-light gleam, Soft-ly it wove it-self in-to our dream.
So 'til the end when life's dim shadows fall, Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

*a tempo**p**cresc.*

Just a song at twi-light, when the lights are low; And the flick-er-ing

*dim.**f*

shad-ows, Soft-ly come and go. Tho' the heart be wear-y

sad the day and long, Still to us at twi - light comes love's old

song, Comes love's old sweet - song. *rit.*

The Blue Alsatian Mountains

Waltz tempo

STEPHEN ADAMS

mf

1. By the blue Al - sa - tian moun - tains, Dwelt a
 2. By the blue Al - sa - tian moun - tains, Came a
 3. By the blue Al - sa - tian moun - tains, Ma - ny

maid - en young and fair, Like the care - less flow - ing foun -
 stran - ger in the spring, And he lin - ger'd by the foun -
 spring - times bloom'd and pass'd, And the mai - den in the foun -

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

hair;
sing;
last;

An-gel
Just to
And she

mild her
whis-per
with-ered

eyes so
in the
like the

win-ning
moon-light,
An-gel
er That is

bright her
sweet-est
wait-ing

hap-py smile,
she had known,
for the rain,

When be-neath the
Just to charm a-
She will nev-er

way the
see the

foun-tains
spin-ning, You could
hours—Till her
stran-ger, Where the

hear her song the while— A-dé, A-dé, A-dé,
heart was all his own— A-dé, A-dé, A-dé,
foun-tains fall a-gain— A-dé, A-dé, A-dé,

— Such songs will pass a-way— Tho' the blue Al-sa-tian
— Such dreams may pass a-way— But the blue Al-sa-tian
— The years have passed a-way— But the blue Al-sa-tian

ff
moun-tains seem to watch and wait al-way.
moun-tains seem to watch and wait al-way.
moun-tains seem to watch and wait al-way.

Kathleen Mavourneen

F. N. CROUCH

Andante

mf *cresc.*

1. Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen! the grey dawn is break - ing, — The
 2. Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen! a - wake from thy slum - bers; — The

dim.

horn of the hunt - er is heard — on the hill; The
 blue mountains glow in the sun's — gold - en light; Ah!

cresc.

lark from her light wing the bright — dew is shak - ing,
 where is the spell that once hung — on my num - bers? A -

dim.

Kath - leen — Ma - vour - neen! — What slum - - bring still. Oh,
 rise in — thy beau - ty, — thou, star of my night. Ma -

Animato *mf*

hast thou for - got - ten, how soon we must sev - er? Oh,
 vour - neen, Ma - vour - neen, my sad tears are fall - ing, To

rit.

hast thou for-got-ten, this day we must part? It
 think that from E-rin and thee I must part; It

Tempo primo

cresc.

may be for years, and it may be for-ev-er; Oh,—
 may be for years, and it may be for-ev-er; Then

dim.

why art thou si-lent, thou, voice of my heart? It
 why art thou si-lent, thou, voice of my heart? It

cresc.

may be for years, and it may be for-ev-er; Then

why art thou si-lent, Kath-leen Ma-vour-neen?

Take Back The Heart

CLARIBEL

Waltz time

mf

1. Take back the heart that thou gav - est, What is my an - guish to
 2. Then when at last o - ver - tak - en, Time flings its fet - ters o'er

thee? — Take back the free - dom thou crav - est,
 thee, — Come with a trust still un - shak - en,

dim *mf*

Leav - ing the fet - ters to me; — Take back the vows thou hast
 Come back a cap - tive to me; — Come back in sad - ness or

cresc *dim*

spo - ken, — Fling them a - side and be free, —
 sor - row, — Once more my dar - ling to be, —

cresc *dim*

Smile o'er each pi - ti - ful to - ken, — Leav - ing the sor - row for
 Come as of old, love, to bor - row, — Glimp - ses of sun - light from

me,
me,

Drink deep of life's fond il - lu - sion,
Love shall re - sume her do - min - ion,

cresc

Gaze on the storm-cloud and flee,
Striv-ing no more to be free,

Swift-ly through strife and con -
When on her world-wea-ry

dim *cresc*

fu - sion
pin - ion

Leav - ing the bur - den to me.
Flies back my lost love to me.

dim

Ever of Thee

F. HALL

Moderato

1. Ev - er of thee, I'm fond-ly dream-ing, Thy gen-tle voice my
2. Ev - er of thee, when sad and lone - ly, Wand'ring a - far my

P *cresc*

spir - it can cheer;
soul joy'd to dwell;

Thou art the star that mild-ly beam-ing,
Ah! then I felt I loved thee on - ly,

dim

cresc *dim*

Shone o'er my path when all was dark and drear; Still in my heart thy
All seem'd to fade be- fore af- fec - tion's spell; Tears have not chill'd the

cresc *dim*

form I_ cher - ish, Ev - 'ry kind tho't like a bird flies to thee, Ah! —
love I_ cher - ish, True as the stars hath my heart been to thee,

mf

Nev - er till life and mem - ry — per - ish, Can I for - get how

cresc

dear thou art to me. Morn, noon and night, where - e'er I may be, —

Fond - ly I'm dream - ing — ev - er of thee. Fondly I'm dream - ing — ev - er of thee.

Long, Long Ago

79

T. H. BAYLY

Moderato

p

cresc

dim

1. Tell me the tales that to
2. Do you re-mem-ber the
3. Tho' by your kind-ness my

me were so dear,
path where we met,
fond hopes were raised,

Long, long a - go,
Long, long a - go,
Long, long, a - go,

Long, long a - go;
Long, long a - go?
Long, long a - go;

Sing me the songs I de -
Ah, yes, you told me you
You, by more el - o - quent

light-ed to hear,
ne'er would for - get,
lips have been prais'd,

Long, long a - go, long a - go.
Long, long a - go, long a - go.
Long, long a - go, long a - go.

Now you are come, all my
Then, to all oth - ers my
But, by long ab - sence your

grief is re - moved,
smile you pre - fer'd,
faith has been tried,

Let me for - get that so
Love, when you spoke gave a
Still to your ac - cents I

long you have roved.
charm to each word,
lis - ten with pride,

Let me be - lieve that you
Still my heart treas - ures the
Blest as I was when I

love as you loved,
prais - es I heard,
sat by your side,

Long, long a - go, long a - go.
Long, long a - go, long a - go.
Long, long a - go, long a - go.

Lovely Night

(Tales of Hoffman)

J OFFENBACH

Moderato

pp

Love - ly night whose star - ry smile our

ten - der rap - ture bless - es, Night of love, our love the while with

thy - ca - ress be - guile! Short is life, the hours they fly, and

dim. *cresc.*

joy with them is fly - ing, Fleet - ing rap - tures drift - ing by, a -

las, too soon you die — Up - on the gen - tle breeze, —

cresc

— in sweet fra-gran-cy sigh - ing! Then while love's mo-ments fleet,

— Let our ar-dent lips meet, Let our ar - dent lips meet, Let our

dim *pp*

ar - dent lips meet! Ah! Love-ly night whose

star-ry smile our ten-der rap-ture bless - es, Night of love, our

cresc

love the while, With thy ca-ress be- guile. O night whose star-ry

smile Our love's sweet rap - ture bless

cresc

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

dim *p*

Ah! Ah!

sempre p

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

pp

Ah!

Woman is Fickle

(Rigoletto)

88

Allegretto

G. VERDI

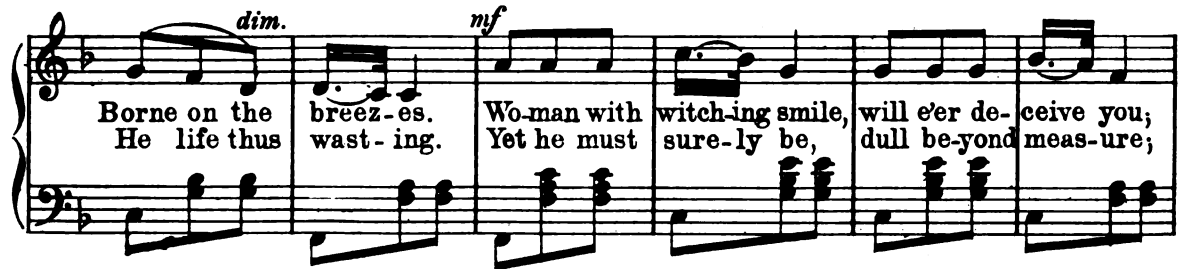
mf *cresc.*

1. Wo-man is fick-le, false al-to-geth-er; Moves like a feath-er,
2. Wretch-ed the day is, when she looks kind-ly; Trusts to her blind-ly,



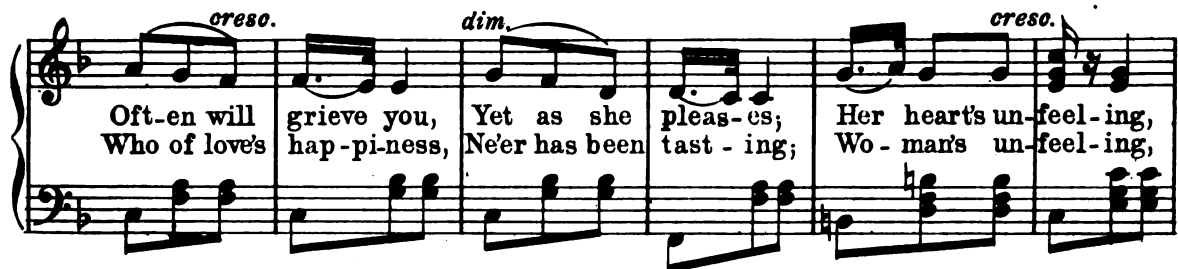
dim. *mf*

Borne on the breez-es. Wo-man with witch-ing smile, will e'er de-ceive you;
He life thus wast-ing. Yet he must sure-ly be, dull be-yond meas-ure;



cresc. *dim.* *cresc.*

Oft-en will grieve you, Yet as she pleas-es; Her heart's un-feel-ing,
Who of love's hap-pi-ness, Ne'er has been tast-ing; Wo-man's un-feel-ing,



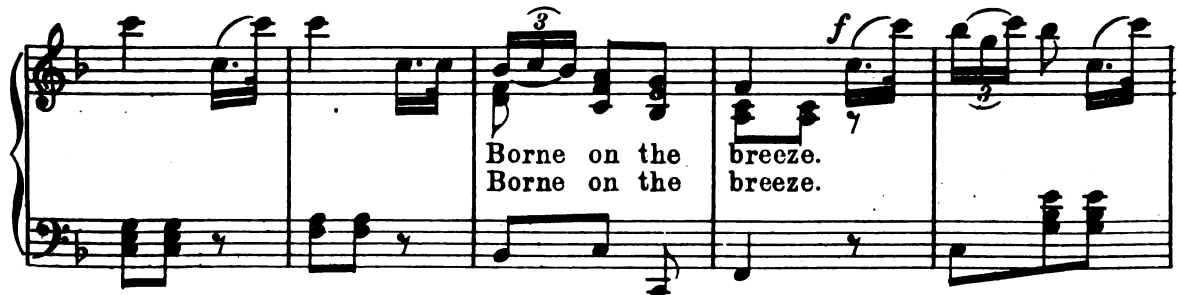
cresc. *mf*

False al-to-geth-er; Moves like a feath-er borne on the breeze,
False al-to-geth-er; Moves like a feath-er borne on the breeze,



f

Borne on the breeze.
Borne on the breeze.



Yes, borne on the breeze.
Yes, borne on the breeze.

The Last Rose of Summer

(Martha)

F. FLOTOW

Andante *mf*

'Tis the last rose of sum-mer, Left bloom - ing a -
leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the

lone; All her love - ly com - pan - ions, Are -
stem; Since the love - ly are sleep - ing, Go -

fad - ed and gone. No flow - ers of her
sleep thou with them. Thus kind - ly I

cresc.

kind - dred, No rose - bud is nigh To re -
scat - ter, Thy leaves o'er the bed Wherethy

mf

flect back her blush - es, Or give sigh for
mates of the gar - den, Lie scent - less and

sigh. I'll not dead. Where thy mates of the

gar - den Lie scent - less and dead.

mf *mf*

3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3

Tit Willow (The Mikado)

A. SULLIVAN

Andante

mf *mf*

1. On a
2. He—
3. Now I

tree by a riv - er a lit - tle tom - tit, Sang — "Wil - low, tit - wil - low, tit -
slapp'd at his chest as he sat on that - bough, Singing "Wil - low, tit - wil - low, tit -
feel just as sure as I'm sure that my name, Is - n't "Wil - low, tit - wil - low, tit -

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

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

Bir-die? I cried, Or a rath-er tough worm in your
 gur-gle, he gave, Then he threw him-self in-to the
 ob-du-rate I, Shall— per-ish as he did, and

lit-tle in-side! With a shake of his poor lit-tle
 bil-low-y wave, And an ech-o a-rose from the
 you will know why, Tho' I prob-a-bly shall not ex-

head he re-plied, "Oh Wil-low, tit-wil-low, tit-wil-low!"
 su-i-cide's grave, "Oh Wil-low, tit-wil-low, tit-wil-low!"
 claim as I die, "Oh Wil-low, tit-wil-low, tit-wil-low!"

Ah! So Pure

(Martha)

87

Andante

F. FLOTOW

p
Like a beam from above, Heav'n - ly

dim
ra - di - ant she ap - peared; Bliss - ful dream,

cresc *dim*
star - of love, To my heart re - mains en - deared.

mf
— Pierced this heart, by her dart, On - ly finds bliss by her side, In her

cresc
arms, by her charms, I'd have hap - py lived and died; But her ray died a -

dim *cresc*

way, Fled as fades the cloud in air, Left me lone here to

dim

moan and has doomed me to de-spair, To dark de-

rit *mf a tempo*

spair — Like — a beam from — a -

bove Heav'n - ly ra - di - ant, she - ap - peared.

cresc *dim*

Bliss - ful — dream, star — of — love — To my

heart re-mains en - deared. Marth - a, Marth - a,

Thou'st de - part - ed, And hast sunk this heart in

love. Thou — did'st leave me bro - ken heart - ed,

Soon to my lone grave I'll go.

Ah! to my grave I'll go! Ah! I'll go!

Lullaby (Erminie)

E. JAKOBOWSKI

Moderato

p

1. Dear moth-er in dreams I see her,— With
 2. Ah! e'en when her life was eb - bing,— Her

lovd_ face sweet and calm,— And hear her voice with love re-joice, When
 words were all_ of me,— My fu - ture years were all her fears, Her

nest-ling on_ her arm,— I think how she soft - ly press'd me, Of the
 fate was not_ to see,— My fa - ther I heard you weep-ing, As in

dim. *cresc.*

tears in each glist'ning eye,— As her watch shed keep, When she rock'd to sleep, Her
 sor-row you stand-ing by,— And my moth-er's plaint, In her ac - cents faint, This

dim. *rit mf*

child to this lul - la - by— Bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, — bye, bye, Bye,
 ten - der sweet lul - la - by—

rit. *Slowly* *p*

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 wak-ing,

Dar-ling be thy slum-bers deep!— Bye, bye,— Drow-si-ness o'er - tak - ing,

Pret-ty lit-tle eye - lids sleep. Bye, bye— Watch-ing till thou'rt wak-ing,

rall. et dim. *p*

Dar-ling be thy slum-bers deep!— Bye - bye, Bye - bye.—

Evening Prayer

(Hansel and Gretel)

E. HUMPERDINCK

Andante
p *cresc.* *dim.*

When I lay me down to sleep, An-gels guard o'er me doth keep;

Two on watch are stay-ing, Two are soft-ly pray-ing, Two to guard my

cresc. *poco* *a poco*

right hand, Two to guard my left stand, Two to slumber take me,

cresc.

Two from slum-ber wake me; Two who watch-ful tar-ry, My

cresc. *rit.* *dim.*

soul to God to car-ry!

Vilia Song

(Merry Widow)

F. LEHAR

Andante espressivo

p

Vil - ia, dear Vil - ia, my whole heart is thine, Let my fond

love make thee mine, on - ly mine; O'er me there steals from thine

eyes a sweet spell, Love me, and all will be well.

p

Vil - ia, dear Vil ia, my whole heart is thine,

mf

Let my fond love make thee mine, on - ly mine;

Slower
p

O'er me there steals from thine eyes a sweet spell,

rit.

Love me and all will be well, All will be

mf *morendo*

well, will be well.

I Dreamt That I Dwelt In Marble Halls

M.W. BALFE

Andante
p

1. I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls, With
2. I dreamt that suit-ors sought my hand, That

vas-sals and serfs at my side, And of all who as-
knights up-on bend-ed knees, And with vows no

sembled with - in — those walls, That I was the hope and the pride. —
maid - en heart could withstand, They pledged their faith — to me. —

mf I had rich - es too great — to count, could boast of a high — an -
And I dreamt that one of that no - ble host, — Came forth my

cresc.

dim. ces - tral name. — But I al - so dreamt which pleased me
hand to claim. — But I al - so dreamt which charmed me

cresc. most, That you lov'd — me still — the same, That you lov'd me, you lov'd — me

dim. still — the same, That you lov'd me, you lov'd — me
rit. e dim. still — the same.

Waltz Song

(The Merry Widow)

F. LEHAR

Valse moderato

p *cresc.* *dim.*

Hear sweet mu - sic soft - ly say - ing "I love

you," May from your heart come those words "I

dim. *cresc.* *dim.*

love you too!" Ten - der - ly hands press -

cresc.

ing, Fond - est vows re - new Say - ing once a -

gain, my love, "Ah! I love you!" And as the maz - y

Slower

mf
 dance, our souls fain would en-trance, Our hearts no more re-pine, But seem to

mur - mur "Oh, be mine!" And as glid - ing si - lent - ly,

- No words are said 'twixt you and me, The heart speaks those sweet

words "I love but thee a - lone!" Hear sweet mu - sic

soft - ly say - ing "I love you!"

May from your heart come those words "I love you

tool" Ten - der - ly hands press - ing,

Fond - est vows re - new, Say - ing once a -

gain, my love, "Ah! I love you."

Then You'll Remember Me
(Bohemian Girl)

M.W. BALFE

Andante Cantabile

mp When oth - er lips and oth - er hearts, Their
When cold - ness or de - ceit - shall - slight, The

tales of love shall tell, In lan- guage whose ex -
 beau - ty now they prize, And deem it but a

cess im - parts, The pow'r they feel so well; There
 fa - ded light, Which beams with-in your eyes; When

may per - haps in such - a - scene, Some rec - o - lec - tion
 hol - low hearts shall wear - a - mask, 'Twill break your own to -

be, Of days that have as hap - py - been, And
 see, In such a mo - ment I - but - ask, That

you'll re - mem - ber me, And you'll re - mem - ber, You'll re - mem - ber me.
 you'll re - mem - ber me, That you'll re - mem - ber, You'll re - mem - ber me.

Lovely Flowers I Pray

(Faust)

C. GOUNOD

Allegretto

mf

1. Love - ly flow - ers I pray — my
2. Speak, oh flow - ers, for me — I

cresc.

love — be - tray, —
trust — in thee, —

Tell her she's my sole treas - ure,
Teach her, ah, to dis - cov - er,

My de - light be - yond meas - ure,
E'en how fond - ly I love her,

Say, ah, say o'er and
How in sor - row I

o'er — her I — a - dore. — Love - ly flow - ers I
pine — to call — her mine. — Speak, ah, flow - ers, for

pray — my love — be - tray, —
me — I trust — in thee, —

Let her know how I
May to her love's sweet

lan - guish, pow - ers, Make her feel all my an - guish,
Be re - vealed in these flow - ers,

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

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

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

I'm Called Little Buttercup

(H.M.S. Pinafore)

Tempo di Valse

A. SULLIVAN

I'm call'd lit-tle But-ter-cup, Dear lit-tle Buttercup Tho' I could never tell

why; But still I'm call'd But-ter-cup, Poor lit-tle But-ter-cup,

sweet lit-tle Buttercup I I've snuff and to-bac-cy, And ex-cel-lent

jack-y; I've scis-sors and watch-es and knives. I've rib-bons and la-c-es to

set off the fa-c-es, Of pret-ty young sweethearts and wives, I've treacle and

tof-fee, I've tea and I've cof-fee, Soft tommy and suc-cu-lent chops, I've

chickens and conies, and pret-ty po-lo-nies, And ex-cel-lent peppermint

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 But-ter-cup buy.

Evening Star

(Tannhäuser)

R. WAGNER

p

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a series of chords in the upper register, while the left hand plays a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8.

p

Thou, star re - splen - dent, pure — and bright,

The vocal line begins with a piano dynamic. The melody is characterized by a series of descending eighth notes, with some notes tied across bar lines. The accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the introduction.

'Mid hu - man life's — dull shade — and gloom,

The vocal line continues with the same melodic pattern. The accompaniment remains consistent, providing a steady harmonic and rhythmic foundation.

p

Pour now o'er us thy stream — of light,

The vocal line continues with the same melodic pattern. The accompaniment remains consistent, providing a steady harmonic and rhythmic foundation.

Shine clear from heav - en, As - suage — our doom.

The vocal line concludes with the same melodic pattern. The accompaniment remains consistent, providing a steady harmonic and rhythmic foundation.

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.

8va

Scenes That Are Brightest (Maritana)

W. V. WALLACE

Moderato espressivo

mf

1. Scenes that are bright - est May
2. Words can - not scat - ter The

charm a - while
thought we fear
Hearts that are
For though they

light - est, And eyes that smile; Yet
flat - ter They mock the ear;

o'er them a - bove us,
Hopes still de - ceive us,
Though na - ture
With tear - ful

beam, With none to love us, How
cost And when these leave us, The

sad heart they is seem, lost With And none when to these

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

love us, How sad they seem! lost.
leave us, The heart is lost.

In Happy Moments

Moderato

(Maritana)

W. V. WALLACE

mf

1. In hap - py moments day by day, The sands of life may pass, In
2. Tho' an - xious eyes up - on us gaze And hearts with fond - ness beat, Whose

cresc. *dim.*

swift but tranquil tide a - way, From time's un - err - ing glass. Yet
smile up - on each fea - ture plays With truth - ful - ness re - plete. Some

cresc. *cresc.*

hopes we used as bright to deem, Re - mem - brance will re -
thoughts none oth - er can re - place Re - mem - brance will re -

mf

call; Whose pure and whose un-fad-ing beam, Is dear-er than them
 call; Which in the flight of years we trace, Is dear-er than them

cresc. *dim.*

all, Whose pure and whose un-fad-ing beam, Is — dear-er than them all.
 all, Which in the flight of years we trace, Is — dear-er than them all.

Call Me Thine Own

Andante

(L' Eclair)

J. HALEVY

p

1. Call me "thine own," name fond en-dear-ing, Like mu-sic
 2. Years may roll on, youth's dreams may leave us, Hope faint and

dim. *p*

sweet it falls on mine ear; Tells me of hope,
 die that light-ed our way; Tri-als may come,

cresc. *dim.*

life's path-way cheer-ing, Whis-pers of home, with thee ev-er near.
 sor-rows may grieve us, Friends may de-part, or false-ly be-tray.

mf

Call me "thine own," doubt would de - stroy, For on - ly through
 Call me "thine own," all else may fail, With love in our

dim *p*

faith hearts, are we se - cure; Mak - ing our hearts strong to en -
 hearts, Heav'n still re - mains; Each bond with time fresh vi - gor

cresc *dim*

dure gains, What lies be - fore us, - sor - row or joy.
 And o'er life's tem - pests love - shall pre - vail;

p *cresc*

Call me "thine own" thine, thine a - lone, Name fond, en -

f *dim*

dear - ing, Call me "thine own"

Ah! I Have Sighed To Rest Me

(Il Trovatore)

G. VERDI

Andante

mf
Ah! I have sigh'd to rest me, Deep in the quiet

grave! Do not forget me, let me remember'd be; Fare-well, my

love, Fare thee well, Leo-no-ra, Do not forget me for my love's long en-dur-ing

Great-er love than mine, thou wilt not find it ex-ist-ing Ah! in heav'n a-bove I'll wait my love for

thee, in heav'n a-bove I'll wait thee, For I love thee on-ly and to thee I'll e'er true be,

dim p

mf

cresc

f

f ⁶ ⁶ ³ ³ *cresc.* ⁶

Death shall yield to love and open'd wide shall these gates be, Ah! I'll wait for thee, in heav'n there a-

dim. ³ ³ ³ ³ *f*

bove I'll wait for thee, I'll wait for thee, I'll wait for thee!

Am I Not Fondly Thine Own?

(Du, Du, Liegst Mir Im Herzen)

German Song

Andante
mf

Thou, thou, reignst in this bo - som, There, there, hast thou thy throne;
Du, du, liegst mir im Her - zen, Du, du, liegst mir im sinn,

mf

Thou, thou, know'st that I love thee, Am I not fondly thine own?
Du, du, machst mir viel schmerzen Weisst nicht, wie gut ich dir bin?

f *p*

Yes, yes, yes, yes, Am I not fondly thine own?
Ja, ja, ja, ja, Weisst nicht, wie gut ich dir bin?

Lullaby

(Jocelyn)

B. GODARD

Andante

Oh, may thy dream not soon be o'er, For angels hover near thy

slum - ber, And while night's gold - en rays out - pour, My

cresc. child! the bright - est vis - ions, num - ber. *rall. et dim.* *a tempo*

Sleep! Sleep! The dawn is far a - way! *dim.*

Ho - ly Vir - gin, guard her, I pray! *cresc.* *dim.*

There Is A Green Hill Far Away

113

Andante moderato

C. GOUNOD

mf
There is a green hill far a-way With-out a cit-y wall;

cresc *dim*
Where the dear Lord was cru-ci-fied, Who died to save us all.

mf *dim*
We may not know, we can-not tell, What pains he had to bear;

cresc *dim*
But we be-lieve it was for us, He hung and suf-fer'd there. He

cresc *dim*
died that we might be for-giv'n, He died to make us good.

cresc *dim p*

That we might go at last to heav'n, — Saved by his precious blood.

p

There was no oth - er good enough, To pay the price of

cresc

sin; He on - ly could un - lock the gates of

dim p molto espressivo

Heav'n and let us in! O dear - ly, dear -

mf

- ly has He loved! — And we must love him too and

crese molto

trust in His re-deeming blood, And trust in His re-

dim *p*

deem-ing blood, And try His works to do, And try His works to

p

do. We must love Him too!

L.H. *R.H.* *L.H.* *R.H.* *L.H.* *R.H.* *L.H.*

dim

We must love Him too And try His works to

p *sempre p*

dol

L.H. *R.H.* *L.H.*

Ave Maria

(Cavalleria Rusticana)

P. MASCAGNI

Andante sostenuto

mf

Moth - - er see my tears, See my tears are

fall - - ing, Thou hast al - - so

dim.

sor - row known. Life, Ah! it is so

drea - - ry, my heart it is so wea - - ry,

cresc et rit.

Ah! leave me not a - lone! *a tempo* O moth - er,

dim.

hear me in the light, Look down on me, my comfort

p *f**dim.*

be And guide my steps a right!

*p**cresc.**dim.*

Oh mother, hear me where thou

*f**poco a poco rit. et dim.*

art, And guard and guide my ach-ing heart, my ach-ing

ppp

heart!

The Lost Chord

Andante moderate

A. SULLIVAN

mf

Seated one day at the organ, I was weary and ill at ease, And my fingers wander'd

id - ly, O-ver the nois-y keys; I know not what I was play - ing, Or

what I was dreaming then; But I struck one chord of music like the sound of a great A -

cres. f men, Like the sound of a *rall. et dim.* great — A - men. *p* It flood - ed the crim-son

twi-light Like the close of an angel's psalm, And it *cres.* lay on my fever'd *dim.* spir-it, With a

touch of in-fi-nite calm, It qui-et-ed pain and sor-row, Like

cresc. *dim. p*

love o-ver-com-ing strife, It seem'd the har-mo-nious ech-o From

p sempre tranquillo

our dis-cor-dant life, It link'd all per-plex-ed mean-ings, In-to one per-fect

poco - a - poco animato - e - cresc. *f*

peace, And trembled a-way in-to si-lence, As if it were loth to cease; I have

agitato

sought, but I seek it vain-ly, That one lost chord di-vine, Which

f came from the soul of the or- gan, And en- ter'd in- to *cresc. molto* mine.

ff It may be that Death's bright An- gel, Will speak in that chord a-

sempre ff gain, It may be that on- ly in Heav'n I shall hear that grand A- men. It

may be that Death's bright An- gel, Will speak in that chord a- gain, It *ff*

rit. may be that on- ly in Heav'n I shall hear that grand A- men. *Grandioso*

Over the Stars There is Rest

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FR. ABT

Andante

1. O-ver the stars there is rest!
2. O-ver the stars there is rest!

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

fid-ing, Life with its tri-al and chid-ing,
sign-ing, There, where the sun is still shin-ing,

There peace e-ter-nal a-bid-ing, Makes the de-
Comes nei-ther grief nor re-pin-ing, There are re-

light of the blest. Dark, though to-day be with
lieved the op-prest. On-ward with cour-age re-

mf
 sor - row, Hope gilds more bright - ly the mor - row,
 viv - ing, Ev - er still pa - tient - ly striv - ing,

f *p* *rit.* *p*
 O - ver the stars there is rest! O - ver the
 O - ver the stars there is rest! O - ver the

stars there is rest!
 stars there is rest!

Rock'd in the Cradle of the Deep

J. P. KNIGHT

Moderato *mf* *cresc.* *dim.*
 1. Rock'd in the cra - dle of the deep, — I lay me down — in peace to
 2. Such — the trust that still were mine, — Tho' stormy winds — swept o'er the

mf *cresc.*
 sleep; Se - cure I rest up - on the wave, — For thou, O
 brine, Or though the temp - est's fie - ry breath, — Rous'd me from

dim. *f*

Lord, — hast pow'r to save I know Thou wilt not slight my
 sleep — to wreck and death! In o - cean cave still safe with

dim.

call, thee, For The Thou dost mark the spar-rows fall And
 the, The germ of im-mor-tal - i - ty.

calm and peace-ful is my sleep, — Rock'd in the cradle of the

cresc.

deep, And calm and peace-ful is my sleep, —

1. *dim.* 2. *dim.*

Rock'd in the cradle of the deep. And Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

Christmas Chimes

Andante

B. RICHARDS

mf

What bells are those, so soft and clear, That fall me-lo-dious on mine ear?

Say, mother say, the whole night long E'en in my dreams I heard their song, And

wak - ing in the morn-ingtime, A - gain I heard their joy - ous chime.

What bells are those? say mother, say! What bells are those? say, mother, say! My

mf

child, they glo - rious ti-dings bring, Those bells their Christmas car-ol sing, Oh,

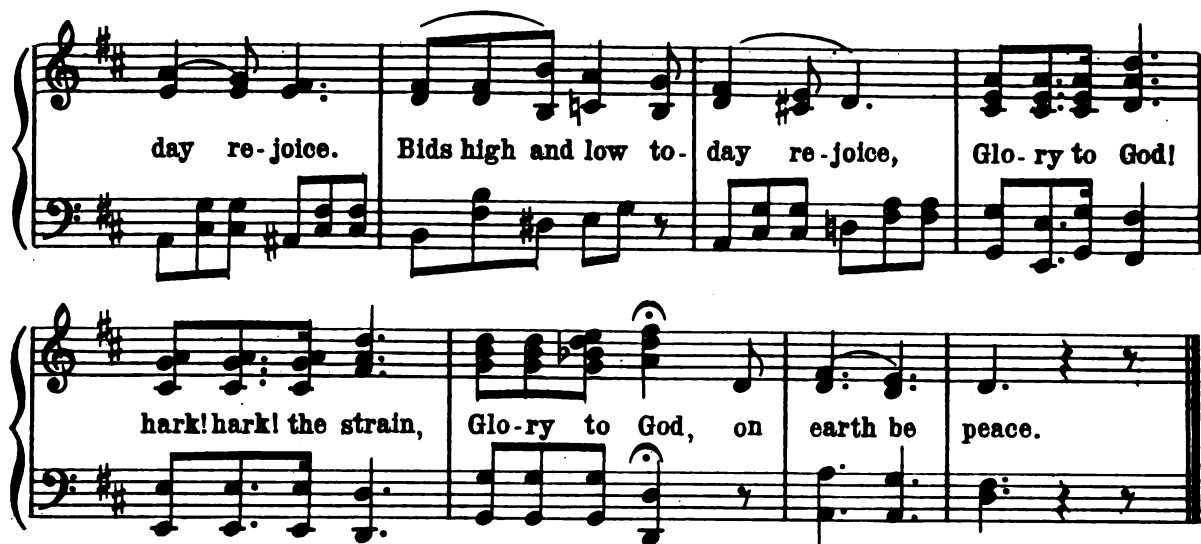
Joy - to us, — A child is born — A Son is giv'n, Hail Christmas morn! The

Star - ry Hosts that line the sky, Sing glo-ry to God, to God on High.

cresc. Glo-ry to God on Earth be peace, To men Sal-va - tion and re-lease. *dim.*

Glo - ry to God! hark! hark! the strain Mounts up from yon - der *cresc.*

ho - ary fame, And ris - ing with mel - o - dious voice, Bids high and low to *f*



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.

Larghetto Largo G. F. HÄNDEL



mf Lord in Heav'n a-bove, who ru-leth
 us, Giv-er of all bless-ings, Look down in pit-y
p In lov-ing faith, Thy child-ren pray to thee, Ask-ing thy

cresc *p*

mer - cy, Ask - ing thy mer - cy in lov - ing

cresc *dim* *cresc*

faith, Ah! King of Kings, Rul - er of Heavn and of earth!

f *dim*

Ask - ing thy mer - cy, In lov - ing faith, O God,

cresc *f* *p* *cresc molto*

In - lov - ing faith! In - lov - ing faith. Ask - ing thy

dim *p*

mer - cy In - lov - ing faith, O God, In - lov - ing faith.

The Palms

(Les Rameaux)

J. FAURE

Andante maestoso

mf

O'er all the way green palms and blos - soms gay,
 His word gave forth and peo - ples by its might,
 Sing and re - joice oh blest Je - ru - sa - lem,

Are³ strewn³ this day³ in fes³ - tal pre - pa - ra - tion,
 Once more re - gain free - dom from deg - ra - da - tion,
 Of all thy sons sing the e - man - ci - pa - tion,

Where Je - sus comes to wipe our tears a - way,
 Hu - man - i - ty to each doth give his right,
 Through bound - less love the Christ, of Beth - le - hem,

E'en now the throng to wel-come him pre-pare;
 While those in dark-ness find re-stored the light;
 Brings faith and hope to thee for-ev-er more;

Join all and sing, His

name de-clare, Let ev-'ry voice re-sound with ac-cla-ma-tion, Ho-

san-na! praise ye the Lord! Bless him who cometh to bring us Sal-

va 3 tion!

1-2 3

Ave Maria

BACH- GOUNOD

Andante

R.H.
p

mf

A - - - ve Ma -

cresc.

ri - - - al - - - Thou - - - hap - py

dim. *cresc.*

moth - - - er, God - - - is - - -

dim. *mf* *cresc.*

with - - - thee. Bless - - - ed, - - -

Detailed description: This is a musical score for the Ave Maria by Johann Sebastian Bach and Charles Gounod. It is in G major and 3/4 time. The score is divided into five systems. The first system shows the piano accompaniment (R.H. p) with a steady eighth-note pattern. The second system introduces the vocal line (A - - - ve Ma -) with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The third system continues the vocal line (ri - - - al - - - Thou - - - hap - py) with a crescendo (cresc.) dynamic. The fourth system continues (moth - - - er, God - - - is - - -) with a diminuendo (dim.) dynamic followed by a crescendo (cresc.). The fifth system concludes (with - - - thee. Bless - - - ed, - - -) with a diminuendo (dim.) dynamic, a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic, and a final crescendo (cresc.). The piano accompaniment consists of a continuous eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand.

dim.
bless - - ed art thou, A -

cresc. *dim.*
bove _____ all moth - - ers,

cresc. *dim.*
Since _____ in Beth - le-hem, Came _____ to

cresc. *dim.*
thee _____ the an - gel of the Lord. _____

mf *cresc. - - poco - a - poco*
Hon - or'd and bless - ed, hon - or'd and

bless - ed Ma - ri - a, Moth - - er of

cresc. Je - - sus, *cresc.* In - - fant Re - deem - - er,

cresc. Born - - - - to *ff* save - - - - us from our *f* sins - - - - and *dim.*

dim. all - our - heav - y - - - - woes.

dim. A - - - - *pp* men.

Flee As A Bird

Mrs. S. B. DANA

Moderato espressivo

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

Flee as a bird to your mountain, Thou who art weary of
He will protect thee for - ev - er, Wipe ev - 'ry fall - ing -

dim. *cresc.* *dim.*

sin; — Go to the clear flowing foun - tain, Where you may wash and be
tear; — He will forsake thee, oh nev - er, Sheltered so ten - der - ly

mf *cresc.*

clean. Fly for th'aven-ger is near — thee, call and the Sav-iour will
there. Hastethen the hours are fly - ing, Spend not the moments in

dim. *p*

hear thee, He on his bos-som will bear — thee, Thou who art wea-ry of
sigh - ing, Cease from your sorrow and cry - ing The Sav-iour will wipe ev-'ry

rit. *a tempo*

sin, O thou who art weary of sin. sin.
tear, The Sav-iour will wipe ev-'ry tear. tear.

One Sweetly Solemn Thought

Andante

R. S. AMBROSE

p
One sweet-ly sol-lemn thought, Comes to me o'er and

o'er, I am near-er home to-day, Than I've

dim. ev-er— been be-fore; *mf* Near-er my Fath-er's

house, Where the *cresc.* man-y man-sions be,

f Near-er the great white throne, — *dim.* Near-er the crys-tal sea.

p *Cresc.*

Near-er the bounds of life, Where we lay our bur - dens

Cresc.

down, Near-er leav - ing the cross

dim. *Animato*
mf

Near - er gain - ing the crown. But ly - ing dark - ly be -

tween, Wind - ing a - down thro' the night.

Cresc.

Is the si - lent, un - known stream, That leads at last to the

Tempo Primo

f light, *p* Fath - er, be near when my feet, Are

slip - ping o'er the brink, For it may - be I am

creso

near - er home, Near - er now than I think.

dim et rit *p*

Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove

Andante

J. B. DYKES

mf

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heavn - ly Dove, With all Thy quick - ning pow'r's
 2. See, how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys,
 3. In vain we tune our life - less songs, In vain we strive to rise,

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.
 Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues And our de - vo - tion dies.

O Paradise!

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Moderato

J. BARNBY

mf

1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest? Who
2. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! The world is grow - ing old; Who
3. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! We long to sin no more, We

cresc *dim*

would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest;
would not be at rest and free Where love is nev - er cold? Where
long to be as pure on earth As on thy spot - less shore;

cresc

loy - al hearts and true, Stand ev - er in the light, All

dim

rap - ture, thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight.

Sweet Hour Of Prayer

Andante

W. B. BRADBURY

mf *cresc*

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear
3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy con - so - la - tion share,

mf *cresc* *dim*

And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne Make all my wants and wish-es known:
 To Him whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless.
 Till, from Mount Pis-gah's loft-y height, I view my home and take my flight;

mf *cresc* *dim*

In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft-en found re-lief;
 And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word, and trust His grace,
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev-er-last-ing prize;

mf ** cresc* *dim*

And oft es-caped the temp-er's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer!
 I'll cast on Him my ev-ry care And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!
 And shout, while passing through the air, Fare-well, fare-well, sweet hour of prayer!

Work, For The Night Is Coming

LOWELL MASON

Moderato *mf* *cresc* *dim*

1. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work through the morn-ing hours;
 2. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work through the sun-ny noon;
 3. Work, for the night is com-ing, Un-der the sun-set skies;

cresc *dim*

Work while the dew is spark-ling, Work 'mid spring-ing flow'rs;
 Fill bright-est hours with la-lor, Rest comes sure and soon:
 While their bright tints are glow-ing, Work, for day-light flies:

mf *cresc.*

Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
 Give ev - ry fly - ing min - ute Fad - eth to keep in store;
 Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more:

f *dim.*

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
 Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
 Work, while the night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is o'er.

O Jesus, Thou Art Standing

J. H. KNECHT

Andante *mf* *cresc.* *dim.*

1. O Je - sus, Thou art standing Out - side the fast - clos'd door, In low - ly patience
 2. O Je - sus, Thou art knocking; And lo! that hand is scarr'd, And thorns Thy brow en -
 3. O Je - sus, Thou art pleading In ac - cents meek and low, "I died for you, My

f *cresc.*

wait - ing To pass the thresh - old o'er: We bear the name of Christians, His
 cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marr'd: O love that pass - eth knowledge, So
 chil - dren, And will ye treat me so?" O Lord, with shame and sor - row We

p *cresc.* *dim.*

name and sign we bear O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him standing there
 pa - tient - ly to wait O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate
 o - pen now the door Dear Sav - iour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more.

There Is A Happy Land

Allegretto

LOWELL MASON

1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo - ry stand,
 2. Come to this hap-py land, Come, come a - way, Why will ye doubt-ing stand,
 3. Bright in that hap-py land, Beams ev - 'ry eye; Kept by a Fa - ther's hand,

Bright, bright as day. Oh, how they sweet - ly sing, Wor - thy is our
 Why still de - lay? Oh, we shall hap - py be, When from sin and
 Love can - not die. Oh, then to glo - ry run, Be a crown and

Sav - iour King; Loud let His prais - es ring, Praise, praise for aye!
 sor - row free, Lord, we shall live with Thee, Blest, blest for aye!
 king - dom won; And bright a - bove the sun, Reign, reign for aye!

Shall We Gather At The River?

Moderato

R. LOWRY

1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright an - gel feet have trod;—
 2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray;—
 3. On the bo - som of the riv - er, Where the Sav - iour King we own;—

With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow - ing from the throne of God?
 We shall walk and wor - ship ev - er All the hap - py, - gold - en day.
 We shall meet and sor - row nev - er 'Neath the glo - ry - of the throne.

mf *cresc.*

Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv-er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv-er,

f *dim.*

Gath-er with the saints at the riv-er, That flows from the throne of God.

Rock Of Ages

THOMAS HASTINGS

Moderato

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee,
 2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
 3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed
 These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:
 When I rise to worlds un - known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,

Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
 In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
 Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.

Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

J. B. DYKES

Moderato
mf

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!
 2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee,
 3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! tho' the dark - ness hide Thee,

cresc.

Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;
 Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;
 Tho' the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see;

mf *cresc.*

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Might - y!
 Cher - u - bim and Ser - aphim fall - ing down be - fore Thee,
 On - ly Thou art Ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee,

f *dim.*

God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
 Which wert and art, and ev - er more shall be.
 Per - fect in powr, in love, and pur - i - ty.

Sun Of My Soul

W. H. MONK.

Andante *cresc.*

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near
 2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep, My wearied eye - lids gen - tly steep
 3. A - bid with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can - not live;
 4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take.

f *cresc.* *dim.*

Oh, may no earthborn cloud a rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.
 Be my last thought how sweet to rest For-ev-er on-my Saviour's breast.
 A-bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
 Now, Lord, the gra-cious work be-gin; Let him no more lie down in sin.

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

Moderato *mf* *cresc.* *f* *mf* F. MENDELSSOHN

1. Hark, the her-ald an-gels sing "Glo-ry to the newborn King! Peace on earth and
 2. Christ by high-est heavn a-dored; Christ the ev-er- lasting Lord; Late intime be-
 3. Hail! the heavn born Prince of peace! Hail! the Son of Righteousness Light and life to

mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners re-con-ciled; Joy-ful, all ye na-tions rise
 hold him come, Offspring of the fav-ored one. Veild in flesh, the Godhead see;
 all he brings, Rish with heal-ing in his wings Wild he lays his glo-ry by,

Join the tri-umph of the skies, With th'angel-ic host proclaim, Christ is born in
 Hail th'in-car-nate De-i-ty:- Pleased as man, with men to dwell, Je-sus our Im-
 Born that man no more may die. Born to raisethe Sons of earth, Born to give them

Beth-le-hem! man-u-el! Hark! the herald an-gels sing "Glo-ry to the new-born King."

cresc. *f* *dim.*

It Came Upon The Midnight Clear

Moderato

R. S. WILLIS

mf *cresc.*

1. It came up on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old, -
 2. Still through the clo - ven skies they come, With peaceful wings un - furled;
 3. And ye be - neath life's crush - ing load Whose forms are bend - ing low, -

cresc.

From an - gels bend - ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold; -
 And still their heavn - ly mus - ic floats, O'er all the wea - ry world; -
 Who toil a - long the climb - ing way With pain - ful steps and slow, -

dim.

"Peace to the earth, good will to men, From heav'n's all - gra - cious King; -
 A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - ring wing; -
 Look now! for glad and golden hours Come swift - ly on the wing;

The world in sol - emn stillness lay, To hear the an - gels sing! -
 And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing! -
 Oh, rest be - side the weary road, And hear the an - gels sing!

Old Hundred

(Doxology)

L. BOURGEOIS

Slowly

1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer - ful voice,
 2. Know that the Lord is God in - deed; With - out our aid He did us make
 3. Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow, Praise Him all creatures here be - low;

cresc *dim*

Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and re - jice.
 We are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
 Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

Jerusalem The Golden

ALEX. EWING

Moderato

mf

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,
 2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
 3. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from care re - leased!

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.
 And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng.
 The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast;

cresc *f*

I know not, Oh, I know not, What joys a - wait us there,
 The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;
 And they who with their Lead - er Have con - quered in the fight,

dim

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
 The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
 For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.

Abide With Me

W. H. MONK

Moderato

p

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness
 2. Swift to its close, ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour, What but Thy

deep - ens Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
 grace can foil the temp - ter's pow'r! Who, like Thy - self, my

mf

dim

fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me!
 all a - round I see; O Thou, who chang - est not, a - bide with me!
 guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun - shine, oh, a - bide with me!

Jesus, Lover Of My Soul

S. B. MARSH

Andante

mf

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, -
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee; -
 3. Plen - teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin; -

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high; -
 Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me! -
 Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in! -

Hide me, O my Sav-our! hide, — Till the storm of life be past; —
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, — All my help from Thee I bring; —
 Thou of life the Foun-tain art, — Free-ly let me take of Thee; —

mf
 Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh! re - ceive my soul at last! —
 Cov - er my de - fence-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing! —
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart! Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty! —

Blest Be The Tie That Binds

H. G. NAGELI

Andante

p *cresc*
 1. Blest be — the tie — that binds, Our hearts — in
 2. Be - fore — our Fath - er's throne, We pour — our
 3. We share — our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual

dim *cresc*
 Christ - ian love; The fel - low - ship — of
 ar - dent pray'rs; Our fears, — our hopes, — our
 bur - dens bear; And oft - en for — each

cresc *dim*
 kin - dred minds — Is like — to that — a - bove.
 aims — are one, — Our com - forts and — our cares.
 oth - er flows, — The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.

Holy Night! Peaceful Night!

FRANZ GRUBER

Andante

p

1. Ho - ly night! peace - ful night! Thro' the dark - ness beams a light,
 2. Si - lent night! ho - li - est night! Dark - ness flies and all is light!
 3. Si - lent night! ho - li - est night! Guid - ing Star, O lend thy light!

Yon - der where they sweet vig - ils keep, O'er the Babe who in si - lent sleep,
 Shep - herds hear — the an - gels sing: 'Hal - le - lu - jah! hail the King!
 See the east - ern wise men bring Gifts and hom - age to — our King!

resc. *dim.*

Rests in heav - en - ly peace, Rests in heav - en - ly peace,
 Je - sus the Sav - iour is here! Je - sus the Sav - iour is here!
 Je - sus the Sav - iour is here! Je - sus the Sav - iour is here!

Lead, Kindly Light

J. B. DYKES

Slowly

mf

1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en - cir - cling gloom — Lead Thou me
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou — Shouldst lead me
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath bless'd me sure it still Will lead me

on; The night is dark and I am far from home,
 on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now —
 on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent till —

Lead Thou me on — Keep Thou my feet; I do, not ask to —
 Lead Thou me on — I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of —
 The night is gone, — And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces —

see — The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me. —
 fears — Pride ruled my will: re - mem - ber not — past years. —
 smile — Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while. —

Come, Ye Disconsolate

Moderato

SAMUEL WEBBE

mf
 1. Come, ye dis - con - so - lat wher - e'er ye lan - guish, Come to the
 2. Joy of the des - o - late. light of the stray - ing, Hope of the
 3. Here see the bread of life. see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the

cresc. *f*
 mer - cy seat, fer - vent - ly kneel: Here bring your wound - ed hearts,
 pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure! Here speaks the Com - fort - er,
 throne of God, pure from a - bove: Come to the feast of love;

f *dim.*
 here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal.
 ten - der - ly say - ing, Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not cure.
 come, ev - er know - ing, Earth has no sor - row but heav'n can re - move.

Nearer, My God, To Thee

LOWELL MASON

Slowly

mf

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!— E'en tho' it
 2. Tho' like the wan-der-er The sun gone down,— Dark-ness be
 3. Then with my wak-ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise,— Out of my

be a cross That—rais-eth me,— Still all my song shall be,
 o-ver me My—rest a stone,— Yet in my dreams I'd be,
 ston-y griefs Beth-el I'll raise— So by my woes to be,

dim.

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

O Come, All Ye Faithful

J. READING

Moderato

mf

1. O come all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful and tri-um-phiant, O come ye, O
 2. — God of— God, Light—of—light— Lol— he ab-
 3. — Sing choirs of an-gels, Sing in ex-ul-ta-tion,— Sing, all ye

dim. *f*

come— ye to Beth—le—hem. Come and be—hold—him
 hors—not the Vir—gin's womb. Ve—ry— God,— Be-
 cit-i-zens of heavn— a—bove. Glo—ry to God—

cresc.

Born the King of an-gels,
got-ten not cre- a - ted, O
In the highest, come, let us a - dore Him, O
come, let us a -

f *dim.*

dore Him, O come, let us a
dore Him, — Christ — the Lord.

My Faith Looks Up To Thee

Moderato

LOWELL MASON

mf

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul - len stream

cresc. *dim.* *mf*

Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray; Take all my
My zeal in - spire! As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my
Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav-iour, then, in love, Fear and dis -

f *dim.*

guilt a - way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
love to Thee Pure warm, and change-less be - A liv - ing fire!
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
trust re-move; Oh, bear me safe a - bove - A ran-somed soul.

Onward, Christian Soldiers

Marcato

A. SULLIVAN

1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war; With the cross of Je - sus,
2. Like a might-y ar-my, Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading

ff Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,

ff Forward in - to bat - tle, — See His banners go. *dim.* **CHORUS**
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty. *mf* Onward, Christian sol - diers,
Onward, Christian sol - diers,

cresc. Marching as to - war, *ff* With the cross of Je - sus, *dim.* Going on be - fore.
war, With the cross of

3. Crowns and thrones may perish
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.—

4. Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, land, and honor,
Unto Christ, the King;
This through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.—

Lauterbach Song

Tempo di Valse

mf

1. At Lau-terbach, have I my stock - ing lost, With - out it I will not go
2. At Lau-terbach, have I my heart lately lost, With - out it I can - not

home — But back I shall go to — Lau - ter - bach And bring me a -
live — So back I must go to — Lau - ter - bach And cap - ture his

YODEL
noth - er one home .
heart in ex - change .
Oo, la, la, oo, la, la, oo, la, la, la,

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

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

Good - Night, Ladies

Moderato

f Third Verse *p*

1. Good - night, la - dies! — Good - night, la - dies! — Good - night, la - dies! —
 2. Fare - well, la - dies! — Fare - well, la - dies! — Fare - well, la - dies! —
 3. Sweet dreams, la - dies! — Sweet dreams, la - dies! — Sweet dreams, la - dies! —

la - dies! — We're going to leave you now. *f* *Faster* Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long,

roll a - long, roll a - long, Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long O'er the dark blue sea.

Meerschaum Pipe

Moderato

1. Oh, who will smoke my meerschaum pipe? Oh, who will smoke my meerschaum pipe?
 2. Oh, who will wear my cast-off clothes? Oh, who will wear my cast-off clothes?
 3. Oh, who will kiss her ru - by lips? Oh, who will kiss her ru - by lips?

pipe? Oh, who will smoke my meer - schaum pipe,
 clothes? Oh, who will wear my cast - off clothes, } When
 lips? Oh, who will kiss her ru - by lips, }

I am far a - way? Patsy Mc-Cann, Ma-ry Mo-ran, Doctor Ba-zan, zan, zan!

Forsaken

TH. KOSCHAT

Andante

1. For - sa - ken, for - sa - ken, for - sa - ken am I Like a stone on the
2. Near a knoll in the for - est, where sweet flowers bloom, My sweet-heart is

path - way, neg - lect - ed I lie. To the church - yard there yon - der so
sleep - ing in mos - sy cov - er'd tomb, So there oft - en I wan - der to

sad - ly I go And there low - ly kneeling I pour out my
weep and to sigh And mur - mur to her there, "For - sa - ken am

woe, And there low - ly kneeling I pour out my woe.
I," And mur - mur to her there "For - sa - ken am I,"

Solomon Levi

Lively

mf

1. My name is Sol - o - mon Le - vi, At my store on Sa - lem
2. And if a bum - mer comes a - long To my store on Sa - lem

cresc

street, — That's where you'll buy your coats and vests; And
street, — And tries to hang me up for coats, And

dim

ev - 'ry - thing that's neat; — I've sec - ond - hand - ed
vests so ve - ry neat; — I kicks the bum - mer right

cresc

Ul - ster - ettes, And ev - 'ry - thing that's fine, — For
out of my store And on him sets my pup, — For I

cresc

all the boys, they trade with me, At a hun - dred and for - ty nine. —
won't sell cloth - ing to an - y man Who tries — to set me up. —

From "College Songs" by arr. with the Oliver Ditson Co.

CHORUS

O, Sol-o-mon Le-vil Le-vil tra la la la! — Poor cheen-y Le-vil

cresc. Tra la la la la la la la la la, *ff* My name is Sol-o-mon Le-vi, At my store on Sa-lem

street; That's where you'll buy your coats and vests, And ev-ry-thing else that's neat, —

Sec-ond-hand-ed Ul-ster-ettes and ev-'ry-thing else that's fine — For

all the boys they trade with me At a hun-dred and for - ty nine. —

Forty-Nine Bottles

Moderato

cresc.

1. For-ty-nine bottles hanging on the wall,
2,3 etc. For-ty-eight bottles etc. For-ty-nine bottles hanging on the wall,

Take one a-way from them all, For-ty-eight bottles hanging on the wall.

O Du Lieber Augustin

Slow Waltz

O du lie-ber Au-gus-tine, Au-gus-tine, Au-gus-tine, O du lie-ber

Au-gus-tine al-les ist hin! Geld ist weg, Mad'l ist weg,

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

Good-Bye, My Lover, Good-Bye

Allegro

cresc.

dim.

mf

1. The ship goes sail - ing down the bay, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye! — We
 2. I'll miss you on the storm-y deep, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye! — What
 3. Then cheer up till we meet a - gain, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye! — I'll

cresc.

rit.

may not meet for ma - ny a day, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye! — My
 can I do but ev - er weep? Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye! — My
 try to bear my wea - ry pain, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye! — Tho'

Slower

f

heart will ev - er - more be true, Tho' now we sad - ly say a-dieu; Oh,
 heart is bro - ken with re-gret! But nev - er dream that I'll forget; I
 far I roam a - cross the sea, My ev - 'ry thought of you shall be, Oh,

pp.

kiss - es sweet I leave with you, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye!)
 lovd you once, I love you yet, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye!) The
 say you'll some-times think of me, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye!

CHORUS

mf

ship goes sail - ing down the bay, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye! — 'Tis

cresc. sad to tear my heart a-way! Good - bye my lov - er, good - bye! *rit.*

Wot Cher!

(Knock'd 'Em In The Old Kent Road)

ALBERT CHEVALIER

mf Moderato

1. Last week down our al - ley come a toff, Nice old
2. Some says nas - ty things a - bout the moke, One cove

geez - er with a nas - ty cough, Sees my missus, takes 'is topper off
thinks 'is leg is real - ly broke, That's 'is en - vy, 'cos we're carriage folk,

In a ve - ry gen - tle - man - ly way! *mf* "Ma'am" says
Like the toffs as rides in Rot - ten Row! Straight it

he, "I 'ave some news to tell, Your rich Un - cle Tom of Camberwell,
woke the al - ley up a bit, Thought our lud - ger would 'ave 'ad a fit,

Popped off recent, which it aint a sell. Leaving you'is little don-key shay."
When my mis-sus, who's a re - al wit, Says "I 'ates a Bus because its low!"

CHORUS
"Wot cher!" all the neigh-bors cried, Who're yer goin' to meet, Bill?

Have yer bought the street, Bill?" Laugh! I thought I should 'ave died

Knock'd 'em in the Old Kent Road. Road.

3

4

When we starts the blessed donkey stops,
He won't move, so out I quickly lops,
Pals start whackin' 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!"

Ev'ry evenin' en the stroke of five,
Me and Missus takes a litte drive,
You'd say, "Wonderful they're still alive,"
If you saw that little donkey go.
I soon showed 'im that 'e'd have to do,
Just whatever he was wanted to,
Still I shan't forget that rowdy crew,
'Ollerin' "Woa! steady! Neddy, Woa!"

Funiculi, Funicula

L. DENZA

Allegro

mf

1. Some think the world is
2. Ah me! 'tis strange that

made for fun and frolic, And so do I! And so do
some should take to sighing, And like it well! And like it

mf

I! Some think it well to be all mel-en-
well! For me, I have not thought it worth the

f

cholic, To pine and sigh; To pine and sigh;
trying, So cannot tell! So cannot tell!

mf

But I I love to spend my time in sing-ing,
With laugh, with dance and song the day soon pass-es

f

Some joy-ous song, Some joy-ous song, To
Full soon is gone, Full soon is gone, For

cresc

set the air with mu-sic brave-ly ring-ing Is far from
mirth was made for joy-ous lads and lass-es To call their

f **ff** CHORUS

wrong! Is far from wrong! Lis - ten,
own! To call their own! Lis - ten,

lis - ten, Ech-oes sound a - far! Lis - ten, lis - ten,
lis - ten, Hark the soft gui-tar! Lis - ten, lis - ten,

cresc

Ech-oes sound a - far! Fu-ni - cu - li, fu-ni - cu - la, fu-ni - cu - li, fu-ni - cu -
Hark the soft gui-tar! Fu-ni - cu - li, fu-ni - cu - la, fu-ni - cu - li, fu-ni - cu -

ff

la! Ech-oes sound a - far, Fu-ni - cu - li, fu - ni - cu - la!
 la! Hark the soft gui - tar? Fu-ni - cu - li, fu - ni - cu - la!

The Midshipmite

With spirit

STEPHEN ADAMS

mf *f*

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

mf *f*

ho! We'd got the — Roosh - an — lines in sight, When up comes a lit - tle —
 ho! The lub - bers — might ha' — heard us shout, As — the Mid - dy cried, "Now my
 ho! "You make for the boat, nev - er mind for me!" "Well take 'ee — back, sir, or

cresc *mf*

Mid-ship - mite, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! — "Who'll go a - shore to -
 lads, put a - bout," Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! We — made for the guns 'an we
 die," says — we! Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! Sow we hoist - ed him in, in a

f

night" says he "An — spike their — guns a - long wi' me?" "Why —
 rammd them tight, But the musk - et — shots came — left and right, An' —
 ter - ri - ble plight, An' we pull'd — ev - 'ry man with — all his might, An' —

bless 'ee sir come a -
down drops the poor lit - tle
sav'd the poor lit - tle

long!" says we,
mid - ship - mite,
mid - ship - mite,

Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo

hol —

Tempo di Valse *rit* *mf a tempo*

Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo

hol — With a long, long

pull, An' a strong, strong pull,

Gai - ly, boys, make her go.

— An' we'll drink to - night To the Mid - ship - mite, Sing - ing

cheer - i - ly, lads, yo

hol — *D.C.*

1-2 3 *last verse*

Fair Harvard

Andante *mf* *cresc.* *dim.*

1. Fair Harvard! thy sons to thy ju - bi-lee throng, And with blessings surrender thee
 2. To thy bow'rs we were led in the bloom of our youth, From the home of our in-fan-tile

cresc. *dim.*

o'er, — By these fes-ti-val rites, from the age that is past, To the age that is wait-ing be-
 years, When our fathers had warn'd, and our mothers had prayed And our sisters had blest, thro' their

fore. O rel-ic and type of our an-cestor's worth, That has long kept their memory warm, First
 tears! Thou then wert our parent the nurse of our souls, We were moulded to manhood by thee, Till

flow'r of their wil-der-ness, star of their night, Calm ris - ing thro' change and thro' storm!
 freighted with treasure tho'ts, friendships and hopes, Thou didst launch us on Des - ti - ny's sea.

3.

When, as pilgrims, we come to revisit thy halls,
 To what kindlings the season gives birth
 Thy shades are more soothing, thy sunlight more
 dear,
 Than descend on less privileged earth;
 For the good and the great in their beautiful prime,
 Through thy precincts have musingly trod;
 As they girded their spirits or deepened the streams
 That make glad the fair city of God.

4.

Farewell, be thy destinies onward and bright
 To thy children the lesson still give,
 With freedom to think, and with patience to
 bear,
 And for right ever bravely to live.
 Let not moss-covered error moor thee at its side,
 As the world on truth's current glides by;
 Be the herald of light, and the bearer of love
 Till the stock of the Puritans die.

Dutch Warbler

Waltz Time

1. Oh where, oh where ish mine lit - tle dog gone, Oh where, oh
 2. I loves_ mine la - ger, 'tish ve - ry goot beer, Oh where, oh
 3. Un sasage ish goot_ bo - lo - nie, of course, Oh where, oh

where can he be? His ears_ cut short and his tail_ cut long: Oh
 where can he be? But wit_ no mon - ey, I can - not drink here: Oh
 where can he be? Dey makes um mit dog und dey makes em mit horse. I

where, oh where_ ish he? Tra la la la la la la
 where, oh where_ ish he? Tra la la la la la la
 guess dey makes em mit he. Tra la la la la la la

la la la la, La la la la la la la la, Tra la la la

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

Peanut Song

Moderato

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of four systems of music. The first system is marked 'Moderato' and 'mf'. The second system has 'cresc.' and 'dim.' markings. The third system is labeled 'CHORUS' and has a 'cresc.' marking. The fourth system has a 'dim.' marking. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line of each system.

1. The man who has plen-ty of good peanuts, And giv-eth his neigh-ber none, He
 2. The man who has plen-ty of good or-an-ges, And giv-eth his neigh-ber none, He

shant have an-y of my pea-nuts, When his — pea-nuts are gone. — When
 shant have an-y of my or-an-ges, When his or-an-ges are gone. — When

CHORUS

his pea-nuts are gone, — When his pea-nuts are gone, — He
 shant have an-y of my pea-nuts, When his — pea-nuts are gone. —

3. The man who has plenty of soft, sweet soda
 crackers
 And giveth his neighbor none;
 He shant have any of my soft soda crackers,
 When his soft, sweet soda crackers are gone.

4. The man who has plenty of ripe, red strawber-
 ry short-cake
 And giveth his neighbor none;
 He shant have any of my ripe, red strawberry
 short-cake,
 When his ripe, red strawberry short-cake is gone.

5. The man who has plenty of good salt-junk
 And giveth his neighbor none;
 He shant have any of my good salt-junk,
 When his good salt-junk is gone.

6. The man who has plenty of spondulacs
 And giveth his neighbor none;
 He shant have any of my spondulacs,
 When his spondulacs are gone.

Over The Banister

Moderato

mf

1. O - ver the ban - is - ter leans a face, Ten - der - ly sweet and be -
 2. No - bo - dy on - ly those eyes of brown, Ten - der and full — of
 3. Holds — her fin - gers and draws her down, Sud - den - ly grow - ing

guil - ing, While — be - low her with ten - der grace, He —
 mean - ing, Gaze on the love - li - est face in town, —
 bold - er, Till her love - ly hair lets its mass - es down, Like a

dim *mf*

watch - es the pic - ture smil - ing. The light — burns dim in the
 O - ver the ban - is - ter lean - ing, — Tim - id and tired — with
 man - tle o - ver his shoul - der. A ques - tion asked, a

cresc

hall be - low, No - bo - dy sees them stand - ing, Say - ing good -
 down - cast eyes, I won - der why she — lin - gers Aft - er
 swift ca - ress, She had fled like a bird from the stair - way But o - ver the

dim

night a - gain soft and low, — Half - way up to the land - ing.
 all the good - nights are said? — Some - bo - dy holds — her fin - gers.
 ban - is - ter comes a yes, That brightens the world for him al - ways.

ff

U-pi-dee-i, dee-i - da, U-pi-dee, U-pi-dal U-pi-dee i, dee-i - da, U-pi-dee-i - da!

The Quilting Party

Moderato

mf

1. In the sky the bright stars glit-tered, On the bank the pale moon shone; And 'twas
 2. On my arm a soft hand rest-ed, — Rest-ed light as o - cean foam; And 'twas
 3. On my lips a whis-per trembled, Trem-bled till it dared to come, And 'twas
 4. On my life new hopes were dawn-ing, And those hopes have lived and grown, And 'twas

from Aunt Di-nah's quilt-ing par-ty I was see - ing Nel-lie home. I was
 from Aunt Di-nah's quilt-ing par-ty I was see - ing Nel-lie home. I was
 from Aunt Di-nah's quilt-ing par-ty I was see - ing Nel-lie home. I was
 from Aunt Di-nah's quilt-ing par-ty I was see - ing Nel-lie home. I was

CHORUS

mf

see - ing Nel - lie home, — I was see - ing Nel - lie home. And 'twas

cresc. *dim*

from Aunt Di-nah's quilt - ing par - ty, I was see - ing Nel-lie home.

Polly-Wolly-Doodle

Quickly

1. Oh, I went down South for to see my Sal, Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day. My
 2. Oh, my Sal, she am a maid-en fair, Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day. With
 3. Oh, I came to a river, an' I couldn't get a-cross, Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day. So I

Sal-ly am a spun-ky gal, Sing Polly-wolly-doo-dle all the day.
 cur-ly eyes and laugh-ing hair, Sing Polly-wolly-doo-dle all the day. Fare thee
 jump'd on a nig-ga', an' I tho't he was a hoss, Sing Polly-wolly-doo-dle all the day.

CHORUS

well, fare thee well, Fare thee well my fair-y fay, For I'm

going to Lousi-a-na, For to see my Su-sy-an-na, Sing-ing Pol-ly-wolly-doo-dle all the day.

4.

Oh, a grasshopper sittin' on a railroad track,
 Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day,
 A-pickin his teef wid a carpet tack,
 Sing etc., etc.

5.

Oh, I went to bed, but it wasn't no use,
 Sing etc., etc.
 My feet stuck out for a chicken roost,
 Sing etc., etc.

6.

Behind de barn, down on my knees,
 Sing etc., etc.
 I thought I heard that chicken sneeze,
 Sing etc., etc.

7.

He sneezed so hard wid de 'hoopin' cough,
 Sing etc., etc.
 He sneezed his head an' tail right off,
 Sing etc., etc.

Oh, My Darling Clementine

P. MONTROSE

Waltz time

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The first system is marked 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The lyrics are as follows:

1. In a cav-ern, in a canyon, Ex-ca-vat-ing for a mine, Dwell a
 2. Light she was and like a fai-ry, And her shoes were number nine, Her-ring
 3. Drove she duck-ings to the wa-ter, Ev-ry morn-ing just at nine, Hit her

min-er, for-ty-nin-er, And his daugh-ter, Cle-men-tine.
 box-es, with-out top-ses, San-dals were for Cle-men-tine. Oh my
 foot a-gainst a splin-ter, Fell in-to the foam-ing brine.

CHORUS

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

4.
 Ruby lips above the water,
 Blowing bubbles soft and fine;
 Alas, for me! I was no swimmer,
 So I lost my Clementine.

5.
 In a churchyard near the canyon,
 Where the myrtle doth entwine;
 There grow roses and other posies,
 Fertilized by Clementine.

6.
 Then the miner, forty-niner,
 Soon began to peak and pine;
 Thought he "oughter jine" his daughter,
 Now he's with his Clementine.

7.
 In my dreams she still doth haunt me,
 Robed in garments soaked in brine;
 Though in life I used to hug her,
 Now she's dead, I'll draw the line.

Sailing

GODFREY MARKS

Allegro *mf* *cresc.*

1. Y'heave ho! — my lads — the wind blows free, — A
 2. The sail — or's life — is bold and free, — His
 3. The tide — is flow — ing with the gale, — Y'heave

dim.

pleas — ant gale — is on our lee: — And soon — a —
 home — is on — the roll — ing sea — And nev — er
 ho! — my lads, — set ev — 'ry sail; — The har — bor

cresc.

cross — the o — cean clear — Our gal — lant bark — shall
 heart — more true or brave — Than his — who launch — es
 bar — we soon shall clear, — Fare — well — once more — to

f

brave — ly steer; — But ere we part — from Eng — land's shores to —
 on — the wave, — A — far he speeds — in dis — tant climes to —
 home — so dear, — For when the tem — pest rag — es loud and

night, — A song we'll sing — for home and beau — ty bright —
 roam, — With jo — cund song — he rides the spark — ling foam —
 long, — That home shall be — our guid — ing star and song —

Then here's to the sail - or, and here's to the heart so true, Who will think of him up

rit.
on the waters blue! **CHORUS** *f a tempo*
Sail - ing, sail - ing, o-ver the bounding

cresc.
main, — For man - y a storm - y wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home a -

ff
gain! — Sail - ing, sail - ing, o-ver the bound - ing main — For

cresc. *rit.* *a tempo*
man - y a storm - y wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home a - gain. —

Mush, Mush

Waltz tempo

mf

1. Oh'twas there I larn'd ra- din' an' wri- tin' At Billy Brackett's where
 me we had mon- y a scrimmage, An'- div- il a
 2. Oh'twas there that I larn'd all me court- in', O' the lis- sons I
 Con- nor, she lived jist for ninst me, An' tin- der lines

I wint to school, And'twas there I larned howl-in' and fightin'
 cop- y I wrote, There was ne'er a gos- soon in the vil- lage
 tuck in the art Till Cu- pid the blackguard while sportin'
 to her I wrote If ye dare say one hard word a- gin her

Wid me schoolmaster Mis- ter, O' Toole; Him an' Mush, mush, mush, tural-i-
 Dared thread on the tail o' my heart, Miss Judy O'
 An' ar- rowdhrav straight thro' me
 I'll thread on the tail o' yer

ad- dy, Sing mush, mush, mush, tu- ral-i - a! There was

ne'er a gos- soon in the vil- lage Dared thread on the tail o' me coat!

Jingle Bells

Allegro

f *cresc.*

1. — Dashing thro' the snow, In a one horse o - pen sleigh; — O'er the fields we go —
 2. A day or two a - go, I — tho't I'd take a ride; And soon Miss Fannie Bright was
 3. — Now the ground is white, — Go it while you're young; — Take the girls tonight; And

dim. *f*

Laugh - ing all the way; — Bells on bobtail ring, — Making spir - its bright; What
 seat - ed by my side; The horse was lean and lank, Mis - for - tune seem'd his lot, He
 sing this sleighing song; Just get a bobtail'd bay, Two - for - ty for his speed, Then

cresc. *f* **CHORUS**

fun it is to ride and sing a sleigh - ing song tonight!
 got in - to a drift - ed bank and then we got up - sot! Jingle bells, Jingle bells,
 hitch him to an o - pen sleigh and crack! you'll take the lead.

cresc.

Jingle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one horse o - pen sleigh!

Jingle bells, Jingle bells, Jingle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one horse opensleigh!

Go To Sleep, Lena Darling

(Emmet's Lullaby)

J. K. EMMET

Moderato
mf

1. Close your eyes, Le - na, my dar - ling, While I sing your lul - la -
2. Bright be de morn - ing, my dar - ling, Ven you ope your eyes, -

by, fear thou no dan - ger Le - na, Move not, dear Le - na, my dar - ling,
Sun - beams glow all 'round you, Le - na, Peace be with thee, love, my dar - ling,

For your broo - der watch - es nigh you, Le - na, dear. *mf* An - gels guide thee,
Blue and cloud - less be the sky for Le - na, dear. Birds sing their bright,

Le - na dear, my dar - ling - *dim.* Noth - ing e - vil can come near;
songs for thee, my dar - ling - Full of sweet - est mel - o - dy;

cresc. *dim.*
Bright - est flow - ers blow for thee, Dar - ling sis - ter dear to me.
An - gels ev - er hov - er near, Dar - ling sis - ter dear to me.

CHORUS

p

Go to sleep, go to sleep, my ba - by, my ba - by, my ba - by;

p dim. pp

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

Dear Evelina

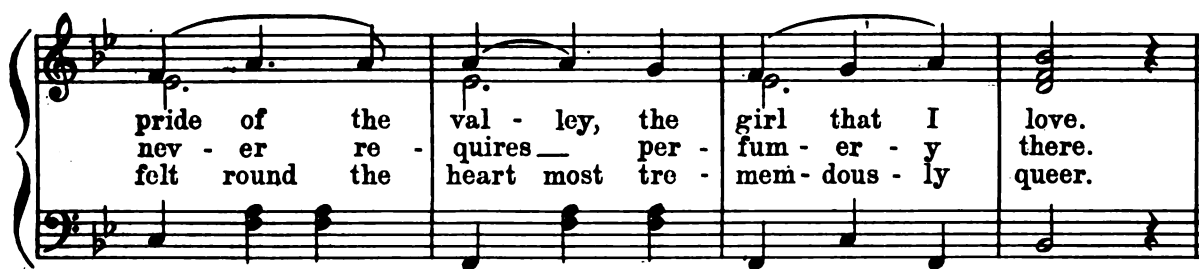
Waltz Time

mf

1. Way - down in the mead-ow where the li - ly first blows, Where the
 2. She's fair as a rose, like a — lamb she is meek, And she
 3. Ev-e - li - na and I one fine — eve-ning in June, Took a

wind from the moun - tains ne'er ruf - fles the - rose; Lives -
 nev - er was known to put paint on - her - cheek, In the
 walk all a - lone by the light of - the - moon, The -

fond Ev - e - li - na, the sweet lit - tle dove, The -
 most grace - ful curls hangs her ra - ven black hair, And she
 plan - ets all shone for the heav - ens were clear, And I



pride of the valley, the girl that I love.
nev - er re - quires — per - fum - er - y there.
felt round the heart most tre - mem - dous - ly queer.

CHORUS



Dear Ev - e - li - na, sweet Ev - e - li - na,



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



Dear Ev - e - li - na, sweet Ev - e - li - na,



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

My Bonnie

Slow waltz time

mf *cresc*

1. My Bon-nie lies o-ver the o-cean, My Bon-nie lies o-ver the
 2. Last night as I lay on my pil-low, Last night as I lay on my
 3. Oh! blow, yewinds o-ver the o-cean Oh! blow, yewinds o-ver the

dim *mf* *cresc*

sea, My Bon-nie lies o-ver the o-cean, Oh, bring back my
 bed, Last night as I lay on my pil-low, I dreamt that my
 sea, Oh! blow ye winds o-ver the o-cean, And bring back my

dim *mf* CHORUS *cresc*

Bon-nie to me. Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bonnie to
 Bon-nie was dead. Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bonnie to
 Bon-nie to me. Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bonnie to

mf *cresc* *dim*

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

Juanita

Andante

p

1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, ling'-ring falls the south-ern moon, Far o'er the mountain
 2. When in thy dream-ing, moons like these shall shine a-gain, And daylight beaming

mf *p*

Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eyes splendor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
 Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not re-lent-ing, For thine ab-sent lov-er sigh,

mf *p* *mf* *3*

Wear-y looks yet ten-der, Speak their fond fare-well. Ni-tal Jua - ni-tal
 In thy heart con-sent-ing To a pray'r gone by? Ni-tal Jua - ni-tal

3 *rit* *p*

Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni-tal Jua - ni-tal Lean thou on my heart
 Let me lin-ger by thy side! Ni-tal Jua - ni-tal Be my own fair bride.

Rock-a-bye, Baby

Slowly

mf *creso* *dim*

1. Rock-a-bye, ba-by in the tree top, When the wind blows the cra-dle will rock;
 2. Hush-a-bye, ba-by in the tree top,

creso *dim*

When the bough breaks the cradle will fall, And down will come ba-by, cra-dle and all.

Sweet And Low

Larghetto

J. BARNBY

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; —
 2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; —

Low, low, — breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; —
 Rest, rest on moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; —

O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go Come from the dy - ing
 Fa - ther will come to his babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all

moon — and blow, Blow him a - gain to me, —
 out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver moon, —

While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps. —
 Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep my pret - ty one, sleep. —

Daddy

F. BEHREND

Moderato

p *cresc.* *dim.*

1. Take my head on your shoul-der, Dad-dy, Turn your face to the west, It is
 2. Why do your big tears fall, — Dad-dy, Moth-er's not far a - way, I —

just the hour when the sky turns gold, The hour — that moth-er loves best. The
 of - tenseem to — hear her voice — fall-ing a - cross — my play. And it

cresc.

day has been long with-out you Dad-dy, You've been such a while a - way, — And
 some - times makes me cry, Dad-dy, To think it's — none of it true, Till I

cresc.

now you're as tird of your work, Dad-dy, As I am tird of my play. — But
 fall a - sleep — to dream, Dad-dy, Of home and moth-er and you. — For

p *mf*

I've got you and you've got me, So ev - ry-thing seems right, I wonder if moth-er is
 I've got you and you've got me, So ev - ry-thing may go; — We're all — the world to each

thinking of us. Be- cause_ it is_ my birth-day night. —
oth - er, dad, For moth-er, dear moth-er once told - me. so.

Child's Dreamland

Slow Waltz

mf When the moon is beam - ing, *cresc.* O'er the wa - ters gleam - ing,

dim. Lit - tle ones are dream - ing, Free from toil and care. —

mf Once a - gain they wan - der *cresc.* O'er the mea - dows yon - der,

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

The Mulberry Bush

Quickly

mf

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

Here we go round the mul-ber-ry bush, All on a frost - y morn-ing.
 This is the way we i - ron our clothes, So ear - ly Tues - day morn-ing.

f

This is the way we clap our hands, This is the way we clap our hands,
 This is the way we scrub the floor, We scrub the floor, we scrub the floor,

dim.

This is the way we clap our hands, All on a frost - y morn-ing.
 This is the way we scrub the floor, So ear - ly Wednes - day morn-ing.

Jack and Jill

Allegro

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.

Follow Me, Full of Glee

Gaily

f

1. Chil-dren go, to and fro, In a mer-ry pret-ty row, Footsteps light, fa-ces bright,
 2. Birds are free, so are we, And we live as hap-pi-ly; Work we do, stud-y too,

mf *cresc.*

'Tis a happy, hap-py sight, Swiftly turn-ing round and round, Do not look upon the ground,
 Learning daily some-thing new; Then we laugh and dance, and sing, Gay as birds or an-y-thing!

f *mf*

Fol-low me, full of glee, Sing-ing mer-ri-ly. } Singing mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly,
 Fol-low me, full of glee, Sing-ing mer-ri-ly. }

cresc. *f*

Sing-ing mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, Fol-low me, full of glee, Sing-ing mer-ri-ly.

See - Saw

CH. COOTE

In Waltz Time

See - saw, See - saw, now we're up - or down,

See - saw, See - saw, now we're off to Lon - don Town,

See - saw, See - saw, Boys and girls come out and play,

cresc. See - saw, *dim.* See - saw, *Fine* On this our half hol - i - day.

There's Pol - ly and John - ny and Kit - ty and Jane, All running to get on the
come boys, and girls and all join hands a - round, And mer - ri - ly skip with de -

See - saw a - gain, But Rob-oy and Sal-ly al - read-y are there, And
light o'er the ground, Such frolic-some games ne'er be-fore have been seen, As

swing-ing the See-saw up high in the air. Then
we'll have to - day on the old vil - lage green. Ha! ha, ha, ha, ha,

ha, ha, ha, ha, What fun! Ha! ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, What fun!

D.C. al Fine.

Little Bo-Peep

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

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

Old King Cole

Moderato

mf

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

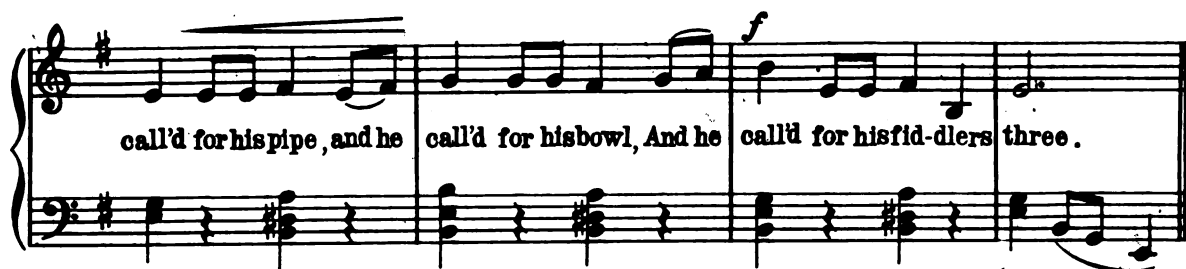
call'd for his pipe and he call'd for his bowl, And he call'd for his fiddlers three, And

ev-'ry fiddler had a fine fiddle, And ev-'ry fiddler had a fine fiddle, — And a

ver-y fine fiddle had he, And a ver-y fine — fiddle had he, For

CHORUS

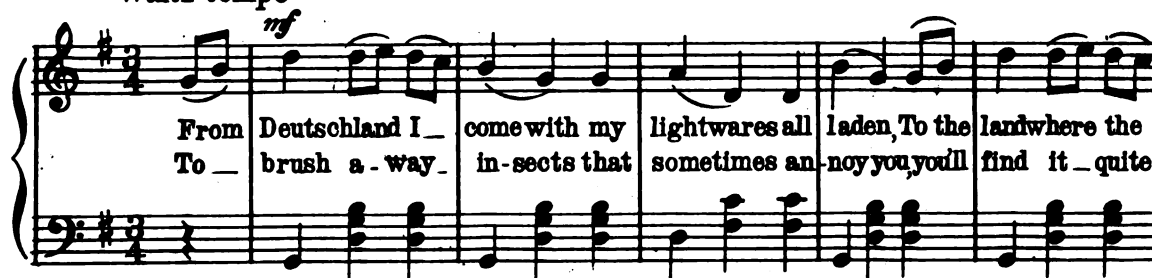
Old King Cole, was a mer-ry old soul, And a mer-ry old soul was he; He



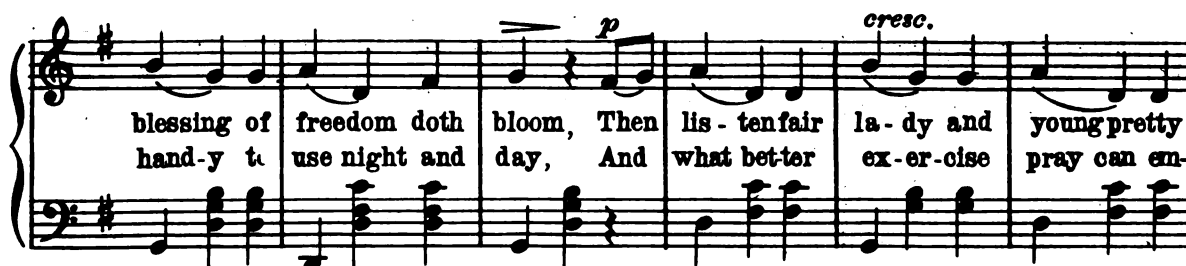
call'd for his pipe, and he call'd for his bowl, And he call'd for his fiddlers three.

Buy A Broom

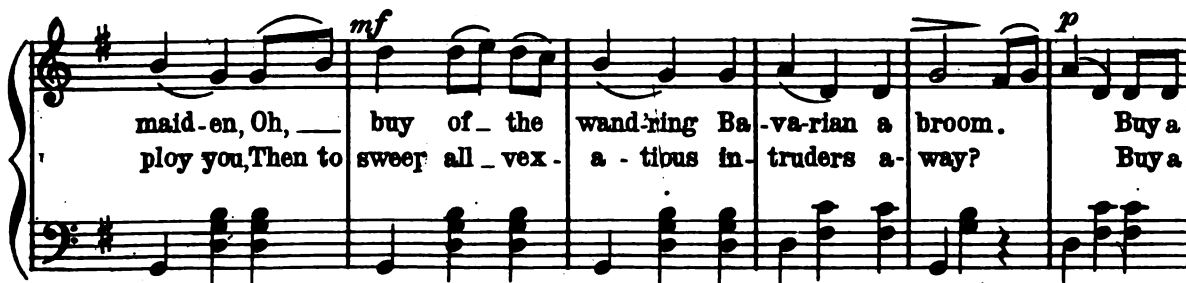
Waltz tempo




mf
From Deutschland I come with my lightwares all laden, To the land where the
To brush a-way in-sects that sometimes annoy you, you'll find it quite



p *cresc.*
blessing of freedom doth bloom, Then listen fair lady and young pretty
hand-y to use night and day, And what better ex-er-cise pray can en-



mf *p*
maid-en, Oh, buy of the wand'ring Ba-va-rian a broom. Buy a
ploy you, Then to sweep all vex-a-tious in-truders a-way? Buy a



cresc. *f*
broom, Buy a broom, Oh buy of the wand'ring Ba-va-rian a broom.
broom, Buy a broom, And sweep all vex-a-tious in-truders a-way.

Cradle Song

J. BRAHMS

Andante

1. Lul-la-by and good night, with ro-ses be-dight With li-lies be-
 2. Lul-la-by and good night, thy-moth-er's de-light Bright an-gels a-

decked is ba-by's wee bed; Lay thee down now and rest may thy
 round my-dar-ling shall stand; They will guard thee from harms, thou shalt

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

Baa! Baa! Black Sheep

Lively

Baa! Baa! Black sheep, have you an-y wool? Yes, sir, yes, sir! Three bags full,
 One for my master, and one for my dame, But none for the naughty boy that cries in the lane.

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star

Moderato

1. Twin- kle, twin- kle, lit - tle star; How I won- der what you are,
2. When the blaz- ing sun is gone, When he noth- ing shines up - on,
Up a - bove the world so high, Like a, dia- mond in the sky!
Then you show your lit - tle light, Twin- kle, twin- kle all the night.
Twin - kle, twin- kle lit - tle star, How I won- der what you are!

mf *cresc.* *dim.*

Dickory, Dickory, Dock

Lively.

Dick-o - 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.

Humpty Dumpty

Lively

mf

Hump-ty Dump-ty sat on a wall, Hump-ty Dump-ty had a great fall;

All the King's horses and all the King's men, Could-n't put Hump-ty to-gether a-gain.

Little Boy Blue

Moderato

mf

Lit-tle Boy Blue, come blow up your horn, There's sheep in the meadow and cows in the corn,

Where is the boy that looks af-ter the sheep? He's un-der the hay-cock fast a-sleep,

Little Jack Horner

Lively

mf

cresc

Lit-tle Jack Hor-ner sat in a cor-ner, Eat-ing a Christmas pie, — He

put in his thumb, And pulled out a plum, And said "what a good boy am I" —

See, Saw, Margery Daw

Slowly

See - saw, Mar - ge - ry Daw, Jack shall have a new mas - ter,

He shall have but a pen - ny a day, Be - cause he won't work a - ny fast - er.

Mary Had A Little Lamb

Andante

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

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

Sing A Song of Sixpence

Lively

1. — Sing a song of Six-pence, A pock-et full of Rye,
2. The King was in the coun-ting house, Coun-ting out his mon-ey, The

Four-and-twenty Black-birds Bak'd in a Pie; When the Pie was o-pend, The
Queen was in the Par-lor Eating bread and hon-ey, The maid was in the gar-den —

birds be-gan to sing, Was-n't that a dain-ty dish to set be-fore a King?
Hang-ing out the clothes, Down-came a black-bird and peck'd off her nose.

Detailed description: This is a piano accompaniment for the song 'Sing A Song of Sixpence'. It features two systems of music. The first system has two staves (treble and bass clef) with a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass clef provides harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the notes. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment with the same notation and key signature. The lyrics continue across the staves.

Hey, Diddle, Diddle

Lively

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. —

Detailed description: This is a piano accompaniment for the song 'Hey, Diddle, Diddle'. It features two systems of music. The first system has two staves (treble and bass clef) with a key signature of one flat (B-flat major) and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass clef provides harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the notes. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment with the same notation and key signature. The lyrics continue across the staves.

Nelly Was A Lady

Moderato

STEPHEN FOSTER

1. Down on de Mis-sis-sip-pi float-ing, Long time I trab-ble on de
2. Now Im un-hap-py, an' Im weep-ing, Can't tote de cot-ton wood no
3. When I saw my Nel-ly in de morn-ing, Smile till she o-pen'd up her

way,
more,
eyes,
All night de cot-ton wood a-to-ting,
Last night while Nel-ly was a-sleep-ing,
Seem'd like de light ob day a-dawn-ing,

Sing for my true lub all de day.
Death came a knock-in' at de door.
Jist 'fore de sun be-gin to rise.
Nel-ly was a la-dy, Last night she died,

CHORUS

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

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

Uncle Ned

STEPHEN FOSTER

Moderato

mf

1. Dere was an old nig - ga, dey call'd him Un - cle Ned, He's -
 2. His fin - gers were long like de cane — in de brake, He —
 3. When Ole — Ned die Mas - sa took it might - y hard, De —

cresc. *dim.*

dead long a - go, long a - go; He had — no wool on de
 had no — eyes for to see; He had — no teeth for to
 tears run — down like de rain; Ole Mis - sus turn pale, and she

cresc. *dim.*

top ob his head, De — place — whar de wool ought to grow.
 eat de corn - cake So he had to let de corn cake — be. } Den
 gets ber - ry sad, Cayse she neb - ber see Ole Ned a - gain. }

CHORUS

Slowly *rit.* *f*

lay down de shub - ble and de hoe. — Hang up de fid - dle and de bow; For there's

cresc. *dim.*

no more work for poor Ole Ned, He's gone whar de good nig - gas go.

Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny

E. P. CHRISTY

Moderato

mf

1. 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-fer-ent life, - I'd
3. And when I'm dead and gone, Place this - old ban - jo by my side, - Let

fish-ing 'mongst de oys-ter beds, To me it was but play; - But now I'm grow-ing
save my mon-ey, buy a farm, And take Di-nah for my wife; - But now old age, he
pos'm and coon to fun-ral go, Dey was al-ways my pride, - And den in soft re-

cresc. *dim.*
ve - ry old, I can - not work any more, - So car-ry me back to Old Vir-gin-ny, to
holds me tight, My limbs are grow - ing sore, - So take - me back to Old Vir-gin-ny, to
pose I'll sleep, And dream for ev - er more, - You've car-ried me back to Old Vir-gin-ny, to

CHORUS
mf *cresc.*
Old Vir-gin-ny's shore...
Old Vir-gin-ny's shore... } Den car-ry me back to Old Vir-gin-ny, To Old Vir-gin-ny's
Old Vir-gin-ny's shore... }

dim.
shore, Oh, - car-ry me back to Old Vir-gin-ny, To Old Vir-gin-ny's shore. -

Oh! Boys, Carry Me 'Long

STEPHEN FOSTER

Moderato

mf

1. Oh! car - ry me 'long, — Dere's no more trouble for me; — I's
 2. All o - ber de lan', — I's wan - der'd man - y a day; — To
 3. Fare - well to de boys, — Wid hearts so hap - py and light, — Dey

cresc. *dim.*

gwine to roam in a hap - py home, Where all de niggas am free. — I's work'd long in de
 blow de horn an' mind de corn, An' keep de possum a - way. — Dere's no use for me
 sing a song de whole day long, An' dance de ju - ba at night. — An' fare - well to de

cresc.

fields, — I's han - dled man - y a hoe, — I'll turn my eye jes' be - fore I die, An' —
 now, — So dar - kies, bur - y me low, — My horn is dry an' so I must lie, Wha de
 fields, — Ob cot - ton, 'bac - co an' all, — I's gwine to hoe in a bressed row, Wha de

CHORUS

dim. *f*

see de su - gar - cane grow. —
 pos - sum neb - ber can go. —
 corn grows mel - low and tall. —
 Oh! boys, car - ry me 'long; Car - ry me till I

cresc. *dim.*

die; — Car - ry me down to de bur - y - in' grown', Mas - sa, don't you cry. —

Old Dog Tray

STEPHEN FOSTER

Andante

mf

1. The morn of life is past, And eve-ning comes at last, It
 2. The forms I call'd my own, Have van-ish'd one by one, The
 3. When tho'ts re-call the past, His eyes are on me cast, I

brings me a dream of — once a hap - py day; Of merry forms I've seen Up -
 lov'd ones, the dear ones have all _ pass'd a - way; Their hap - pysmiles have flown; Their
 know that he feels what my breaking heart would say; Al - tho' he can - not speak, I'll

on the vil-lage green, Sporting with my old dog Tray.
 gen - tle voi - ces gone, I've noth - ing left but old dog Tray.
 vain - ly, vain - ly seek, A bet - ter friend than old dog Tray.

mf CHORUS

Old dog Tray's ev - er *p* faith - ful. Grief cannot drive him a - way; He's
 gentle, he is kind, I'll nev - er, never find a better friend than old dog Tray.

Hard Times, Come Again No More

STEPHEN FOSTER

Moderato

cresc.

1. Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its man - y tears, While we
 2. While we seek mirth and beau - ty and mus - ic light and gay, There are
 3. There's a pale droop - ing maid - en who toils her life a - way With a

dim.

all sup - sor - row with the poor; There's a song that will linger for -
 frail forms - fainting at the door; Tho' their voi - ces are si - lent, their
 worn heart whose bet - ter days are o'er; Tho' their voice would be merry, 'tis

cresc. *dim.*

ev - er in our ears,
 plead - ing looks will say, "Oh! Hard Times, come a - gain no more! 'Tis the
 sigh - ing all the day,

CHORUS

dim.

song, the sigh, of the wear - y; Hard Times! Hard Times! come a - gain no more! Many

cresc. *dim.*

days you have linger'd a - round my cabin door! Oh! Hard Times! come again no more!

Maryland! My Maryland!

Moderato

JAMES R. RANDALL

1. Thou wilt not cower in the dust, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land! Thy
2. Thou wilt not yield the vandal toil, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land! Thou

beam-ing sword shall nev-er rust, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land! Re-
wilt, not crook to his control, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land! Bet-

member Car-roll's sacred trust, Re-member How-ard's war-like thrust, And
ter the fire up-on the roll, Bet-ter the shot, the blade, the bowl, Than

all thy slum-brers with the just, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land!
cru-ci-fix-ion of the soul, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land!

3

I see no blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland! my Maryland!
Tho' thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland! my Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland! my Maryland!

4

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland! my Maryland!
The Old Line bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland! my Maryland!
Come! to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with Liberty along,
And ring thy dauntless slogan song,
Maryland! my Maryland!

Massa's In De Cold Ground

Moderato

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

mf

1. Round de mead-ows am a - ring - ing, De dark-ey's mourn-ful songs, —
 2. When de au-tumn leaves were fall - ing, — When de days were cold, 'Twas
 3. Mas - sa make de dar-kies love him, — Cayse he was so kind, —

While de mocking bird am sing - ing, Hap - py as de day is — long. —
 hard to hear ol' mas-sa call - ing, Cayse he was so weak and — old. —
 Now deysad - ly weep a - bove him, Mourning cayse he leave dembe-hind, I

Where de i - vy am a - creep - ing, O'er de gras - sy mound. —
 Now de or-angetree am bloom - ing, On de sand - y shore. —
 can - not work be-fore to - mor - row, Cayse de tear-drops flow, I

CHORUS

Dere old mas-sa am a - sleep - ing, Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.
 Now de sum-merdays are com - ing, Mas-sa nebbber calls no more. Back in de comfield
 try to drive a - way my sor - row, Pickin' on de old ban - jo.

Hear dat mournful sound. *crese* All de darkies am a - weep - ing, *dim* Massa's in de cold cold ground.

The Old Cabin Home

Moderato

mf

1. I am go - ing far a - way, far a - way to leave you now, To the
 2. I am going to leave this land, with — all this dar - key band, All the
 3. When old age is com - ing on, and my hair is turn - ing gray, I will

cresc

Miss - is - sip - pi ri - ver I am go - ing; And I'll take my old ban - jo, And I'll
 wide - world - o - ver to roam; - But - when I'm tired and weary, I will
 hang - up the ban - jo all a - lone; - And to pass the time a - way, I will

dim

sing this lit - tle song }
 lay me down to rest } 'Way
 sit down by the fire } down in my old ca - bin home.

CHORUS (Slower)

mf

Down in my old ca - bin home, — There lies my sis - ter and my broth - er, —

cresc *dim*

There lies my wife, she was the joy of my life, And the child in the grave with its mother.

Dixie Land

DAN EMMET

Lively

mf

1. { I wish I was in de land ob cot-ton, Old times dar am
 In Dix-ie-land whar- I was born in, Ear-ly on one
 Old Mis-sus Ma-ry "Will-de-wea-ber" Will-ium was a
 2. { But when he put his arms a-round her, He smiled as fierce as a
 His face was sharp as a butch-er's cleav-er, But soon af-ter
 3. { Old Mis-sus act-ed de fool-ish part, And died for a man dat

cresc

f

dim

not for-got-ten, } Look a-way, look a-way, look a-way, Dix-ie Land.
 fros-ty morn-ing, }
 gay de-cea-ber, } Look a-way, look a-way, look a-way, Dix-ie Land.
 for-ty pound-er, }
 he did leave 'er, }
 broke her heart } Look a-way, look a-way, look a-way, Dix-ie Land.

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.

4. Now here's a health to the next old Missus,
And all de gals dat want to kiss us,
Look away! etc.
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come and hear dis song to-morrow,
Look away! etc.
5. Dar's buckwheat cakes an' Injun batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter,
Look away etc.
Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's land, I'm bound to trabble,
Look away etc.

Kingdom Coming

Allegro

H. C. WORK

1. Say, dar-kies hab you seen de mas-sa, Wid de muff-stash on his
2. Hes six foot one way, two foot tud-der, An' he weigh tree hun-dred
3. De dar-kies feel so lone-some lib-bing In de log-house on de

face, Go 'long de road some time dis morn-in', Like he
pound, His coat so big he couldn't pay de tail - or, An' it
lawn, Dey move der tings to mas - sa's par - lor Fôr to

gwine to leab de place? He seen a smoke 'way
wont go half - way round. He drill so much dey
keep it while he's gone. Dar's wine and ci - der

up de rib - ber, Whar de Lin - kum gun - boats lay, He took his hat an'
call him Cap - 'en, An' he get so dref - ful tann'd, I 'spect he try an'
in de cel - lar, An' de dar - kies dey'll hab some, I 'spose dey'll all be

lef ber - ry sud - den, An' I 'spec' he's run a - way.
fool dem — Yan - kees For to tink he's con - tra - band. De
con - fis — cat - ed, When de Lin - kum so - jers come.

CHORUS

Mas - sa run? Ha, Ha! De dar - kies stay? Ho, Ho! It

cresc.
mus' be now de king - dom com - in' An' de year ob Ju - bi - lo!

Old Black Joe

STEPHEN FOSTER

Andante espressivo

mf

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,
 2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
 3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The

Gone are my friends from the cot - ton fields a - way;
 Why do I sigh that my friends come not a - gain?
 chil - dren so dear, that I held up - on my knee?

Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land I know.
 Griev - ing for forms now de - part - ed long a - go? I
 Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go.

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

hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing "Old Black Joe;" I'm coming, I'm coming, For my

cresc. *dim.*

head is bend - ing low; I hear those gen - tle voi - ces call - ing "Old Black Joe;"

My Old Kentucky Home

STEPHEN FOSTER

Moderato

mf *cresc.* *dim.*

1. The sun shines bright in the old Kentuck-y home, 'Tis summer the darkies are gay; The
 2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On meadow, the hill and the shore, They
 3. The head must bow, and the back will have to bend, Wherev- er the dark-ey may go; A

corn-tops ripe and the mead-ows in bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the day. The
 sing no more by the glimmer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in door. The
 few more days and the trou-ble all will end, In the fields where sugar canes grow. A

mf *cresc.* *dim.*

young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright; By'n
 day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor-row, where all was de-light; The
 few more days for to tote the wea-ry load, No mat-ter 'twil nev-er be bright; A

bye hard times comes a knock-ing at the door,
 time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then my old Kentuck-y home, good-night.
 few more days 'til we tot-ter on the road,

CHORUS

mf

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

cresc. sing one song for the old Kentuck-y home, For my *dim.* old Kentuck-y home far a - way.

Oh! Dem Golden Slippers

J. A. BLAND

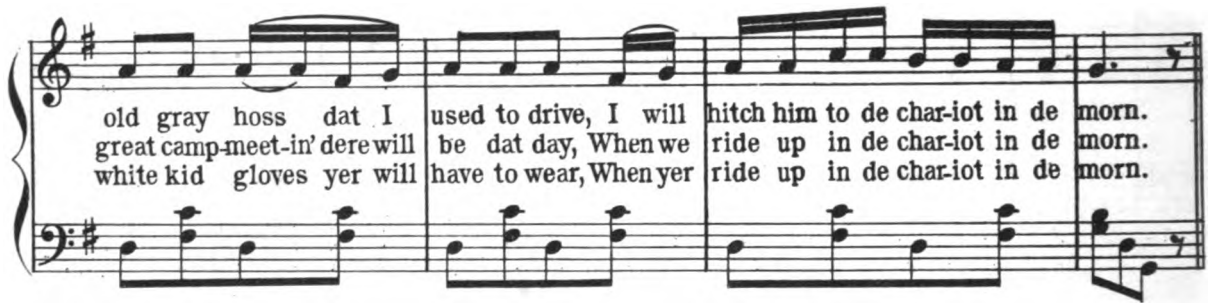
Allegro *mf*

1. Oh my gol- den slippers am a - laid a - way, Kase I don't'spect to wear 'em till' my
 2. Oh my ole ban-jo hangs on de wall, Kase it ain't been tuned since
 3. So it's good-bye, chil-lun I will have to go Whar de rain don't fall or de

wed-din' day, An' my long taild coat, dat I lov'd so well, I will
 way last fall, But de darks all say we will hab a good time, When we
 wind don't blow, An' yer il - ster coats, why yer will not need, When yer

wear up in de char-iot in de morn. An' my long white robe dat I
 ride up in de char-iot in de morn. Dar's ole Brud-der Ben and
 ride up in de char-iot in de morn. But yer gold - en slippers must be

bo't last June, I'm gwine to git chang'd kase it fits too soon, An' de
 Sis-ter Luce, Dey will tel - e-graph de news to Un-cle Bac - co Juice, What a
 nice and clean, An' yer age must be just sweet six-teen, An' yer



old gray hoss dat I used to drive, I will hitch him to de char-iot in de morn.
great camp-meet-in' dere will be dat day, When we ride up in de char-iot in de morn.
white kid gloves yer will have to wear, When yer ride up in de char-iot in de morn.

CHORUS



Oh, dem gold-en slip-pers! Oh, dem gold-en slip-pers!



cresc.
Gold-en slip-pers I'se gwine to wear, be-kase dey look so neat.



Oh, dem gold-en slip-pers! Oh, dem gold-en slip-pers!



cresc.
Gold-en slip-pers I'se gwine to wear, to walk de gold-en street. street.

Nelly Bly

213

Moderato

STEPHEN FOSTER

mf

1. Nel - ly Bly! Nel - ly Bly! bring de broom a - long, We'll
2. Nel - ly Bly! hab a voice, like de tur - tle dove, I
3. Nel - ly Bly! shuts her eye when she goes to sleep, —

cresc. *dim.*

sweep de kitch - en clean, my dear, And hab a lit - tle song.
hears it in the mead - ow and I hears it in the grove;
When she wak - ens up a - gain, Her eye balls 'gin to peep. De

Poke de wood, my lā - dy lub, And make de fi - ah burn, And
Nel - ly Bly — hab a heart, Warm as a cup of tea, And
way she walks she lifts her foot, And den she brings it down, And

cresc. *dim.*

while I take de ban - jo down, Just gib de mush a turn.
big - ger dan de sweet po - ta - toe Down in Ten - nes - see.
when it lights, dere's mu - sic dah, In that part ob de town.

CHORUS *dim.*

f Heigh! Nel - ly! Ho! Nel - ly! lis - ten lub, to me, I'll

cresc. *dim.*

sing for you, play for you, a dul - cem mel - o - dy.

f

Heigh! Nel - ly! Ho! Nel - ly! lis - ten, lub, to me, I'll

cresc. *dim.*

sing for you, play for you, a dul - cem mel - o - dy.

The Poor Old Slave

Andante

mf *dim.*

1.'Tis just a year a - go to - day That I re - mem - ber
2. She took my arm, we walk'd a - long, In - to an o - pen
3. But since that time, how things have chang'd poor Nell who was my

cresc.

well, I sat down by poor Nel - ly's side, And a
field, And then she paused to breathe a - while, Then
bride, Is laid be - neath the cold grave sod, With her

dim.

sto - ry she did tell. _____ 'Twas 'bout a poor un -
to his grave did steal. _____ She sat down by that
fath - er by her side. _____ I plant - ed there up -

cresc.

hap - py slave, Who lived for man - y a year, _____ But
lit - tle mound, And soft - ly whis - per'd there, _____ Come
on her grave, The weep - ing wil - low tree, _____ I

mf

now he's dead and in his grave, No mas - ter does he fear. _____
to me, fath - er, 'tis thy child, And gent - ly dropp'd a tear. _____ The
bathed its roots with ma - ny a tear, That it might shel - ter me. _____

mf CHORUS *cresc.* *f*

poor old slave has gone to rest, We know that he — is free, — Dis -

mf *cresc.* *dim.*

turb him not, but let him rest, Way down in Ten - nes - see. —

The Star Spangled Banner

Words by FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

Moderato

f *cresc*

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 *f*

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

cresc *mf*

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

cresc

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

f *cresc*

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

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 footsteps'
 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!"

We're Tenting To-night

WALTER KITTREDGE

Slowly *mf*

1. We're tent - ing to - night on the old camp - ground,
 2. We've been tent - ing to - night on the old camp - ground,
 3. We are tir - ed of war on the old camp - ground,
 4. We've been fight - ing to - day on the old camp - ground,

dim *mf*

Give us a song to cheer our wea - ry hearts, A
 Think - ing of days gone by, of the loved ones at home, That
 Man - y are dead and gone, of the brave and true Who've
 Man - y are ly - ing near, Some are dead And

song of home, and friends we love so dear.
 gave us the hand, and the tear that said "Good -
 left their homes, and the oth - ers been wound - long.
 some are dy - ing, man - y are in tears.

CHORUS

mf *cresc*

Man - y are the hearts that are wea - ry to - night, Wish - ing for the war to

f

end, Man - y are the hearts look - ing for the right, To

dim *mf*

see the dawn of peace. Tent - ing to - night,

cresc *dim*

Ending for Verses I, II, III.

Tent - ing to - night, tent - ing on the old camp ground.

D.C.

4th Verse *dim* *poco* *a poco* *pp*

Dy - ing on the old camp ground.

Marching Through Georgia

HENRY C. WORK

With Spirit

1. Bring the good old bu - gle, boys, we'll sing an - oth - er song,
 2. How the dark - ies shout - ed when they heard the joy - ful sound,
 3. Yes, and there were Un - ion men who wept with joy - ful tears,
 4. "Sher - man's dash - ing Yan - kee boys will nev - er reach the coast,"

cresc. Sing it with a spirit that will start the world a - long; Sing it as we used to sing it
 How the turkeys gobble which our com - mis - sa - ry found! How the sweet potatoes ev - en
 When they saw the honor'd flag they had not seen for years; Hardly could they be restrain'd from
 So the sau - cy rebels said, and 'twas a handsome boast, Had they not for - got a - las to

fif - ty thou - sand strong; While we were marching thro' Geor - gia. Hur -
 start - ed from the ground, reck - on with the host, ra - ra!

CHORUS
ff rah! Hur - rah! we bring the Jubilee! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! the flag that makes you free!

cresc. So we sang the chorus from At - lanta to the sea, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.

The Red, White And Blue

THOMAS A. BECKET

Tempo di Marcia

1. Oh, Co-lum-bia the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the
 2. When war wing'd its wide des-o-la-tion, And threatened the land to de-
 3. The star-spangled banner bring hith-er, O'er Co-lum-bia's true sons let it

free, The shrine of each pa-triot's de-vo-tion, A
 form, The ark then of free-dom's foun-da-tion, Co-
 wave, May the wreaths they have won nev-er with-er, Nor its

world of-fers hom-age to thee. Thy man-dates make he-roes as-
 lum-bia rode safe thro'the storm. With the gar-lands of vic-try a-
 stars cease to shine on the brave. May the ser-vice u-ni-ted ne'er

sem-ble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view, Thy
 round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave crew, With her
 sev-er, But hold to their col-ors so true, The

ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue. When
 flag float-ing proudly be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue. The
 Ar-my and Na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue. Three

CHORUS

borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue, Thy—
boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue, With her
cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, The—

ban-ners make tyr - an - ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
flag float - ing proud - ly be - fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
Ar - my and Na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

Maestoso

America

SAMUEL F. SMITH

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 name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With free - dom's

cresc.
Pil - gims' 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.

Flag Of The Free

R. WAGNER

Andante

mf

1. Flag of the free, Fair - est to see!
 2. Flag of the brave, Long may it wave,

cresc *dim*

Borne thro' the strife and the thun - der of war,
 Cho - sen of God while his might we a - dore, In

mf

Ban - ner so bright, with star - ry light,
 Lib - er - ty's van, for man - hood of man,

cresc *dim*

Float ev - er proud - ly from moun - tain to shore.
 Sym - bol of right thro' the years pass - ing o'er.

mf *cresc*

Em - blem of Free - dom, hope to the slave,
 Pride of our coun - try, hon - or'd a - far,

mf *cresc*

Spread thy fair folds but to shield and to save,
Scat - ter each cloud that would dark - en a star,

CHORUS *f*

While thro' the sky, loud rings the cry,

cresc

Un - ion and Lib - er - ty one, ev - er more!

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

March time

GEORGE F. ROOT

mf

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

cresc *dim*

bright and hap - py home so far a - way; And the
swept us off a hun - dred men or more; But be -
come to o - pen wide the i - ron door; And the

cresc

tears they fill my eyes, Spite of
fore we reach'd their lines, They were
hol - low eye grows bright, And the

all that I can do, Tho' I
bea - ten back dis - may'd, And we
poor heart al - most gay, As we

try to cheer my com - rades and be gay.
heard the cry of vic - try o'er and o'er.
think of see - ing home and friends once more.

CHORUS

Tramp! tramp! tramp! the boys are march - ing,

cresc

Cheer up, com - rades, they will come, And be - neath the star - ry flag, We shall

cresc

breathe the air a - gain, Of the free land in our own be - lov - ed home.

Columbia, God Preserve Thee Free!

Moderato

J. HAYDN

mf *cresc.* *mf*

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 bid slav'ry flee! Land whose
 3. Vain-ly gainst thine arm con-tend-ing, Ty-rants know thy might, and flee! Free-dom's

cresc. *mf*

storms are round thee swell-ing, Let thy heart be strong in thee, God is
 name is writ in sto-ry, Rock and ref-uge of the free, Ours thy
 cause on earth de-fend-ing, Man has set his hope on thee, Wid-ning

cresc. *f*

with thee, wrong re- pell-ing, He a-lone thy cham-pion be.
 great-ness, ours thy glo-ry, We will e'er be true to thee. { Ark of
 glo-ry, peace un- end-ing, Thy re- ward and por-tion be. }

dim. *f*

Free-dom! Glo-ry's dwell-ing! Co-lum-bia, God pre-serve thee free! Ark of

dim.

Free-dom! Glo-ry's dwell-ing! Co-lum-bia, God pre-serve thee free!

Rally 'Round the Flag

Tempo di Marcia

W. B. BRADBURY

mf

1. Ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, Give it to the breeze, That's the ban - ner we love,
2. Float - ing high a - bove us, Glow - ing in the sun, Speak - ing loud to all hearts,

cresc. *mf*

On the land and seas, - Brave hearts are un - der ours, Hearts that need no brag,
Of a free - dom won, - Who dares to sul - ly it, Bought with precious blood?

cresc.

Gal - lant lads — fire a - way, And fight — for the flag.
Gal - lant lads, we'll fight for it, Tho' ours should swell the flood.

cresc. *mf*

Gal - lant lads fire a - way, And fight — for the flag. Ral - ly 'round the flag, boys,
Gal - lant lads fight for it, Tho' ours should swell the flood. Float - ing high a - bove us,

Give it to the breeze, That's the ban - ner we love, On the land and seas.
Glow - ing in the sun, Speak - ing loud to all hearts, Of a free - dom won.

f Let our col - ors fly, boys, *dim.* Guard them day and night, For

f vic - to - ry is lib - er - ty, And *cresc.* God will bless the right! Then

CHORUS
f ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, Ral - ly 'round, ral - ly 'round,

Ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, Ral - ly 'round the flag! Ral - ly 'round the flag, boys,

Ral - ly 'round, ral - ly 'round, Ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, Ral - ly 'round the flag.

Yankee Doodle

Lively *f*

1. — Fathr and I went down to camp A - long with Cap-tain Good - 'in; And
 2. And there we see a thou-sand men, As rich as Squi-re Da - vid, And
 3. And there was Cap-tain Wash-ing-ton, Up - on a slapping stal - lion, A -

there we saw the men and boys As thick as has - ty pud - din.
 what they was - ted ev - 'ry day, I wish it could be sav - ed.
 giv - ing or - ders to his men, I guess there was a mil - lion.

CHORUS

Yan - kee Doo - dle, keep it up, — Yan - kee Doo - dle dan - dy,

Mind the mu - sic and the step and with the girls be han - dy.

4.
 And then the feathers on his hat,
 They look'd so very fine, ah!
 I wanted peskily to get,
 To give to my Jemina.

5.
 And there I see a swamping gun,
 Large as a log of maple,
 Upon a mighty little cart,
 A load for father's cattle.

6.
 And ev'ry time they fired it off,
 It took a horn of powder,
 It made a noise like father's gun,
 Only a nation louder.

7.
 And there I see a little keg,
 Its head all made of leather,
 They knock'd up on't with little sticks,
 To call the folks together.

When Johnny Comes Marching Home

L. LAMBERT

March tempo

mf

1. When John - ny comes march - ing home a - gain, Hur - rah! — Hur -
 2. The old — church bell will peal with joy, Hur - rah! — Hur -
 3. Get read - y for the ju - bi - lee, Hur - rah! — Hur -

cresc.

rah! — Well give him a heart - y wel - come then, Hur -
 rah! — To wel - come home our dar - ling boy, Hur -
 rah! — We'll give — the he - ro three times three, Hur -

f

rah! — Hur - rah! — The — men will cheer, — the
 rah! — Hur - rah! — The — vil - lage lads — and
 rah! — Hur - rah! — The — lau - rel wreath is

cresc.

boys will shout, The la - dies they — will all turn out,
 las - sies say, With ro - ses they — will strew the way, And we'll
 rea - dy now, To place up - on — his loy - al brow,

ff

all feel gay when John - ny comes march - ing home. —

Hail, Columbia

PROF. FAYLES

Maestoso

1. — Hail, Co - lum - bia, hap - py land, — Hail, ye he - roes,
 2. Im - mor - tal pa - triots rise once more, De - fend your rights, de -
 3. — Sound, — sound the trump of fame, — Let — Wash - ing -

Heav'n born band, Who fought and bled in Free - dom's — cause, Who
 fend your shores, Let no rude foe with im - pi - ous hand, Let
 ton's great name, Ring thro' the world with loud — ap - plause, Ring

fought and bled in Free - dom's cause, And when the storm of
 no rude foe with im - pi - ous hand, In - vade the shrine where
 thro' the world with loud — ap - plause, Let ev - 'ry clime to

war was gone, En - joyed — the — peace your
 sa - cred lies Of toil — and — blood the
 free - dom dear, — Lis - ten with a

val - or won. Let in - de - pend - ence be — our — boast, —
 well earn'd prize. While off - 'ring peace sin - cere — and — just, In
 joy - ful ear. With e - qual skill, with God - like — powr, He

Ev - er mind - ful what it cost, Ev - er grate - ful
Heav'n we place a man - ly trust, That truth and jus - tice
gov - erns in the fear - ful hour of hor - rid war, Or

for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.
will pre - vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of bond - age fail.
guides with ease, The hap - pier times of hon - est peace.

CHORUS

Firm, u - ni - ted let us be, Rally - ing 'round our

lib - er - ty; As a land of broth - ers joined,

Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

The Battle-Cry of Freedom

GEO. F. ROOT

March Time

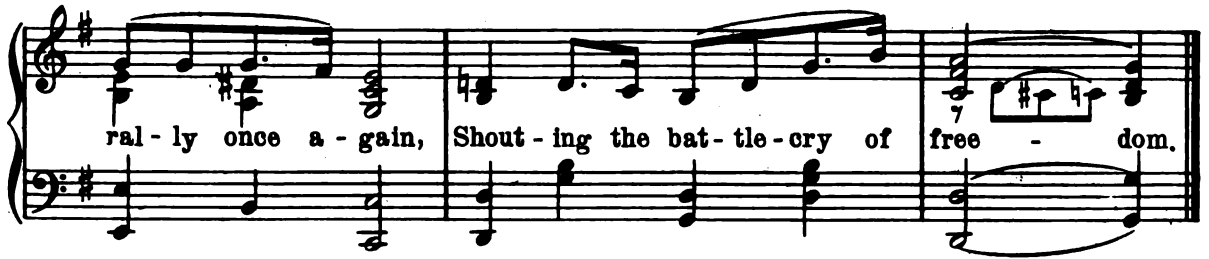
1. Yes, we'll ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, we'll ral - ly once a - gain,
2. We are spring - ing to the call, Of our broth - ers gone be - fore,
3. Oh, then, ral - ly 'round our flag, boys, wher - ev - er it may wave,

Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of free - dom, We will ral - ly from the hill - side, we'll
Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of free - dom, And we'll fill the va - cant ranks With a
Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of free - dom, From the North - land tried and true, From the

gath - er from the plain;
mil - lion pa - triots more,
South - land ev - er brave,
Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of free - dom.
Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of free - dom. The
Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of free - dom.

CHORUS
ff Un - ion for - ev - er, Hur - rah! boys, Hur - rah! Bright in its glo - ry

dim shines ev - 'ry star, While we *ff* ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, —

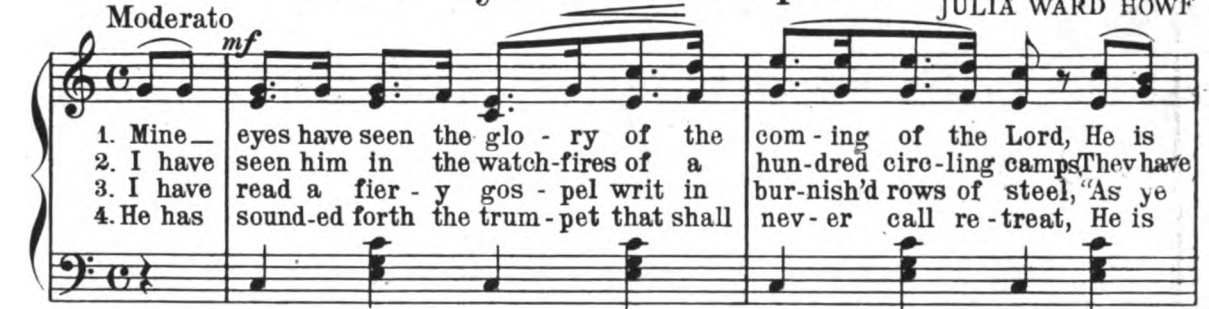


ral-ly once a-gain, Shout-ing the bat-tle-cry of free-dom.

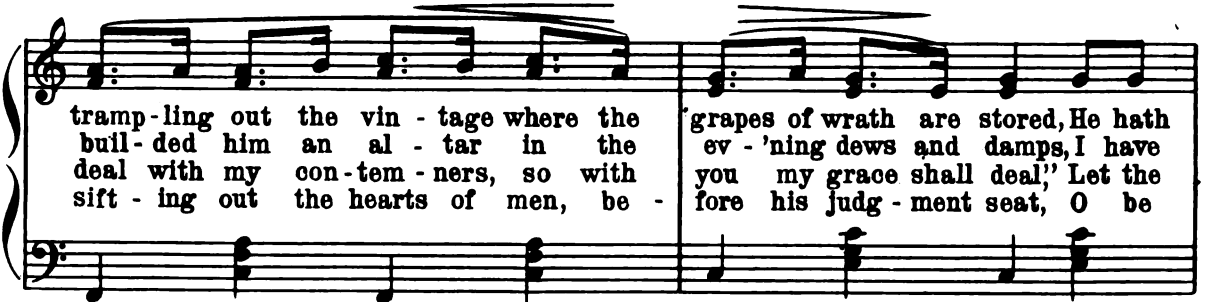
Battle Hymn of the Republic

JULIA WARD HOWF

Moderato *mf*

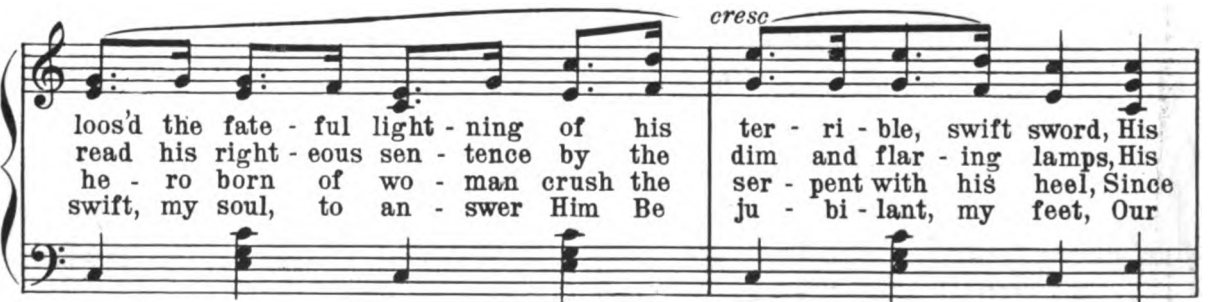


1. Mine eyes have seen the glo-ry of the com-ing of the Lord, He is
 2. I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred circ-ling camps, They have
 3. I have read a fier-y gos-pel writ in bur-nish'd rows of steel, "As ye
 4. He has sound-ed forth the trum-pet that shall nev-er call re-treat, He is



tramp-ling out the vin-tage where the grapes of wrath are stored, He hath
 bull-ded him an al-tar in the ev-'ning dews and damps, I have
 deal with my con-tem-ners, so with you my grace shall deal,' Let the
 sif-ting out the hearts of men, be-fore his judg-ment seat, O be

cresc



loos'd the fate-ful light-ning of his ter-ri-ble, swift sword, His
 read his right-eous sen-tence by the dim and flar-ing lamps, His
 he-ro born of wo-man crush the ser-pent with his heel, Since
 swift, my soul, to an-swer Him Be ju-bi-lant, my feet, Our

ff CHORUS



truth is march-ing on.
 day is march-ing on.
 God is march-ing on.
 God is march-ing on.
 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!

Maestoso

Our Land, O Lord

MICHAEL HAYDN

cresc.

1. Our land, O Lord, with song of praise, Shall in thy
 2. Thy sure de - fense thro' na - tions round, Hath spread our
 3. In deep dis - tress a pa - triot land, Im - plored thy

dim. *f*
 strength re - joice, And blessed with thy sal -
 coun - try's name, And all her hum - ble
 pow'r to save, For lib - er - ty they

cresc.
 va - tion raise, To heav'n a cheer - ful voice.
 ef - forts crowned, With free - dom and with fame.
 prayd thy hand The time - ly bless - ings gave.

God Save The King

(English National Hymn)

Maestoso

f

1. God save our gra - cious King, Long live our
 2. O Lord, our God, a - rise, Scat - ter his
 3. Thy choi - cest gifts in store, On him be

no - ble King, God save the King!
 en - e - mies, And make them fall.
 pleased to pour, Long may he reign.

ff

Send him vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and glo - ri - ous,
 Con-found their pol - i - tics, Frustrate their kna - vish tricks,
 May he de - fend our laws, And ev - er give us cause,

Long to — reign o — ver us, God — save the King!
 On thee — our — hopes we fix, God — save the King!
 To sing — with — heart and voice, God — save the King!

The Minstrel Boy

(Irish National Song)

Moderato

mf

1. The min - strel boy, — to the war is gone, In the
 2. The min - strel fell — but the foe - man's chain, Could not

ranks of death — you'll find — him; His
bring his proud — soul un - - - der, The

mf
fa - ther's sword he has gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung — be -
harp he lov'd — nev - er spoke a - gain, For he tore its chords — a -

f
hind — him — "Land of Song." said the war - rior bard, "Tho'
sun - der, And said "No chains shall - sul - ly thee, Thou

rit. *mf a tempo*
all the world be - trays — thee, One sword at least, thy —
soul of love and bra - ve - ry! The songs were made for the

dim.
rights shall guard, One — faith - ful harp — shall praise — thee!
pure and free, They shall nev - er sound — in sla - - ve - ry!"

The Wearing of the Green

(Irish National Song)

Allegretto

mf

1. { Oh,— Pad - dy, dear, and did you hear the news that's go - ing
 { St.— Pat - rick's day no more we'll keep, his col - or can't be
 2. { Then— since the col - or we must wear is Eng - land's cru - el
 { You may take the sham - rock from your hat now, cast it on the

cresc. *dim.*

'round? The sham - rock is for - bid by law, to grow on I - rish ground,
 seen, For there's a blood - y law a - gin' the wear - ing of the green. }
 red, Sure Ire - land's sons will ne'er for - get the blood that they have shed. }
 sod, But 'twill take root and flour - ish still, tho' un - der foot it's trod. }

f

I — met with Napper Tan - dy, and he took me by the hand, And he said "How's poor old
 When the law can stop the blades of green from growing as they grow, And when the leaves in

f

Ire - land, and how — does she stand? "She's the most dis - tress - ful country — that
 sun - mer - time their ver - dure dare not show, Then — I will change the col - or that I

cresc. *dim.*

ev - er yet was seen, They're hang - ing men and wo - men there for wearing of the green?
 wear in my can - teen; But 'till that day, please God I'll stick to wearing of the green.

Killarney

(Irish National Song)

M. W. BALFE

Moderato

mf

1 By Kil - lar - ney's lakes and fells, Em - 'rald isles and
 2 In - nis - fal - len's ru - ined shrine, May sug - gest a
 3 No place else can charm the eye, With such bright and

wind - ing bays, Moun - tain paths and wood - land dells,
 pass - ing sigh, But man's faith can ne'er de - cline,
 va - ried tints, Ev - 'ry rock that you pass by,

Mem - 'ry ev - er fond - ly strays.
 Such God's won - ders float - ing by.
 Ver - dure broid - ers or be - sprinks

mf *cresc. e rit.*

Bount - eous na - ture loves all lands, Beau - ty wan - ders
 Cas - tle Lough and Gle - na Bay, Moun - tains Tore - and
 Vir - gin there the green grass grows, Ev - 'ry morn springs

mfa tempo

ev - 'ry - where, Foot - prints leaves on man - y strands,
 Ea - gles' Nest, Still at Mu - cross you must pray,
 na - tal - day, Bright - hued ber - ries daff the snows,

rit. *a tempo.*

But her home is — sure - ly — there. An - gels fold their
 Tho' the monks are — now at — rest. An - gels won - der
 Smil - ing win - ter's — frown a - way. An - gels oft - en

wings and rest, In that E - den of — the — West,
 not - that man, There would fain pro - long — life's span,
 paus - ing there, Doubt if E - den were — more fair,

Beau - ty's home Kil - lar - - ney, Ev - er fair — Kil - lar - ney.

The Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Halls (Irish National Song)

Andante *mf*

1. The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls, the soul of mu - sic shed, Now
 2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright the harp of Ta - ra swells, The

cresc. *dim.*

hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls, As if that soul were fled; So
 chord a - lone that breaks at night Its tale of ru - in tells; Thus

cresc. *dim.*

sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er, And
Free - dom now so sel - dom wakes, The on - ly thro' she gives, Is

dim.

hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel the pulse no more!
when some heart in - dig - nant breaks, To show that still she lives!

St. Patrick's Day (Irish National Song)

Allegretto

mf

1. Tho' dark are our sor - rows, to - day we'll for - get them, And smile thro' our tears like a
2. Con - tempt on the min - ion who calls you dis - loy - al, Tho' fierce to your foe. to your

sun - beam in show'rs; There nev - er were hearts if our ru - lers would let them, More
friends we are true; The trib - ute most high to a head that is roy - al, Is

form'd to be grate - ful and blest than ours! But just when the chain has
love from a heart that loves lib - er - ty too. While cow - ards who blight your

cresc.

ceased to pain, And fame, your right, Would shrink from the blaze of the 'round with flow'rs, There
bat-tle ar-ray, The

mf

comes a new link our spi-rit to sink! Oh! the joy that we taste like the
stand-ard of green in front would be seen! Oh! my life on your faith! were you

light of the poles Is a flash a-mid dark-ness too bril-liant to stay; But
sum-mon'd this min-ute, You'd cast ev-ry bit-ter re-membrance a-way, And

mf

tho'twere the last lit-tle spark in our souls, We must light it up now, on our Prince's Day.
show what the arm of old E- rin has in it, When roused by the foe on her Prince's Day.

3.

He loves the green Isle and his love is recorded,
In hearts which have suffered too much to forget;
And hope shall be crowned and attachment rewarded,
And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet.
The gem may be broke by many a stroke,
But nothing can cloud its native ray,
Each fragment will cast a light to the last!
And thus, Erin, my country, tho' broken thou art,
There's a lustre within thee that ne'er will decay,
A spirit which beams thro' each suffering past,
And now smiles at all pain on the Prince's Day.

Spanish National Hymn

mf

1 { Spread the ti - dings a - far to the na - tions, —
 1 { For the laws are the peo - ples sal - va - tion, —
 1 { *Quien qui - sie - ra ser li - bre quea prend ra, —*
 1 { *El pri me - ro dio - tan - do las le - yes, —*

Let them learn from the free - dom of Spain, —
 And our King as their ser - vant shall reign. —
Que enres - pa - nahay un pu - eblo y un Rey, —
Yel se - gum do obser - van - do la ley. —

For their coun - try, the Span - iards will dare it. Dare to
Espan - o - les mo rir por la Pa - tria, — For Fer -

per - ish for Lib - er - ty's cause. To the tor - ies de - struc - tion, we
nan doy la cons - ti - tu - cion; — Los ser - vil - les ju - rar des - tru

swear it! Live for - ev - er the King and the Laws. —
ir - los, — Vi - va, Vi - va la cons - ti - tu - cion. —

Japanese National Hymn

Maestoso

May our gra - cious Emp - p'ror reign, Till a thou - sand,
 Ki - mi ga yo wa' Chi - yo ni

yea, ten thou - sand years shall roll, Till the sand in the brook - let
 ya - chi - yo ni Sa - za - ré ish - i no I wa - o to

grows to stone, And the moss from these peb - bles em - er - als make!
 na - ri - té Ko - ké no mu - su ma dé.

The Campbells Are Comin'

(Scotch National Song)

Allegro

mf

1. The Camp-bells are com-in', O - ho, O - ho! The Camp-bells are com-in', O -
 2. The Camp-bells are com-in', O - ho, O - ho! The Camp-bells are com-in', O -

ho, O - ho! The Camp-bells are com-in' to bon - nie Loch Lev - en, The
 ho, O - ho! The Camp-bells are com-in' to bon - nie Loch Lev - en, The

dim

Camp-bells are com-in', O - ho, O - ho! Up- on the Lo-monds I lay, I lay, - Up-
 Camp-bells are com-in', O - ho, O - ho! The great Ar-gyle - he goes be-fore - He

on the Lo-monds I lay, I lay, I looked - down - to
 makes the can-nons and guns to roar, Wi' sounds - trum - pets

bon-nie Loch Le-ven And saw - three bon - nie perch-es play. } The
 fife - and drums - The Camp-bells are com-in', O - ho, O - ho! }

CHORUS

Camp-bells are com-in', O - ho, O - ho! The Camp-bells are com-in', O - ho, O - ho! The

cresc

Camp-bells are com-in', to bon-nie Loch Lev-en, The Camp-bells are com-in', O - ho, O - ho!

The Marseillaise

(French National Song)

Marcato

1. Sol-diers of France, the morn is break - ing, The day of
 2. Ye ty - rants quake, your day is o - - ver, De - test - ed
 1. Al - lons, en - fants de la pat - ri - - e, Le jour de

glo - ry dawns at last! See the ty - rant's ban - ner
 now by friend and foe! Who your base de - signs dis -
 gloire est ar - ri - ve! Con - tre nous de la ty - ran -

shak - ing, As it base - ly streams in the blast. As it
 cov - er, Ye shall die as trai - tors do, Ye shall
 ni - e L'é - ten - dard san - glant est le - vé, L'é - ten -

base - ly streams in the blast. The field of bat - tle lies be -
 die as trai - tors do, Each gal - lant heart with zeal o'er -
 dard san - glant est le - vé, En - ten - dez - vous dans les cam -

fore - you, Fierce foe - men ad - vance in their pride, Con -
 flow - ing Goes ea - ger - ly forth at the call Tho'
 pa - gnes, Mu - gir ces fe - ro - ces sol - dats? Ils

tu - sion spread - ing far and wide, While for
 some may for their coun - try fall, Oth -
 vien nent jus - que dans nos bras, E - gor -

dim. aid your chil - dren im - plore you } To
 ers will hear bu - gles blow - ing } Aux
ger vos fils, vos com - pa - gnes

arms _____ and hence a - way! To arms _____ this glo - rious
 ar - mes, oi - toy - ens! For - mes _____ vos ba - tail -

day! March on, march on, Brave sons of
 lons! Mar - chons, mar - chons, Qu'un sang im -

France to — fame — and vic - to - ry!
pur, A — breu - ve nos sil - lons!

The Blue Bells Of Scotland

(Scottish National Song)

Moderato

1. Oh! where, tell me where is your Highland laddie gone? Oh! where, tell me where is your
 2. Oh! where, tell me where did your Highland laddie dwell? Oh! where, tell me where did your

Highland laddie gone? He's gone with streaming banners, Where no - ble deeds are done, And it's
 Highland laddie dwell? He dwelt in bon - nie Scotland, Where bloom the sweet blue bells, And it's

oh! in my heart, I — wish him safe at home, He's gone with streaming banners, Where
 oh! in my heart, I — lo'e my lad-die well, He dwelt in bon - nie Scotland, Where

no - ble deeds are done, And it's oh! in my heart I — wish him safe at home.
 bloom the sweet blue bells, And it's oh! in my heart I — lo'e my laddie well.

What clothes, in what clothes
 Is your Highland laddie clad?
 What clothes, in what clothes
 Is your Highland laddie clad?
 His bonnet's Saxon green
 And his waistcoat is of plaid,
 And it's oh! in my heart
 That I lo'e my Highland lad.

Suppose, and suppose
 That your Highland lad should die?
 Suppose, and suppose
 That your Highland lad should die?
 The bagpipes shall play o'er him,
 And I'd lay me down and cry,
 And it's oh! in my heart,
 That I wish he may not die.

Russian National Hymn

Maestoso

1. God, the All ter - ri - ble, Thou who or - dain - est
 1. Bo - je tsa - ria khra - ni! Sil - nyi der - jav - nyi

Thun - der Thy clar - i - on, and light - ning Thy sword.
 Tsarst - voie na Sla - - vyi, na sla - vü — nam;

Show forth Thy pi - ty on high — where Thou reign - est
 Tsarst - voie na strakh vra - gam, Tsar - pra - vo - slav - nyi!

Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
 Bo - je tsa - ria khra - ni!

2.

God, the All-merciful, Earth hath forsaken;
 Thy holy ways, and hath slighted Thy word.
 Let not Thy wrath in its terror awaken,
 Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

3.

God, the Omnipotent, Mighty Avenger,
 Watching invisible, judging unheard,
 Save us in mercy, and save us in danger,
 Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

March of the Men of Harlech

(Welsh National Song)

Marcato

f *cresc.* *dim.*

1. Men of Har-lech! in the hol-low, Do ye hear, like rush-ing bil-low
 1. We le goel-certh wen yn fflam-io, A thaf-od-au tân yn bloedd-io,

Wave on wave that surg-ing fol-low, Bat-tle's dis-tant sound?
 Ar ir dew-rion ddod i da-ro, Un-waith et o'n un.

f *cresc.* *dim.*

'Tis the tramp of Sax-on foe-men, Sax-on spear-men, Sax-on bow-men
 Gan fan-llef-au ty-wys-og-ion, Llais gel-yn-ion, trwst arf-og-ion,

Be they knights, or hinds or yeo-men, They shall bite the ground!
 A char-lam-iad y march-og-ion, Craig ar graig a grŷn!

f *cresc.* *dim.*

Loose the folds a-sun-der, Flag we con-quer un-der! The
 Ar-son byth ni or-fydd, Con-ir yn dra-gy-wydd. —

8va

The musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of five systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady, rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The vocal line is a simple melody with lyrics in English and Welsh. The score includes dynamic markings such as *f* (forte), *cresc.* (crescendo), and *dim.* (diminuendo). There are also performance instructions like *Marcato* and *8va* (octave). The lyrics are arranged in two lines per system, with the Welsh lyrics below the English ones.

La Brabançonne

(Belgian National Song)

Marcato

mf

cresc

1. A - way with
2. *Qui l'aur-ait*

bond - age_ long_ en_ thrall_ ing! O_
dit de_ l'ar_ bi_ trai_ re, Se - con -

Bel - gium a - wake_ and a - risel_
dant les af - freux_ pro - jets,

Now at the voice of hon - or
Sur nous un prin - ce san - gui -

call - - ing, A - loft thy_ ban - ner_
nai - - re, Vient lan - cer des bou -

flies. Once a - gain in pride and_ glo - ry,
lets. C'en est fait_ Bel - ges, tout chan - ge, A - vec Nas -

Na - tion un - con - quer'd_ ev - er free, On thy stan - dard, bla - zon forth the
sau plus d'in - di - gnes trai - tés, La mi - traille, a bri - sé l'o -

sto - ry, Of King and Law and Lib - er -
ran - ge, Sur l'ar - bre de la li - ber -

ty! Once a - gain, in thy pride_ and_ glo - ry,
te, La mi - trailla a bri - sé_ lo - ran - ge, Sur

Na - tion un - con - quer'd, ev - er free, On thy stan - dard bla - zon the
l'ar - bre de la li - ber - té, Sur_ l'ar - bre de la li - ber -

sto - ry Of_ King and Law and Lib - er - ty!
té, Sur_ l'ar - bre de la li - ber - té.

The Maple Leaf Forever

(Canadian National Song)

Con Spirito

1. In days of yore, from Bri - tain's shore, Wolfe the daunt - less
2. At Queen - ston Heights and Lun dy's Lane, Our brave fa - thers

he - ro came, And plant - ed firm Bri - tan - nia's flag On — Ca - na - da's fair do -
side by side, For free - dom, homes and lov'd ones dear, Firm - ly stood and no - bly

mf main! Here may it wave, our boast and pride, And *cresc.* join'd in love to -
died; And those dear rights which they main - tain'd, We swear to yield them

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

ff CHORUS *cresc.*
ev - er! The Ma - ple Leaf, our em - blem dear, The Ma - ple Leaf for -
ev - er!"

ev - er! God save our King and heav - en bless The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er!



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