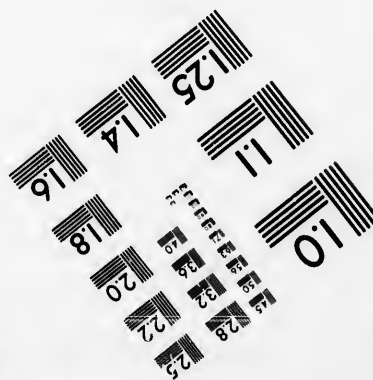
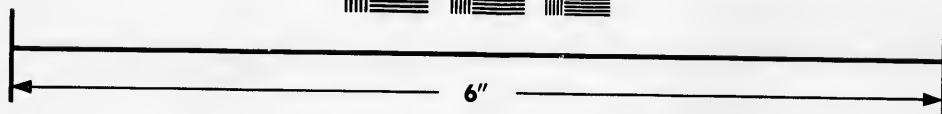
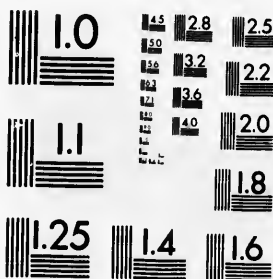


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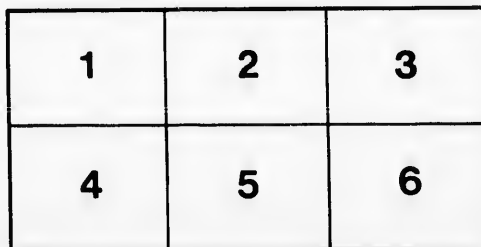
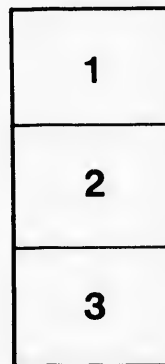
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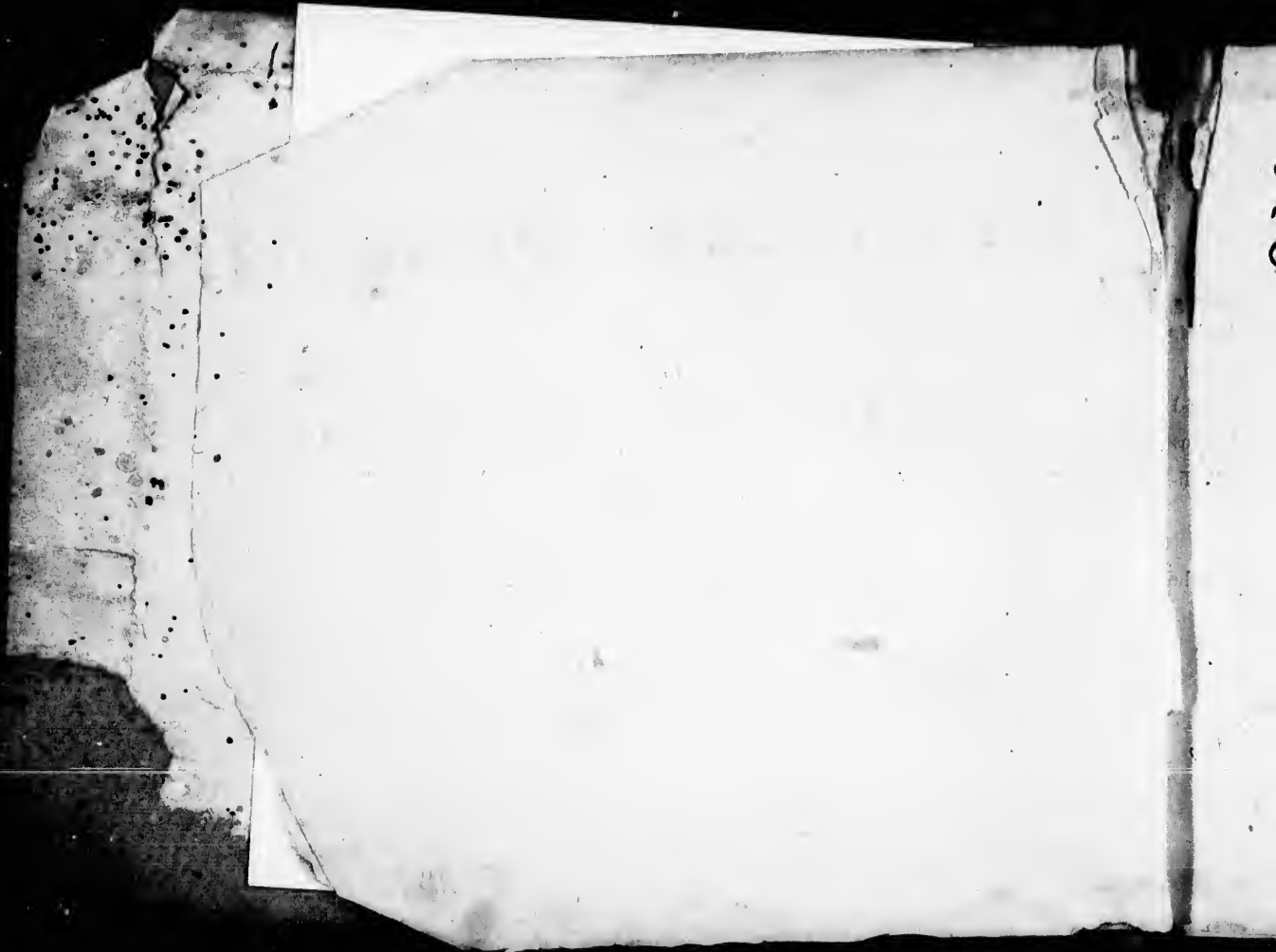
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B



THE

# Dominion Songster,

FOR

SCHOOLS, CLASSES,

AND THE

FAMILY CIRCLE.

W. O. PERKINS and J. B. NORTON.

HALIFAX, N. S.

PUBLISHED BY THOS. P. CONNELLY.

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5038 - Mar. 25/20

## P R E F A C E.

To the children of the Public Schools throughout the Dominion, this little volume is most affectionately dedicated. No little responsibility rests upon those who prepare music for the young; for musical habits, like others formed in youth, in a great degree form the future taste of the individual. It has been our aim to furnish such music as shall be both pleasing in its character, and elevating in its influence, and adapted to the wants of various occasions. There will be found a large number of Songs and Hymns for the school-room, and selections for juvenile gatherings, social parties, and the family circle. The Rudiments are presented in a brief, but clear and comprehensive manner.

We now submit the DOMINION SONGSTER to the public, hoping that it will be found adequate to the wants of schools, classes, and families.

W. O. PERKINS,  
J. B. NORTON.

Sound is an im-  
pulsed by an impuls  
Tone is a sound  
rupted vibrations

TO THE TEACHER  
Notation, in any o  
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to imitate. The pu  
understanding befor  
or referring to the b

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after the following  
pitch to the syllabl  
add another tone, a  
names of the tones  
plied, and, afterwar

## PART I.

# MUSICAL NOTATION.

### CHAPTER I.

**Sound** is an impression made on the organs of hearing by an impulse or vibration of the air.

**Tone** is a sound produced by the even and uninterrupted vibrations of the air.

**TO THE TEACHER.** In presenting the subject of Musical Notation, in any of its departments, the teacher should give oral instruction, together with suitable examples for the pupils to imitate. The principles should be clearly presented to the understanding before illustrating them upon the black-board, or referring to the book.

In presenting the scale, it is suggested to proceed somewhat after the following order: first, sing a tone at any convenient pitch to the syllable LA, and ask the pupils to imitate; then add another tone, and so on till the scale is complete. The names of the tones, ONE, TWO, THREE, &c., may then be applied, and, afterwards the syllables Do, Re, Mi, &c.

### THE SCALE.

The Scale is a series of eight tones, arranged in a prescribed order.

#### DIAGRAM OF THE SCALE.

8.....	♩.....	Do.
A Minor	Second*	
7.....	♩.....	Si.
A Major	Second.	
6.....	♩.....	LA.
A Major	Second.	
5.....	♩.....	SOL.
A Major	Second.	
4.....	♩.....	FA.
A Minor	Second.	
3.....	♩.....	MI.
A Major	Second.	
2.....	♩.....	RE.
A Major	Second.	
1.....	♩.....	Do.

\* The explanation of Intervals may be deferred for the present.

# MUSICAL NOTATION.

## CHAPTER II.

### PITCH. THE STAFF.

When one tone is sung higher or lower than another, the difference between them is called a difference in *pitch*.

The Pitch of tones is represented upon what is called the Staff, which consists of five parallel lines with the intervening spaces, both of which are called Degrees.

#### THE STAFF ILLUSTRATED.

Degrees.	
Fifth line. ———— 5	Fourth space. ———— 4
Fourth line. ———— 4	Third space. ———— 3
Third line. ———— 3	Second space. ———— 2
Second line. ———— 2	First space. ———— 1
First line. ———— 1	

When more degrees are wanted, short lines are added above or below, thus :

Second line above. ————	Second space above. ————
First line above. ————	First space above. ————
—————	—————
—————	—————
—————	—————
First line below. ————	First space below. ————
Second line below. ————	Second space below. ————

In representing the scale upon the Staff, as many degrees will be used, consecutively, as there are tones in the scale ; viz. eight.

#### EXAMPLES.

##### THE SCALE COMMENCING UPON THE FIRST LINE.

Ascending.

Descending.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1  
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.  
La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La.

##### THE SCALE COMMENCING UPON THE FIRST SPACE.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1  
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.  
La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La.

It will be observed that *One* of the scale may be represented upon any degree of the staff

No. 1.

1 1  
Do, Do, R

No. 2.

1 1  
Do, Do, R

No. 3. C

1 2  
Do, Re,

No. 4. C

1 2  
Do, Re,

No. 5. C

1 2 3  
Do, Re, Mi

MUSICAL NOTATION.

PRACTICAL EXERCISES.

No. 1. Sing by name, syllable, and with la. Commencing upon the first line.

1 1 2 2 1 2 3 3 2 3 4 3 2 1 2 2 3 4 5 5 4 3 2 3 4 4 3 2 2 1  
 Do, Do, Re, Re, Do, Re, Mi, Mi, Re, Mi, Fa, Mi, Re, Do, Re, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Mi, Fa, Fa, Mi, Mi, Re, Re, Do

No. 2. Commencing where †

1 1 2 3 4 4 3 2 3 4 5 5 6 6 5 4 3 2 3 4 5 4 3 2 1  
 Do, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Fa, Mi, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, Sol, La, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do

No. 3. Commencing where †

1 2 3 4 5 5 4 3 2 3 2 1 2 3 4 5 4 3 2 2 1  
 Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Mi, Re, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Re, Do

No. 4. Commencing where †

1 2 3 4 5 5 6 5 6 7 8 7 6 5 5 6 7 6 5 4 3 2 1  
 Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, Sol, La, La, Sol, La, Si, Do, Si, La, Sol, Sol, La, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.

No. 5. Commencing where †

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 7 6 5 5 6 7 6 5 6 5 4 3 2 2 1  
 Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do, Si, La, La, Sol, Sol, La, Si, La, Sol, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Re, Do.





CHAPTER III.

LETTERS, CLEFS, ABSOLUTE PITCH.

The degrees of the Staff are named from the first seven letters of the alphabet: A, B, C, D, E, F, G.

Characters called CLEFS are used to determine the name of each degree.

NOTE. When the Clef is used, each tone represented upon the Staff has Absolute or positive pitch; when no Clef is used, only relative pitch.

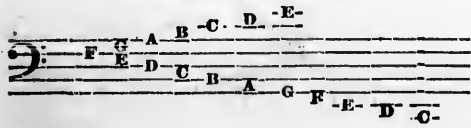
There are two Clefs in common use, viz: the G or Treble Clef, , and the F or Bass Clef, .

THE LETTERS UNDER THE G CLEF.



G A B C D E F G A B C  
F E D C B A G

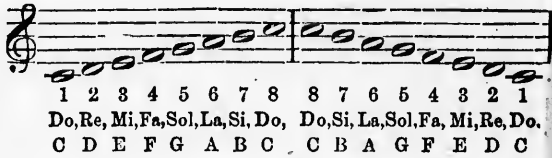
THE LETTERS UNDER THE F CLEF.



F G A B C D E  
F E D C B A G F E D C

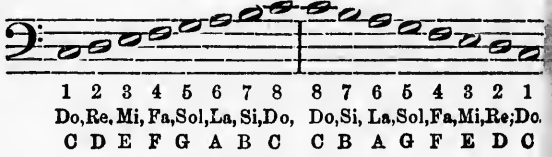
By common consent One of the Scale is written on C, the first added line below under the G Clef, and the second space under the F Clef.

SCALE UNDER THE G CLEF.



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1  
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do, Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.  
C D E F G A B C C B A G F E D C

SCALE UNDER THE F CLEF.



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1  
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do, Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.  
C D E F G A B C C B A G F E D C

CHAPTER IV.

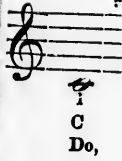
INTERVALS.

The difference in pitch between two tones is called INTERVAL: as from 1 to 2, 4 to 5, &c.

The Interval between two consecutive tones, represented upon adjoining degrees of the staff, is called Second.

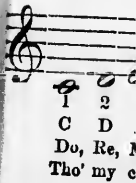
There a  
The Mir  
all the oth

NOTE. S



C  
Do,

NOTE. Pr  
No. 6.



1 2  
C D  
Do, Re, M  
Tho' my c

le is written on  
G Clef, and the

5 4 3 2 1  
Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.  
G F E D C

5 4 3 2 1  
Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.  
G F E D C

## MUSICAL NOTATION.

There are in the scale seven seconds, five large, called Major seconds; and two small, called Minor seconds. The Minor seconds occur between 3 and 4, E and F, or Mi and Fa, and 7 and 8, B and C, or Si and Do all the others are Major.

**NOTE.** See "Diagram of the Scale" on page 3.

### INTERVALS OF THE SCALE REPRESENTED UPON THE STAFF.

Major Second.    Minor Second.    Major Second.    Major Second.    Major Second.    Major Second.    Minor Second.    Major Second.    Major Second.    Major Second.    Minor Second.    Major Second.    Major Second.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1  
C D E F G A B C C B A G F E D C  
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do, Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.

## PRACTICAL EXERCISES.

**NOTE.** Practice the exercises by number, syllable, la, by letter, and sing the words when any are written.

No. 6. Commencing on One.

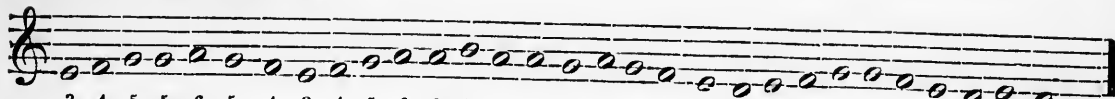
ones is called:

ive tones, rep  
staff, is called

1 2 3 4 5 5 6 5 6 5 4 3 2 3 2 2 3 4 5 5 6 7 6 5 4 3 2 2 3 2 1  
C D E F G G A G A G F E D E D D E F G G A B A G F E D D E D C  
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, Sol, La, Sol, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Mi, Re, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, Sol, La, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Re, Mi, Re, Do  
Tho' my cot be poor and scanty, I am ev-er gay and hap-py; I shall dwell in peace and plenty, If my soul con-tented be.

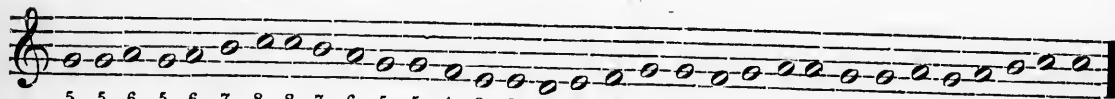
MUSICAL NOTATION.

No. 7. Commencing on Three.



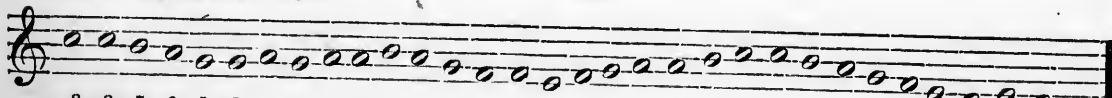
3 4 5 5 6 5 4 3 4 5 6 6 7 6 6 5 6 5 4 3 2 3 4 5 5 4 3 2 3 2 1  
 E F G G A G F E F G A A B A A G A G F E D E F G G F E D E D C.  
 Mi, Fa, Sol, Sol, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, La, Si, La, La, Sol, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Mi, Re, Do.  
 Birds are in the forest thronging, On this joyful, happy morning, Singing at the dew-y dawning, In the lovely month of May.

No. 8. Commencing on Five.



5 5 6 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 5 4 3 3 2 3 4 5 5 4 5 6 6 5 5 6 5 6 7 8 8  
 G G A G A B C C B A G G F E E D E F G G F G A A G G A G A B C C  
 Sol, Sol, La, Sol, La, Sol, La, Si, Do, Do, Si, La, Sol, Sol, Fa, Mi, Mi, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, Sol, Fa, Sol, La, La, Sol, Sol, La, Sol, La, Si, Do, Do.  
 Pleasant in the hour of singing, Cheerful voices sweetly ringing, Singing now in strains of gladness, Nought to fear of care or sadness.

No. 9. Commencing on Eight.



8 8 7 6 5 5 6 5 6 6 7 6 5 4 4 3 4 5 6 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 3 2 1  
 C C B A G G A G A A B A G F F E F G A A B C C B A G F E D E D C  
 Do, Do, Si, La, Sol, Sol, La, Sol, La, La, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Fa, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, La, Si, Do, Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Mi, Re, Do.  
 Day by day new light discerning, Song will bless the path of learning, Ev'ry-where sweet music ringing, Nature evermore is singing.

Notes  
 Whole  
 Half  
 Quart  
 Eight  
 Sixteen  
 Thirty  
 Notes  
 length.  
 A dot  
 to the va  
 note, (P  
 A dott  
 rests, (V  
 When  
 the secon  
 In the  
 with more



# MUSICAL NOTATION


## CHAPTER V.

### NOTES AND RESTS.



Notes represent tones. Rests indicate silence.

Whole notes.  Whole rests. 

Half note.  Half rest. 



Quarter note.  Quarter rest. 



Eighth note.  Eighth rest. 

Sixteenth note.  Sixteenth rest. 

Thirty-second note.  Thirty-second rest. 

Notes and rests have no positive, only a relative length.

A dot (·) placed after a note or rest, adds one half to the value of the note or rest; thus, a dotted half note, () is equal to three quarters. ()

A dotted half rest, () equal to three quarter rests, ()

When two dots (··) are placed after a note or rest, the second adds one half the value of the first.

## CHAPTER VI.

### RHYTHM, MEASURE, TIME.

In the performance of music some tones are given with more force, or louder than others. This is called



Accent. Rhythm is the regular recurring accent, or pulsation, in music or poetry. Rhythm is represented to the eye by lines drawn vertically across the staff, called Bars.

The music, or that portion of the staff, contained between two bars, is called a Measure.

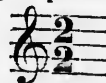


A Measure with two parts is called DOUBLE MEASURE, three parts, TRIPLE MEASURE, four parts, QUADRUPL MEASURE, six parts, SEXTUPLE MEASURE.

The kind of measure is indicated by a figure placed after the clef, on the upper part of the staff, thus:

Double Measure,  Triple Measure, &c. 

Each kind of measure may have as many varieties as there are kinds of notes, represented by a figure placed under the one indicating the measure, thus:



The upper figure also expresses the number of notes, of the denomination indicated by the lower figure, that would be required to fill a measure.

DOUBLE MEASURE, accented on the first part.

1st part. 2d part.                      1st part. 2d part.

Loud. Soft.                                      Loud. Soft.

The several parts of the measure may be counted, or indicated by different motions of the hand, called *Beating Time*. In Double Measure there are two beats, (down and up.)

No. 10.

down. up. d. u. d. u. d. u. d. u. d. u. d. u.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Sing by number, letter, *la* and syllable, beating the time.  
Let us all be up and doing, Ever working and pursuing.

Italian words are used to indicate the 'Time or movement of a piece of music, as : Adagio, Largo, Lento—very slow ; Andante, Andantino—slow ; Moderato—moderate ; Allegretto—quite fast ; Allegro—fast ; Presto, Vivace—very fast.

NOTE. In the following exercises the time may be changed from slow to fast, and *vice versa*.

No. 11. Moderato. What kind of Measure? Which variety? What time?

1 2 3 2 3 4 5 5 6 6 5 5 4 3 2 2 3 4 5 5 6 7 6 5 4 4 3 3 2 2 1 1

C D E E D E F G G A A G G F E D D E F G G A B A G F F E E D D C C  
Do, Re, Mi, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, Sol, La, La, Sol, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, Sol, La, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Fa, Mi, Mi, Re, Re, Do, Do.  
Kind protecting God in heaven, Good from thee is ever flowing; Thou hast sent me sweetest slumber, And thy gifts art e'er be-stowing.

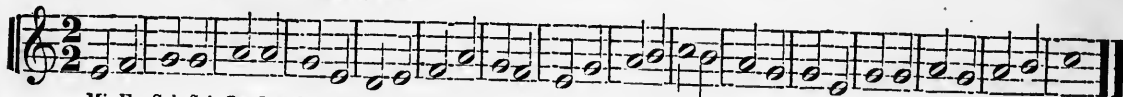
No. 12. Adagio. Sing Adagio, then Moderato, then Allegro. Always sing by syllable, *la*, letter, &c.

1 2 3 3 4 5 6 7 8 7 6 6 5 5 4 3 4 3 2 3 4 5 4 3 2 1

Bright spring days, happy days! Give for them to God all praise; Birds do sing, on the wing, Chanting forth their joyous lays.

MUSICAL NOTATION.

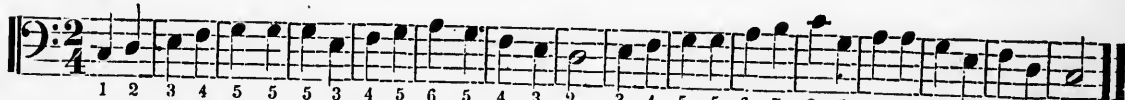
No. 13. Commencing with what syllable?



Mi, Fa, Sol, Sol, La, La, Sol, Mi, Re, Mi, Fa, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Sol, La, Si, Do, Si, La, Sol, Sol, Mi, Sol, Sol, La, Sol, La, Si, Do.

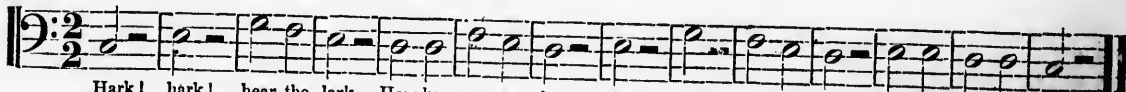
1. Hark! how loud the bells are swelling, All their tongues of iron telling! Time doth hasten while we're slumb'ring, Soon will life and time be o'er's.
2. Pow'rless are we while we're sleeping, Yet the angels watch are keeping; Trustful, hopeful, on we're wand'ring, Heav'n will guard us by the way.

No. 14.



1 2 3 4 5 5 5 3 4 5 6 5 4 3 2 3 4 5 5 6 7 8 5 6 6 5 3 4 2 1  
 C D E F G G G E F G A G F E D E F G G A B C G A A G E F D C  
 Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, Sol, Sol, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, Sol, La, Si, Do, Sol, La, La, Sol, Mi, Fa, Re, Do.  
 La, la, la, la, &c.

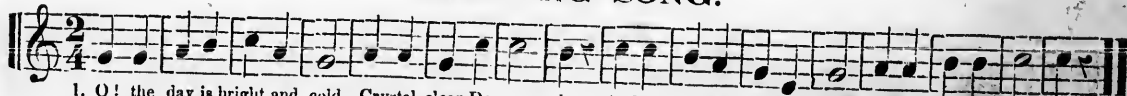
No. 15. Name the syllables and letters before singing them.



Hark! hark! hear the lark, How he soars a - long, Sing, sing, all the day, Sing his mer-ry song.

No. 16.

SKATING SONG.



1. O! the day is bright and cold, Crystal, clear De - cem - ber; And it bids the skater bold, Golden sports re - mem - ber.
2. Come, it is our hol - y - day, In - door tasks are end - ed; Healthy life wants hearty play, With our study blend - ed.
3. On the fro - zen lake we wheel, Each the oth - er chas - ing; On the ice with shining steel, Man - y circles trac - ing.

MUSICAL NOTATION

TRIPLE MEASURE has three parts, accented on the first.

EXAMPLES.

One, two, three.  
Accented, unaccented, unac.  
Down, left, up.

One, two, three.  
Accented, unac. unac.  
Down, left, up.

One, two, three.  
Ac. unac. unac.  
Down, left, up.

No. 17. Andante. What kind of measure? How many beats? How accented?

Do, Do, Re, Mi, Mi, , Sol, Sol, Sol, La, La, Si, Do, Do, Do, Si, La, La, Sol, Fa, Fa, Fa, Mi, Mi, Re, Do.

No. 18. Moderato.

Come to the wood! To the wood come! There 'mid the sing-ing of birds let us roam, let us roam.

No. 19. Two parts.

COME TO ME.

1. Come from the moon-tain, Come from the sea, While sounds sweet mu-sic, Come, come to me.  
2. When moon-beams spark-le Bright on the dew, Dance we our meas-ure, Nim-ble and true.  
3. Come to our ma-sic, Soft as the breeze, Dance we till morn-ing, 'Mid the green trees.

No. 1

T

1. C

3. G

No. 2

QUADRU

One

Down

Ac.

MUSICAL NOTATION.

No. 20.

OVER THE SEA.

two, three.  
unac. unac.  
left, up.

1 1 2 3 3 2 1 5 6 6 5 3 4 3 2 3 5 4 3 2 1  
 Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la.  
 1. O - ver the sea, o - ver the sea, Swell the sounds of sweet mel - o - dy, of sweet mel - o - dy.  
 3. Glad hearts have we, hap - py and free, Singing on the deep, dark blue sea, the deep, dark blue sea.

No. 21. Sing each part separately, then both together.

Mi, Mi, Re, Do.

do, mi, mi, sol, mi, re, mi, fa, mi, (quarter rests.) do, si, do, la, la, sol, fa, mi, re, do.

let us roam.

do, do, mi, do, fa, mi, re, do, do, re, mi, re, do, fa, fa, mi, fa, sol, sol, do.

QUADRUPLE MEASURE has four parts, accented on the first and third.

EXAMPLES.

ne to me.  
and true.  
green trees.

One, two, three, four.  
Down, left, right, up.  
Ac. unac. ac. unac.

One, two, three, four.  
Down, left, right, up.  
Ac. unac. ac. unac.

One, two, three, four.  
Down, left, right, up.  
Ac. unac. sc. unac.



## No. 22.

Double note, four beats.

Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do, do, si, la, sol, fa, mi, re, do.

(whole rest.)

## No. 23.

Birds that in the forest throng, Sing a joyful, hap-py song: Sing with glee, all the day, In the lovely month of May.

## No. 24. Moderato.

## GOODNESS OF GOD.

1. Tho' I wander blindly, Till in death I sleep, God, the Lord will kind-ly Me in safe-ty keep.  
2. He whose love hath won me, Still to trust his care, Will not put up - on me More than I can bear.  
3. And should care op-press me, Near him will I stay, So his love shall bless me Ev'-ry coming day.

## No. 25. Allegretto. A piece of music may commence on either part of the measure.

1. Awake, awake the tuneful voice, And strike the joyful strings; We'll pour the merry notes along, Till heav'n with music rings.  
2. Hark! hark! those sweet concordant notes, That breathe a magic spell, That seem like sounds which angels sing, Where holy beings dwell.

## No. 26.

# MUSICAL NOTATION.

**SEXTUPLE MEASURE** has six parts, accented on the first and fourth.

## EXAMPLES.

Two musical staves showing sextuple measures. The first staff is in 6/4 time and the second is in 6/8 time. Both show six notes with accents on the first and fourth notes.

One, two, three, four, five, six.  
 Down, left, left, right, up, up.  
 Ac. unac. unac. ac. unac. unac.

One, two, three, four, five, six.  
 Down, left, left, right, up, up.  
 Ac. unac. unac. ac. unac. unac.

No. 27.

Musical notation for exercise No. 27 in 6/8 time. The melody consists of sixteenth notes with lyrics underneath.

Do, re, mi, sol, la, si, do, sol, sol, mi, fa, sol, do, la, si, do, sol, fa, mi, fa, mi, re, do.

## CHAPTER VII.

**EXERCISES, EXPRESSION, SYNCOPATION, &c.** The tie (—) connects two or more notes to be sung to one syllable.

No. 23.

Musical notation for exercise No. 23 in 6/8 time. A tie connects two notes over a bar line. Lyrics are provided below the notes.

Far away we're smoothly gliding, O'er the moonlit sea, Not a cloud the heavens veiling, hap-py now are we.

A hold (∞) placed over a note or rest indicates that the time of the note or rest may be prolonged.

No. 29. Andantino.

## MORNING SONG.

Musical notation for 'Morning Song' in 6/4 time. The melody is written on a single staff with lyrics underneath.

sol, mi, re, do, si, la, si, do, sol, sol, do, do, do, si, do, re, sol, do, re, mi, do, re, do, si, la, fa, mi, do, re, do, si, do.

1. The night is gone, the day is here, And still I live and move; The God who governs all the year, How constant is his love.
2. To my al-lot-ted task I go With joy and right good will; No harm I fear, for well I know Thou wilt avert all ill.
3. All that I do to thee is known, Who dost my wants supply; My rising up and lying down, Are subject to thine eye.

When tones higher than EIGHT are sung, EIGHT is to be considered as ONE (See No. 29), and when tones lower than ONE are sung, ONE is to be considered as EIGHT.

No. 30.

## PRAISE OF SONG.



1. Song doth the soul en - liv - en, And fill the heart with joy; Yes, God the gift hath giv - en Our sorrows to de - stroy.  
 2. Then tune your cheerful voic - es, Like birds that soar a - bove; Let him whose heart rejoic - es, Sing songs of joy and love.

Dots ( ∴ ) drawn across the staff indicate that the music should be repeated.

DAL SEGNO or D. S. signifies repeat to the sign. ( § )

No. 31.

## SPRING.

Musical notation for No. 31, 'SPRING.' The piece is in 4/4 time and consists of two staves: a treble clef staff for the vocal line and a bass clef staff for the accompaniment. The vocal line features a complex melody with many beamed notes. The accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note bass line. The piece includes a repeat sign (∴) and a 'D. S.' (Da Segno) instruction. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

1. Spring is softly, gently gliding Over wood, and vale and dell; Dreary winter, cold and gray, For a fairy weaves a spell, Weaves, and spins his fun'ral  
 Steals re-luctantly a-way. [kuell,  
 2. Silently she passes onward, O'er the hill-side and the plain; Tender grasses spring to meet) Bright-wing'd birds a happy train, Sing her praise a Joy-  
 Gently by her falling feet. [ous strain.

Sol. Sol.

Da C

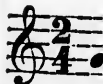
No.



D. C.

When  
indicated

No. 33



1. Com  
2. Com



When p  
There th

DA CARO or D. C. signifies repeat from the beginning and end at the word FINE.

No. 32.

AUTUMN.

{ Far, far, o'er hill and dale, Green woods are changing,  
 { Autumn has ma - ny hues, Slow - ly ar - ranging. }  
 D. C. God pours from o - pen hand, With love un . . . . changing. } And o'er the smil - ing land, Fruits as the countless sand,

When three notes are sung in the usual time of two of the same kind, they are called a TRIPLET, usually indicated by the figure three placed over or under them. (p p p) equal (p p). (♩ ♩ ♩) equal (♩ ♩).

No. 33.

THE GREENWOOD.

1. Come, come to the greenwood, Come mer - ri - ly now, Where rip - ple sweet fountains, Where trembles the bough,  
 2. Come, come to the greenwood, Come mer - ri - ly now, Where hid - eth the flow - ers, Fair 'neath the green bough;

When pass - eth young zeph - yr, Light danc - ing a - long, There ras - ties the as - pen, Soft to his sweet song,  
 These thro' the warm noon - tide We'll cheer - ful - ly stray, While ring the fair ech - oes Blithe to the sweet lay.

The **TIE** (See No. 28,) also indicates a smooth, connected style of performance, when drawn over or under several notes, called **LEGATO**. The **STACCATO** mark ('), indicates that the tone should be made short and detached: the dot (·) signifies **DEMI** (or half,) **STACCATO**.

No. 34.

Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la, la, la.

The explosive mark (>) indicates that the tone should be attacked suddenly and with force. When the accent is thrown upon the unaccented part of the measure, it is called **SYNCOPIATION**.

No. 35.

No. 36.

Do, re, mi, 1, 2, 3, la, la, la, Now sing high, E, F, G, 3, 4, 5, Now we go down below, E, D, C, Sing with glee, ho, ho, ho, mi, re, do.

Words signifying different degrees of force—Expression: **PIANISSIMO**, or **pp**, very soft. **PIANO**, or **p**, soft. **MEZZO PIANO**, or **mp**, middling soft. **MEZZO**, or **m**, medium degree of force. **MEZZO FORTE**, or **mf**, middling loud. **FORTE**, or **f**, loud. **FORTISSIMO**, or **ff**, very loud. **CRESCENDO**, **CRES** or  $\text{<}$ , commence soft and increase gradually. **DIMINUENDO**, **DIM**, or  $\text{>}$ , commence loud and diminish. **SWELL**  $\text{<}$ , increase and diminish. **SPORTZANDO**, or **sfz**. **FORTZANDO**, or **fz**,  $\text{>}$ ,  $\text{V}$ ,  $\text{A}$ , strong accent. **DOLCE**, soft, and with delicate expression. **RALLENTANDO**, **RALL**, **RITARD** or **RIT**, signify, sing slower and slower. **AD LIB**, signifies at the pleasure of the performer.

No. 37.

*p*

Mark!

Mark!

No. 38.

*p*

1. Little!

2. Doubt!

Cres.

While I pick  
Pleasure bear

No. 37.

*p mp Cres. mf f ff*

Hark! hark! the lark, hark! hark! how gaily, how gaily he sings; hark! hark! See from the tree tops how swiftly he springs.

*p mp Cres. mf f ff*

Hark! hark! the lark, hark! hark! how gaily he sings, he sings; See from the tree-tops how swiftly he springs.

LITTLE BIRD.

JOHN HULL. By permission

No. 38. Allegretto. What kind of Measure? Commencing on which part?

*p pp*

1. Little bird with bosom red, Welcome to my humble shed; Daily near my table steal, While I pick my scanty meal,
2. Doubt not, little tho' thou be, But I'll cast a crumb to thee; Well rewarded if I spy Pleasure beaming in thine eye,

*Cres. mf p Cres.*

While I pick my scanty meal. { Ask of me thy daily store, }  
 Pleasure beaming in thine eye. { Ever welcome to my door. } Ask of me thy daily store, Ev-er vel-come to my door.

## MUSICAL NOTATION.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## CHROMATIC SCALE.

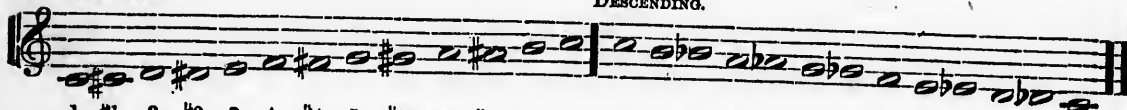
Between the tones of the scale which from a Major second an intermediate tone may be introduced, as between 1 and 2, 5 and 6. No intermediate tone can occur between 3 and 4, or 7 and 8.

The Chromatic Scale consists of thirteen tones. The intermediate tone is represented on the same degree of the staff as the one which precedes it, and receives the same name with the word *sharp* or *flat* prefixed, (as *sharp one*, *flat two*, and called by the same letter with the word *sharp* or *flat* suffixed, (as *C sharp*, *D flat*.)

## CHROMATIC SCALE. NAMES, LETTERS AND SYLLABLES.

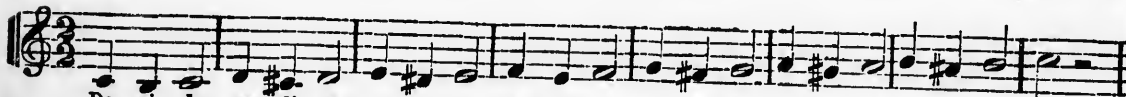
ASCENDING.

DESCENDING.



1, #1, 2, #2, 3, 4, #4, 5, #5, 6, #6, 7, 8. 8, 7, b7, 6, b6, 5, b5, 4, 3, b3, 2, b2, 1.  
 C, C#, D, D#, E, F, F#, G, G#, A, A#, B, C. C, B, Bb, Ab, G, Gb, F, E, Eb, D, Db, C.  
 Do, Di, Re, Ri, Mi, Fa, Fi, Sol, Si, La, Li, Si. Do. Do, Si, Se, La, Le, Sol, Se, Fa, Mi, Me, Re, Re, Do.

No. 39.



Do, si, do, re, di, re, mi, ri, mi, fa, mi, fa, sol, fa, sol, la, si, la, si, li, si, do.



si, do, si, la, se, la, scl, le, sol, fa, se, fa, mi, fa, me, re, me, re, do, re, do.

The J  
FLAT, (C  
flatted C

NOTE.  
dictated by  
same deg

No. 4



So

Besides  
differing in

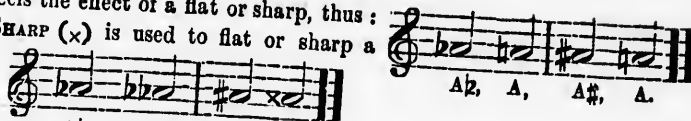
ASCEN



I  
A  
La

# MUSICAL NOTATION.

The NATURAL ( $\natural$ ) cancels the effect of a flat or sharp, thus :  
 FLAT, ( $b$ ) or DOUBLE SHARP ( $\times$ ) is used to flat or sharp a  
 flatted or sharped, thus :

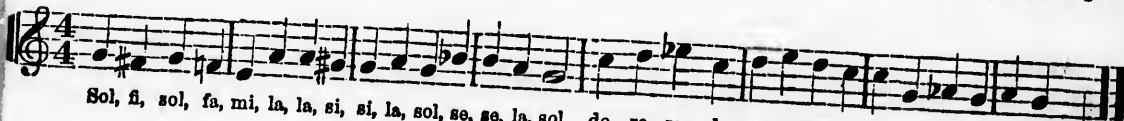


The Double note previously

$A\flat$ , A double flat,  $A\sharp$ , A double sharp.

NOTE. All the notes on the same degree with a flat or sharp, in the same measure, are affected by it, unless contradicted by a natural. If the last note in a measure, which is sharped or flatted, and the first note in the next measure are on the same degree, that note is affected by the sharp or flat till contradicted by a natural, or until a note occurs on another degree.

No. 40.



Sol, si, sol, fa, mi, la, la, si, si, la, sol, se, se, la, sol, do, re, me, do, re, mi, re, do, do, sol, le, sol, la, sol, do.

## CHAPTER IX.

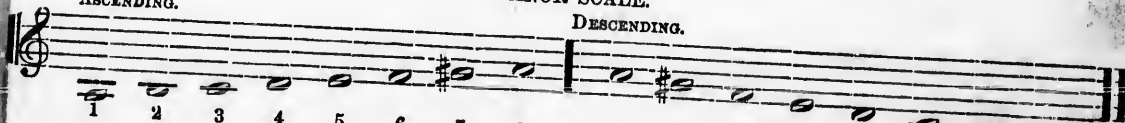
### MINOR SCALE.

Besides the Major and Chromatic scales, already explained, there is another, consisting of eight tones, and differing in the order of its intervals, called the MINOR SCALE.

ASCENDING.

MINOR SCALE.

DESCENDING.

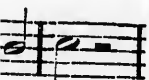


1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	8	7	6	5	4	3	2
A	B	C	D	E	F	G $\sharp$	A	A	G $\sharp$	F	E	D	C	B
La,	Si,	Do.	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Si,	La,	La,	Si,	Fa,	Mi,	Re,	Do,	Si,

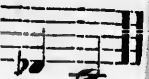
e introduced, as  
 the same degree  
 or flat prefixed,  
 sharp, D flat.)



2, b2, 1.  
 D, D $\flat$ , C.  
 Re, Re, Do.



si, do.



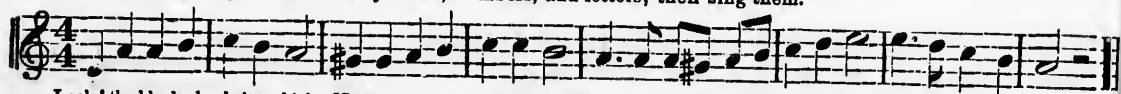
re, do.



The intervals from 2 to 3, 5 to 6, and 7 to 8 are Minor seconds: from 1 to 2, 3 to 4, and from 4 to 5 Major seconds; from 6 to 7 (F to G $\sharp$ ) an Augmented second.

NOTE. A piece of music is said to be in the Key of the letter which is one of the scale.

No. 41. What Key? Name the syllables, numbers, and letters; then sing them.



Look! the black cloud rises high, Now it spreads along the sky! See! the quiv'ring lightning fly, Hark! the thunder's roar

CHAPTER X.

TRANSPOSITION.

When any other letter than C in the Major or A in the Minor is taken for One, the Scale is said to be transposed. To transpose the Scale is to change its position upon the staff, i. e., change its pitch higher or lower.

In transposing, the order of seconds must be preserved in the representation, to accomplish which, it will be found necessary to use some of the intermediate tones of the Chromatic scale.

The first transposition is to G, a fifth above C. Transposing by fifths is called transposing forward, and is accomplished by means of sharps.

EXAMPLE ILLUSTRATING THE TRANSPOSITION OF THE SCALE A FIFTH.  
KEY OF C.

1	2	3	4	$\sharp$ 4	5	6	7	8
Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	F $\sharp$ ,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.
KEY OF G.								
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.	

It will  
and trans  
The n  
key.) I  
the Major

NOTE. T

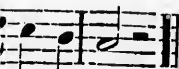
No. 42

No. 43.

What

from 4 to 5 Major

It will be observed on the preceding page that *Sharp four* is the tone taken from the Chromatic scale in C, and transferred to the Key of G. In transposing by fifths, Sharp four becomes Seven in the next key. The number of flats or sharps at the beginning of a piece of music are called the Signature. (Sign of the key.) Each Signature has two keys, a Major and a Minor; the Minor being a sixth above or a third below the Major.

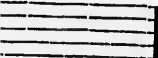


thunder's roar

is said to be trans-  
higher or lower.  
h which, it will b

g forward, and i

H.



7 Si,  
3 Do.

SCALE IN G MAJOR. SIGNATURE OF ONE SHARP.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
G	A	B	C	D	E	F#	G	G	A	B	C	D	E	F#	G
Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.	Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.

NOTE. The Minor Scale can be transposed the same as the Major, and written in the several keys by the teacher, if thought advisable.

No. 42. What Signature? What letter is sharped? What Key? Why?

1 1 2 2 3 3 2 mi, fa, sol, sol, la, la, sol, e d d b c a b la, la, la, la, la, la.

No. 43. Sing each part separately, then both together.

Do, re, mi, fa, sol, mi, fa, mi, re, mi, fa, re, mi, re, do, si, do, re, mi, sol, fa, mi, re, do, re, do, si, do.

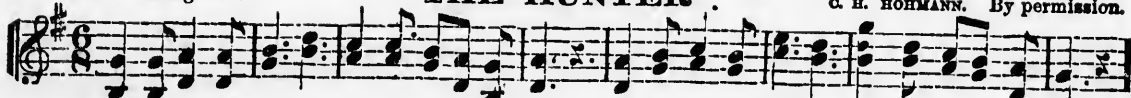
What rest?

Do, re, mi, do, re, do, si, do, la, si, do, re, mi, fa, mi, re, do, si, si, do, si, la, fa, sol, sol, do.

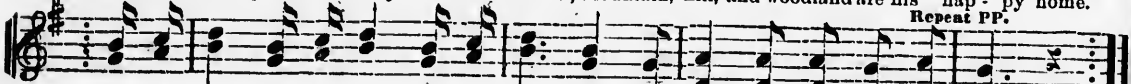
## No. 44. Allegretto.

## THE HUNTER.

C. H. HOHMANN. By permission.

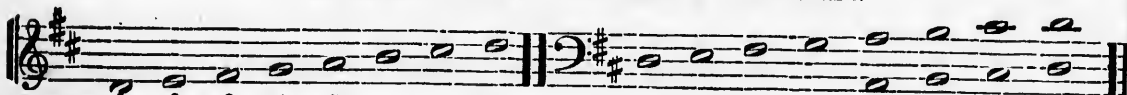


1. Cheer-ly the huntsman at the dawn of day, Armed with bow and arrow, comes to seek his prey.  
 2. Thro' the sweeping for-est free-ly he doth-roam; Mountain, hill, and woodland are his hap-py home.



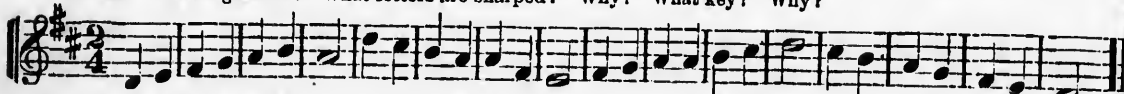
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la.

SCALE IN D MAJOR. SIGNATURE OF TWO SHARPS.



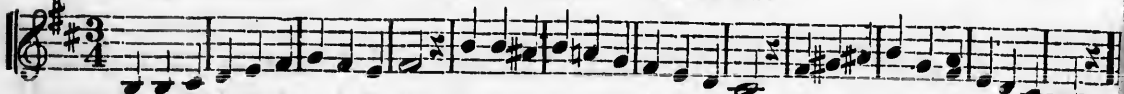
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
D	E	F#	G	A	B	C#	D	D	E	F#	G	A	B	C#	D
Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.	Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.

No. 45. What signature? What letters are sharped? Why? What key? Why?



1 2 3 4 5 6 5 8 7 6 5 5 3 2 3 4 5 5 6 7 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

No. 46. Key of B Minor. Why? What kind of measure? How accented?



1 1 2 3 4 5 6 5 4 5 8 8 7 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 5 6 7 8 6 5 4 3 2 1  
 La, la, si, do, re, mi, fa, mi, re, mi, la, la, si, la, sol, fa, mi, re, do, si, mi, fi, si, la, fa, mi, re, do, si la.

MUSICAL NOTATION.

No. 47. Moderato.

WHAT IS TIME?

1. What is time, O glorious Giv-er, With its restlessness and might, But a lost and wand'ring river, Working back into the light?  
 2. Ceaselessly its waves are call-ing To our days, that, as they fade Thro' the sunsets still are falling To its realm of ancient shade.  
 3. O-ver-hung with mist-like shadows, Stretch its shores a-way, a-way, To the long, delightful meadows Shining with immortal May:  
 4. Where its moaning reaches never, Passion, pain or fear to move, And the changes bring us ever, Sabbaths and newmoons of love.

SCALE IN A MAJOR. SIGNATURE OF THREE SHARPS.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
A	B	C#	D	E	F#	G#	A
Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
A	B	C#	D	E	F#	G#	A
Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.

No. 48.

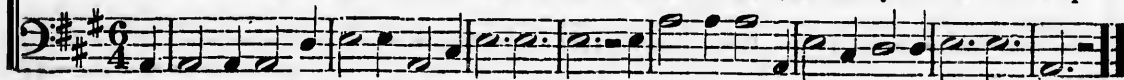
Do, do, re, re, mi, fa, sol, fa, mi, re, do, si, do, re, do, si, la, sol, do, re, mi, sol, la, sol, fa, mi, re, do.  
 La, la, la, la, etc.

No. 49.

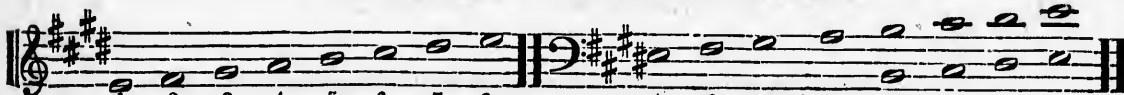
GOD OVER ALL.



1. The lark pours forth a song of love, her joy to tell; And God who hears it from above, it pleaseth well.  
 2. O'er ev'ry creature that doth fly, or walk, or creep, An ev-er constant, watchful eye their God doth keep.

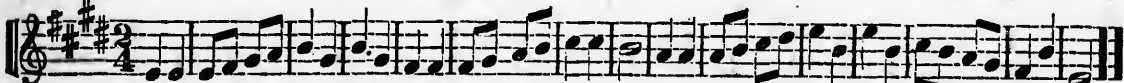


SCALE IN E MAJOR. SIGNATURE OF FOUR SHARPS.



1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
E	F#	G#	A	B	C#	D#	E	E	F#	G#	A	B	C#	D#	E
Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.	Do	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.

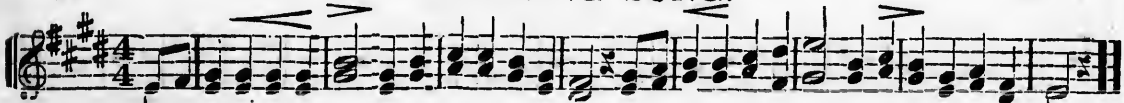
No. 50.



Do, do, do, re, mi, fa, sol, mi, sol, mi, re, re, re, re, mi, fa, sol, la, la, sol, fa, fa, fa, sol, la, si, do, sol, do, sol, la, sol, fa, mi, re, sol, do.

No. 51.

EVENING SONG.



1. The world is hush'd in stillness, And night succeeds the day; The silv'ry moon above us Pur-sues her si-lent way.  
 2. I know that thou in mer-cy Wilt my Pro-tec-tor be; O God, our heav'nly Father, Turn not thy face from me.

MUSICAL NOTATION.

No. 53. Andante.

BOAT SONG.

1. By the moonlight pale and tender, O'er the sleeping lake we float, Ev'ry breath of whisp'ring zeyhyrs, Lightly rocks our little boat.
2. Here we float in joyful silence, Close along the moonlit shore; While the water's placid bosom, Dimples to the dipping oar.

Transposing a fourth, backward, is accomplished by the use of flats.

EXAMPLE ILLUSTRATING THE TRANSPOSITION OF THE SCALE A FOURTH  
KEY OF C.

Flat seven is the tone in the Chromatic Scale used in the above transposition. In transposing by flats Flat seven becomes Four in the next key.

MUSICAL NOTATION.

SCALE IN F MAJOR. SIGNATURE OF ONE FLAT.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8      1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8  
 F G A B $\flat$  C D E F      F G A B $\flat$  C D E F  
 Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.      Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.

No. 53. What Signature? What letter is flatted? What Key? Why?

1 1 2 3 4 5 6 5 7 8 8 7 6 5 6 5 4 3 2 3 2

No. 54.

Fi.

No. 55.

THE BLACK-BIRD

HOHMANN.

The black-bird is singing her sweet ev'ning pray'r, A thrill of devotion stirs soft-ly the air; The breeze of the

morn-ing u-nites with her lays, And bids us de-vout-ly Sing forth in God's praise.

MUSICAL NOTATION.  
HURRAH! HURRAH!

No. 56. Lively.

7 8  
E F  
Si, Do.

1. Come, come, come, Come let us make our voi - ces ring, Hur - rah! hur - rah! hur -  
2. Come, come, come, We nev - er mind the burn - ing sun, Hur - rah! hur - rah! hur -  
3. Come, come, come, Let joy and glad - ness fill each breast, Hur - rah! hur - rah! hur -

3 2

- rah! And sing the songs we love to sing, Hur - rah! hur - rah! hur - rah!  
- rah! But off to school with joy we run, Hur - rah! hur - rah! hur - rah!  
- rah! We in our plays and stud - ies blest, Hur - rah! hur - rah! hur - rah!

KEY OF B $\flat$  MAJOR. SIGNATURE OF TWO FLATS.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8  
B $\flat$  C D E $\flat$  F G A B $\flat$   
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8  
B $\flat$  C D E $\flat$  F G A B $\flat$   
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.

No. 57. What Signature? What letters are flatted? What Key?

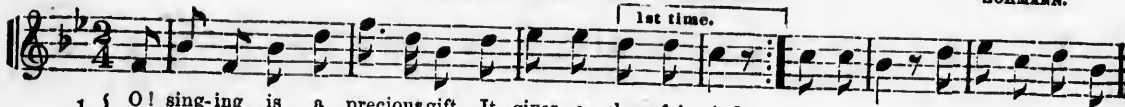
God's praise.

Do, do, re, mi, re, do, do, si, la, sol, fa, mi, sol, do, re, mi, re, do, si, si, do, re, do. si, do, mi, fa, sol, fa, mi, fa, mi, re, do.



MUSICAL NOTATION.  
PRAISE OF SINGING.

ROHMANN.



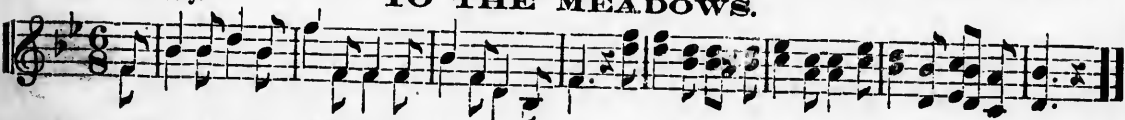
1. { O! sing-ing is a pre-cious gift, It gives a cheer-ful mind,  
And makes us ev - er prompt and swift, For du - ty..... well inclined. It makes the hour of
2. { The smallest bird sings loud and clear His joy - ous, mer - ry lays,  
So soon the morn-ing doth appear, He tunes his..... hymn of praise. He sings, and sings till



toil seem less ; For when 'tis scarce be - gun, With mer - ry song and cheerfulness, The work is near - ly done.  
day is done, Then rests but lit - tle while, The bet - ter to en - joy at morn Cre - a - tion's hap - py smile.

No. 59. Lively.

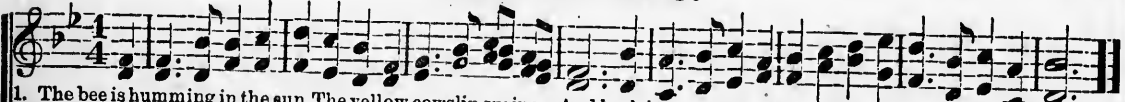
## TO THE MEADOWS.



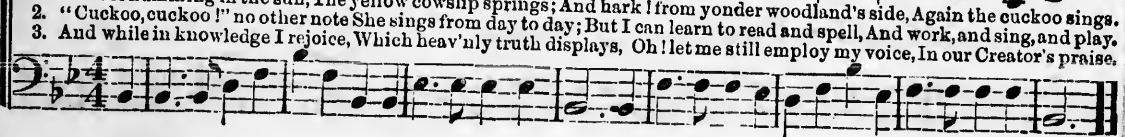
1. The sunshine bright invites us all O'er God's wide world to roam ; Then cheerfully obey the call, And to the meadows come.
2. The murm'ring stream is never still, But merrily flows on, We hear the zephyr's gentle thrill ; 'Tis here and quickly gone.

No. 60.

## THE CUCKOO.



1. The bee is humming in the sun, The yellow cowslip springs ; And hark ! from yonder woodland's side, Again the cuckoo sings.
2. "Cuckoo, cuckoo !" no other note She sings from day to day ; But I can learn to read and spell, And work, and sing, and play.
3. And while in knowledge I rejoice, Which heav'nly truth displays, Oh ! let me still employ my voice, In our Creator's praise.



No.  
No. 61

No.  
No. 62

No. 63

1. I come,  
2. I come,

MUSICAL NOTATION

KEY OF E FLAT MAJOR. SIGNATURE OF THREE FLATS.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
E $\flat$	F	G	A $\flat$	B $\flat$	C	D	E $\flat$	E $\flat$	F	G	A $\flat$	B $\flat$	C	D	E $\flat$
Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.	Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.

No. 61. What Signature? What Key? Why? What letters are flatted?

Do, re, mi, re, mi, fa, sol, la, sol, fa, mi, re, do, si, la, sol. do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do, si, la, sol, fa mi, re, do.

No. 62. KEY OF C MINOR. Name the syllables before singing.

COMING OF SPRING.

No. 63. Name and sing the syllables, letters, etc.

1. I come, I come from southern lands, Where skies are bright and clear; Where orange trees are waving green At all times of the year  
 2. I come, I come with open hands, And scatter flowers free: I fling them down in forest dells, And by the bounding sea.

MUSICAL NOTATION.

No. 64. Andantino.

THE VIOLET.

1. Down in a green and shady bed, A mod-est violet grew; Its stalk was bent, It hung its head, As if to hide from view; And  
 2. Yet there it was con-tent to bloom, In modest tints array'd; And there diffuse a sweet per-fume, Within its silent shade; Then

yet is was a love-ly flow'r, Its colors bright and fair; It might have grac'd a ro-sy bow'r, In-stead of hid-ing there.  
 let me to this val-ley go, This pretty flow'r to see; That I may always learn to grow In sweet hu-mil-i-ty.

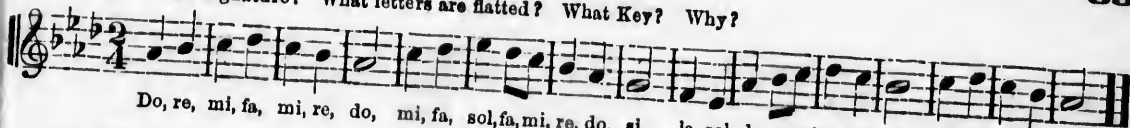
SCALE IN A FLAT MAJOR. SIGNATURE OF FOUR FLATS.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
A $\flat$	B $\flat$	C	D $\flat$	E $\flat$	F	G	A $\flat$
Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
A $\flat$	B $\flat$	C	D $\flat$	E $\flat$	F	G	A $\flat$
Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.

MUSICAL NOTATION.

No. 65. What Signature? What letters are flatted? What Key? Why?



Do, re, mi, fa, mi, re, do, mi, fa, sol, fa, mi, re, do, si, la, sol, do, re, mi, fa, mi, re, mi, fa, mi, re, do.

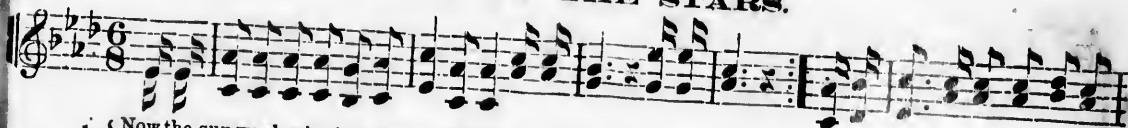
No. 66. KEY OF F MINOR. What number of the scale is the first note?



La, si, do, si, la, si, la.

No. 67. Moderato.

SONG OF THE STARS.



1. { Now the sun was beginning his journey wide thro' the sky, thro' the sky,  
 { And the little stars said, "we'll together ride thro' the sky, thro' the sky." }  
 2. { Then the little stars went to the silv'ry moon in the night, in the night; } "No, no, no," said the sun, "ye must  
 { And they said, "wilt thou grant us one little boon, in the night, in the night. } Let us journey with thee for thy



stay behind, For the light of my car your bright eyes will blind, In the fi - ery ride thro' the sky, thro' the sky."  
 gen - tle light, Surely nev - er can injure our eyes so bright." So she bade them come in the night, in the night.

from view; And  
 ent shade; Then

ing there.  
 i - ty.

7 8  
 G A<sub>2</sub>  
 Si, Do.

No. 68. Cheerfully.

## MAY SONG.

*p* *mp* *res.*

1. Hark! the vil-lage bells are ring-ing, ring-ing round with mer-ry glee ;  
 2. Now the pret-ty flow'rs are springing, springing to the op'ning day, Hark! the pret-ty birds are  
 Ev'-ry balm-y breeze is

sing-ing, sing-ing sweet on ev'-ry tree. 'Tis the mer-ry, mer-ry month of May,  
 fling-ing, fling-ing fra-grance ev'-ry way. 'Tis the mer-ry, etc,

*f* 1st time. *ff* 2d time.

the mer-ry month of May: The mer-ry month of May.

PART II.

A BOAT TO CROSS THE FERRY.  
ROUND IN THREE PARTS.

pret-ty birds are  
balm-y breeze is

1 2 3  
A boat, a boat, to cross the ferry, We'll float and sing, and all be merry. Sing, sing, sing and be merry.

GOOD NIGHT TO YOU ALL.  
ROUND IN THREE PARTS.

h of May,

1 2 3  
Good night to you all, And sweet be your sleep, May angels around you their silent watch keep, Good night, good night, good night

THE SEASONS. ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.

May.

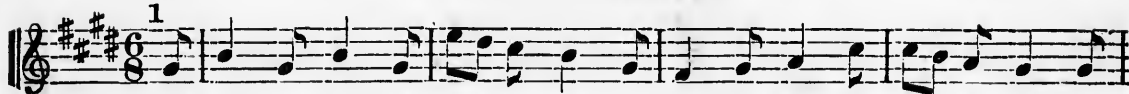
1 I love the Spring, I love the Spring, with its balm-y air and gen-tle show'rs, I love the Spring.  
2 The Sum-mer-time, the Sum-mer-time; the frag-rant flow'rs sweet o-dors bring.  
3 Au-tumn, old Au-tumn; Win-ter stern and cold, clad in ice and snow, of thee we sing.

## COME FORTH, YE HUNTERS.

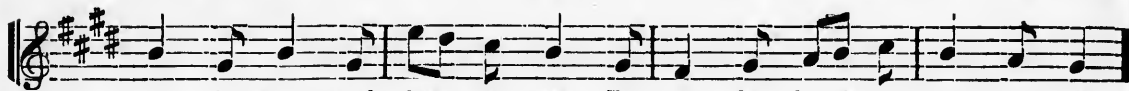
Lively.

ROUND IN THREE PARTS.

W. O. F.



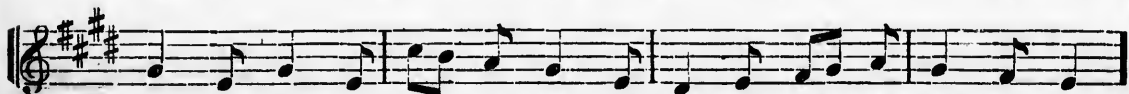
1  
Come forth, ye hunt - ers, blithe and gay, The mer - ry, wel - come horn we hear; Come



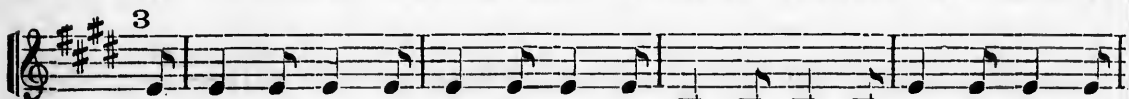
to the green - wood, haste a - way, For yon - der bounds the start - led deer.



2  
Now bright - ly on the prai - rie lea, We see the pearl - y morn - ing dew, And



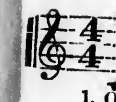
near the thiock and sha - dy tree, The crys - tal streams are flow - ing through.



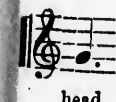
3  
The mist has left the moun - tain gray, The sun - beams glist - en from a - far, And



now we chant the hun - ter's lay; Hark, hear the hounds, hur - rah! hur - rah!



1. 0

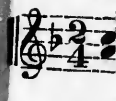


head



then

(Adap



1. Poor
2. Give
3. Don't
4. Now

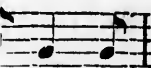


We can spread  
What a bo  
Now the seams  
So he'll think

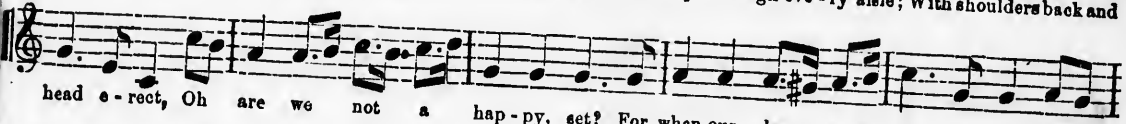
# ONWARD MARCH.

FOR MARCHING.

"MARCH IN NORMA."



1. On-ward march! onward march! in sin- gle file, Step care - ful - ly through eve - ry aisle; With shoulders back and



head e - rect, Oh are we not a hap - py, set? For when our les - sons all are done, 'Tis



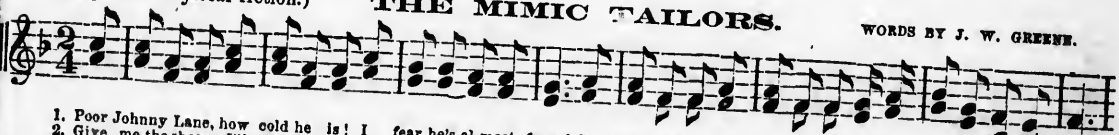
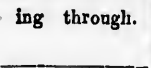
then we want a little fun, And if we can - not play outdoors, We'll form in line and march upon the floors.



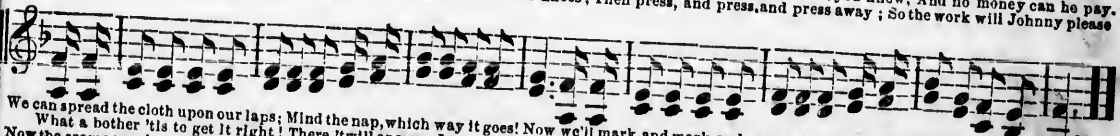
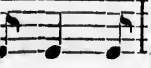
(Adapted to Physical Action.)

# THE MIMIC TAILORS.

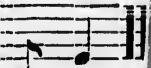
WORDS BY J. W. GREENE.



1. Poor Johnny Lane, how cold he is! I fear he's al-most froze! Come, tailors all, both great and small, Let us make him some new clothes.
2. Give me the shears, I'll cut the best, Each line I'll follow nice; I'll cut, and cut, and cut the cloth; 'Twill be ready in a trice.
3. Don't alight your work, but make it strong, Lest seams should rip away, For Johnny Lane can't mend, you know, And no money can he pay.
4. Now get the goose, and heat it well, With press-board on our knees; Then press, and press, and press away; So the work will Johnny please



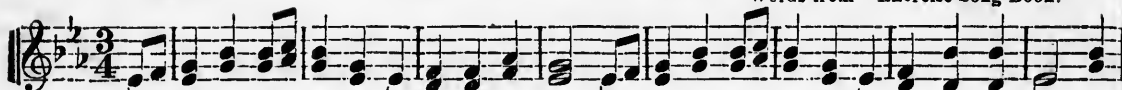
We can spread the cloth upon our laps; Mind the nap, which way it goes! Now we'll mark, and mark, and mark away. And we'll make poor Johnny's clothes.  
 What a bother 'tis to get it right! There, 'twill answer, I suppose; Now we'll sew, and sew, and sew away. And we'll make poor Johnny's clothes.  
 Now the seams are closed, make button-holes, Set the buttons round in rows; We will stitch, & stitch, & stitch away. And we'll make poor Johnny's clothes.  
 So he'll think of us with thankful heart, As to school or church he goes; Now to study we will turn our thoughts. For we've made poor Johnny's clothes.



hur - rah!



Words from "Exercise Song Book."



1. Now we, hap- py scholars, as- ssembled in school, Must all be at- ten- tive to or- der and rule; We'll
2. Our hands and our fa- ces so nice and so clean, And moving our fingers so nim- bly are seen; Our
3. Our hands on our shoulders is next in our rule, And well do we place them o- bedient in school; We'll
4. Our next true po- si- tion is right a- bout face, With arms ho- ri- zon- tal all true to their place; We'll
5. Now left a- bout face we will turn us once more, And step out true time with our feet on the floor; When

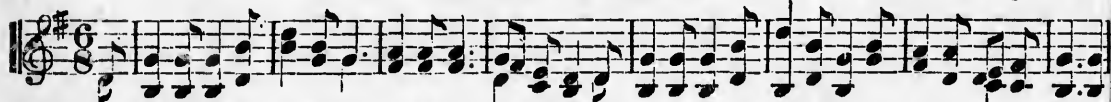


read or we'll sing, as our teacher commands, And keep time so nice- ly by clapping our hands.  
 hands on our heads next we'll pret- ti- ly place, Then arcs of a cir- cle our el- bows shall trace.  
 give them a toss up and down in the air, And count one, two, three, four, while shaking them there.  
 clap once, a- gain once, then 1, 2, 3, 4, Then hands by our sides hanging true as be- fore.  
 wearied with standing our arms we'll stretch out, And then we will twirl them so swift- ly a- bout.

**NOTE.**—The scholars may stand during the singing of this song, and make motions with their hands, arms, &c., corresponding to the words. The first exercise commences on the last line of the first verse. The arcs of a circle are made by moving the elbows up and down, at the utterance of each syllable, while the hands are upon the head.

## THE FARMER.

From "Exercise Song Book."



1. You see the farmer in his field, in his field, in his field, You see the farmer in his field, So early in the morning
2. And then he comes and ploughs the ground,  
Ploughs the ground, ploughs the ground;  
And then he comes and ploughs the ground,  
So early in the morning.
3. And then he comes and sows the seed,  
Sows the seed, &c.
4. And then he harrows and covers it o'er, &c.
5. And then the gentle showers come down, &c.
6. The weather is hot, and the wheat grows up, &c.
7. The reaper comes, and he cuts it down, &c.
8. He bundles it up, and cries, "Harvest Home," &c.
9. The mill goes round, and grinds the grain, &c.
10. The baker comes with his bread to sell, &c.
11. The flour he takes to make it well, &c.
12. And into the oven he shoves it well, &c.

And thus the nappy farmer lives,  
 All day and in the morning.

**NOTE.**—Motions of the hands, corresponding to the words, may be made by the whole school.

# THE SHOEMAKER.

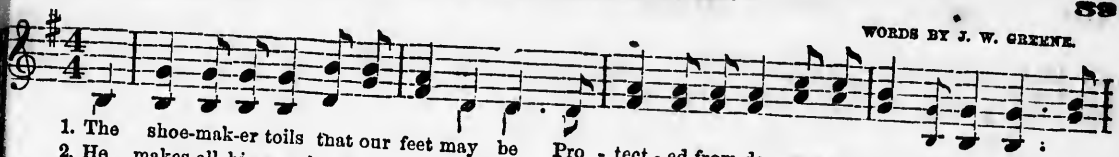
WORDS BY J. W. GREENE.

er and rule; We'll  
ly are seen; Our  
t in school; We'll  
to their place; We'll  
the floor; When

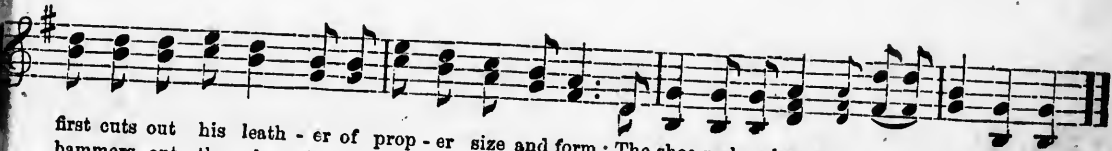
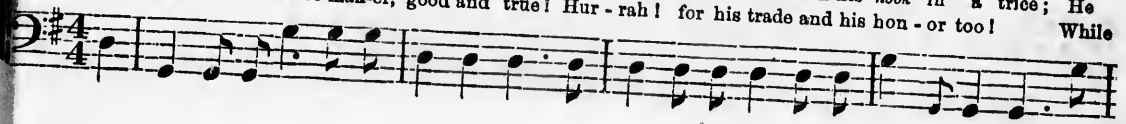
ing our hands.  
ows shall trace.  
ing them there.  
as be fore.  
-ly a - bout.  
esponding to the word  
t down, at the utteran

ise Song Book."

y in the morning  
down, &c.  
rest Home," &c.  
he grain, &c.  
o sell, &c.  
l, &c.  
ell, &c.



1. The shoe-mak-er toils that our feet may be Pro - tect - ed from dampness and cold, you see; He  
 2. He makes all his waxed-ends so nice and long, He sews up the seams till they're tight and strong, He  
 3. The up - pers he fix - es up - on his last, He tacks on the soles with his tacks quite fast, And  
 4. He draws out the tacks, then the soles trims nice; He pulls out the last with his hook in a trice; He  
 5. Hur - rah! for the shoe-mak-er, good and true! Hur - rah! for his trade and his hon - or too! While



first cuts out his leath - er of prop - er size and form; The shoe-mak-er keeps our feet all warm.  
 hammers out the soles, with his lap - stone on his knee; The shoe-mak-er toils both for you and me.  
 then he drives the pegs thro' the edg - es round and round, To keep all our feet from the damp, cold, ground.  
 then rasps off the pegs, that they may not prick our feet, Then puts on the pol - ish with his brush so neat.  
 hon - est - ly he la - bors to keep us from the cold, We'll sing of the shoe - maker brave and bold.

NOTE.—Make the appropriate mimic motions to all the verses. While singing the last verse, the right hand should be swung round in the usual manner.

## THE CHILDREN ARE WEARY.

Words by M. B. C. S.

FOR "FREE GYMNASTICS." From Bradbury's "New Golden Chain," by per.

1. The children are weary of study and task, And gladly we make all the motions you ask. We swing out each arm, and we  
 2. Our arms now upreaching, and stretching them out, We move all our limbs, and we turn them about, You know it is tiresome to  
 3. 'Tis not half so hard to our work to return ; It makes us so happy, so willing to learn ; Our weariness now, and our  
 4. We turn that way first ; and now see us turn this. We have to be careful no motion to miss ; This pastime and pleasure we  
 5. Now out move our feet, and we almost can dance ; But our narrow aisles do not give us the chance ; But 'tis just as well if we

lift up each hand, And gaily for our recreation we stand. Oh, for each one it is pastime and fun, Thus to be showing how the  
 sit still too long, So, friends, will you join us in motion and song. Oh, &c.  
 languor are o'er, We wish that gymnastics had reached us before. Oh, &c.  
 joyfully greet, Then cheerful again all our lessons we meet. Oh, &c.  
 on - ly are gay, So how do you like our gymnastics to-day ? Oh, &c.

177  
 motions are done, It makes us so rest-ed, so hap - py and gay, Just what you all see in our fa - ces to-day?

1. Here  
 2. Now  
 3. Now  
 4. Tru -

Shut the  
 Forward  
 And now  
 All the

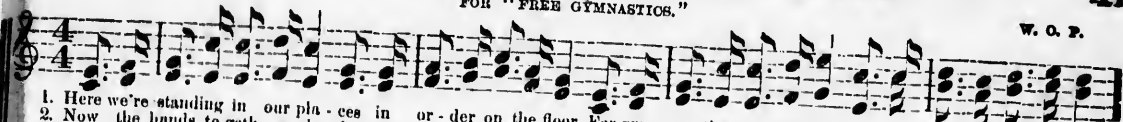
Hands up  
 Heads whi  
 Shoul - ders  
 Learn - ing

# NOW WE'LL STRETCH OUR ARMS.

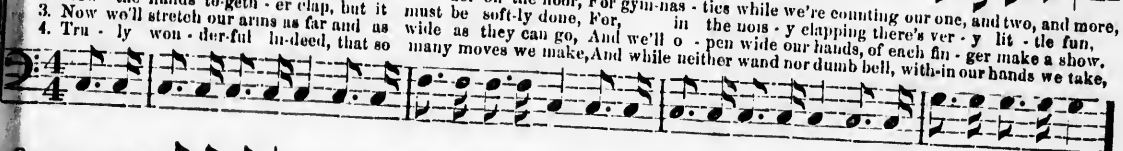
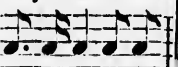
FOR "FREE GYMNASTICS."

W. O. P.

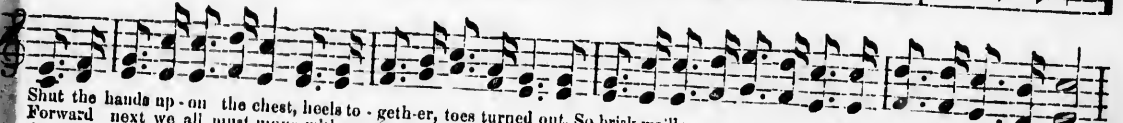
ut each arm, and we  
know it is tiresome to  
riness now, and our  
ime and pleasure we  
'tis just as well if we



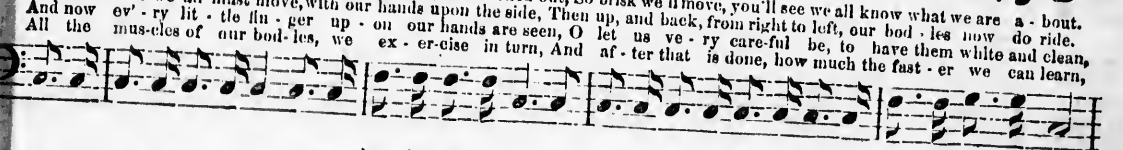
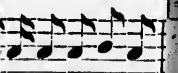
1. Here we're standing in our pla - ces in or - der on the floor, For gym - nas - ties while we're counting our one, and two, and more,  
 2. Now the hands to - geth - er clap, but it must be soft - ly done, For, in the nois - y clapping there's ver - y lit - tle fun,  
 3. Now we'll stretch our arms as far and as wide as they can go, And we'll o - pen wide our hands, of each fin - ger make a show,  
 4. Tru - ly won - der - ful in - deed, that so many moves we make, And while neither wand nor dumb bell, with - in our hands we take,



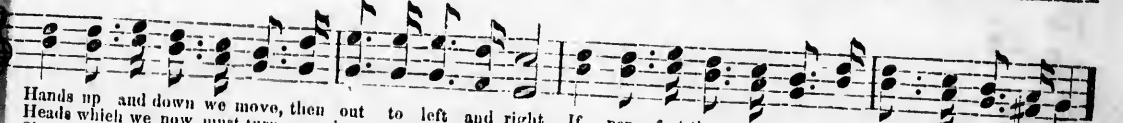
be showing how the



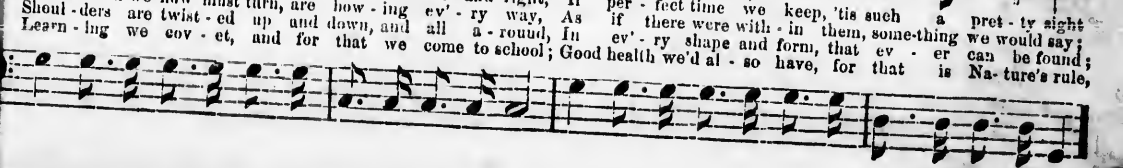
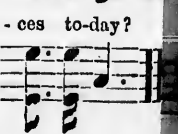
Shut the hands up - on the chest, heels to - geth - er, toes turned out, So brisk we'll move, you'll see we all know what we are a - bout.  
 Forward next we all must move, with our hands upon the side, Then up, and back, from right to left, our bod - ies now do ride.  
 And now ev' - ry lit - tle fin - ger up - on our hands are seen, O let us ve - ry care - ful be, to have them white and clean,  
 All the mus - cles of our bod - ies, we ex - er - cise in turn, And af - ter that is done, how much the fast - er we can learn,

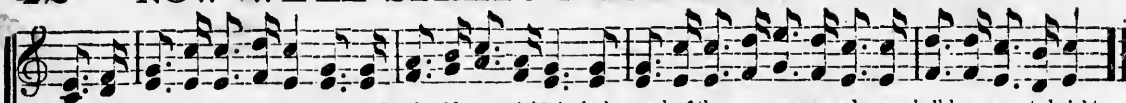


- ces to-day?

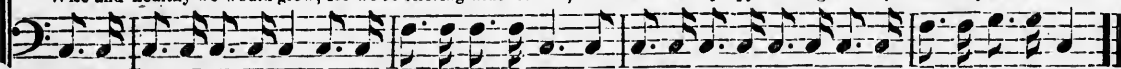


Hands up and down we move, then out to left and right, If per - fect time we keep, 'tis such a pret - ty sight  
 Heads which we now must turn, are bow - ing ev' - ry way, As if there were with - in them, some - thing we would say;  
 Shoul - ders are twist - ed up and down, and all a - round, In ev' - ry shape and form, that ev - er can be found;  
 Learn - ing we cov - et, and for that we come to school; Good health we'd al - so have, for that is Na - ture's rule,



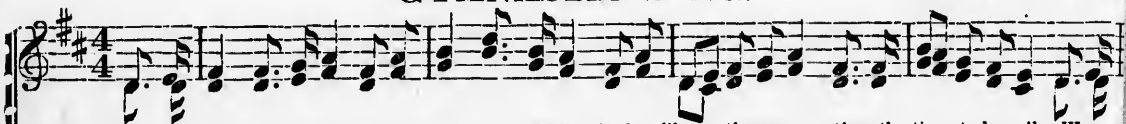


Forward back again they go, then up from the shoulders straight, And when each of these moves are made, we shall have counted eight.  
 But we do not say it now, for all that our lips can tell, Is one, and two, and three, and four, until the stroke of bell.  
 El-bow movements then we make, follow in the same rou-tine, While neither forwards, right, or left, our bod-ies must we lean.  
 Wise and healthy we would grow, for we're striving thus to be, And here a hap-py working school you're always sure to see.



## GYMNASTIC SONG.

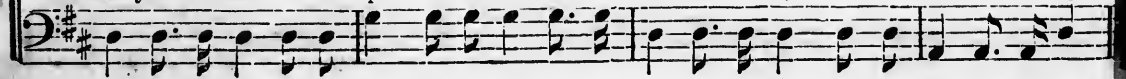
WORDS BY M. B. C. S.



1. Put a - way, put a - way every book for awhile, And we'll practice gymnastics, the time to beguile, We are  
 2. Here we sit, here we sit, and our veins go to sleep, And we sometimes awake scarce our eyelids can keep; But we  
 3. Don't you see, don't you see how much good it must do! Well we know that you would if in our place were you. For oh  
 4. Don't you think, don't you think that the best way to do, Is to stud - y awhile, then the motions go thro' ? And we



we - ry with stud - y, and now ev - ery one Gai - ly show you *how* our rec - a - tion is done.  
 rise at the sig - nal; we strike and we thump, Till the blood thro' our veins takes a hop, skip, and jump.  
 who has for - got - ten his childhood's school-house, Where he sat all day long, just as still as a mouse.  
 ask you to see when our pas - time is done, That we all are more qui - et for hav - ing the fun.



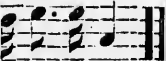
1. Wh  
 2.  
 3.  
 4. S  
 5. B  
 6. T

Whi  
 So  
 Abov  
 The y  
 And  
 Oh!

led.



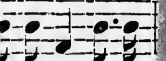
ave counted eight.  
he stroke of bell.  
ea must we lean.  
ways sure to see.



S BY M. B. C. S.



to beguile, We are  
is can keep; But we  
a were you. For oh,  
is go thro'? And we



ion is done.  
skip, and jump.  
as a mouse.  
ing the fun.



# PART III.

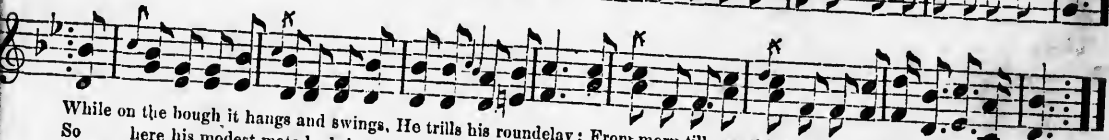
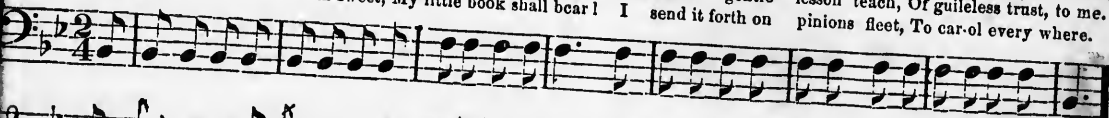
## THE GOLDEN ROBIN.

WORDS BY M. B. C. SLADE.

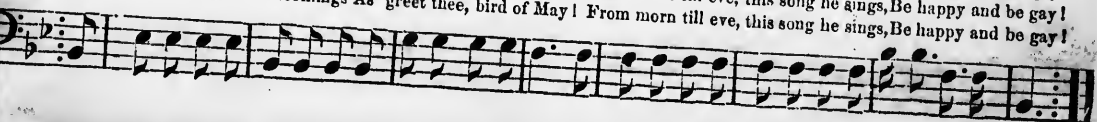
W. O. PERKINS.



1. When woods are green, and blue the sky, And fields with May flow'rs filled, His nest upon the maple, high, See Golden Robin build.
2. The swallows build beneath the eaves, The wrens 'mid roses, fair; But Robin hangs among the leaves His Castle in the air.
3. And when the tin-y young appear, Rocked in their cradle fair, This Prince of birds is always near, Winged blossom of the air.
4. So May goes by, and lovely June, With roses, crowns the earth, And still our Golden Robin's tune Resounds, in merry mirth,
5. Bright songster, far a - bove our reach, Thy nest and song of glee, A sweet and gentle lesson teach, Of guileless trust, to me.
6. Thy name, Oh! Golden Robin sweet, My little book shall bear! I send it forth on pinions fleet, To car-ol every where.



While on the bough it hangs and swings, He trills his roundelay; From morn till eve, this song he sings, Be happy, and be gay!  
 So here his modest mate he brings; And to her, day by day, From morn till eve, this song he sings, Be happy, and be gay!  
 Above he spreads his golden wings, The sunbeams o'er them play. From morn till eve, this song he sings, Be happy and be gay!  
 The young, before they fledge their wings, The lesson learn to say; From morn till eve, this song he sings, Be happy and be gay!  
 And He who cares for little things, Will heed thy happy lay, From morn till eve, this song he sings, Be happy and be gay!  
 Oh! may it find such welcomings As greet thee, bird of May! From morn till eve, this song he sings, Be happy and be gay!



Lively. Solo or Semi-Chorus.

1. We're the school that's gay and happy, In our places always found; When the bell rings out its welcome  
 2. If we on - ly do our du - ty, Faithful follow eve - ry rule, Then we shall be gay and hap - py.  
 3. Let us ev - er, as true scholars, Mind the lessons we are taught, None but i - dle, dis - o - be - dient

*Chorus.*

'Tis to me a mer - ry sound, So let our playmates roam as they will, Here we will be.  
 In our ev - er pleasant school.  
 In the dun - ces' seat are caught.

hap - py still, Read - ing, spelling, play - ing, sing - ing, We'll be gay and hap - py still.



# ELLEN BAYNE.

*Solo or Semi-Chorus.*

t its welcome  
y and hap-py  
s - o - be-dient

1. Soft be thy slum-bers, Rude cares de-part, Vis-ions in num-bers Cheer thy young heart.
2. Dream not in an-guish, Dream not in fear; Love shall not lan-guish; Fond ones are near.
3. Scenes that have van-ished Smile on thee now, Pleasures once ban-ish'd Play round thy brow,

e will be.

Dream on'while bright hours, And fond hopes re-main, Blooming like smiling bow'rs, For thee, El-len Bayne.  
 Sleep-ing or wak-ing, In plea-sure or pain, Warm hearts will beat for thee. Sweet El-len Bayne.  
 Forms long de-part-ed Greet thee a-gain, Soothing thy dreaming heart, Sweet El-len Bayne.

*Chorus.*

p - py still.

Gentle slumbers o'er thee glide, Dreams of beauty round thee bide, While I lin-ger by thy side, Sweet El-len Bayne.



*Andante.*

1. Ver - dant grove, fare-well to thee, Clad in ver - nal beau - ty, Thine my part - ing  
 2. What de - light to lin - ger here 'Mid thy sha - dy bow - ers; From the sil - ver  
 3. But the night for - bids my stay, I must leave in sor - row; To your rest, ye

song shall be, 'Tis a sa - cred du - ty; Let thy war - blers' tune - ful throug  
 foun - tain clear, Cull - ing fra - grant flow - ers! Would I might with gar - lands crown'd,  
 birds, a - way, And dream of..... the mor - row. Fare - ye - well, ye sha - dy bow'rs,

Bear the ech - oes of my song, Far o'er hill and val - ley, Far o'er hill and val - ley.  
 Breathing o - dors sweet a - round, Tar - ry with thee long - er! Tar - ry with thee long - er!  
 With your blooming fragrant flow'rs. Till an - oth - er meet - ing, Till an - oth - er meet - ing.

# UNDER THE WILLOW SHE'S SLEEPING.

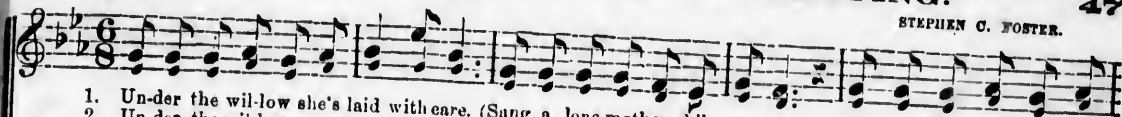
STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

*Slowly.*

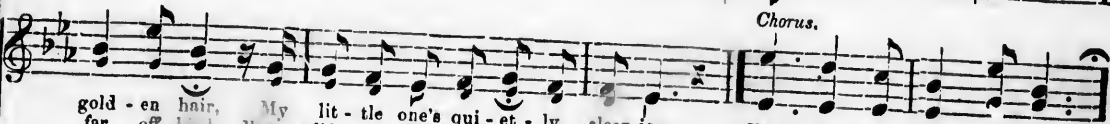
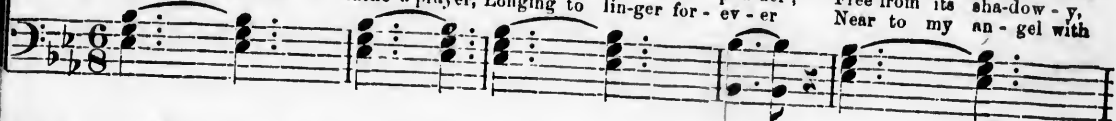
my part-  
ing the sil-  
ver your rest, ye

- ful throug  
lands crown'd,  
- dy bow'rs,

val-ley.  
long-er I  
meet-ing.

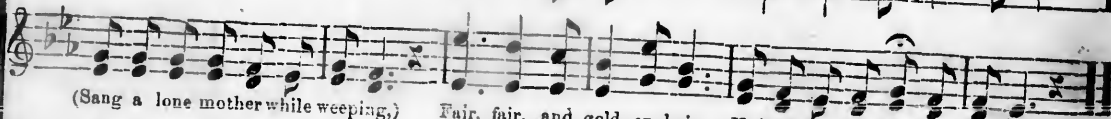
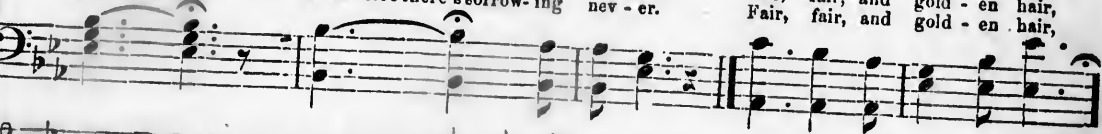


1. Un-der the wil-low she's laid with care. (Sang a lone mother while weeping.) Un-der the wil-low, with
2. Un-der the wil-low no songs are heard, Near where my darling lies dreaming; Nought but the voice of some
3. Un-der the wil-low by night and day, Sor-row-ing ev-er I pon-der; Free from its sha-dow-y,
4. Un-der the wil-low I breathe a prayer, Longing to lin-ger for- ev-er Near to my an-gel with

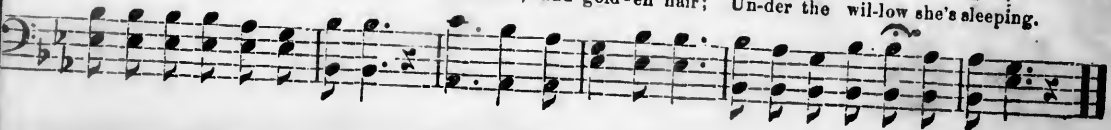


*Chorus.*

gold - en hair,	My lit - tle one's qui - et - ly	sleep-ing.	Fair, fair, and gold - en hair,
far off I feel,	Where life and its pleasures are	beam-ing.	Fair, fair, and gold - en hair,
gloom - y ray	Ah! nev - er a - gain can she	wan-der.	Fair, fair, and gold - en hair,
gold - en hair,	In lands where there's sor-row-ing	nev - er.	Fair, fair, and gold - en hair,



(Sang a lone mother while weeping.) Fair, fair, and gold-en hair; Un-der the wil-low she's sleeping.



## LAUGH ON.

H. F. WIGHT.

1. Laugh on, thou bright-eyed hap-py maid, While life's young morn is bright, Ere childhood's sweet-breathed flow'rs  
 2. For worlds I would not lift the veil That hides the fu-ture's view, And pray that sor-row's phantoms

fade, Or gold-en vis-ions lose their light. Laugh on while yet the sun-ny days Bring naught but sunniest  
 pale May nev-er grim-ly frown on you. May an-gels bright look down and smile On you thro' all your

joys to thee, And in thy heart the glee-ful lays Of E-den birds trill joy-ous-ly.  
 fu-ture days, And guard your heart from ev'-ry wile, And lead you on in wis-dom's ways.

H. F. WIGHT.

# Words from "RURAL NEW YORKER." LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

W. O. P. 49

*Moderato.*

weet-breathed flow'rs  
sorrow's phantoms

1. Children do you love each oth - er? Are you always kind and true? Do you always do to  
 2. Lit - tle child-ren, love each oth - er, Nev - er give an-oth - er pain: If your brother speaks in

ought but sunniest  
you thro' all your

oth - ers As you'd have them do to you? Are you gen - tle to each oth - er?  
 an - ger, An - swer not in wrath a - gain. Be not sel - fish to each oth - er,

ous - ly.  
- dom's ways.

Are you care - ful, day by day, Not to give of - fence by ac - tions In your work or in your play?  
 Nev - er mar a - noth - er's rest, Strive to make each oth - er hap - py, And you'll find yourselves are blest.

WORDS BY MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

W. O. F.

1. The grass on the hill-side, the buds on the tree; The rush of the rill, and the hum of the bee; The  
 2. The vi-olets are blooming, as blue as the sky; The soft wil-low cat-kins are hanging on high; The  
 3. Come children, and join with the bud and the bee, The flow'rs of the field, and the leaves of the tree, For

birds from the south fly-ing homeward a-long, Say, "Spring-time is coming, and we'll sing our new song,  
 breath of the May-flow'r, the queen of the throng, Says, "Spring-time is coming, and we'll sing our new song,  
 God gives the Spring-time, to him shall be-long The love of our hearts, as we sing our new song,

## Chorus.

"Sing our new song, we will sing our new song, The Spring-time is com-ing! and we'll sing our new song."

## WANDERER'S SONG.

ROHMANN.

51

of the bee; The  
ing on high; The  
es of the tree, For

1. Bree-zes soft I feel re - turn - ing, Her - alds of the dew - y spring! Now my ea - ger soul is  
2. Fare thee well! I now must leave thee, Na - tive home, to me so dear! Dis - tant lands wait to re -  
3. God protect thee, now and ev - er! Love u - nite us to the end! Oh, for - get, for - get me

g our new song,  
g our new song,  
g our new song,

yearn - ing; Fain I would be wan - der - ing! Where the white mists hang in sha - dows O'er the mountain peaks and  
- ceive me; Hope my longing heart doth cheer! Life hath many a glad be - gin - ning! Ventures bold are half the  
nev - er, Think up - on thine ab - sent friend! Both the same bright sun shall glad - den! Let not my de - part - ure

our new song,

mead - ows, Thith - er am I wan - der - ing; Then my staff oh! quick - ly bring!  
win - ning! Hope the wand' - rer's heart doth cheer! Fare thee well, my home so dear!  
sad - den! Think up - on thine ab - sent friend! Love u - nite us to the end!

## FLOAT ON, MY BARK!

1. Float on, float on, my bonny bark, Up-on life's silv'ry stream—Nor heed the clouds that upward rise, The lightning's fitful  
2. Float on, float on, we'll leave behind The dull and lifeless shore, We'll ride the blue and stormy deep, A-roud old ocean's

gleam. Float on, float on, we soon shall gain A haven of sweet rest, Where flowers spring, and bright birds sing, By zephyrs softly press'd  
roar. Float on, float on, our home shall be A realm of beauty fair, Where endless pleasures ever reign, And joy beams ev'ry where

## ALL AMONG THE BARLEY.

*Cheerfully.* 1st time *p*, 2d time *f*.

E. STIRLING.

1. Come out, 'tis now September. The hunter's moon's begun, And thro' the wheaten stubble, Is heard the frequent gun;  
2. The Spring, she is a young maid, That does not know her mind, The Summer is a tyrant, Of most un-righteous kind;  
3. The wheat is like a rich man, That's sleek and well to do, The oats are like a pack of girls, Laughing and dancing to



# ALL AMONG THE BARLEY. Concluded.

3d time.

stub-ble Is heard the frequent gun; The leaves are pal-ling  
 ty-rant, Of most un-righteous kind; The Autumn is an old friend, That loves one all he can, And that  
 pack of girls, Laughing and dancing too; The rye is like a mi-ser, That's sulky, lean, and small, But the

ripe and gold-en bar-ley, Is hanging down its head. All among the bar-ley, Who would not be blithe, When the  
 brings the hap-py bar-ley, To glad the heart of man. All among, etc.  
 free and bearded bar-ley, Is monarch of them all. All among, etc.

X. STIRLING.

free and hap-py bar-ley, Is smiling on the scythe? When the free and hap-py bar-ley, Is smiling on the scythe?



# COLD WINTER IS GONE.

LOUIS LAMBERT.

By permission of Root & Cady, Chicago

*Solo.*

Chorus in unison.

*Solo.*

1. Cold Winter is gone, and Spring a - gain, Hur - rah! Hur - rah!! Comes smil - ing, danc - ing,  
 2. The woods and fields in green are dressed, Hur - rah! Hur - rah!! The rob - in now has  
 3. And if we've fin - ished all our tasks, Hur - rah! Hur - rah!! Done ev' - ry thing our

*Chorus.*

*Solo.*

o'er the plain, Hur - rah! Hur - rah!! We hail it with a mer - ry shout, The boys and girls will  
 built her nest, Hur - rah! Hur - rah!! And all the birds do chirp and sing, The hills with joy - ous  
 teach - er asks, Hur - rah! Hhr - rah!! We all shall feel, this bright Spring day, So light and hap - py

*Chorus.*

all turn out, And we'll all feel gay, For Spring it has come a - gain.  
 sounds do ring, And we'll all, etc.  
 blithe and gay, Yes, we'll all, etc.

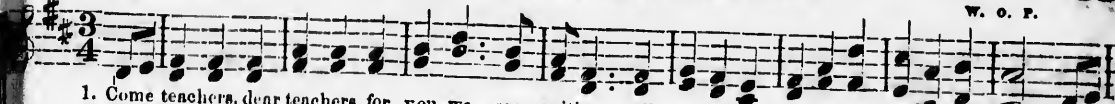
Words by M. B. C. S.

# OH! SAY WILL YOU COME?

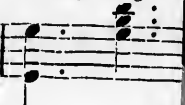
W. O. P.



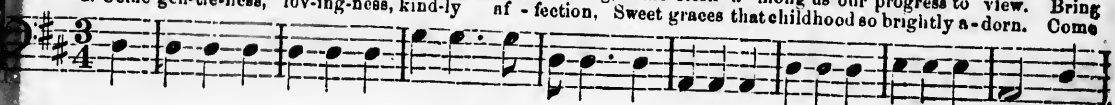
smil-ing, danc-ing,  
rob-in now has  
ev'-ry thing our



1. Come teachers, dear teachers, for you we are waiting, All ready for lessons from you we shall learn. We
2. Come school-mates, dear school-mates, let no vacant places, Be-taken the tardy or truant to-day. With
3. Come fathers and mothers, come friends, kind and loving, Come often a-mong us our progress to view. Bring
4. Come gen-tle-ness, lov-ing-ness, kind-ly af-fec-tion, Sweet graces that childhood so brightly a-dorn. Come



boys and girls will  
hills with joy-ous  
light and hap-py



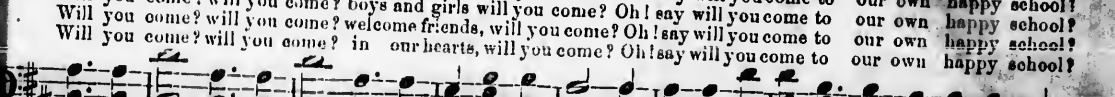
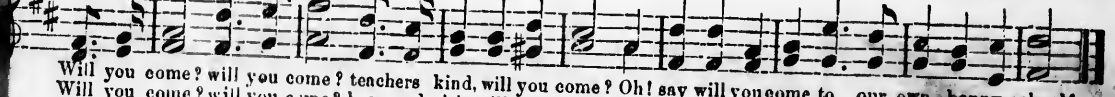
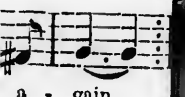
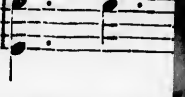
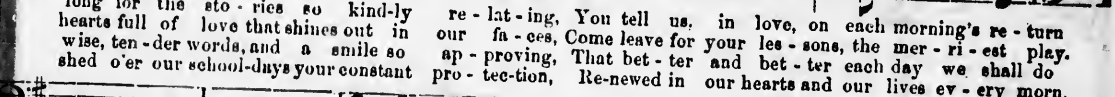
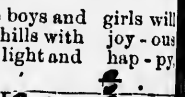
long for the sto-ries so kind-ly re-lat-ing, You tell us, in love, on each morning's re-turn  
 hearts full of love that shines out in our fa-cies, Come leave for your les-sons, the mer-ri-est play.  
 wise, ten-der words, and a smile so ap-proving, That bet-ter and bet-ter each day we shall do  
 shed o'er our school-days your constant pro-tection, Re-newed in our hearts and our lives ev-ery morn.



a-gain.



Will you come? will you come? teachers kind, will you come? Oh! say will you come to our own happy school!  
 Will you come? will you come? boys and girls will you come? Oh! say will you come to our own happy school!  
 Will you come? will you come? welcome friends, will you come? Oh! say will you come to our own happy school!  
 Will you come? will you come? in our hearts, will you come? Oh! say will you come to our own happy school!



## GREETING SONG.

SUITABLE FOR EXHIBITIONS AND ANNIVERSARIES.

WRIGHT

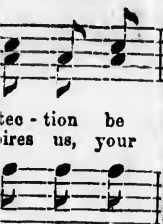
Moderate.

1. O boun - ti - ful Giv - er, great Fa - ther of light, May thy kind pro - tec - tion be  
 2. Dear friends and com - pan - ions, we welcome you here, Your pres - ence in - spires us, your

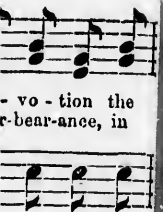
o'er us to-night; Our hearts ut - ter praise, that we're gift - ed with song, Our lips with de - vo - tion the  
 smiles give us cheer, We take with re - luctance our place on the stage, And claim your for - bear - ance, in

anthem pro - long; We whisper thy love to the soft evening breeze, Like flute - not - ed zephyrs, that  
 view of our age, We boast not of prac - tice, we boast not of skill, But meet eve - ry du - ty with

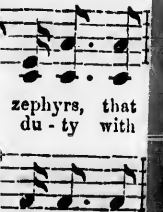
## GREETING SONG. Concluded.



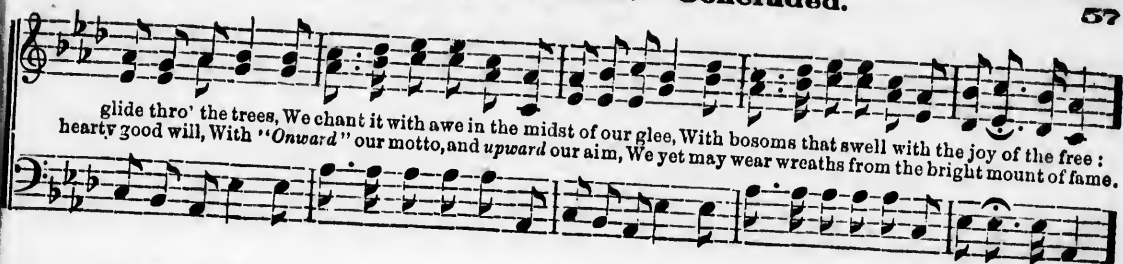
tee - tion be  
sires us, your



- vo - tion the  
r - bear - ance, in



zephyrs, that  
du - ty with

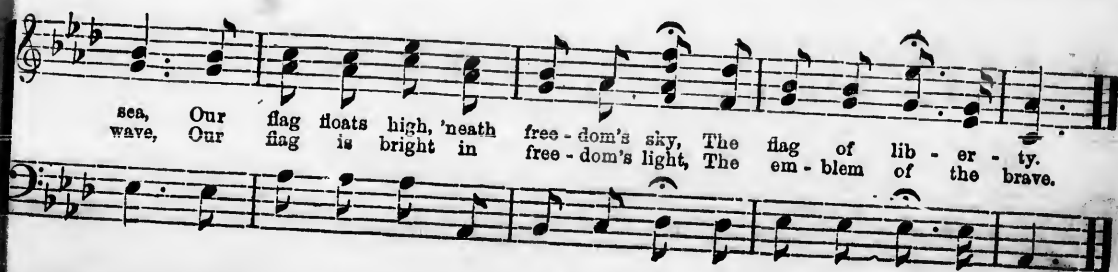


glide thro' the trees, We chant it with awe in the midst of our glee, With bosoms that swell with the joy of the free :  
hearty good will, With "Onward" our motto, and upward our aim, We yet may wear wreaths from the bright mount of fame.



Chorus. Lively.

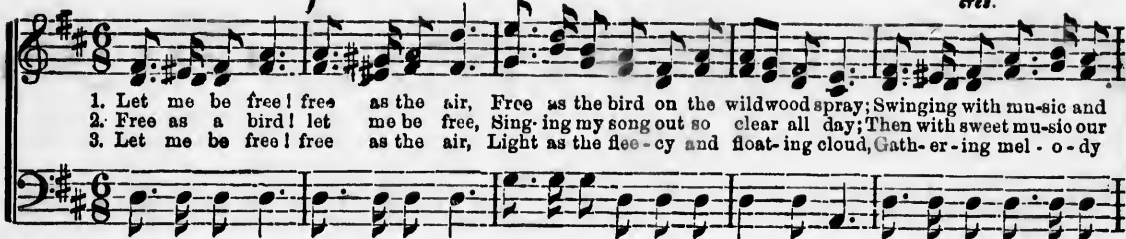
No hap - pier band in all the land, Nor yet be - yond the  
No hap - pier band in all the land, Nor yet be - yond the



sea, Our flag floats high, 'neath free - dom's sky, The flag of lib - er - ty.  
wave, Our flag is bright in free - dom's light, The em - blem of the brave.

## LET ME BE FREE.

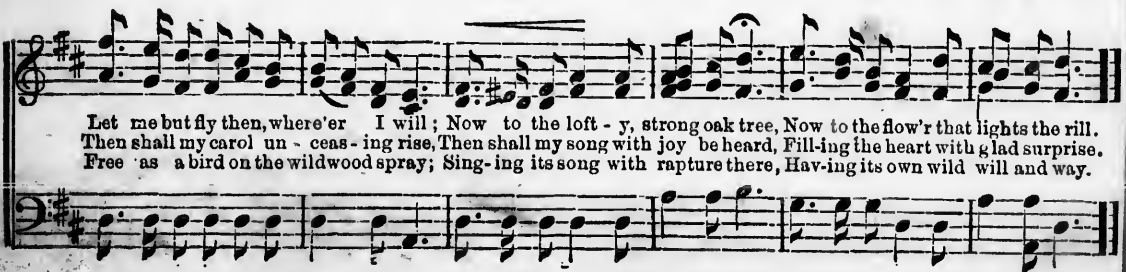
G. W. S.



1. Let me be free! free as the air, Free as the bird on the wildwood spray; Swinging with mu-sic and  
 2. Free as a bird! let me be free, Sing-ing my song out so clear all day; Then with sweet mu-sic our  
 3. Let me be free! free as the air, Light as the flee-cy and float-ing cloud, Gath-er-ing mel-o-dy



rap-ture there, Hav-ing its own sweet will and way. Free as a bird! let me be free,  
 hearts shall be, Joy-ous and hap-py, light and gay. Let me be free! free as a bird,  
 eve-ry-where, Weav-ing the day a gold-en shroud. Yes, I'll be free! free as the air,



Let me but fly then, where'er I will; Now to the loft-y, strong oak tree, Now to the flow'r that lights the rill.  
 Then shall my carol un-cen-sing rise, Then shall my song with joy be heard, Fill-ing the heart with glad surprise.  
 Free as a bird on the wildwood spray; Sing-ing its song with rapture there, Hav-ing its own wild will and way.

# LORELEY.

59

Moderato.

1. Oh! tell me what it mean - eth, This gloom and tear - ful eye? 'Tis mem'-ry that re -  
 2. A - bove the maid - en sit - teth, A wond-rous form and fair; With jew - els bright she  
 3. The boat - man on the riv - er Lists to the song, spell - bound; Ah! what shall him de -

- tain - eth The tale of years gone by. The fad - ing light grows dim - mer, The  
 plait - eth Her shin - ing gold - en hair; With comb of gold pre - pares it, The  
 - liv - er From dan - ger threat - ning round? The wa - ters deep have caught them, Both

Rhine doth calm - ly flow; . . . . The lof - ty hill - tops glim - mer Red with the sun - set glow.  
 task with song be - guiled; . . . . A fit - ful bur - den bears it - That mel - o - dy so wild.  
 boat and boat - man brave; . . . . 'Tis Lore - ley's song hath brought them Beneath the foaming wave.

## FAREWELL TO THE HOMESTEAD.

Moderate.

1. Fare - well to the home - stead, the place of my birth, The sweet - est, and  
 2. 'Tis thus with us ev - er when sad thoughts re - turn To scenes we have  
 3. The spring - time is past, and the sum - mer is gone, The chill - winds of

fair - est of all the green earth, My heart clings to thee with a love that's sin  
 lov'd, but may not meet a - gain; Though hum - ble and low is the cot that we  
 win - ter are fast com - ing on, The lil - ies and ros - es have gone to de

- cere; The home of my child - hood, of all I hold dear, The thought that for -  
 leave. Yet still to that spot fond - est mem' - ries will cleave; And naught the time  
 - ay, The for - est is rob'd in its bright - est ar - ray, Yet still how I



FAREWELL TO THE HOMESTEAD. Concluded.

61

- ev - er from thee I must go, Has fill'd me with sor - row, with an - guish and wo.  
 has - tens, the mo - ment to part, How fond re - col - lee - tions come thronging the heart.  
 love thee no lan - guage can tell, Dear home of my childhood | for - ev - er - fare - well!

Chorus. *mf*

U - val - le - rah, u - val - le - rah, u - val - le - val - le - val - le - rah, U -

Repeat *pp*.  
 - val - le - rah, u - val - le - rah, u - val - le - val - le - val - le - rah



## ALL HANDS STUDY



Allegretto.

1. Come schoolmates, let us take our books, And think no more of play; With cheerful hearts and sober looks, We'll study while we  
 2. We come to seek from week to week, What knowledge we may gain; And ev'ry day we hope to say, We do not come in  
 3. Now let us seize like busy bees, The moments as they fly; For he who tries, may win a prize That money cannot

may. We'll shun the wrong, pursue the right, And work with might and main; And when the record's made at night, The leaf shall show no stain.  
 vain. There's time for work, there's time for mirth, But none for strife or broil; We'll bend our minds to things of worth, And strengthen them with toil.  
 buy; And ev'ry cheerful on our way, We'll work with might and main; And when the sun looks in each day, He'll find no idle brain.

Chorus.

So all hands stud-y, And throw no time a-way: Youth will not last, It hurries past, Then study while we may.

\*

# BOAT SONG.

.. WRIGHT. 63

ll study while we  
e do not come in  
at money cannot

*p* *mf*

1. O'er the sea, o'er the sea, Swells the sound of mel - o - dy,  
 2. Soft and low, soft and low, From a - far their voi - ces flow,  
 3. From the main, safe a - gain, Wel - come to the fish - er - men,

Where the lay  
 Now more near,  
 Friends most dear,

all show no stain,  
then them with toll,  
i - die brain.

*f* *mf*

floats a - way, Fair - y ech - oes play;  
 loud and clear, Swell - ing on the ear;  
 ban - ish fear, When their barques are near;

'Tis fish - ers of the main,  
 While a - cross the wave they sweep,  
 Pray'r went with them on the brine,

e we may.

*f*

Sail - ing to their homes a gain, Hope and cheer wait there then, Wel - come warm and dear.  
 Bear - ing treas - ures from the deep, Joy - ous - ly, shout re - ply, O'er the swell - ing sea.  
 Grate - ful thoughts with tears en - twine, Cease to roam, cease to roam, Wel - come, wel - come home.

*Allegretto.*

1. A shout, a shout, the night is gone, The clouds have passed a - way, The glo - rious light of  
 2. A shout, a shout, of tri - umph now, The vic - to - ry is ours; Not gained by sword or  
 3. A shout, a shout, from sea to sea, A song from shore to shore; Ten thousand death - less

*Chorus.*

Free - dom's sun Pours forth in floods of day. A shout, a shout, from sea to sea, A  
 bat - tle bow, But love's su - pe - rior powers. A shout, a shout, from sea to sea, A  
 souls are free—Free to be bound no more. A shout, a shout, from sea to sea, A

song from shore to shore; The chain is riven, the slave is free, Free to be bound no more.

WOR



1. I
2. H
3. H
4. H

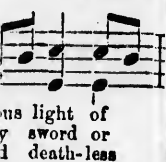


coal  
 velve  
 goes  
 baby

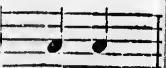


# HOW THE MONEY GOES.

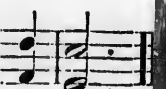
The time and style should vary so as to give proper declamatory force and expression to the words.  
WORDS BY JOHN G. SAXE.



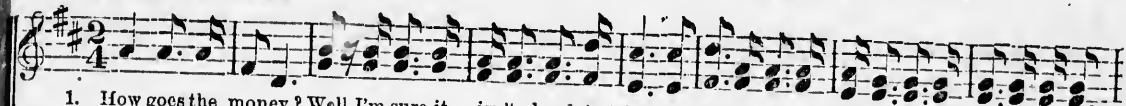
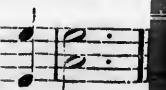
us light of  
y sword or  
l death-less



to sea, A  
to sea, A  
to sea, A



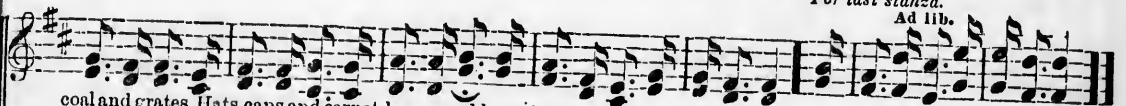
no more.



1. How goes the money? Well, I'm sure it isn't hard to tell; It goes for rents and water rates, For bread and butter,
2. How goes the money? Nay, don't every body know the way? It goes for bonnets, coats, and capes, Silks, satins, muslins,
3. How goes the money? Sure, I wish the ways were somewhat fewer, It goes for wages, taxes, debts, It goes for presents,
4. How goes the money? Now, I've scarce begun to mention how; It goes for feathers, laces, rings, Toys, dolls, and other



For last stanza.  
Ad lib.



coal and grates, Hats, caps and carpet, hoops and hose, And that's the way the money goes.  
 velvets, crapes, Shawls, ribbons, furs and furbelows, And that's the way the money goes.  
 goes for bets, For paints, pomade, and *eau de rose*, And that's the way the money goes.  
 baby's things, Whips, whistles, cradles, bells and bows..... And that's the way the money goes.



5 How goes the money?—Come,  
 I know it didn't go for rum;  
 It goes for schools and sabbath chimes,  
 It goes for charity sometimes,  
 For missions, and such things as those,  
 And that's the way the money goes.

6 How goes the money?—There,  
 I'm out of patience, I declare!  
 It goes for plays, for diamond pins  
 For public alms and private sins,  
 For hollow shames and silly shows,  
 And that's the way the money goes.

Allegretto.

## LET US SING.

BOHMANN.

1. Let us sing! brothers, sing! Let us not be fear-ful, Joy is for the good; One and all be cheer-ful  
 2. Earth is fair, pass-ing fair! True, our life of glad-ness Mingles oft with woe; Many a tear of sad-ness  
 3. Let us sing! brothers, sing! Let us be, while liv-ing, Gen-erous as we can; Helping, aid-ing, giv-ing

*Soli.*

Sing in happy mood! Let us sing! brothers, sing! God looks down from heav'n above us, Hears our songs, and so doth love  
 From the eye must flow, Yet 'tis here passing fair! When we mourn, O Father, send us Comfort, and thy mercy lend us  
 Loving fel-low man! Let us sing! brothers, sing! When we reach our home in heaven, Recompense shall there be giv-

*Chorus.*

Let us sing! broth-ers, sing! Let us not be fear-ful, Joy is for the good:

# LET US SING. Concluded.

and all be cheer-ful  
ay a tear of sad-ness  
ping, aid-ing, giv-ing

One and all be cheer-ful, Sing in hap-py mood! Let us sing! broth-ers, sing!

songs, and so doth love  
and thy mercy lend us  
ness shall there be giv-

Cheerfully.

# MERRY ALLIE.

J. WRIGHT

1. Let me tell of mer-ry Al-lie, Light of many a lov-ing heart; She's the minstrel, making mu-sic  
2. She has hair of soft-est au-burn, And her eyes are sweetly blue, While her cheeks are tinged so purely  
3. O, her beau-ty makes us wan-der In a strange, enchanting dream, To the land of old-en sto-ry,

for the good:

Rare as famed I-tal-ia's Art. Happy Al-lie, Singing Al-lie, Light of many a lov-ing heart.  
With the peach-bloom's rosy hus. Happy Al-lie, Singing Al-lie, Light of many a lov-ing heart.  
Where the lights ro-man-tic gleam. Happy Al-lie, Singing Al-lie, Light of many a lov-ing heart.

## THE BOATMAN'S RETURN.

M. J. SPELM.

1. Row! row! homeward we steer, Twilight falls o'er us; Hark! hark! soft music is near, Friends glide before us!  
 2. Row! row! sing as we go, Na-ture re-joic-es; Hark! how the hills as we flow Ech-o our voi-ces;  
 3. Row! row! lo, in the west, Lights dimly burning; Friends in yon har-bor of rest Wait our re-turn-ing!

*Rall.*

Song lightens our la-bor. Sing as onward we go, Keep each with his neighbor Time as we flow.  
 Still o'er the dark wa-ters, Far a-way we must roam, Ere I-ta-ly's daughters Wel-come us home.  
 See, now they burn clear-er, Keep time with the oar; Now, now, we are near-er That hap-py shore.

*A tempo.* *Rall.*

Row! row! homeward we go, Twilight falls o'er us; Row! row! Sing as we flow, Day flies be-fore us.



WORDS BY L. J. WING.

## GOOD MORNING.

W. O. P. 69

*Solo or Semi-chorus.*

de befora us!  
our voi - ces;  
re - turn - ing!

1. Day is breaking clear and bright, Flooding earth with gold - en light, All things clad in fair - est suit,  
2. While we breathe this morning air, And of na - ture's boun - ty share, In this por - tal of the day,  
3. Beauteous morn! thy her - ald light, Danc - ing o - ver vale and height, Bids all nature's great do - main,

s we flow.  
ome us homa  
p - py shora

*Chorus.*

Prompt in each this kind sa - lute. Good morning, good morning, good morning, good morning, good morning, good morning,  
Pause we here a - while to say, Good, &c.  
Join to swell the glad re - frain. Good, &c.

- fore us.


morn - - ing, good morn - - ing,  
morning, Good morning, good morning, good morning, good morning, good morning, good morning, good morning.

morn - ing, good morn - - ing,

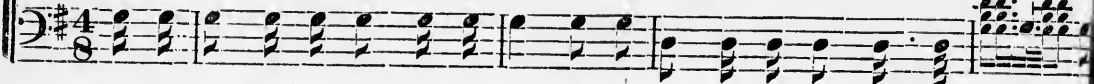



Cheerfully.

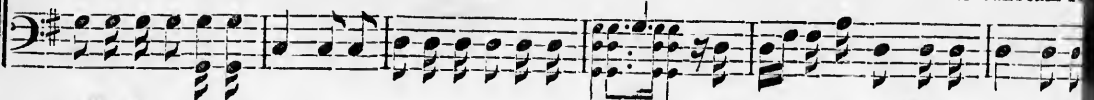
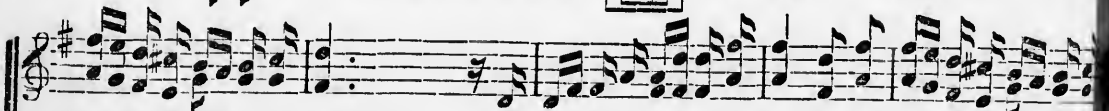
## COLD WINTER IS DYING. WORDS BY MRS. MARY B. C. SLAY



1. Oh! the win - ter, cold win - ter is dy - ing; The snow-king has fled far a - way. An  
 2. Now the brook-lets go mer - ri - ly sing - ing In joy as they hur - ry a - long; The  
 3. Un - to whom shall we come with thanksgiv - ing And praise for the gift of the spring? To  
 4. In our spring-time, Oh! Fath - er all ho - ly, Bright spring of the life Thou hast given, We

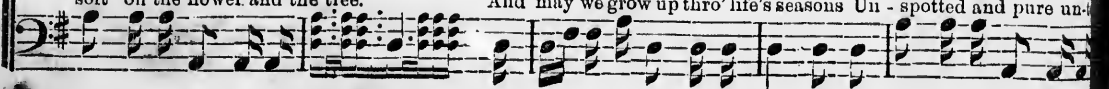



warm, gentle sunbeams are lying, On hill-side and plain, all the day; Where oak-leaves lie thickest and warmest,  
 blue-birds and swallows are winging, To gladden our hearts with their song. The for-ests, their leaf - y a - dorn - ing,  
 whom, while our hearts are rejoicing, Their greatfulest songs shall we sing? To Thee, Oh! our Father in Heaven, O  
 bring Thee an of-fer-ing low - ly, Of hearts growing upward to heaven. Shine Thou in our souls as the sunbeam F

May-flowers' sweet buds you shall find  
 wave o'er earth's mantle of green.  
 song of thanksgiving we raise.  
 soft on the flower and the tree.

While vi - o-lets smile in the sunshine, And maple-keys dance on the  
 The birds shall rejoice in the morning, And sunshine make glad all  
 The beau-ti-ful spring Thou hast given; Our voi-ces shall ech-o Th  
 And may we grow up thro' life's seasons Un - spotted and pure un-



# COLD WINTER IS DYING. Concluded.

a - way.  
a - long ;  
the spring ?  
hast given,  
And  
The  
To  
We

wind.  
scene.  
praise.  
Thee.

*p*  
Oh ! the win - ter, cold win - ter is dy - ing; The snow-king has fled far a - way. And  
Oh ! the win - ter, etc.  
Oh ! the win - ter, etc.  
Oh ! the win - ter, etc.

rest and warmest,  
- y a - dorn - ing,  
er in Heaven, O  
as the sunbeam F

warm, gentle sunbeams are ly - ing On hill-side and plain all the day, On hill-side, on hillside and

le-keys dance on t  
ine make glad all  
es shall ech-o Th  
ted and pure un-

plain all the day. On hill-side, on hill-side and plain all the day, On hill-side, on hill-side and plain all the day.

Lively. (Waltz movement.) *The melody may be sung as a Solo, or as a Solo Chorus.*

1. Say, did you ev - er a mouse-trap be - hold? Fram'd to en-trap all the sil - ly young mice;  
 2. Say, did you ev - er a mouse-trap be - hold? When it had snapp'd on some poor, lit - tle mouse?  
 3. Say, did you ev - er a mouse-trap be - hold? Lit - tle brown mouse ly - ing dead on the floor?

Tempting them, lur - ing them on to be bold; Sweet - est of mor - sels with - in to en - tice,  
 Hold - ing him, keep - ing him there, in the cold, Shut - ting him up in a dark pris - on house?  
 Did not you wish that some - bod - y had told Mous - ie to seek oth - er quar - ters ba - fore?

Did not you think, if a mous - ie were you, You would know bet - ter than nib - bling to go?  
 Did not you think, though the mor - sels were nice, Bet - ter with crusts and with free - dom to go?  
 Sure - ly, the way of transgress - ors is hard: Al - ways re - mem - ber, my boys, it is so!

## MOUSE-TRAPS. Concluded.

78

y young mice ;  
t - the mouse?  
n the floor?

Then, if you're tempted some wrong thing to do, Just think of the mouse-trap, and wise - ly say no!  
Then, if the wick - ed try you to en - tice, Just think of the mouse-trap, and wise - ly say no!  
All of the wiles of the tempt - er dis - card, Just think of the mouse-trap, and wise - ly say no!

en - tice,  
s - on house?  
s ba - fore?

Chorus.

Mouse - traps! mouse-traps! be - ware! Mouse - traps! of these have a care! Temp - ta - tion

ng to go?  
om to go?  
t is so?

shun, and say, when you see Sly, eun - ning mouse-traps, - You shall not catch me!

May be sung as a Solo or Duett.

1. Last Spring, two loving lit - tle birds  
 2. And moth - er dear, you know you gave  
 3. " My child, my child," the mother said,

Built in our white-rose tree;  
 The rose-tree all to me;  
 " With - in our heavenly home

And thro' the live-long summer -  
 And hap - py was I, mother  
 No thing or love shall perish

time, They sang sweet songs for me.  
 dear, Its snow - white blooms to see.  
 there, No chil - ly An - tunn come!

And soon some ti - ny lit - tle ones  
 I watched each lit - tle budding spray  
 And bright - er flow'rs may blossom there.

Came  
 Un -  
 And

from each pret - ty shell. And so till chil - ly An - tunn came, I loved them all full well  
 - til the last had blown, But when I looked one Autumn day, I found they all had gone  
 geu - tler birds for thee May sing, and thou an an - gel fair, As bright as they shall be.

ong summer-  
I, mother  
shall perish

Came  
Un-  
And

well  
gone  
be.

# BIRDS AND ROSES. Concluded.

Chorus.

Then my birdlings wander'd far a - way. Why, oh! why could not my dear birds stay! Why, oh! why could not my darlings stay  
For my ro - ses wither'd all a - way! Why, oh! why could not my sweet flow'rs stay! Why, oh! why could not my darlings stay  
Thou, my darling, thro' e - ter - nal day,..... Thou among un - fading joys shalt stray, Shall forevermore, my dar - ling, stray.

far a - way,  
all a - way!  
thro' the day,

WORDS FURNISHED BY MISS C. F.

# SPRING SONG.

1. How brightly the sun shines, How cool is the breeze; Come and ramble with me Down beneath the green trees. The  
2. O, soft is the mus - ic Of streamlet and rill, And so green is the grass on the side of the hill. The

trees and the flow - ers Are blooming so gay, And we hear the birds sing - ing, To welcome sweet May.  
cat - tle re - joic - ing That win - ter is o'er, Now are joy - ful - ly feed - ing In green fields once more.

## THE MARINER'S SONG.

Moderato.

1. The mar-i-ner loves o'er the wa-ters to roam, o'er the waters to roam, While he thinks on the groves of his  
 2. The moonlight he loves, shining o-ver the deep, shin-ing o-ver the deep, When the land's out of sight, and the

own na-tive home, of his own na-tive home. Hark, hark, hark! The ves-per bells stealing so  
 world is a-sleep, and the world is a-sleep. Hark, hark, hark! How sweet-ly is stealing the

*m* A little faster. *Dim.* *p*  
 soft-ly a-long! The mar-i-ner's song, the mar-i-ner's song, The winds are now bringing the mar-i-ner's song. The  
 mar-i-ner's song! The, &c.

song.....



# THE MARINER'S SONG. Concluded.

77

mar - i - ner's song, the mar - i - ner's song, The winds are now bring - ing the mar - i - ner's song.

Dim. Rit.

# TAKE CARE OF THE MINUTES.

Words from "Forrester's Playmate."

1. Take care of the minutes, They're priceless you know: Will you val - ue them less That so quick - ly they go? "It
2. Take care of the minutes; They come and are gone; Yet in each there is space For some good to be done, Our

is but a min - ute," The tri - fler will say; But the min - utes make hours, And the hours make the day.  
 time is a tal - ent We hold from a - bove. May each hour leave us rich - er In wis - dom and love.



## ROBIN RED BREAST.

J. M. HUBBARD.

Andante.

1. Good bye, good bye to Sum - mer, For Summer's near - ly done, The gar - den smil - ing  
 2. Bright yel - low, red and or - ange, The leaves come down in hosts, The trees are In - dian  
 3. The fire - side for the crick - et, The wheat stack for the mouse, When trembling night winds

faint - ly, Cool breez - es in the sun : Thrush - es now are si - lent, Our  
 Prin - ces, But soon they'll turn to ghosts. The death - 'ry pears and ap - ples hang  
 whis - tle And moan all round the hearth. The best - y ways like i - ron, The

swallows flown a - way, But ro - bin's here in coat of brown, And scar - let breast - not gay.  
 rus - set on the bough, 'Tis Au - tumn, Au - tumn Au - tumn late, 'Twill soon be win - ter now.  
 branches plumed with snow, A - las! in win - ter dead and dark, Where can poor rob - in go?

smil- ing  
e In- dian  
g night winds

lent, Our  
ples hang  
ron, The

gay.  
row.  
go?

# ROBIN RED BREAST. Concluded.

Chorus.

Rob - in, rob - in red breast,  
O rob - in dear!  
Rob - in, rob - in red breast,  
O rob - in dear!  
Rob - in, rob - in red breast,  
O rob - in dear!

And Rob - in sings so  
A what will this poor  
crumb of bread for

sweet-ly in The fall - ing of the year.  
rob - in do? For pinch - ing days are near.  
rob - in, His lit - tle heart to cheer.

Rob - in, rob - in red - breast,  
Rob - in, rob - in red - breast,  
Rob - in, rob - in red - breast,

(Should this be thought too difficult, the first part of the chorus may be repeated in its stead.)

*Rit.*

O rob - in dear! Rob - in sings so sweetly in  
O rob - in dear! And what will this poor robin do?  
O rob - in dear! A crumb of bread for rob - in, The com - ing of the year.  
For pinching days are near.  
His lit - tle heart to cheer.



MERRY, MERRY ELVES ARE WE. Concluded.

BY W. O. P.

r - i - ly, While  
o - dy, We  
- ri - ly, Be -  
v'ry shrouds While

o'er the sea we glide, Singing, singing cheer - i - ly, while On the foaming tide ;  
laugh, ha, ha, ha, ha, Laugh and sing right mer - ri - ly, ..... Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

1st time. 2d time.

la, la, la, la, la,

time. *f*

MORNING SONG.

WORDS BY M. B. C. S.

Elves are we, As  
light and free, We

1. We have come to our happy school, From work and from play, We will think, now of eve - ry rule, And mind them to -  
2. We'll be gen - tle and good and kind, To each lit - tle one, And we'll try something new to find, Ere each day is

day. Now to learn we all will try, With at - ten - tive ear and eye, Heeding, care - ful - ly, All our teachers say.  
done. Quite as well we love to be Sitting here so cheer - ful - ly, Learning, pleas - ant - ly, As our play and fun.

1. Oh! the home we loved by the bound- ing deep, Where the hills in glo - ry stood; And the  
 2. We are pil-grims now in a stran - ger land, And the joys of youth are passed; Kind  
 3. Oh! the time went by, like a tale that's told In a land of song and mirth, And

moss-grown graves where our fathers sleep, 'Neath the boughs of the wav-ing wood; We re-mem-ber yet with a  
 friends are gone, but the old tree stands, Still unharm'd by the warring blast; Oh the lark may sing in the  
 many a form in the church-yard cold, Finds a rest from the cares of earth; And for many a day when we're

fond re-gret For the rock and the flow - 'ry lea, Where we once used to play through the  
 clouds of spring, And the swan on the sil - ver sea, But we mourn for the shade where the  
 far a - way; O'er the waves of the west - ern sea, There the heart will pine, and

WORDS BY

1. I  
 2. I  
 3. S  
 4. I

dy.  
 - where.  
 - ref.  
 dy.

## THE OLD MOUNTAIN TREE. Concluded.

83

long, long day, In the shade of the old mountain tree, In the shade of the old mountain tree.  
 wild bird made Her nest in the old mountain tree, Her nest in the old mountain tree.  
 vain - ly pray For a grave by the old mountain tree, For a grave by the old mountain tree.

WORDS BY CLARA B. DERRY.

## DON'T KILL THE BIRDS.

H. F. WIGHT.

1. Don't kill the lit - tle birds! Who sing on bush and tree, All thro' the summer days, Their sweetest melo -
2. Don't kill the lit - tle birds! Whose plumage wings the air; Whose trill at ear - ly morn Makes music ev - ry -
3. Still like the widow's cruse, There's always plen - ty left; How sad a world were this Of lit - tle birds be -
4. Don't kill the lit - tle birds! Who sing on bush and tree, All thro' the summer days, Their sweetest melo -

dy. Don't shoot the little birds! The earth is God's es - tate—And he provideth food For small as well as great.  
 - where. What tho' the cherries fall, Half eat - en from the stem? And berries disap - pear, In garden, field and glen.  
 - ref. Think of the good they do, In all the orchards round; No hurtful insects thrive, Where robins most abound.  
 dy. In this great world of ours, If we can trust His word, There's food enough for all—Don't kill a single bird!

## SLEEP, DARLING SLEEP.

Slow.

1. Be - neath the wav - ing wil - low We laid (her) down to rest; The earth is now her  
 (him)

2. We mourn be - cause she's left us, So ear - ly thus in life; But he who hath be -

3. She's with the an - gels sing - ing The Sav - iour's praise a - bove, Their ech - oes still are

4. We'll cease from all our weep - ing For her we dear - ly love, The lost one here lies

*Ad lib.* *pp*

pl - low, The grass grows o'er her breast. Sleep, dar - ling, sleep! Sleep, dar - ling, sleep!

-reft us, Hath freed from sin and strife. Sleep, &c.

ring - ing Throughout that land of love. Sleep, &c.

sleep - ing. Her spir - it lives a - - bove. Sleep, &c.



# SEE, THE SETTING SUN.

G. H. MOHMANN.

*p* Moderato.

*mf*

1. See, the set-ting sun is fir-ing,  
 2. Still-ness reigns, and o'er the mead-ows,  
 3. Sweet re- pose, thy tran- quil pleas- ure,

See, the set-ting sun is fir-ing  
 Stillness reigns, and o'er the mead-ows,  
 Sweet re- pose, thy tran- quil pleas- ure,

With his  
 Night a  
 Knows the

flame,.....

With his flame the pur- ple west;  
 Night a veil of darkness throws;  
 Knows the bu- sy hand a- lone;

'Mid the sha- dy boughs ex- pir- ing,  
 'Mid the soften'd evening shadows  
 On- ly he can right- ly measure

Sinks the war- bler's song to  
 hour... of sweet re-  
 rest,... when day is

Sinks the war - - - bler's

rest,  
 - pose,  
 gone,

Sinks the warbler's song to  
 Seek the hour of sweet re-  
 Joys of rest, when day is

rest, it sinks to rest.....  
 pose, of sweet re- pose.....  
 gone, when day is gone.....

to rest..... it sinks to rest.



# HERE'S WHERE SCHOLARS DO THEIR BEST.

WORDS BY MARY B. C. SLADE.

*Solo, or a few voices.*

1. In the school-room here we sit, hour by hour, and day by day; can you tell me, schoolmates, why we hither come? Why not  
 2. In the school-room here you come, teachers, as the weeks go by. Would you never like to stay at home awhile? As the  
 3. In the school-room now we see friendly faces, strange and new, We will sing you welcome, kindly, one and all, We will

glad and free, and gay, spend the time in sport and play, On the street, or in each happy, happy home?  
 sun - ny sea - sons fly, for their pleasure do you sigh? How can we, your loving scholars make you smile?  
 glad - ly show to you, ev' - ry thing that we can do, And we sound once more, our cheery, happy call;

*Chorus.*

Come, oh! come and we will tell you; Here's where scholars do their best; If you  
 best, do their best.

Robed as  
 Load-  
 Watchin  
 Lit - the

come? Why not  
 ile? As the  
 tall, We will

home?  
 on smile?  
 y call;

If you

best,

## HERE'S WHERE SCHOLARS. Concluded.

87

on - ly do the same, you'll be ve - ry glad you came, And oh! by and by, we'll have our fun and rest.

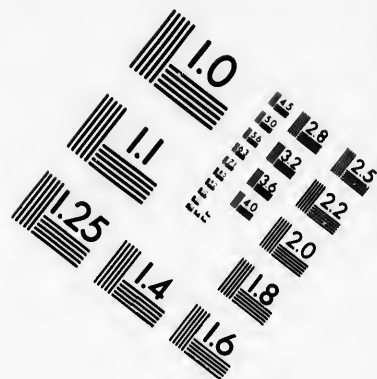
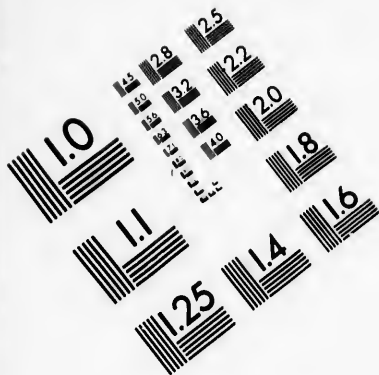
## SNOW-FLAKES.

WORDS BY R. A. PATERSON.

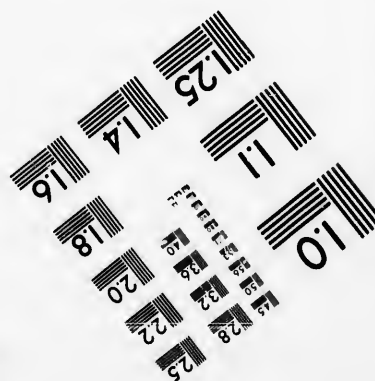
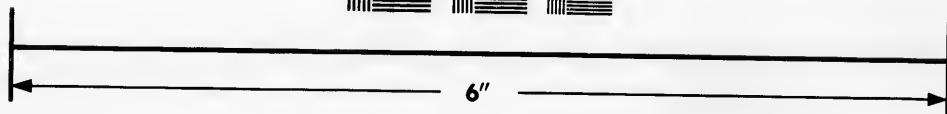
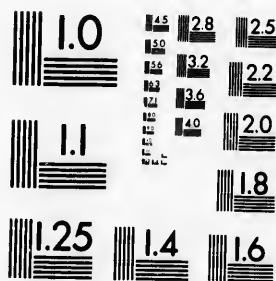
1. Ti - ny lit - tle snow-flakes In the air so high, Are you lit - tle an - gels Floating in the sky?
2. Whirling on - the pavement, Dancing in the street, Melt - ing in the fa - ces Of the ones you meet,
3. Gen - tle lit - tle snow-flakes! Playing here and there; Working, too, at midnight On the cel - lar-stairs;
4. Soft - ly! lit - tle snow-flakes! On her ten - der years Let your weeping crys-tals Melt—and fall in tears.

Robed so white and spot-less, Chaste and pure as Love, Are you lit - tle preachers From the world a - bove?  
 Load-ing all the house-tops, Painting all the trees, Cun-ning lit - tle snow-flakes, Lit - tle bu - sy bees.  
 Watching Nel - lie sleep-ing, Weaving her a shroud—Kin - der than the rich man! Bet - ter than the proud!  
 Lit - tle homeless Nel - lie To her mother's gone! Clad in robes of glo - ry, Near the Saviour's throne.





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## 'TIS MAY-DAY MORN.

Lively.

1. How glad - ly wakes this joy - ful morn, To us so full of pleas - ure; We'll place the pole, and  
 2. Who should be gay but schol - ars true, The lov - ing and the youth - ful, As forth they come, this  
 3. Let oth - ers sigh in ci - ty haunts, We'll soon a - way be hie - ing, A - cross the vale, and

crown our queen, And dance a fai - ry measure, Come, school - mates, sing the mer - ri - est song, Come forth with joy to -  
 bright May morn, With words and spirits truthful, Come, school - mates, sing the mer - ri - est song, Come forth with joy to -  
 o'er the mead, Each fai - ry footstep fly - ing, Come, school - mates, sing the mer - ri - est song, Come forth with joy to -

Chorus.

- day; 'Tis May - day morn, 'tis May - day morn. 'Tis mer - ry, mer - ry May. Oh, schoolmates, sing the

mer -

Mode

1. Now g
2. Gen -
3. Pence.

From the s  
 Dreams, tha  
 Till a n

'TIS MAY-DAY MORN. Concluded.

59

mer - ri - est song, tra, la, la, la, la, la, Voi - ces ringing all day long, tra, la, la, la, la.

NOW GOOD NIGHT.

Moderato.

1. Now good night! now good night! Work is end-ed with the light, Gold-en stars a - gain are beam-ing  
 2. Gen - tle night! gen-tle night! Tasks are end-ed with the light. Night too, soon will quickly leave us,  
 3. Peace-ful night! peaceful night! Joys, that made the day so bright, Shall in dreams not all for - sake us,

From the arch of heav - en gleaming, And the moon is smiling bright, Now good night! now good night! good night!  
 Dreams, that God's bright angels give us, Hasten on the longest night. Now, &c.  
 Till a new day shall a - wake us In the realms of pure delight. Now, &c.

THE BROOK.

1. Tin-kle! tin - kle! soft - ly flow - ing Thro' the meadows green and fair, By the reed - y marshes go - ing,  
 2. Thro' the woodland's fair - y pla - ces, Glid - ing onward still and lone, Well mine eye thy current tra - ces,

Bear - ing glad - ness eve - ry - where. Tones of sil - ver laugh - ter fling - ing, Tin - kle! tin - kle!  
 By the rich - er depth of tone; For the trees a - bove me lift - ing Fan - like branch - es

All the day; Sum - mer winds their ech - oes bring - ing, Charm the si - lence far a - way,  
 spreading wide, To the breez - es past them drift - ing, Whis - per of the se - cret tide!

Ch  
 T  
 m  
 1. C  
 2. V  
 3. V  
 glo  
 go -  
 wea



# THE BROOK. Concluded.

Chorus.

Tinkle, tin - kle, tinkle, tinkle, tin - kle all the day, Tin - kle, tin - kle, tinkle, tinkle, tin - kle far a - way.

\*These notes may be sung when there is no instrument.

# THE HERDSMAN'S HOME.

ARR. FROM ART.

*mf* Moderato.

1. On the mountain steep and hoar - y, Sounds the Herdsman's evening song; Where the clouds in gold - en  
2. Where the Al - pine rose is blowing, There the Herdsman builds his home; From his couch at morning  
3. When the mountain dark and drear - y, Frowns up - on the world be - low; Rest - ing there the Herdsman

glo - ry, Float the ambient tide a - long, Where the clouds in gold - en glo - ry, Float the ambient tide a - long.  
go - ing, With the lark he loves to roam, From his couch at morning going, With the lark he loves to roam.  
weary, None such sweet repose can know, Rest - ing there the Herdsman weary, None such sweet repose can know.

THE HERDSMAN'S HOME. Concluded.

La, la, la, la.....

*Solo*

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

*p Chorus.*

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

*p*

la..... la.....

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

*Repeat pp*

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

1. G  
2.  
3. V

blue,  
see,  
pine,

la

BUY MY FLOWERS.\*

la, la,

1. Grace-ful wreaths of Cy-press-vine; Sweet-est pinks, and Col-um-bine; Ros-es, lil-ies, i-iris  
 2. If the wild-flow'rs meek you love; Than the proud-er blooms, a-bove; Vi-o-lets I have, you  
 3. Vel-vet moss-es, soft and light; Scar-let ber-ries, fresh and bright; Creeping-Jen-ny, Prin-cess-

blue, La-dy, fair, I bring to you. 'Neath your windows hear me cry, Buy my flow'rs, sweet  
 see, And the pale a-nem-o-ne. 'Neath your windows hear me cry, Buy my flow'rs, sweet  
 pine, 'Mong my fair-er treas-ures shine. 'Neath your windows hear me cry, Buy my flow'rs, sweet

Repeat pp

Sung or spoken.

la - dy, buy! Buy my flow - ers, Buy my flow'rs, sweet la - dy buy!

la.

la.

\* May be sung by one or two girls with flower baskets, making appropriate gestures.

## SCHOOL SONG.

1. The pleas-ant sun is in the sky, The day is bright and clear, Now let our hearts be  
2. We'll mind our les-sons through the day, We'll mind our teach-ers' rule, Then all will pass so

full of joy, And all be hap-py here. Good res-o-lu-tions let us make; We'll  
pleas-ant-ly, In this, our hap-py school; And when the hours for school are o'er, And

make them firm and strong, And watch them that they may not break, Or wa-ver, all day long.  
all our work is done, Our hearts shall be as light and free, As birds at morning's sun.

1. G
- W
2. N
- I
3. C
- I
4. A
- M

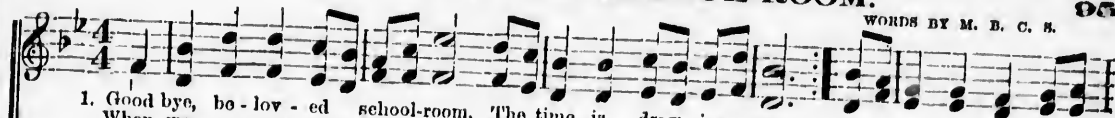
written  
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Chorus

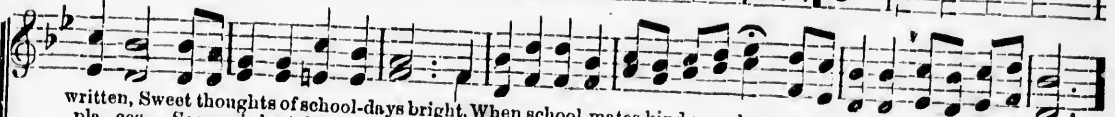
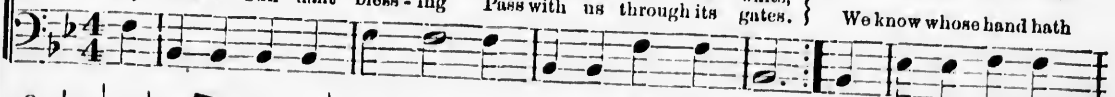
Farewell, our

# GOOD BYE, OLD SCHOOL-ROOM.

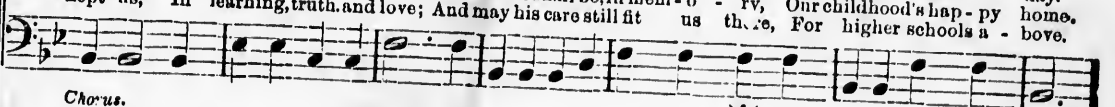
WORDS BY M. B. C. S.



- |   |  |   |
|---|--|---|
| <p>1. Good bye, be - lov - ed school-room,<br/>When we no more may en - ter</p> <p>2. New ties perchance may bind us<br/>But something left be - hind us</p> <p>3. Oh, scene of child-hood's pleas - ure,<br/>Re - ech - o now the mens - ure</p> <p>4. And when we go, pos - sess - ing<br/>May God's a - bun - dant bless - ing</p> | <p>The time is draw - ing near,<br/>Thy doors, to us so dear.</p> <p>To brighter scenes than this;<br/>Our hearts will al - ways miss.</p> <p>Of toil and stud - y, too,<br/>That sings good bye to you.</p> <p>The house that for us waits,<br/>Pass with us through its gates.</p> | <p>All o'er thy walls are</p> <p>The old fa - mil - iar</p> <p>Where - ev - er learn - ing</p> <p>We know whose hand hath</p> |
|---|--|---|



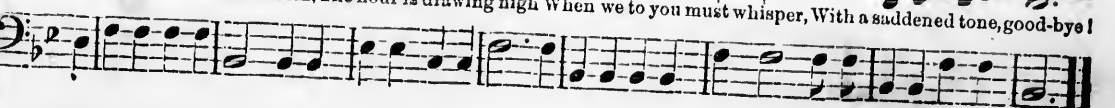
written, Sweet thoughts of school-days bright, When school-mates kind came here to find instruction and de - light.  
pla - ces Seem, si - lent - ly, to say, In scenes more fair, remem - ber there, The house you leave to - day.  
culls us, Tho' neath some fairer dome, This house shall be, in mem - o - ry, Our childhood's hap - py home.  
kept us, In learning, truth and love; And may his care still fit us there, For higher schools a - bove.



*Chorus.*



Farewell, our dear old school-room, The hour is drawing nigh When we to you must whisper, With a saddened tone, good-bye!



hearts be  
pass so

make; We'll  
o'er, And

long.  
sun.

## BEAUTIFUL SILVER SEA

J. G. CLARK

Solo, or Semi-Chorus.  
Allegretto. *mf*

1. The moonlight rides the bounding tides Of the beau-ti - ful sil - ver sea; Then come to - night Where  
2. We'll wan-der there, As free from care As the winds of the beautiful night; With fa - ces gay As

all is bright And ride the wa - ters with me. Soft stars are glanc - ing, Deep waves are  
waves that play, And break in glimmer - ing light. Moon - light will meet thee, Sweet voi - ces

danc - ing Down by the dis - tant shore..... Bright eyes are  
greet thee Un - - der the calm blue sky,..... Warm hearts will

## BEAUTIFUL SILVER SEA. Continued.

97

night Where  
gay As

bear - ing, Fond hearts are dream - ing,  
love thee, An - gels a - bove thee, Dream - ing their love scenes  
Smile from their homes on o'er.....  
high.....

*Chorus.*

up waves are  
et voi - ces

The moon-light rides the bounding tides Of the beau - ti - ful sil - ver sea, Then come to-night where

eyes are  
hearts will

all is bright, And ride the wa - ters with me. O! come to - night where

O! come to-night where all is bright, O!

BEAUTIFUL SILVER SEA. Concluded.

Repeat *pp*

all..... is bright, And ride the wa - ters.... with me.....  
 come to-night where all is bright, And ride the wa - ters.... with me.....

LITTLE MAGGIE MAY.

G. BLAMPHIN,  
 Permission of C. W. A. TRUMPER

1. The spring had come, the flow'rs in bloom, The birds sung out their lay, Down by a lit - tle  
 2. 'Thc' years roll'd on, yet still I lov'd With heart so light and gay, And nev - er will this  
 3. May Heav'n pro - tect me for her sake, I pray-both night and day, That I ere long may

running brook, I first saw Mag - gie May; She had a rogu - ish jet black eye, Was  
 heart de - ceive My own dear Mag - gie May; When oth - ers thought that life was gone, And  
 call her mine, My own dear Mag - gie May; For she is all the world to me, Al -

sing - in  
 death w  
 tho' I

*p* Chorus  
 My

*p*  
 day:



# LITTLE MAGGIE MAY. Concluded.

Repeat pp

PHIN,  
A. TRUMPLER

eye, Was  
gone, And  
me, Al-

sing - ing all the day, And how I lov'd her none can tell, My lit - tle Mag gie  
 death would take a - way, Still by my side did lin - ger one, And that was Mag - gie  
 tho' I'm far a - way, I oft - times think of the run - ning brook, And lit - tle Mag - gie

*p* Chorus.

lit - tle  
will this  
long may

My lit - tle witch - ing Mag - gie, Mag - gie, sing - ing all the

day: Oh! how I love her none can tell, My lit - tle Mag - gie May.

## FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIRS.

Arr. from E. J. B. HOLDER.

*May be sung as a Solo or Duet to "Chorus."*

1. I miss them now—those lit - tle feet, That used to come so oft; The lit - tle voice that  
 2. For when I read, or sing, or play, Or join in pleas - ures sweet, I seem 'to see her  
 3. Her gold - en curls still elus - ter round Her brow so white and clear; And on her face now  
 4. I know her feet are walk - ing now, The shin - ing streets of Heaven; I know that to the

used to speak, So sweet, so silv - ry soft, And now, when I am all a - lone, Engrossed in dai - ly  
 glad and gay, And miss those lit - tle feet, Oh, it is hard to think she's gone, With all her win - ning  
 pale and cold, I've shed full many a tear; The lids have droop'd o'er those blue eyes, Death's i - ey seal is  
 dear one's brow, A gold - en crown is given; I'm thankful that she is at rest, Safe from earth's sin - ful

cares, I list - en, but 'tis all in vain, For the "foot - steps on the stairs."  
 airs - To think I nev - er more shall hear, Her "foot - steps on the stairs."  
 theirs; 'Tis He that has for - ev - er hushed, Those "foot - steps on the stairs."  
 snares; Yet still - I weep and pause to hear, The "foot - steps on the stairs."

1. Who da  
 2. From  
 3. Small

The simplest f  
 The notes tha  
 And life-

voice that  
see her  
face now  
to the

in dai - ly  
er win - ning  
y seal is  
rth's sin - ful

ie stairs."  
ie stairs."  
ie stairs."  
ie stairs."

## FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIRS. Concluded.

101

*p* Chorus.*Ad lib.*

The footsteps on the stairs, The footsteps on the stairs, I listen, but 'tis all in vain, For the footsteps on the stairs ;

## LITTLE THINGS.

1. Who dares to scorn the meanest thing, The humblest weed that grows, While pleasure spreads its joyous wing On ev'ry breeze that blows ;
2. From germs too small for mortal sight, Grow all things that are seen, Their floating par-ti-cles of light Weave nature's robe of green ;
3. Small duties grow to mighty deeds, Small words to tho'ts of pow'r ; Great forests spring from tiny seeds, As moments make the hour,

The simplest flow'r that hidden blooms, The lowest on the ground, Is lavish of its rare perfumes, And scatters sweetness round.  
The notes that fill the sunny rays, Build ocean, earth and sky—The wondrous orbs that round us blaze, Are notes to Deity.  
And life—how'er it lowly grows, The essence to it giv'n, Like odor from the breathing rose, Floats evermore to heav'n.

## THE TEMPEST.

For Bass or Alto voice.

From "Continental Vocalist's Glee Book."

1. We were crowded in the cab-in, Not a soul would dare to sleep; It was midnight on the  
 2. So we gathered there in silence, For the stout - est held his breath, While the angry waves were  
 3. But his lit-tle daugh - ter whispered, As she took his i - cy hand, "Isn't God up - on the

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

*Ad lib.**A tempo.*

waters, And a storm was on the deep; 'Tis a fear - ful thing in win-ter, To be  
 rolling, And the break - ers talked of death; And as thus we sat in darkness, Each our  
 o-ocean, Just the same as on the land?" Then we kissed the lit - tle maiden, And we

The second system of the musical score continues the piece. It features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The tempo changes from *Ad lib.* to *A tempo.* The lyrics are printed below the vocal line. The piano part includes a section marked *Colla voce.* and another marked *A tempo.*

ight on the  
ry waves were  
up - on the

ter, To be  
ness, Each one  
len, And wo

# THE TEMPEST. Concluded.

shattered by the blast, And to hear the rattling trumpet thunder, Cut a - way the  
 bu - sy in his prayers, We are lost, the Captain shouted, As he staggered down the  
 spoke in bet - ter cheer, — And we an - - chored safe in harbor, When the morn was shin - ing

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, written in a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The lyrics are printed below the notes. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in a treble clef and the bottom staff in a bass clef. The music is in a 4/4 time signature. The system concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

mast,  
stairs,  
clear,  
And to hear the rat - tling trum - pet thun - der, Cut a - way the mast.  
 We are lost, the Cap - tain shout - ed, As he staggered down the stairs.  
 And we an - chored safe in har - bor, When the morn was shin - ing clear.

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, continuing from the first system. The lyrics are printed below the notes. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment, continuing from the first system. The system concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

May be sung as a Solo to "Chorus."

1. Why chime the bells so merrily, Why are we all so gay? It is because the New Year's come, The old has pass'd a - way.  
 2. The a - ged gaze up - on our mirth, And smile not like the rest; They sit in silence by the hearth, And seem with grief oppress'd.  
 3. Sing on, sing on then while we may, But pause to think the while, That, ere this year has passed away, We too may cease to smile;

Oh, can we look up - on the past, And feel no sor - row now; That thus we sing so joy - ous - ly, And smiles light every brow?  
 But we may now be blithe and gay, And still sing gai - ly on; The song shall be, the New Year's come, The Old Year's past and gone  
 Yet we'll be hap - py as we go, And still keep singing on; The song shall be, &c.

*Chorus.*

Hail to the New Year! Hail to the New Year! Hail to the New Year! Hur - rah, hur - rah hur - rah!

Lively

1. A -
2. Wit
3. And

Chorus.

Bold - l  
Fond - ly

1st time *f*.

Tra la, la





WORDS BY M. B. C. SLADE.

From LA GRANDE DUCHESSE.

1. The sun is ris - ing o'er the o - cean, The smil - ing wa - ters greet the day; And  
 2. The birds flit o'er the dew - y mead - ows, Or car - ol sweet, in branches high; While  
 3. Oh come! let clouds of grief and sad - ness Fly swift as shades of night a - way. Let

joy - ous winds, to danc - ing mo - tion, Wake the bil - lows of the bay.  
 down the vales, the fright - ed sha - dows Has - ten from the dawn to fly.  
 all our hearts, like birds of glad - ness, Wel - come in the glad new day.

See where the clouds roll up the moun - tains; Night has her mist - y ban - ner furled; And,  
 Rocked on the wa - ter's plac - id bos - om, Pure - ly the wa - ter lil - ies gleam. While  
 Bright flow'rs, and streams, and birds of heav - en, In - cense and prais - es waft a - bove. From



CHRISTMAS.

# WELCOME TO MORNING. Concluded.

And  
While  
Let

spring - ing from a thous - and foun - tains, Light and joy o'er - flow the world.  
 wil - low branch and bend - ing blos - som, Bid good - mor - row to the stream.  
 hearts and voi - ces now be giv - en Songs of praise, and joy, and love.

*Chorus. A good effect may be produced by singing the melody of the chorus in unison.*

Sunbeams of splendor the world are a - dorn - ing, Join in the cho - rus, the earth and o - cean sing

And,  
While  
From

Welcome the glo - ry, the sun - light, the morning; And make the joy - ous, joy - ous ech - oes ring

## THE WORLD IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

Allegro.

1. Oh, call not this a vale of tears, A world of gloom and sor - row; One half the grief that  
 2. Did we but strive to make the best Of troub - les that be - fall us, In - stead of meet - ing  
 3. If truth and love and gen - tle words, We took the pains to nour - ish, The seeds of dis - con -

o'er us comes, From self we oft - en borrow. The earth is beau - ti - ful and good, How long will men mis -  
 - cares half way, They would not so ap - pal us. Earth has a spell for loving hearts; Why should we seek to  
 - tent would die, And peace and comfort flourish. Oh, has not each some kind - ly tho't? Then let's at once a -

- take it? The fol - ly is with - in our - selves, The world is what we make it.  
 - break it? Let's scat - ter flow'rs in - stead of thorns - The world is what we make it.  
 - wake it: Be - liev - ing that, for good or ill, The world is what we make it.

1. At
2. But
3. Wit
4. We'

happy  
 many  
 bright  
 bless w

bid a

1. At length the parting hour has come; For "Sixty-Eight" the last. To this dear place we bid adieu, Where  
 2. But, as the closing hour draws near, The thought that we must part With Teachers, Schoolmates, friends most dear, Makes  
 3. With Schoolmates dear no more we'll meet In this accustomed place, But memory's tablets still will keep Each  
 4. We'll cherish long, O, teachers kind, Your efforts to impart True knowledge that shall fill each mind, And

*Chorus.*

happy days have pass'd. Farewell, dear Schoolmates, friends, to you We say farewell, the last, To this dear place we  
 many a sorrowing heart. Farewell, dear Schoolmates, friends, to you We say farewell, the last, To this dear place we  
 bright and happy face. Farewell, dear Schoolmates, friends, to you We say farewell, the last, To this dear place we  
 bless with joy each heart. Farewell, dear Schoolmates, friends, to you We say farewell, the last, To this dear place we

bid adieu, Where happy days have pass'd.

\* Any other year may be substituted

5. Oh! may the lessons gathered here  
 As years draw on, become  
 True Wisdom's crown upon the brow.  
 As o'er the world we roam. **CHORUS.**  
 6. And when life's lessons all are o'er,  
 Oh, may we meet to dwell  
 Around our Father's throne, no more  
 In heav'n to say "farewell."  
 (CHORUS FOR LAST VERSE.)  
 No more to say "farewell," dear friends,  
 No more to say "farewell,"  
 Around our Father's throne, no more  
 In heav'n to say "farewell."

1. Now a - gain, sound the strain, Raise a mer - ry song; For dar - ling o'er the sun - ny plain, Va - ca - tion comes a - long.  
 2. Oh! 'tis best, thus to rest, Working, now, no more; And we shall come with new - er zest, When hol - i - days are o'er,  
 3. Sha - dy nooks, hills and brooks, Call, with merry shout; They bid us put a - side our books, And gal - ly has - ten out.  
 4. When 'tis o'er, here, once more, Glad we'll hasten back, We'll stud - y hard - er than be - fore, For zeal we will not lack,

Toil is sweet, and stud - y dear, But don't you sure - ly know, That, if they last - ed all the year, We nev - er could think so!  
 Bright are learning's pleasant ways, But don't you sure - ly know, That, if we trod them all our days, We nev - er could think so!  
 Dear is this fa - mil - iar spot, But don't you sure - ly know, That, if va - cation cheered us not, We nev - er could think so!  
 Glad to greet our school we'll be; But don't you sure - ly know, But for va - cation's hours of glee, We nev - er could think so!

## Chorus.

Come, scholars! come, teachers! join the mer - ry glee; Va - ca - tion - week is coming, now, the gay - est time for me!  
 Come, scholars! come, teachers! join the mer - ry glee; Va - ca - tion - time is coming, now, the week of ju - bi - lee!

# NOW COMES VACATION.

1. Fare - well to stud - y and to books, How fast the time is wing - ing; We soon shall to the  
 2. We hail a - gain this joy - ous day, For we are tired and wea - ry, The school - room with its  
 3. We'll roam a - mong the bright green fields, Where woods and flow'rs are springing, And where the stur - dy  
 4. And when va - ca - tion shall be o'er. We'll have a joy - ous meet - ing, Our teachers, schoolmates

*Chorus.*

woods a - way, And with the birds be sing - ing. Come let us haste a - way, Come let us  
 dai - ly toil, Is get - ting dull and drear - y. Come let us, etc.  
 hus - bandman, The "Har - vest Home" is bring - ing. Come let us, etc.  
 all shall meet, With each a hap - py greet - ing. Come let us, etc.

*Repeat chorus for last stanza.*

haste a - way; Sing - ing this fes - tal day, Now comes our glad va - ca - tion.

Cheerfully.

1. Come a - way to my home, my mountain home, Come a - way to the hills with me; In the  
 2. Oh! how sweet, and how clear the mountain air, While the morn - ing breezes rise, And the

wildwood green we'll free - ly roam, With our spir - its light and free. As light as the winds we'll dance along, And  
 ro - sy flush so bright and fair, That is spread o'er eastern skies. The scene shall all be like fair - y land; We'll

gay shall our mu - sic be; Its tones shall ri - val the bird's sweet song, With its tune - ful mel - o - dy.  
 rest by a sil - v'ry lake; Where fays are waiting for thy command, When the ro - sy morn shall break.

# AWAY TO THE HILLS. Concluded.

with me; In the  
rise. And the

'll dance along. And  
fair-y land; We'll

mel - o - dy.  
morn shall break.

*m*

1 { We'll garlands twine, of ros - es fine, That grow on the gen - tle hills;  
With thirst-y lip, the neo - tar sip From moun - tain's sparkling rills. }

2 { All day we'll dwell in glad - some dell, And joy shall un - ceasing be;  
When stars shine bright, by pale moonlight, I'll seek thy home with thee. }

Hark! hark! 'tis the woods that  
Hark! hark! 'tis the woods that

*ff* *p* *Cres.* *f*

shout! rejoice! Will you come, O, come to - day? And list! 'tis the sound of their mer - ry voice, To the

To the hills,..... to the hills,..... to the hills, to the hills a - way.  
Hil-li - ho!..... hil-li - ho!..... hil-li - ho! hil-li - ho! hil-li - ho!

hills, the hills a - way.

Yes, to the hills,  
Ho! hil-li - ho!

yes, to the hills,  
ho! hil-li - ho!

yes, to the hills a - way.  
ho! hil-li - ho! hil-li - ho!



WORDS BY M. B. C. SLADE.

*May be sung as a Solo to "Chorus."*

1. I'll tra - vel a - bout a deal in my time Down the riv - er, and o'er the main; I'll  
 2. I'll call to the lads a - sail - ing a - long, And the maidens that stray the shore, I'll  
 3. But oh! in the storm the hur - ri - cane's roar, Should the bark of my friend go down, I

see the glo - ry of ev - e - ry clime, And then I'll come home a - gain. So  
 sing the bil - lows an eeh - o - ing song, When beau - ti - ful day is o'er. Then  
 al - ways, glad - ly, will reach him an oar, And draw him with - in mine own. The

gay is the sea, and the wind is so free, The sky is so clear and blue, I  
 gaz - ing a - far, to the won - der - ful star That stead - i - ly shines, and true, I'll  
 strength that will serve in the sun - shine for one, Shall serve in the storm for two. I'll



## I'LL PADDLE MY OWN CANOE. Concluded.

main ; I'll  
shore, I'll  
down, I

know if I try, o'er the wave I shall fly. And pad - dle my own ca - noe.  
peace - ful - ly float, rocked a - sleep in my boat, Or, pad - dle my own ca - noe.  
lend him a hand, and I'll bring him to land, Then, pad - dle my own ca - noe.

*Chorus.*

- gain. So  
o'er. Then  
ne own. The

I'll love my neigh - bor as my - self, As the world I go trav - el - ing through, But

and blue, I  
and true, I'll  
for two. I'll

nev - er de - pend on the arm of a friend To pad - dle my own ca - noe.

## PUT YOUR SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL.

1. There's a voice that speaks within us, If we own no craven heart, As we press along life's pathway Taking  
 2. What tho' clouds are dark'ning o'er us, They but hide a tranquil sky; Or should storm drops fall around us, Soon the  
 3. Fold-ed hands will nev-er aid us To up - lift the load of care; "Up and stirring" beyour mot - to, Meek to  
 4. Men of worth have conned the lesson, Men of might have tried its truth, A - ged lips have breath'd its maxim In the

our ap - pointed part; And it bids us bear our bur - den, Hea - vy tho' it seems to feel, And with strong and hopeful  
 sunshine bids them dry. Nev-er doubt, and faint and fal - ter, Heart be stout and true as steel! Fortune smiles on brave en -  
 suf - fer, strong to bear. 'Tis not chance that guides our footsteps; Or our des - ti - ny can seal; With a will, then, strong and  
 list'ning ear of youth; And be sure thro'-out life's journey, Ma - ny wounded hearts 'twould heal, If we all as friends and

vig - or, Put your shoulder to the wheel, And with strong and hopeful vig - or, Put your shoulder to the wheel,  
 - deav - or - Put your shoulder to the wheel, Fortune smiles on brave en - deav - or - Put your shoulder to the wheel,  
 stea - dy, Put your shoulder to the wheel, With a will, then, strong and steady, Put your shoulder to the wheel,  
 brothers Put our shoulder to the wheel, If we all, as friends and brothers Put our shoulder to the wheel.

'TIS SWEET AT EARLY MORN.

1. 'Tis sweet at ear-ly morn, When balm-y breez-es play, And toss the pearl-y dew From
2. At noon-tide hour 'tis sweet, When weighty cares sur-round, To shun the bu-sy world, And
3. Not less at e-ven-tide, In syl-van sha-ded bow'rs, Where zeph-yrs gen-tly waft The
4. So in our hap-py homes, Hath mu-sic charms for all, In childhood, or in youth, Or

Sweet strains to hear, From voi - ces clear,  
 Of those we love, Who gen - tly move,  
 Sweet peace and love, O'er dear ones move,  
 A ho - ly calm, A heav'n - ly balm.

spark-ling leaf - y spray; Sweet strains to hear, From voi - ces clear, To  
 hear the hap - py sound; Of those we love, Who gen - tly move, The  
 per - fume of the flow'rs; Sweet peace and love, O'er dear ones move, By  
 when the gray hairs fall; A ho - ly calm, A heav'n - ly balm, A -

ush - er in the day: Sweet strains to hear, From voi - ces clear, To ush - er in the day.  
 the chords where peace is found: Of those we love, Who gen - tly move, The chords where peace is found.  
 mus - ic's mag - ic pow'r: Sweet peace and love, O'er dear ones move, By mus - ic's mag - ic pow'r.  
 - like for great and small: A ho - ly calm, A heav'n - ly balm, A - like for great and small.

1. Hail to thee, queen of the si - lent night, Shine clear, shine bright, yield thy pen - sive light;  
2. Dart thy pure beams from thy thrones on high, Beam on through sky, robed in a - zure dye,

Blithe - ly we'll dance in thy sil - ver ray, Hap - pi - ly pass - ing the hours a - way;  
We'll laugh and sport while the night - bird sings, Flap - ping the dew from his sa - ble wings;

Must we not love the still - y night, Dressed in her robes of blue and white? Heaven's robes ring,  
Sprites love to sport in still moonlight, Play with the pearls of sha - dowy night; Then let us sing.

FAIRY MOONLIGHT. Concluded.

ny pen - sive light;  
 a - zure dye,  
 hours a - way;  
 sa - ble wings;  
 en's arches ring,  
 n let us sing.

Stars wink and sing, Hail, si - lent night. Fair - y moon - light, fair - y  
 Time's on the wing, Hail, si - lent night. Fair - y moon - light, fair - y

moon - light. Fair - y, fair - y, fair - y moon - light, Fair - y  
 Fair - y moon . . . . . light,

*Ritard.*  
 moon - light, fair - y moon - light, Fair - y, fair - y, fair - y moon - light.  
 Fair - y moon - light, Fair - y moon . . . . . light

1. I love the bright, the beau - ti - ful, Where - ev - er it is found, The beau - ti - ful is  
 2. I find it in the vi - o - let That lifts its ti - ny, head Where fall - en twigs and  
 3. I hear it in the mu - sic soft That floats from hill and dale, Which ech - oes from the  
 4. I feel it when with care I trace Minds soar - ing wisdom's steep, Where fair - est buds of

eve - ry - where, We find it all a - round. It cov - ers all the broad, broad earth; It  
 dew - y grass Yield to the rab - bit's tread. I see it in the sum - mer's pride, The  
 bird's sweet notes, And floats on eve - ry gale. And in the streamlet's dan - cing tide, It  
 ge - nius blow For earn - est hearts to reap. Yes! beau - ties vast, un - search - a - ble Are

spar - kles in the sky; It flut - ters in the fall - ing leaf, And breathes in autumn's sigh.  
 rose of crim - son hue, That wild - ly spreads its pet - als, fraught With per - fume, to our view.  
 murmurs ceaseless - ly, Ah! eve - ry - thing that mu - sic breathes Is beau - ti - ful to me.  
 tossed on Life's great sea; And ma - ny, ma - ny price - less gems Float to the shore for me.

# THE LITTLE FAIRIES.\*

Words from the "Corporal," by M. E. C. SLADE.

191

1. Do you think there are no fair-ies? Do you think the Fair-y Queen On mid-sum-mer night no-  
 2. In sweet sum-mer when the air is Full of fra-grance of th'flowers, Then our bu-sy lit-tle  
 3. When the au-tumn days of glo-ry Ripened fruits in clus-ters fling, Then the fair-ies of our  
 4. That kind works of love and du-ty, In the home and in the school, Are the on-ly way of  
 5. Soft-ly sound our tune-ful num-bers, For they now are drawing near, Wak-ing up from qui-et

where is In the moonlight to be seen? Hear the sto-ry we are telling, Ten with us are al-ways  
 fair-ies Seek the sha-dy dells and bow'rs, And they bring us pret-ty po-sies, Li-lies, vi-o-lets, and  
 sto-ry Grapes and ap-ples to us bring, And when soft, white snows are falling, At the mer-ry children's  
 beau-ty, Is our fair-ies' gold-en rule. In what-ev-er work their share is, More and more we hope their  
 slumbers, Soon our fair-ies shall ap-pear. Now each queen will forward bring hers, Not a sin-gle fair-y

dwell-ing, Ere our song has ceased its swell-ing, You shall see them,—by and by.  
 ros-es, Ere our fair-y sto-ry clos-es, You shall see them,—by and by.  
 call-ing, They will join the gay snow-ball-ing, You shall see them,—by and by.  
 care is, To be faith-ful lit-tle fair-ies,— You shall see them,—by and by.  
 lin-gers! They are—just our ten white fing-ers! Don't you see them danc-ing by?

\* At the closing couplet let all the hands unclasp, and all the fingers twirl about, raised high above the head.

*Duett.*  
*Vivace.*

1. We are merry, mer-ry mountain maids, Roaming gai-ly thro' the glades, 'Neath the pine trees,  
2. We are loved, and we love too, (Just as youths and maidens do,) Mothers you have

by the stream, Life to us a hap-py dream; Sweet notes from the woodland sound,  
done the same, So 'tis useless now to blame, Hark! a foot-step,—some one's near—



THE MERRY MOUNTAIN MAIDS. Continued. 123

pine trees,  
you have

Gold - en sunbeams fall a - round,  
Yes! 'tis he - what brought him here?  
Play - ful breezes as we go, Thro' our waving  
Strange it is where'er we stray, Sure 'tis in each

sound,  
e's near -

truss - es blow; In our hearts the sunbeams play, Light as air we take our way,  
oth - er's way; Now a mer ry, mer - ry youth and maid, We are roam - ing though the glade,

*rit.* CHORUS.

Singing as we trip a - long, Our mer-ry, mer-ry, mountain song. Sing - ing,  
Singing as we stroll a - long, Our mer-ry mer-ry mountain song.

*Sf*

sing - ing our merry, merry mountain song, Sing - ing, sing - ing our merry, mer-ry mountain

1.  
2.  
3.

to  
fenc  
dis

ed.

CHORUS.

Sing - ing,

mer-ry mountain

THE MERRY MOUNTAIN MAIDS. Concluded. 125

song, Our mer-ry, mer-ry mountain song, Our mer-ry, mer-ry mountain song.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN. NATIONAL ANTHEM.

1. God save our gracious queen, Long live our no - ble queen, God save the Queen!  
 2. Thy choicest gifts in store, On her be pleased to pour. Long may she reign.  
 3. O Lord, our God a - rise, Scat - ter her en - e - mies, And make them fall.

Send her vic -  
 May she de -  
 Bid strife and

to - ri - ous, Hap - py and glo - ri - ous, Long to reign o - ver us, God save the Queen!  
 fend our laws, And ev - er give us cause To sing with heart and voice, God save the Queen!  
 dis - cord cease, Commerce and arts increase, Crown all our joys with peace, God save us all!

## RULE, BRITANNIA!

Music by Dr. ARNE.

1. When Bri - tain first at Heaven's command, A - rose ..... from out the a - zure main,  
 2. The na - tions not so blest as thee, Must In..... their turn to ty - rants fall,  
 3. The Mu - ses still with free - dom found, Shall to..... thy happy coast re - pair,

1. When Britain first at heaven's command, Arose from out the a - zure main,  
 2. The nations not so blest as thee, Must in their turn to ty - rants fall,  
 3. The Muses still with free - dom found, Shall to thy happy coast re - pair,

A - rose, a - rose, a - rose from out the a - zure main, This was the charter, the charter of the land, And  
 Must in their turn to tyrants fall, to tyrants fall, Whilst thou shall flourish, shall flourish great and free, The  
 Shall to thy happy coast, shall to thy coast repair, Blest isle of beauty, with matchless beauty crowned, And

A - rose from out the a - zure main,  
 Must in their turn to tyrants fall,  
 Thy hap - py, hap - py coast re - pair,

*pp 1st time, ff 2d time.*

guardian an - gels sang this strain: Rule, Britannia! Bri - tan - nia rule the waves! Britons nev - er shall be slaves!  
 dread and en - vy of them all. Rule, &c.  
 manly hearts to guard the fair. Rule, &c.



a - sure main,  
ty - rants fall,  
coast re - pair,

a - sure main,  
ty - rants fall,  
coast re - pair,



f the land, And  
eat and free, The  
auty crowned, And



shall be slaves!



# MY COUNTRY'S PLEASANT STREAMS.

Words by Hon. JOSEPH HOWE.

Music by W. B. NORTON.

127

1. In joy and gladness on ye go! My country's pleasant streams, And oft through scenes as  
2. Tho no - ble lakes your strength sup - ply, And now the crystal spring, Where un - disturbed, the  
3. A thousand ceaseless hymns of praise, With mu - sic in each tone, In mys - tic har - mo -  
4. The gran - ite cliff its shadow flings Far down in - to the tide; To deck your banks the  
5. And there the graceful elms are found - Your own po - cu - liar tree; And there stout hearted  
6. Where youthful forms at eve re - pose, And tales of pas - sion tell, While beauty's cheek more

fair ye flow, As bless the po - et's dreams, From hills where state - ly for - ests rear Their  
wild - birds fly, Or bathe the weary wing. Through nar - row gorg - es here is not foam, There  
ny you raise, And heard by God a - lone. But though to us it is not given The  
flow'r - et springs, And scents you as ye glide. As through the spreading in - ter - vales Your  
men a - bound - The hap - py and the free. And childhood's mer - ry laugh is heard, A -  
beauteous grows, And snow - y bo - sons swell; In joy and gladness there ye go, My

heads the breeze to brave, From dark morass or fountain clear, You roll to o - cean's wave.  
down the val - ley rove, Like youths who leave a qui - et home, The world's delights to  
blend - ed song to know, Sweet sounds, that have the air of heaven, De - light us as ye go.  
de - vious course you steer, The wav - ing grain your pas - sage hails, And flocks and herds ap - pear.  
long the hills to float, As by the gon - tle breezes stirred, You waft his ti - ny boat.  
country's pleasant streams; And oft through scenes as fair ye flow As bless the po - et's dreams.

Words by Hon. JOSEPH HOWE.  
Lively.

J. B. NORTON.

1. All hail to the day when the Britons came o-ver, And planted their standard with sea foam still wet; A-  
 2. In the temples they founded, their faith is maintained, Ev'ry foot of the soil they bequeathed is still ours, The  
 3. Then hail to the day! 'tis with memories crowded, De-lightful to trace thro' the mists of the past, Like  
 4. And proudly we trace them: no war-ri-or fly-ing From cit-y as-saulted and fanes overthrown, With the  
 5. Ev'ry flash of her genius our pathway enlightens—Ev'ry field she explores, we are beckoned to tread, Each

round and a-bove us their spir-its will hov-er, Re-joicing to mark how we honor it yet, Be-  
 graves where they moulder, no-foe has profaned: But we wreath them with verdure, and strew them with flow'rs! The  
 features of beauty, be-witch-ing-ly shrouded, They shine thro' the shadows time o'er them has cast. As  
 last of his race on the bat-tlements dy-ing, And weary with wandering founded our own. From the  
 lan-rel she gath-ers, our fu-ture day brightens—We joy with her living, and mourn for her dead, Then

neath it the emblems they cherished are waving, The rose of old England the roadside perfumes, The  
 blood of no brother, in civ-il strife poured, In this hour of rejoicing, encumbers our souls! The  
 trav-el-lers track, to its source in the mountains, The stream, which, far swelling, expands o'er the plains, Our  
 Queen of the Islands, then famous in story, A cen-tu-ry since our brave fore-fathers came, Our  
 hail to the day! when the Britons came o-ver, And planted their standard with sea-foam still wet! A-

ALL HAIL TO THE DAY. Continued.

foam still wet; A -  
is still ours, The  
of the past, Like  
overthrown, With the  
ned to tread, Each

shamrock and thistle the north winds are braving, Se - cure - ly the may-flow - er blushes and blooms.  
frontier's the field for the pa - tri - ot's sword, And cursed is the weapon that faction con - trols!  
hearts, on this day fondly turn to the fountains, Whence flowed the warm current that bound in our veins.  
kindred yet fill the wide world with her glory, En - larg - ing her empire, and spreading her name.  
hove and around us their spirits shall hover, Re - joic - ing to mark how we hon - or it yet.

CHORUS.  
Lively.

onor it yet, Be -  
em with flow'rs! The  
r them has cast. As  
ed our own. From the  
n for her dead, Then

Hail to the day when the Bri - tons came o - ver, And planted their standard with sea - foam still wet. A -

side perfumes, The  
ers our souls! The  
o'er the plains, Our  
e-fathers came, Our  
foam still wet! A -

round and a - bove us their spirits will hov - er, Ro - joic - ing to mark how we honor it yet, Will hon - or it yet, will



## ALL HAIL TO THE DAY. Concluded.

*Rit.*

ho - nor it yet, The flag of old England, The flag of old England, The flag of old England, We'll honor it yet.

Words by J. A. BELL.  
Allegro.

## OUR NATIVE LAND.

J. B. N.

1. In days of old when George was king on Briton's honored throne, Our fa - thers came to  
 2. From Al - bion's white-cliffed shores they came, and verdant E - rin's strand, From Seo - tia's, heathered  
 3. They came not forced by despots' acts, to leave a cherished home, 'Twas en - terprise, or  
 4. We boast not of the deeds they wrought, to jus - ti - fy our pride; We know that in the  
 5. And England's Rose will bloom for us, by E - rin's Shamrock green, And Scotland weave her

seek the land we fond - ly call our own, A hundred years a - go and more, their  
 hills, and some from Ger - man fa - ther - land; A stalwart host of ar - ti - sans, and  
 love of change, that tempted them to roam; And still to Britain, weal or woe, as  
 land they chose, they lived, and toiled, and died; They left us all a her - it - ago of  
 This - tle leaves, their friendly stems between; But for herself, A - ca - dia's sons, "



OUR NATIVE LAND. Concluded.

d.

We'll honor it yet.

ships came o'er the sea,  
 vet - rans fresh from war,  
 Brit - ons they were true;  
 in - sti - tu - tions free,  
 gar - land shall pro - duce,

But we will keep a place for them a - lone in mem - o - ry.  
 With stur - dy limbs and hopeful hearts they sought their home a - far.  
 The old home kept one - half their love, and half they gave the new.  
 Time - honored laws and e - qual rights, the fruits of lib - er - ty.  
 En - twined of emblems all her own—the Mayflower and the Spruce.

J. B. N.

thers came to  
 co - tia's, henthred  
 terprise, or  
 w that in the  
 Scotland weave her

And eve - ry year the day we claim more dear to us shall grow. In the month of June when our fathers came, A

nd more, their  
 i - sans, and  
 or woo, as  
 it - age of  
 ia's sons, "

long time a - go, In the month of June when our fathers came, A long time a - go.

1. Of all the flags that float aloft O'er Neptune's gallant tars, That wave on high in victo-ry, Above the sons of Mars, Give  
 2. Beneath its folds we fear no foe, Our hearts shall never quail, With bosoms bare the storm we'll dare, And brave the battle gale : And  
 3. On ev'ry wave, to ev'ry shore, Old England's flag shall go, And thro' all time its fame sublime With brighter hues shall glow, For  
 4. Its on-emies our own shall be, Upon the land or main ; Its starry light shall gild the fight, And guide our iron rain, Nor

*Ad lib.*

us the flag, old England's flag, The emblem of the free, Whose flashing cross blaz'd thro' our wars, For Truth and Liberty.  
 tho' the cannon plow our decks, The planks with gore run red, Still thro' the fray our flag alway, Shall gleam far over-head.  
 England's standard is our flag, Its guardians, Briton's sons, And woe betide th'insulter's pride, When we unloose our guns.  
 foreign pow'r or treason's arts Shall shake our patriot love, While with our life, in peace or strife, We'll keep that flag above.

*Repeat Chorus for last stanza.*

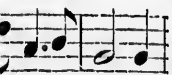
**CHORUS.**

Then dip it, lads, in ocean's brine, And give it three times three, And fling it out, 'mid song and shout, The Banner of the sea.

# PARTING SONG

OF THE PUPILS AND TEACHERS OF THE PROV. NORMAL SCHOOL, FOR THE TERM ENDING, MARCH 1869.  
 Words by R. B. MACK.

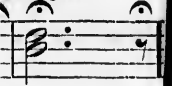
J. B. NORTON.



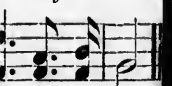
s sons of Mars, Give  
 e the battle gale: And  
 er hues shall glow, For  
 our iron rain, Nor



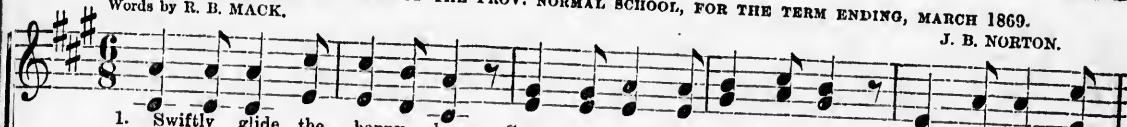
h and Liberty.  
 r over-head.  
 ose our guns.  
 hat flag above.



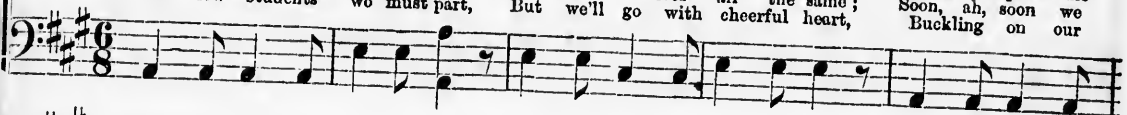
Chorus for last stanza.



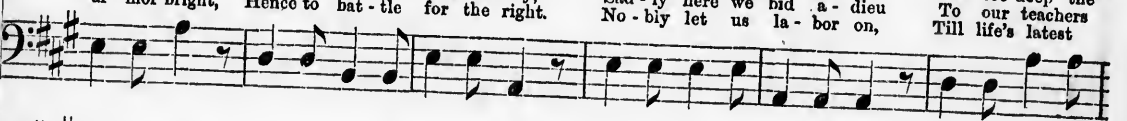
Banner of the sea.



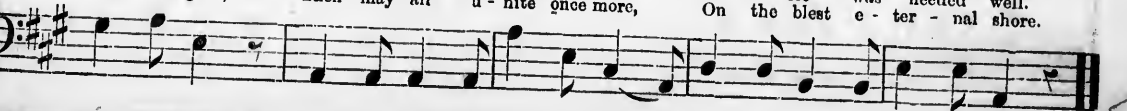
1. Swiftly glide the happy days; Spent in wisdom's pleasant ways; Quick-ly pass like  
 2. Here with earn-est hearts we came, Aim and motives all the same; Soon, ah, soon we  
 3. Fel-low students we must part, But we'll go with cheerful heart, Buckling on our



visions bright, These fond seasons of delight; But tho' past, they do not fade, Far too deep the  
 must a-way, Du-ty will not brook de-lay, Sad-ly here we bid a-dieu To our teachers  
 ar-mor bright, Hence to bat-tle for the right. No-bly let us la-bor on, Till life's latest



impress made, Time's rude hand can ne'er efface, Lines such skilfull sculptor's trace.  
 kind and true; Oh, that com-ing time may tell Their advice was heeded well.  
 hour is gone, Then may all u-nite once more, On the blest e-ter-nal shore.



## A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

Words by THOMAS MOORE.

*Andante.*

1. Faintly as tolls the evening chime, Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time, Our voices keep tune, and our  
 2. Why should we yet our sail unfurl? There is not a breath the blue wave to curl, There is not a breath the blue  
 3. Ut - a - wa's tide! this trembling moon Shall see us float o - ver thy surges soon, Shall see us float o - ver thy

*Dim.* *Cres.* *dim.* *f* *Sf*

oars keep time. Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll sing at Saint Ann's our parting hymn. Row, brothers, row, the  
 wave to curl! But, when the wind blows off the shore, Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar. Blow, breezes, blow, the  
 surges soon, Saint of this green Isle! hear our pray'rs, O, grant us cool heav'ns and favouring airs! Blow, breezes, blow, the

*Sf* *f* *dim* *Sf* *dim.*

stream runs fast, the Rapids are near, and the daylight's past, The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

1.  
2.  
3.  
4.

bro  
me  
bro  
and

Cups  
Old  
Emp  
Wits

# THE FIRST OF MAY IN HALIFAX.

*cres.*

*f* *Sf*

Row, brothers, row, the  
Blow, breezes, blow, the  
Blow, breezes, blow, the

*Sf* *dim.*

aylight's past.

1. First of May, clear the way, Bas-kets, bar-rows, trundles,	} Pots and kettles, } Jointed stools, do- } Look, what's there, } Such a clashing,
2. Take good care, mind the ware, Bet-ty, where's the bundles?	
3. Now we've got to soft and slow, Like a beg-gar's wedding;	
4. Hark! what noise, mind your eye, Pray be care-ful, set-tee, Bet-ty; o-ver;	
All a-stounded, head con-founded, Sav-age as a rov-er;	

broken victuals, feather beds, plaster heads, Looking glasses, two matrasses, Spoons and ladles, babies' cradles,  
mes-tie tools, chairs unbacked, cradles cracked, Gridiron black, spit and jack, Trammel hooks, musty books,  
broken ware, decanters smashed, china crashed, Pickles spoiled, carpets soiled, Sideboards scratched, cups unmatched,  
and a smashing, ripping, splitting, pulling, hitting, Babies crying, women flying, All a-bout in the rout,

Cups and saucers, salts and castors, Hur-ry, scurry, grave and gay, All must trudge the first of May.	} of } of } of } of
Old po-tatoes, ven-trators, Hur-ry, scurry, grave and gay, All must trudge the first of May.	
Emp-ty casks, broken flasks, Hur-ry, scurry, grave and gay, Get you gone the first of May.	
Wits quite hazy, raving, crazy, Hur-ry, scurry, grave and gay, Such a bedlam first of May.	

## IN THE STARLIGHT. Duet.

Made by STEPHEN GLOVER.

1. In the starlight, in the starlight, Let us wan - der, gay and free, For there's nothing in the  
 2. In the starlight, in the starlight, At the day-light's dew - y close, When the nightin - gale is

*p* *Decres.*

day - light half so dear to you and me; Like the fai - ries, in the shad - ow of the  
 sing - ing his last love song to the rose, In the calm clear night of sum - mer, when the

*p*

IN THE STARLIGHT. Continued.

nothing in the woods we'll steal a - long, And our sweetest lays we'll war-ble, for the night was made for  
 nightin - gale is breez - es soft - ly play, From the glit - ter of our dwelling, we will gen - tly steal a -

Dim.

ow of the song;.....When none are by to list - en, or to ohide us in our glee. In the  
 mer, when the way ; Where the silv'ry wa - ters mur-mur, by the mar - gin of the sea. In the

A tempo.

Cres.

rit.



## IN THE STARLIGHT. Concluded.

*Decres.*

star - light, in the star - light, let us wan - der gay and free, In the starlight, In the starlight— let us  
 star - light, in the star - light, we will wan - der gay and free. In the starlight, In the starlight— we will

*Cres.* *sf.*

*A tempo.*

wander, let us wander— In the star - light, In the starlight, let us wander gay and free.  
 wander, in the starlight, In the star - light, In the starlight, we will wander gay and free.

*A tempo.*

*Cres.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The score is divided into several systems. The first system includes the vocal line with lyrics and the piano accompaniment. The second system continues the piano accompaniment. The third system includes the vocal line with lyrics and the piano accompaniment. The fourth system continues the piano accompaniment. The score includes dynamic markings such as 'Decres.', 'Cres.', 'sf.', and 'A tempo.'.



# SING ME AN ENGLISH SONG.

W. T. WRIGHTON. 139

1. Sing me an English song, With words kind, sweet and true; For on - ly such as you would speak Should e'er be sung by  
 2. What tho' the lay be old, And often heard be - fore. If mem'ry echo to its tones, 'Twill only please me

*Fine.*

you. For on - ly such as you would speak Should e'er be sung by you. Your voice has al - ways  
 more, If mem'ry ech - o to its tones. 'Twill on - ly please me more. Then keep all fi - ner

charm'd me, What e'er its tones express'd, But when you sing an English song; I love its accents best.  
 mu - sic, 'To charm some bril - liant throng; But when you sing for me alone, Give me an English song.

D.C. D.C.

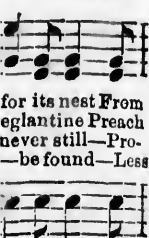
1. The blackbird ear - ly leaves its nest To meet the smil - ing morn, And gath er frag - ments for its nest From  
 2. The cow - slip and the spread - ing vine, The dai - sy in the grass The snow - drop and the eglantine Preach  
 3. The plan - ets, at their Mak - er's will, Move on - ward in their cars, For nature's wheel is never still - Pro -  
 4. Who then can sleep, when all around Is ac - tive, fresh, and free? Shall man - crea - tion's lord - be found - Less

up - land, wood, and lawn. The bu - sy bee that wings its way 'Mid sweets of va - ried hue, At  
 ser - mons as we pass, The ant, deep hid - den in the ground, Would bid us la - bor too, And  
 - gress - ive as the stars! The leaves that flut - ter in the air, And summer's bree - zes woo, One  
 bu - sy than the bee? Our courts and al - leys are the field, If men would search them thro', That

ev' - ry flow'r would seem to say - "There's work enough to do," There's work e - nough to do, yes, yes, There's  
 writes up - on its tiny mound - "There's work enough to do," There's work e - nough to do, yes, yes, There's  
 sol - emn truth to man declare - "There's work enough to do," There's work e - nough to do, yes, yes, There's  
 best, the sweets of la - boryield, And "work enough to do," And "work e - nough to do," yes, yes, And

## THERE'S WORK ENOUGH TO DO. Concluded.

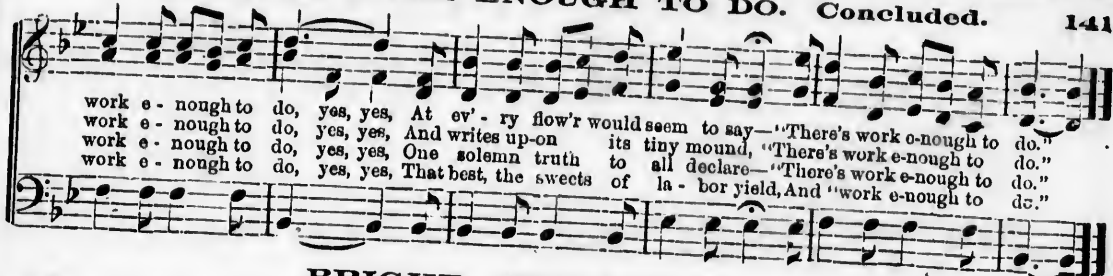
141



for its nest From  
eglantine Preach  
never still—Pro-  
—be found—Less

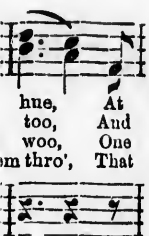


work e - nough to do, yes, yes, At ev' - ry flow'r would seem to say—"There's work o-nough to do."  
work e - nough to do, yes, yes, And writes up-on its tiny mound, "There's work e-nough to do."  
work e - nough to do, yes, yes, One solemn truth to all declare—"There's work e-nough to do."  
work e - nough to do, yes, yes, That best, the sweets of la - bor yield, And "work e-nough to do."

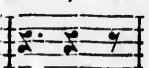


## BRIGHT, BRIGHT WATER.

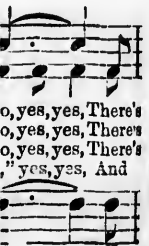
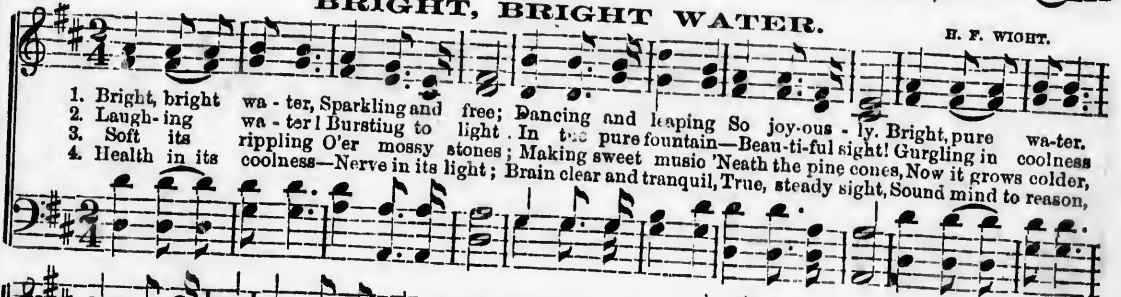
H. F. WIGHT.



hue, At  
too, And  
woo, One  
m thro', That

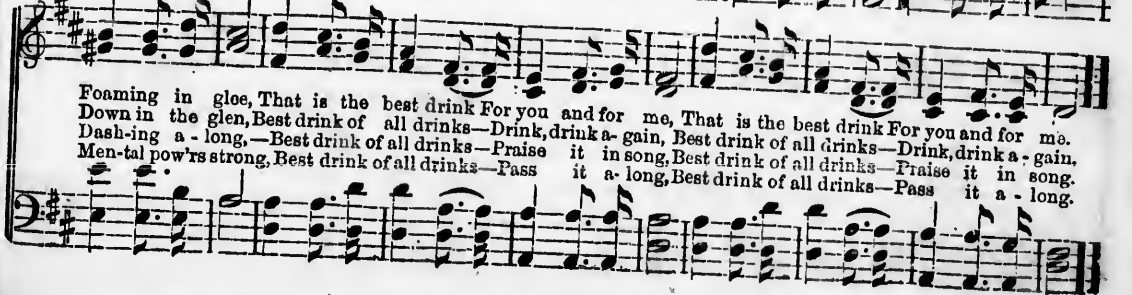


1. Bright, bright wa - ter, Sparkling and free; Dancing and leaping So joy - ous - ly. Bright, pure wa - ter.  
2. Laugh - ing wa - ter! Bursting to light. In the pure fountain—Beau - ti - ful sight! Gurgling in coolness  
3. Soft its rippling O'er mossy stones; Making sweet music 'Neath the pine cones, Now it grows colder,  
4. Health in its coolness—Nerve in its light; Brain clear and tranquil, True, steady sight, Sound mind to reason,



o, yes, yes, There's  
o, yes, yes, There's  
o, yes, yes, There's  
"yes, yes, And

Foaming in glee, That is the best drink For you and for me, That is the best drink For you and for me.  
Down in the glen, Best drink of all drinks—Drink, drink a - gain, Best drink of all drinks—Drink, drink a - gain.  
Dashing a - long, —Best drink of all drinks—Praise it in song, Best drink of all drinks—Praise it in song.  
Men - tal pow'r strong, Best drink of all drinks—Pass it a - long, Best drink of all drinks—Pass it a - long.



1. Bright Spring is now ap - pear - ing, The earth with beauty cheer - ing, While sweet - ly falls the gen -  
Stern Winter's thrall is bro - ken, All things on earth be - to - ken That flow'r - y spring has come  
2. Sweet buds and flow'rs are springing, Their wealth of fragrance fling - ing O'er hill and vale and shi -  
With all her thousand voi - ces, The wakened earth re - joi - ces That flow'r - y Spring has come

*f*

1st time. 2d time.

..... the rain ; } The brooks with joy are bounding From i - - cy letters  
..... a - gain ; } The birds a - gain re - turn - ing, Their i - - cy ex - ile  
..... ning shore, } And sweet - ly swelling o'er us, From brook, and bird, and  
..... once more ; } In grand triumphant cho - rus, Fair stream, and dale, and

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

*p*

1st time. 2d time.

free, While flowing on with cheerful song, To mingle with the sea ;  
o'er, On sprightly wing they gai - ly sing, As high a - bove they soar.  
bee, Har - monious sound is floating round, Of wondrous mel - o - dy ;  
glen With one glad voice, all sing re - joice ! Glad Spring has come a - - - gain !

# WELCOME TO SPRING. Concluded.

These eight measures may be omitted, if thought best.

falls the gen-  
spring has come  
vale and shi-  
Spring has come

- cy letters  
- cy ex-ile  
k, and bird, and  
n, and dale, and  
la. la,  
2d time.

In the dark clouds still hid - ing,  
With the loud thun - der roar - ing,  
Na - ture's new gifts are teen - ing,  
Tho' fast thy days are fleet - ing,

On the wild tem - pest rid - ing,  
Down the fresh rain is pour - ing;  
New joy and beau - ty bring - ing;  
Take now our joy - ous greet - ing.

Ah!..... A - gain the sun ap - pear - ing,  
From graceful post-ure be - d - ing,  
Oh! fair and joy - ous com - er,  
When o'er the southern mountains,

Thro' flee - cy clouds ca - reer - ing,  
The flow'rs their fragrance send - ing,  
Bright herald of the Summer,  
To wake the slumb'ring fountains

Cheers all the  
A - rise a -  
Our hearts shall  
The love - ly

earth with gold  
- gain in beau - en light;  
sing a wel - ty bright;  
Spring flies swift..... a - long.

Hail, joy - ous Spring! all hail to thee!  
Hail, joy - ous Spring! all hail to thee!

## THE BOY AND CUCKOO.

1. A lit-tle boy went out to shoot, one day, And carried his arrows and bow, For guns are dan-ger-ous  
 2. "Just wait," said the boy, "till I'm near enough, And see if I don't shoot you thro'," "D'y'e think," said th' bird, "that I'm  
 3. The lit-tle boy drew up his bow to his eye, And aim'd it right straight for a - while! The lit-tle bird laugh'd, and

playthings, they say, In th' hands of small children, you know; A lit-tle bird sat on a cher-ry tree, And  
 not up to snuff, To sit and be shot at by you? I think you are real-ly too kind, dear sir, An  
 away he did fly, "A miss is as good as a mile." The lit-tle boy threw down his bow and cried, The

whis-tled and said, "no, you cant shoot me," Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuck-  
 ar-row is not to my mind, dear sir." Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuck-  
 lit-tle bird laugh'd'till it al-most died. Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuck-

1. The  
 2. The  
 3. S  
 4. With

fruit t  
 an  
 les-son  
 lit-

# THE BOY AND CUCKOO. Concluded.

- oo! Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo!

Cuck-oo!

# ALL ARE BUSY.

WORDS BY MRS. H. E. BROWK.

1. The flow'rs are bu-sy growing, These long, bright summer days, The sun is ever throwing A-broad his golden rays; To
2. The little birds are tending Their helpless yearling brood: The dear nest now defending, Now seeking pleasant food; The
3. Shall these in still enjoyment Their daily tasks pur-sue, And is there no employment, No work for me to do? A
4. With pow'rs which God has given, A mind to think and plan, With promised joys in heaven, I'll work for God and man. No

fruit the blossom changes, The blade sends forth the ear: And night with morning ranges Thro' all the live-long year,  
 ant and bee are heaping Their winter's store to-day: Not one is idly sleep-ing The summer hours a-way.  
 los-son let me borrow From insect, bird, and spray, And make each new to-mor-row More bu-sy than to-day.  
 lit - tle one shall perish, No wanderer faint and fall, While I the weak can cher-ish, Can help and com-fort all.

are dan-ger-ous  
 id th' bird, "that I'm  
 the bird laugh'd, and

er-ry tree, And  
 nd, dear sir. An  
 w and cried, The

Cuckoo! Cuck-  
 Cuckoo! Cuck-  
 Cuckoo! Cuck-



Allegretto.

1. The east is ro - sy with the day, The mist - y shad - ows float a - way, And down among the corn, I hear the  
2. With steady stroke, and clanging peal, The mowers whet the gleaming steel, And fast before the swing - ing blade, In  
3. Red li - lies in the grass a - blow, Among the clo - vers dropping low; And children run with ea - ger feet, To  
4. No . speck is on the shin - ing blue, The thirsty sun drinks up the dew; While far and wide with lusty shout, The

*Chorus.*

quails are pip - ing loud and clear, so loud and clear. Tra, la, la, tra, la, la, tra, la, la, Tra, la  
fragrant awaths the grass is laid, the grass is laid.  
bind them in a gar - land sweet, a gar - land sweet.  
mow - ers toss the hay a - bout, the hay a - bout.

la, tra, la, la, tra, la, la, O who will go with us to - day. To the mead - ows mak - ing hay?



WILLY H. MILLER.  
" by permission.

# THE GOLDEN RULE.

L. J. ZIMMERMAN 147

1. The gold - en rule, the gold - en rule, O that's the law for me!  
 2. We love our fa - thers, - moth - ers, too, Whose love our life at - tends;  
 2. The gold - en rule! then would no war Be known in an - y land;  
 4. Were this the rule, in har - mo - ny, Our lives would pass a - way,  
 Were this the law for  
 We love our broth - ers,  
 If each one sought the  
 And none would suf - fer,

## Chorus.

all the world, How hap - py we should be!  
 sis - ters, too, Our teach - ers and our friends,  
 oth - er's good, And loved the Lord's com - mand.  
 none be poor, And none their trust be - tray.

The gold - en rule, the gold - en rule, O  
 The gold - en rule, the gold - en rule, O  
 The gold - en rule, the gold - en rule, O  
 The gold - en rule, the gold - en rule, O

Repeat chorus for the last stanza.

that's the law for me! To do to oth - ers as I would That they should do to me.

From the "Sabbath School Trumpet."

## HOW BEAUTIFUL IS THE SEA.

*p* Allegretto.

1. How beau - ti - ful is the sea When the sun is shin - ing bright And  
 2. How beau - ti - ful is the sea At night, when Cyn - thi - a's beam Re -

*p*

ev - e - ry wave that bounds, Is spark - ling in the light! How  
 - flects far o'er the waves, A glitt' - ring sil - ver stream! How

*Fine.*

beau - ti - ful is the sea, ... When the sun is shin - ing bright, And  
 beau - ti - ful is the sea, ... At night, when Cyn - thi - a's beam Re -

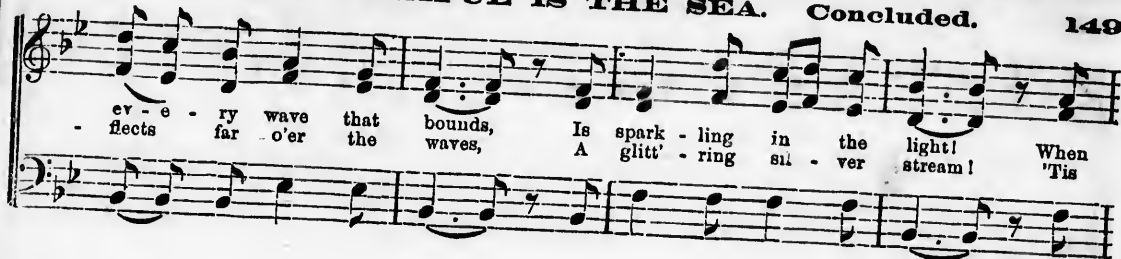
HOW BEAUTIFUL IS THE SEA. Concluded.

149



bright  
eam

And  
Re -

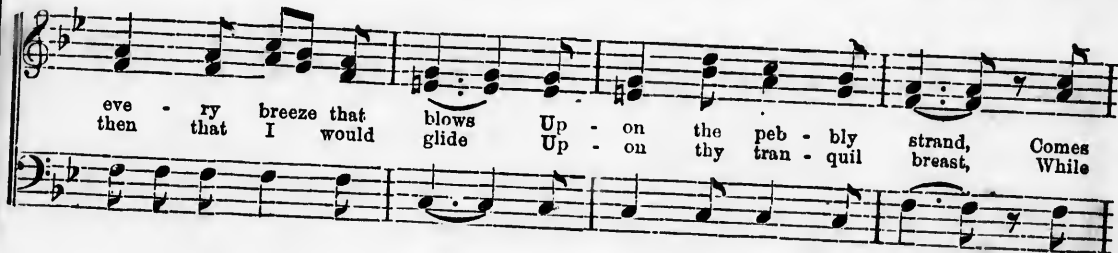


er - e - ry wave that bounds, Is spark - ling in the light!  
flects far o'er the waves, A glitt' - ring sil - ver stream! When 'Tis




Fine.

How  
How

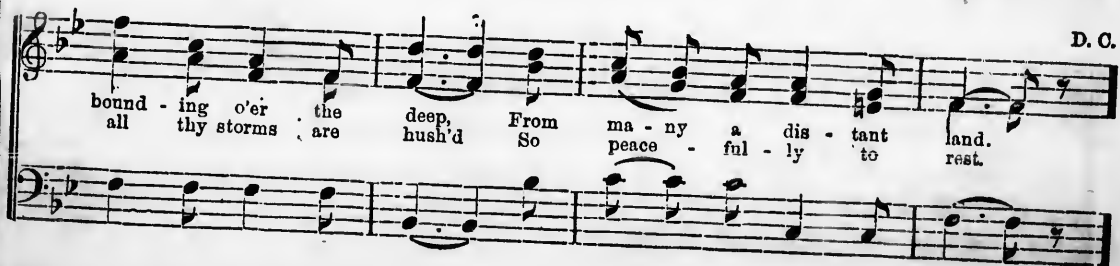


eve - ry breeze that blows Up - on the peb - bly strand, Comes  
then that I would glide Up - on thy tran - quil breast, While



ght,  
m

And  
Re -



bound - ing o'er the deep, From ma - ny a dis - tant land.  
all thy storms are hush'd So peace - ful - ly to rest.

D. C.

1. Oh! have you heard Ge - og - ra - phy sung? For if you've not, it's on my tongue; A - bout the Earth in  
 2. All o'er the earth are wa - ter and land; Beneath the ships, or where we stand; And far be - yond the  
 3. All o'er the globe some cir - cles are found; From east to west they stretch a - round, Some go from north to  
 4. Oh! don't you think 'tis pleasant to know A - bout the sea and land just so? And how the lines the

Chorus.

air that's hung, All cov - ered with green, lit - tle is - lands. Oceans, gulfs, and bays, and seas; Channels and straits,  
 q - cean strand Are thousands of green, lit - tle is - lands. Con - tinents and capes there are, Isthmus and then  
 southern bound, Right o - ver the green, lit - tle is - lands. Great e - qua - tor, trop - ics two, Lat - itude lines.  
 cir - cles go, Right o - ver the green, lit - tle is - lands. Now you hear how we can sing; This is, to - day

sounds, if you please; Great Ar - chi - pel - a - goes, too, and all these Are covered with green, lit - tle is - lands.  
 pe - nin - su - la, Mountain and val - ley, and shore, stretching far, And thousands of green, lit - tle is - lands.  
 lon - gi - tude, too, Cold po - lar cir - cles, and all these go thro' The thousands of green, lit - tle is - lands.  
 all we can bring. Come a - gain soon, and then you shall hear sung The names of the green, lit - tle is - lands.

# COME TO THE FOUNTAIN.

out the Earth in  
ar be - yond the  
go from north to  
ow the lines the

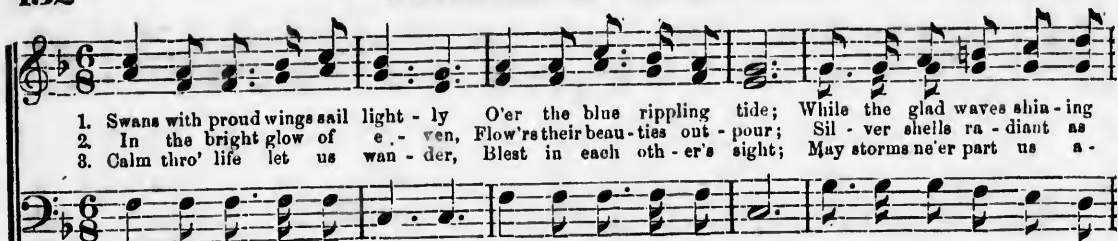
Channels and straits,  
e, Isthmus and then  
; Lat - itude lines,  
; This is, to-day

, lit - tle is - lands.  
, lit - tle is - lands.  
, lit - tle is - lands.  
, lit - tle is - lands.

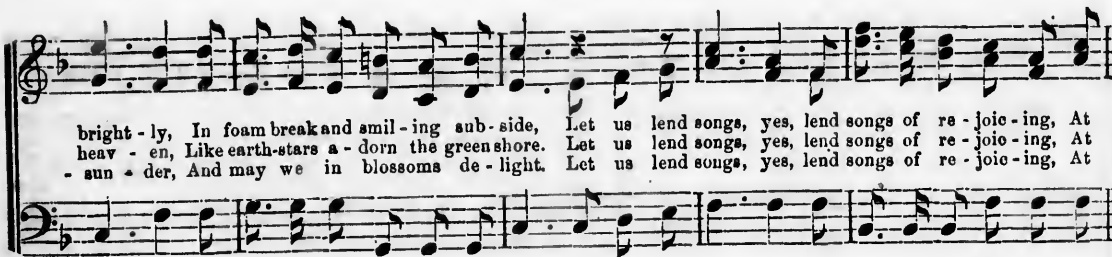
1. Come, come a - way to the pearl - y fountain, 'Tis the morning hour that calls, Where the fresh stream, et  
2. Come, while the morn - ing bells are ring - ing, In the gen - tle wav - ing wind, And the light Flower - Boat

from the mountain, To its mel - low mu - sic falls. There with un - bound tress - es wav - ing,  
now is bring - ing, Flow - ing wreaths our brows to bind; From the sparkling wave then bounding,

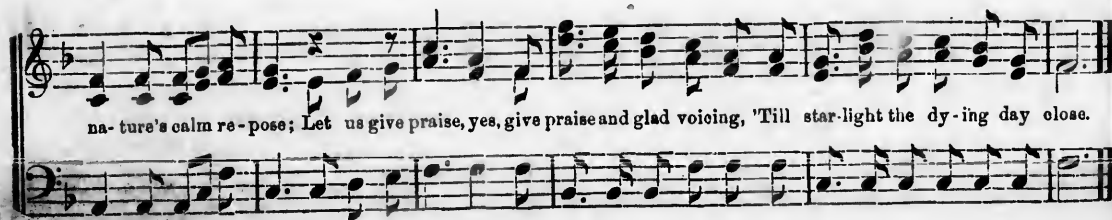
Like a silk - en fair - y sail, Bree - zes fann - ing, wa - ters lav - ing, Health and joy - the Fountain hail.  
Spir - its fresh as morning's gale, Hearts light beat - ing, joy sur - rounding, Ah! what bliss - the Fountain hail.



1. Swans with proud wings sail light - ly O'er the blue rippling tide; While the glad waves shin - ing  
 2. In the bright glow of e - ven, Flow'rs their beau - ties out - pour; Sil - ver shells ra - diant as  
 3. Calm thro' life let us wan - der, Blest in each oth - er's sight; May storms ne'er part us a -



bright - ly, In foam break and smil - ing sub - side, Let us lend songs, yes, lend songs of re - joic - ing, At  
 heav - en, Like earth-stars a - dorn the green shore. Let us lend songs, yes, lend songs of re - joic - ing, At  
 - sun - der, And may we in blossoms de - light. Let us lend songs, yes, lend songs of re - joic - ing, At



na - ture's calm re - pose; Let us give praise, yes, give praise and glad voicing, 'Till star - light the dy - ing day close.

# WILLIE AND BIRDIE.

W. O. P. 153

1. I wish I war a bird - ie, How quickly would I fly  
 2. The stars I first would vis - it, That twinkle in the night; And then I'd find what is it That makes them shine so  
 3. O, no, says lit - tle bird - ie, You can - not fly with me Away from school and study, Up to the bright blue  
 4. Be pa - tient in well - do - ing, And mind what el - ders say; Faithful each task pur - su - ing, The twinkling stars to  
 Away from school and study, The twinkling stars to  
 That makes them shine so  
 That makes them shine so  
 This is the bet - ter

sky. I'd stop to ask no questions, If it were right, or wrong, But bid good bye to lessons, And mount with merry song.  
 bright, They look like mama's diamonds That sparkle in her ring: And if they are as good ones, A few of them I'll bring.  
 see. You never would be hap - py With duties left undone: Let all your tasks be finished, Before from work you run.  
 way, When for life's close you're ready, And lessons all are o'er, Then far beyond poor birdie, Your spirit free will soar.

*Chorus.*

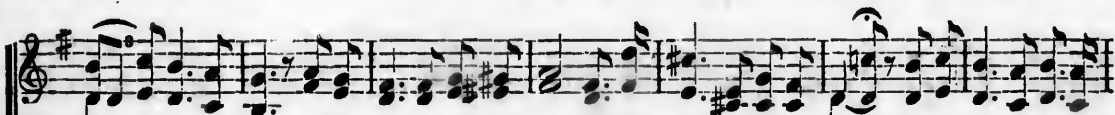
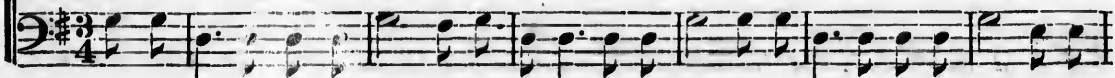
*Repeat pp*

Wait, lit - tle bird - ie! Wait, lit - tle bird - ie! Wait, lit - tle bird - ie, And let me fly with thee.  
 Wait, lit - tle bird - ie! Wait, lit - tle bird - ie! Wait, lit - tle bird - ie, And let me fly with thee.  
 Wait, lit - tle Wil - lie! Wait, lit - tle Wil - lie! Wait, lit - tle Wil - lie, Fly not a - way with me.  
 Wait, lit - tle Wil - lie! Wait, lit - tle Wil - lie! Wait, lit - tle Wil - lie, Fly not a - way with me.

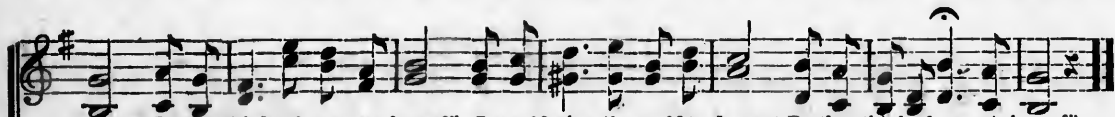




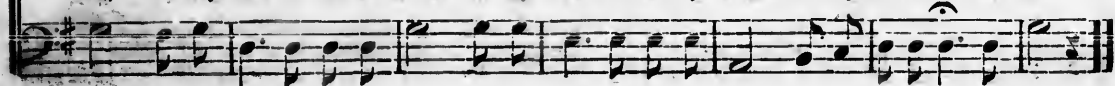
1. Do they think of me at home, Do they ev - er think of me? I who shared their ev - ry grief, I who  
 2. Do they think of me at eve, Of the songs I used to sing? Is the harp I struck untouch'd, Does a  
 3. Do they think of how I loved In my hap - py, ear - ly days? Do they think of him who came, But could



mingled in their glee; Have their hearts grown cold and strange To the one now doom'd to roam? I would give the world to  
 stranger wake the string? Will no kind, forgiv - ing word Come a - cross the raging foam? Shall I never cease to  
 nev - er win their praise? I am hap - py by his side, And from mine he'll nev - er roam. But my heart will sadly



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

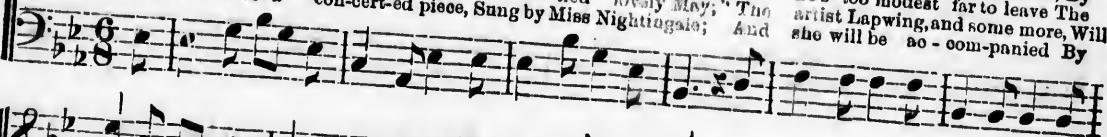




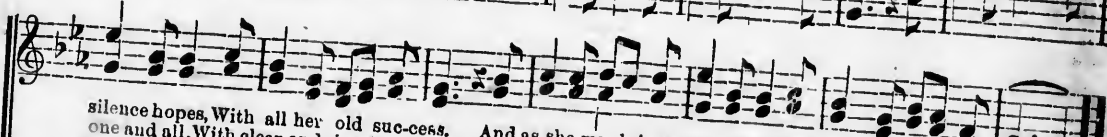
## THE WOOD CONCERT.

ARR. FROM ART. 156


- 
1. A con-cert now gives Mister Spring; His room's the blooming wood; In- vited there are young and old, By
  2. There nev - er was a so - lo yet, Such as Sir Cuckoo sings; But he's too modest far to leave The
  3. Then comes a sport - ive Quad-li - bet, 'Tis ti - tled "lovely May;" The artist Lapwing, and some more, Will
  4. Now fol - lows a con-cert-ed piece, Sung by Miss Nightingale; And she will be ao - com-panied By

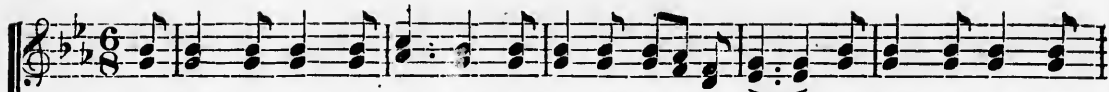


him in mer - ry mood; Miss Lark will sing the first of all, A song of love - li - ness, And as she much in bushes' she'll ring wings; The Black-bird will soon after that Show that for our own sake He'll charm the hearers, and sing, I've heard them say. Miss Throstle too, will active be, Miss Magpie and young Finch; Ladies unnam'd, and echoes in the vale; And if you should some pleasure find In listening longer here, By Frog and Cricket,

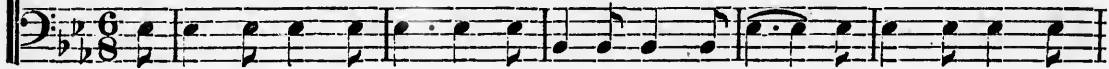


silence hopes, With all her old suc - cess, And as she much in silence hopes, With all her old suc - cess, one and all, With clear and ring - ing shake, He'll charm the hearers, one and all, With clear and ringing shake. gen - tle - men, Will sing too, at a pinch, Ladies un - nam'd, and gen - tle - men, Will sing too, at a pinch a du - ett Will much re - joi - ce your ear, By Frog and Crick - et, a du - ett Will much re - joi - ce your ear.

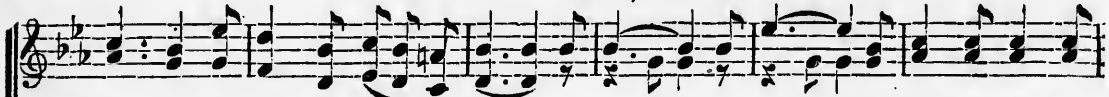




1. Dear friends, we're glad to meet you, With-in these walls to - night; With songs of joy we  
 2. 'Tis tru - ly good and pleas - ant, As thus we pass a - long, To meet the friends now  
 2. Thus may our path - way bright - en, As thro' the world we stray, And flow'rs be strewn to

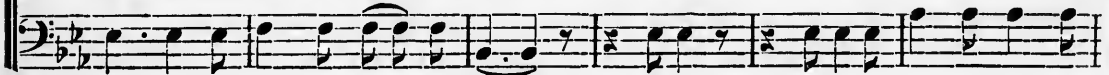


We come, ..... we come, .....



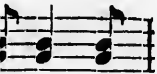
greet you, Our hearts are happy and light.  
 pres - ent, And sing our greet - ing song.  
 light - en Each sad and gloom - y way.

We come, we come, We come, kind friends to

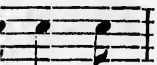


greet you; Our hearts are free, and hap - py are we; Yes, hap - py are we to greet you.

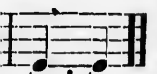
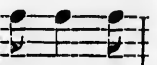




f joy we  
e friends now  
e strown to



kind friends to

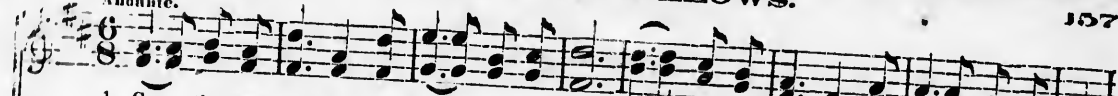


greet you.

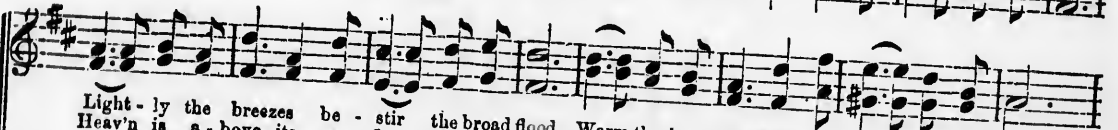
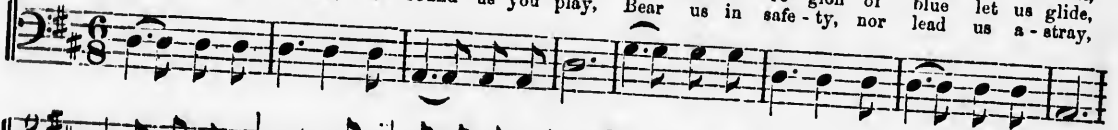


# GENTLY, YE BILLOWS.

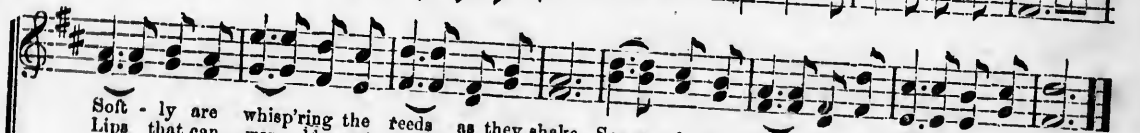
May be sung as a Duett.  
Andante.



1. Gen - tly, ye billows, come cra - die our boat, On its bright pathway in  
2. Gen - tly, ye billows, by mead and hill - side, Soft thro' the re - gion of peace let it float,  
3. Gen - tly, ye billows, a - round us you play, Bear us in safe - ty, nor lead us a - stray,



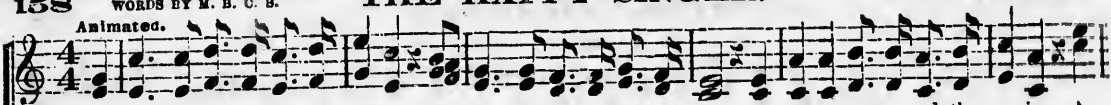
Light - ly the breezes be - stir the broad flood, Warm thro' our bo - som is bounding the blood,  
Heav'n is a - bove, its re - flec - tion be - low, Heav'n is a - round us as on - ward we go,  
Life and a riv - er, in this are as one, Scarce - ly we greet them be - fore they are gone,



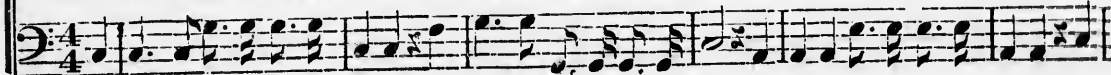
Soft - ly are whisp'ring the reeds as they shake, Songs of the gay in the dis - tance a - wake.  
Lipa that can war - ble, and hearts that can swell, Prove there's a heav'n in our bo - soms as well.  
Mo - ments, like bil - lows, are swift in their flight, Me - ments, like bil - lows, some dark, and some bright.



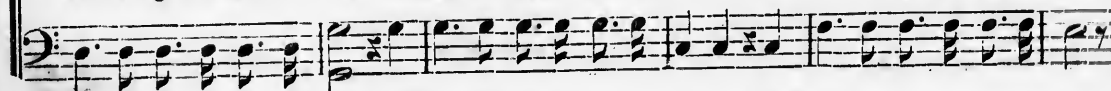
Animated.



1. The birds, with song, at rosy dawning, Fill all the air from east to west; And when the noon succeeds the morning, As
2. The laughing brook, adown the mountain, Makes music 'neath the forest shade; But far away from singing fountains, It
3. Oh! si-lent birds among the bowers, Your hearts are not so gay as mine! Oh! silent stream, among the flowers, My



si-lent 'neath the shade they rest, But all the while my notes are ringing; From morn till noon, and all day long;  
 si-lent flows a-long the glade; But I, where-er I am go-ing, The fount of mu-sic bear a-long;  
 heart is light-er, far, than thine! I sing, the joys of mu-sic, tell-ing! My hap-py lips with praises through;



And so I'm singing, gaily singing! My happy heart is full of song! is full of song! My happy heart is full of song!  
 And gay the strains are ever flowing! My happy heart is full of song! is full of song! My happy heart is full of song!  
 My joyous tones are loudly swelling! My happy heart is full of song! is full of song! My happy heart is full of song!



morning, As  
fountains, It  
flowers, My

ll day long;  
ear a - long;  
raises through;

of song!  
of song!  
of song!

WORDS BY M. B. C. S.  
Moderato.

# SOLDIER'S MEMORIAL DAY.

W. O. P. 150

*May 30th, the day set apart for strewing flowers over the graves of fallen soldiers.*

1. When flowery Summer is at hand, And Spring has gemm'd the earth with bloom, We hither bring, with loving  
 2. They died our country to re - deem, And from the loving earth we bring The wealth of hill, and vale, and  
 3. With snow-y hawthorn, clusters white, Fair vi - o - lets of heav'nly blue, And ear - ly roses, fresh and  
 4. But pur - er than the fair - est flow'rs, We strew above the honored dead, The tender changeless love of  
 5. We bend and kiss the precious sod, Swift fall our tears the graves a - bove, Oh! Brothers! from the hills of

*Chorus.*

hand, Bright flow'rs to deck our soldier's tomb.  
 stream, Our grate-ful land's best of - fer - ing.  
 bright, We wreath the red, and white, and blue.  
 ours, That decks the sol-dier's low - ly bed.  
 God, Look down and see our changeless love.

Gen - tle birds above are sweetly singing, O'er the graves of  
 Gen - tle birds, etc.  
 Gen - tle birds, etc.  
 Gen - tle birds, etc.  
 Gen - tle birds, etc.

Repeat *pp*

heroes brave and true; While the sweetest flow'rs we are bringing, Wreath'd in garlands of red, white and blue.

brave and true,

160 WORDS BY EMILY H. MILLER. **BEAUTIFUL SUMMER.**

J. B. THOMAS.

From "Our Young Folks," by permission.

Moderato.

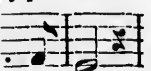
1. Fair is the morning, Yet from its light Something has van-ished, Dew - y, and bright'  
2. When the young dai - sies, Whi - ten the plain, When the red ro - ses Bloss - om a - gain,  
3. Beau - ti - ful Sum - mer, Bright was thy stay, Soft - ly thy beau - ty Fad - ed a - way;

Blue are the skies, But their laughter is dead; Beau - ti - ful Summer, Where hast thou fled?  
Then to our val - leys, Ten - der and sweet, Beau - ti - ful Summer, Say, shall we greet?  
Still on thy sweet - ness Fond - ly we dwell, Sad - ly we whisper Words of fare - well.

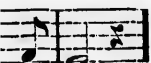
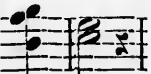
*A little faster.*

In - to the re - gions whose mag - ic - al light Keeps the heart's treas - ures E -  
Ma - ny a sum - mer shall bright - en the earth, Ma - ny a blos - som To  
Gath - er the ro - ses of youth as they bloom, Treas - ure their bright - ness, And

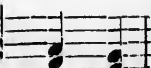
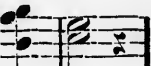
THOMAS.  
by permission.



and bright!  
a - gain,  
a - way;



thou fled?  
we greet?  
fare-well.



as - ures E -  
s - som To  
ght-ness, And



## BEAUTIFUL SUMMER. Concluded.

161

- ter - nal - ly bright;      There, with their glo - ry un - touch'd by de - cay,      Wait the sweet  
beau - ty have birth,      Nev - er, O nev - er on val - ley and plain,      Dawn the sweet  
breathe their per - fume;      Life hath new mornings to glad - den thy way,      Sweet as the

years that have vanished a - way—      Wait the sweet years that have vanished a - way.  
years that have vanished a - gain,—      Dawn the sweet years that have vanished a - gain.  
years that have vanished a - way,—      Sweet as the years that have vanished a - way.

## THE SUMMER DELL.

1. That summer dell, that summer dell. My heart has ne'er for - got; In fan - cy now, I love full well To  
2. The mu - sic of the warbling bird Was ev - er in the air; And sweeter notes were nev - er heard, Than  
3. There let me rest in sweet re - pose, When dead, as die I must; For I would feel when life shall close, To



view the sa - cred spot; To sit be - neath the sha - dy trees, And dream a - way the hours, In  
float - ed round me there; I love the rob - in's joy - ous strains, The lin - net's melt - ing lays, And  
flow'rs has turned my dust; That still is sung a - bove my head The bird's mel - li - fluous song, And

list - ning to the whisp'ring breeze A - mong the leaf - y bowers; While murmurs low, The brooklet's flow, A  
in that dell would hear a - gain Those notes of oth - er days; While murmurs low, The brooklet's flow, Those  
sigh - ing o'er my low - ly bed The zeph - yr sweeps a - long; While murmurs low, The brooklet's flow, The

mong the leaf - y bow'rs, While mur - murs low, The brooklet's flow, A - mong the leaf - y bow'rs.  
notes of oth - er days: While mur - murs low, The brooklet's flow, Those notes of oth - er days.  
zeph - yr sweeps a - long: While mur - murs low, The brooklet's flow, The zeph - yr floats a - long.



hours, In  
lays, And  
song, And

oklet's flow, A  
oklet's flow, Those  
oklet's flow, The

- y bow'rs.  
- er days.  
a - long.

1. Come a - way! the ro - sy morning Breaks a - bove the hill;  
2. Come a - way! the wa - ters whis - per, Sing - ing as they pass,  
3. Come a - way! when spring is wak - ing Bird and flow'r and bee;

Hap - py birds with mer - ry mu - sic  
Where the cow - slip buds are shin - ing,  
Earth is full of hap - py voi - ces,

All the si - lence fill,  
In the mead - ow grass,  
Call - ing you and me;

Down the lane the winds are call - ing,  
In the woods the May - flow'rs clus - ter  
Heart be glad! when storms are o - ver  
Comes a bright - er day,

Where the pop - lars lean,  
Round our rov - ing feet,

All their slen - der tops to - geth - er, Robed in faint - est green,..... Robed in faint - est green.  
Deep in leaf - y hollows hid - ing Half their dain - ties sweet,..... Half their dain - ties sweet.  
And the drear - y hours of win - ter Bloss - om in - to May,..... Bloss - om in - to May!

• From "Our Young Folks." by permission of TINKNOR & FIELDS.

1. 'Tis sweet when morning breezes kiss My brow with gen-tle grace; And soft the kiss of zephyrs  
2. The morn-ing breezes fly a - way Ere sul-try noon is come, And eve-ning zephyrs will not  
3. My gen- tle mother's kiss-es kind, I feel the live-long day, For nev-er, like the sun or

is, At eve up - on my face, And dear the lov-ing kiss-es are Of sunbeams warm and free; But  
stay To meet the gath'ring gloom. And mer-ry sunbeams leave the flow'rs, When stormy clouds they see; But  
wind, Fly they from me a - way. So dear tho' summer zephyrs are, And sun-shine soft and free, Ah!

## Chorus.

sweet-er, soft-er, dear-er far, My mother's kiss to me! My mother's kiss, my mother's kiss, my  
near-est in the darkest -hours, My mother's kiss to me! My mother's kiss, my mother's kiss, my  
sweet-er, soft-er, dear-er far, My mother's kiss to me! My mother's kiss, my mother's kiss, my

# MY MOTHER'S KISS. Concluded.

*At lib.*

mother's kiss to me; But sweet-er, soft-er, dear-er far, My mother's kiss to me.

# ENOCH ARDEN

By permission of SEP. WINNER, Esq.

1. Cheer up, Annie, darling, With hopeful emotion; To-morrow our parting must be: . . . I'll sail the seas o-ver, I'll
2. I go, Annie, darling, But leave thee in sorrow, I go, for thy sake, far a - way, . . . Then bid me good-bye, With a
3. Out, out on the ocean, A-way o'er the billow, My heart on its purpose still bent, . . . My brow shall find rest, When I

cross the wide ocean, I'll sail the seas o-ver for thee. I will not forget thee, Ah, never! no, never! I  
 smile on the morrow, And cheer me with blessings, I pray. I'll think of thee, ev-er, And pray for thee only, As  
 seek my lone pillow, In knowing that thou art content. Cheer up, Annie, darling, Be-ak forth from thy sorrow, 'Tis

cannot forget thee I know;..... Thy smile, like a phantom, Shall haunt me forever, And cheer me where'er I may go...  
o-ver the waters I roam;..... I'll tar-ry not, darling, And leave thee all lonely, But hasten again to my home.....  
sad that our parting must be;..... But give me thy smile When I leave thee to-morrow, To sail the seas over for thee....

*Chorus.*

Good - bye, An - nie, dar - ling; Break off from thy sor - row: 'Tis sad that our part - ing must

be: I'll sail the seas o - ver, I'll cross the wide o - cean, I'll sail the seas o - ver for thee.

# MARCH SONG.

WORDS BY J. C. JOHNSON.

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*Allegro.*

1. Ho! for the storm-y cold March days, Aye, there is noth-ing like them. Loud let us shout and  
 2. Ho! for the field! ye farm-ers now, Cheer on your pa-tient ox-en; Deep in the fur-row  
 3. Hark, how the warn-ing E-qui-nox Calls from the east-ern o-cean; Stand to your arms, ye

*FINE.*

sing their praise, March is so proud and free! Snow-y, blow-y, whee-zy, bree-zy, Sweeping up the  
 drive the plow, Strive for the har-vest fair! Winging, sing-ing, springing, clinging, On the spray sweet  
 time-worn rocks, Onward the mad waves pour. Rushing, splashing, surg-ing, crushing, Thund'ring on the

*D. C.*

win-ter's snow, Freezing, pleasing, teas-ing, un-ceas-ing, How do the March winds blow.  
 birds are seen, Driv-ing, fly-ing, win-ter de-fy-ing, Winds sweep the mead-ow green.  
 coast so strong, Boil-ing, toil-ing, fierce-ly re-coil-ing, Wild dash the waves a-long.

1. Up - on the smoothly shav - en lawn, Be - neath the skies of May, Oh, boys and girls, this  
 2. Now Black and White the game shall start, Come Blue and Or - ange, on ; And let us play with  
 3. So one by one in mer - ry line, Go seek your start - ing stake ; If Black's my chief, his  
 4. Oh! ne'er o'er all the world, be - fore, Was such a mer - ry game. We, dai - ly, play it

mer - ry morn. Come out and play Cro - quet. The stakes are set, the arch - es in ; Now balls and mal - lets  
 all our heart, Un - til the game is won. Ah! Red's a boo - by! nev - er mind ; Now see if Brown will  
 cause is mine, And we our points will make. Come White and Blue, do not be slow, For you, and all the  
 o'er and o'er, And like it, just the same. All thro' the hap - py Summer - time, Its live - ly tune we

bring, And let us see which chief will win The game with rea - dy swing, Are you coming, coming,  
 finish. Come Greenie if you lag be - hind, You'll nev - er gain an inch. Are you coming, coming,  
 rest, Shall sail - ing up Salt Riv - er go, Un - less you do your best. Are you coming, coming,  
 play ; For what is sweet - er than the chime Of jol - ly, gay Cro - quet? Are you coming, coming,

1. F  
 2. F  
 3. W

me. S  
 God, He  
 eye. Th

nd girls, this  
as play with  
ny chief, his  
y, play it

and mal-lets  
if Brown will  
and all the  
ly tune we

g, coming,  
g, coming,  
g, coming,  
g, coming,

### CROQUET. Concluded.

gai - ly coming? Who with us will play? For we're going, going, gai - ly going, Going to play Cro-quet.

### THE CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN.

H. F. WIGHT.

1. From out the crys-tal fountain That flows in beau-ty free. From shady hill and mountain Fill high the cup for  
2. From many a hap-py dwelling, Late misery's dark a - bode, Now the glad peal is swelling, The hymn of praise to  
3. We'll join the tune-ful oho - rus, And raise our song on high; The cheering view before us, Delights the raptured

me. Sing of the sparkling waters, Sing of the cooling spring; Let freedom's sons and daughters Their joyous tribute bring.  
God. Hear the glad song ascending From many thankful hearts; Hope, Joy, and Peace are blending, And each its aid imparts.  
eye. The glorious cause is gaining New strength from day to day, The drunkard host is waning, Before cold water's sway.



## THE GIPSIES' FESTIVAL.

Allegretto con spirito.

1. *p* Come to the old oak - tree, By the light of the pale moon's glance; Come with a foot - step  
 2. Spring with its ear - ly leaves, And sum - mer with all its flowers, Here art in its beau - ty

free, And join in the gip - sies' dance. Come to the old oak - tree, By the  
 weaves, ... O - ver fair nature's bowers. Come to the old oak - tree, By the

light of the pale moon's glance; Come with a foot - step free, And join in the gipsies' dance. A  
 light of the pale moon's glance; Come with a foot - step free, And join in the gipsies' dance. No



THE GIPSIES' FESTIVAL. Concluded.

171

round us, a - bove us, Pure mel - o - dy floats; And voi - ces that love us Re -  
 storm - clouds are dark'ning The haunt of the free; But all is here sparkling, In

- peat the soft notes, Then come to the old oak - tree, Where the brightest of bright eyes  
 beau - ty for thee. Then come, &c.

glance; Come to the old oak - tree, Where the light - est of light feet dance.

WORDS BY EMILY H. MILLER.

1. No beau - ti - ful pal - ace have I on the hill, No pic - tures to hang in my halls, But  
 2. When down my green valley in purple and gold, The morning comes dew - y and bright, I  
 3. And when at the ev'ning my la - bor is o'er, And shadows grow long on the lea, The

nev - er a painter could match with his skill, The ro - ses a - bloom on my walls. Then sing me a song of the  
 look from my window to see them unfold Their buds at the kiss of the light. Then sing me a song of the  
 breath of the ro - ses floats in at the door, As if they were talking to me, Then sing me a song of the

rose, A song that is tender and true! She wears her red robes like the daintiest queen, All gleaming with jewels of dew!

<sup>1</sup> From "Our Young Folks," by permission of TICKNOR & FIELDS.

WORDS

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.

Chorus. **A SONG OF THE ROSES. Concluded.**

halls, But  
bright, I  
lea, The

Then sing we a song of the rose, A song that is ten-der and true! She

ne a song of the  
ne a song of the  
ne a song of the

wears her red robes like the dain-ti-est queen, All gleam-ing with jew-els of dew.

WORDS BY LIEUT. H. L. FRISBIE.

**THE MORNING LAND.\***

H. S. PERKINS.

g with jewels of dew;

1. These ma - ny days 'mid storm and rain, We've striven a-against the tide; But now the har - bor  
 2. We've wild - ly tossed up - on the deep, Our hope a sin - gle ray; But see! the star of  
 3. A heaven - ly calm shall soothe the waves, And bid them hush to sleep; E - ter - nal sun-beams  
 4. Earth's pil-grims walk thy gol - den streets, In robes of shin - ing white; Thy ei - ty gates are

\* From "Sabbath School Trumpet."

is in view, Where we may safe - ly ride, With an - chor weighed, With cap - vass spread, A  
 morn - ing beams, The har - bin - ger of day, We soon shall furl our tat - tered sail, And  
 ev - er - more Shall rest up - on the deep. Our bark no more by temp - ests tossed, Shall  
 built of pearl, And God is all the light. We've looked from far up - on thy shores, Our

wea - ry toil - ing band, We hail the breeze that speeds us to The glo - rious morn - ing land.  
 press the wished - for land, Our bark will moor be - side thy shore, O glo - rious morn - ing land.  
 bear a hap - py band, Who rest for - ev - er 'mid thy groves, O glo - rious morn - ing land.  
 friends have reached the strand; We soon shall join thy hap - py throng! O glo - rious morn - ing land.

*Chorus.*

The morning land, bright morning land, O glorious morning land! We soon shall reach thy blissful shore, O glorious &c.

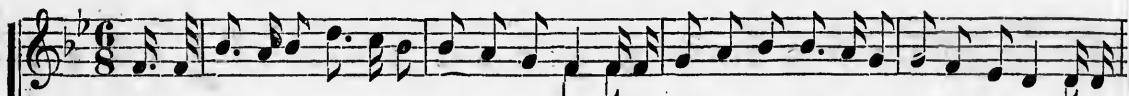
LITTLE EVA.

1. See, dear lit - tle, dar - ling E - va! Mark the pure and tran-quil brow; Nothing more can harm or  
 2. From the fa - ther's breast un - bend - ing, Bursts the sob of an - guish, low; And the ne - gro's toils are  
 3. See that gen - tle hand, whose bless - ing Smoothed so oft their toil - some way; With a mute and soft ca -  
 4. She so soft - ly, sweet - ly tell - ing Of their Father's home a - bove; Of that fair and glorious

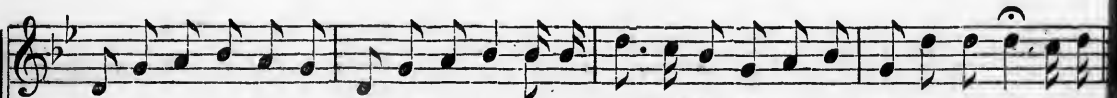
grieve her, She has done with sor - row now; Gent - ly on the soft couch ly - ing,  
 blend - ing, With the mourn - ful notes of woe. From their lips, (poor faith - ful crea - tures,)  
 res - ing, Strives their an - guish to al - lay, On the snow - y pil - low flow - ing,  
 dwell - ing, In the land of light and love; Where her voice a - gain will greet them,

Rests the fair and beauteous head,  
 Wild the wails of sor - row rise;  
 Soft the gold - en ring - lets shine,  
 Glad as in the days of yore.

Lo! the love - ly child is dy - ing, Move with soft and gen - tle tread!  
 Gaz - ing on her death - struck features, Tears of sadness fill their eyes.  
 While the upturned eye is glow - ing With a ho - ly faith di - vine,  
 Where in joy she hopes to meet them, When life's toils and pains are o'er.



1. There's a sweet little spot away down by Cape Clear, Sure its Ireland herself to all Irish-men dear; Where the  
 2. In his hat, good Saint Patrick used always to wear The Shamrock when-ev - er he went to the fair, And  
 3. When far, far away, a sweet blossom I've seen, I've dreamt of shillelaghs and shamrocks so green, That



white praties blossom like il - le gant flow'rs, And the wild birds sing sweetly a - bove the round tow'rs, And the  
 Ne - bu - chad - nezza, no doubt high - ly prized, A bit of the blossom when he went disguis'd; For the  
 grow like two twins on the bogs and the hills, With a drop in my eye that with joy my heart fills; And I've



THE SHAMROCK OF OLD IRELAND. Concluded. 177

men dear; Where the  
to the fair, And  
ocks so green, That

dear lit - tle shamrock that none can withstand, Is the beau-ti - ful emblem of old Ireland; There's a  
bo - som of beauty it - self might expand, When bedeck'd by the shamrock of old Ireland; There's a  
bless'd the dear sod from a far distant strand, And the beau-ti - ful shamrock of old Ireland; There's a

ound tow'rs, And the  
t disguis'd; For the  
heart fills; And I've

charm that no I - rishman's heart can withstand In the beau - ti - ful shamrock of old Ireland.

*A tempo.*

*dim. rall.*

*colla voce.*



*Moderato.*

1. The pride of the village, and the fairest in the dell, Is the queen of my song, and her name is Fairy-Belle: The  
 2. She sings to the meadows, and she carols to the streams, She laughs in the sunlight, and smiles while in her dreams; Her  
 3. Her soft notes of melody around me sweetly fall; Her eye full of love, is now beaming on my soul; The

sound of her light step may be heard upon the hill, Like the fall of the snow-drop, or the dripping of the rill.  
 hair, like the this-tle-down, is borne up-on the air, And her heart, like the humming-bird's, is free from ev'ry care.  
 sound of that gen-tle voice, the glances of that eye, Sur-round me with rapture that no other heart could sigh.

*Chorus.*

Fai - ry - Belle, gen - tle Fai - ry - Belle, The star of the night and the li - ly of the day,

1. L  
 2.  
 3. H

rain,  
 bough,  
 fields,



# FAIRY-BELLE. Concluded.

Fairy-Belle: The  
 a her dreams; Her  
 g on my soul; The

Fai - ry - Belle, The queen of all the dell, Long may she re - vel on her bright sun - ny way.

# APRIL SONG.

WORDS FROM CARMINA MELODIA.

pping of the rill.  
 ee from ev'ry care.  
 heart could sigh.

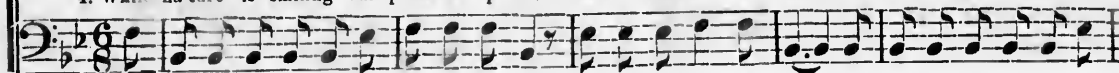
1. Now come gen - tle breezes, And flow cry - tal wa - ters, While A - pril clouds bring us The warm fruit - ful  
 2. O fair art thou, 'A - pril, From win - ter's chain free - ing The brooklet, the hill - side, The sweet blooming  
 3. Haste, far - mer, the frost hath Been drawn from the fur - row; Now forth with thy ox - en To plough the rich

of the day.

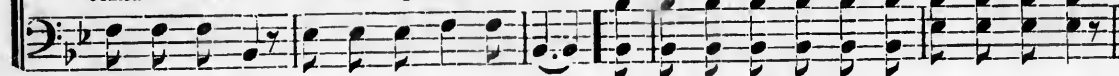
rain, O come A - pril showers, And bless the young flowers, Till blossoms the for - est and verdant the plain.  
 bough, O wave, fragrant willows, Come birds o'er the billows, On south winds re - turning, full welcome ye know.  
 fields, De - lay not, O stay not, Who toil - eth at seed time, Shall joy in the fruit which his in - dus - try yields.

*Solo or Chorus.*

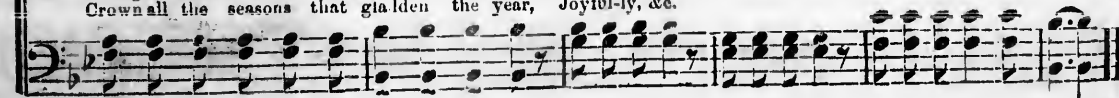
1. The morning is bright and the days are fair; Hasten to the woods a - way! Oh! Teachers and scholars make
2. The swift fly - ing sea-son has led us a-long,—Hasten to the woods a - way! We'll greet all our comrades with
3. We'll tell of the present, and talk of the past, Hasten to the woods a - way! With those whose affec-tion for -
4. While na-ture is smiling our pleasure up-on, Hasten to the woods a - way! We'll hear of the trophies our

*Chorus.*

hasten to pre- pare; Gath- er - ing here to - day. For sweetly the birds car- ol, up in the pines,  
 mirth and with song; Gath- er - ing here to - day. Oh! come from the north, and the west and the east;  
 ev - er will last; Gath- er - ing here to - day. And twining a - new friendship's beau- ti - ful chain,  
 comrades have won! Gath- er - ing here to - day. And may this glad hour of true friendship and cheer,



Brightly the sun down the green arch- es shines, Joyful-ly come! joyful-ly come! Keeping our ho - li - day!  
 Glad- ly we welcome you home to the feast; Joyful-ly, &c.  
 Stronger we'll bind it a - gain and a - gain, Joyful ly, &c.  
 Crown all the seasons that gladden the year, Joyful-ly, &c.



# BEFORE RECESS.

WORDS BY M. B. C. S. 181

nd scholars make  
r comrades with  
e affection for -  
e trophies our

in the pines,  
and the east;  
ti - ful chain,  
ship and cheer,

no - li - day!

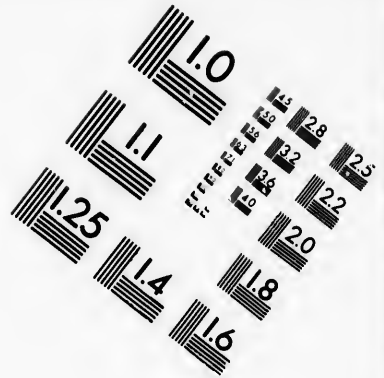
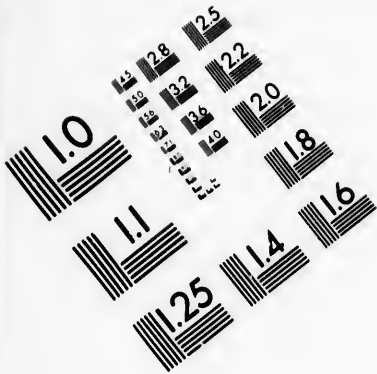
1. When the school was just be - gin - ning, We were fresh and bright and gay; And we all went
2. March - ing up the hill of sci - ence, We re - new each day our strength, And we climb with
3. And 'tis well, in climb - ing mountains, When the ta - ble - lands are won, There to rest by
4. First our toil, and then our pleas - ure; That's the schol - ar's gold - en rule. Hours of work, then

*Chorus.*

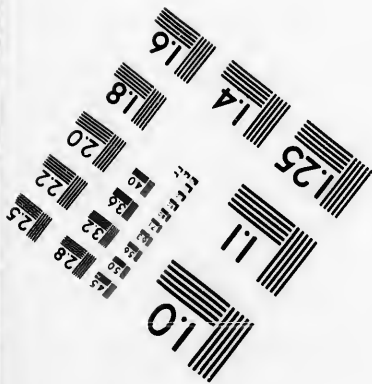
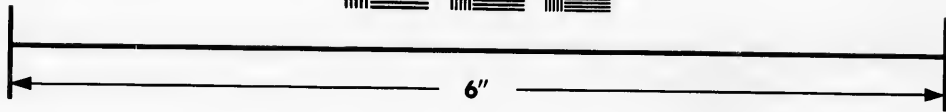
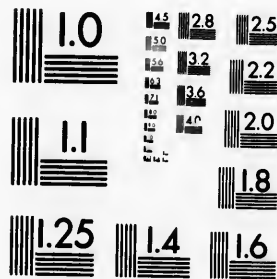
in for the winning, Though we stud - ied the live long day. Oh! but we own we now are wea - ry!  
chee - ry de - fi - ance, Till we pass all the rocks at length. Oh! but we own we now are wea - ry!  
mur - mur - ing fountains, E're we trav - el our jour - ney out. Oh! but we own we now are wea - ry!  
sea - sons of leis - ure, Make the hap - pi - est time at school. Oh! but we own we now are wea - ry!

Oh! but we glad - ly now confess, Happiest hours of school were drea - ry, Heigh - ho! if we had no re - cess!  
Oh! but we glad - ly now confess, Happiest hours of school were drea - ry, Heigh - ho! if we had no re - cess!  
Oh! but we glad - ly now confess, Happiest hours of school are drea - ry, Heigh - ho! if we had no re - cess!  
Oh! but we glad - ly now confess, Happiest hours of school are drea - ry, Heigh - ho! if we had no re - cess!





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Solo or unison chorus.

1. { 'Way out up-on the storm-y o-ccean, Far, far a-a-way; Down, 'mid the bil-low's  
 There ri-ses up the Light-house col-umn, Sin-gle and lone, While round it ev-er  
 2. { So let us when the storms of sor-row, Break o'er our night, Watch, while we wait the  
 No wave o'er all the wide cre-a-tion, Quen-ches its beam; No storm can rock its

Chorus.

wild com-mo-tion, Down where the mad waves play, }  
 deep and so-lemn, Sad-ly the bil-lows moan. } Still in-creas-ing, nev-er fail-ing,  
 com-ing mor-row, Watch for the bea-con light.  
 sure foun-da-tion, No bil-low dim its gleam. }

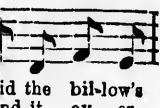
Ev'-ry-where we roam, Bright smiles are o'er the wa-ters playing, Lighting the wand'rer home.

hap-  
joy,  
heart,

Solo or duett.

## THE SINGING SCHOOL.

WORDS BY M. R. C. A. 188



id the bil-low's  
nd it ev - er  
ile we wait the  
rm can rock its



- er fail - ing,



d'rer home.

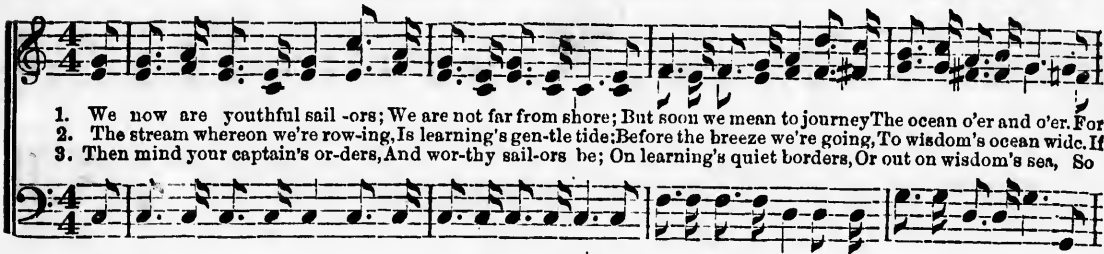


1. In this hap - py place, Mer - ry voi - ces join and sing, La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.  
2. Here sweet mu - sic dwells; While her children ca - rol clear, La, la, la, etc.  
3. Bird, and brook-let cool, Sing their mer - ry songs of glee, La, la, la, etc.

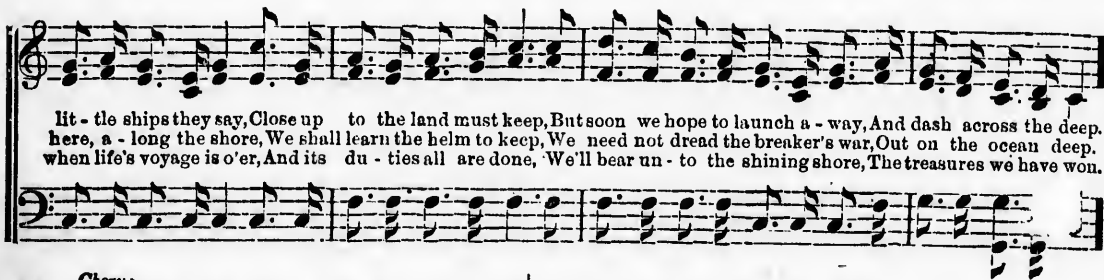
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. Loud and clear our notes are ring - ing, While our  
Tones of love and peace we're rais - ing, Songs of  
We will join glad na - ture's voi - ces, For our

hap - py call were sing - ing, To the sing - ing school, with smiling face, A hap - py, cheerful spir - it - bring!  
joy, and hymns of prais - ing; Sweet - ly ring our peals, like chiming bells, To call the mer - ry children here.  
heart, like her's re - joi - ces; To this hap - py place, our singing school, Oh! children hith - er haste with me!



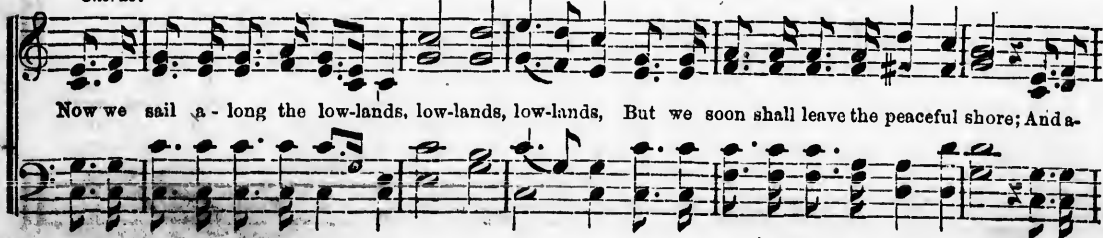


1. We now are youthful sail - ors; We are not far from shore; But soon we mean to journey The ocean o'er and o'er. For  
 2. The stream whereon we're row - ing, Is learning's gen - tle tide; Before the breeze we're going, To wisdom's ocean wide. If  
 3. Then mind your captain's or - ders, And wor - thy sail - ors be; On learning's quiet borders, Or out on wisdom's sea, So



Hit - tle ships they say, Close up to the land must keep, But soon we hope to launch a - way, And dash across the deep.  
 here, a - long the shore, We shall learn the helm to keep, We need not dread the breaker's war, Out on the ocean deep.  
 when life's voyage is o'er, And its du - ties all are done, We'll bear un - to the shining shore, The treasures we have won.

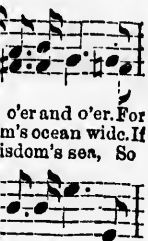
## Chorus.



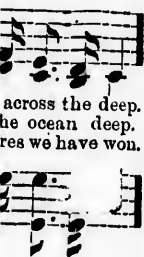
Now we sail a - long the low - lands, low - lands, low - lands, But we soon shall leave the peaceful shore; And a -

## SAILING BY THE LOWLANDS. Concluded.

185



o'er and o'er. For  
m's ocean wide. If  
isdom's sea, So



across the deep.  
he ocean deep.  
res we have won.



shore; And a-

way from all the low - lands, low - lands, low - lands, We will roam the wondrous o - cean o'er.

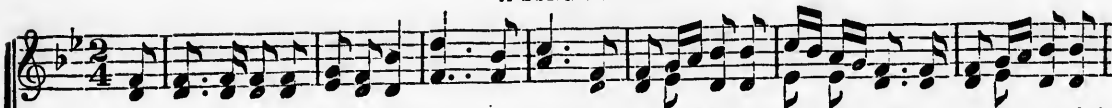
## AUREM PRÆBE MIHI.

1. Fe - lis se - dit by a hole, In - ten - ta she cum om - ni soul Prende - re rats, Mice cur - re - bant
2. Fe - lis saw them oc - u - lis; "I'll have them," inquit she, "I guess, Dum lu - dent," Tunc il - la crept to -
3. Mice con - tin - ued all lude - re, In - ten - ti in lu - dum ve - re, Gau - den - ter, Tunc rushed the felis

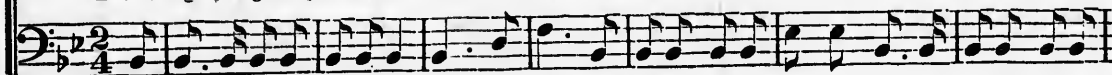
*Moral.*—Mu - res, om - nes mice be shy, Et au - rem præ - be mi - hi, Be - nig - ne; Si hoc fu - ges

o'er the floor, In nu - me - ro du - o, tres or' more, Ob - li - ti cats.  
wards the group, "Ha - be - bo," dix - it, "good rat more," Pin - ti gues.  
un - to them, Et tore them om - nes limb from limb, Vio - len - sunt.  
ver - bum sat, A - void a huge and hun - gry cat, Studi - o - se.

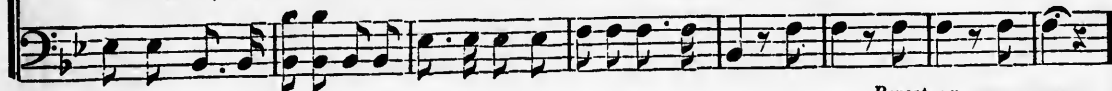
A SONG FOR 1870.



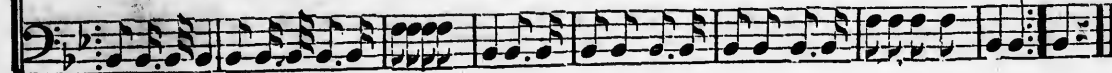
1. From east to west across the land, See, to - day, Where old primeval forests stand, Where mountains rear their
2. No longer, now, the forests sleep Lone and still, Glad echoes wake the silence deep ; Here man shall plough and
3. It spreads rich blessings far and wide, O'er the west. And all its lev-el lines be - side Among the warlike
4. Oh ! mighty engine speeding o'er, Greet - ing take, From where Atlantic's billows roar, To the broad blue Pa -



summits grand, And rivers gleam o'er golden sand, Wide stretching far away. Hur-rah ! hur - rah ! hur - rah !  
 plant and reap ; And sunny homes like magic leap, From woodland, vale and hill. Hur-rah ! hur - rah ! hur - rah !  
 foes they glide, Sweet peace shall bid her love abide, And build her downy nest. Hur-rah ! hur - rah ! hur - rah !  
 ci - fic shore, The bond of union ev - ermore. And brother-hood to make. Hur-rah ! hur - rah ! hur - rah !



See, far away, see, far away, The nation's proudest labor ; The work is done, the triumph won, And east to west is neighbor.  
 La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, La, la, la, la, la, la, la, La, la, la, la, la, la, la, La, la, la, la, la, la.



mountains rear their  
 shall plough and  
 the warlike  
 broad blue Pa-

hur-rah!  
 hur-rah!  
 hur-rah!  
 hur-rah!

is neighbor.  
 la, la.

# SWEET VALE OF REST.

*Soprano Solo.*

1. Beneath the shade the flow'rs were sleep - ing, The wea - ry breeze in si - lence  
 2. I've wander'd far all chang-es view - ing, One dream of joy, in vain pur -

*Chorus.* 1. Beneath the shade where the flow'rs were sleeping, The wea - ry breez - es  
 2. I've wander'd far, all life's chan-ges view - ing, One dream of joy, then

creep - ing, The sil - ver dew drops their lamps were keep - ing, In shel-ter'd  
 su - ing, While vis-ions bright I've left in ru - in, Were gild-ed

in si-lence creep - ing, The sil - ver dew - drops that their lamps were keep - ing,  
 in vain pur-su - ing, While vis-ions bright I've left in ru - in,

## SWEET VALE OF REST. Continued.

nook or flow'ret's breast. I heard the stream, then onward stray - ing, It's ripples  
barques that deck life's breast. Yet one soft voice a-gain is sing - ing, The wings of

In shelter'd nook, yes, or flow'ret's breast. I heard the streamlet, then onward stray-ing,  
Were gilded barques, that bedeck life's breast. Yet one soft voice there, a-gain is sing-ing,

break in murmurs play - ing, While mem'ry sang with peals de-cay-ing, I'll ne'er for-  
hope fresh o-dors bring - ing, While mem'ry back thro' tears is springing, To dream of

Its ripples breaking in murmurs play - ing, Ah! I'll ne'er for  
The wings of hope, now fresh o - dors bringing, Ah! sweet vale of

SWEET VALE OF REST. Concluded.

get this vale of rest.... I'll ne'er.... I'll ne'er for - get this vale of rest, Sweet  
 youth's sweet vale of rest.... To dream,.. to dream of youth's sweet vale of rest, Sweet

*p*

get this vale of rest, I'll ne'er for - get this vale of rest, Sweet  
 rest, sweet vale of rest, Sweet vale, sweet vale, sweet vale of rest, Sweet

*pp*

vale of rest, sweet vale of rest, Sweet vale of rest, sweet vale of rest.

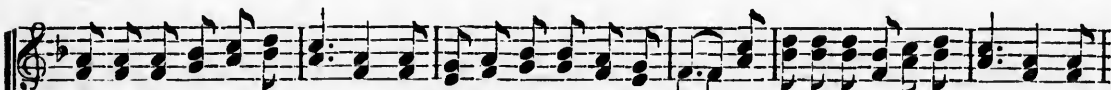
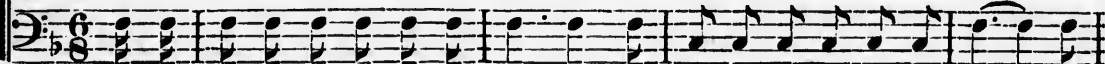
*pp*

vale of rest, sweet vale of rest, Sweet vale of rest, sweet vale of rest.

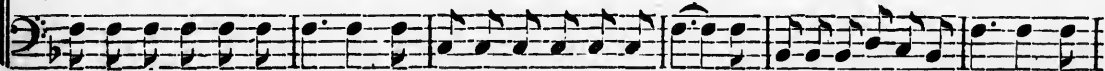
*Rit.*



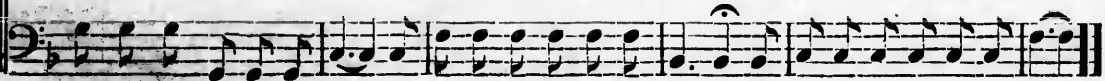
1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, with praise and thanks - giv - ing, While sad - eth the light of this day, We  
 2. May the an - gels of God be a - round us, Our souls from all dan - ger to keep, To  
 3. So with peace in the depths of the spir - it, To - geth - er we're sing - ing our song, For



come with a song to thy presence, And still for thy blessing we pray, Thy father - ly care did preserve us, And  
 ward off the powers of darkness, And thus may we peaceful - ly sleep, And rise in the bright early morning, With  
 peace was the leg - a - cy left us, By him un - to whom we be - long, Long nights in the lonely, cold mountains, He



gave us the sunshine so bright, O, by thy great mer - cy de - fend us, From per - ils and dangers this night.  
 spir - its all grateful to thee, Who thro' the dark hours didst keep us, Who always our keeper will be.  
 watched for the world of his love; But now, on the throne of his glo - ry, He watches o'er all from a - bove.



*Andante sostenuto.*

# EVENING SONG.

TRIO FOR FEMALE VOICES.

ART. 101

day, We  
keep, To  
song, For

ve us, And  
orning, With  
ountains, He

this night.  
will be.  
a - bove.

*pp*

1. The ev'ning bells sound clear - ly, They call the vale to rest;  
2. The moon roves softly glid - ing, Her heav'nly path a - long;

A - round fall night's soft still - ness, The  
The plan - ets pass her greet - ing, But

*pp*

sun sinks in the west; A ho - ly si - lence keep - ing, The stars watch na - ture sleep - ing, She's  
lush - ed is their song; And as to se - raph num - bers, Be - low the sweet earth slumbers, She's

*ff* *pp*

come in soft red light, She's come in soft red light, The qui - et night! The qui - et night!



*First voice**Second voice.*

1. Meet me by the running brook, Where the drooping willows grow, Meet me in the shady nook, Where the  
 2. Meet me when the starlight plays O'er the wavelets bright and low; Tell me of our youthful days, E're the

sil - ver wa - ters flow. Friends we lov'd are broken hearted, Smiles have flown and tears have started Since the  
 heart knew pain or woe. Joy will come to charm and leave us, Lingering hope will still deceive us; Life had

*Ritard.**A tempo.*

time when last we part-ed, In the days of long a - go..... Meet me by the running brook, Where the  
 noth-ing dark to grieve us, In the days of long a - go..... Meet me when the starlight plays, O'er the

MEET ME BY THE RUNNING BROOK. Concluded. 193

*ad lib.*

nook, Where the  
days, E're the

rted Since the  
us; Life had

brook, Where the  
t plays, O'er the

droop - ing willows grow, Meet me in the shady nook, Where the sil - ver wa - ters flow.  
wave - lets bright and low; Tell me of our youthful days, E'er the heart knew pain or woe.

*Andante.*

FAREWELL, GOOD NIGHT.

1. Kind friends, we meet a - gain, Too soon to part; May friendship bless this hour, And warm each heart.  
2. Then, friend's, once more farewell, Time bids us part; Fond mem'ry long shall dwell A - round each heart.

Tones that we love to hear Shall dwell up - on the ear, As we in ac - cents clear Re - peat, Good night!  
May heav'n its blessings send, And peace your paths attend, Un - til we meet again, Fare - well, Good night!

*Andantino.*

DUETT.

1. The winds soft-ly sigh in their mye-ti-cal caves, And the moon gilds the slum-bering sea;  
 D. C. 2. Oh! may the glad song of the waves, as they roam, Our blessings bear o-ver the seas,

Sounds of sweet mu-sic come o-ver the waves, Like a spir-it voice borne on the breeze,  
 Cheer-ing them on to their far dis-tant home, Like a spir-it voice borne on the breeze,

*p*  
 Faint-ly and low, soft-ly and slow, Heard o'er the waves as they rip-ple and flow;  
 Faint-ly and low, soft-ly and slow, Blend-ing our song with the waves as they flow;



# THE LARBOARD WATCH.

## DUETT.

T. WILLIAMS.

*Andante. mf* *p* *f*

1. At dre-a-ry mid-night's cheer-less hour, De-sert-ed e'en by Cyn-thia's beam, When tempests beat and  
 2. With anx-ious care he eyes each wave, That swell-ing threatens to o'-verwhelm, And his storm beat-en

*mf* *p*

*p* *Soprano.* *3*

tor-rents pour, And twinkling stars no long-er gleam; The wea-ried Sail-or  
 bark to save, Di-rects with skill the faith-ful helm, With joy he drinks the

*p* *p* *p dolce.*

## THE LARBOARD WATCH. Continued.

197

mpests beat and  
s storm beat-en

ried Sail - or  
he drinks the

lce.

*Alto.* *Soprano.* *And.*

spent with toil Clings firm - ly to the weather shroud, And still the lengthened  
chee - ing grog 'Mid storms that bel - low loud and hoarse, With joy he heaves the hour to guile. And  
reel - ing log, With

*Soprano.*

Still the lengthened hour to guile, Sings as he views the gath - 'ring clouds,  
joy he heaves the reel - ing log, And marks the lee - way and the course,

*dolce.*

## THE LARBOARD WATCH. Continued.

*f ad lib.*

Sings as he views the gath - 'ring clouds, Lar - board Watch, A -  
And marks the lee - - way and the course, Lar - board Watch, A -

*Poco Allegretto e Animato.*

hoy! Lar - board Watch A - hoy! But who can speak the joy he  
hoy! Lar - board Watch A - hoy! But who can speak, &c.

*f Animato.*

THE LARBOARD WATCH. Concluded.

Watch, A -  
 Watch, A -

*slower.* *a tempo.*

feels, While o'er the foam his vessel reels, And his tried eye - lids slumb'ring fall he rouses at the welcome

*ritard.* *a tempo.*

ak the joy he  
 ak, &c.

*f* *p* *Adagio ad lib.*

call of Lar - board Watch, A - hoy! Lar - board Watch, Lar - board Watch! Lar - board Watch, A - hoy!

*f* *pp*



## THE MERMAID'S EVENING SONG.

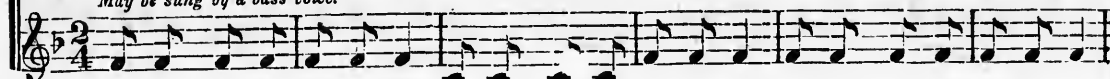
Moderato.

TRIO FOR FEMALE VOICES.

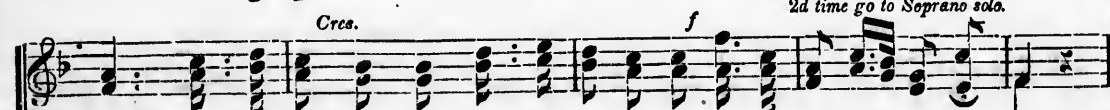
S. GLOVES.



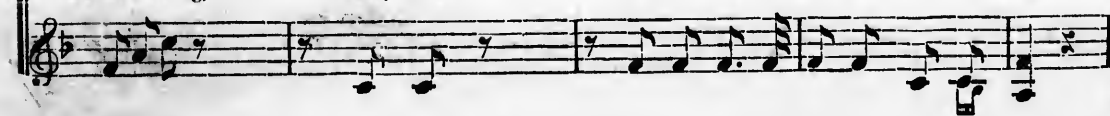
Hark! what mys-tic sounds are those, Steal-ing soft-ly o'er the sea? Whence that mu-sic soft and low  
 D.C. List, a-gain the sound draws near, Fall-ing sweet-ly on the ear; Borne up-on the breeze a-long,  
*May be sung by a bass voice.*



Sounding as the bil-lows flow; 'Tis the Mermaid's Song, 'Tis the Mermaid's Song, Borne upon the breeze a-  
 'Tis the Mermaid's evening Song, Hark! hark! Hark! hark! 'Tis the the



long, 'Tis the Mer- maid's song, 'Tis the Mermaid's song, 'Tis the Mer- maid's evening song.  
 Mermaid's song, Hark, hark! Hark, hark! 'Tis the Mer-maid's evening . song.



THE MERMAID'S EVENING SONG. Continued. 201

*Alto Solo. Allegro.*

Who would not a Mermaid be, Dwelling 'neath the restless sea! Down among its mystic forms, Cradled by the

*Dim.*

rising storms, Where the Dolphins play and leap, In a co - ral cave to sleep! In a co - ral cave, In a

*Cres.*

*Rall.*

*D. C. Chorus.*

co - ral cave, In a co - ral cave to sleep! In a co - ral cave, In a co - ral cave, In a co - ral cave to sleep!...

*Soprano Solo. Allegro.*

I would be a Mer-maid fair, Wreathing pearls a - mid my hair; Pillow'd on the billow's crest.

O-cean gems up - on my breast; Lull'd by ev' - ry wave that flows, Singing strains as sweet as those, Singing,

sing - ing strains as sweet as those, Sing - ing, sing - ing strains as sweet, as sweet as those.

THE MERMAID'S EVENING SONG. Concluded. 203

*A tempo.*

*Cres.*

Listen! the sound now fainter grows, As the Mermaid seeks repose; On the night-wind borne along, Is the Mermaid's

Hark! hark! hark!

ev'nina song, 'Tis the Mermaid's ev'ning song, 'Tis the Mermaid's song, hark, hark! 'Tis the Mermaid's ev'ning song, 'Tis the Mermaid's

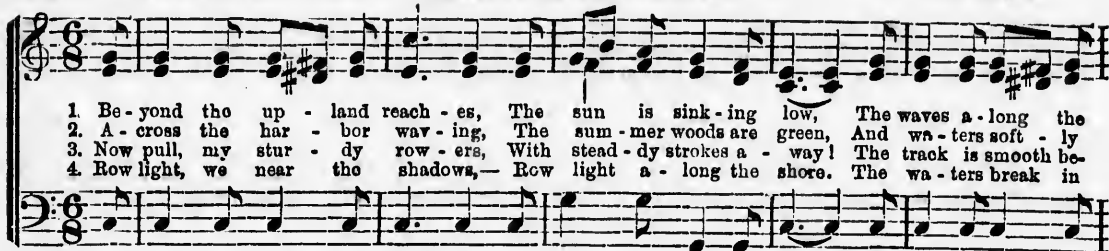
'Tis the Mermaid's song, Hark, hark, 'Tis the song.....'Tis the Mermaid's

Hark! hark! hark!

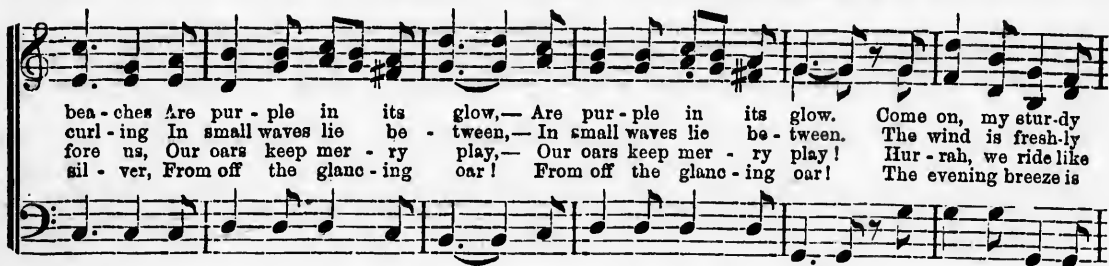
song, Hark, hark! 'Tis the Mermaid's song, 'Tis the Mermaid's song, 'Tis the Mermaid's song, 'Tis the Mermaid's song.

song, Hark, hark! 'Tis the Mermaid's evening song, 'Tis the Mermaid's evening song, 'Tis the Mermaid's song, 'Tis the Mermaid's song.

## ROWING SONG.



1. Be - yond the up - land reach - es, The sun is sink - ing low, The waves a - long the  
 2. A - cross the har - bor wav - ing, The sum - mer woods are green, And wa - ters soft - ly  
 3. Now pull, my stur - dy row - ers, With stead - dy strokes a - way! The track is smooth be -  
 4. Row light, we near the shadows, - Row light a - long the shore. The wa - ters break in



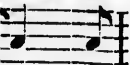
bea - ches Are pur - ple in its glow, - Are pur - ple in its glow. Come on, my stur - dy  
 curl - ing In small waves lie be - tween, - In small waves lie be - tween. The wind is fresh - ly  
 fore us, Our oars keep mer - ry play, - Our oars keep mer - ry play! Hur - rah, we ride like  
 sil - ver, From off the glanc - ing oar! From off the glanc - ing oar! The evening breeze is



row - ers! With sinews strong as steel; Come, grasp the bending oars, Push off the grating keel!  
 blow - ing, From leagues away at sea; Come on, my sturdy row - ers! And taste its joys with me.  
 sea - kings, A - cross the sparkling brine, And feel in all our pulses, The red blood leap with wine!  
 creep - ing, In spi - cy airs a - long, Now soft my stur - dy rowers! Take up the homeward song.



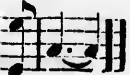
long the  
soft - ly  
smooth be-  
break in



my stur-dy  
is fresh-ly  
we ride like  
ing breeze is



ing keel!  
with me.  
with wine!  
ward song.



# PART IV. SACRED MUSIC.

## MORNING AND EVENING.

VON WEBER.

1. When the sun glo - rious-ly comes forth from the o - cean, Mak - ing earth  
2. Now the hills in the west, the sun's tints all blend - ing, Show us how

beau - ti - ful, chas - ing shad - ows a - way; Thus do we of - fer thee our  
quick - ly fades all that on earth seems bright, When to un - fad - ing realms our

prayer of de - vo - tion, God of the fa - ther - less, guide us, guard us to - day.  
prayer is as - cend - ing, God of the fa - ther - less, guide us, guard us to - night.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way; Free from care, from  
 2. Soon for me the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way; Then, from sin and

la - bor free, Lord I would com - mune with thee. Thou, whose all per - va - ding eye  
 sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee. Thou who, sin - less, yet hast known

Naught es - capes with - out, with - in, Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin.  
 All of man's in - firm - i - ty, Then, from Thine e - ter - nal throne, Je - sus, look with pity - ing eye.

care, from  
sin and

ling eye  
ast known

cret sin  
ing eye.

Solo or Semi-Chorus.

O PARADISE!

ARR. BY W. O. PERKINS.

1. O Par-a-dise! O Paradise! Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek that happy land, Where they that lov'd are blest!  
 2. O Par-a-dise! O Paradise! The world is growing old; Who would not be at rest and free, Where love is never cold?  
 3. O Par-a-dise! O Paradise! Wherefore doth death delay? Bright death that is the welcome dawn, Of our eternal day  
 4. O Par-a-dise! O Par - adise! 'Tis weary wait-ing here: I long to be where Je-sus is, To feel, to see him near.

Chorus.

Where loyal hearts and true Stand ev-er in the light, All rapture thro' and thro' In God's most holy sight. *Rall.*

5.  
 O Paradise! O Paradise!  
 I want to sin no more!  
 I want to be as pure on earth,  
 As on thy spotless shore.  
 Cho.—Where loyal, etc.

6.  
 O Paradise! O Paradise!  
 I greatly long to see,  
 The special place my dearest Lord  
 Is furnishing for me.  
 Cho.—Where loyal, etc.

7.  
 O Paradise! O Paradise!  
 I feel 'twill not be long;  
 Patience,—I almost think I hear,  
 Faint fragments of thy song.  
 Cho.—Where loyal, etc.



## PRAISE THE LORD, O MY SOUL.

ARR. BY H. F. WIGHT.

Moderato.

Praise the Lord, O my soul, While I live will I praise the Lord, Praise the

The first system of the musical score consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a vocal line with lyrics. The bass staff contains a piano accompaniment with chords and some melodic lines. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'.

Lord, O my soul, While I live will I praise the Lord. Yea, as long as I

The second system continues the musical score. The treble staff has lyrics: 'Lord, O my soul, While I live will I praise the Lord. Yea, as long as I'. The bass staff continues the piano accompaniment.

have an - y be - ing. Will I sing prai - ses, will I sing prai - ses,

The third system concludes the musical score on this page. The treble staff has lyrics: 'have an - y be - ing. Will I sing prai - ses, will I sing prai - ses,'. The bass staff continues the piano accompaniment.

PRAISE THE LORD, O MY SOUL. Concluded. 209

F. WIGHT.



Praise the



ong as I



prai - ses,



will I sing prai - ses un - to my God, Yea, as long as I have an - y be - ing.

*pia.* *cres.* *f*  
will I sing prai - ses, will I sing prai - ses, will I sing prai - ses un - to my God,

Will I sing praises, will I sing praises, will I sing praises un - to my God, A - men, A - men.

1. When morning in love - li - ness shines o'er the earth, As fair as she woke on the morn of her birth; When  
 2. When evening spreads out her bright scenes to thy view, And stars shine a - bove thee, each night ev - er new, When  
 3. Re - member, life's mornings are fast fleet - ing by; Live so, thro' the hours, as they si - lent - ly fly, That

birds ca - rol joy - ful - ly up to the sky, And winds bear the thanks of the blossoms on high,  
 hushed is the mu - sic that rang through the day, To thee let the stillness of night sweet - ly say,  
 eve - ning shall bring thee to that per - fect day, When anthems of an - gels shall greet thee, and say,

Praise thou the Lord! Praise thou the Lord! Join the voi - ces of morn - ing, in prais - ing the Lord!  
 Praise thou the Lord! Praise thou the Lord! Join the voi - ces of eve - ning, in prais - ing the Lord!  
 Praise thou the Lord! Praise thou the Lord! Join the voi - ces of heav - en, in prais - ing the Lord!

# WAKE THE SONG OF JUBILEE.

H. F. WIGHT, by permission.

f her birth; When  
v - er new, When  
at - ly fly, That

Wake the song of Ju - bi - lee! Let it e - cho o'er the sea: Now is come the promised

oms on high,  
sweet - ly say,  
thee, and say,

*Fine. Duet.*

hour; Je - sus reigns with sov'reign pow'r. { All ye na - tions join and sing, "Christ, of  
Now the de - sert lands re - joice, And the

ng the Lord!  
ng the Lord!  
ng the Lord!

*D. C.*

lords and kings is King!" Let it sound from shore to shore, Je - sus reigns for ev - er - more.  
is - lands join their voice; Joy! the whole cre - a - tion sings, "Je - sus is the King of kings!"

## HAMBURG. L. M.

1. Father, once more let grateful praise And humble prayer to thee ascend, Thou Guide and Guardian of my ways, Our first and last and only Friend.  
 2. Since every day and hour that's gone, Has been with mercy richly crowned; Mercy, we know, shall still flow on, Forever sure as time rolls round.  
 3. Hear, then, the parting prayers we pour, And bind our hearts in love alone: Though we may meet on earth no more, May we at last surround thy throne.

## OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

1. Be thou, O God, ex-alt-ed high: And as thy glo-ry fills the sky, So let it be on earth displayed. Till thou as there, as there, obeyed  
 2. From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Cre-a-tor's praise a-rise; Let the Redeemer's name be sung Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

## HEBRON. L. M.

DR. L. MASON, by permission.

1. Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days: And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known, Some fresh memorials of his grace.  
 2. Almighty God, to thee on high, With reverence would my spirit bow; How frail a crea-ture, Lord, am I, Eternal One, how great are thou.  
 3. Thy boundless love invites us near, And bids us look to heaven our home; As children, then, we will not fear; With our meek offerings, Lord, we come.

## OPENING HYMN.

1. We meet a-gain in gladness, And thankful voices raise : To God our heavenly Father, We'll tune our grateful  
 2. We'll thank him for our coun-try, The land our fathers trod ; For li - ber - ty of conscience, And right to worship  
 3. Soon may thy gra-cious scap - tre, Ex - tend to eve-ry land, And all, as willing subjects, Submit to thy com-

praise, 'Tis his kind hand hath kept us Thro' ev'ry changing year; His love it is that brings us With songs, to worship here.  
 God. We pray for our loved country, That war may ever cease; And lib - er - ty and un - ion Prevail, and still increase.  
 mand; Send forth the glorious tidings, And hasten on the day, When eve-ry isle and nation Shall own Messiah's sway.

## FATHER OF MERCIES.

1. Father of Mercies, hear thy children calling, Protect us, Saviour, save us from falling, Humbly we bow to Thee; Look on us tenderly, and save us, God  
 2. As thro' this world of sin, filled with temptation; Sadly we wander, send thy salvation; Teach us to trust in Thee, And faithful children be, Keeping thy  
(of love !  
 laws, great God !

## PRAISE. C. M.

FROM "MODERN HARP."

1. Almighty Father, heav'nly King! Who rul'st the world a-bove; Accept the tribute now we bring Of grat-i-tude and love.  
 2. To thee each morning when we rise, Our earthly vows we pay; And ere the night hath clos'd our eyes, We thank thee for the day.  
 3. Our Sav-ior, ev-er good and kind, To us his Word has given; That we may seek and surely find The path that leads to heaven.

## PETERBORO'. L. M.

1. In the glad morn of life when youth With generous ardor glows, And shines in all the fairest charms, That beauty can dis-close;  
 2. Deep on thy soul,—before its powers Are yet by vice enslaved,—Be thy Creator's loft-y name And char-acter en-graved.  
 3. True wisdom, early sought and gained, In age will give thee rest; O then, improve the morn of life, To make its evening blest.

## SLADE. C. M.

1. We bless the Lord, our God and King, The gracious and the good, Who gives to eve-ry liv-ing thing Its needful dai-ly food.  
 2. God sets the glorious sun in heaven, By day to give us light; And draws the starry shades of even Around us eve-ry night.  
 3. His ear is o-pen to our prayer, His mercy nev-er fails; And we may sing his ten-der care, For still his love pre-vals.  
 4. In him may youthful hearts re-joice, And hal-le-lu-jah sing; While men of might lift up their voice To bless our God and King.

# ORTONVILLE.

tude and love.  
nk thee for the day.  
at leads to heaven.

1. To thee my righteous King and Lord, My grateful soul I'll raise; From day to day thy works re-cord, And  
2. Thy greatness, human tho't exceeds; Thy glo-ry knows no end; The last-ing re-cord of thy deeds Thro'  
3. Thy wondrous acts, thy pow'r and might, My constant theme shall be; That song shall be my soul's delight, Which

can dis-close;  
-ter en-graved.  
evening blest.

## OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN.

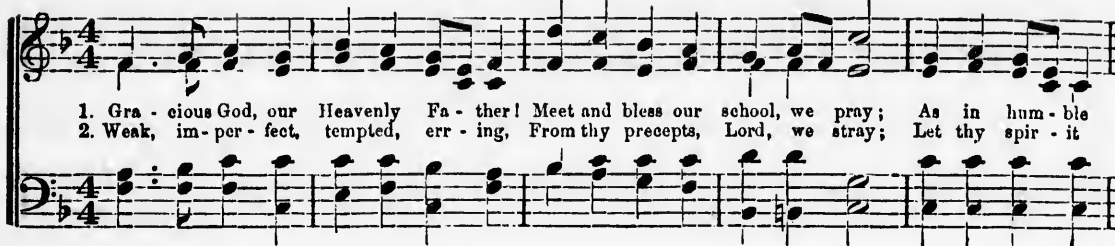
ev-ersing thy praise, And ev-ersing thy praise.  
a-ges shall des-cend, Thro' a-ges shall des-cend.  
breathes in praise to thee, Which breathes in praise to thee.

1. Our Father in heaven, We hallow thy name, May thy kingdom  
2. Forgive our transgressions, And teach us to know That humble

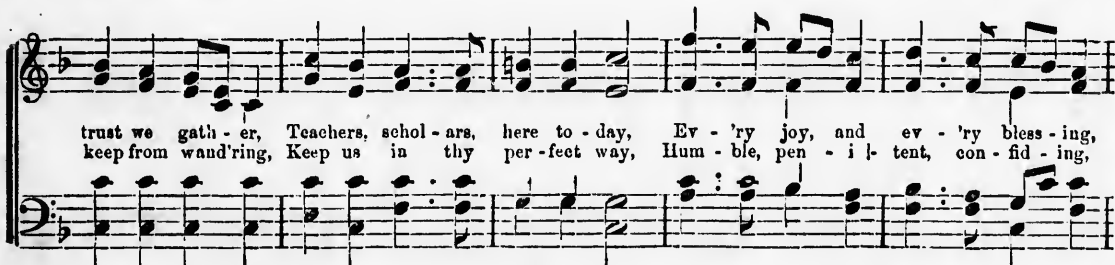
l dai-ly food,  
eve-ry night,  
s love pre-vaills,  
ur God and King.

ho-ly on earth be the same; O. give to us dai-ly our portion of bread, For 'tis from thy bounty that all must be fed,  
compassion that pardons each foe; Keep us from temptation, from weakness and sin, And thine be the glory, forever, Amen.





1. Gra - cious God, our Heavenly Fa - ther! Meet and bless our school, we pray; As in hum - ble  
2. Weak, im - per - fect, tempted, err - ing, From thy precepts, Lord, we stray; Let thy spir - it



trust we gath - er, Teachers, schol - ars, here to - day, Ev - 'ry joy, and ev - 'ry bless - ing,  
keep from wand'ring, Keep us in thy per - fect way, Hum - ble, pen - i - tent, con - fid - ing,



From thy bounteous hand we own; May thy love, our souls pos - sess - ing Draw us near - er to thy throne.  
May we rest our hope in thee; In thy fa - vor, Lord, a - bid - ing, In thy peace and pu - ri - ty.

1. Sister, thou wast mild and love - ly, Gentle as the sum - mer breeze, Pleasant as the air of eve - ning, When it floats among the trees  
 2. Peaceful be thy silent slumber—Peaceful in the grave so low: Thou no more wilt join our number; Thou no more our songs shalt know.  
 3. Yet again we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled; Then in heaven with joy to greet thee, Where no fare-well tear is shed.

WHERE SHALL WE MAKE HER GRAVE?

WORDS BY MRS. HEMANS.

W. O. P.

1. Where shall we make her grave? Oh! where the wild flow'rs wave In the free air! Where show'r and  
 2. Dear was the world to her,—Now may sleep min - is - ter Balm for each ill; Low on sweet  
 3. Oh! then where wild flow'rs wave, Make ye her mos - sy grave In the free air! Where show'r and

thy throne,  
 - ri - ty.

sing - ing bird, 'Midst the young leaves are heard,—There, lay her there! There, lay her there  
 na - ture's breast, Let the meek heart find rest. Deep, deep and still! Deep, deep and still!  
 sing - ing bird, 'Midst the young leaves are heard,—There, lay her there! There, lay her there.

## ATHENS. C. M. Double.

1. Once more the light of day I see ; Lord I with it let me raise My heart and voice in songs to thee Of gratitude and praise  
2. Instruct me now, to lift my heart To thee in praise and prayer; And love and gratitude impart For every good I share

The sky-lark from its lowly nest Hath soared into the sky, And by its joyous song expressed Unconscious praise on high.  
Thus let me, Lord, confess the debt I owe thee day by day ; Nor e'er at night or morn forget To thee, O God, to pray.

## PLEYEL'S HYMN.

1. Children, join your God to bless. Gratefully his care confess; Of his bounties you have shared, He your lives has kindly spared.  
2. Spared, again in school to meet; Spared to bow at Je - sus' feet, Spared to see this ho - ly day: With your teachers sing and pray.  
3. Now you meet to read the word, Word of Christ your King and Lord ; Lord, who died that you might live—Then to him your service give.

LEBANON. S. M. Double. J. ZUNDEL, by permission. 219

1. This morning, Lord, attend, While we are bow'd in prayer; And from thy glorious throne descend, And in our midst appear. Make  
 2. O let this morning be, De - voted to thy ways; And consecrate our school to thee, And fill each heart with praise. To

this thy dwelling - place, While we as - sem - bled stay; Inspire each youthful soul with grace, And wash our sins away.  
 scholars, teachers, Lord. Be thy best favors given; And may we all, with one accord, Pursue the way to heaven.

PUTNAM. 7s.

W. O. PERKINS.

1. Praise to God, immortal praise, For the love that crowns our days, Bounteous source of every joy, Let them praise our tongues employ.  
 2. These to that dear source we owe, Whence our sweetest comforts flow; These thro' all my happy days, Claim my cheerful song of praise.  
 3. Grate-ful, never ending praise, Lord to thee my soul shall raise; And, when every blessing's flown, Love thee for thyself a - lone.

1. While my Redeemer's near, My shepherd and my guide, I bid farewell to every fear, My wants are all supplied.  
 2. To ever fragrant meads, Where rich abundance grows, His gracious hand indulgent leads, And guards my sweet repose.  
 3. Dear shepherd, if I stray, My wandering feet restore; And guard me with thy watchful eye, And let me rove no more.

## DEAR FATHER, ERE WE PART.

1. Dear Father, ere we part, Now let thy grace descend, And fill each youthful heart With peace from Christ our friend;  
 2. May we in af-ter years, With grat-i-tude re-view, The service of this day, The works we now pur-sue;  
 3. We know that soon on earth, The fondest ties must end, Our own most cherished hopes To death's cold hand must bend;  
 4. Then when our spirits leave These tenements of clay, May they, to God who gave, As - cend in end-less day.

May show'rs of blessings from above, Descend and fill our hearts with love, De - scend and fill our hearts with love.  
 And speed our way to worlds above, With hearts all fired by ho - ly love, With hearts all fired with he - ly love.  
 The fairest flowers in all their bloom, Must soon lie withered in the tomb, Must soon lie withered in the tomb.  
 To join with parer-ents, teachers, friends, That anthem sweet which never ends, That an - them sweet which never ends.

# I WILL SEEK MY FATHER.

Words by permission of Root & Cady.

From BLUMENTHAL. 221

1. When the morn is bright and fair, When sweet songsters charm the air, I will lift my heart in pray'r, I will seek my Father.  
2. In the sol-i-tude apart, In the wil-derness or mart, Oh, my sorely tempted heart, I will seek my Father.  
3. When the ev'ning sun is red, When each blossom droops its head, Kneeling low beside my bed, I will seek my Father.

Lest my feet should go astray, From his pure and perfect way; Lest I grieve him as I may, I will seek my Father.  
In the darkness, as the day, He shall be my guide and stay, I will lean on him alway, I will seek my Father.  
That I slumber in his care, Shielded from each harmful snare, And for life or death prepare, I will seek my Father.

## OLMUTZ. S. M.

1. My Maker and my King! To thee my all I owe; Thy sov'reign bounty is the spring Whence all my blessings flow.  
2. Thou ev-er good and kind! A thousand reasons move, A thousand ob-ligations bind My heart to grateful love.  
3. Thy goodness like the sun Dawned on my early days, Ere infant reason had begun To form my lips to praise.  
4. O let thy grace inspire My soul with strength divine; Let all my powers to thee aspire, And all my hopes be thine.

WORDS BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

W. O. PERKINS.

*With expression.*

1. There is a Reaper whose name is death, and with his  
 2. "Shall I have naught that is fair," said he, "Have naught but the sic - kle keen, He reaps the bearded grain at a beard-ed grain; Tho' the breath of these flowers

3. He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes, He kissed their droop-ing leaves;  
 4. "My Lord has need of these flowerets gay," The Reaper said and smiled; It was for the Lord of Dear tokens of the

breath, and the flowers that grow be - - tween.  
 is sweet to me, I will give them back a - gain."

5 They shall all bloom in fields of light,  
 Transplanted | by my | care,  
 And saints, upon their garments wh...a,  
 These | sacred | blossoms | wear.

6 And the mother gave, in tears and pain,  
 The flowers she | most did | love;  
 She knew sheshould find them all again  
 In | fields of | light a- | bove.

Paradise, he bound them in his sheaves.  
 earth are they, where he was once a child.

7 O, not in cruelty, not in wrath.  
 The Reaper | came that | day:  
 'Twas an angel visited the green earth,  
 And | took the | flowers a- | way.

# CHANT. I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES.

Teachers, or 1st. Division.

Scholars, or 2nd Division.

1. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth.

2. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; he that keepeth thee will not slumber. Behold he that keepeth Israel, shall not slumber nor sleep.

3. The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon thy right..... hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

4. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; he shall pre-serve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even for- ev - er more. A - men.

# CHANT. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

1. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven.

2. Give us this day our daily bread, And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.

3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, For thine is the kingdom the power and the glory.. for- ever. A - men.



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Go  
Good  
Greet  
Hall to  
How's wa  
How beam  
How the so  
I'll make a  
In the sunligh  
Laugh on  
Let me be free  
Let us sing  
Little Eva  
Little Maggie May

20 14 27 20 11

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