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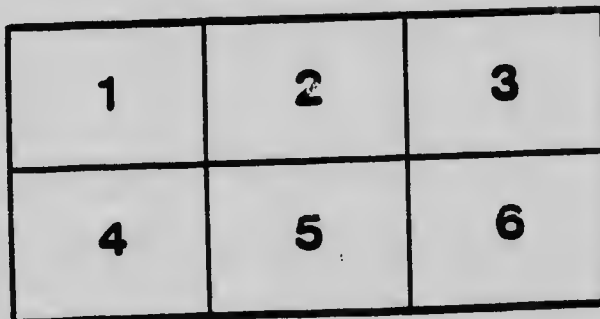
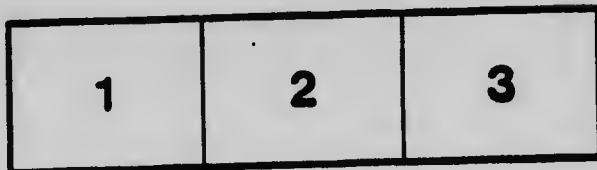
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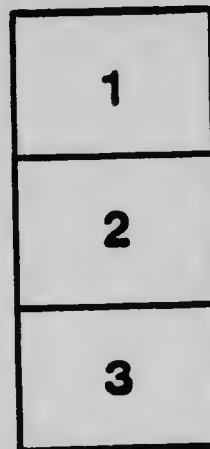
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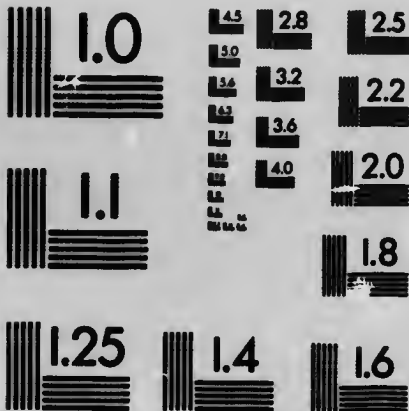
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THE
NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL
MUSIC COURSE

BY
CHARLES E. WHITING

Fourth Reader



Authorized for use in the Schools of New Brunswick

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THE NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC COURSE

Its Inspiration As the literature of the world is the flower of its folk-lore, so music — the great tone-poems of the masters, is the florescence of folk-song. As true appreciation of what is excellent in literature is possible only with knowledge of the folk-lore in which it is rooted, so a just appreciation of what is excellent in music, is possible only through familiarity with the folk-songs which have forerun and typified the larger and more complex compositions. Sprung many of them from undiscovered sources, living for hundreds of years on the lips of the people, passing from generation to generation and voicing each to the next its tenderest and most sublime emotions, they stand to us as more than song, more than story, — a veritable artery of emotional life and feeling pulsing in unbroken rhythm from the earliest times to the present day.

Its Pedagogy As the development of the child follows the development of the race, so his development in music should follow its development in the race. The New Public School Music Course is based upon this fundamental principle of education. The folk-song is its key-note, its *motif* and its theme. Upon the folk-song it stands, an earnest effort to lead the children in song to the heritage of the ages which is rightfully theirs.

Its Material Many of the melodies were obtained by the author and others directly from the peoples by whom they were developed and sung, carefully reduced to writing at the time and subsequently verified. Others, ornamented and used as themes by the masters, have been followed toward their source, divested of that which was not theirs in the mouths of the people, and restored to their former simplicity of tune and time. Still others stand as they have stood since the memory of man.

Its Arrangement The better to differentiate in the minds of the pupils that which is cultural from that which is purely technical, the former material has been grouped as Songs and the latter as Exercises. As accuracy and fluency in sight-reading depend upon the singer's working knowledge of the tonic relation of tones known as movable *dō*, and as the success of movable *dō* depends upon constant change of key, the Songs and Exercises have been set in key-rotation rather than in key-chapters, thus securing the advantage of continual change with the convenience of consecutive study, — by page and title in the Songs, and by number in the Exercises. The pedant looking for the development of all possible difficulties in melody and rhythm will note with regret the absence of exercise in the more unusual varieties of measure, of certain accidentals such as flat-five, seldom met with in song except in exercises mechanically constructed expressly for introduction into school music readers, of some keys in the minor mode, and other problems incident to an exhaustive treatment of sight-song.

The educator, however, interested in the development of the child rather than in the elaboration of sequence, will commend their careful exclusion. If the child is to love to sing, he must be given songs not newly written for the purpose and whose enduring worth is yet unknown, but songs whose age-cherished existence has delighted the ear and inspired the tongue of succeeding generations; and if he is to acquire fluency in reading, the few minutes a day allotted to the subject must be devoted exclusively to such problems as are essential to his progress within the limits established by circumstance and environment. For convenience when many or all divisions of a school are gathered for opening exercises or on other occasions demanding united effort in song, the patriotic selections have been grouped as Assembly Selections and appear in all the books of the series identical in melody, rhythm, harmony, text, title and pagination, an arrangement the advantages of which are manifest. The several books will be found free from cues to pupils, scale diagrams, development exercises, instructions to teachers, and all matter more properly belonging to a Teachers' Manual.

Its Application The Supervisor will observe that no attempt has been made in the books to force upon his teachers a method of instruction which may or may not coincide with that which his personal experience has developed and successfully established in the schools whose conditions have been to him a life-study, and whose needs no other can know so well. The New Public School Music Course is not a method of instruction but a collection of original and selected, properly graded, and conveniently bound material, intended for use as follows: In schools under music supervision, in connection with the methods already established by the supervisor in charge. In graded schools without music supervision, in connection with a Teachers' Manual for Graded Schools. In ungraded schools without supervision, in connection with a Teachers' Manual for Ungraded Schools.

Its Readers The First Reader assumes on the part of the pupils a sight-reading knowledge of all combinations of the tones of the diatonic major scale in the several keys, and of measure up to and including the equal division of the beat. The Second Reader includes songs and exercises embracing the fractional division of the beat, a more extended use of accidentals, the minor mode, and two-part song. The Third Reader involves the sub-fractional division of the beat, a more remote approach of accidentals, an extension of the minor mode, and greater freedom of voice in the continuation of two-part song. The Fourth Reader introduces three-part song, which in the Fifth, with its two editions, the G Clef edition for girls' schools and the F Clef edition for boys' schools and mixed schools, affords the largest possible opportunity for real interpretive work.

All the Songs and Exercises in this Series of Music Readers, except when some Composer's name is given, have been composed and are owned by the Author.

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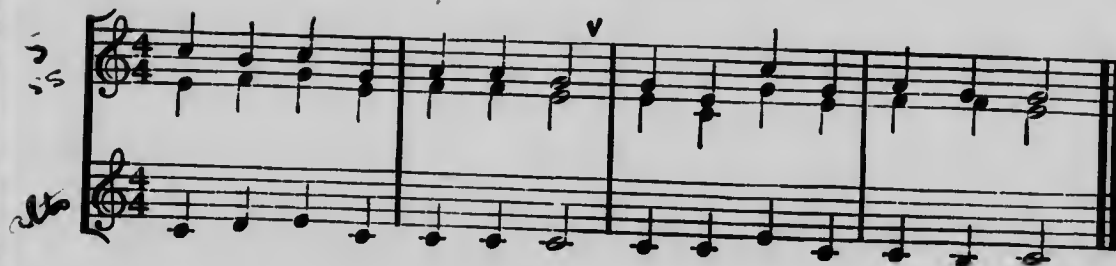
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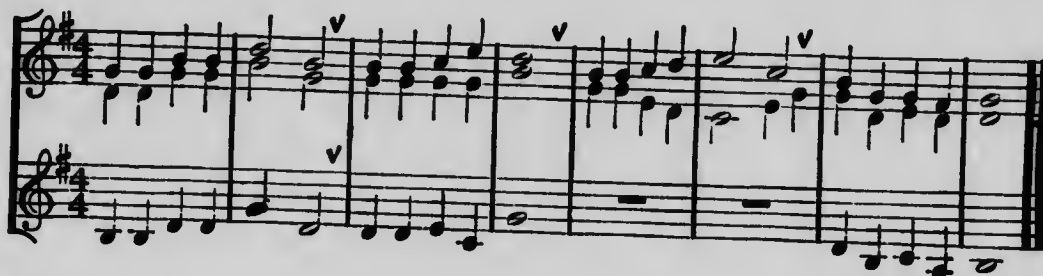
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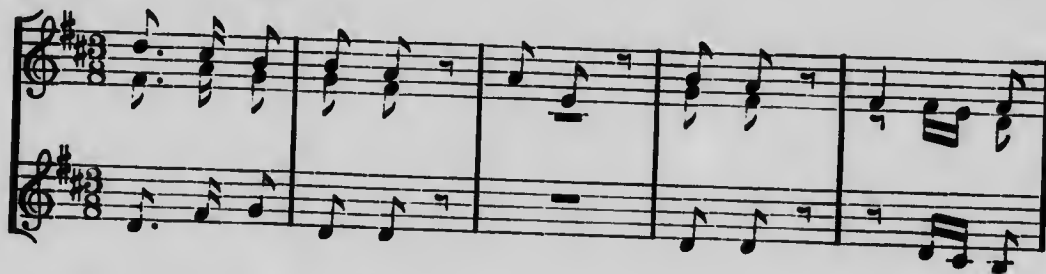
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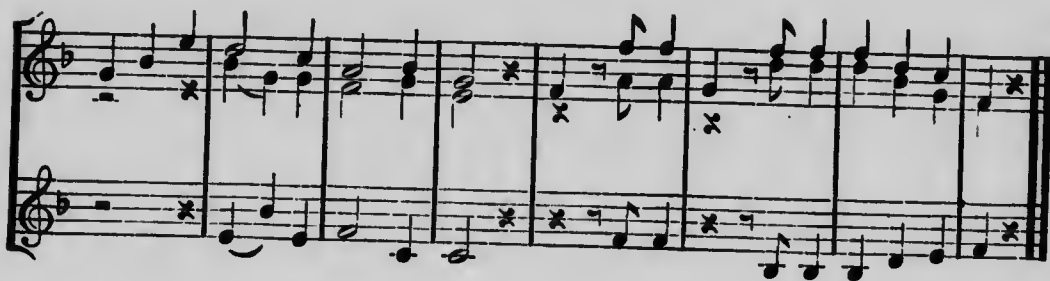
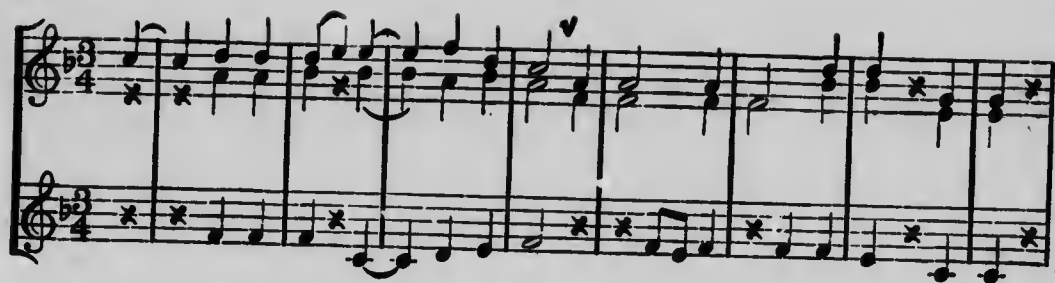


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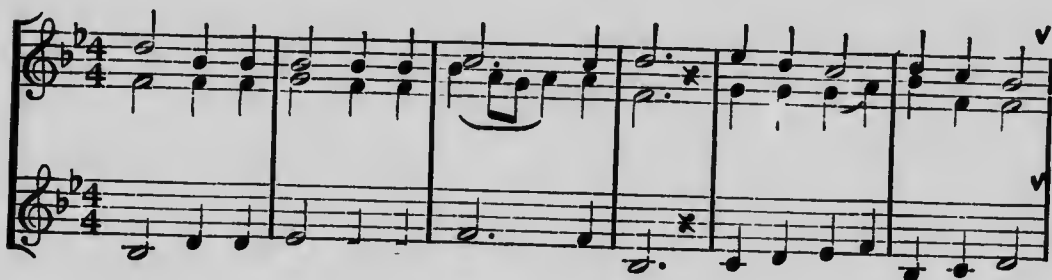


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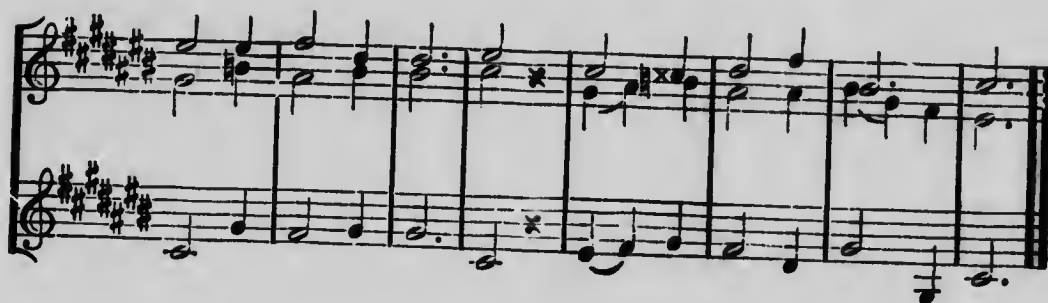
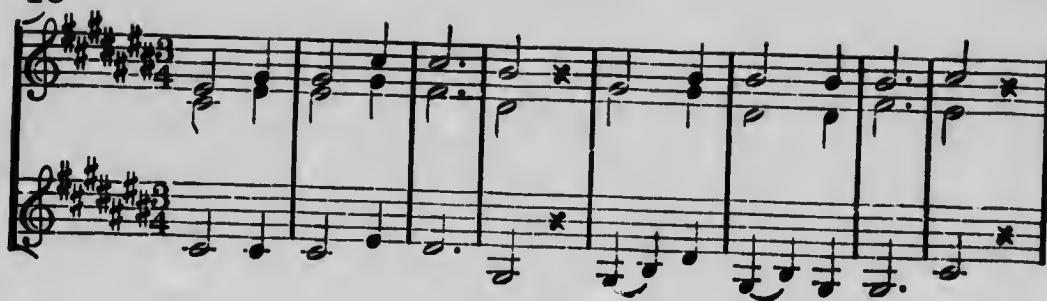


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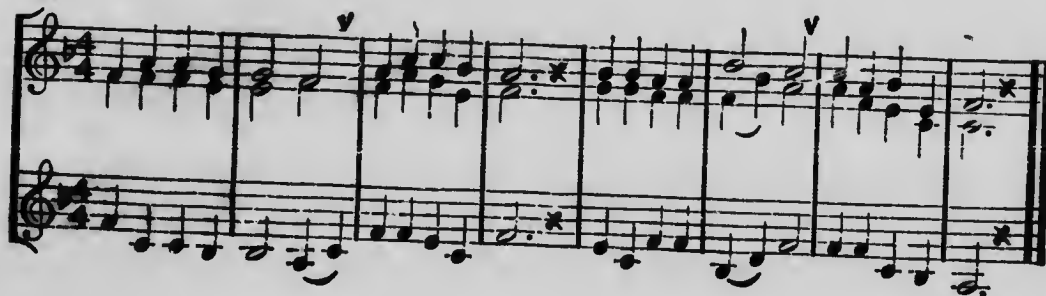
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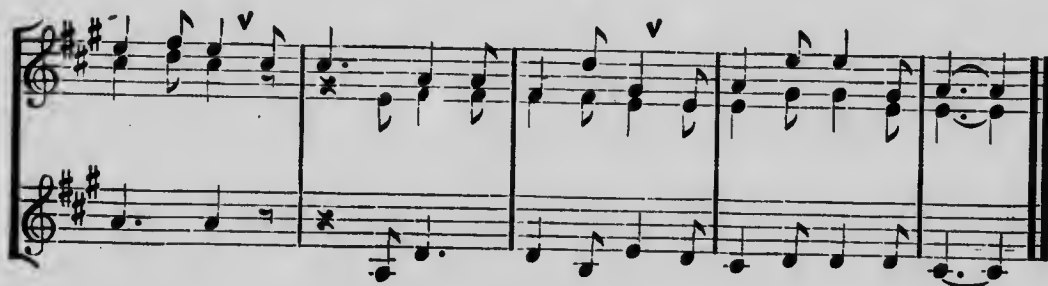
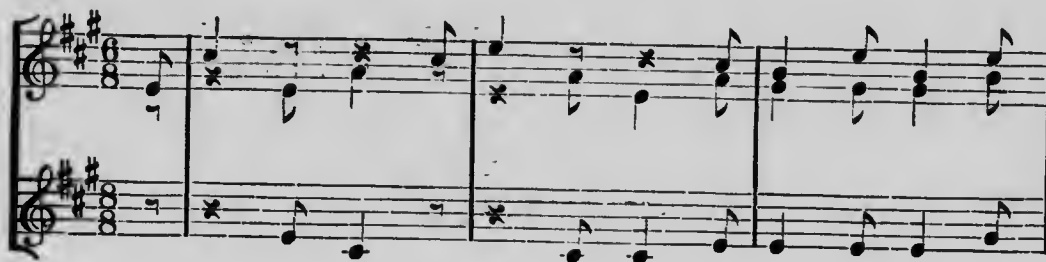


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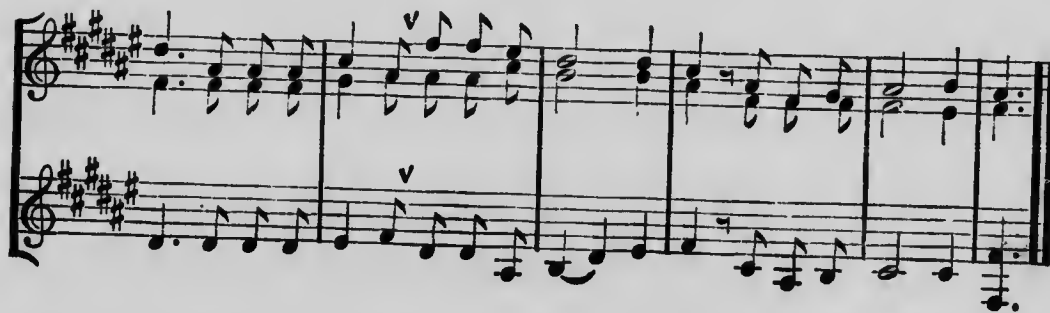


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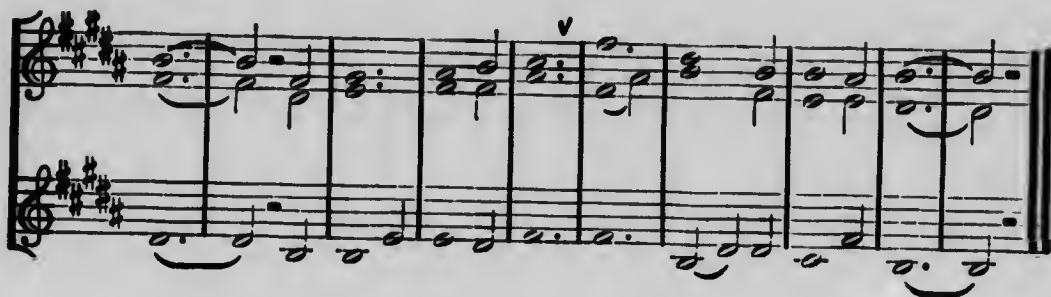


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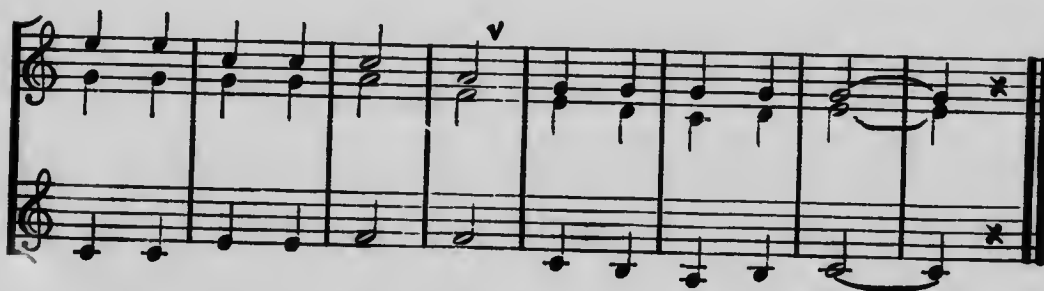
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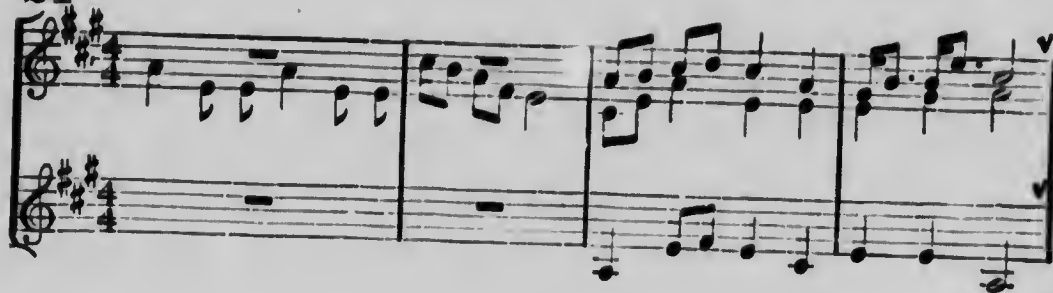
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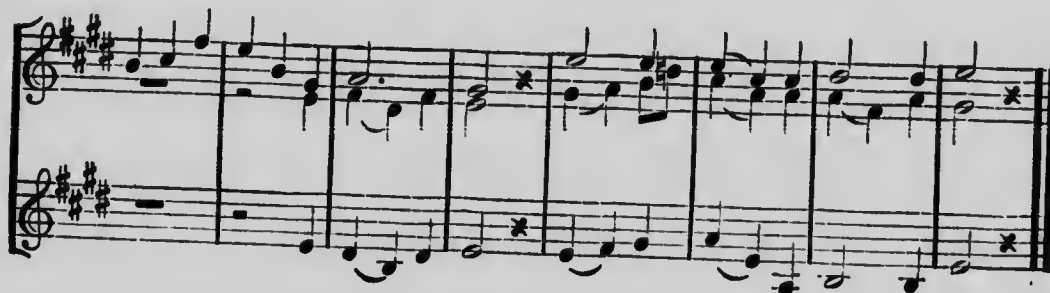
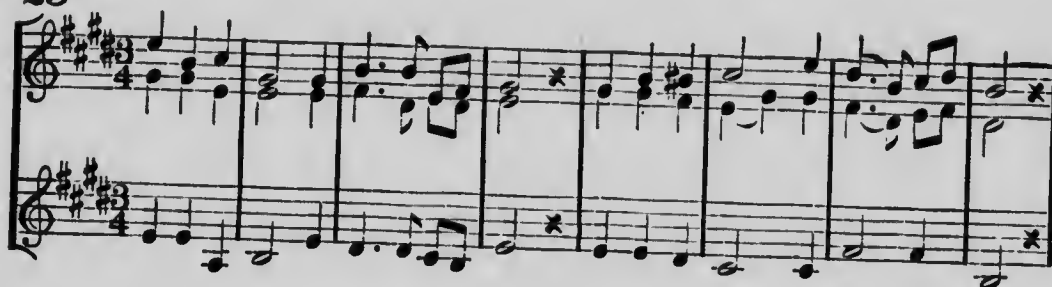
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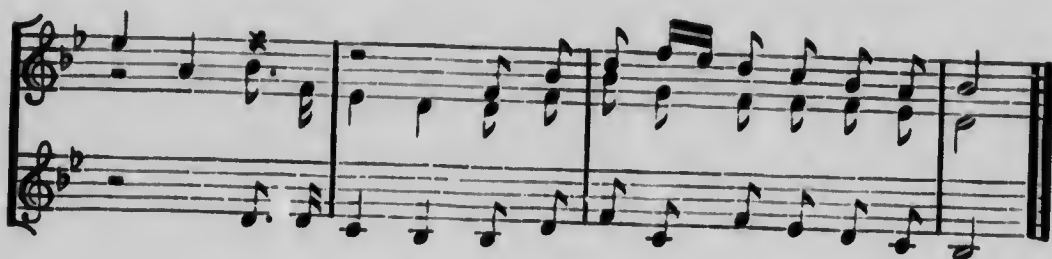
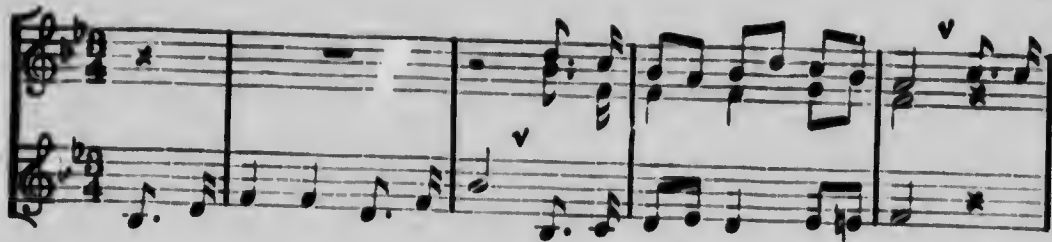


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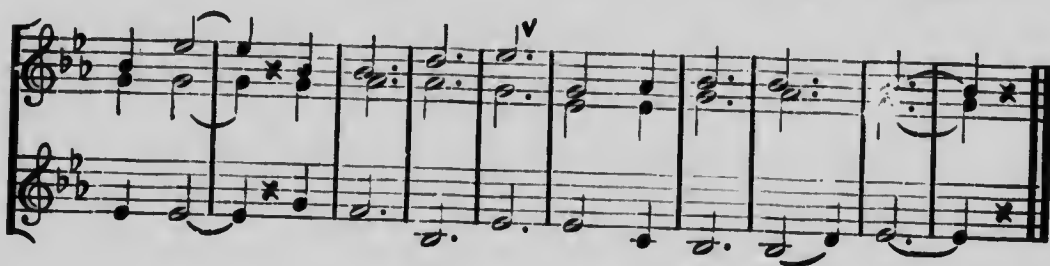
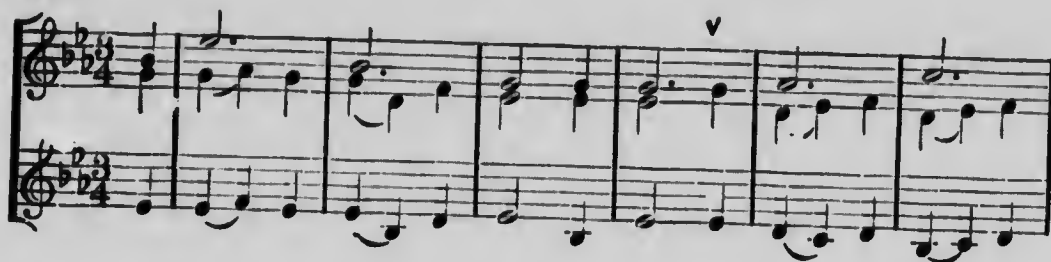
Handwritten musical score for two staves, measures 26-29. The notation is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music features a variety of note values including eighth, sixteenth, and quarter notes, as well as rests. Dynamic markings such as *v* (forte) and *z* (zest) are present. The score is divided into four measures by vertical bar lines. The first measure (26) starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The second measure (27) continues the melody. The third measure (28) features a *v* marking. The fourth measure (29) concludes with a double bar line. The notation is written in a clear, legible hand.

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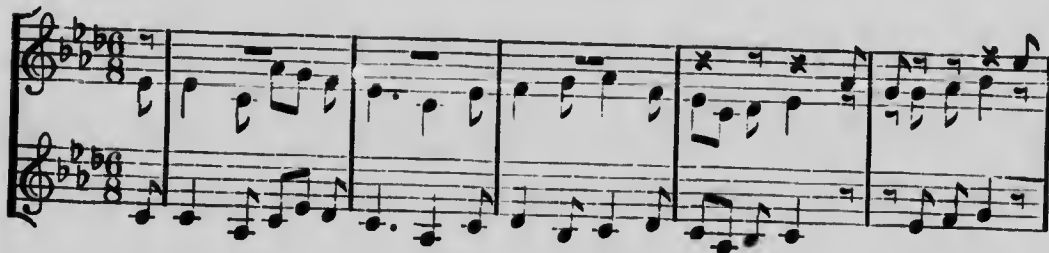
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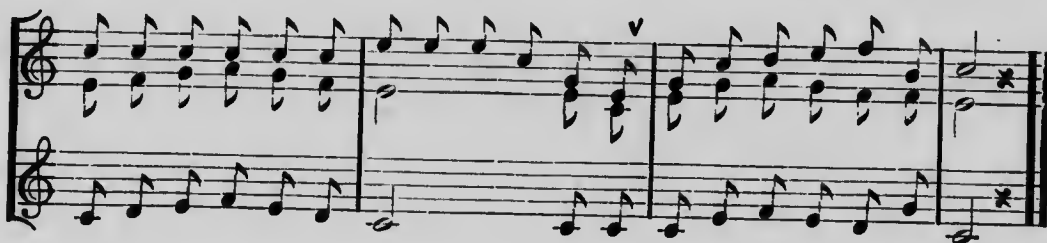
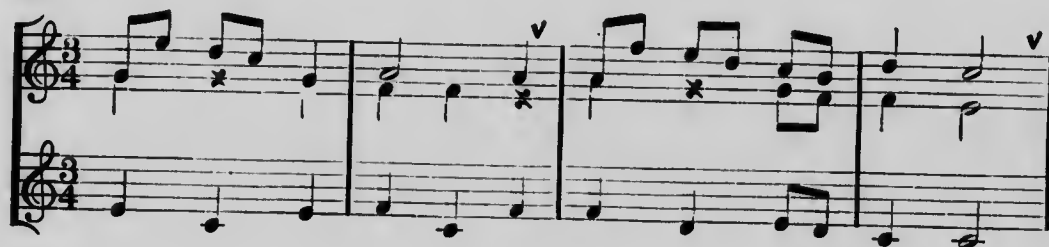


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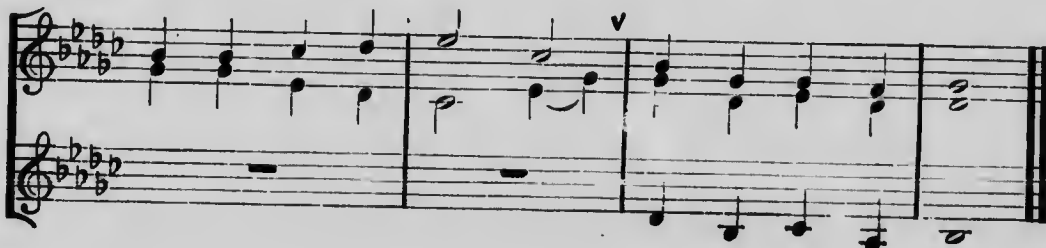
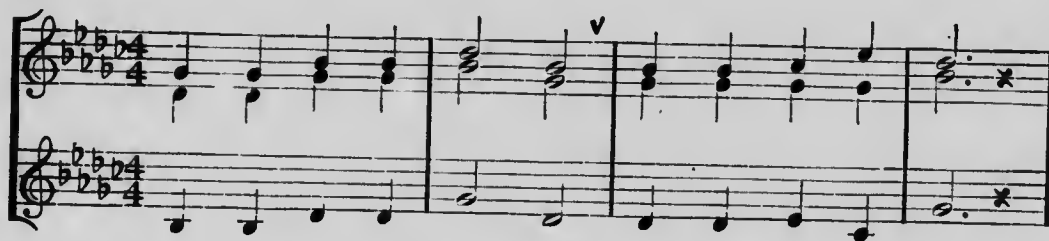
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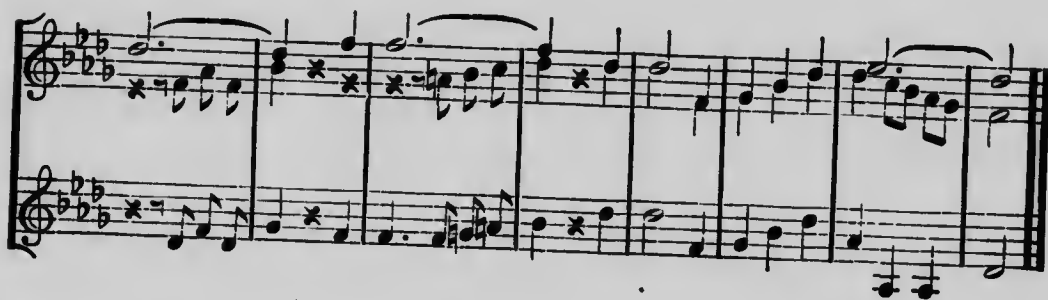
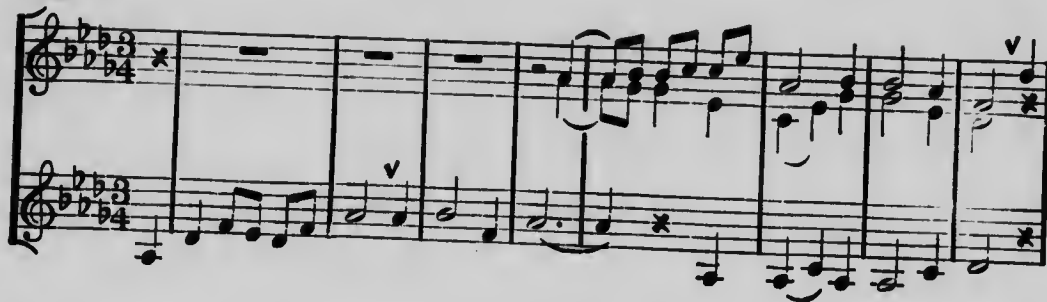


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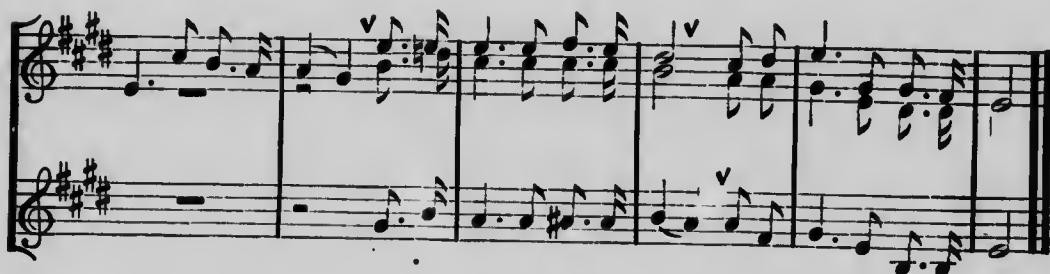
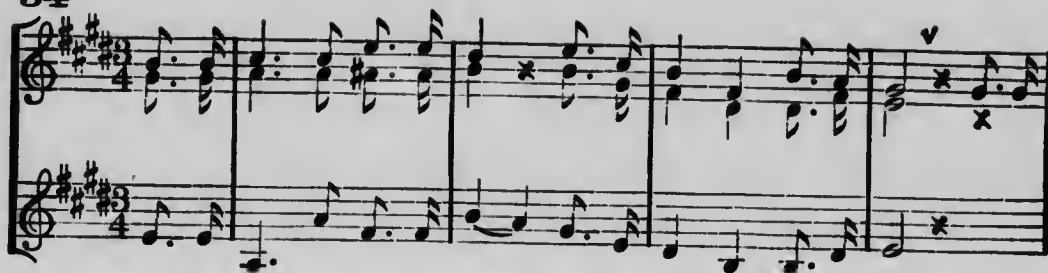


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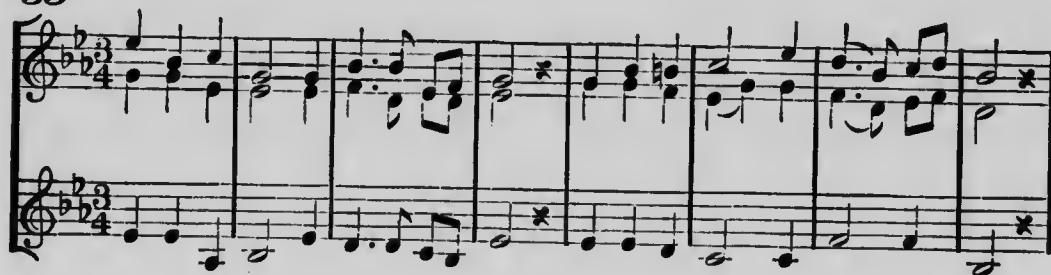


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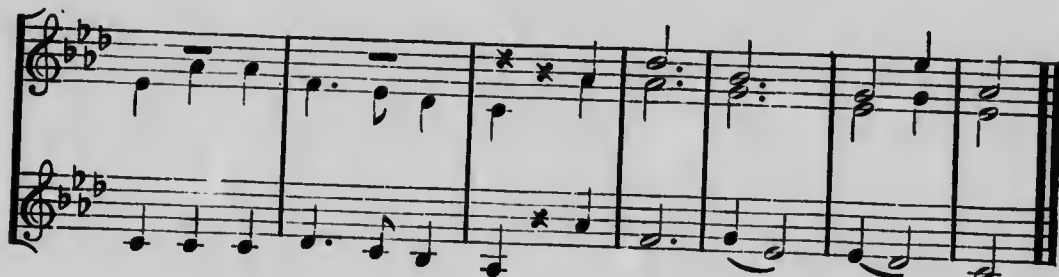
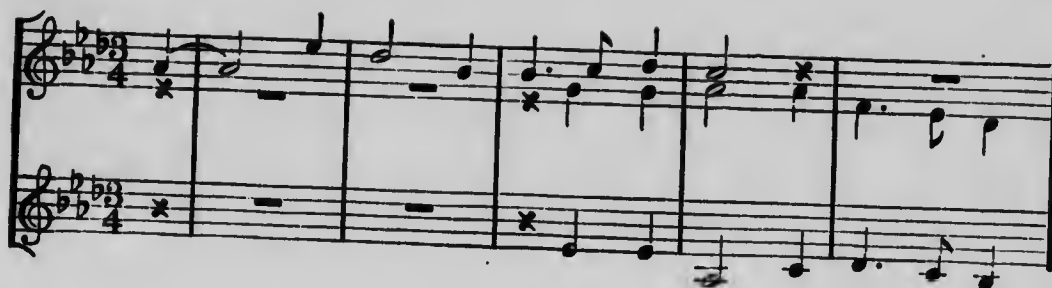
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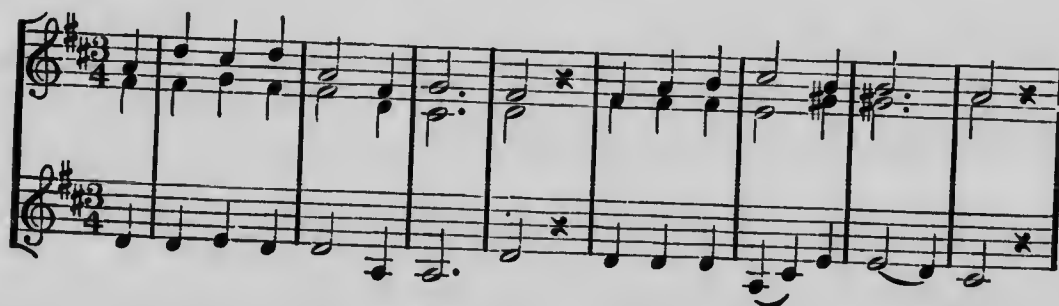
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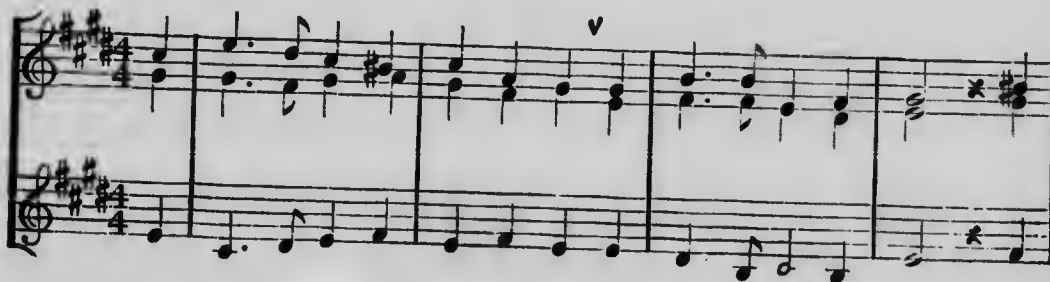
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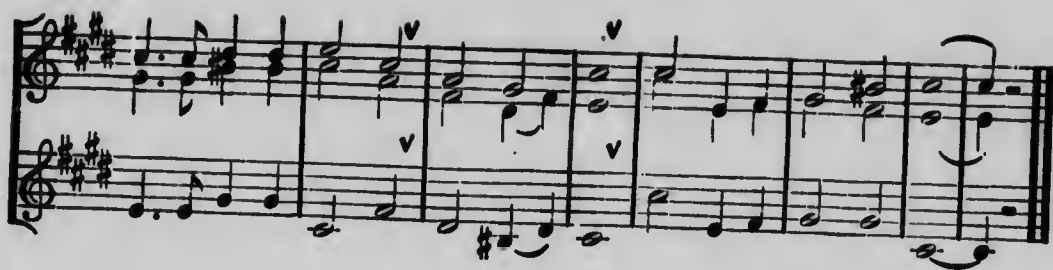


42

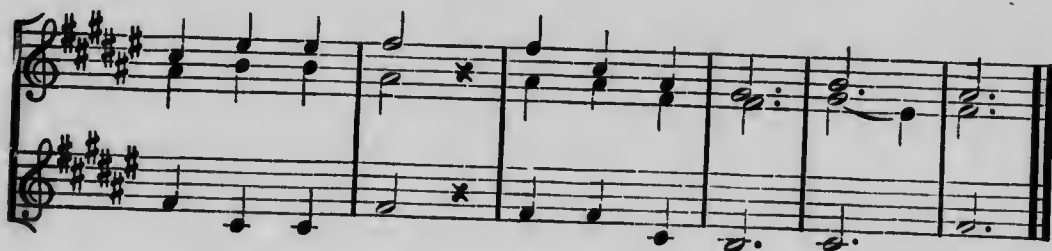


43

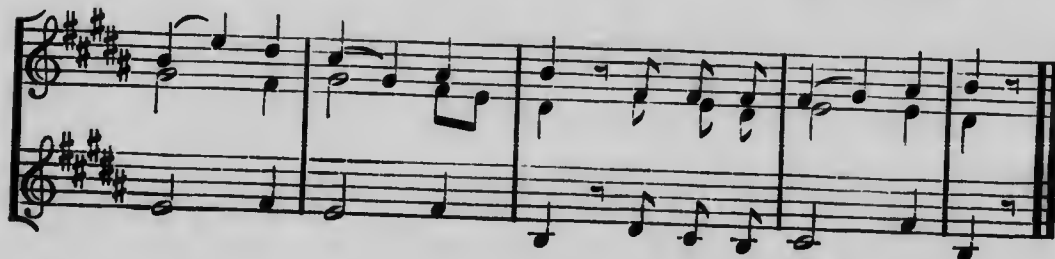




44



45

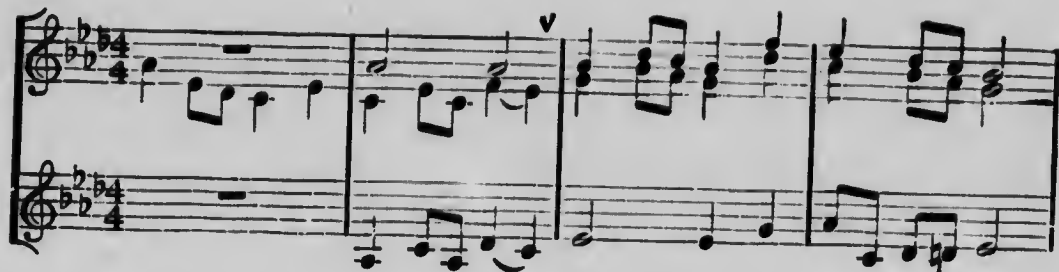


46

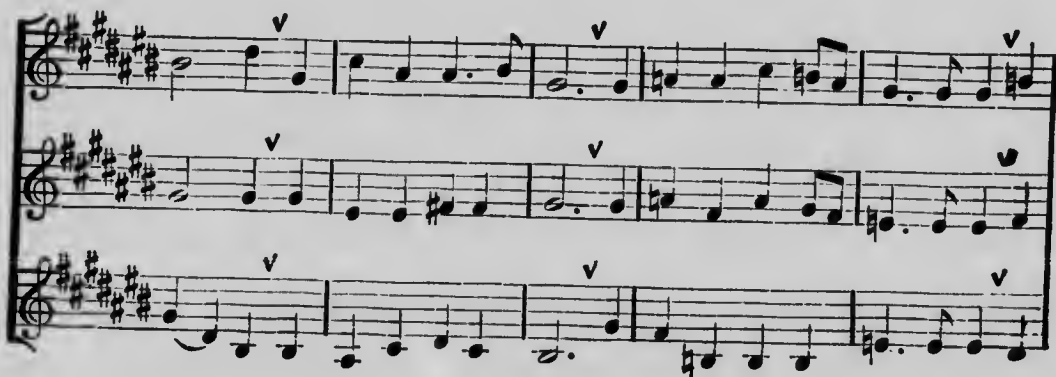
This musical score is written for three systems, each consisting of three staves. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The notation includes various musical symbols such as rests, eighth notes, quarter notes, and half notes. Vertical accents (v) are placed above specific notes in several measures. Some measures contain 'x' marks, likely indicating fingerings or specific articulations. The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The second system includes a '5' above a note in the first staff and a '4' above a note in the second staff. The third system ends with a double bar line. The overall structure suggests a piece of music with a clear melodic and harmonic progression.

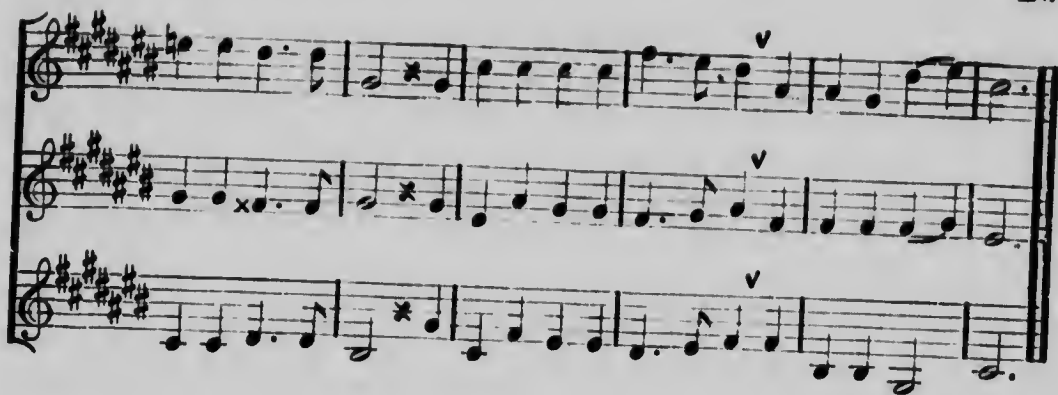
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47

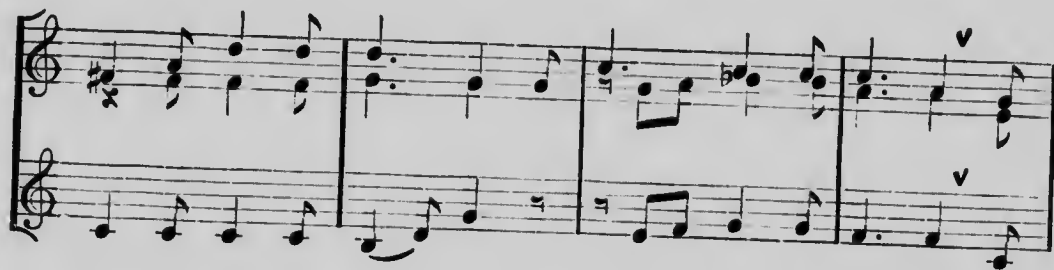
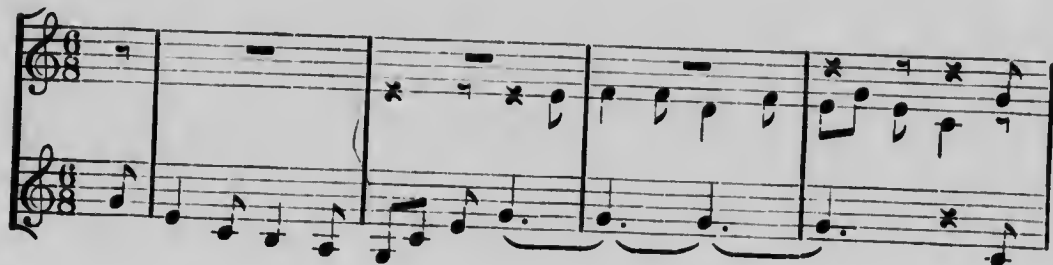


48



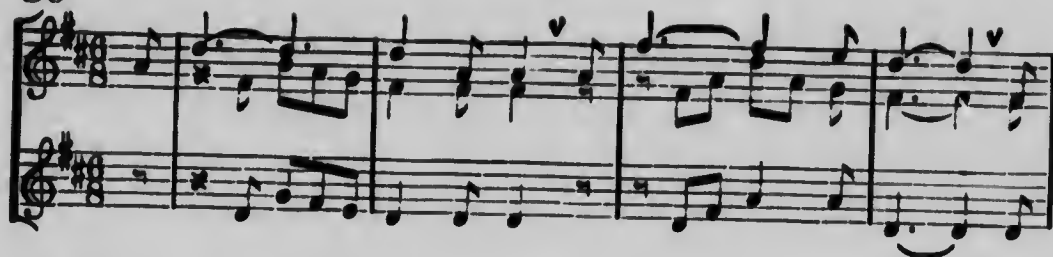


49



30

50



51

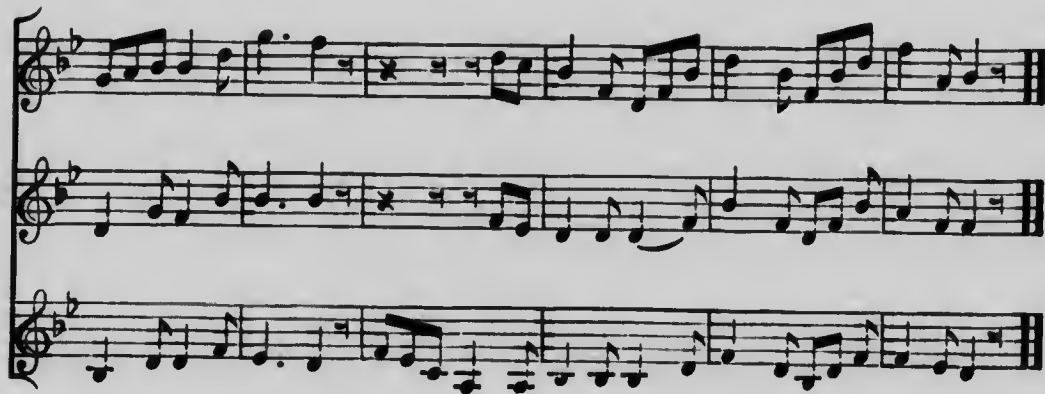
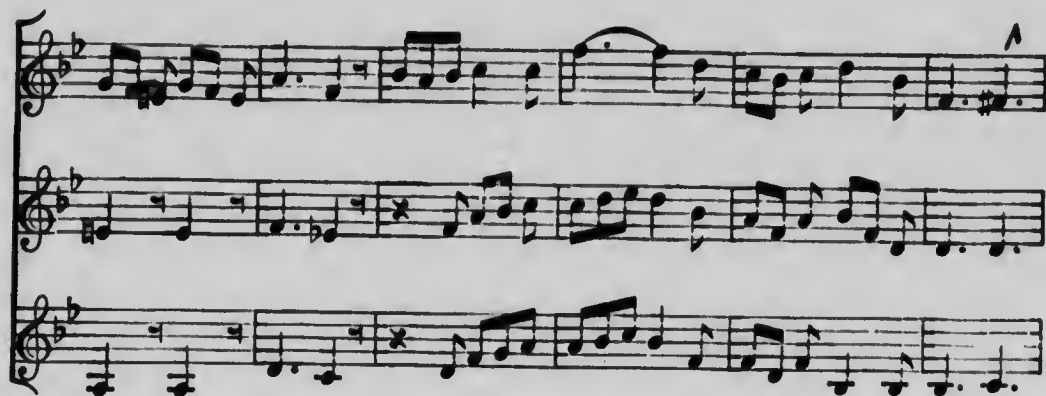
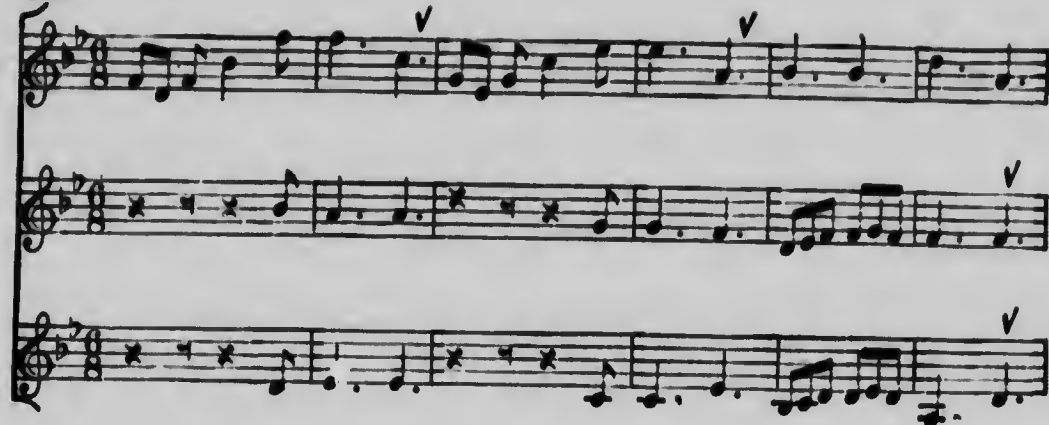


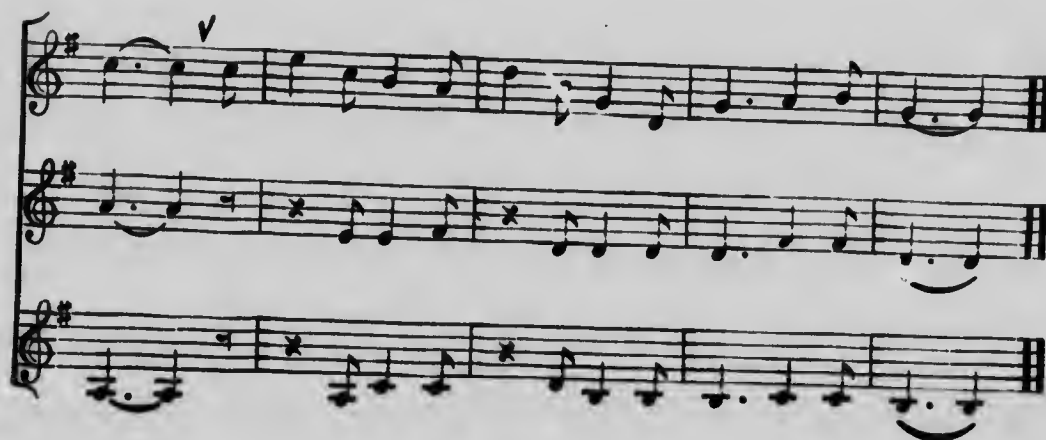
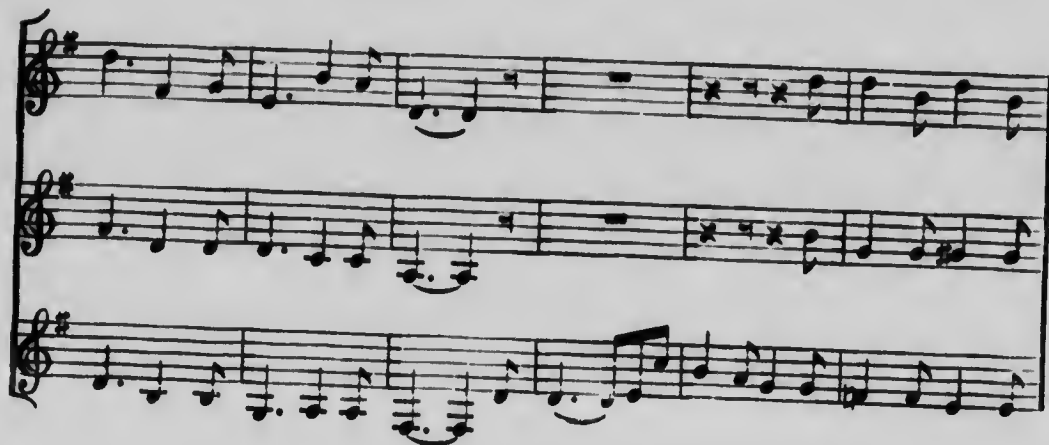
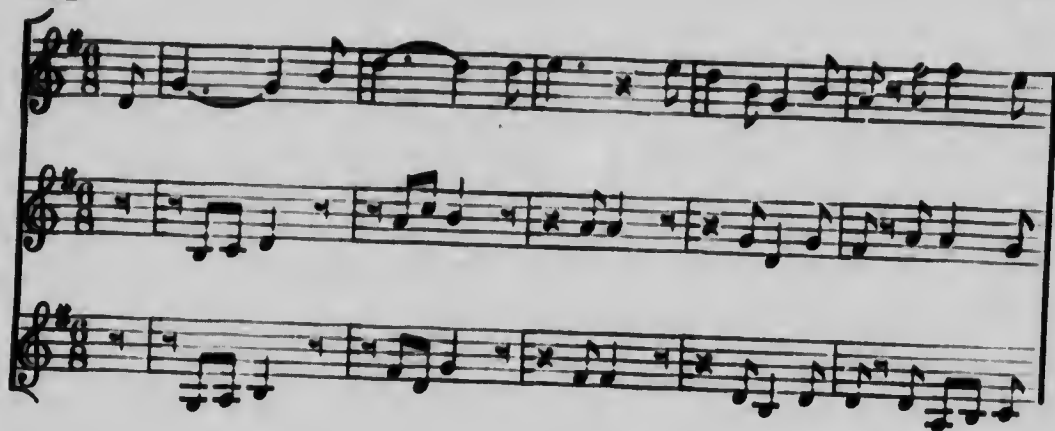
52

The musical score is organized into three systems, each consisting of three staves. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

- System 1:** The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a dynamic marking 'v' above the staff. The second and third staves also begin with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat, featuring rests and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with dynamic markings 'v' above the staff.
- System 2:** The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat, featuring rests and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second staff also begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat, featuring rests and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The third staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat, featuring a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with dynamic markings 'v' above the staff.
- System 3:** The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat, featuring a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a dynamic marking 'v' above the staff. The second staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat, featuring a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a dynamic marking 'v' above the staff. The third staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat, featuring a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a dynamic marking 'v' above the staff.

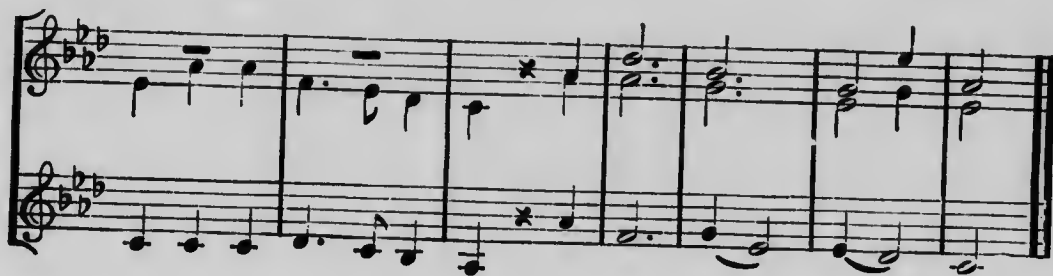
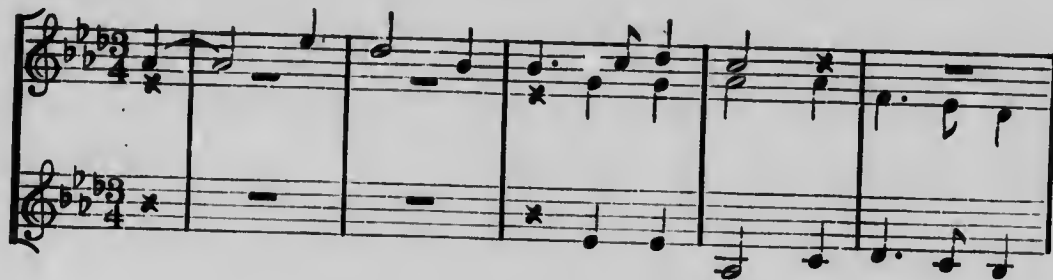
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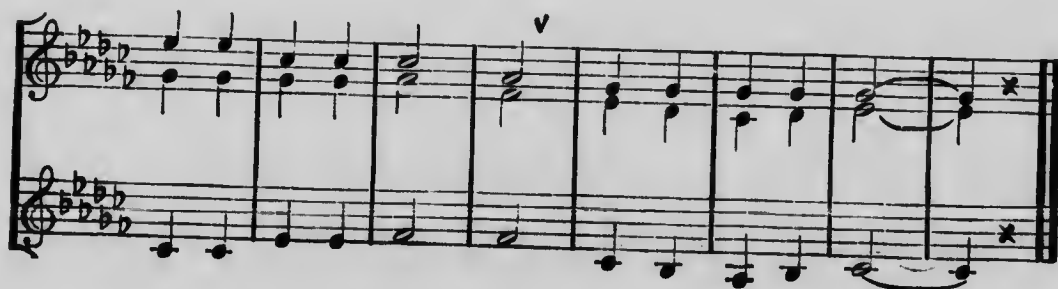
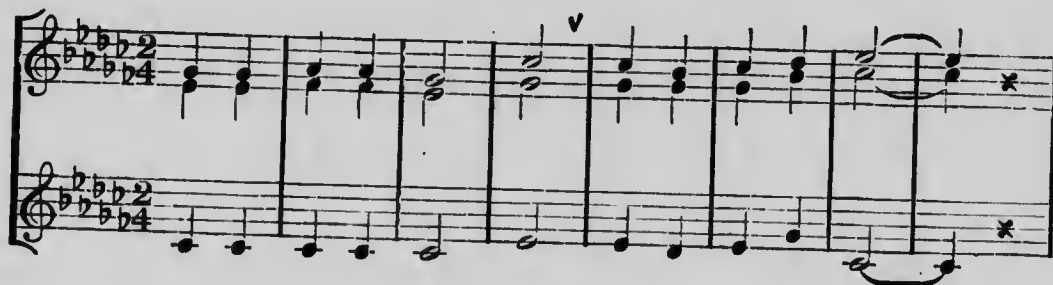


34

55



56



57

GERMAN MELODY

57

GERMAN MELODY

58

59

60

61

62

63

64

65

66

67

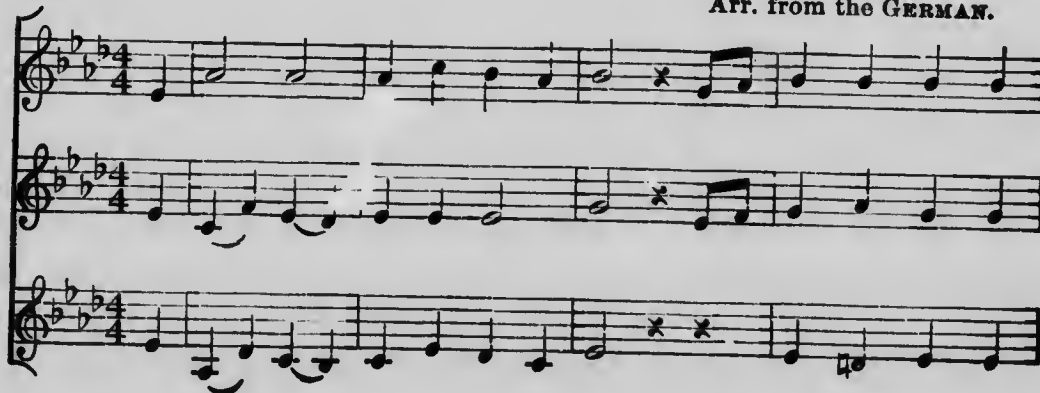
68

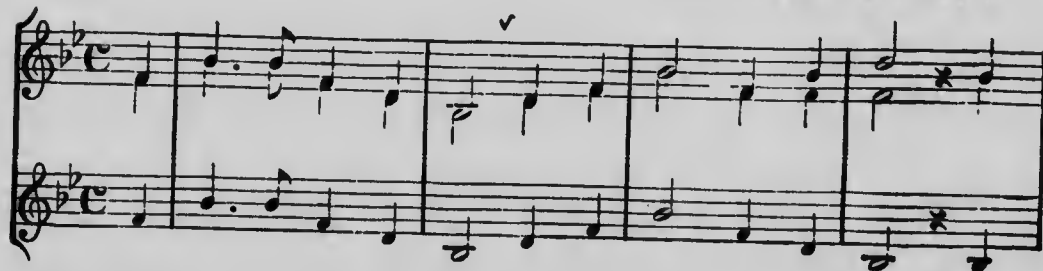
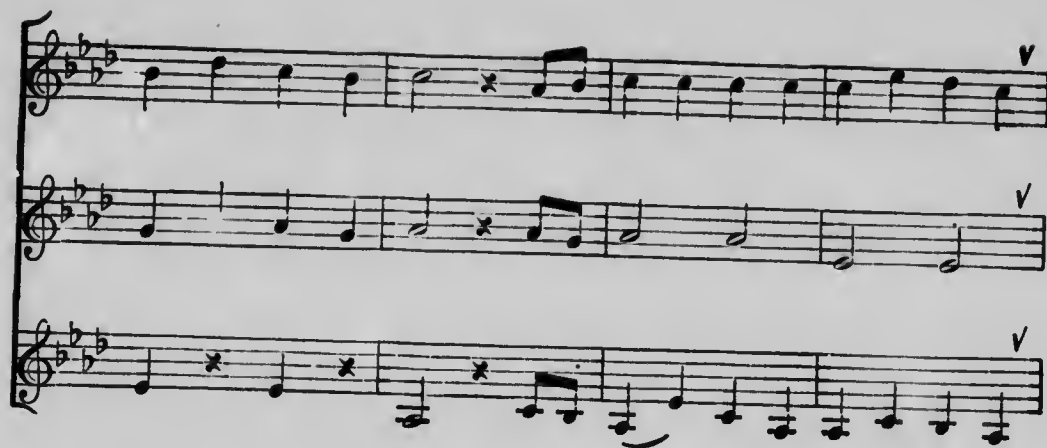
58

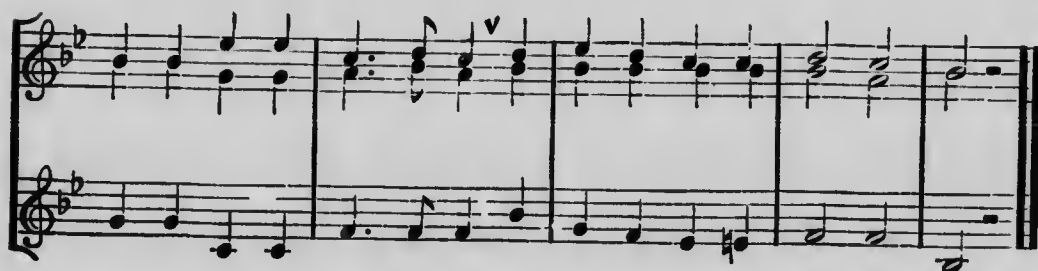
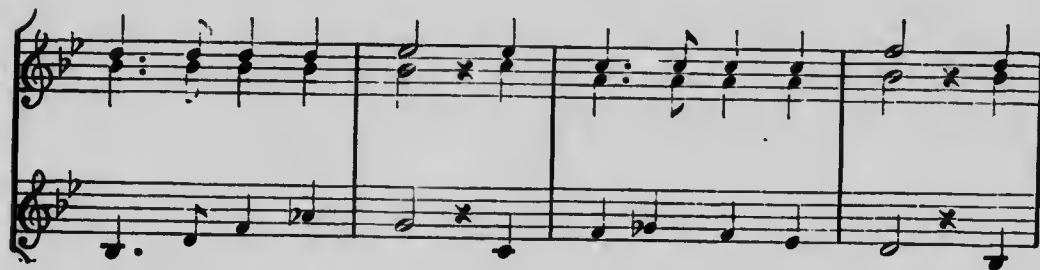
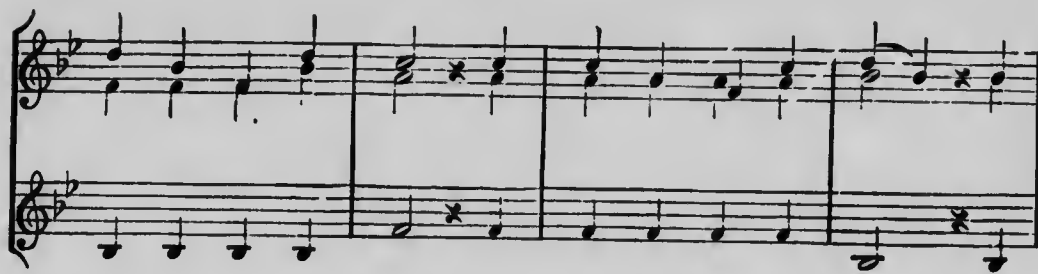


59

Arr. from the GERMAN.

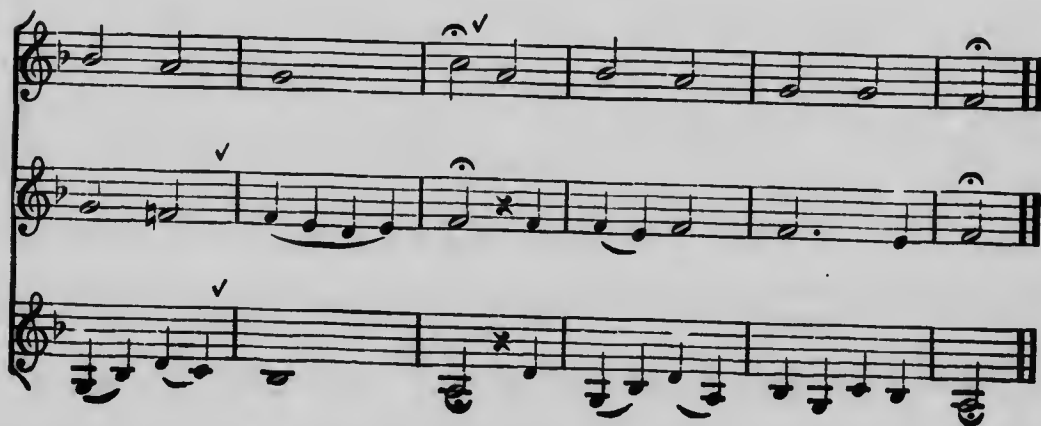
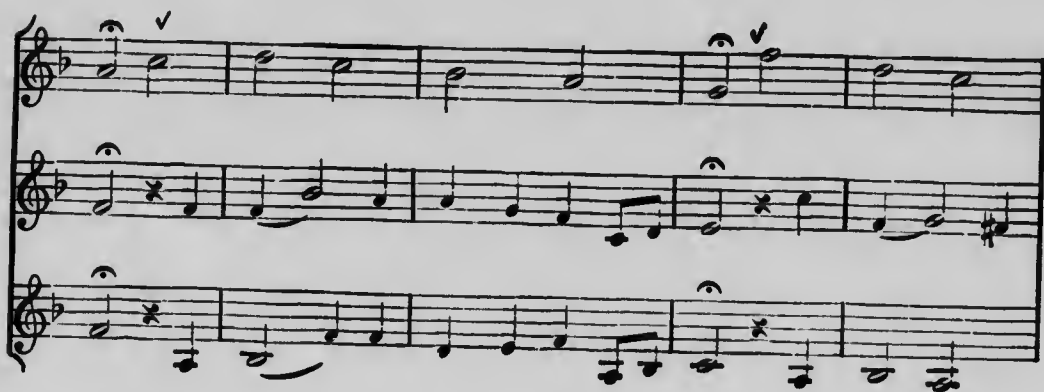
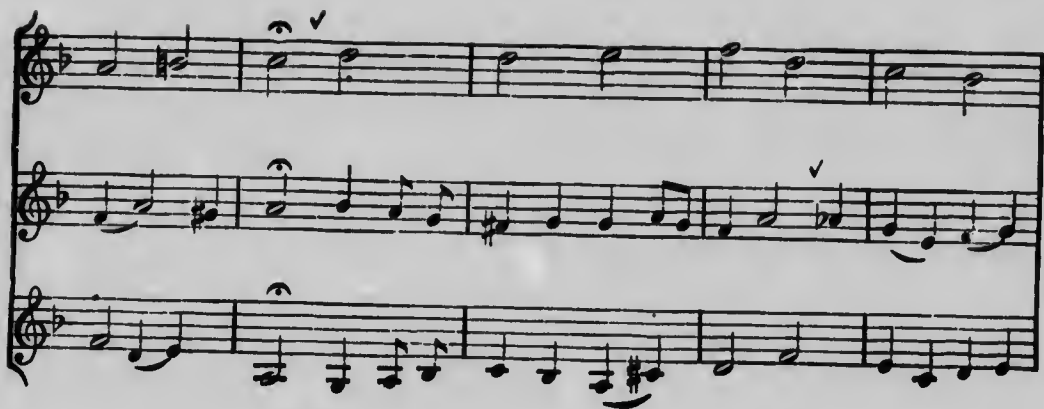






GERMAN MELODY

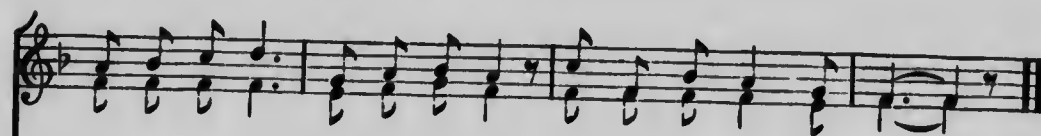
The musical score is written in 2/2 time and consists of three systems, each with three staves. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, accidentals, and dynamic markings like accents (v) and breath marks (^). The first system shows a melody in the upper staves and a bass line in the lower staff. The second system continues the melody with some notes marked with breath marks. The third system concludes the piece with a final cadence in the upper staves and a bass line.



GUILLAUME LOUIS WILHELM

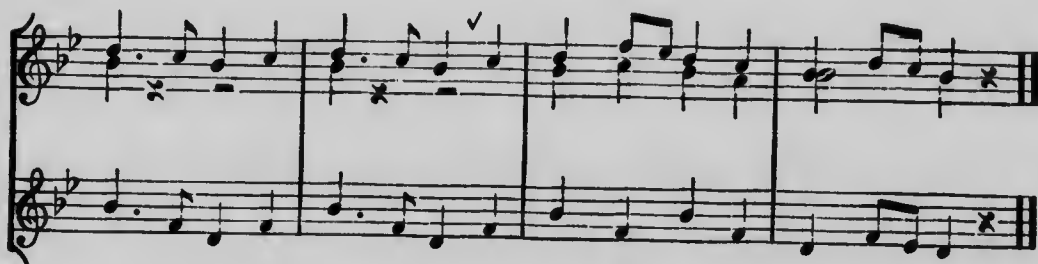
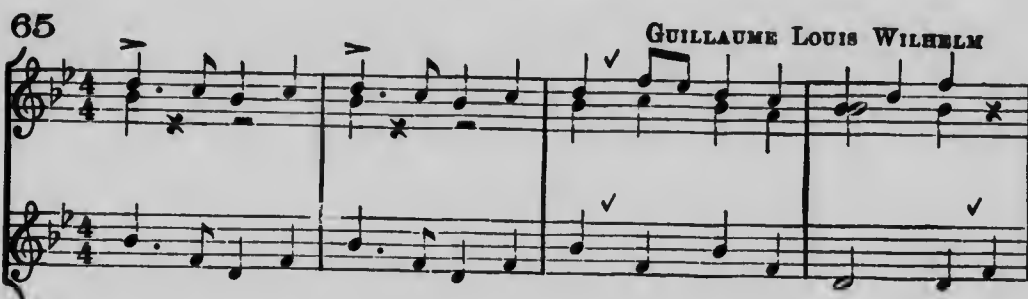
The musical score is written for three systems, each containing three staves. The notation is in treble clef and common time (C). The first system (measures 1-3) shows a melody in the upper staff with eighth and sixteenth notes, and accompaniment in the lower two staves. The second system (measures 4-6) continues the melody with some rests in the lower staves. The third system (measures 7-9) concludes the piece with a double bar line. The notation includes various note values, rests, and accidentals.

63



64





PART SONGS

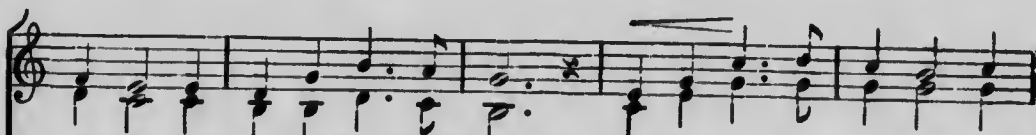
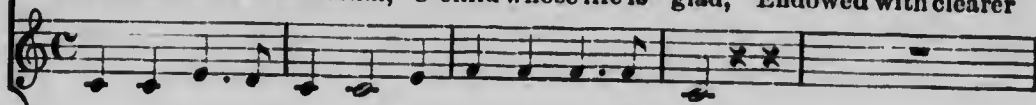
IF I WERE A SUNBEAM

CELIA THAXTER

GERMAN FOLK SONG



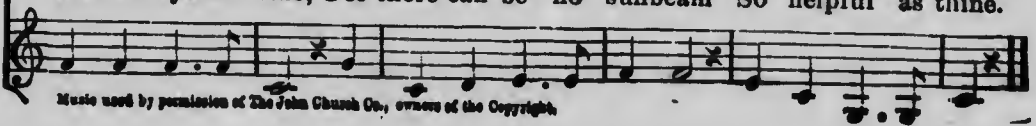
1. If I were a sunbeam, I know what I would do, I'd seek the whitest
2. If I were a sunbeam, I know where I would go, In - to the low - ly
3. Art thou not a sunbeam, O child whose life is glad, Endowed with clearer



li - lies, The sun - ny woodlands through; Stealing in a - mong them, The
hov - els, All dark with want and woe. Till sad hearts look'd upward, I
radiance, Than sunshine ev - er had? As the Lord hath bless'd thee, O



softest light I'd shed, Un - til each grace - ful lil - y Raised its drooping head.
there would shine and shine, Then they would think of heaven, Their sweet home and mine.
scatter rays di - vine, For there can be no sunbeam So helpful as thine.



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HEARTS WITH YOUTH

GERMAN FOLK SONG

Andante

1. Hearts with youth and pleas-ure glow-ing, Fa-ther, we
 2. Now with earn-est pur-pose turn-ing To our task,

raise to Thee, Gifts of Thy be-stow-ing.
 Lord, we ask Strength and heart for learn-ing.

SEE HOW CALMLY STAR AND STAR

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY

Andante

1. See how calm-ly star and star Thro' the heav'n's are wheel-ing
 2. See how calm-ly o'er the green Sil-v'ry streams are flow-ing;
 3. Earth and heav'n send forth a voice, Now be dis-cord end-ed,

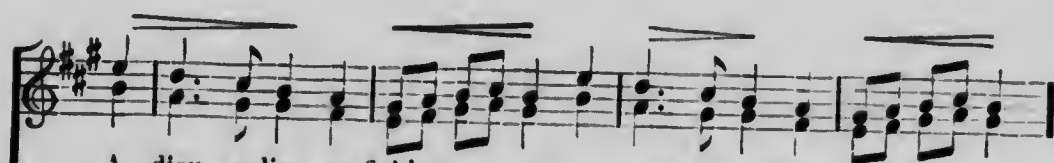
Far from wrath, from tu-mult far, Far from can-non's peal-ing.
 Im-aged there the stars are seen, Bright-ly, calm-ly glow-ing.
 Live in peace, in love re-joice, Songs and voi-ces blend-ed.

A BIRD WAS FLYING

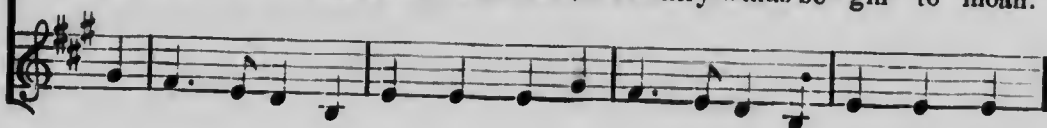
CARL MARIA VON WEBER



1. A bird was fly - ing o'er the plain And sweetly sang its warbling strain;
2. I lis-tened to the pass-ing song, Which trilled in liquid notes a - long;
3. But see, the fall-ing leaves ap-pear, And au-tumn chill, the wan-ing year;



A - dieu, a-dieu, ye fields so green, I now must leave each well-known scene.
 And wherefore now, sweet summer guest, Wilt thou forsake thy home of rest?
 For this the bird has southward flown, Ere wintry winds be - gin to moan.



A - way, a - way,
 Oh why? oh why?
 A - way, a - way,



Away, away, I trav-el far a - way, A - way, a - way.
 Oh why, oh why Prepare from us to fly? Oh why? oh why?
 Away, away, It flies to brighter day, A - way, a - way.



THE WATERS HERE

Allegretto

1. The wa - ters here, the wild winds there, A - flow - ing, and a - flowing,
 2. And on - ly when the strong wind fails, Or low the stream is flowing,

In weather foul, and weather fair, Do set the mill a - go - ing. And
 A mo - ment i - dle stand the sails, The mill-wheel stops its go - ing. And

click! clack! and tick! tack! Thro' all the bus - y day,
 so should you be sure to do The task that comes each day.

With a will, boys, The mill, boys, Mer-ri-ly works a - way.
 With a will, boys, The mill, boys, Mer-ri-ly works a - way.

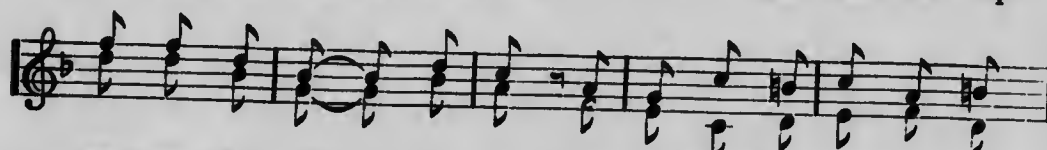
I NEVER AM LONELY

JOHN HULLAR

mf Allegretto

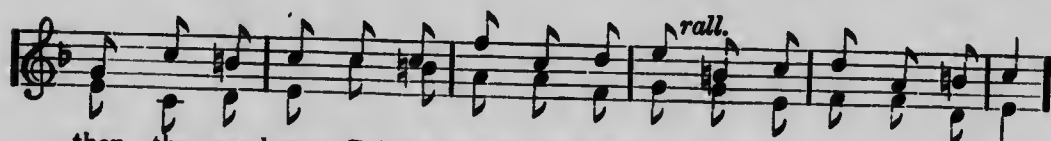


1. I nev - er am lone - ly, no, not I; The lark springs up
 2. I lie on the grass and watch the sky; Such fa - ces I
 3. The sheep they all know me, ev - 'ry one, And hud - dle up



near me so mer - ri - ly, The crows flock a - bout me, And
 see in the clouds that pass by, Bright fa - ces of home, hap - py
 to me when dan - ger comes on; And when the dark storm o - ver -

rall.



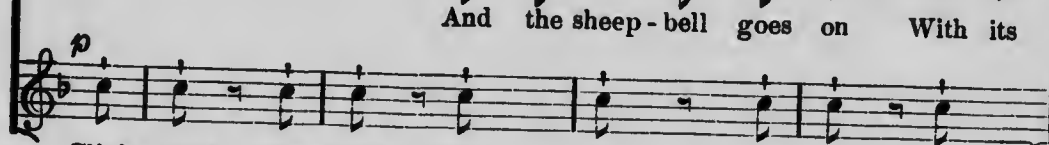
then the gay breeze Brings the smell of the thyme and the hum of the bees.
 fa - ces that smile From the rifts of the snow-y clouds, drift - ing the while.
 shad - ows the chase, Ran - ger creeps to my side and looks up in my face.

a tempo

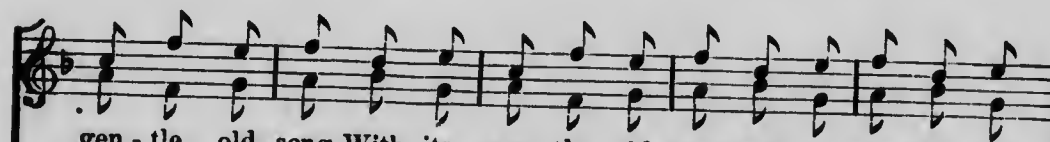


And the sheep - bell goes on With its

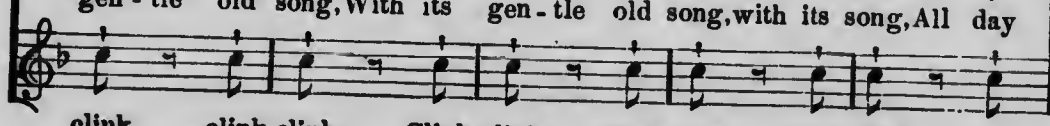
p



Clink, clink, clink, clink, Clink, clink, clink, clink, Clink,



gen - tle old song, With its gen - tle old song, with its song, All day



clink, clink, clink, Clink, clink, clink, clink, Clink, clink, clink,

long, all day long.

clink, clink, clink, clink, clink, Clink, clink, clink, clink.

NIGHT WINDS

Andante

1. Night winds are mournfully weep-ing, Whis-per-ing oak branches wave
2. Sweet and se-rene be your slum-ber! Hearts for whose freedom you bled,

Where your loved ash-es are sleep-ing, Forms of the true and the brave.
Mil-lions whom no man can num-ber, Tears of sad grat-i-tude shed.

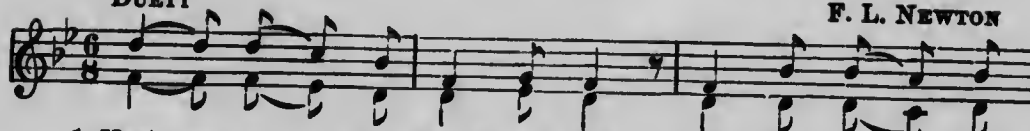
Silence reigns breathless a-round you, All your stern conflicts are o'er,
Nev-er shall morn, brightly break-ing, En-ter your chambers of gloom

Deep is the sleep that hath bound you, Trumpet shall rouse you no more.
Till the last trum-pet, a-wak-ing, Sounds thro' the depths of the tomb.

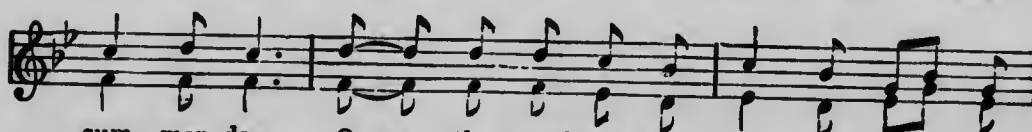
HASTEN TO THE FIELDS

DUETT

F. L. NEWTON

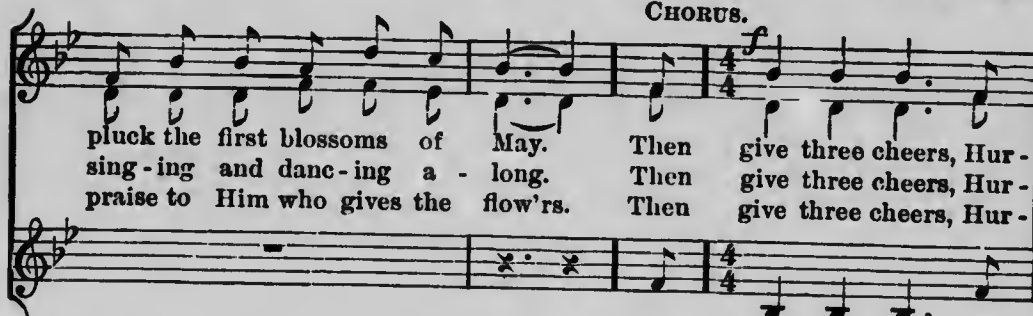


1. Hast-en to the fields a-way, On this beau-teous
 2. Playmates, com-rades, friends so true, Ere the morning sun
 3. Hast-en now our hands to fill, Ere the sun shall

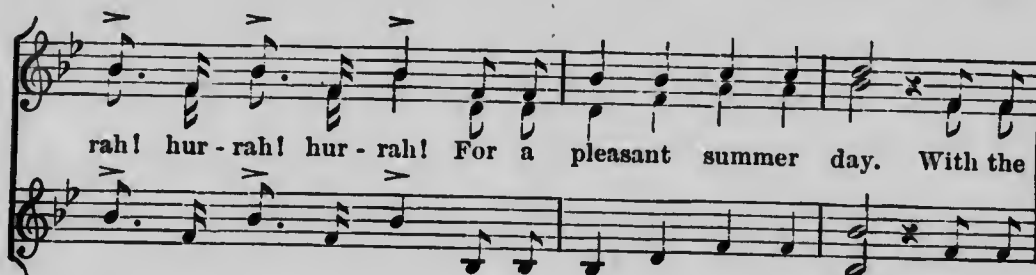


sum-mer day. O-ver the meadows we i-dly stray To
 melts the dew, Join we all in a mer-ry song, All
 pass the hill, Rais-ing ev-er in qui-et hours, Glad

CHORUS.



pluck the first blossoms of May. Then give three cheers, Hur-
 sing-ing and danc-ing a-long. Then give three cheers, Hur-
 praise to Him who gives the flow'rs. Then give three cheers, Hur-



rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! For a pleasant summer day. With the



sweetest flow'rs and a pret-ty song, We'll drive dull care a-way.

DEEP BE THY SLEEP

GERMAN FOLK SONG

Largo e piano

thy grave, Thou
day! The
be - fore; Through

1. Deep be thy sleep! Rest thee with - in thy grave, Thou love - ly
2. Deep be thy sleep! How brief thy fleet - ing day! The morning's
3. Deep be thy sleep! Thy spir - it goes be - fore; Thro' bit - ter

love - ly form whose
morn - ing's ros - y
bit - ter fall - ing

death
night
hears,

No
Too
We

form whose breath From cold re - lent - less death No bloom
ros - y light To shades of si - lent night Too soon
fall - ing tears, Our faith thy mes - sage hears, We all

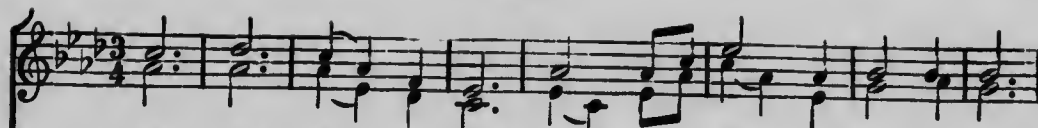
breath From cold . .
light To shades . .
tears, Our faith . .

bloom
soon
all

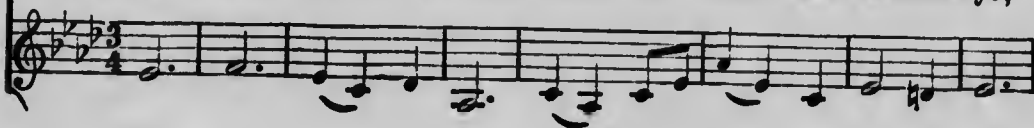
In peace . .
How brief . .
Thy spir - it

. . of youth could save. Deep be thy sleep, In peace within thy grave.
. . hath passed a - way. Deep be thy sleep! How brief thy fleeting day!
. . shall meet once more. Deep be thy sleep! Thy spir - it goes be - fore.

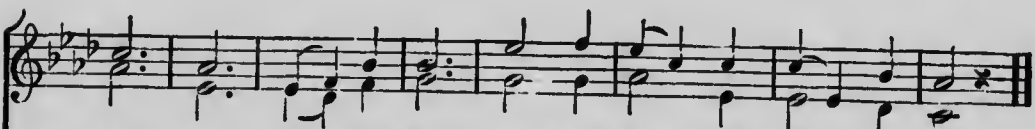
RAIN



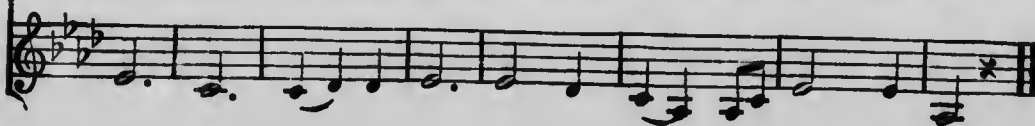
1. Rain, rain! A - pril rain! Bring the flow - ers back a - gain;
2. Wind, wind! Au - tumn wind! Thou the leaf - less tree hast trim'd;
3. Snow, snow! Pure white snow! O'er the fields thy cov'ring strew;
4. Rain, wind, Snow— all three, Each in turn we welcome ye;



Yel - low cow-slip, vio - let blue, But - ter - cups and dai - sies too.
 Loud-ly thou dost roar and shout, Bar the door, we keep thee out.
 Hide the seed a - way from harm, Keep it through the win - ter warm.
 Each in turn and all are sent O'er the earth with good in - tent.



Rain, rain! A - pril rain! Bring the flow - ers back a - gain.
 Wind, wind! Au-tumn wind! Thou the leaf - less tree hast trim'd.
 Snow, snow! Pure white snow! O'er the fields thy cov - 'ring strew.
 Rain, wind, Snow— all three, Each in turn, we wel - come ye.



STREAMS ARE FLOWING

HEINRICH HOFFMAN

1. Streams are flowing, breez-es blowing, Warblers pouring forth their song,
 2. Winds ca-ress us, joys pos-sess us, Joys that sluggards nev-er know;

All in-vite us out to wander, Nor in sloth our time to squander.
 Skirt-ing lakes and rock-y ledg-es, Piercing for-ests, leap-ing hedges,

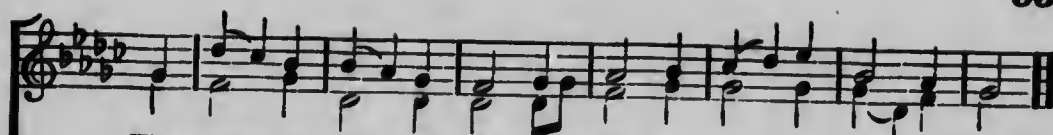
cres.
 Health to ac-tive life be-longs, Health to ac-tive life be-longs.
 Blithe and mer-ry on we go, Blithe and mer-ry on we go.

OUR HEAVENLY FATHER

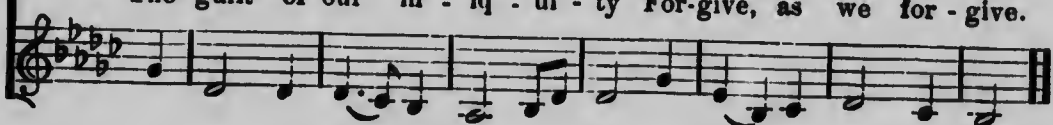
GEORG FRIEDRICH HANDEL

Andante

1. Our heav-en-ly Fa - ther, hear The prayer we of - fer now;
 2. Thy king - dom come; Thy will On earth be done in love,
 3. Our dai - ly bread sup - ply, While by Thy word we live,



Thy name be hal-low'd far and near; To Thee all na-tions bow.
As saints and ser-a-phim ful-fill Thy per-fect law a-bove.
The guilt of our in-iq-ui-ty For-give, as we for-give.



FROM WOOD AND VALLEY

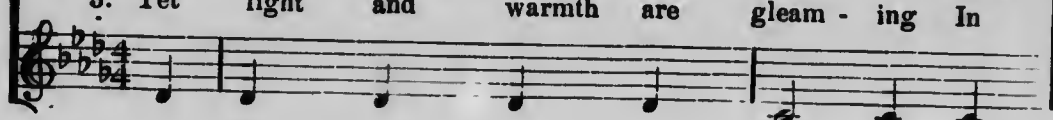
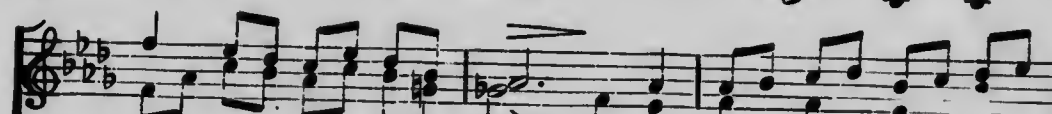
A. J. FOXWELL

Andantino

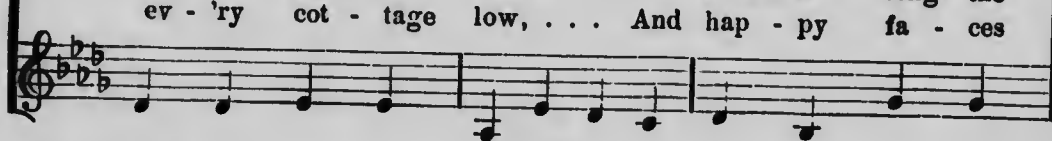
JOHANN METZ



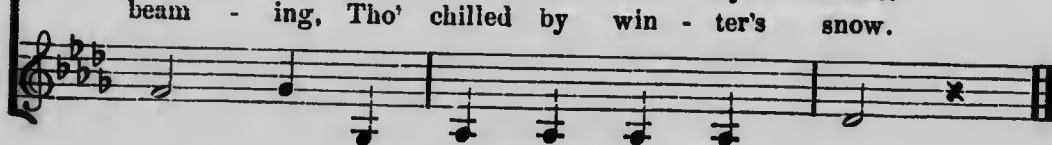
1. From wood and val-ley call-eth The
2. The tree scarce throws a shad-ow, Where
3. Yet light and warmth are gleam-ing In

joy-ous bird no more; . . . Wher-e'er a moon-beam
tall and grand it stands; . . . The stream a-long the
ev-'ry cot-tage low, . . . And hap-py fa-cies




fall-eth, There gleams the crys-tal floor.
mead-ow Is bound in i-cy bands.
beam-ing, Tho' chilled by win-ter's snow.



REST HEROES REST

ESTHER W. BARNES

GEORGE F. WILSON

1. Rest, he - roes, rest, all conflicts now are end - ed. Rest, with the
2. Fresh is the mem - 'ry of your deeds of dar - ing, Oh bold, brave

martyr's crown up - on each brow, While grateful hearts and loving hands are
hearts that rest beneath the sod, And we will keep it fresh with flo - ral

trail - ing Flow'rs of the sum - mer o'er the green turf now.
in - cense, A spring-time of - f'ring of the gifts of God.

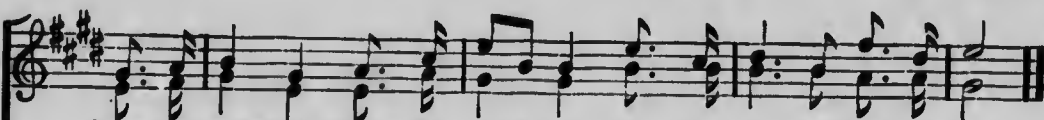
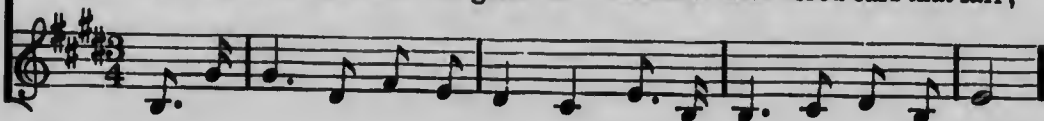
Rest, war - riors, rest,..... Rest, war-riors, rest.....
Rest, warriors,rest, Rest, warriors,rest.

WHEN THE ROSY MORN

Allegretto



1. When the rosy morn ap-pear-ing Paints with gold the ver-dant lawn,
2. Warbling birds, the day pro-claim-ing, Car-ol sweet the live-ly strain;
3. In the field the hum-ble glean-er Gath-ers scat-tered ears that fall;



Bees, on banks of thyme dis-port-ing, Sip the sweets and hail the dawn.
They for-sake their leaf-y dwell-ing To se-cure the gold-en grain.
Na-ture, mind-ful of her chil-dren, In her boun-ty cares for all.



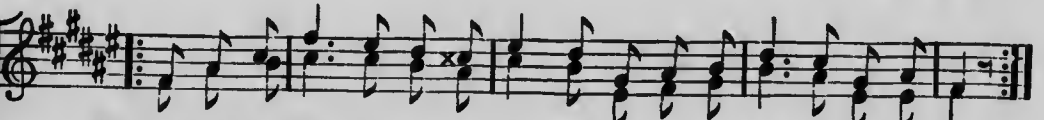
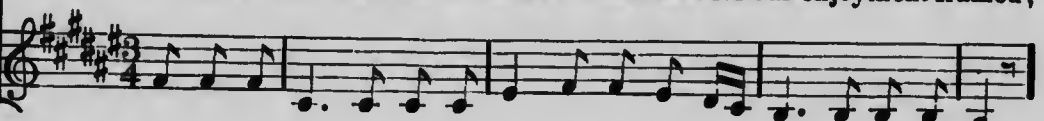
O PRECIOUS GIFT

Moderato

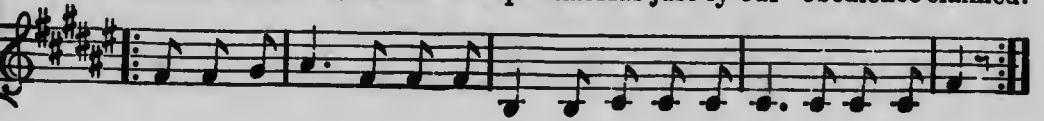
GERMAN FOLK SONG



1. O precious gift, O might mysterious, Which stirs within the throbbing breast!
2. Oh! this we feel that life e-ter-nal These laws for our enjoyment framed;



With earnest tho't and purpose serious, The soul must view the boon possessed.
And this we own, that Pow'r super-nal Has just-ly our obedience claimed.

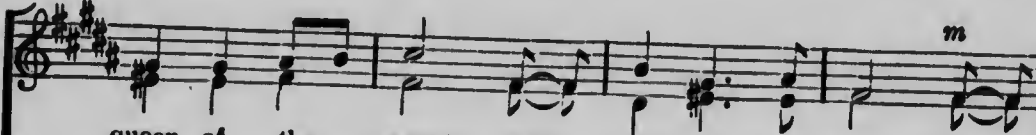


TIMOTHY DWIGHT

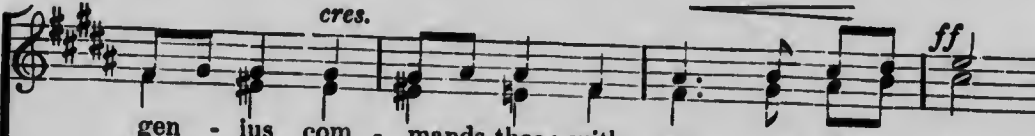
COLUMBIA



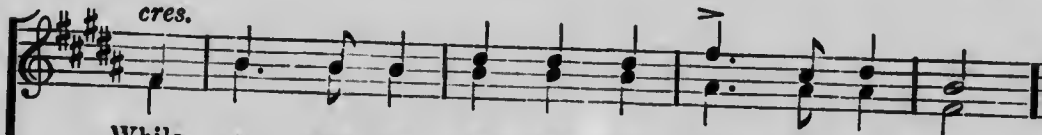
1. Co - lum - bia, Co - lum - bia, to glo - ry a - rise, The
2. Thy reign is the last and the no - blest of time, Most



queen of the world and child of the skies! Thy
fruit - ful thy soil, most in - vit - ing thy clime; Let the



gen - ius com - mands thee; with rap - ture be - hold,
crimes of the East ne'er en - crim - son thy name,

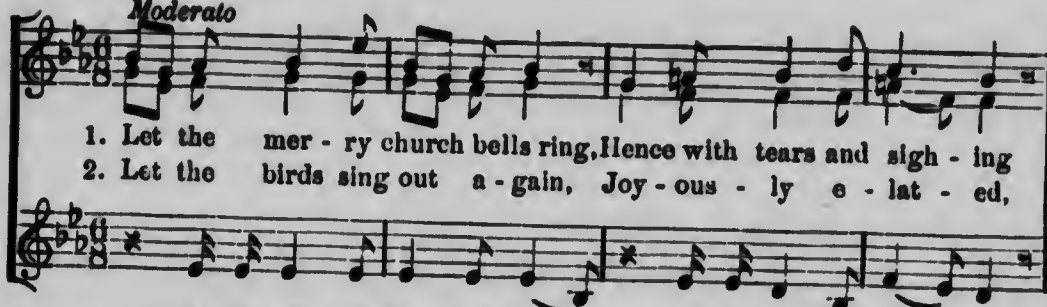


While a - ges on a - ges thy splen - dor un - fold.
Be free - dom and sci - ence and vir - tue thy fame.

LET THE MERRY CHURCH BELLS RING

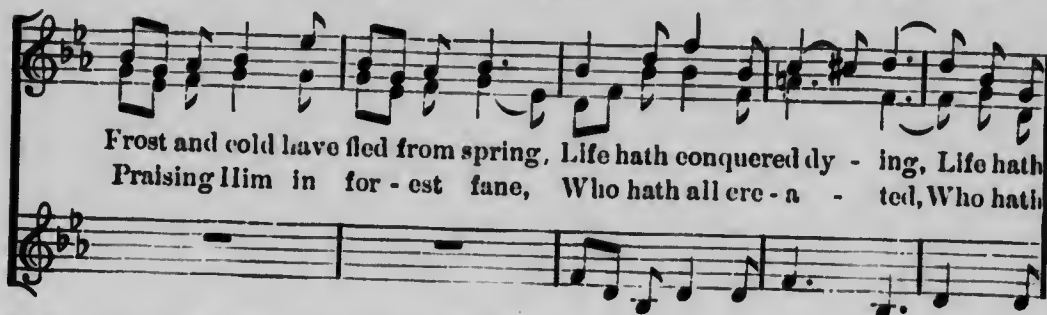
59

Moderato

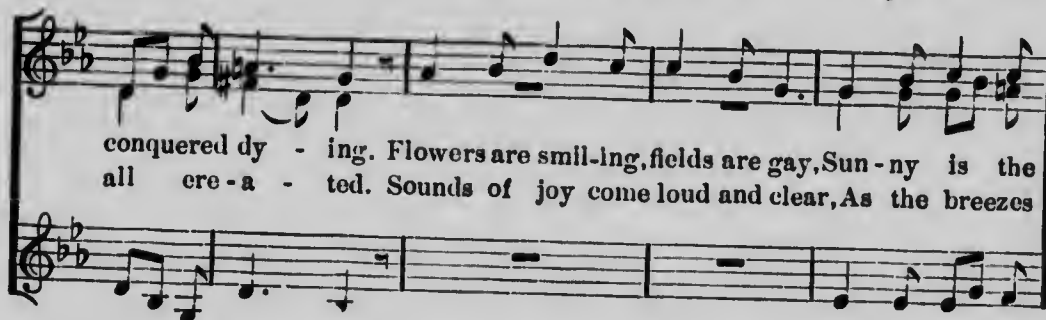


1. Let the mer - ry church bells ring, Hence with tears and sigh - ing
2. Let the birds sing out a - gain, Joy - ous - ly e - lat - ed,

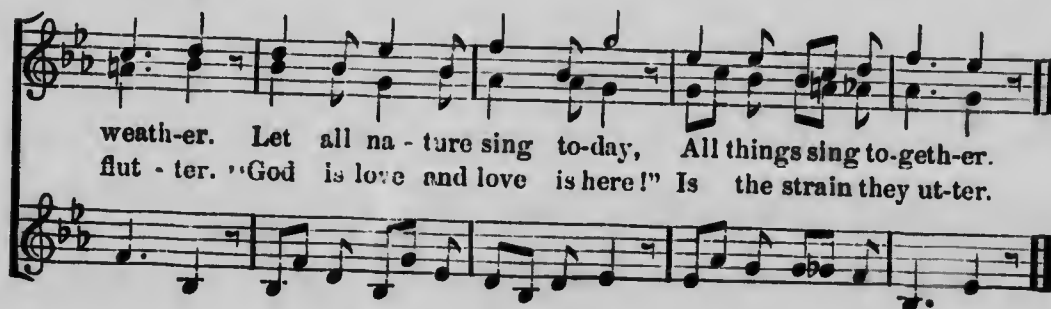
1. Let the mer - ry church bells ring, Hence with tears and sigh - ing,
2. Let the birds sing out a - gain, Joyous - ly e - lat - ed,



Frost and cold have fled from spring, Life hath conquered dy - ing, Life hath
Praising Him in for - est fane, Who hath all cre - a - ted, Who hath



conquered dy - ing. Flowers are smil - ing, fields are gay, Sun - ny is the
all cre - a - ted. Sounds of joy come loud and clear, As the breezes



weath - er. Let all na - ture sing to - day, All things sing to - geth - er.
flut - ter. "God is love and love is here!" Is the strain they ut - ter.

WORK WHILE YET 'TIS DAY

CHARLES E. WHITING

1. Work while yet 'tis day, Time is soon a - way,
2. Hear ye now the call Time pro-claims to all:

Use the pres - ent hour Ere 'tis past thy pow'r.
"Work while yet 'tis day, Soon flies time a . way."

THE AUTUMN WIND IS MOANING

FRIEDRICH KUHNSTEDT

Andante

1 The an - tumn wind is moan - ing With sad and sob - bing sigh;
2. Well may they quail be - fore him And pal - er turn with fear;
3. He soon will strip the for - ests Of all their gay at - tire,
4. Then blow, thou wind un - spar - ing, Thy wild - est blasts em - ploy,

cres. *dim.*

The leaves all shrink and shiv - er To hear him rush - ing by.
He soon will sap their vig - or And waste the wan - ing year.
And leaves of sum - mer beau - ty Will crack - le in the fire.
Thy force can nev - er scat - ter Our hopes of fu - ture joy.

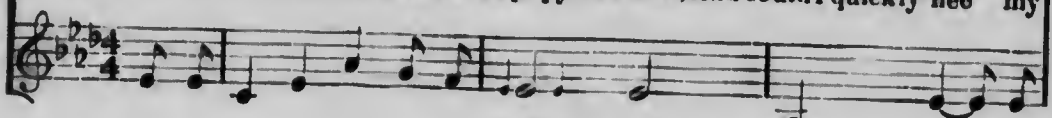
IN THE SUNNY BEAM

61

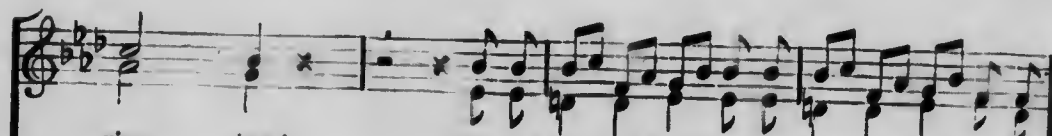
JOSEPH GERBACH



1. In the sun-ny beam, O'er the plain and stream, How your song like a bell is
2. When the wind is chill Or the air is still, Ever constant and cheerful you
3. If I could but be E'er so hap-py like thee, And could I quickly flee my

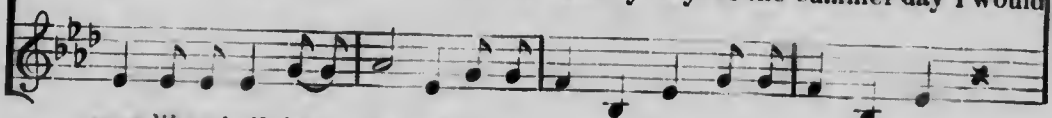


plain and stream, How your
air is still, Ev - er
hap-py like thee, Ah! could

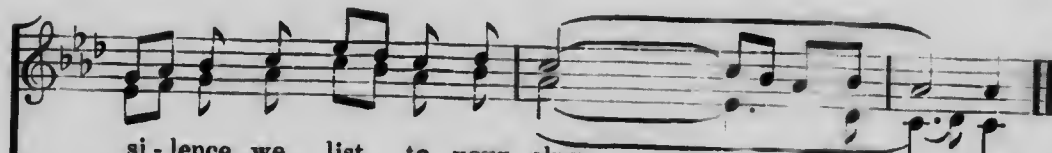


ring - ing!
hov - er.
sor - row,

To and fro you fly, 'Neath the sunny sky, While in
Now you flit be-low, Now a - loft you go, Not a
In the sun-ny ray Of the summer day I would



song like a bell is ring-ing!
constant and cheerful you hover.
I too but flee my sor - row,



si - lence we list to your sing - ing.
grief in your song we dis - cov - er.
sport, nor would grieve for the mor - row.



While in si - lence we list to your sing - ing.
Not a grief in your song we dis - cov - er.
I would sport, nor would grieve for the mor - row.

SEE THE BLITHESOME LARK

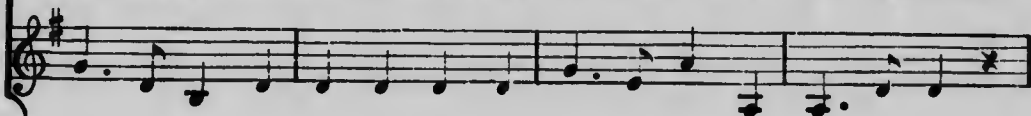
FRIEDRICH SILCHER



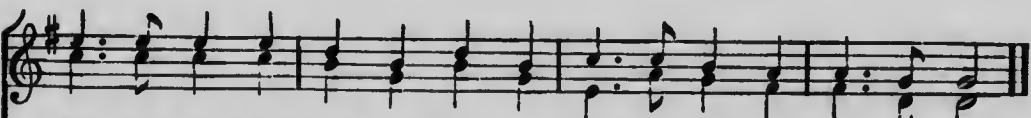
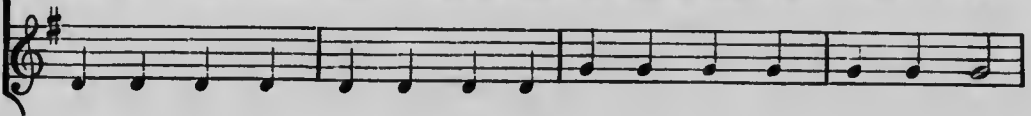
1. See, the blithesome lark is soar-ing Far a - loft through morning skies,
 2. Ev - 'ry mountain al - tar blaz - es, In - cense sweet to heav'n ascends,



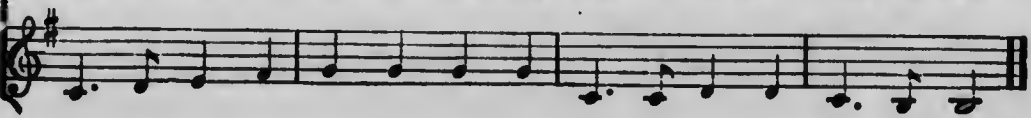
Songs of grate-ful glad-ness pour-ing, High - er, high - er see him rise!
 Mead-ows waft their si - lent prais - es, Ev - 'ry flow'r a - dor - ing bends.



Thou - sand warblers now are springing Up to meet the wel - come morn,
 Man, a - wake from heav - y slum - bers, Morning breaks se - rene - ly bright,

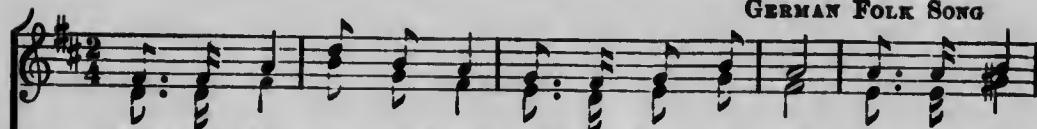


Sky and grove with joy are ring-ing. Hark, the wild en - chant-ing horn!
 Songs of praise, in tune - ful num-bers, Raise to Him who rules the night!

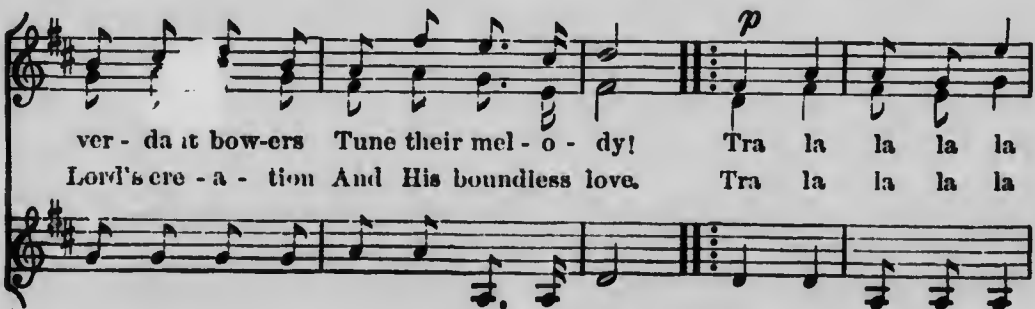
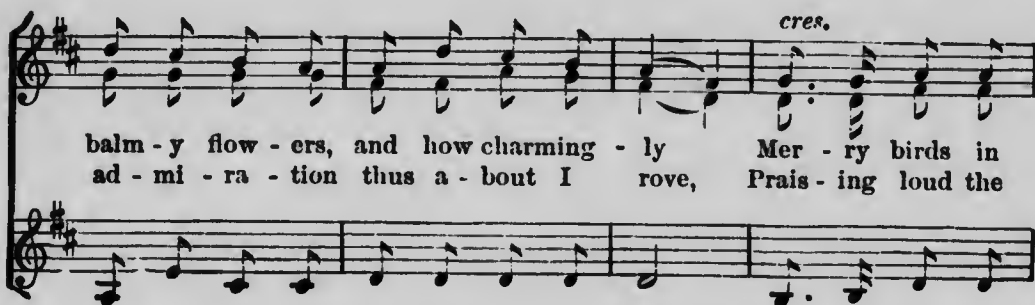
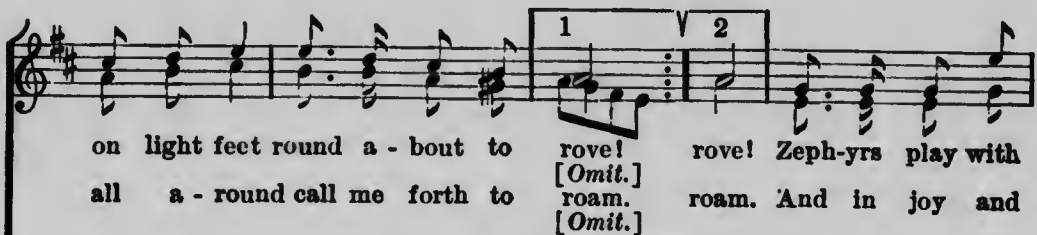
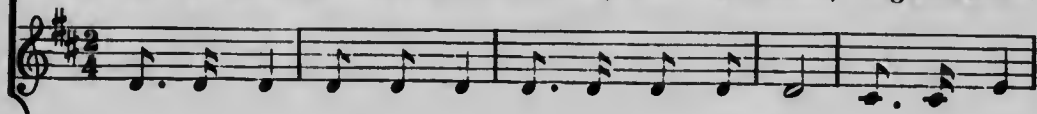


FRAGRANT AIR EVERYWHERE.

GERMAN FOLK SONG



1. Fra-grant air, ev - 'ry-where, blue the sky a - bove; Oh! how sweet
 2. Wood so wide, ver - dant pride, thou my dear - est home; Song and sound



cres. *dim.*

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

cres.

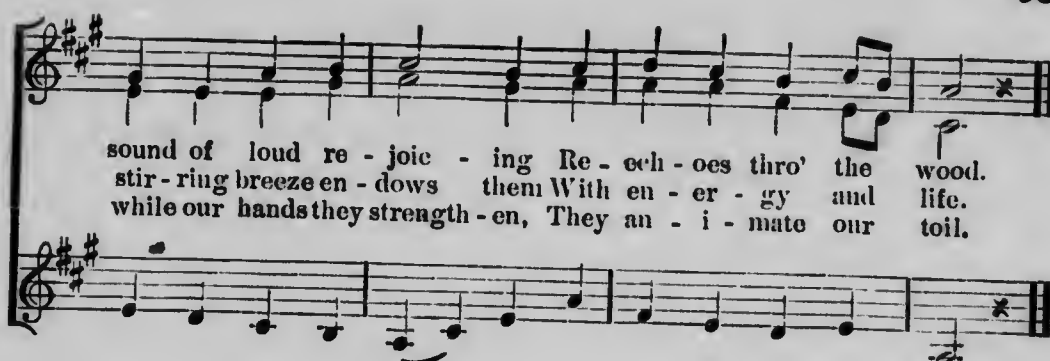
THE WINDS OF MARCH ARE BLOWING

GERMAN FOLK SONG

1. The winds of March are blow-ing, And freshens all the rush-ing air, The
 2. For Nat-ure, kind-ly moth-er, Is bid-ding all her tribes a-wake, And
 3. What tho' with nois-y blus-ter, The winds of March sometimes may rove, The

streams a - gain are flow - ing, Spring's pathway to pre - pare; The
 join with one an - oth - er, Old Winter's chain to break; The
 pow'r of Spring they mus - ter Rais - es the sap in grove. As

for - est trees are toss-ing Their gi - ant arms in gladsome mood, The
 winds of March a - rouse them To vig - or in the ea - ger strife, The
 days re - vive and length-en, They clear the mists our hopes that spoil, And



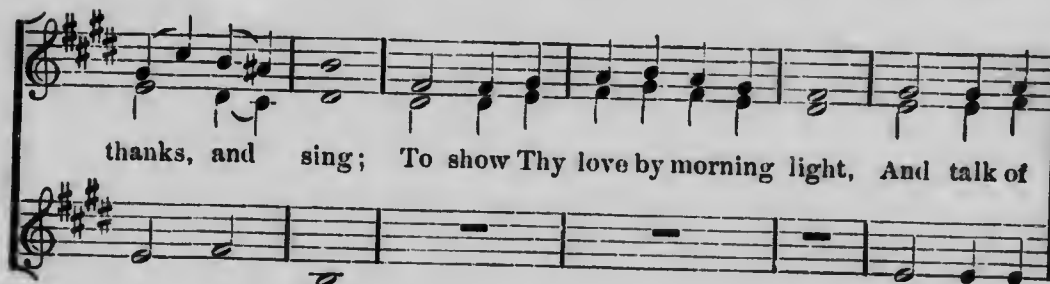
sound of loud re - joic - ing Re - ech - oes thro' the wood.
 stir - ring breeze en - dows them With en - er - gy and life.
 while our hands they strength - en, They an - i - mate our toil.

SWEET IS THY WORK

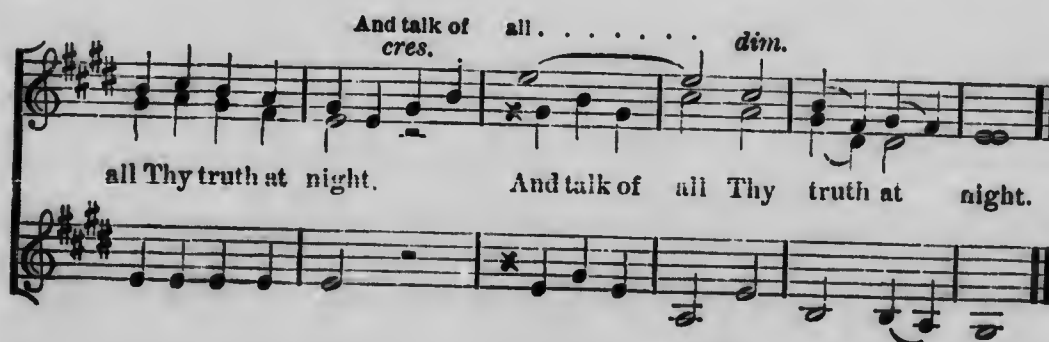
GERMAN FOLK SONG



Sweet is Thy work, my God, my King, To praise Thy name, give



thanks, and sing; To show Thy love by morning light, And talk of



And talk of all *cres.* *dim.*
 all Thy truth at night. And talk of all Thy truth at night.

ONCE AGAIN COMES STILLY NIGHT

KARL ERNST NAUMANN

Andante

1. Once a-gain comes stil - ly night Soft - ly clos - ing o'er us,
 2. Would you sweet re - pose en - joy, Peace of mind poss - ess - ing?
 3. Be it ours while here be - low, Thus to learn to la - bor,

Time has dropp'd in rap - id flight One more day be - fore us.
 Peace - ful - ly your time em - ploy, Mak - ing life a bless - ing.
 Hon - or to our God to show, Kind - ness to our neigh - bor.

Welcome is the ev' - ning hour, Friend of all the wea - ry,
 Conscience then with look se - rene Smil - ing - ly will greet you;
 He who thro' the world has pass'd, Leaving good be - hind him,

Sleep with its re - stor - ing power, Cheers the lot most drear - y.
 Pleas - ant tho'ts will gild the scene, Pleas - ant dreams will meet you.
 Peace - ful - ly will rest at last, When the end shall find him.

MY GOD HOW ENDLESS

GERMAN CHORAL

1. My God, how end-less is Thy love, Thy gifts are ev-'ry evening new,
 2. Thou spread'st the curtain of the night, Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
 3. I yield my pow'rs to Thy command, To Thee I con-se - crate my days;

And morn-ing mercies from a-bove Gently dis-til like ear-ly dew.
 Thy sov'reign word restores the light And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.
 And dai-ly bless-ings from Thy hand Demand my dai-ly songs of praise.

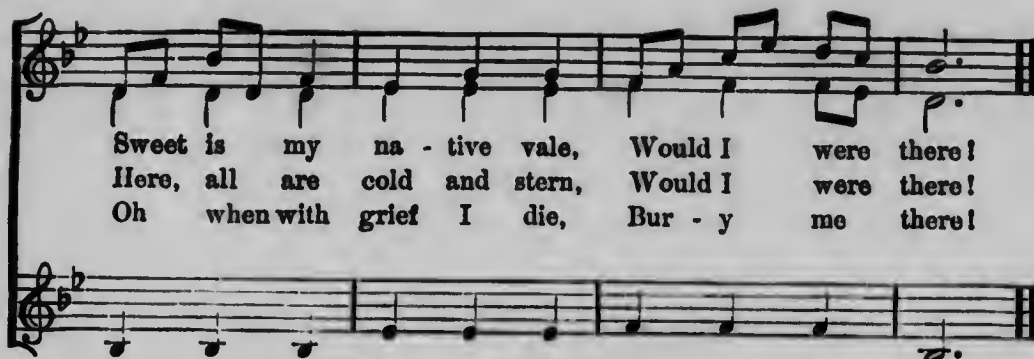
DOWN IN MY NATIVE VALE

ENGLISH FOLK SONG

Animato

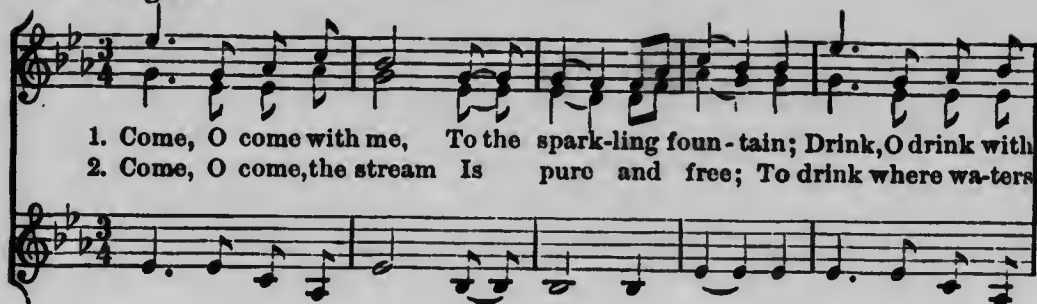
1. Down in my na - tive vale, Flow'rs bloom so fair!
 2. Ah! in my na - tive vale, Kind - ness is there!
 3. Ah! in my na - tive vale, All are so dear!

Sloes here and this - tles grow, Grapes there in clus - ters grow;
 Kind fa - ces there you meet, Kind words your pres - ence greet;
 Here, ban - ished far a - way, Sad - ly I weep and pray;

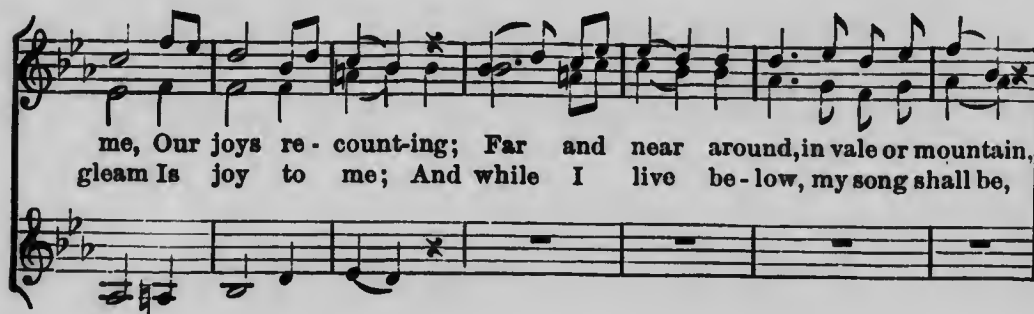


Sweet is my na - tive vale, Would I were there!
 Here, all are cold and stern, Would I were there!
 Oh when with grief I die, Bur - y me there!

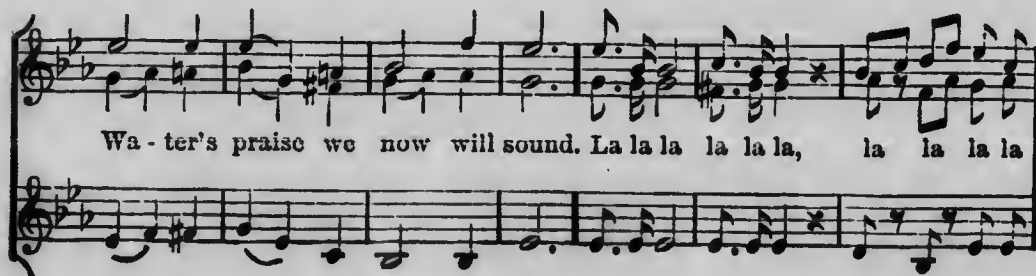
COME O COME

Allegretto


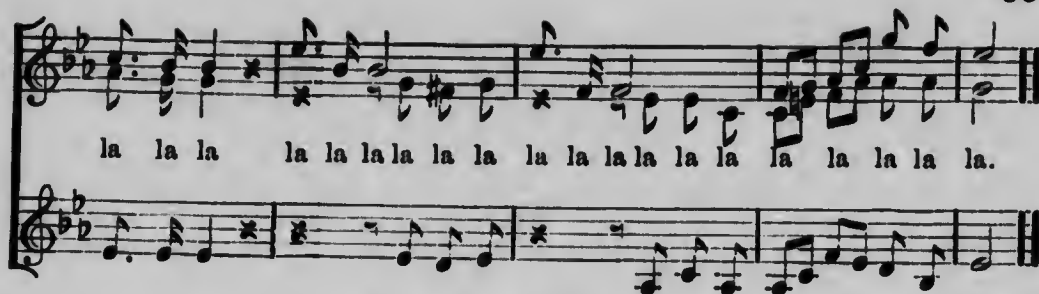
1. Come, O come with me, To the spark-ling foun-tain; Drink, O drink with
 2. Come, O come, the stream Is pure and free; To drink where wa-ters



me, Our joys re - count-ing; Far and near around, in vale or mountain,
 gleam Is joy to me; And while I live be - low, my song shall be,

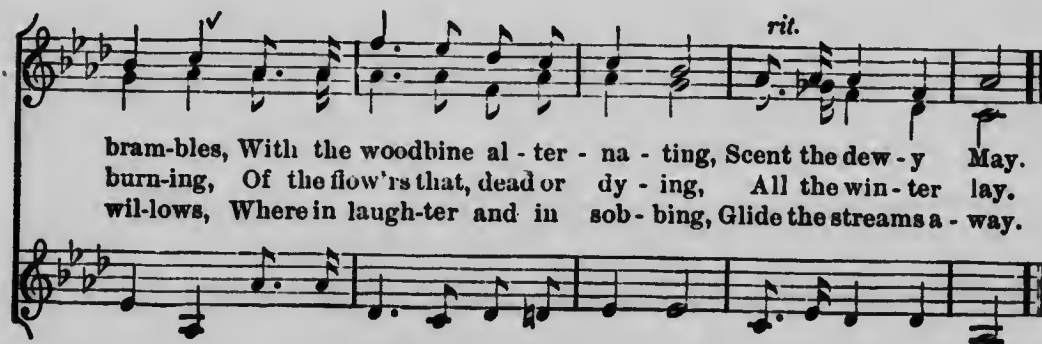
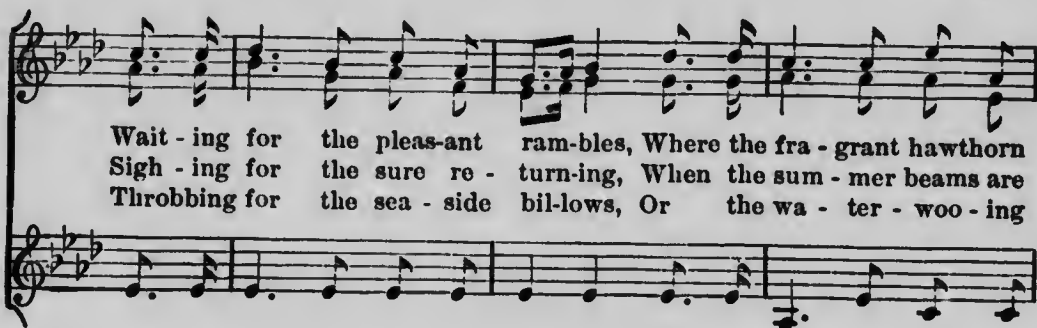
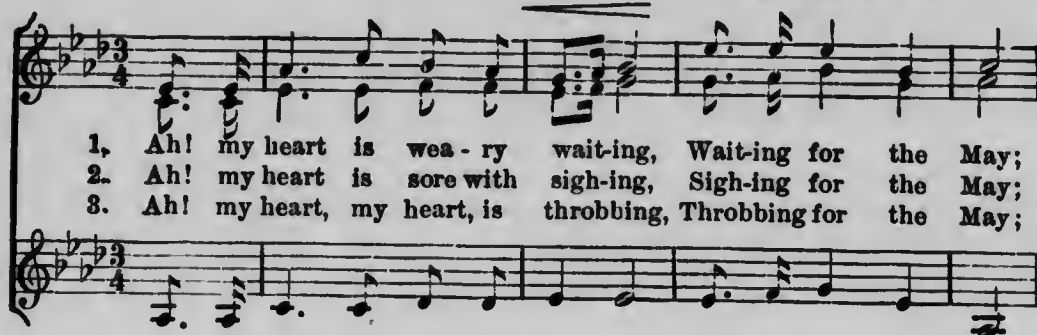


Wa - ter's praise we now will sound. La la la la la la, la la la la



AH MY HEART

CHARLES E. WHITING



BRIGHT ARE YOUNG LIFE'S GOLDEN TREASURES

Moderato

ENGLISH FOLK SONG

1. Bright are young life's gold-en treas - ures, Charm-ing, its fa - vor - ite
 2. Youth's brightest fan - cies are glow - ing, Ros - es and li - lles are
 3. An - gels a - round thee are sigh - ing, Life's sweet-est pleasures are

pleas - ures, Quick - ly they fol - low like notes of a song,
 blow - ing. Oh love the fair bloom-ing joys while you may,
 dy - ing. Fond ros - y dream-er, oh would'st thou be wise?

Com - ing, com - ing, hap - pi - ly all the day long.
 Fond - ly, fond - ly, quick - ly they with - er a - way.
 Cher - ish, cher - ish vir - tue that leads to the skies.

IN SILENCE DEEP

Andante

E. BAUMANN

1. In si - lence deep the day is waning, And fade - ing all its former splendor;
 2. A - las! for me there's no cessation Of anxious thoughts and care unresting;
 3. Yet let me seek the dim seclusion Of midnight walk by slumb'ring ocean,

p All na-ture now in sleep is ly - ing, While starry sen-ti-nels de-fend her.
 Night cannot cure the soul's vexa - tion Or drive away regrets mo-lest-ing.
mf There lose awhile life's wild confusion And lull to rest each keen e-mo-tion.

SWEET SPRING IS RETURNING

Not too fast

GERMAN FOLK SONG

1. Sweet spring is re - turning, She breathes on the plain, And meadows are
 2. Full glad - ly I greet thee, Thou love - li - est guest. Ah! long have we
 3. And then, O thou kind one, Thou camest so mild, That mountain and

blooming In beau-ty a - gain. Now fair is the flow - er And
 wait-ed By thee to be bless'd. Stern win - ter threw o'er us His
 mead-ow And riv - u - let smil'd. The voice of thy mu - sic Was

green is the grove, And soft is the show-er that falls from a - bove.
 heav-y cold chain, But now we are breathing in free - dom a - gain.
 heard in the grove, The balm of thy breez-es in - vit - ed to rove.

ON A MOONBEAM

GIOACHINO ANTONIO ROSSINI

Allegro

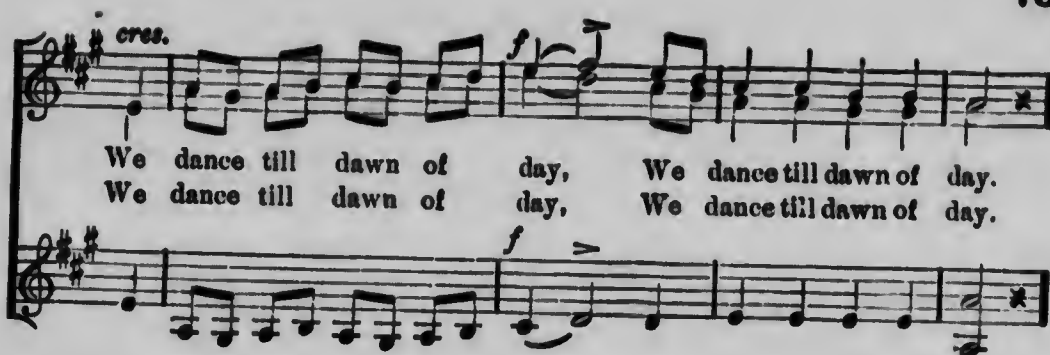
1. On a moonbeam brightly shining, All we fair - les glide a - long;
 2. Not a frown to mar our gladness, Not a thought that care may bring,

Or on flow'ry banks re - clin - ing, A - wake the cheerful song.
 Nor a word to wak - en sad - ness, Comes near our charmed ring;

When the stars are bright, By the glowworm's light, In mer - ry sport we play;
 But the mer - ry beat Of our twinkling feet A - round its cir - clet play,

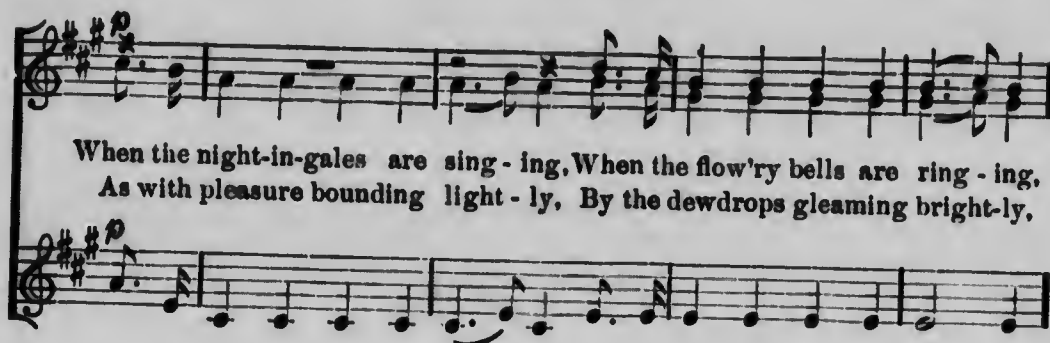
When the nightin-gales are sing - ing, When the flow'ry bells are ring - ing,
 As with pleasure bounding light - ly, By the dewdrops glancing bright-ly,

cres.



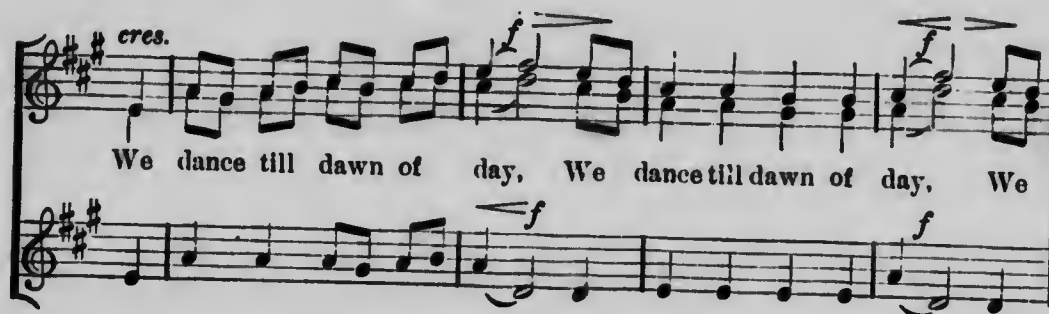
We dance till dawn of day, We dance till dawn of day.
We dance till dawn of day, We dance till dawn of day.

p

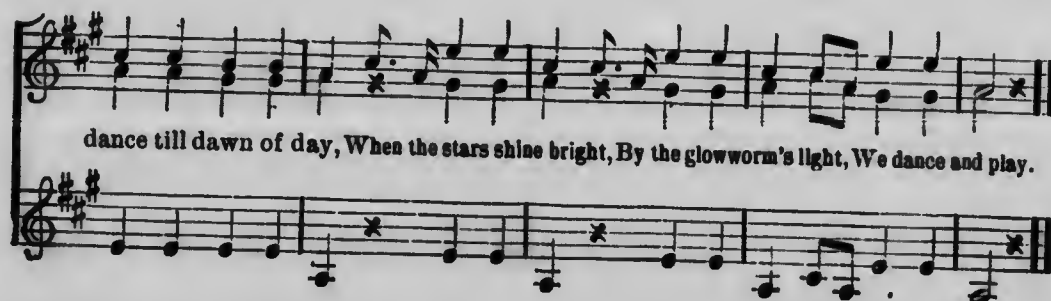


When the night-in-gales are sing-ing, When the flow'ry bells are ring-ing,
As with pleasure bounding light-ly, By the dewdrops gleaming bright-ly.

cres.



We dance till dawn of day, We dance till dawn of day, We



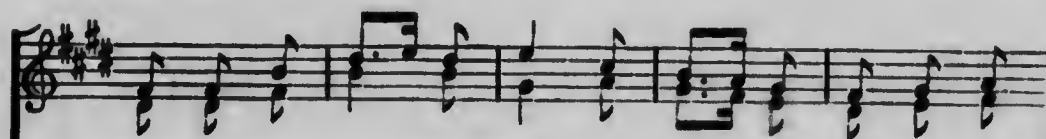
dance till dawn of day, When the stars shine bright, By the glowworm's light, We dance and play.

CUCKOO CUCKOO

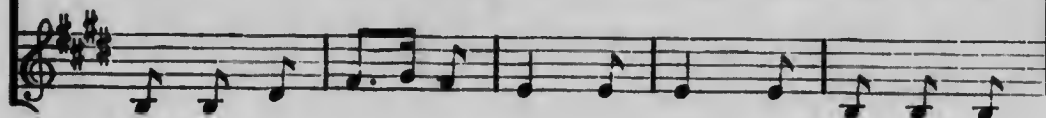
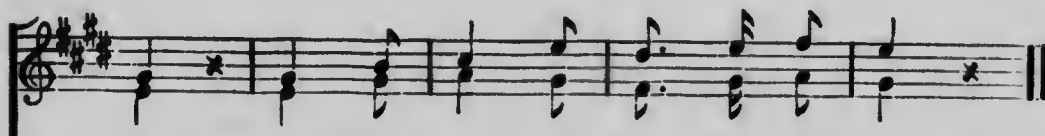
FRIEDRICH SILCHER



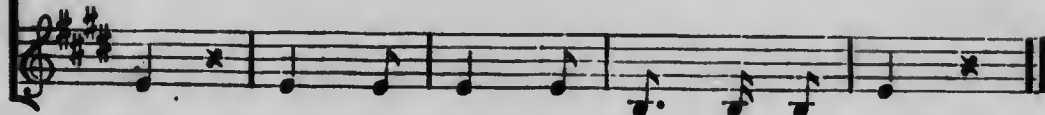
1. Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, now greets our ear; Let us be sing-ing,
 2. Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, still hear it sing; Come to the meadows,
 3. Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, wel-come we say; Sweet is thy sing-ing.

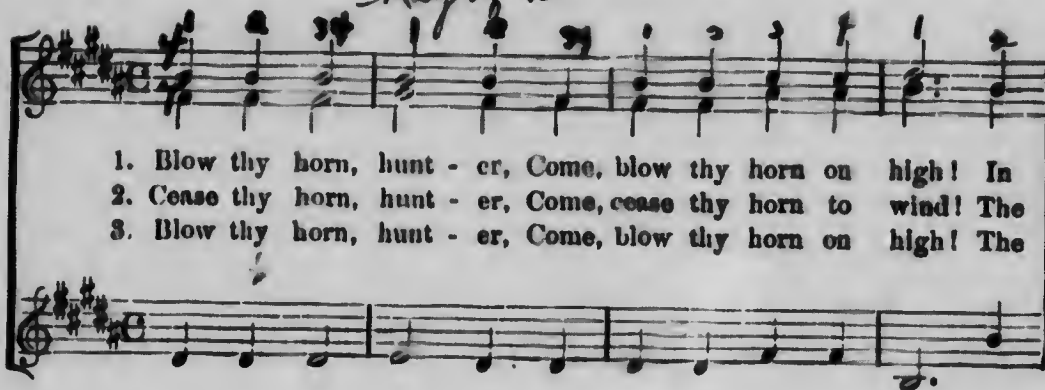
danc-ing and spring-ing, Sum - mer, sum - mer soon will be
 be mer - ry fel - lows, Wel - come, wel - come, life - giv - ing
 joy ev - er bring - ing, Win - ter, win - ter pass - es a -

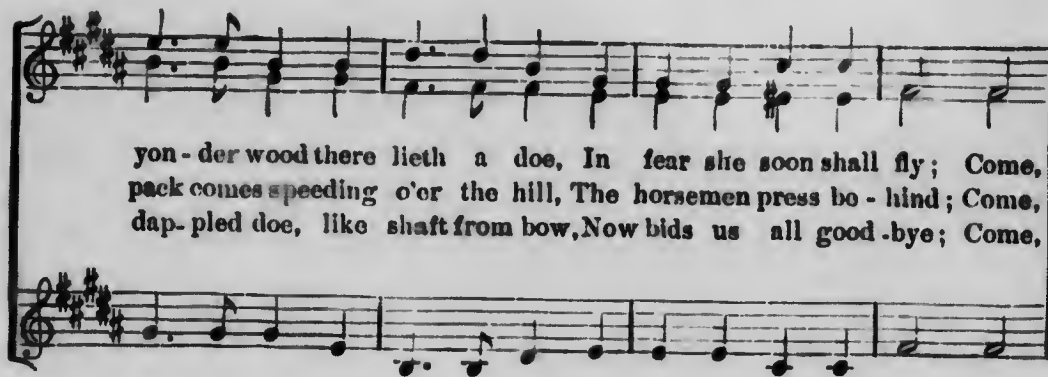
here, Sum - mer, sum - mer soon will be here.
 spring Wel - come, wel - come, life - giv - ing spring.
 way, Win - ter, win - ter pass - es a - way.



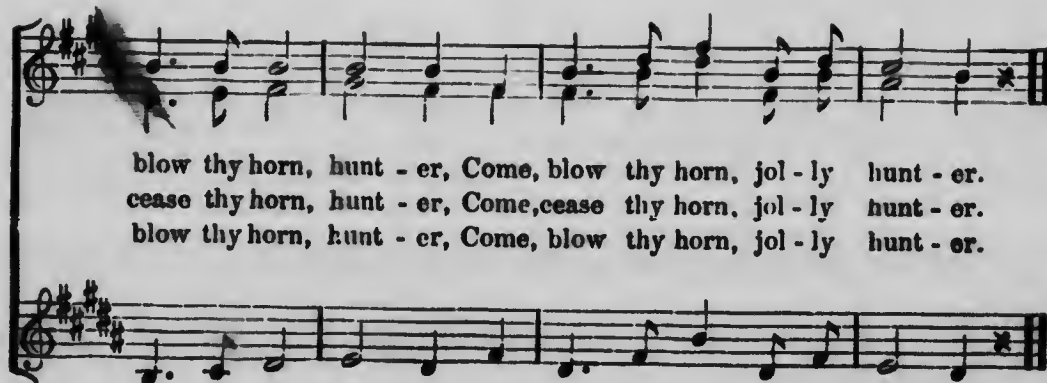
BLOW THY HORN HUNTER

key of B


1. Blow thy horn, hunt - er, Come, blow thy horn on high! In
 2. Cease thy horn, hunt - er, Come, cease thy horn to wind! The
 3. Blow thy horn, hunt - er, Come, blow thy horn on high! The



yon - der wood there lieth a doe, In fear she soon shall fly; Come,
 pack comes speeding o'er the hill, The horsemen press be - hind; Come,
 dap - pled doe, like shaft from bow, Now bids us all good - bye; Come,



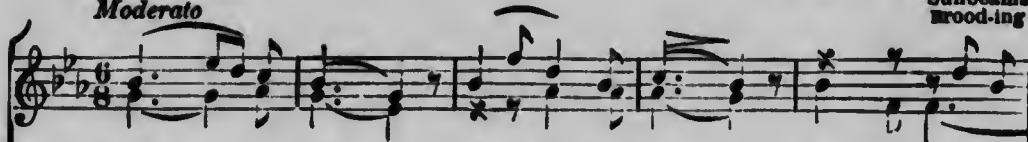
blow thy horn, hunt - er, Come, blow thy horn, jol - ly hunt - er.
 cease thy horn, hunt - er, Come, cease thy horn, jol - ly hunt - er.
 blow thy horn, hunt - er, Come, blow thy horn, jol - ly hunt - er.

FLOWING FREE

CHARLES E. WHITING

Moderato

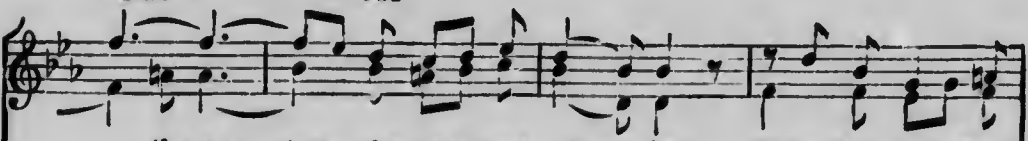
Sunbeams
Brood-ing



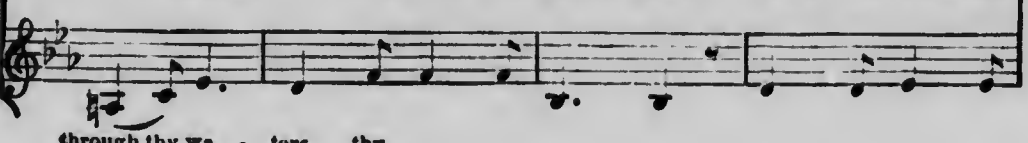
1. Flow - ing free! flow - ing free! Sunbeams through
2. Flow - ing free! flow - ing free! Brooding shad -

Flowing free! flow-ing, flowing free, Sunbeams
Flowing free! flow-ing, flowing free, Brooding

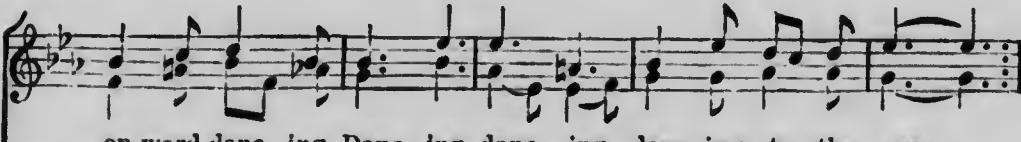
through thy
shad ows



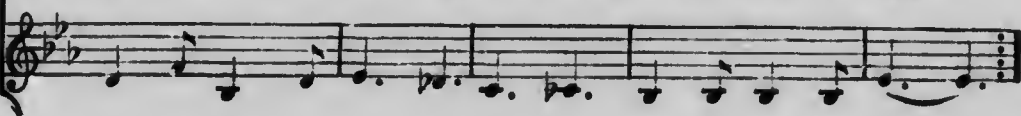
. . . thy wa - ters, thy wa - ters glanc - ing, Thou art on - ward,
- ows, shad - ows o'er the moun - tain Can - not hide thy



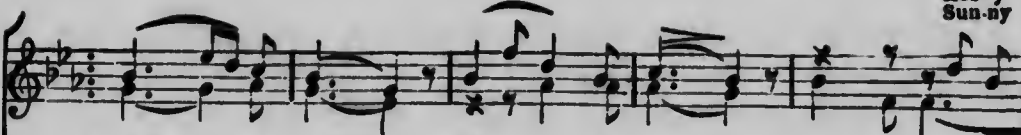
through thy wa - ters, thy
shad - ows, shad - ows



on-ward danc - ing, Danc - ing, danc - ing, danc-ing to the sea.
sun - ny foun - tain, Sparkling, spark - ling, spark-ling to the sea.



Ros - y
Sun - ny

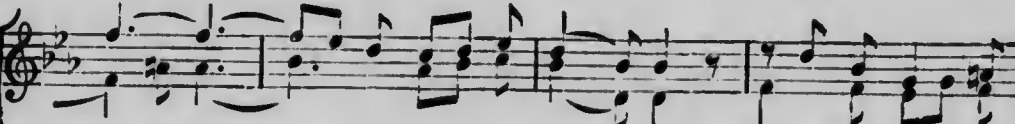


3. Flow - ing free. flow - ing free! Ros - y flow -
4. Flow - ing free. flow - ing free! Sun - ny type

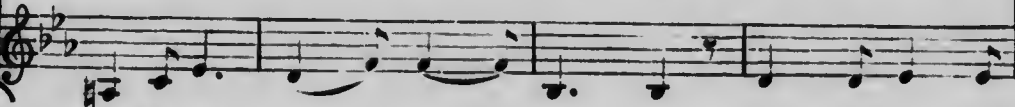


Flowing free! flow-ing, flowing free! Ros - y
Flowing free! flow-ing, flowing free! Sun - ny

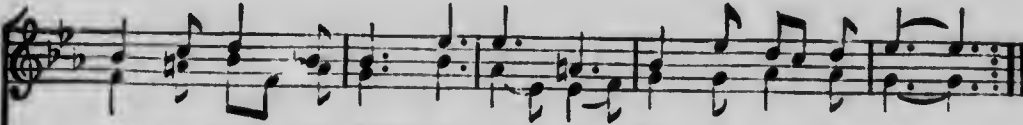
flow 'rets
type of



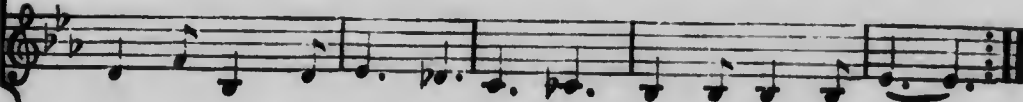
- - 'rets hide, hide their blush - ing, Bend - ing o'er thy
. . . of hap - py, hap - py liv - ing, Brook-let, thou art



flow-'rets hide, hide, their
type of hap py, hap - py



wavelets rush - ing, Rush - ing, rush - ing, Rush - ing to the sea.
ev - er giv - ing, Giv - ing, giv - ing, Giv - ing to the sea.



SOFTLY RUSTLE THE LEAVES

CARL LEITZ

Softly
pp $\leq$ $\geq$ *p* *mf*

1. Soft-ly, soft-ly, rus-tle the leaves in the wood; Cares which may the
 2. Soft-ly, soft-ly, murmur the bees in the bower; Droning, buzzing,
 3. Soft-ly, soft-ly, ripples the brook in the grove, Gurgling o-ver

cres.

mind en-cum-ber Wav-ing branch-es soothe to slum-ber;
 go-ing, com-ing, Fly-ing still with drow-sy hum-ming;
 sto-ny pla-ces, Glid-ing in the mos-sy spa-ces;

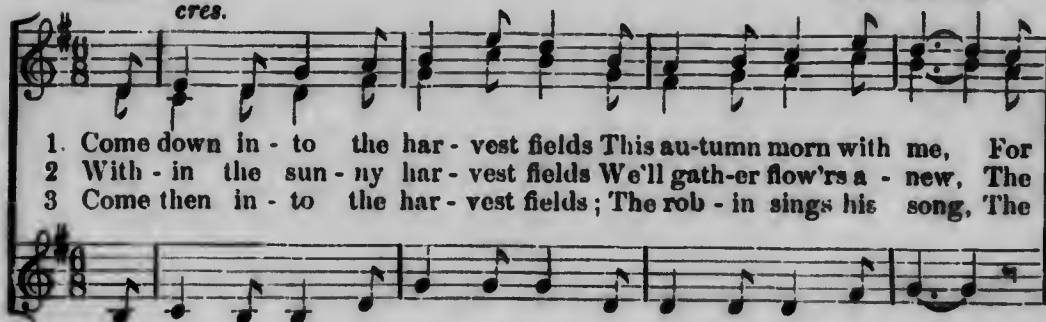
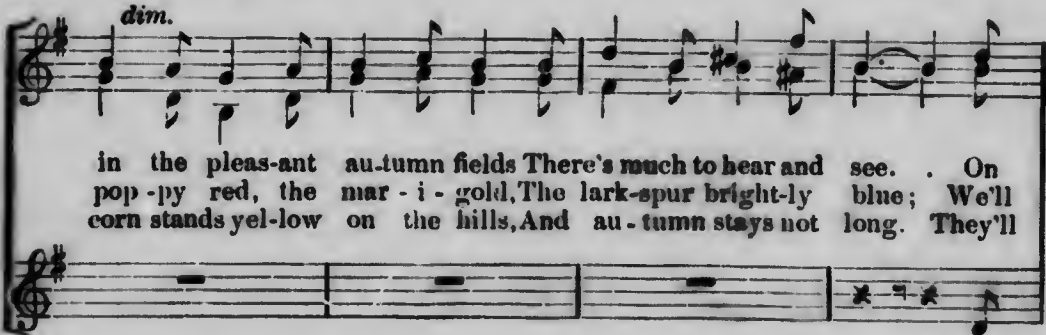
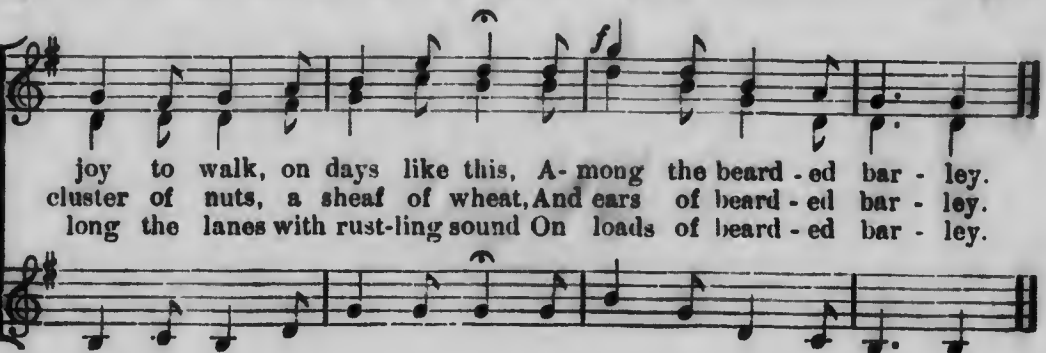
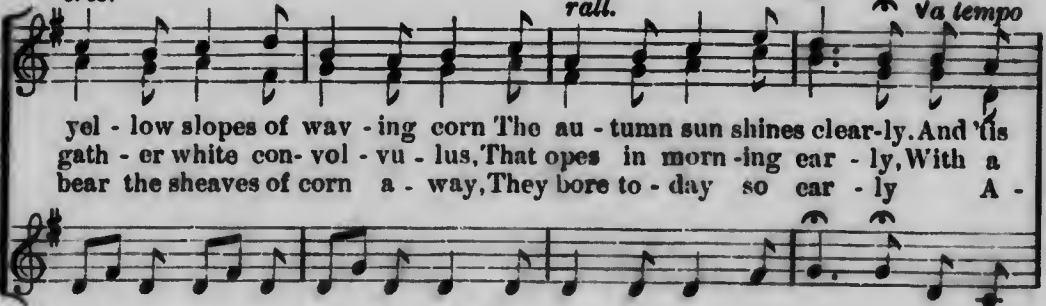
pp $\leq$ $\geq$ *p*

Soft-ly, soft-ly, rus-tle the leaves in the wood.
 Soft-ly, soft-ly, mur-mur the bees in the bower.
 Soft-ly, soft-ly, rip-ples the brook in the grove.

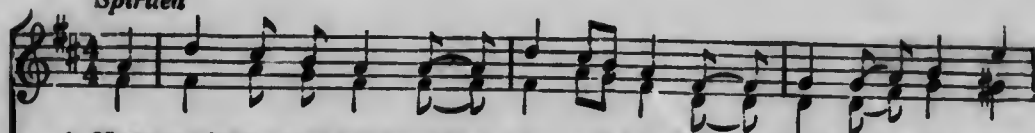
COME DOWN

Spiritoso

JOHN HULLAH

cres.*dim.**cres.**rall.**va tempo*

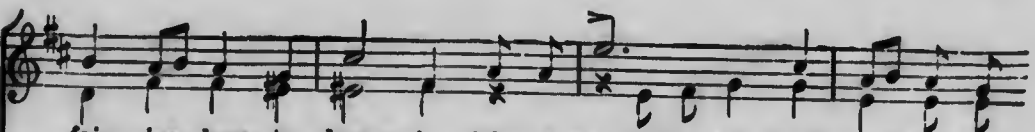
NOW SPARKLING AND BRIGHT

Spirited

1. Now spark-ling and bright is the silvery light Of the path that the moonbeams
2. The stars full of light are glowing bright, In the vault-ed arch of
3. O list to the bells, the distant bells, That ves - pers sweet are



gleam in, As forth we go in the ten - der glow That the
 heav - en, While soft - ly shine from the lim - pid brine Their re -
 chim - ing; We return their song as we float a - long, While the

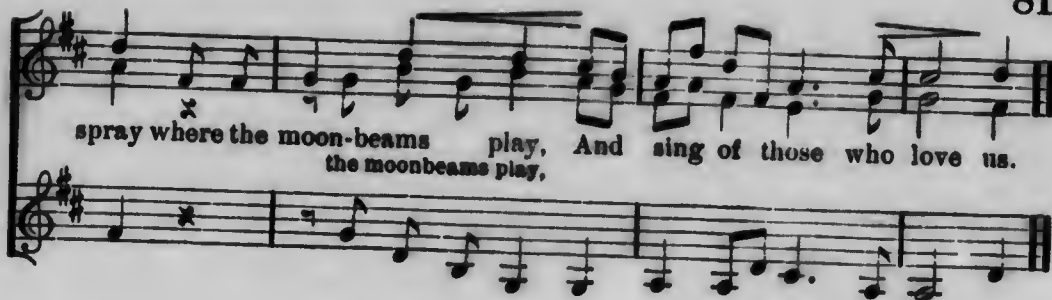


fair - ies love to dream in. Then a-way, pull a-way, lads, now with a
 flect - ed rays un - ev - en. Then a-way, pull a-way, lads, now with a
 moon is up - ward climb - ing. Then a-way, pull a-way, lads, now with a



will, While the moon shineth brightly a - bove us; We will dash thro' the

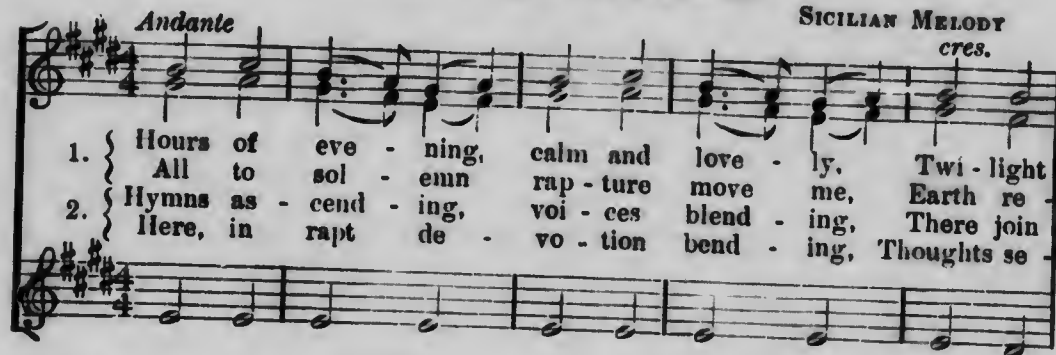




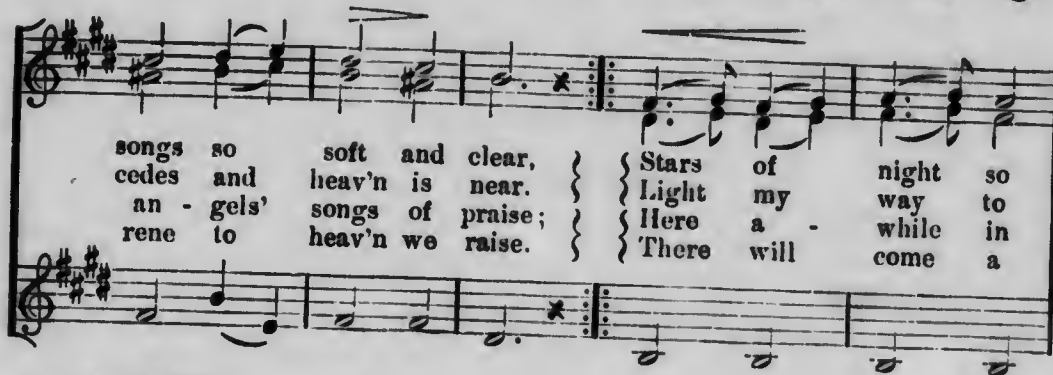
spray where the moon-beams play, And sing of those who love us.
the moonbeams play,

HOURS OF EVENING

Andante SICILIAN MELODY
cres.



1. Hours of eve - ning, calm and love - ly, Twi - light
All to sol - emn rap - ture move me, Earth re
2. Hymns as - cend - ing, voi - ces blend - ing, There join
Here, in rapt de - vo - tion bend - ing, Thoughts se



songs so soft and clear, } Stars of night so
cedes and heav'n is near. } Light my way to
an - gels' songs of praise; } Here a - while in
rene to heav'n we raise. } There will come a



bright a - bove me, Shin - ing as from realms of bliss, }
those who love me, Now in fair - er worlds than this. }
sweet com - mun - ion, Lived the dear ones gone be - fore; }
glad re - un - ion, Sing ing, prais - ing, ev - er - more. }

BEAUTIFUL PRIMROSE.

FRANZ ABT

Cantabile

1. Beau - ti - ful prim - rose, Op' - ning so ear - ly,
2. Light was thy slum - ber, Ear - ly thy wak - ing,

Fresh in thy beau - ty, Take thou my greet - ing,
Sweet is the morn - ing, Beau - ti - ful prim - rose,

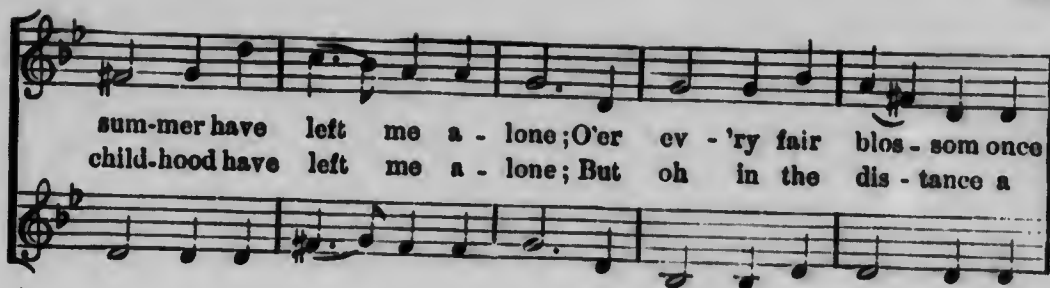
Take thou my greet - ing, Her - ald of springtime.
Beau - ti - ful prim - rose, Her - ald of springtime.

THE SAD LEAVES ARE DYING

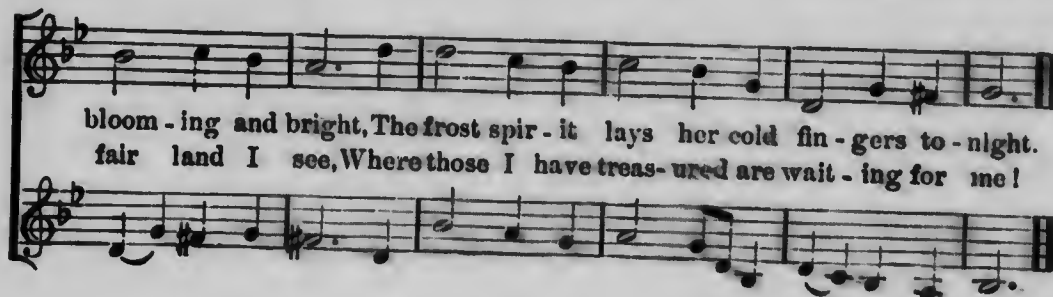
CODE MUSIC DRILL

Slow

1. The sad leaves are dy - ing, the sweet birds have flown, My play-mates of
2. My fond hopes are dy - ing, my loved ones have flown, The friends of my

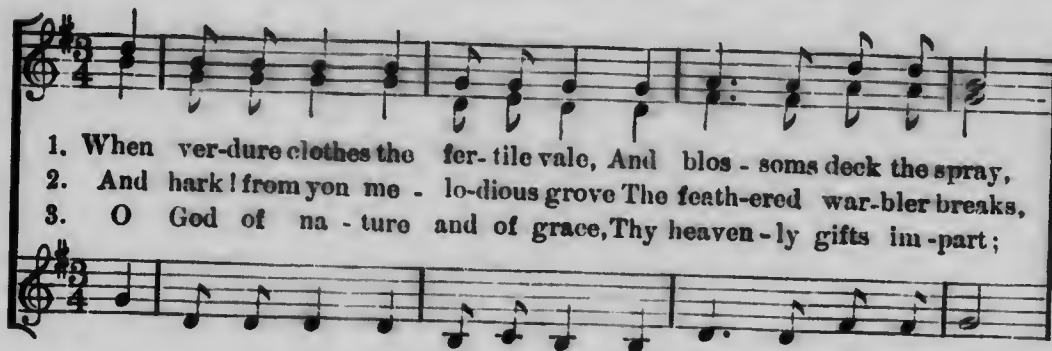


sum-mer have left me a - lone; O'er ev - 'ry fair blos - som once
child-hood have left me a - lone; But oh in the dis - tance a

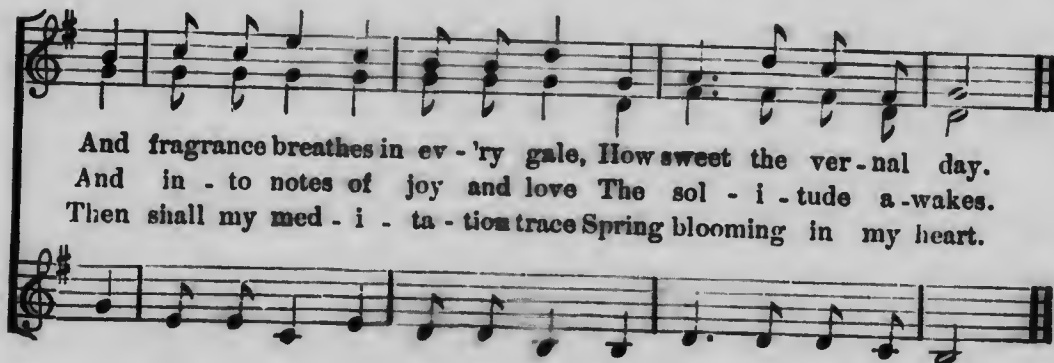


bloom - ing and bright, The frost spir - it lays her cold fin - gers to - night.
fair land I see, Where those I have treas - ured are wait - ing for me!

WHEN VERDURE CLOTHES



1. When ver-dure clothes the fer-tile vale, And blos - soms deck the spray,
2. And hark! from yon me - lo-dious grove The feath-ered war-bler breaks,
3. O God of na - ture and of grace, Thy heaven-ly gifts im-part;



And fragrance breathes in ev - 'ry gale, How sweet the ver - nal day.
And in - to notes of joy and love The sol - i - tude a - wakes.
Then shall my med - i - ta - tion trace Spring blooming in my heart.

I LOVE THE LITTLE LAUGHING RILL

FRIEDRICH SILCHER

1. I love the lit - tle laughing rill That all the live-long day
 2. Oh! oft I've chased that spor - tive stream In sum - mer's sun - ny hours,
 3. But life, like thee, flows on, sweet rill, And I, like thee, must haste

Goes spark - ling, sing - ing, danc - ing still Thro' mead - ows far a - way,
 And watch'd each sil - very danc - ing gleam, Or pluck'd the bord - ring flow'rs.
 Each day to do my Fa - ther's will, Nor turn one hour to waste.

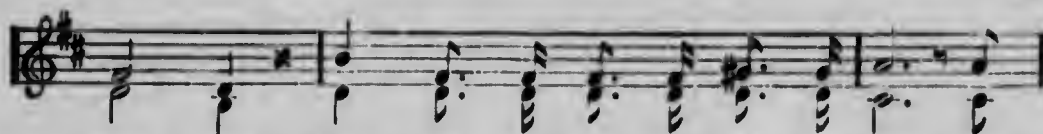
THE SUN IS RISING

JACQUES OFFENBACH

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

greet the day, And joy - ous winds to danc - ing mo - tion
 branches high, While down the vales the freight - ed shad - ows
 night a - way; Let all our hearts, like birds, with glad - ness

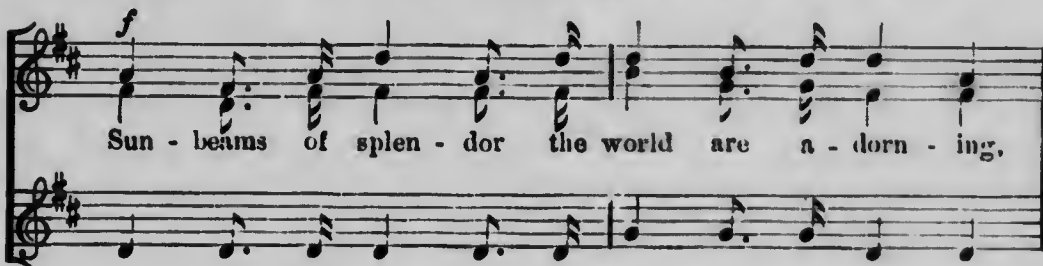
Wake the bil - lows of the bay. See how the clouds roll up the
 Has - ten from the dawn of day. Rock'd on the wa - ter's pla - cid
 Wel - come in the bright new day. Bright flow'rs and streams and birds of



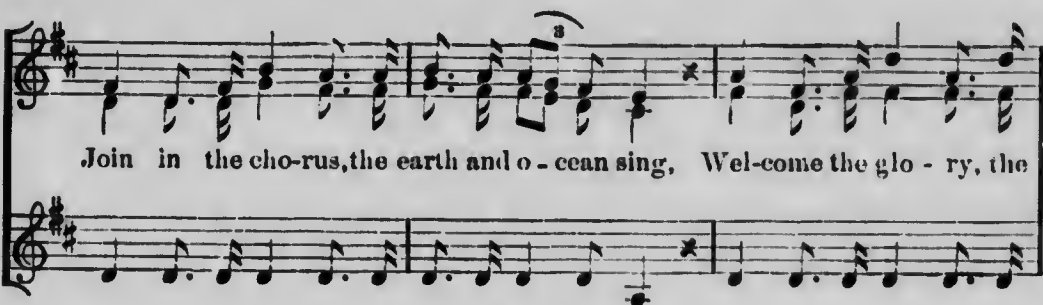
moun - tains! Night has her mist - y ban - ner furled, And
bo - som, Pure - ly the wa - ter lil - ies gleam, While
heav - en, In - cense and prais - es waft a - bove; From



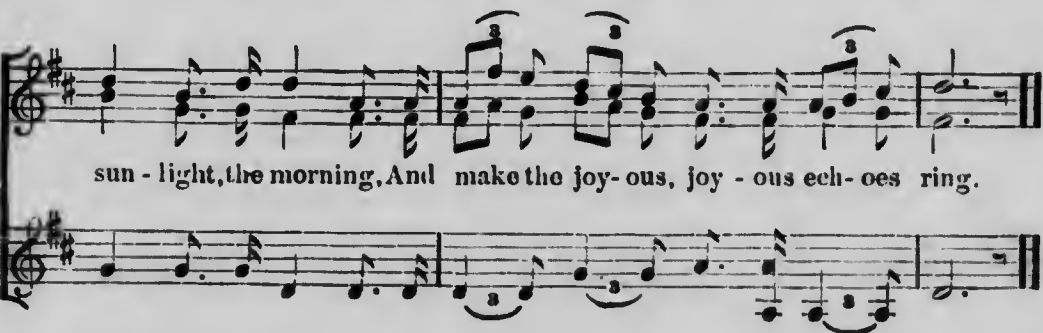
springing from a thou-sand foun-tains, Light and joy o'er-flow the world.
wil - low branch and bending blossom Bid good morn-ing to the stream.
hearts and voi - ces now be glv - en Songs of praise and joy and love.



Sun - beams of splen - dor the world are a - dorn - ing,



Join in the cho-rus, the earth and o - cean sing, Wel-come the glo - ry, the



sun - light, the morning, And make the joy - ous, joy - ous ech - oes ring.

HARK THE DEEP TONED BELL

Moderato

ENGLISH FOLK SONG



1. Hark! the deep ton'd bell is call - ing, Come, O come!
 2. Now a - gain its notes are peal - ing, Come, O come!
 3. Still the ech - oed voice is ring - ing, Come, O come!



Wea - ry ones, no lon - ger wan - der, Hith - er come;
 In the sac - red tem - ple kneel - ing, Seek thy home;
 Ev - 'ry heart pure in - cense bring - ing, Hith - er come;



Loud - er now and deep - er peal - ing, Wak - ing heart's un -
 Come, and in his pres - ence bend - ing, Love the place where
 Fa - ther, round Thy foot - stool bend - ing, May our souls to



wont - ed feel - ing, Come, no long - er roam, Come, no long - er roam.
 God de - scen - ding Calls the spir - it home, Calls the spir - it home.
 heaven ascend - ing, Find in Thee their home, Find in Thee their home.

COME SEEK THE BOWER

Duet

Spiritoso

LOWELL MASON



1. Come seek the bower, the ro - sy bow'r, I love its cool re - treat; The
 2. Ye youths and maid-ens, join the song, I love a cheer-ful glee; The



sun is high and great his power, And wea - ry are our feet.
 ech - oes shall our notes pro - long, Then come and sing with me.

Solo



Then Ed - ward and Em - ma, and Jo - seph and Sa - rah, And



Kit - ty, the beau - ti - ful maid, And Wil - liam and Ma - ry, and



Rob - ert and El - len, And Rich - ard, the call o - beyed.

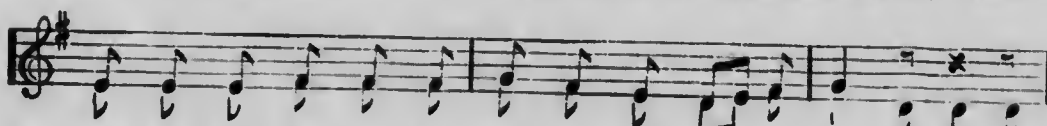
Chorus



Then Ed - ward and Em - ma, and Jo - seph and Sa - rah, And



Kit - ty, the beau - ti - ful maid, And Wil - liam and Ma - ry, and

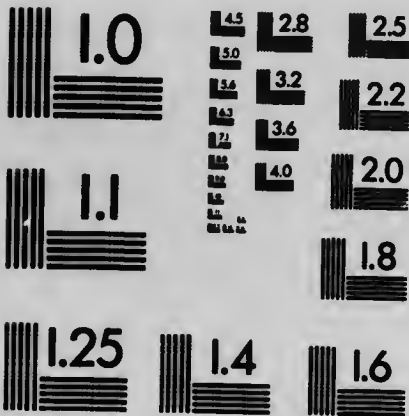


Rob - ert and El - len, And Rich - ard, the call o - beyed, The call o -



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f The call o - beyed, The call o - beyed.
 beyed, The call o - beyed. They
 sought the bow'r, the ro - sy bow'r, And sat in the pleas - ant
 shade, They sought the bow'r, the rosy bow'r, And sat in the pleas - ant shade.

COME OUT

SOLO

GERMAN FOLK SONG

1. Come out, the sun-light calls to rove, And breathe the balmy air; Come,
 2. We'll find where mirth and pleasure lie, Then go and seek them there; The
 wan - der thro' the leaf - y grove And by the stream-let fair.
 eve - nings come, the morn - ings fly, All pleas - ure fades in air.

CHORUS

Then care, be-gone! and grief, a-way! The laughing heav'ns are blue. Of
 joy shall ev - er be my lay, To love and vir - tue true.

NOW SUMMER'S LIGHT UNCLOSSES

FRIEDRICH HEINRICH HIMMEL

Allegretto

1. Now summer's light un-clos - es Blossoms ten - der, fair and sweet,
2. There in soft fragranee wreathing, Frail and fleet - ing in their stay,

Heav - i - ly droop the ros - es, Beauteous round our wand'ring feet;
Pu - ri - ty fond - ly breath - ing, Soon their bright - ness fades a - way;

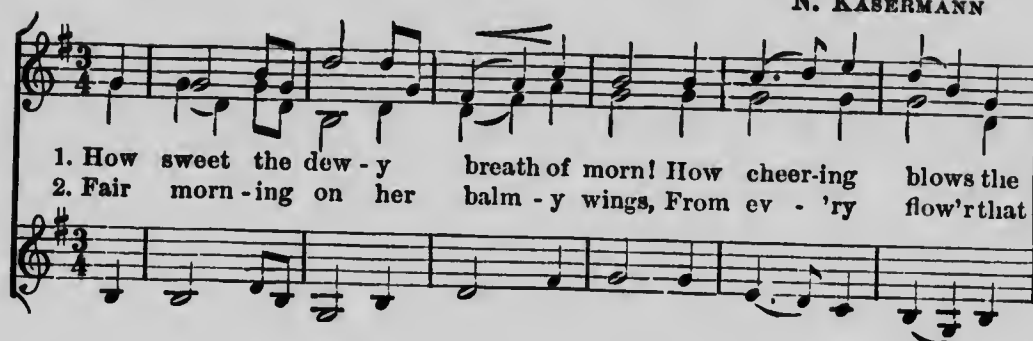
Gai - ly in gar - den blow - ing, In shady grove they rest, they rest, There
Though with ef - fac - ing fing - ers, Decey may sweep their preeious bloom, Yet

f a tempo

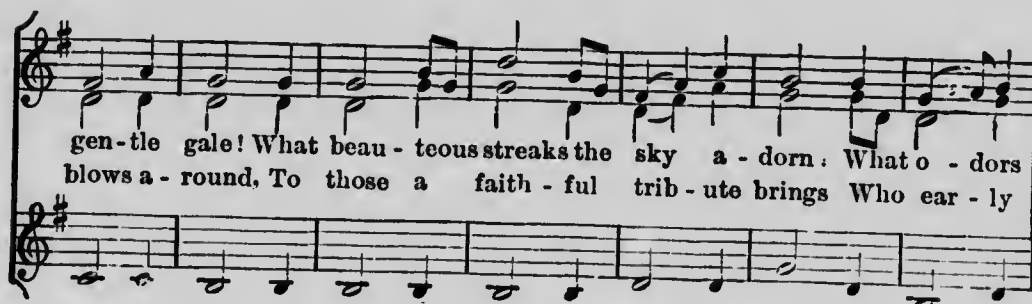
fresh - er charms be - stow - ing, They deck the gen - tle, peace - ful breast.
in the bo - som lin - gers The blessing of their rich per - fume.

HOW SWEET THE DEWY BREATH

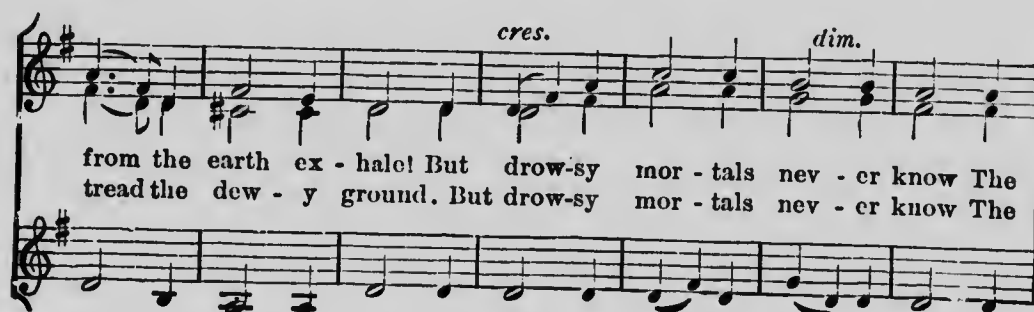
N. KÄSERMANN



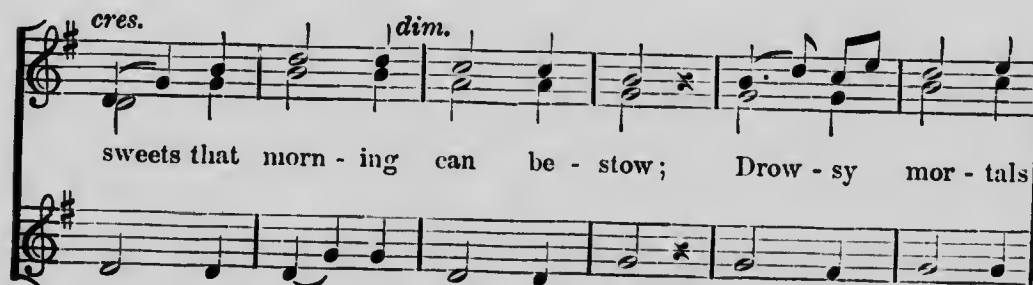
1. How sweet the dew-y breath of morn! How cheer-ing blows the
2. Fair morn-ing on her balm-y wings, From ev-'ry flow'r that



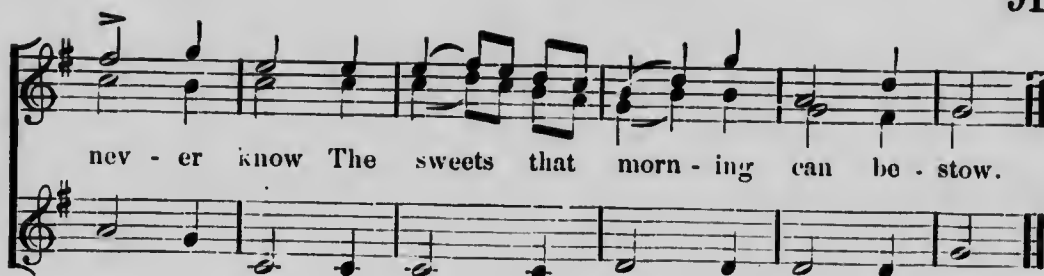
gen-tle gale! What beau-teous streaks the sky a-dorn: What o-dors
blows a-round, To those a faith-ful trib-ute brings Who ear-ly



cres. *dim.*
from the earth ex-hale! But drow-sy mor-tals nev-er know The
tread the dew-y ground. But drow-sy mor-tals nev-er know The

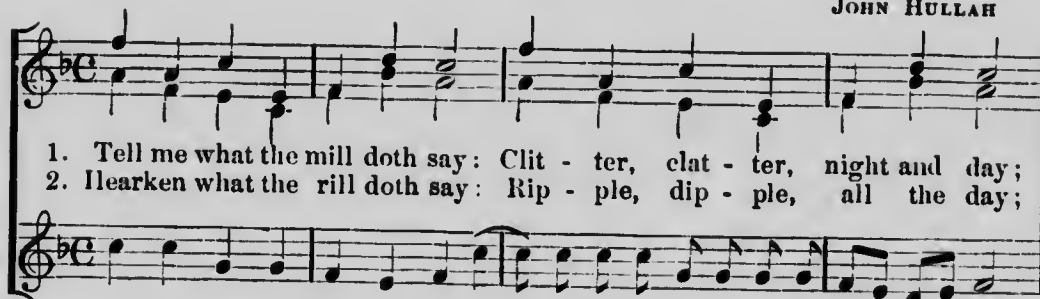


cres. *dim.*
sweets that morn-ing can be-stow; Drow-sy mor-tals

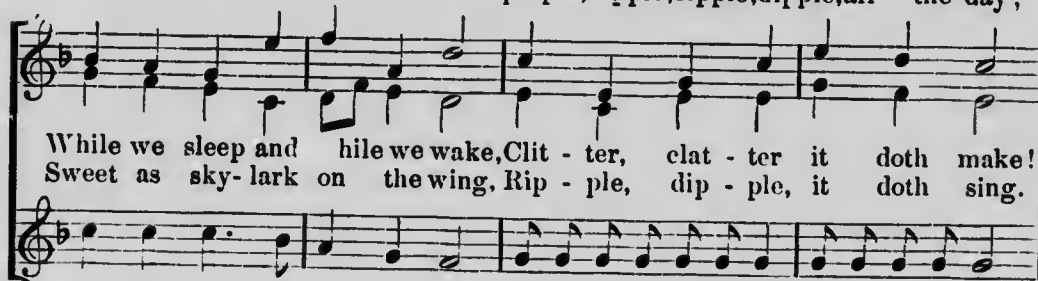


TELL ME

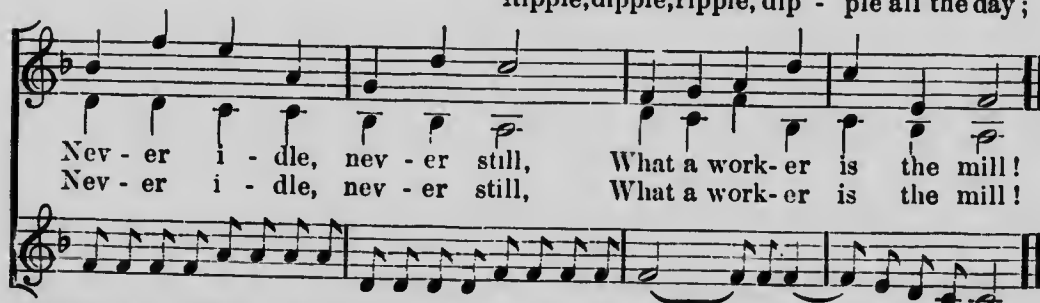
JOHN HULLAH



Clit - ter, clatter, clitter, clatter, night and day;
Rip - ple, dipple, ripple, dipple, all the day;



Clit-ter, clatter, clitter, clat - ter it doth make!
Ripple, dipple, ripple, dip - ple all the day;



Clitter, clatter, clitter, clatter, clitter, clatter, clitter, clatter, What a work - er is the mill!
Ripple, dipple, ripple, dipple, ripple, dipple, ripple, dipple, What a work - er is the mill!

PRAISE THE LORD

Maestoso

GUNLICH

1. Praise the Lord, whose word cre - at - ed And whose glo - ries
 2. Praise the Lord! with joy and glad - ness Let our grateful
 3. Praise the Lord, whose word cre - at - ed And whose goodness

dai - ly shine, Him, who clothes the world in
 mu - sic flow, Let our acts of love and
 still sus - tains, And when life's short day is

beau - ty, And whose good - ness is di - vine. Praise the
 kindness All our paths with mer - cy strew. Praise the
 end - ed, Praise in ev - er - last - ing strains. Praise the

Lord, whose word cre - at - ed And whose glo - ries dai - ly shine.

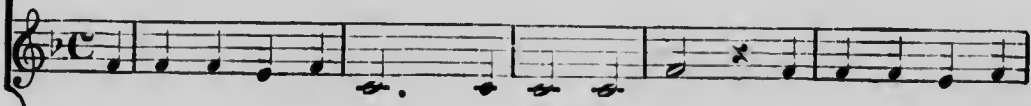
FAREWELL

Moderato

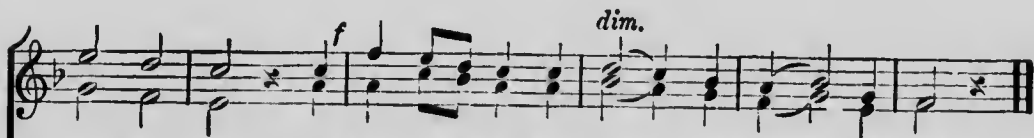
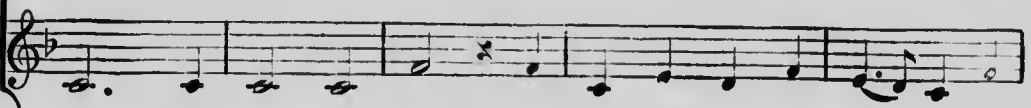
FRIEDRICH SILCHER



1. Farewell the pleasant vio - let scent - ed shade, The primros'd hill and
 1. Farewell the bower with blush - ing ros - es gay, Farewell the fragrant
 2. Of these no more; now round the lone - ly farms, Where joc - und plenty



dai - sy man - tled mead, The fur - row'd land with spring - ing
 clo - ver pur - pled field, Fare - well the walk through rows of
 deigns to fix her seat, Th' au - tum - nal land - scape op'n - ing



corn ar - ray'd, The sun - ny wall with bloom - ing branch - es spread.
 new-mown hay, Where eve n - ing breez - es min - gled o - dors yield.
 all its charms, De - clares kind Na - ture's an - nual work complete.



TWO LITTLE CHAFERS

TRUMP

Spiritoso

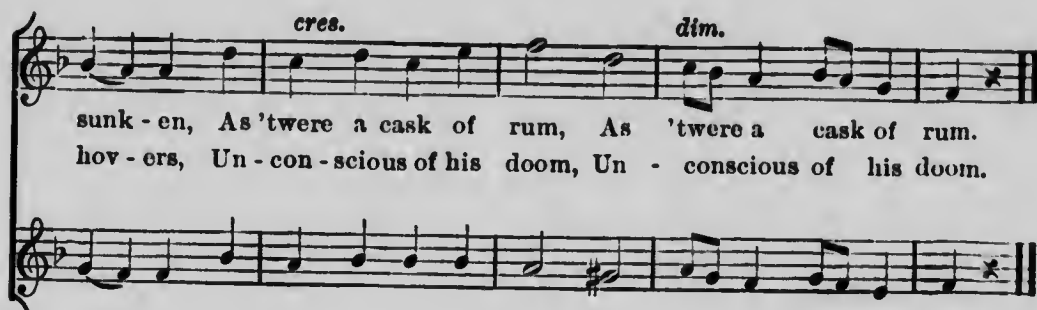
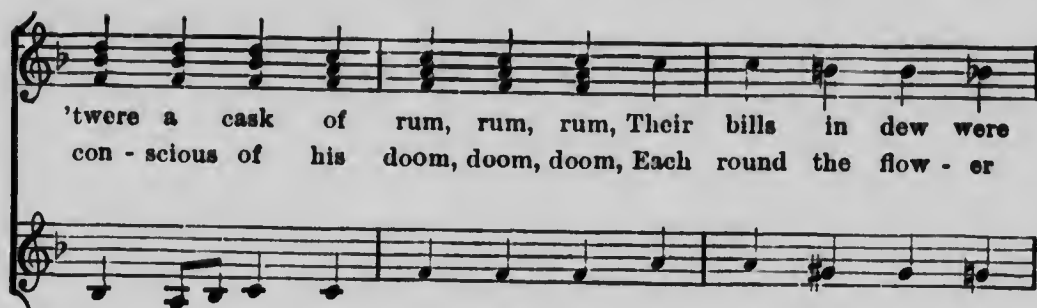
1. Two lit-tle cha-fers once there were,..... That buzz'd a-bout with
 2. A lit-tle flow-er then they saw,..... And dew was on its

p

brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum,
 bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom,

brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum,
 bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom,
 Their bliss in dew were sunk - en, Un - til they were quite
 Our cha - fers then were lov - ers, Each round the flow - er

brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum,
 bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom, bloom,
 drunk - en, Un - til they were quite drunk - en, As
 hov - . . ers. Each round the flow - er hov - . . ers, Un -



3

The flower heard them as they came,
And fancied not their hum, hum, hum,
'He was a little sinner,—
A web to spin within her, :||
She bade the spider come, come, come,
A web to spin within her,
She bade the spider come,
She bade the spider come.

5

The silly chafers nearer yet,
And fondly humming come, come, come,
Flew in and then lamented,
||: Their folly late repented, :||
When useless 'twas to hum, hum, hum.
Their folly late repented,
When useless 'twas to hum,
When useless 'twas to hum.

4

The cunning spider thither crept,
And plied her little loom, loom, loom,
The strands she deftly plaited,
||: And motionless awaited, :||
As though she might be dumb, dumb,
And motionless awaited, [dumb,
As though she might be dumb,
As though she might be dumb.

6

The little flower laughing said,
Not caring for their gloom, gloom, gloom,
A lesson now I set ye;
||: O swains ye'll never get me, :||
For all your hum and drum, drum, drum,
O swains, ye'll never get me,
For all your hum and drum,
For all your hum and drum.

*Andante***HOME****PAX**

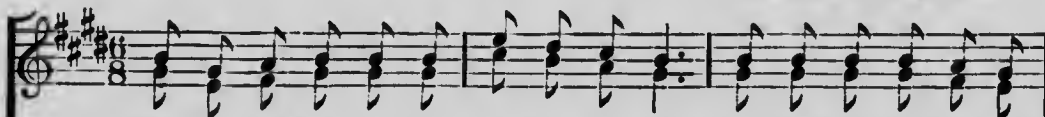
1. Home, home! name how en - dear - ing! Home, home, shrin'd in my breast;
 2. Home, home! dearest of plac - es; Home, home, thee I de - sire;
 3. Home, home! to thee u - nit - ed, Home, home, for thee I yearn;



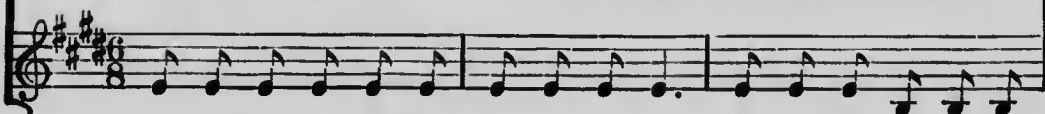
Home, home! to my heart cheering, Bringing sweet visions of rest,
 Home, home! kind were the fac - es That I have met round thy fire,
 Home, home! with thee de-light - ed, Back to thy joys I would turn.



Home, home! home, home! Bringing sweet vis - ions of rest.
 Home, home! sweet home! That I have met round thy fire.
 Home, home! sweet home! Back to thy joys I would turn.

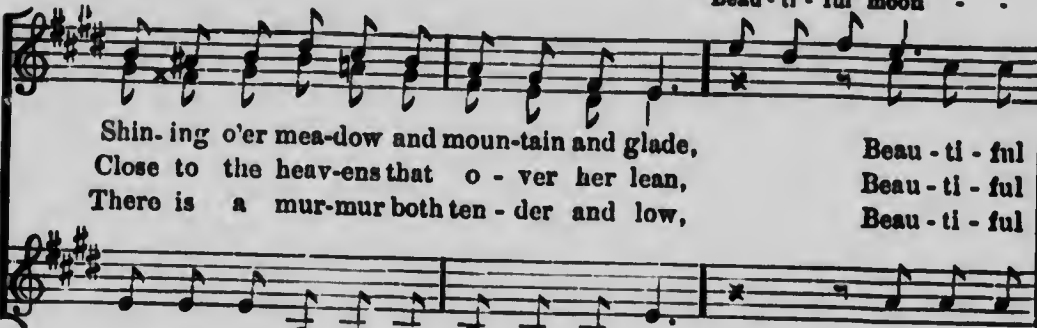
**BATHING THE BROW.****ENGLISH FOLK SONG**

1. Bath-ing the brow of the beau - ti - ful night, Lav-ing her garments with
 2. Thrilling the earth with its lu - mi-nous kiss, Rous-ing her soul to a
 3. Soft as some fan - ci - ful dream of the night, Rip-ples the stream as it



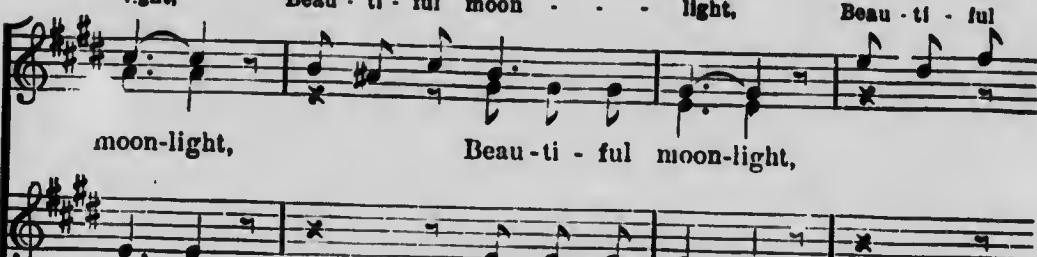


heav - en - ly light, Gild - ing her path-way the love - li - est shade,
 rapt - u - rous bliss, Fold - ing her light in a di - ver - y sheen,
 catch - es the light, And when the leaves have been ting'd with its glow,

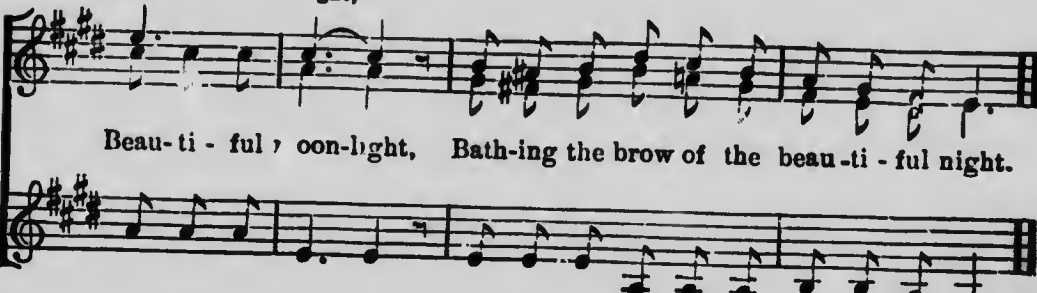


Shin - ing o'er mea-dow and moun-tain and glade,
 Close to the heav-ens that o - ver her lean,
 There is a mur-mur both ten - der and low,

Beau - ti - ful moon . . .
 Beau - ti - ful
 Beau - ti - ful
 Beau - ti - ful



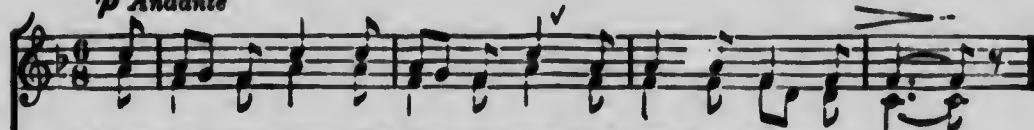
light, Beau - ti - ful moon . . . light, Beau - ti - ful
 moon-light, Beau - ti - ful moon-light,



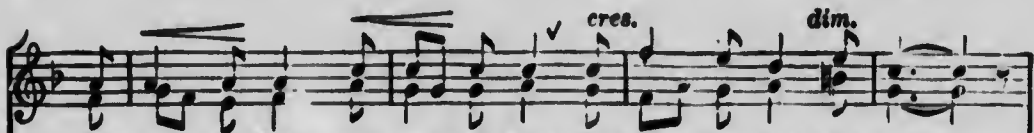
moon . . . light,
 Beau - ti - ful moon-light, Bath-ing the brow of the beau - ti - ful night.

SLEEP BABY SLEEP

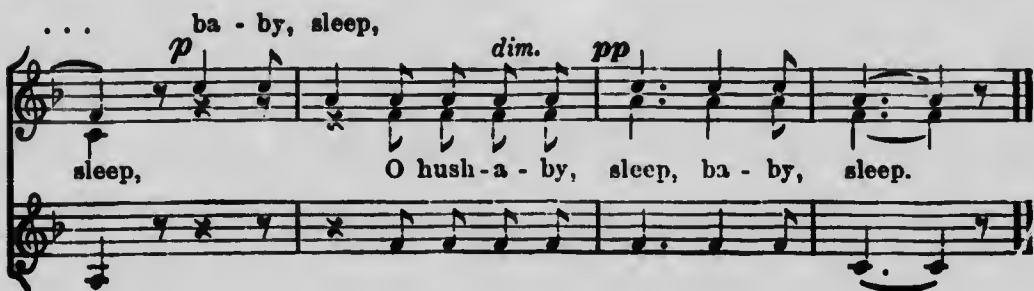
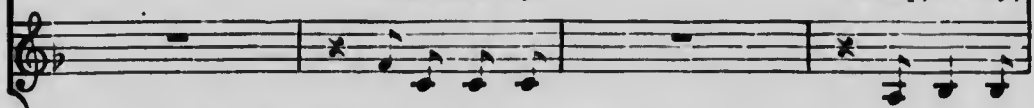
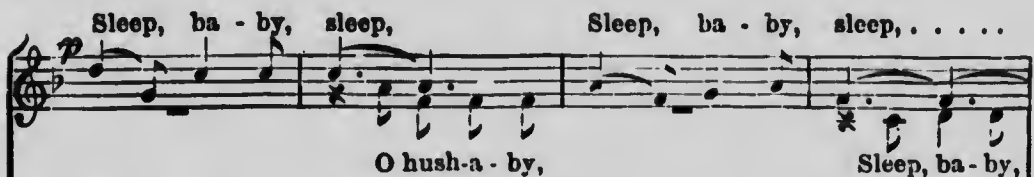
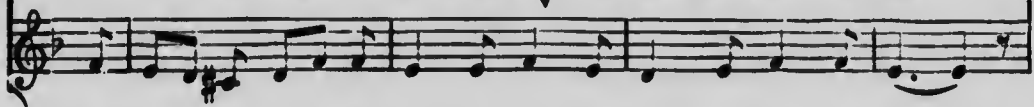
CHARLES E. WHITING

p Andante

1. Sleep, ba - by, sleep; the day is done, The sun has gone to rest,
2. The wind doth sing a lull - ing song A - mong the tree - tops high,
3. The daisies bright have shut their eyes, So, ba - by, go to sleep,
4. Sleep, ba - by, sleep; the night is still, At rest we all should be,

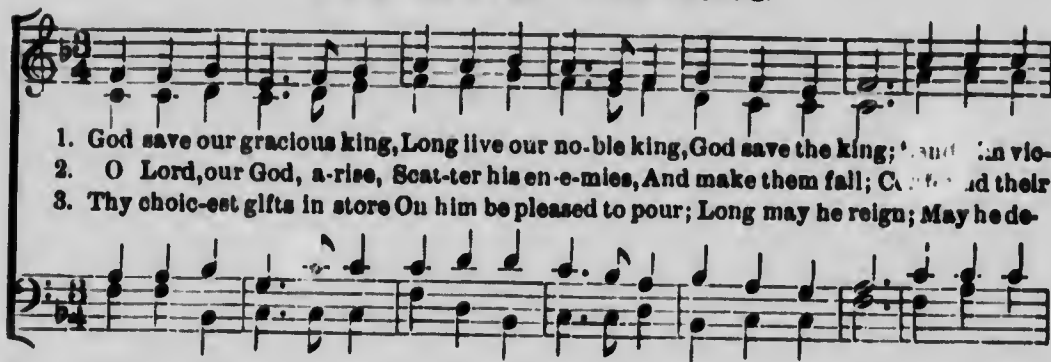


The but - ter - flies fold up their wings, The song - bird seeks its nest.
 The riv - er murmurs as it flows A gen - tle lull - a - by.
 The stars are peeping from the skies, All night their watch to keep.
 Un - til the cock - crow wakes us up The sun a - gain to see.

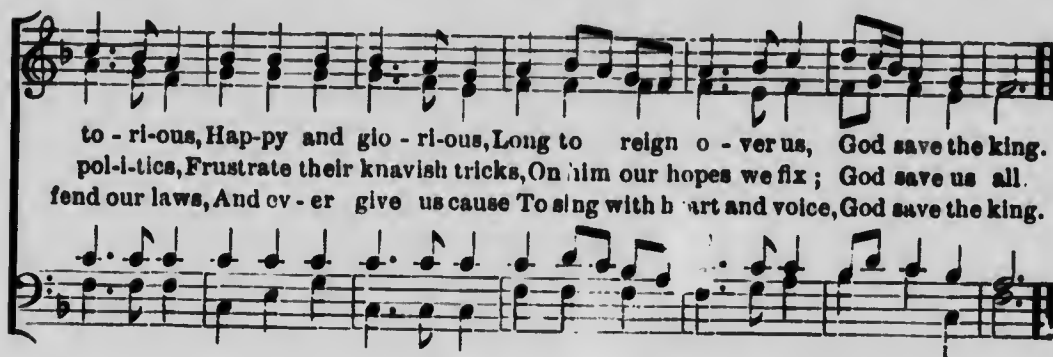


ASSEMBLY SELECTIONS

GOD SAVE THE KING



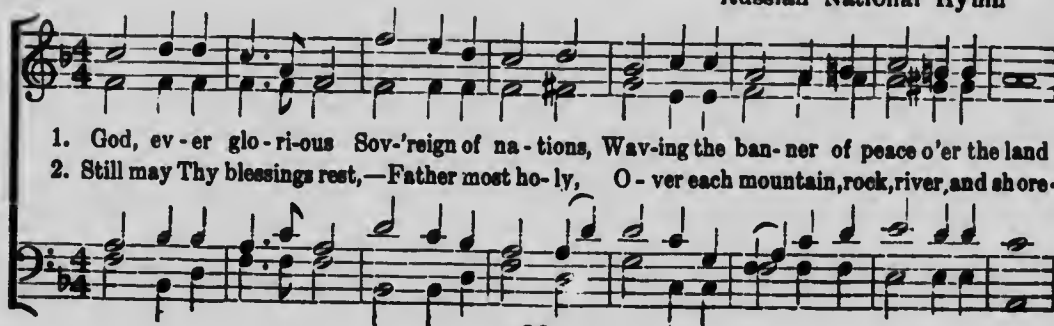
1. God save our gracious king, Long live our no-ble king, God save the king; And in vic-
2. O Lord, our God, a-rise, Scat-ter his en-e-mies, And make them fall; Cap-ture and their
3. Thy choic-est gifts in store On him be pleased to pour; Long may he reign; May he de-



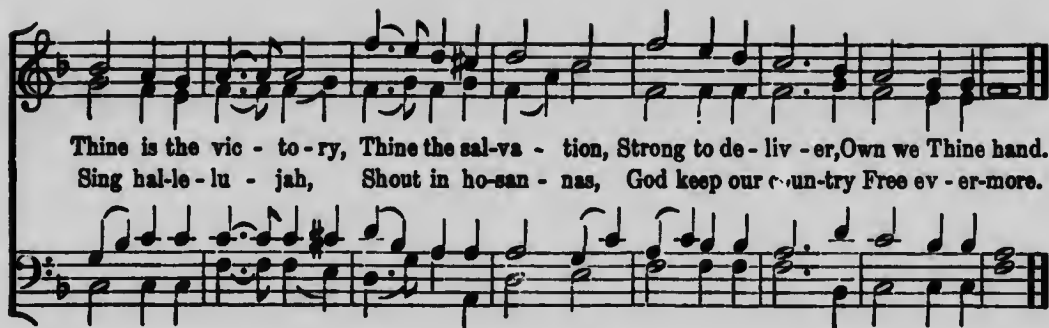
to - ri-ous, Hap-py and glo - ri-ous, Long to reign o - ver us, God save the king.
pol-i-tics, Frustrate their knavish tricks, On him our hopes we fix; God save us all.
fend our laws, And ev - er give us cause To sing with heart and voice, God save the king.

GOD EVER GLORIOUS

Russian National Hymn

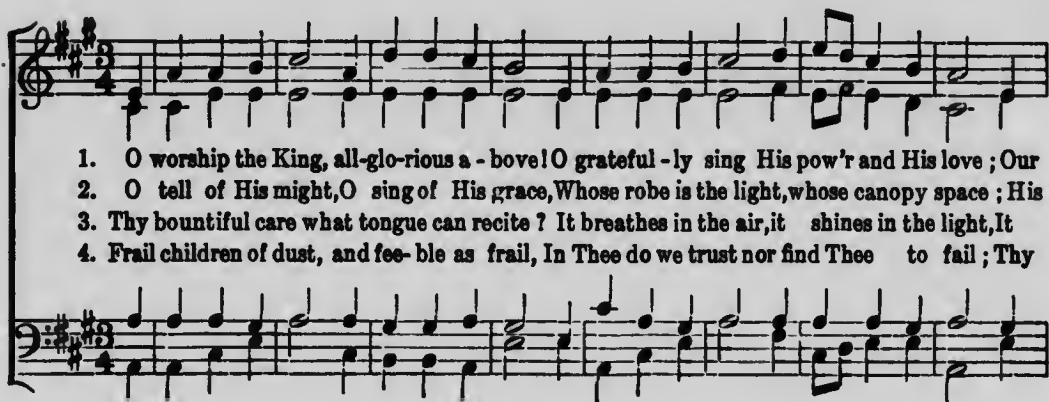


1. God, ev - er glo - ri-ous Sov'-reign of na - tions, Wav-ing the ban-ner of peace o'er the land
2. Still may Thy blessings rest, — Father most ho - ly, O - ver each mountain, rock, river, and shore.

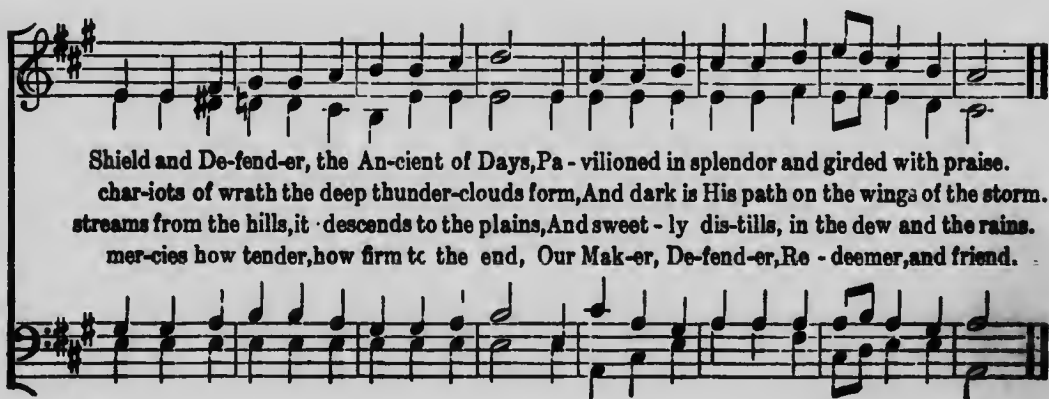


Thine is the vic - to - ry, Thine the sal - va - tion, Strong to de - liv - er, Own we Thine hand.
Sing hal - le - lu - jah, Shout in ho - san - nas, God keep our coun - try Free ev - er - more.

O WORSHIP THE KING



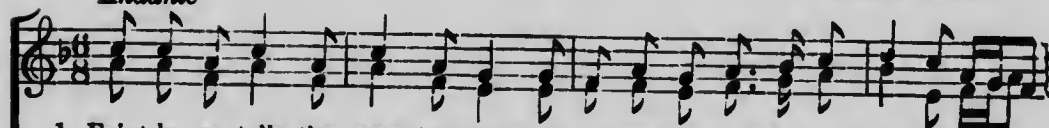
1. O worship the King, all-glo - rious a - bove! O grateful - ly sing His pow'r and His love ; Our
2. O tell of His might, O sing of His grace, Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space ; His
3. Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite ? It breathes in the air, it shines in the light, It
4. Frail children of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we trust nor find Thee to fail ; Thy



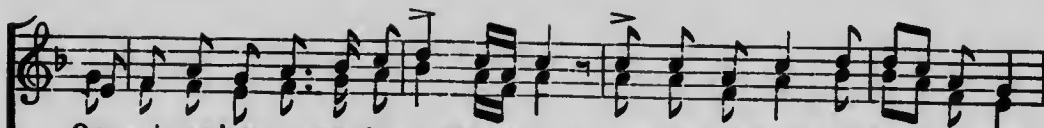
Shield and De - fend - er, the An - cient of Days, Pa - vilioned in splendor and girded with praise.
char - iots of wrath the deep thunder - clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
streams from the hills, it descends to the plains, And sweet - ly dis - tills, in the dew and the rains.
mer - cies how tender, how firm to the end, Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and friend.

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG

THOMAS MOORE

Andante

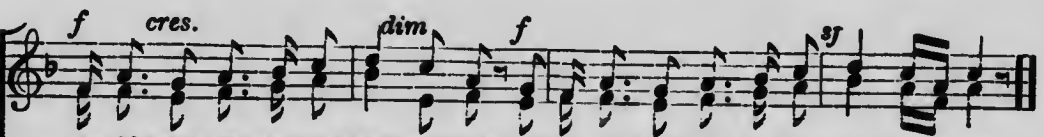
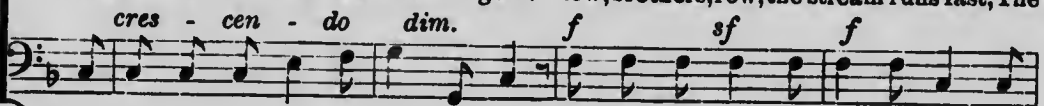
1. Faint-ly as tolls the eve-ning chime, Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time,
2. Why should we yet our sail un-furl? There is not a breath the blue waves to curl,
3. Ot - ta - wa tide! This trembling moon Shall see us float o - ver thy sur - ges soon,



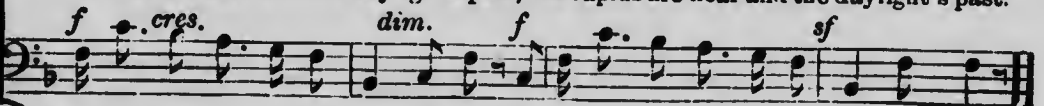
Our voi - ces keep tune and our oars keep time, Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
There is not a breath the blue waves to curl, But when the wind blows off the shore,
Shall see us float o - ver thy sur - ges soon. Saint of this green isle, hear our pray'r,



We'll sing at St. Ann's our part-ing hymn. Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The
Oh, sweet-ly we'll rest our wea - ry oar. Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The
Oh, grant us cool heav'n's and fav'ring air. Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The



ra-pids are near and the daylight's past, The rapids are near and the daylight's past.



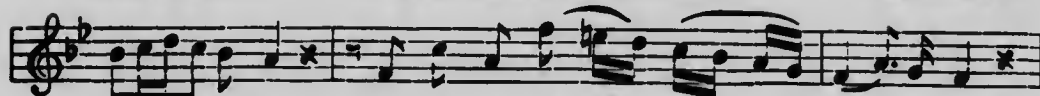
RULE, BRITANNIA

J. THOMSON

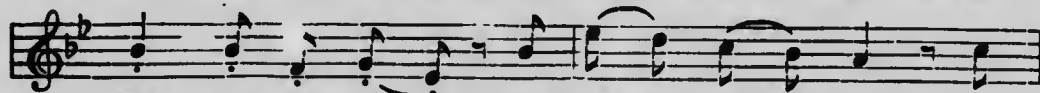
Dr. ARNE



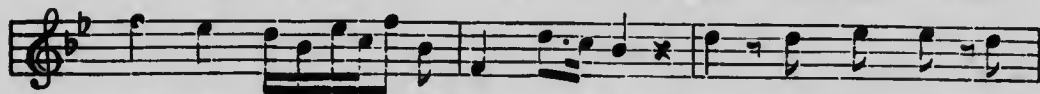
- 1 When Britain first . . at Heav'n's command, A-rose from out the
 2. The nations not . . so bless'd as thee Must In their turns to
 3. Still more ma-jes - tic shalt thou rise, More dread - - ful from each
 4. Thee, haughty ty - rants ne'er shall tame; All their attempts to



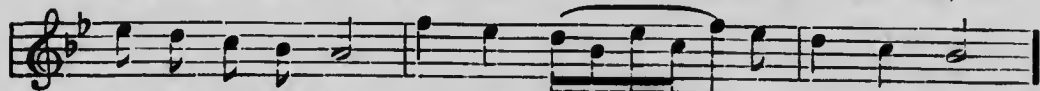
az - ure main, A - rose, a - rose from out the az - ure main,
 ty - rants fall, Must in their turns, their turns to ty - rants fall;
 for - eign stroke, More dreadful, dread-ful from each for - eign stroke;
 hurl thee down, All their at-tempts, at - tempts to hurl thee down,



This was the char - ter, the char - ter of the land. And
 While thou shalt flour - ish, shalt flou - rish, great and free, The
 As the loud blast that, blast that tears the skies, Serves
 Will but a - rouse, a - rouse thy gen - 'rous flame, And

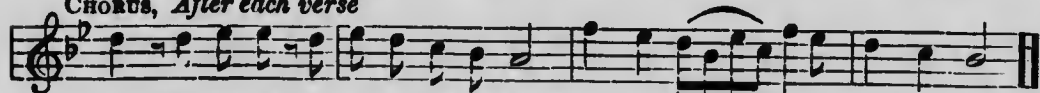


guar - dian An - gels sung the strain: Rule, Bri - tan - nia, Bri -
 dread and en - vy of them all. Rule, Bri - tan - nia, Bri -
 but to root thy na - tive oak. Rule, Bri - tan - nia, Bri -
 work their woe and thy re - nown. Rule, Bri - tan - nia, Bri -



tan - nia rule the waves; Bri - tons nev - - er shall be slaves.

CHORUS, After each verse



Rule, Bri-tan-nia, Bri-tan-nia rule the waves; Bri-tons nev - er shall be slaves.

5 To thee belongs the rural reign,

||: Thy cities shall with commerce shine; :||

All thine shall be the subject main,

And ev'ry shore encircles thine Cho.

6 The muses still, with freedom crown'd,

||: Shall to thy happy coasts repair; :||

Blest Isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,

And manly hearts to guard the fair. Cho

THE MARSEILLAISE

Arranged by
FRANCOIS GUERIN

Words and Music by
ROUGET DE L'ISLE

The first line may be played as a prelude.

1. Ye sons of France, a-wake to glo - ry, Hark, hark, what myr-iads bid you rise.
 2. Now, now, the dan-gerous storm is roll - ing, Which treacherous kings con-feder-ate raise;
 3. With lux-u-ry and pride sur-rounded, The vile in -sa-tiate des-pots dare,

Your chil-dren, wife and grandsires ho-a-ry, Behold their tears and hear their cries,
 The dogs of war, let loose are howl-ing, And lo! our walls and ci - ties blaze,
 Their thirst of gold and power un-bounded, To mete and vend the light and air,

Be-hold their tears and hear their cries; Shall hateful ty-rants mis-chief-
 And lo! our walls and ci - ties blaze. And shall we base-ly view the
 To mete and vend the light and air Like beasts of bur- den would they

breeding, With hire-lag host, a ruf - fian-band, Af-fright and des-o-late the
 ruin, While lawless force with guilt-y stride, Spreads des-o - la-tion far and
 load us Like Gods, would bid their slaves a - dore; But man is man and who is

land, While peace and lib-er-ty lie bleeding? To arms, . . to arms, ye brave,
 wide, With crime and blood his hands embru-ing. To arms, . . to arms, ye brave,
 more, Then shall they longer lash and goad us? To arms, . . to arms, ye brave,

Th'a - veng - ing sword un-sheath! March on! March on!

sf

All hearts re-solved On vic - to-ry or death. March on! march

sf *f*

sf

on! All hearts re-solved On vic - to-ry or death!

sf

4 O Liberty! can Man resign thee?
 Once having felt thy gen'rous flame,
 Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine
 thee?
 ||: Or whips thy noble spirit tame? :||
 Too long the world has wept bewailing
 That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
 But freedom is our sword and shield,
 And all their arts are unavailing.
 To arms, etc.

5 May patriot love and friends' lowing
 Still be the aim to which we aspire.
 May each spirit ever be lighted
 ||: With the flame they both can inspire.:||
 All may be won; be but united,
 Our foes we will crush 'neath our feet;
 No more then Frenchmen will repeat
 That dread cry which hath our land
 affrighted!
 To arms, etc.

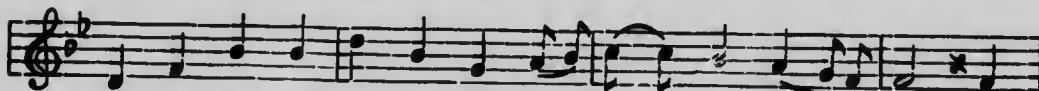
THE MAPLE LEAF FOR EVER

Con spirito

ALEXANDER MUIR



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



plant-ed firm Bri - tan-nia's flag, On Ca - na-da's fair do-main; Here
 free-dom, homes, and loved ones dear, Firm-ly stood and no - bly died; And



may it wave our boast and pride, And join in love to-geth-er, The
 those dear rights which they maintained, We swear to yeld them nev-er, Our

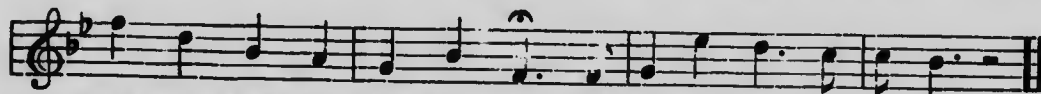


This - tle, Sham-rock, Rose en - twine, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er.
 watch-word ev - er more shall be, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er.

CHORUS



The Ma - ple Leaf our em-blem dear, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev-er, God



save our King and Hea - ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev - er.

- 3 Our fair Dominion now extends
 From Cape Race to Nootka Sound,
 May peace for ever be our lot,
 And plenteous store abound,
 And may those ties of love be ours,
 Which discord cannot sever,
 And flourish green o'er Freedom's home,
 The Maple Leaf for ever.

- 4 On Merry England's far-famed land
 May kind Heaven sweetly smile,
 God bless Old Scotland ever more,
 And Ireland's Emerald Isle;
 Then swell the song both loud and long,
 Till rocks and forest quiver,
 God save our King and Heaven bless
 The Maple Leaf for ever.

"BRITANNIA, THE PRIDE OF THE OCEAN"

HENRY RUSSELL

The first four measures may be played as a prelude

1. Bri-tan-nia, the pride of the o-cean, The land of the brave and the free, The
2. When war with its wide des-o-la-tion, Now threatened the land to de-form, The

mf *fz* *fz*

- shrine of the sailor's de-votion, There's none can com-pare un-to thee! Thy
ark then of free-dom's foun-da-tion, Bri-tan-nia, rode safe thro' the storm; With her

fz

- man-dates make he-roes as-sem-ble, With the garlands of glo-ry in view, Thy
lau-rels of vic-to-ry round her, When so no-bly she bore her brave crew, With her

ban-ners make ty-ran - ny trem-ble, When . borne by the Red, White and Blue! When
 flag float-ing proud - ly be-fore her, The . boast of the Red, White and Blue! The

borne by the Red, White and Blue! When borne by the Red, White and Blue! Thy
 boast of the Red, White and Blue! The boast of the Red, White and Blue! With her

ban-ners make ty-ran-ny trem-ble, When . borne by the Red, White and Blue.
 flag floating proud-ly be-fore her, The . . boast of the Red, White and Blue.

A cup of good wine then bring hith-er, And fill it right full to the brim,

mf *fz* *fz*

This system contains the first line of music. The vocal line is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part with chords and moving lines, and a left-hand part with block chords. Dynamics include mezzo-forte (*mf*) and fortissimo (*fz*).

May the glo-ry of Nel-son ne'er with-er, Nor the star of our na-tion grow dim ;

fz

This system contains the second line of music. The vocal line continues with the same melodic flow. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with various textures. A fortissimo (*fz*) dynamic is marked in the piano part.

May the Ser-vi-ce u-ni-ted ne'er sev-er, And both to their col-ours prove true,

fz *fz*

This system contains the third line of music. The vocal line concludes the phrase. The piano accompaniment features more complex chordal textures. Fortissimo (*fz*) dynamics are present in both the vocal and piano parts.

The Ar-my and Na-vy for ev-er ! Three . . cheers for the Red, White, and Blue !

Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue ! Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue !

The Army and Na-vy for ev-er ! Three . . cheers for the Red, White and Blue.

mp *fz* *mp* *f*

cres. *fz* *f* *ff*

f *fz* *ff*

This musical score is for a piece in G major, 2/4 time. It features a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The score is divided into three systems. The first system contains the first two lines of music, with lyrics 'The Ar-my and Na-vy for ev-er ! Three . . cheers for the Red, White, and Blue !'. The second system contains the next two lines, with lyrics 'Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue ! Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue !'. The third system contains the final two lines, with lyrics 'The Army and Na-vy for ev-er ! Three . . cheers for the Red, White and Blue.' and a double bar line. Dynamics include *mp* (mezzo-piano), *fz* (forzando), *f* (forte), *ff* (fortissimo), and *cres.* (crescendo). The piano part features a variety of textures, including chords, arpeggios, and sixteenth-note patterns.

O CANADA! OUR FATHERS' LAND OF OLD

CHANT NATIONAL

The Honorable Judge ROUTHIER
Maestoso e risoluto

C. LEAVALLER
Arr. by Dr. T. B. RICHARDSON

poco rit.

f

a tempo

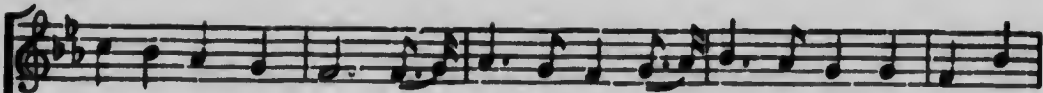
1. O Can-a-da! Our fa-thers' land of old, Thy brow is crown'd with
2. Al-tar and throne command our sa-cred love, And man-kind to us shal!

a tempo

p

- leaves of red and gold. Be-neath the shade of the Ho-ly cross, Thy
ev-er broth-ers prove. O King of Kings, with Thy might-y breath All our

p



chil-dren owe their birth No stains thy glo-rious an-nals gloss Since val-or
sons do thou in-spire. May no cra-ven ter-ror of life or death E'er damp the



shields thy hearth. A-might-y God, On thee we call, De-fend our
pa-triot's fire. Our might-y call Loud-ly shall ring, As in the



rights, fore-fend this na-tion's thrall, De-fend our rights, fore-fend this na-tion's thrall.
days of old, for Christ and the King! As in the days of old, for Christ and the King.

