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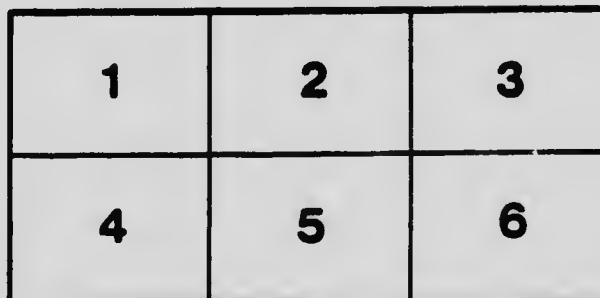
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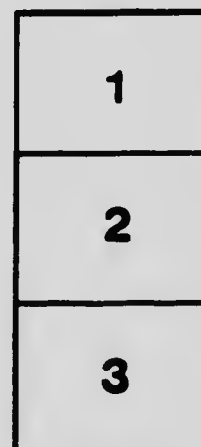
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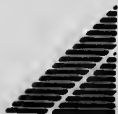
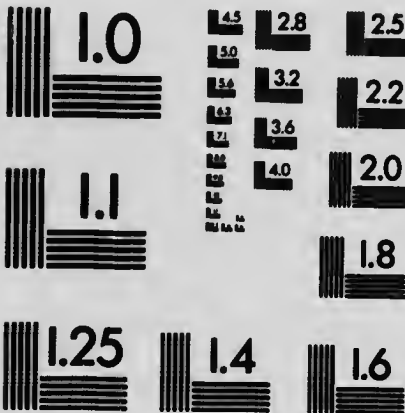
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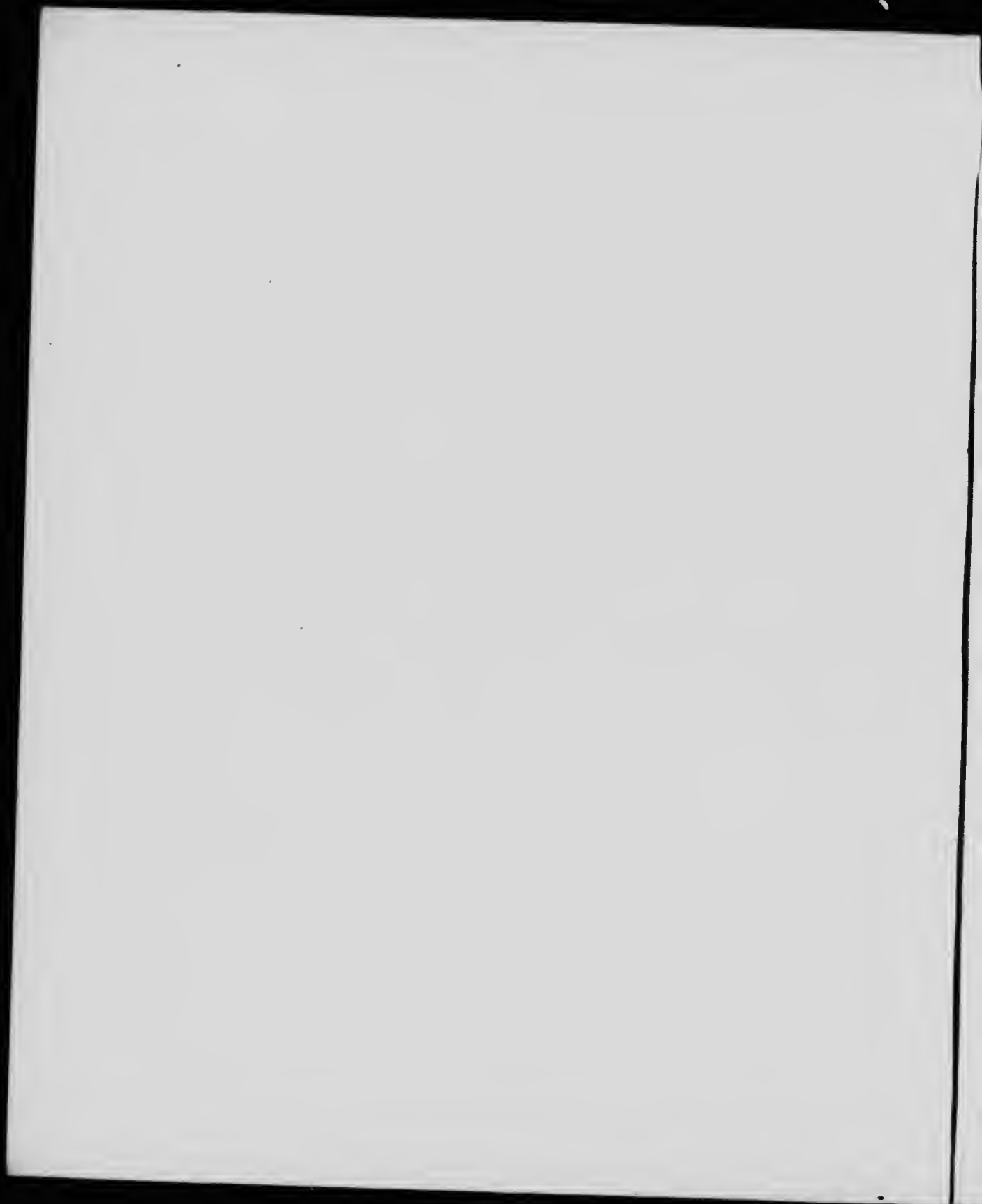
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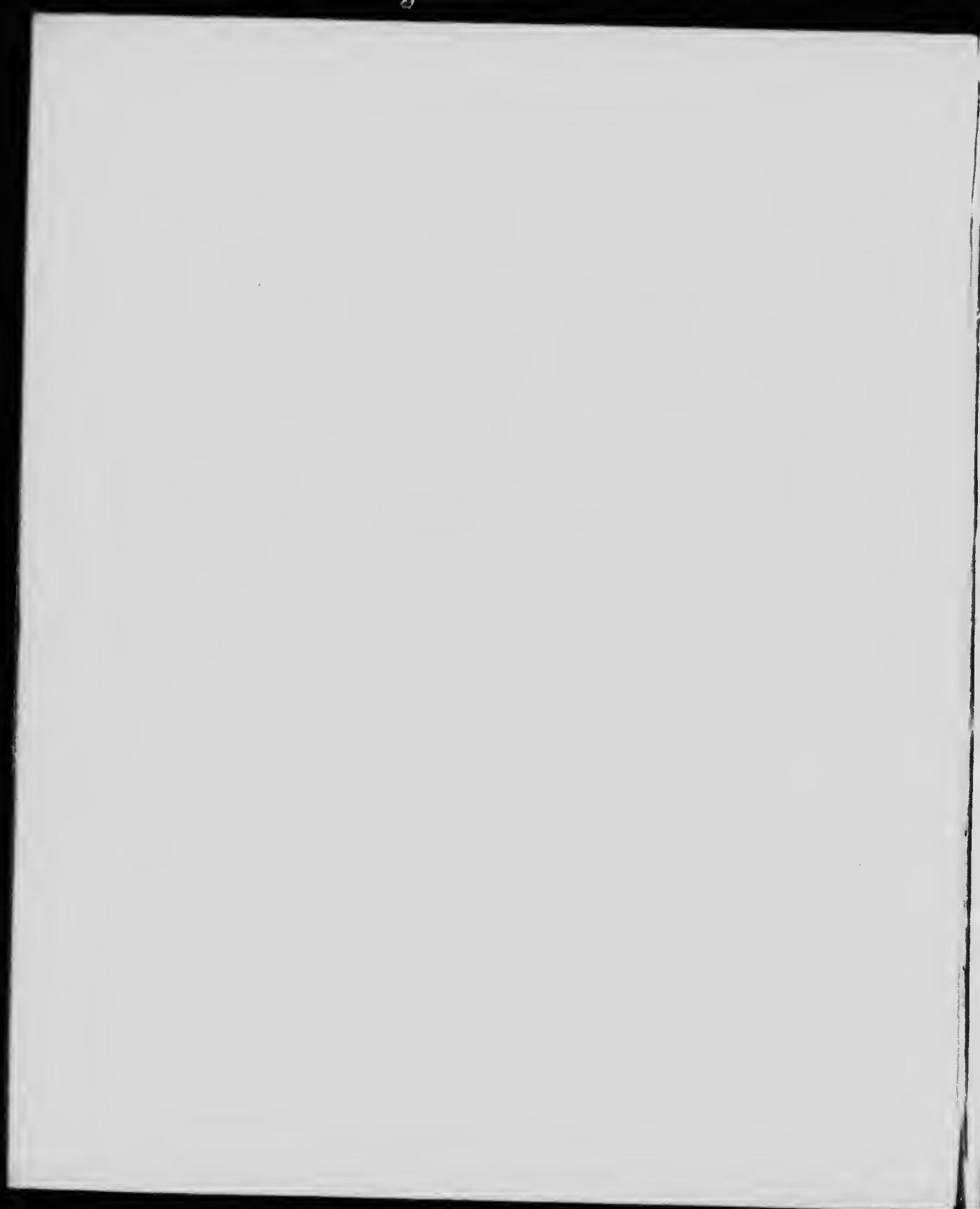


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THE NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC COURSE

BY
CHARLES E. WHITING

Fifth Reader

F CLEF EDITION—FOR BOYS' AND MIXED CLASSES



Authorized for use in the Schools of New Br.

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TORONTO



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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. Springing 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 his 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 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 exercises 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.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
BABY CLOSE THINE EYES.....	W. F. Sudds..... 88
BELLS ARE DAILY TINKLING GAILY.....	Arthur Whiting..... 45
BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND, THE.....	Scotch Folk Song..... 65
BRIGHT MAY MORNING'S COME AGAIN, THE.....	Hohmann..... 46
COLD THE BLAST MAY BLOW.....	German Folk Song..... 76
COME, O MY SOUL.....	Friedrich Ernst Fesca..... 15
COME SILENT EVENING.....	L. de Call..... 50
COME WITH THY LUTE.....	German Folk Song..... 79
FAIR HOPE IS STANDING EVER.....	Franz Schubert..... 60
FAREWELL.....	Friedrich Silcher..... 27
FLOAT ON MY BARK.....	German Folk Song..... 59
FLOWERS, WILD WOOD FLOWERS.....	Lowell Mason..... 57
GATHER YOUR ROSEBUDS.....	English Folk Song..... 33
GENTLE SPRING IS HERE AGAIN.....	Charles Auschl..... 75
GLORIOUS IS JEHOVAH.....	De Monti..... 28
GOLDEN SUN, THE.....	John Hullah..... 24
GOOD NIGHT.....	T. Crampton..... 11
GORSE IS YELLOW, THE.....	John Hullah..... 23
HARK! THE DEEP TONED BELL.....	English Folk Song..... 54
HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS, THE.....	Irish Folk Song..... 9
HOPE TAKES THE SOUL.....	Franz Abt..... 90
HOT-CROSS BUNS.....	English..... 14
HOURS OF EVENING.....	Sicilian Folk Song..... 76
HOW BRIGHT THE GLORIOUS MORNING.....	Charles E. Whiting..... 34
HOW LOVELY ARE THE WOODS.....	Franz Abt..... 37
I COME FROM HAUNTS OF COOT AND IERN.....	John Farmer..... 19
IF I WERE A SUNBEAM.....	German Folk Song..... 82
I KNOW A SWEET VALLEY.....	German Folk Song..... 25
IN MAY-DAY.....	German Folk Song..... 10
IN SOLEMN CALM.....	Charles E. Whiting..... 47
IN THE FOREST GREEN.....	Tyrolean Folk Song..... 85
IN THE TALL ELM TREE.....	German Folk Song..... 26
JANUARY BRINGS THE SNOW.....	Charles E. Whiting..... 35
JOY IS WARBLING.....	Franz Otto..... 67
LORD IS MY SHEPHERD, THE.....	Portuguese Melody..... 98
MAKER OF EARTH.....	Charles E. Whiting..... 49
MID PLEASURES AND PALACES.....	H. R. Bishop..... 41

CONTENTS

	PAGE
NOW THE TWILIGHT HOUR APPROACHES.....	<i>English Folk Song</i> 68
O'ER THE ICE	<i>Charles E. Whiting</i> 80
OH COME, COME AWAY.....	<i>German Folk Song</i> 72
OH COME LET US WORSHIP.....	<i>Charles E. Whiting</i> 30
OH SEE THE LOVELY GOLDEN SUN.....	<i>Albert Gottlieb Methfessel</i> 59
OH THE JOY OF SPRING.	<i>Styrian Folk Song</i> 83
O LADYBIRD LADYBIRD.....	<i>English Folk Song</i> 17
ONCE A BOY A ROSE DID SPY.....	<i>Moritz Hauptmann</i> 43
ON FOOT I GAILY TAKE MY WAY.....	<i>Franz Abt</i> 78
PRETTY VILLAGE MAIDEN.....	<i>Charles François Gounod</i> 39
REJOICE, REJOICE!.....	<i>Charles E. Whiting</i> 70
SHOULD OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT.....	<i>Scotch Folk Song</i> 66
SING, SING FOR THE OAK TREE.....	<i>John Hullah</i> 52
SING PRAISE TO GOD.....	<i>German Folk Song</i> 7
SOLFEGGI.....	51, 62, 83, 86, 89, 91, 93, 97
SWEET SPRING IS RETURNING.....	<i>German Folk Song</i> 42
THERE'S JOY IN THE COTTAGE.....	<i>English Folk Song</i> 21
THERE SHINES ON HIGH.....	<i>English Folk Song</i> 8
THRO' LANES WITH HEDGEROWS PEARLY.....	<i>German Folk Song</i> 55
'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.....	<i>Irish Folk Song</i> 73
TRIP IT LIGHTLY.....	<i>English Folk Song</i> 87
WHEN EVENING DROPS HER SILENT VEIL.....	<i>Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy</i> 12
WHEN NIGHT ON DUSKY PINION.....	<i>Moritz Hauptmann</i> 62
WHEN THE JOYS OF THE SUMMER.....	<i>German Folk Song</i> 92
WHEN WINDS BLOW PURE.....	<i>John Hullah</i> 53
WHILE I AM WANDERING.....	<i>Swabian Folk Song</i> 93
WORK AND BE JOYFUL.....	<i>Charles E. Whiting</i> 63
YE BIRDS HOW HAPPY.....	<i>Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy</i> 95

ASSEMBLY SELECTIONS

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.....	<i>Thomas Moore</i> 101
BRITANNIA, THE PRIDE OF THE OCEAN	<i>Henry Russell</i> 107
GOD EVER GLORIOUS	<i>Russian National Hymn</i> .. 99
GOD SAVE THE KING	99
MAPLE LEAF FOR EVER, THE	<i>Alexander Muir</i> 106
MARSEILLAISE, THE	<i>Rouget de l'Isle</i> 103
O CANADA! OUR FATHERS' LAND OF OLD.....	<i>C. Leavallee</i> 111
O WORSHIP THE KING	100
RULE, BRITANNIA.....	<i>Dr. Arne</i> 102

PART SONGS

SING PRAISE TO GOD

Allegretto

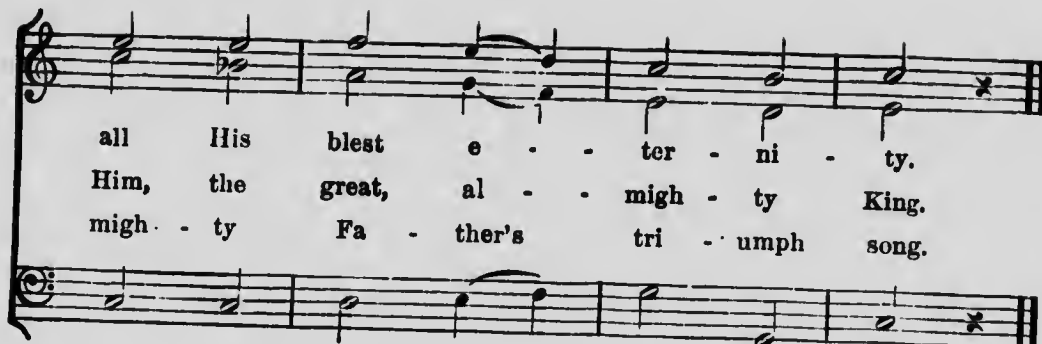
GERMAN FOLK SONG

1. Sing praise to God, The Mak - er and the Giv - er, From
 2. Be - hold yon sun, So bright be - yond ex press - ing; 'Twas
 3. 'Thou heavenly home Which bless - ed souls in - her - it, Where

East to West His praise shall ring for - ev - er; His
 God Who gave That great and glo - rious bless - ing; All
 end - less joy De - lights each hap - py spir - it, Loud

good - ness will'd us to breathe and be, Through all e -
 things that are from His wis - dom spring, The great, al -
 let it roll through the world a - long, The sphere's tri -

ter - ni - ty, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Thro'
 migh - ty King, The great, al - might - y King, From
 ump - hant song, The sphere's tri - ump - hant song, The

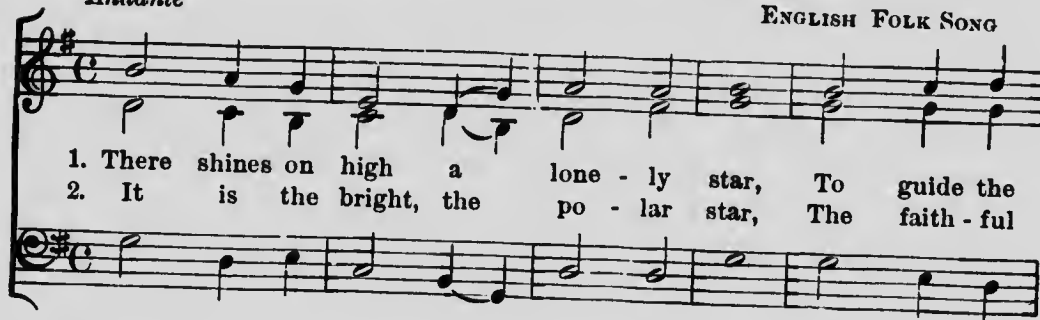


all His blest e - - ter - ni - ty.
Him, the great, al - - migh - ty King.
migh - ty Fa - ther's tri - - umph song.

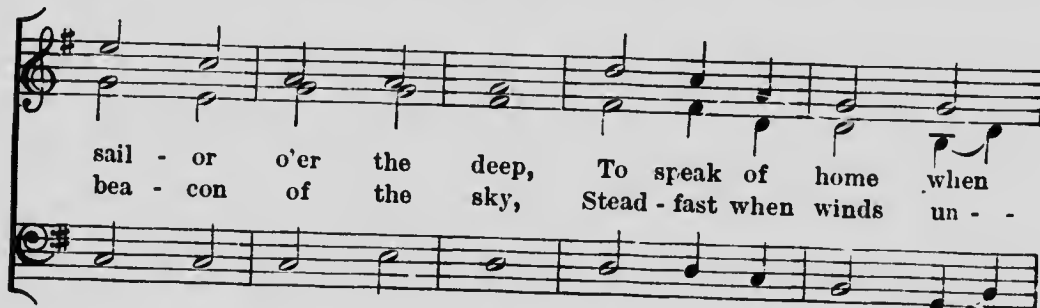
THERE SHINES ON HIGH

Andante

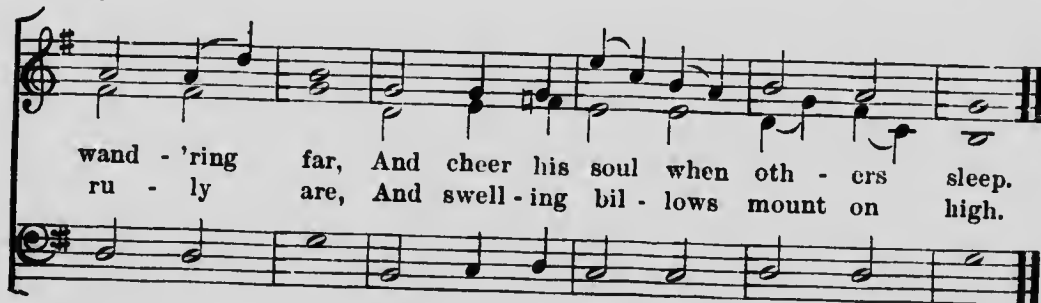
ENGLISH FOLK SONG



1. There shines on high a lone - ly star, To guide the
2. It is the bright, the po - lar star, The faith - ful



sail - or o'er the deep, To speak of home when
bea - con of the sky, Stead - fast when winds un - -

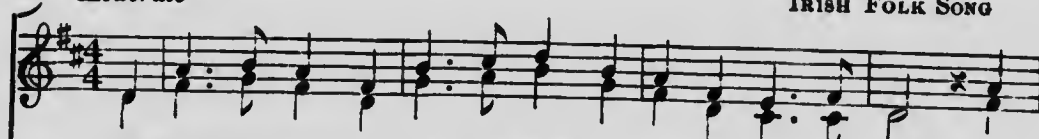


wand - 'ring far, And cheer his soul when oth - ers sleep.
ru - ly are, And swell - ing bil - lows mount on high.

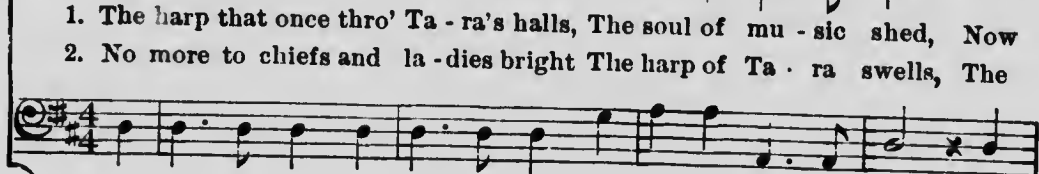
THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS

Moderato

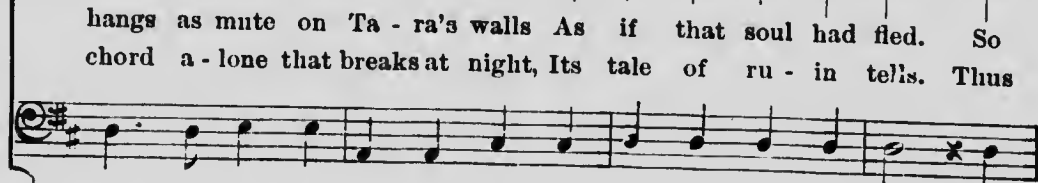
IRISH FOLK SONG



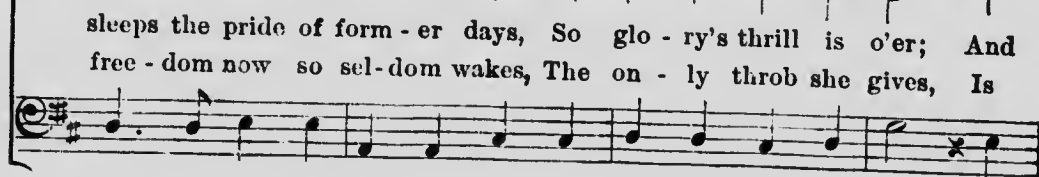
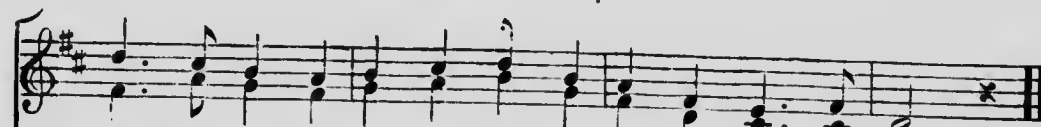
1. The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls, The soul of mu - sic shed, Now
2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra swells, The



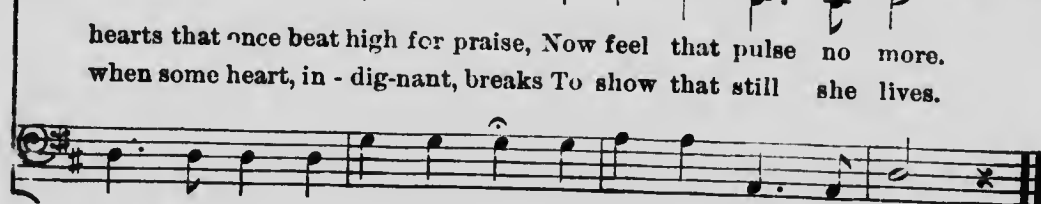

hangs as mute on 'Ta - ra's walls As if that soul had fled. So
chord a - lone that breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells. Thus




sleeps the pride of form - er days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er; And
free - dom now so sel - dom wakes, The on - ly throb she gives, Is

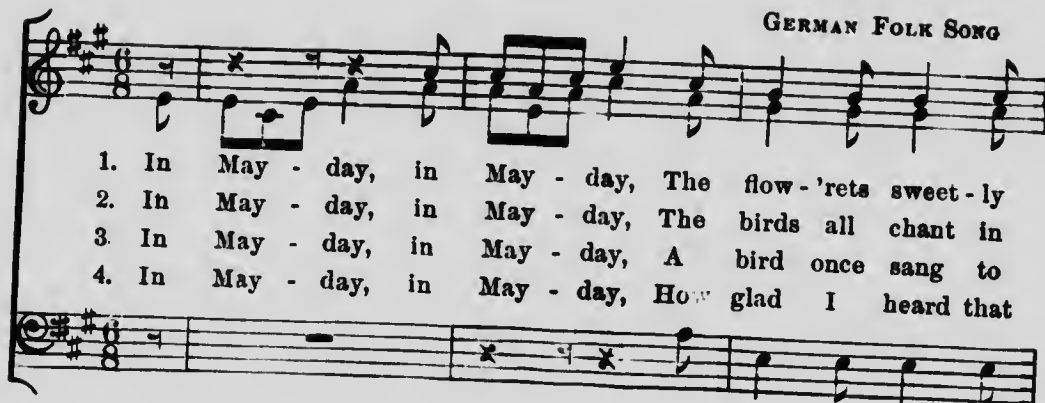



hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.
when some heart, in - dig - nant, breaks To show that still she lives.

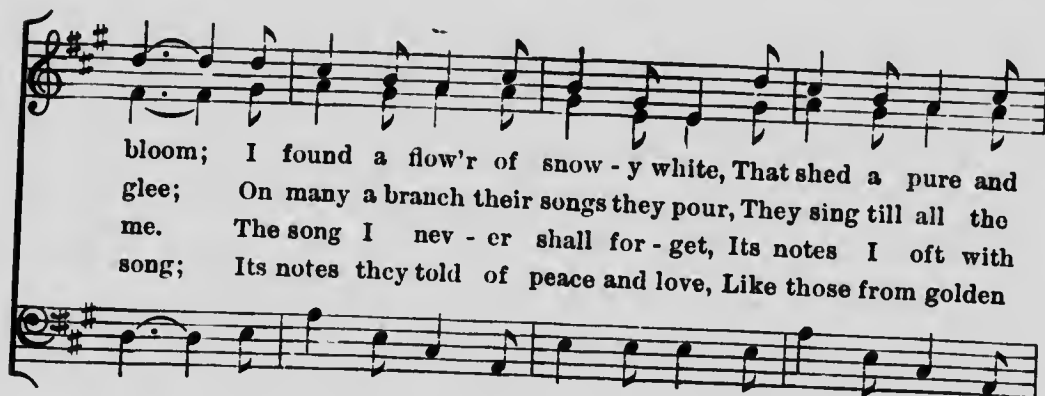


IN MAY-DAY

GERMAN FOLK SONG



1. In May - day, in May - day, The flow - 'rets sweet - ly
 2. In May - day, in May - day, The birds all chant in
 3. In May - day, in May - day, A bird once sang to
 4. In May - day, in May - day, How glad I heard that



bloom; I found a flow'r of snow - y white, That shed a pure and
 glee; On many a branch their songs they pour, They sing till all the
 me. The song I nev - er shall for - get, Its notes I oft with
 song; Its notes they told of peace and love, Like those from golden



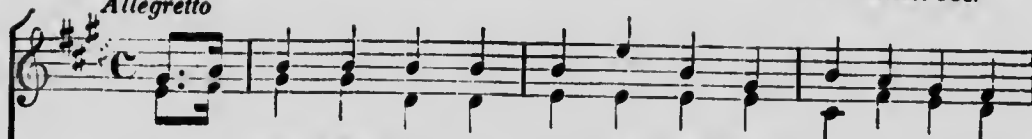
love - ly light, In May - day, in May - day, In glad May - day.
 light is o'er, In May - day, in May - day, In glad May - day.
 smiles re - peat, In May - day, in May - day, In glad May - day.
 harps a - bove, In May - day, in May - day, In glad May - day.

GOOD NIGHT

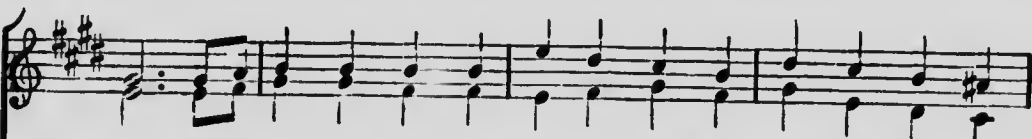
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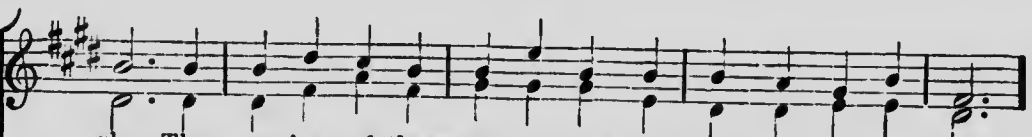
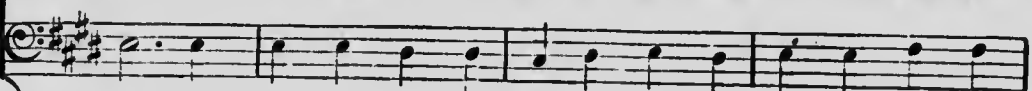
Allegretto



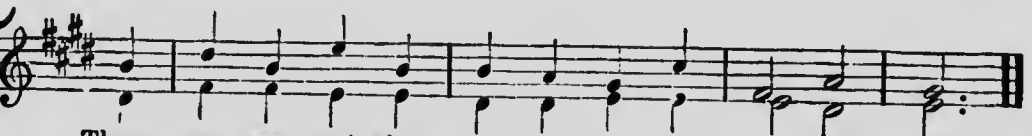
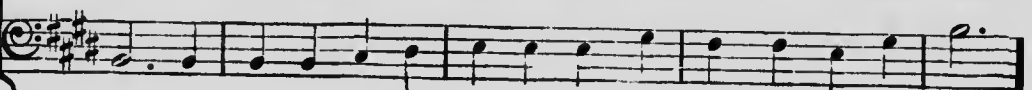
1. O may we ne'er for - get the hours, Wher - ev - er we may
2. We'll ne'er for - get our hap - py school, Wher - ev - er we may
3. 'Tis hard, perchance, to say farewell, And leave this happy



be, Which we have spent a - mid our friends In gladness and in
roam. Though duties far in dis - tant land Shall take us from our
scene, But com - ing la - bors will be cheer'd As true friends we have



glee. The mem'ry of these happy days Shall shine with constant light;
home, O'er ma - ny hours of care and grief Shall mem'ry shed its light;
been, And if we part for ma - ny years With hearts both true and light,



Then ere we part, sing ev - 'ry heart, good night, good night.
Then ere we part, sing ev - 'ry heart, good night, good night.
We part, but hope to meet a - gain, good night, good night.



WHEN EVENING DROPS HER SILENT VEIL

p Allegretto

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY

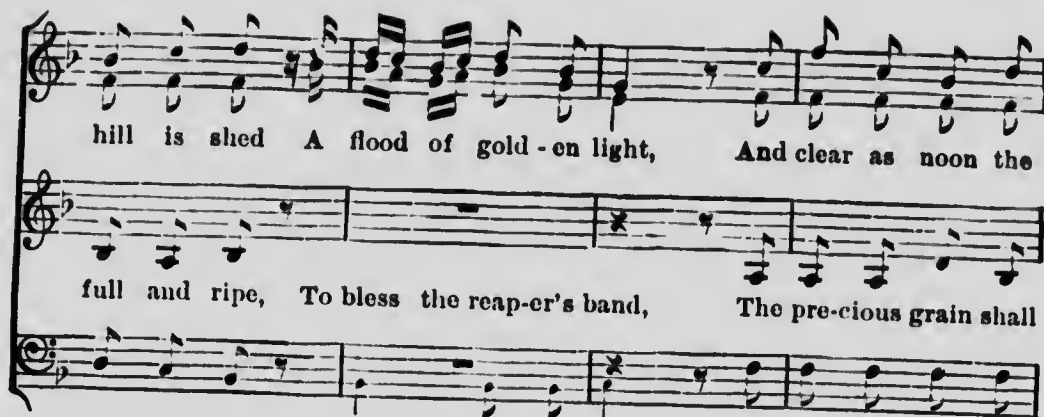
1. When even-ing drops her si - lent veil, And all is hush'd and
2d Alto or Tenor.

2. Three times the har - vest moon shall rise, As we our la - bor

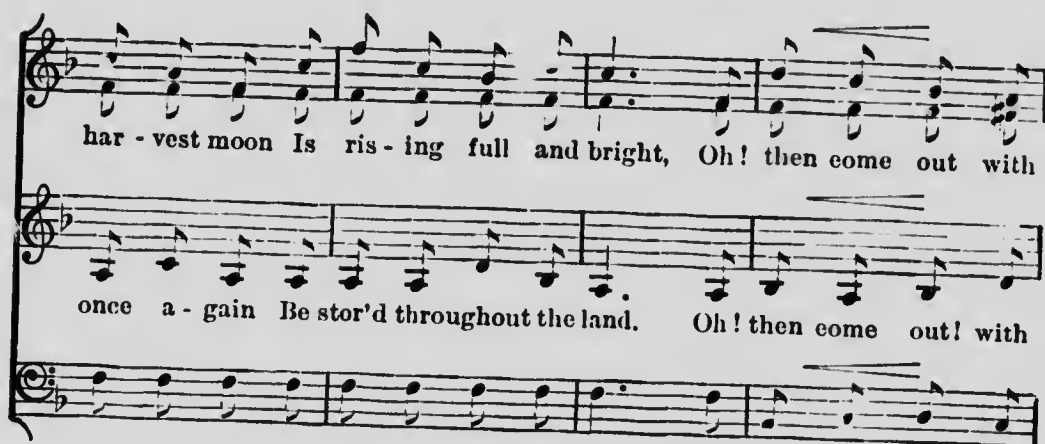
calm, And round the groves of Ber - ken - dale, The air is soft as

leave, Three times twi - light with moon-light vies At this same hour of

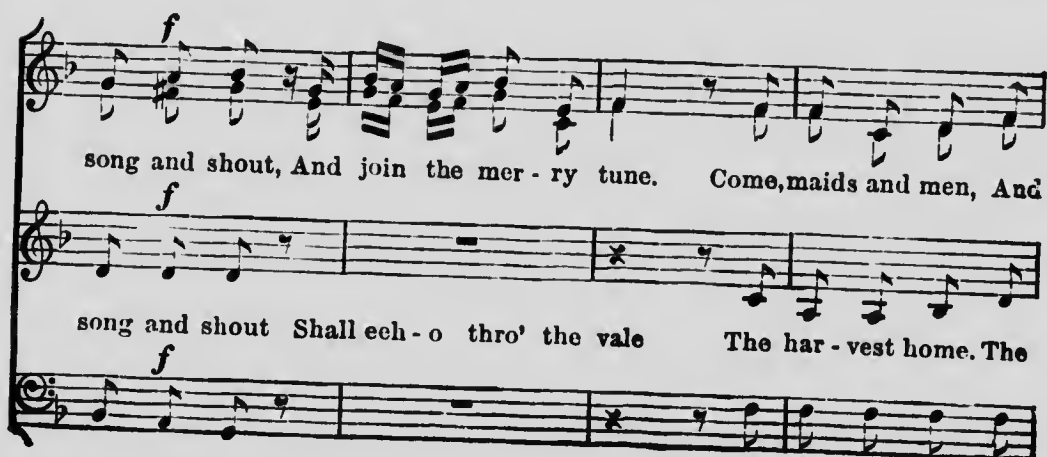
balm, The air is soft as balm; When o'er the dis - tant
eve, At this same hour of eve. The yel - low fields are



hill is shed A flood of gold - en light, And clear as noon the
full and ripe, To bless the reap-er's band, The pre-cious grain shall



har - vest moon Is ris - ing full and bright, Oh! then come out with
once a - gain Be stor'd throughout the land. Oh! then come out! with



f song and shout, And join the mer - ry tune. Come, maids and men, And
f song and shout Shall ech - o thro' the vale The har - vest home. The
f

time,
hail,

blithe - ly then We'll hail the har - vest time. Come,
har - vest home, Shall men and maid - ens hail, The

ff : : : : :
maids and men, And blithe - ly then We'll hail the har - vest time.
ff
har - vest home, the har - vest home, Shall men and maid - ens hail.
ff

HOT-CROSS BUNS

ENGLISH MELODY

1. Hot-cross buns, One a penny buns; One a penny, two a penny, Hot-cross buns.

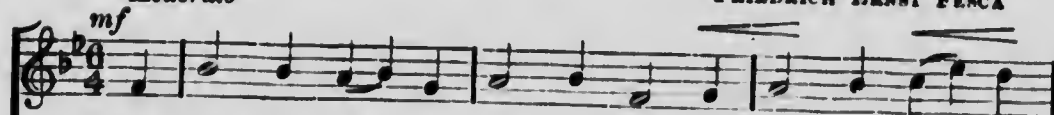
2. Fresh sweet buns, Come and buy my buns, One a penny, two a penny, Fresh sweet buns.

COME O MY SOUL

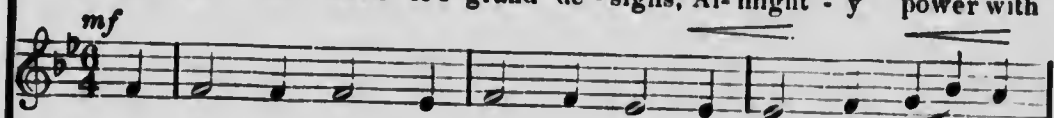
15

Moderato

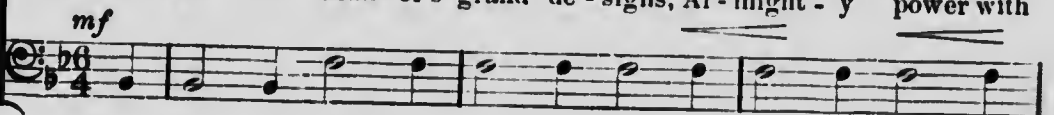
FRIEDRICH ERNST FESCA



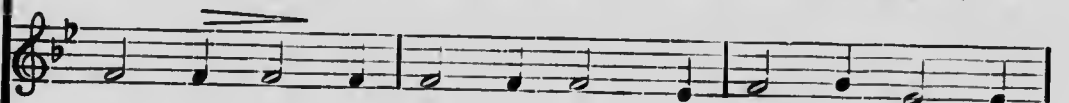
1. Come, O my soul! in sa - cred lays, At - tempt thy great Cre -
2. In all our Mak - er's grand de - signs, Al - might - y power with



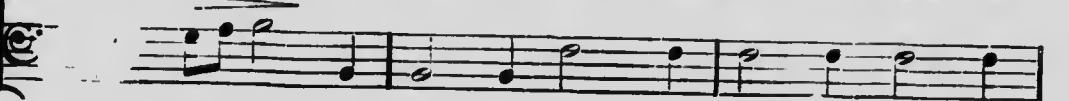
1. Come, O my soul! in sa - cred lays, At - tempt thy great Cre -
2. In all our Mak - er's grand de - signs, Al - might - y power with



a - tor's praise, But oh, what tongue can speak his fame? What
wis - dom shines; His works thro' all this won - drous frame, De -



a - tor's praise, But oh, what tongue can speak his fame? What
wis - dom shines; His works thro' all this won - drous frame, De -



Sor.

1st ALTO.
mor - tal ver - se can reach the theme? Enthron'd a - mid the ra - diant spheres,
2d ALT. OR TEN.

clare the glo - ry of His name. Rais'd on de - vo - tion's loft - y wing,

He glo - ry like a gar - ment wears. To form a robe of

Do thou, my soul, His glo - ries sing; And let His praise em -

light di - vine, Ten thou - sand suns a - round him shine.

ff

play thy tongue, Till list' - ning worlds shall join the song.

ff

O LADYBIRD LADYBIRD

Allegretto

ENGLISH FOLK SONG

1. O la - dy - bird, la - dy - bird, why dost thou roam So
 2. Too soon will you find that your trust is mis - plac'd, When by

far from thy child - ren, so distant from home? Why dost thou, who canst
 some cru - el child you are wan - ton - ly chas'd, And your bright scar - let

re - ve. all day in the air, Who the sweets of the grove and the
 coat all be - spot - ted with black May be torn by his bar - bar - ons

gar - den canst share, In the fold of a leaf who canst form thee a
 hands from your back. Ah! then you'll re - gret you were tempt - ed to

rall.

bow'r, And a pal - ace en - joy in the tube of a flow'r, Ah!
rove From the tall climb - ing hop, or the ha - zel's green grove, And will

rall.

a tempo

why, sim - ple la - dy bird, why dost thou ven - ture The dwell - ings of
fond - ly re - mem - ber each ar - bor and tree, Where late - ly you

a tempo

cres.

man so fa - mi - liar to en - ter? Oh! fly, sim - ple la - dy - bird,
wandered con - tent - ed and free. Oh! fly, sim - ple la - dy - bird,

cres.

rall.

fly a - long home, No more from your nest and your children to roam.

rall.

I COME FROM HAUNTS OF COOT AND HERN

19

ALFRED TENNYSON

JOHN FARMER

pp

1. I come from haunts of coot and hern, I make a sudden sal - ly, And
 2. I chat - ter o - ver sto - ny ways, In lit - tle sharps and tre - bles, I

pp SECOND ALTO OR TENOR.

3. I wind a - bout, and in and out, With here a blos - som sail - ing, And

spark - le out a - mong the fern, To bick - er down a val - ley. By
 bub - ble in - to eddying bays, I bab - ble on the peb - bles. With

here and there a lus - ty trout, And here and there a gray - ling, And

thir - ty hills I hur - ry down, Or slip between the rid - ges, By
 ma - ny a curve my banks I fret By ma - ny a field and fal - low, And

here and there a foam - y flake Up - on me, as I trav - el With

rit. *a tempo*

tween - ty thorps, a lit - tle town, And half a hun - dred bridg - es. Till
ma - ny a fai - ry fore - land set With wil - low - weed and mal - low. I

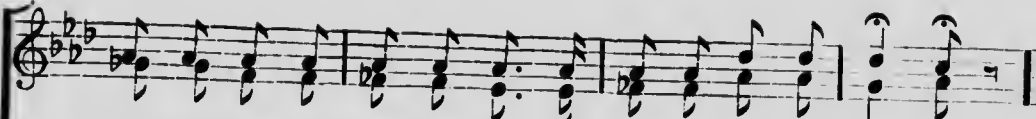
ma - ny a sil - v'ry wa - ter break A - bove the gold - en gra - vel, And

last by Phil - ip's farm I flow To join the brim - ming riv - er, For
chat - ter, ehat - ter, as I flow To join the brim - ming riv - er, For

draw them all a - long, and flow To join the brim - ming riv - er, For

men may come and men may go, But I go on for - ev - er, For
men may come and men may go, But I go on for - ev - er, For

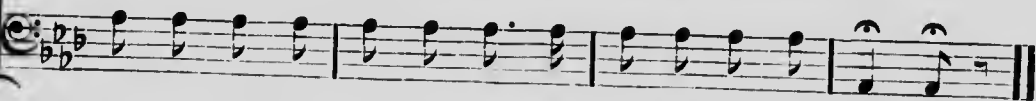
men may come and men may go, But I go on for - ev - er, For



men may come, and men may go, But I go on for - ev - er.
men may come, and men may go, But I go on for - ev - er.



men may come, and men may go, But I go on for - ev - er.

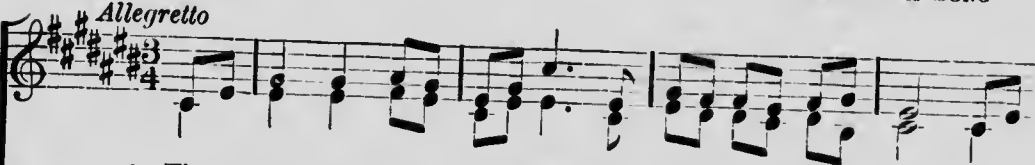


THERE'S JOY IN THE COTTAGE

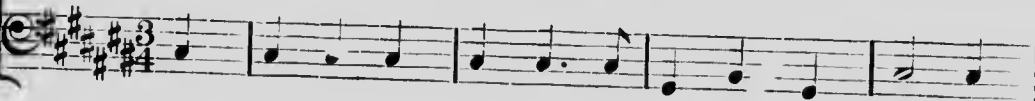
JAMES BALLANTINE

ENGLISH FOLK SONG

Allegretto

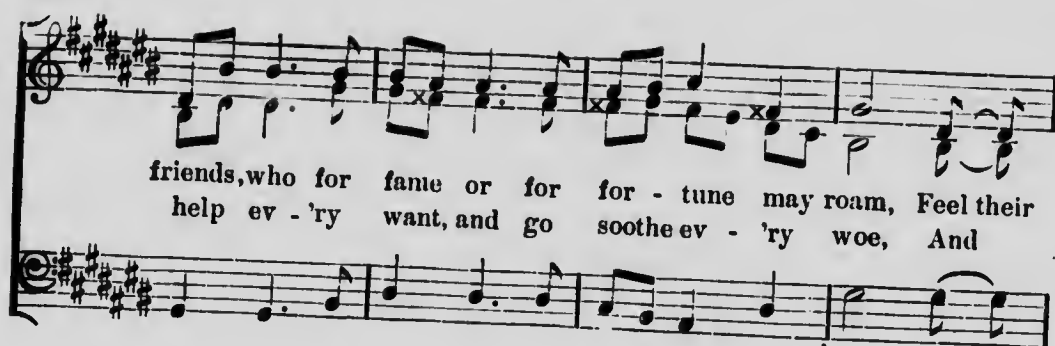


1. There's joy in the cot-tage, there's joy in the hall, When
2. Then kiss 'neath the mistle-toe, and bask 'neath the vine, And

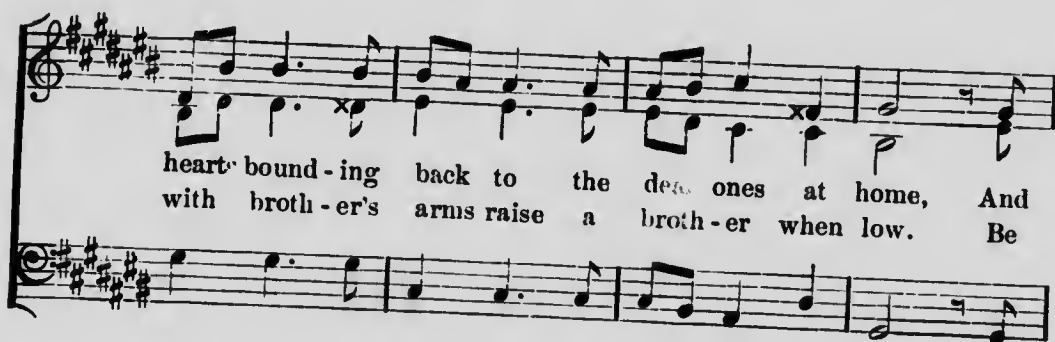



Christ-mas, dear Christmas, brings com - fort to all, When
let all your hearts in true friend-ship com - bine. Go

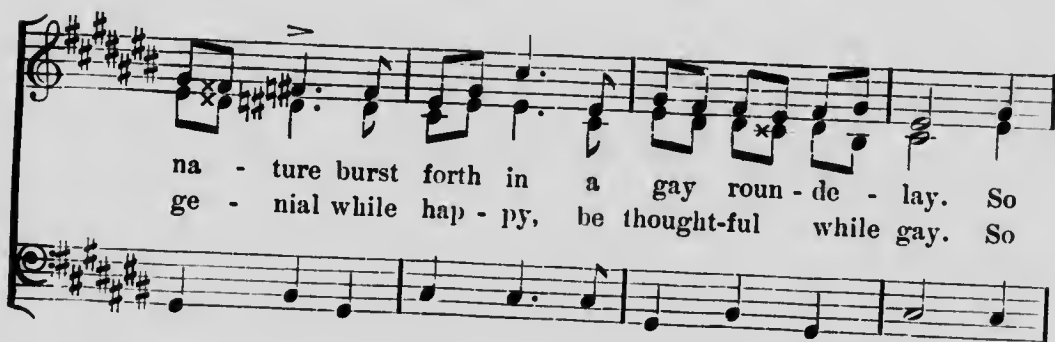




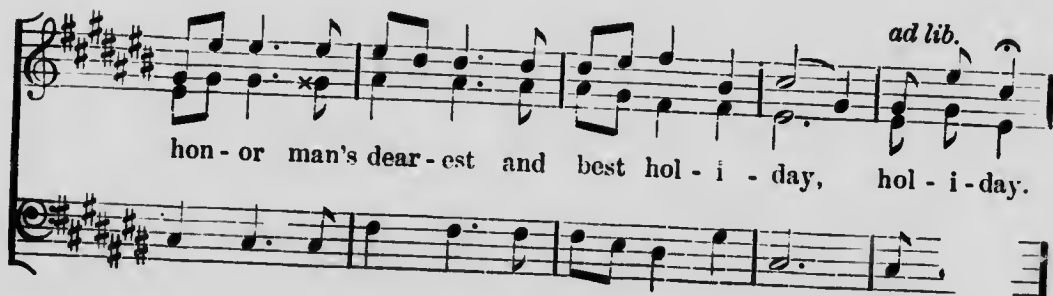
friends, who for fame or for for - tune may roam, Feel their
help ev - 'ry want, and go soothe ev - 'ry woe, And



heart bound - ing back to the dear ones at home, And
with broth - er's arms raise a broth - er when low. Be



na - ture burst forth in a gay roun - de - lay. So
ge - nial while hap - py, be thought - ful while gay. So



hon - or man's dear - est and best hol - i - day, *ad lib.* hol - i - day.

p Allegro

Ju - val - le ra, ju - val - le ra, We'll sing a mer-ry, mer-ry strain, Ju -

val - le ra, ju - val - le ra, For old King Christmas comes a-gain.

THE GORSE IS YELLOW

Allegro moderato

JOHN HULLAH

1. The gorse is yel - low on the heath, The banks with speed-well
 2. The wel - come guest of set - tled spring, The swal - low, too, is
 3. Come, sum - mer vi - sit - ant, at - tach To roof of mine your

flow'rs are gay, The oaks are budding, and, beneath, The hawthorn soon will
 come at last; At set of sun, when thrushes sing, I saw her dash with
 nest of clay, And let my ear your mu - sic catch, Low twitt'ring un-der-

bear the wreath, The silver wreath of May, The sil-ver wreath of May.
 rap - id wing, And hail'd her as she pass'd, And hail'd her as she pass'd.
 neath the thatch At ear - ly dawn of day, At ear-ly dawn of day.

THE GOLDEN SUN

Andantino

JOHN HULLAH.

1. The gold-en sun goes gent-ly down Behind the western mountain brow ; One
 2. How many scenes and sights to-day Have basked beneath the self-same ray, Since
 3. Where'er its ray has broken in, Have light and heat and brightness been. So

last bright ray is quiv-'ring still, A crim-son line a-long the hill ; It
 first the glowing morning broke, And larks sprang up and lambs a-woke, And
 gen-tle love, in ev - 'ry heart, Doth help and hope and peace impart, Not

eol - ors with a ro - sy light The clouds far up in heav'n's blue height,
 fields with glist'ning dewdrops bright Seem'd chang'd to sheets of sil-ver white !
 turns a-way when griefs oppress, But ev - er shines, and shines to bless.

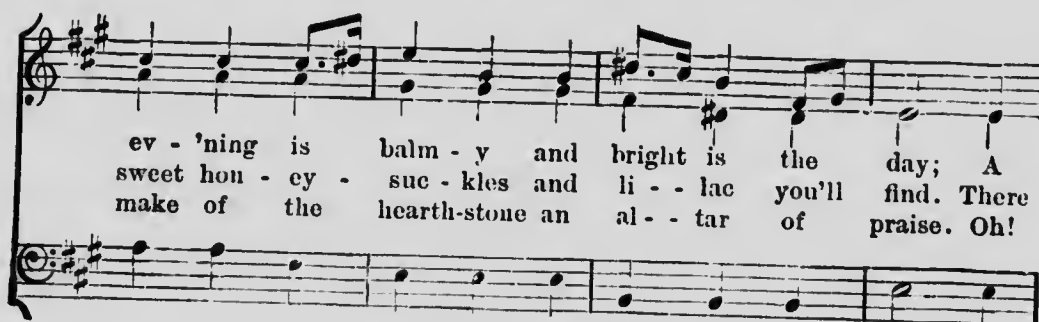
I KNOW A SWEET VALLEY

Moderato

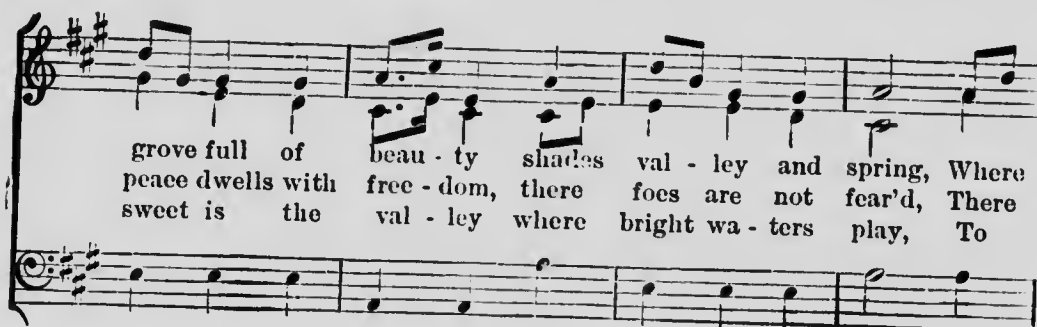
GERMAN FOLK SONG



1. I know a sweet val - ley where bright wa - ters play, Where
 2. There stands a neat cot - tage with wood - bine en - twin'd, And
 3. There hearts true and faithful their joy - ful songs raise, And



ev - 'ning is balm - y and bright is the day; A
 sweet hon - ey - suc - kles and li - - lac you'll find. There
 make of the hearth-stone an al - - tar of praise. Oh!



grove full of beau - ty shades val - ley and spring, Where
 peace dwells with free - dom, there foes are not fear'd, There
 sweet is the val - ley where bright wa - ters play, To

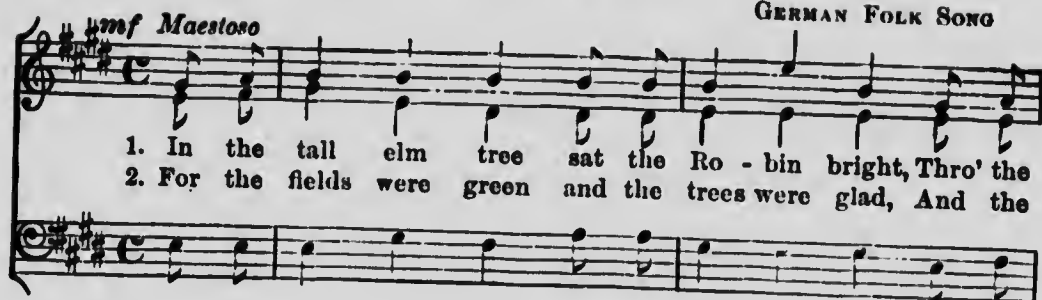


birds rear their nest - lings and teach them to sing.
 child - hood is cher - ish'd, and age is re ver'd.
 soothe the cool ev - 'ning and glad - den the day.

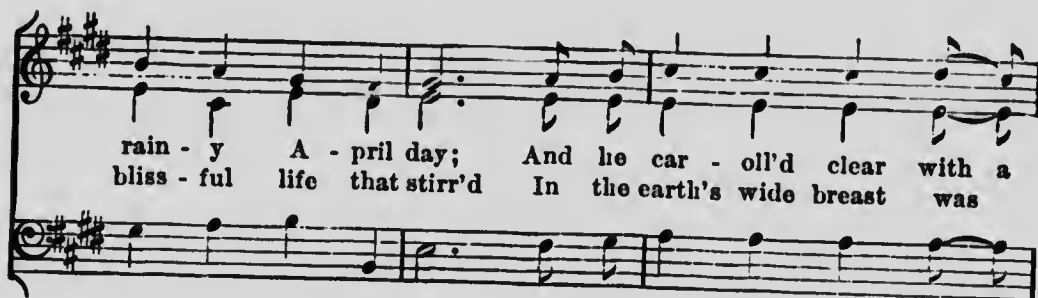
IN THE TALL ELM TREE

GERMAN FOLK SONG

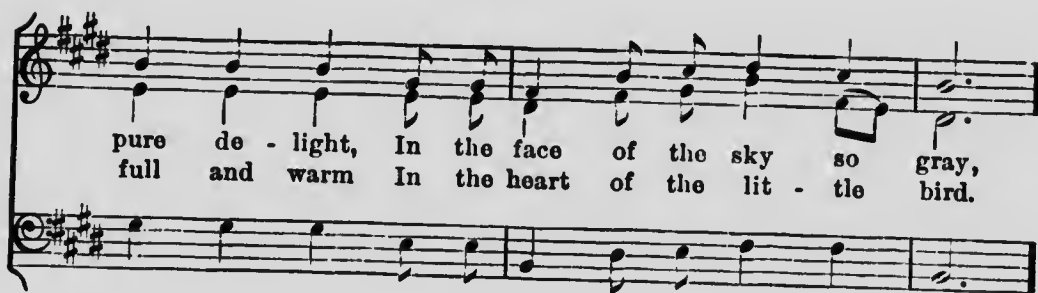
mf Maestoso



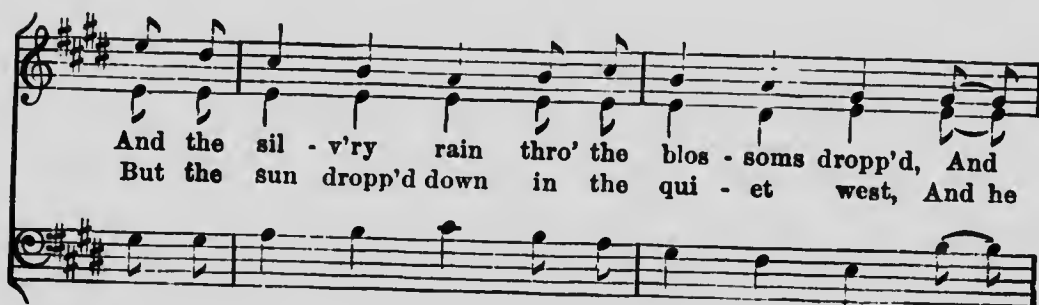
1. In the tall elm tree sat the Ro - bin bright, Thro' the
2. For the fields were green and the trees were glad, And the



rain - y A - pril day; And he car - oll'd clear with a
bliss - ful life that stirr'd In the earth's wide breast was



pure de - light, In the face of the sky so gray,
full and warm In the heart of the lit - tle bird.



And the sil - v'ry rain thro' the blos - soms dropp'd, And
But the sun dropp'd down in the qui - et west, And he

fell on the Rob - in's coat, But his brave red breast he
hush'd his song at last, As Na - ture soft - ly

nev - er stopp'd, Pip - ing his tune - ful note.
sank to rest And the twi - light gath - er'd fast.

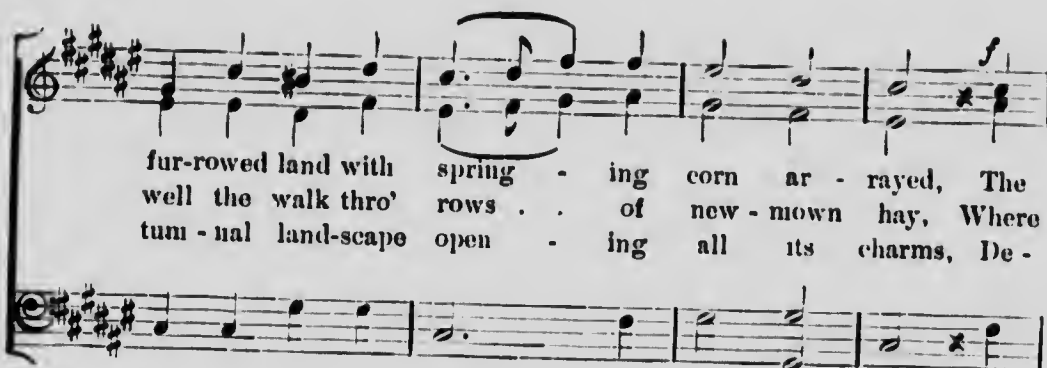
FAREWELL

Moderato

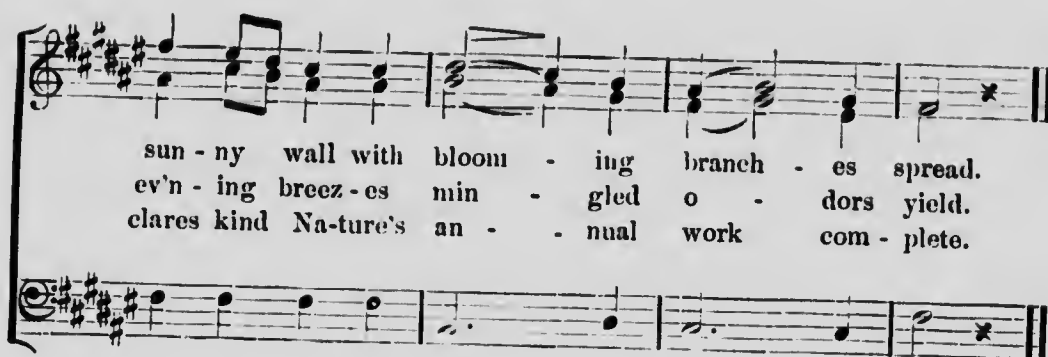
FRIEDRICH SILCHER

1. Fare - well the pleas - ant vio - let scent - ed shade, The
2. Fare - well the bow'r with blush - ing ros - es gay, Fare -
3. Of these no more; now round the lone - ly farnis, Where

prim - ros'd hill and dai - sy man - tled mead, The
well the fra - grant clo - ver pur - pled field, Fare -
joy and plen - ty deign to fix their seat, Th' au -



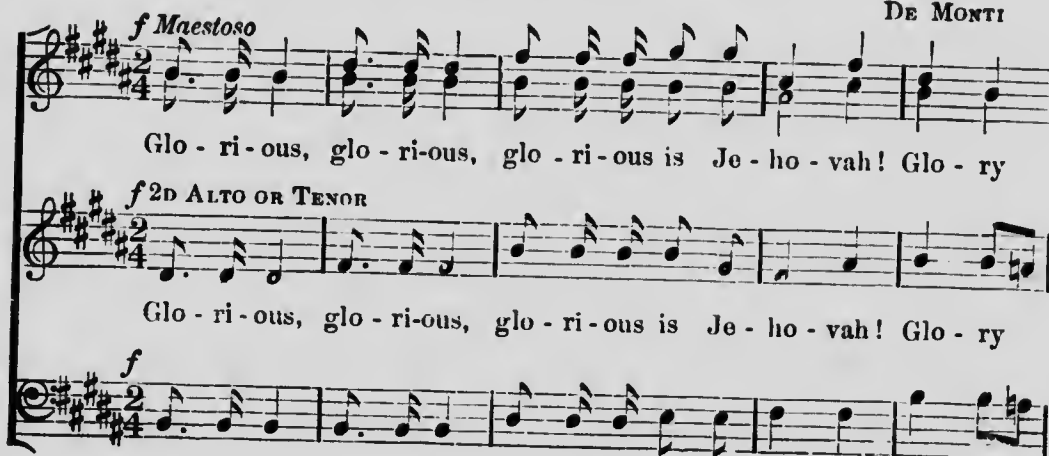
fur-rowed land with spring - ing corn ar - rayed, The
well the walk thro' rows . . of new - mown hay, Where
tum - nal land-scape open - ing all its charms, De -



sun - ny wall with bloom - ing branch - es spread.
ev'n - ing breez - es min - gled o - dors yield.
clares kind Na-ture's an - nual work com - plete.

GLORIOUS IS JEHOVAH

DE MONTI



f Maestoso
Glo - ri - ous, glo - ri - ous, glo - ri - ous is Je - ho - vah! Glo - ry

f 2D ALTO OR TENOR
Glo - ri - ous, glo - ri - ous, glo - ri - ous is Je - ho - vah! Glo - ry

f

be to God on high, And on earth peace, good

will to man, Peace on earth, good will and peace to man. Glo - ri - ous, glo - ri - ous,

glo - ri - ous is Je - ho - vah! Glo - ry be to God on high!

Glo-ry be to God on high, Good will and peace on earth, Peace on earth and

Glo-ry be to God on high, Good will and peace on earth, Peace on earth and

good will, good will to man, Peace be on earth, good will to man.

good will, good will to man, Peace be on earth, good will to man.

OH COME LET US WORSHIP

Moderato *cres.* *dim.* CHARLES E. WHITING

Oh come, let us wor-ship and kneel before the Lord, Let us wor-ship

Oh come, let us wor-ship and kneel before the Lord,

and fall down, For He is the Lord, He is the Lord our God, and
and fall down, He is the Lord our God,

Let
we are the peo - ple of His pas - ture. Let us wor - ship, let us
are the peo - ple of His pas - ture. Let us wor - ship, let us

worship, Let us heart - i - ly re - joice in the strength of our sal -
worship, Re - joice in the strength of our sal -

va-tion. Let us come before His pres - ence with thanksgiving, and

va-tion. with thanksgiving,

show ourselves glad in Him with psalms.

with psalms. Let us worship, and kneel before the

before the Lord, Let us worship and fall down, and kneel before the

before the Lord, Let us worship and fall down, and kneel before the



Lord, for He is the Lord our God, And kneel be-

Lord, is the Lord our God, Let us worship and fall down, and kneel be-



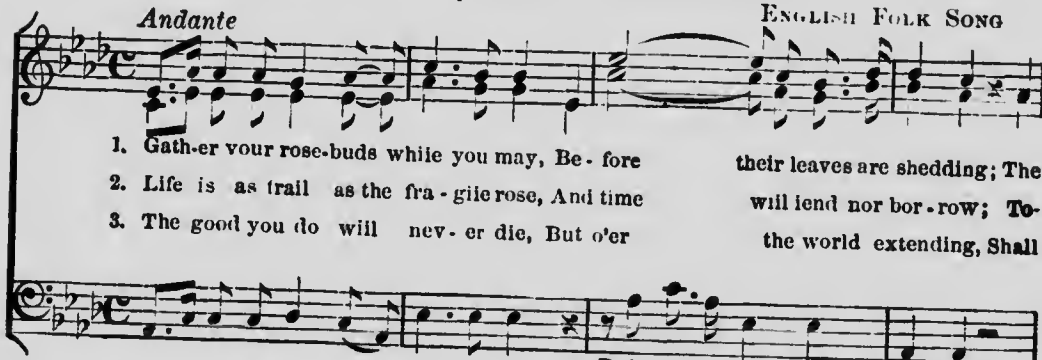
cres. fore the Lord, our Maker, for He is the Lord our God. *f* A - men, *p* A - men.

fore the Lord, our Maker, for He is the Lord our God. *f* A - men, *p* A - men.

GATHER YOUR ROSEBUDS

Andante

ENGLISH FOLK SONG

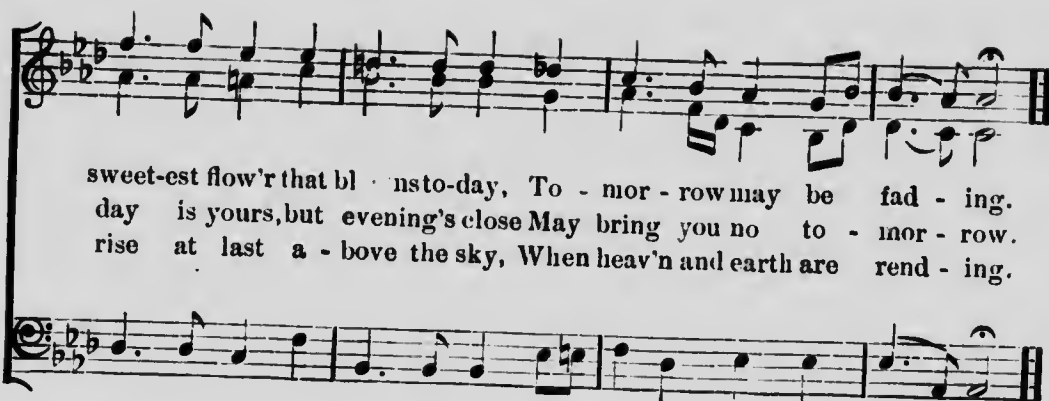


1. Gath-er your rose-buds while you may, Be- fore their leaves are shedding; The

2. Life is as frail as the fra- gile rose, And time will lend nor bor- row; To-

3. The good you do will nev- er die, But o'er the world extending, Shall

Before their leaves are shed-ding;
And time will lend nor bor- row;
But o'er the world ex- tend-ing.

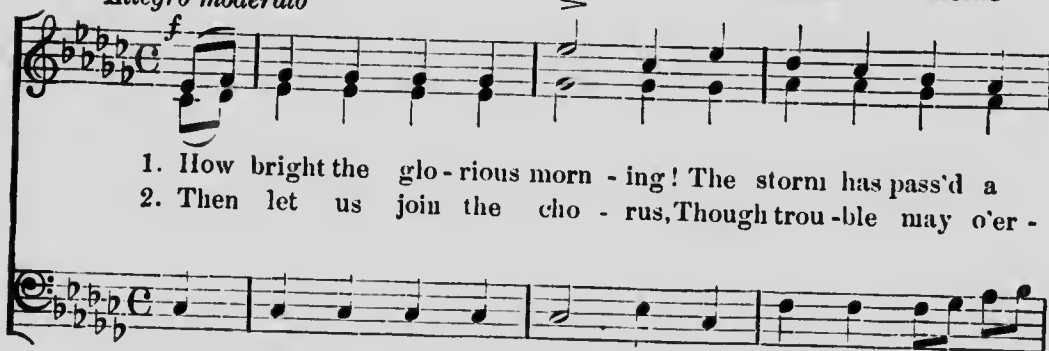


sweet-est flow'r that bl - nsto-day, To - mor - row may be fad - ing.
 day is yours, but evening's close May bring you no to - mor - row.
 rise at last a - bove the sky, When heav'n and earth are rend - ing.

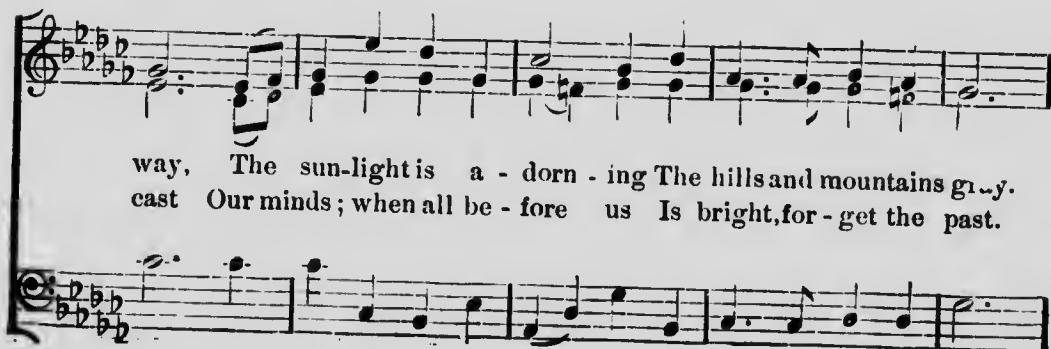
HOW BRIGHT THE GLORIOUS MORNING

Allegro moderato

CHARLES E. WHITING



1. How bright the glo - rious morn - ing! The storm has pass'd a
 2. Then let us join the cho - rus, Though trou - ble may o'er -



way, The sun-light is a - dorn - ing The hills and mountains gray.
 cast Our minds; when all be - fore us Is bright, for - get the past.

The tune-ful birds are sing - ing The first glad notes of Spring; Their
Though clouds have lingered o'er us, And days have gloomy been, Now

voices glad - ly sing - ing The hap - pi - ness they bring.
sun-shine is be - fore us, No sor - row shall be seen.

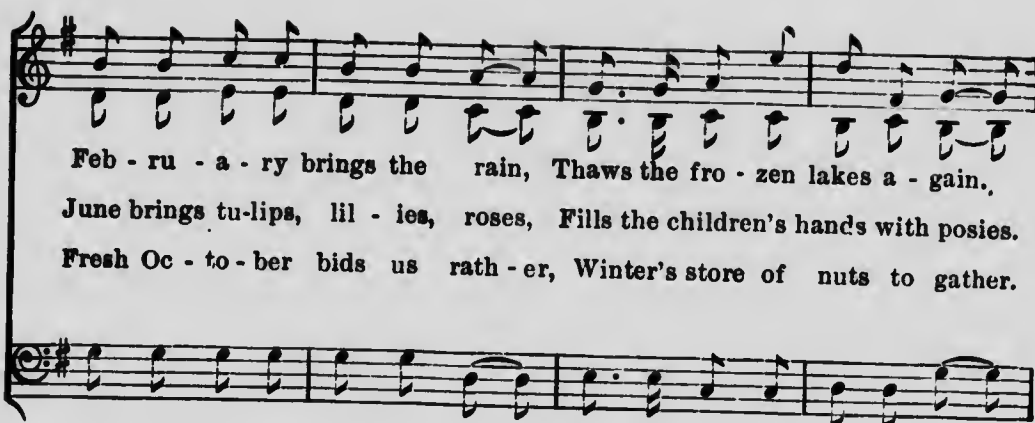
JANUARY BRINGS THE SNOW

SARAH COLERIDGE

Andantino

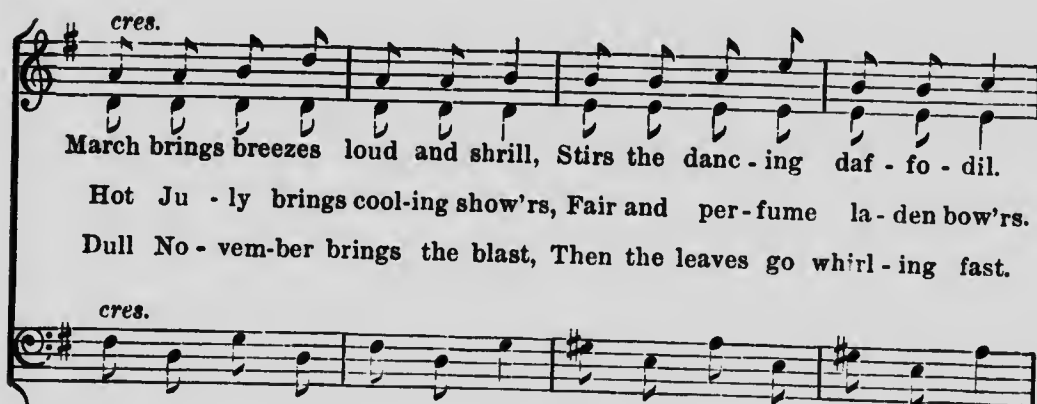
CHARLES E. WHITING

1. Jan - u - a - ry brings the snow, Makes our feet and fin - gers glow.
2. May brings flocks of pret - ty birds, Humming bees and low - ing herds.
3. Warm Sep - tem - ber brings the fruit, Sportsmen then be - gin to shoot.



Feb - ru - a - ry brings the rain, Thaws the fro - zen lakes a - gain,
 June brings tu-lips, lil - ies, roses, Fills the children's hands with posies.
 Fresh Oc - to - ber bids us rath - er, Winter's store of nuts to gather.

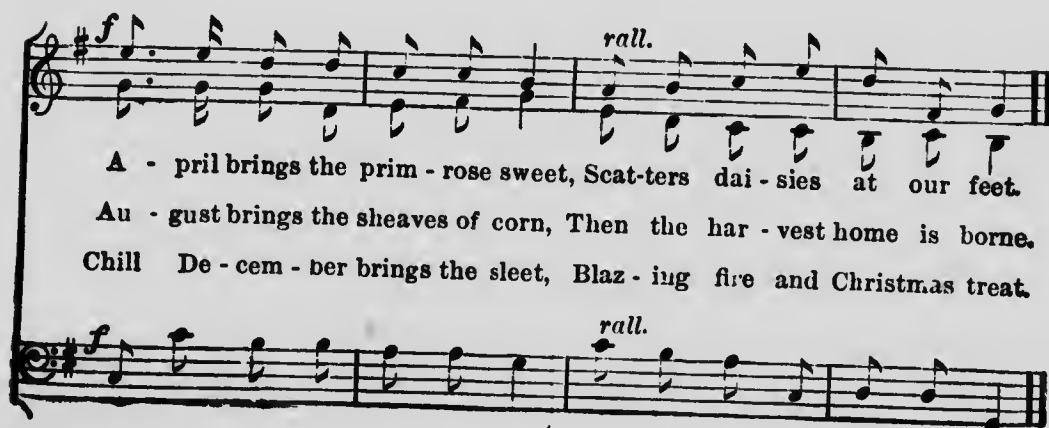
cres.



March brings breezes loud and shrill, Stirs the danc - ing daf - fo - dil.
 Hot Ju - ly brings cool-ing show'rs, Fair and per - fume la - den bow'rs.
 Dull No - vem - ber brings the blast, Then the leaves go whirl - ing fast.

cres.

f *rall.*



A - pril brings the prim - rose sweet, Scat - ters dai - sies at our feet.
 Au - gust brings the sheaves of corn, Then the har - vest home is borne.
 Chill De - cem - ber brings the sleet, Blaz - ing fire and Christmas treat.

rall.

HOW LOVELY ARE THE WOODS

37

Allegro

FRANZ ABT

1. How love-ly are the woods, The green and shad-y woods! How
 2. Oh! how I love the woods, The green and shad-y woods! Oh!
 3. Come with me to the woods, The green and shad-y woods! Come

love-ly are the woods, The green and shad-y woods! When
 how I love the woods, The green and shad-y woods! Wh'e
 with me to the woods, The green and shad-y woods! Call

sweet-ly the birds are all sing-ing, When thanks for the morn-ing are
 light swinging branches are t, m-bling With dew-drops that soft-ly are
 ech-oes that dwell by the moun-tain, To an-swer your voice from the

ring - ing, A-round in the shad - y woods, The green and shad-y
 sprink-ling The leaves of the shad - y woods, The green and shad-y

f *pp*

foun - tain That springs in the shad - y woods, The green and shad-y

woods. Tra - la, tra-la, tra - la,.... tra - la,.... tra -

woods. Tra - la, tra-la, tra - la,.... tra - la,.... tra -

tra-la,

f *ff*

- la,.... tra-la, tra-la, tra - la, tra-la, tra-la, tra - la.

- la,.... tra-la, tra-la, tra - la, tra-la, tra-la, tra - la.

tra-la,

mf

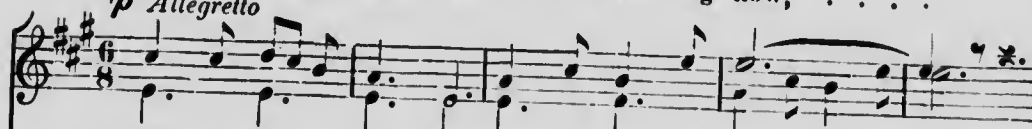
PRETTY VILLAGE MAIDEN

39

CHARLES FRANCOIS GOUNOD

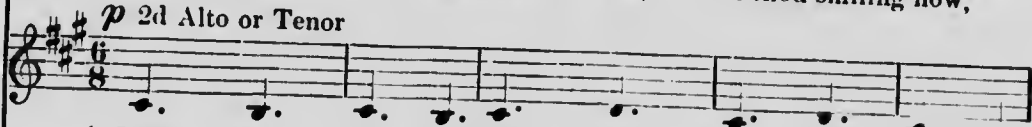
1. Pret - ty vil - lage maid - en, Art thou dream - ing now?
 2. Pret - ty vil - lage maid - en, Art thou smil - ing now,

p Allegretto



1. Pret - ty vil - lage maid - en, Art thou dream - ing now?
 2. Pret - ty vil - lage maid - en, Art thou smil - ing now,

p 2d Alto or Tenor

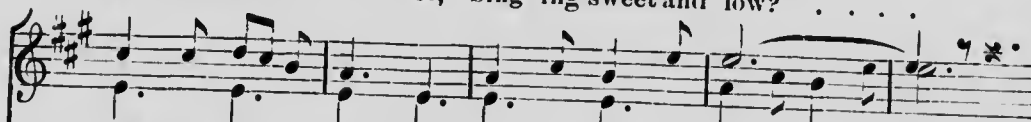


1. Pret - ty vil - lage maid - en, Art thou dream - ing,
 2. Pret - ty vil - lage maid - en, Art thou smil - ing,

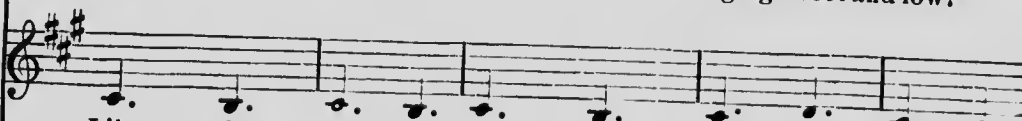
p



- Like the new-born morning, Deck with smiles thy brow!
 As thou hear'st our voice - es, Sing - ing sweet and low?



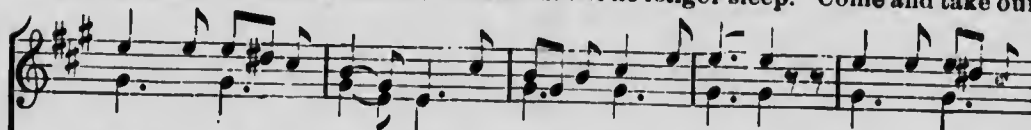
- Like the new - born morn - ing, Deck with smiles thy brow!
 As thou hear'st our voice - es, Sing - ing sweet and low?



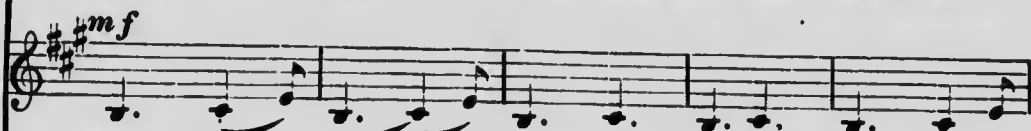
- Like the new - born morn - ing, Thy brow deck - ing?
 As thou hear'st our voice - es, Sweet - ly sing - ing?



Hark! the birds are singing! Dost hear from tree to tree, Sweet their echoes
mf Wake thou from thy slumber, Thou should'st no longer sleep. Come and take our



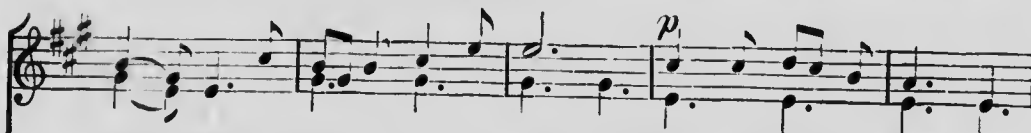
Hark! the birds, the birds are sing-ing, Sweet their
 Wake thou, wake thou from thy slum-ber. Come and



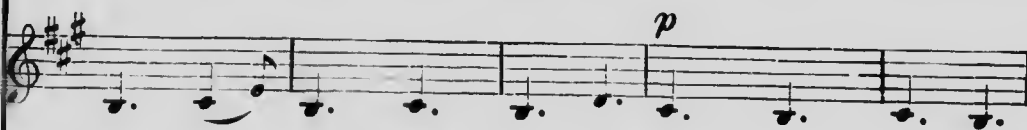
Hark! the birds, the birds are sing-ing, Sweet their
 Wake thou, wake thou from thy slum-ber, Come and



ring - ing In honor, love, of thee? Come and share the flow - ers,
 wel - come, Thy brid-al morn we keep.



ech - oes, ech - oes ring - ing. Share the flow - ers,
 take, Oh! take our wel - come.



ech - oes, ech - oes ring - ing. Share the flow - ers,
 take, O! take our wel - come.



Fair - er than the day. Pret - ty, pret - ty maid - en, Come, come a -

way. Pret - ty, pret - ty maid - en, Come, come, come a - way.

'MID PLEASURES AND PALACES

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

H. R. BISHOP

With feeling

1. 'Mid pleasures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild; I feel that my
3. An ex - ile from home, splendor dazzles in vain; Oh! give me my



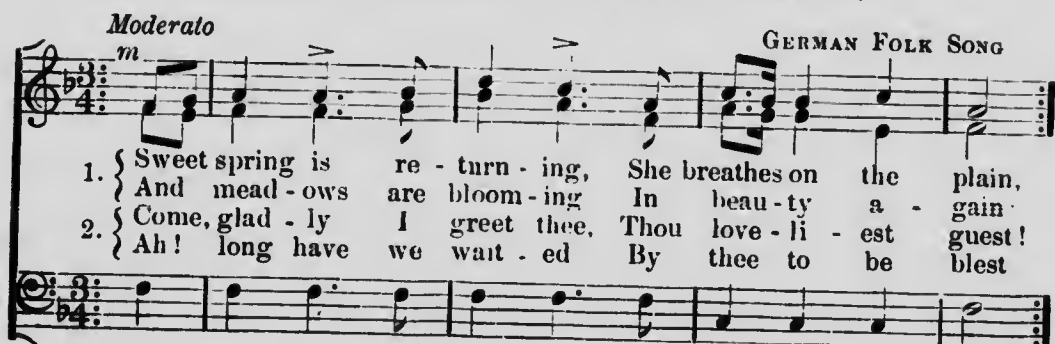
hum - ble there's no place like home, A charm from the skies seems to
 moth - er now thinks of her child, As she looks on that moon from our
 low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain! The birds sing - ing gai - ly that

hal - low us there, Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
 own cottage door, Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.
 came at my call, Give me them, and that peace of mind, dear - er than all.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home; Be it ever so humble, There's no place like home.

SWEET SPRING IS RETURNING

Moderato GERMAN FOLK SONG



1. { Sweet spring is re - turn - ing, She breathes on the plain,
 And mead - ows are bloom - ing In beau - ty a - gain
 2. { Come, glad - ly I greet thee, Thou love - li - est guest!
 Ah! long have we wait - ed By thee to be blest

mf

And fair is the flow - er, And green is the grove,
Stern win - ter threw o'er us Ills heav - y cold chain;

2

And soft is the show - er That falls from a - bove.
We longed to be breathing In free - dom a - gain.

ONCE A BOY A ROSE DID SPY

GOETHE

SOLO

Allegretto

TUTTI

MORITZ HAUPTMANN

1. Once a boy a rose did spy, Rose a - mid the heath - er;
2. "I will pluck thee now," said he, "Rose a - mid the heath - er";

SECOND ALTO OR TENOR

3. But the boy would not re - frain, Rose a - mid the heath - er;

SOLI

mf

Fresh and fair it met the eye, And he hur-ried ea-ger-ly
Rose-bud answered "Touch me not! Or a thorn I'll stick in thee.

All re-sis-tance was in vain, Naught a-vailed it grief or pain,

TUTTI

All its sweets to gather! Rose-bud, rose-bud, rosebud, rosebud,
Leave me 'mid the heather!" Rose-bud, rose-bud, rosebud, rosebud,

Dy-ing 'mid the heather! Rose-bud, rose-bud, rosebud,

Rose a - mid the heath - er.

red, Rose a - mid the heath - er, Rosebud red.

red, Rose a - mid the heath - er, Rosebud red.

Rose a - mid the heath - er.

BELLS ARE DAILY TINKLING GAILY

A. J. FOXWELL

ARTHUR WHITING

Kling, klang, kling, klang, kling, klang, kling, klang, Kling, klang,
Allegretto

Crescendo

1. Bells are dai - ly
 2. Now the shin - ing
 3. From the sledge - es

Kling, klang, kling, klang, kling, klang,

tink - ling gai - ly, For the win - ter is begun; How they jin - gle
 snow is shrin - ing All the hol - lows of the ground, Ev' - ry high - way,
 come the pledg - es Of a gay and fes - tive time; Shouts and laughter

as they min - gle, All the way - side tones in one! Kling, klang, kling, klang,
 ev' - ry byway, Hears the sleigh bells' joyous sound. Kling, klang, kling, klang,
 rippling aft - er, Swell the sleigh bells' merry chime. Kling, klang, kling, klang,

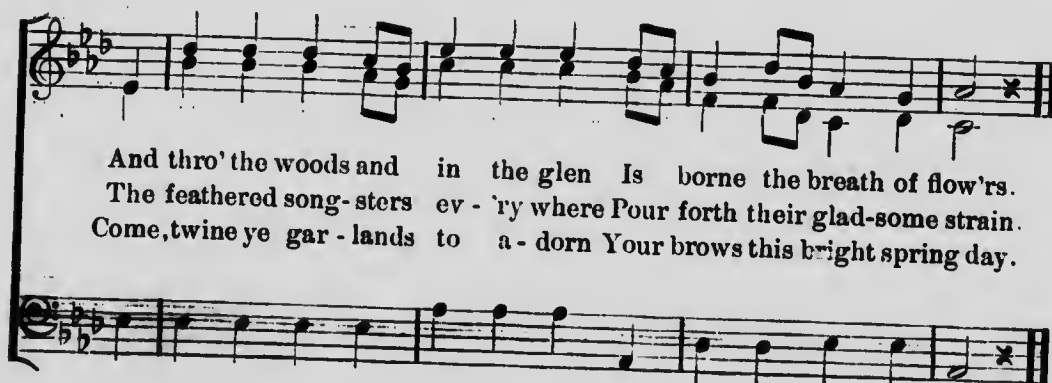
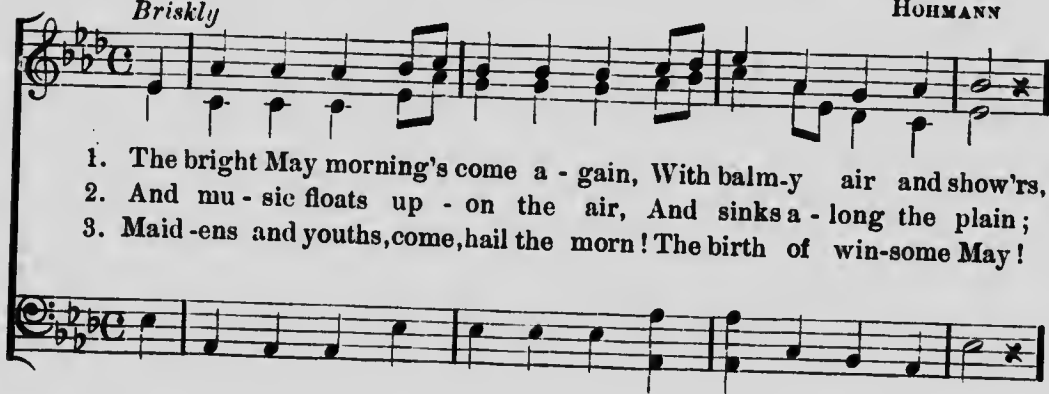
kling, klang, kling, klang, All the wayside tones in one, kling, klang,



THE BRIGHT MAY MORNING'S COME AGAIN

Briskly

HOHMANN



IN SOLEMN CALM

47

Moderato

CHARLES E. WHITING

In sol - emn calm a si - lence ho - ly Now lies on all things

The first system of musical notation for the song 'In Sol - emn Calm'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style with quarter and eighth notes. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a common time signature (C). The accompaniment is written in a simple, hymn-like style with quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics 'In sol - emn calm a si - lence ho - ly Now lies on all things' are written below the treble staff.

far and nigh; The woods a - lone are bend - ing low - ly To

The second system of musical notation for the song 'In Sol - emn Calm'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style with quarter and eighth notes. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a common time signature (C). The accompaniment is written in a simple, hymn-like style with quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics 'far and nigh; The woods a - lone are bend - ing low - ly To' are written below the treble staff.

greet their Mak - er pass - ing by, To greet their Mak - er pass - ing by, To

The third system of musical notation for the song 'In Sol - emn Calm'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style with quarter and eighth notes. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a common time signature (C). The accompaniment is written in a simple, hymn-like style with quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics 'greet their Mak - er pass - ing by, To greet their Mak - er pass - ing by, To' are written below the treble staff.

greet their Mak - er pass - ing by, their Mak - er pass - ing by.

The fourth system of musical notation for the song 'In Sol - emn Calm'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style with quarter and eighth notes. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a common time signature (C). The accompaniment is written in a simple, hymn-like style with quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics 'greet their Mak - er pass - ing by, their Mak - er pass - ing by.' are written below the treble staff.

I feel my be - ing new cre - a - ted. Where now is care and

sor - row gone? The fears that late - ly o - - ver -

weight - ed, Re - turn a - bash'd be - fore the dawn, Re -

turn a - bash'd be - fore the dawn, a - bash'd be - fore the dawn.

MAKER OF EARTH

E. B. LORD

Moderato

CHARLES E. WHITING

1. Mak - er of earth and sea and sky, Cre - a - tion's sov - reign
 2. For us they toil, for us they die, These hum - ble crea - tures

Lord and King, Who hung the star - ry worlds on high, And
 Thou hast made. How shall we dare their rights de - ny, On

formed a - like the spar-row's wings, Bless the dumb crea - tures
 whom Thy seal of love is laid? Teach Thou our hearts to

of Thy care, And lis - ten to their voice - less prayer.
 hear their plea, As Thou dost man's in pray'r to Thee.

COME SILENT EVENING

L. DE CALL

Moderato

Come, si - lent eve-ning, o'er us, In this se-ques-ter'd plain, And
See twi-lightfast de - scending Up - on each dale and hill; The

as thou clos - est o'er us, We'll chant our hum - ble strain.
sun his last rays bend - ing, Now glim-mers on the hill.

Now love - ly na - ture wear-eth Too soon the garb of night, And

beau - ti - ful ap - pear-eth The moon with sil - v'ry light. Hark!

thro' the si - lence reigning, The flute's soft, murm'ring song, While

night - in - gales, com-plain - ing, Their melt - ing notes pro - long

SOLFEGGIO

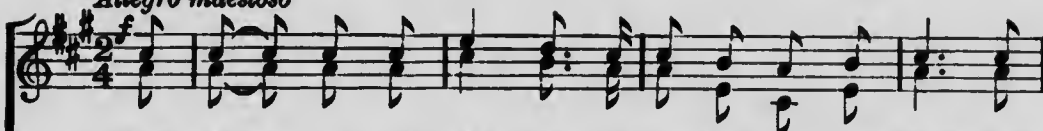
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4/4

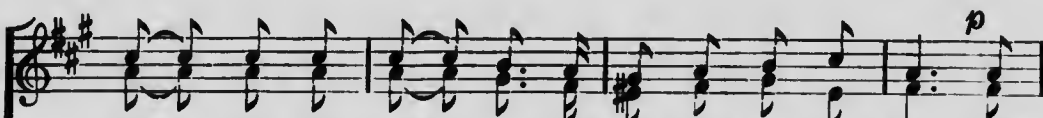
SING, SING FOR THE OAK TREE

MARY HOWITT

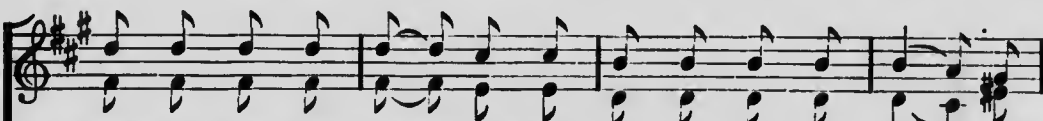
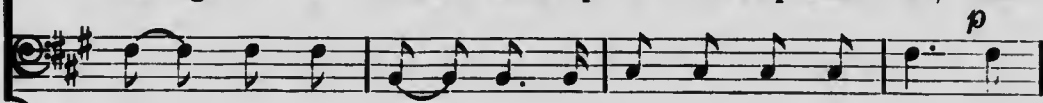
JOHN HULLAH

Allegro maestoso

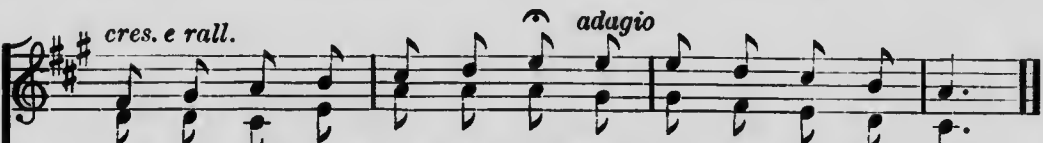
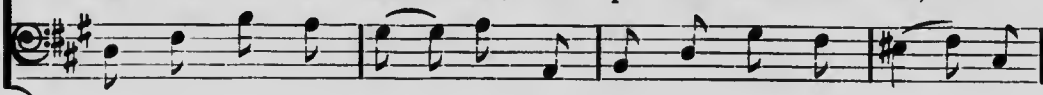
1. Sing, sing for the oak tree, The monarch of the wood; Sing,
 2. Four cent'ries grows the oak tree, Nor doth its ver-dure fail; Its
 3. The oak tree of the for-est Both east and west shall fly; The



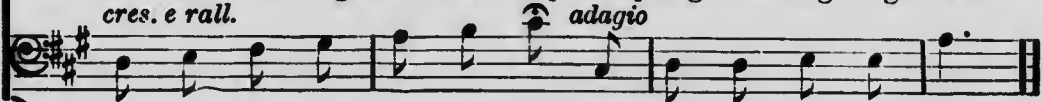
sing for the oak tree, That grow-eth green and good; That
 heart is like the i-ron-wood, Its bark like plat-ed mail. Now
 bless-ings of a thousand lands Up-on our ship shall lie; She



grow-eth broad and branch-ing With-in the for-est shade; That
 cut us down the oak tree, The mon-arch of the wood, And
 shall not be a man-of-war, Nor pi-rate shall she be, But a

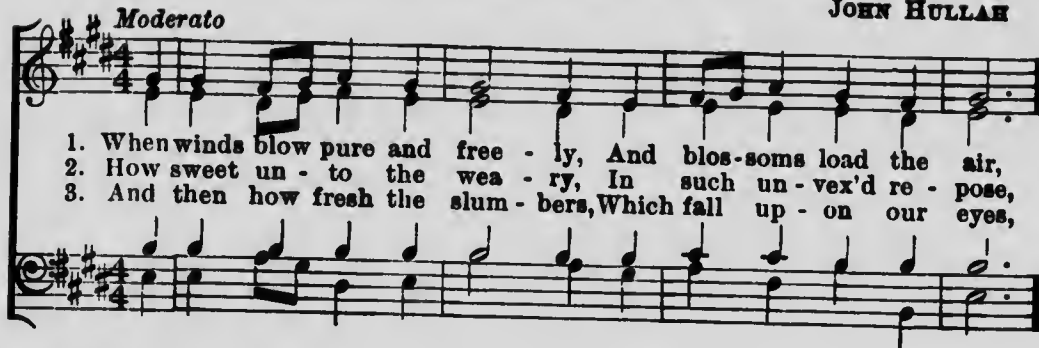


grow-eth now, and yet shall grow, When we are low-ly laid!
 of its tim-bers, stout and strong, We'll build a ves-sel good!
 no-ble sail-ing mer-chant ship, To plough the rag-ing sea.

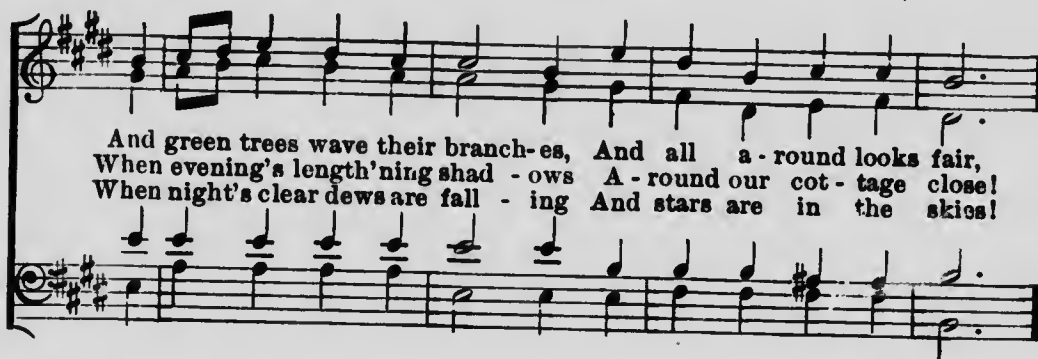


WHEN WINDS BLOW PURE

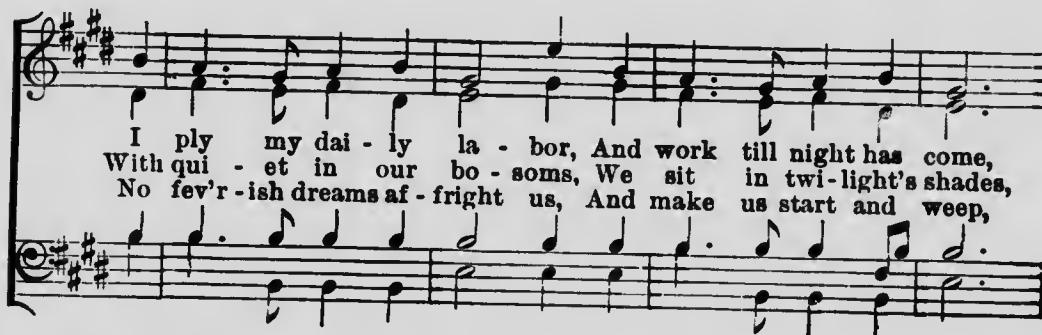
JOHN HULLAR

Moderato


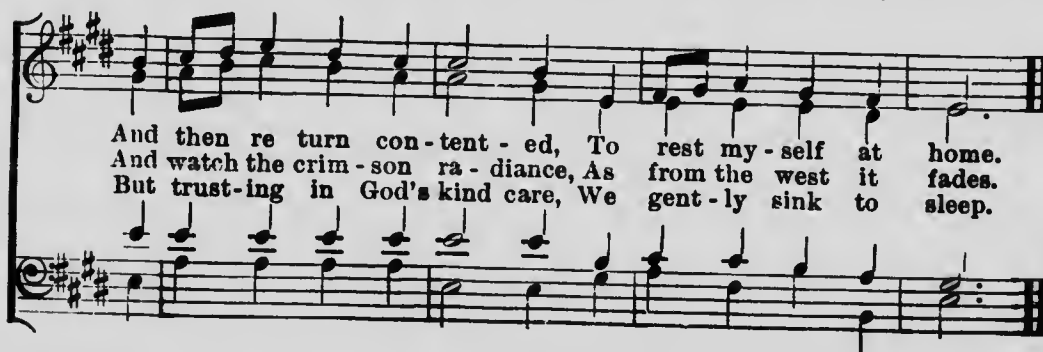
1. When winds blow pure and free - ly, And blos - soms load the air,
 2. How sweet un - to the wea - ry, In such un - vex'd re - pose,
 3. And then how fresh the slum - bers, Which fall up - on our eyes,



And green trees wave their branch - es, And all a - round looks fair,
 When evening's length'ning shad - ows A - round our cot - tage close!
 When night's clear dews are fall - ing And stars are in the skies!



I ply my dai - ly la - bor, And work till night has come,
 With qui - et in our bo - soms, We sit in twi - light's shades,
 No fev'r - ish dreams af - fright us, And make us start and weep,



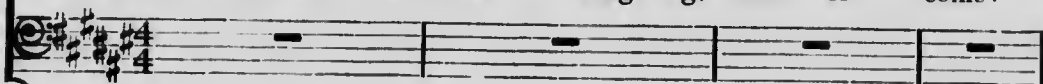
And then re turn con - tent - ed, To rest my - self at home.
 And watch the crim - son ra - diance, As from the west it fades.
 But trust - ing in God's kind care, We gent - ly sink to sleep.

HARK! THE DEEP TONED BELL

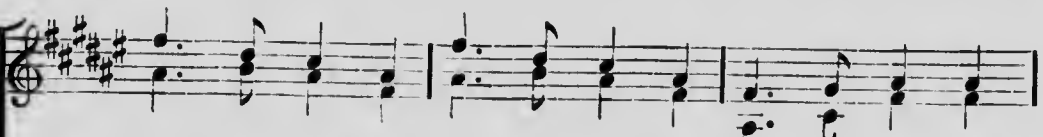
ENGLISH FOLK SONG

Moderato

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 sing - ing, Hith - er come!



Wea - ry ones no lon - ger wan - der, Hith - er come;
 In the sa - cred 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, On the heart that
 Come, and in His pres - ence bend - ing, Love the place where
 Fa - ther, round Thy foot - stool bend - ing, May our souls to



voice is steal - ing, Come, no lon - ger roam, Come, no lon - ger roam.
 God de - scending Calls the spir - it home, Calls the spir - it home.
 heav'n as - cend - ing, Find in Thee their home, Find in Thee their home.

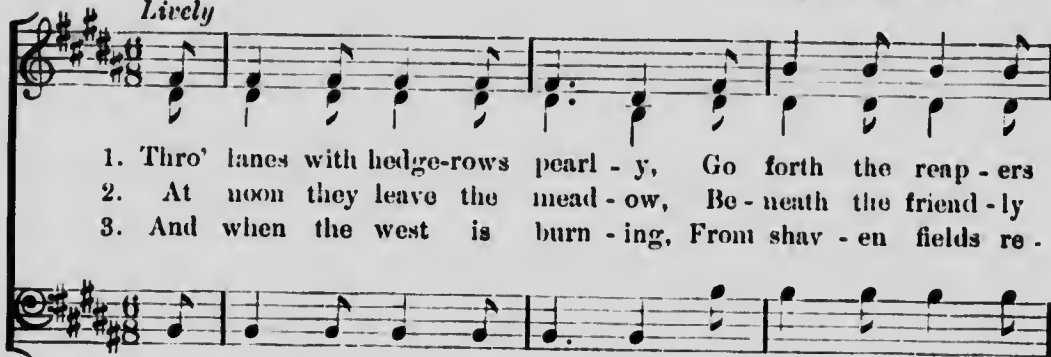


THRO' LANES WITH HEDGEROWS PEARLY

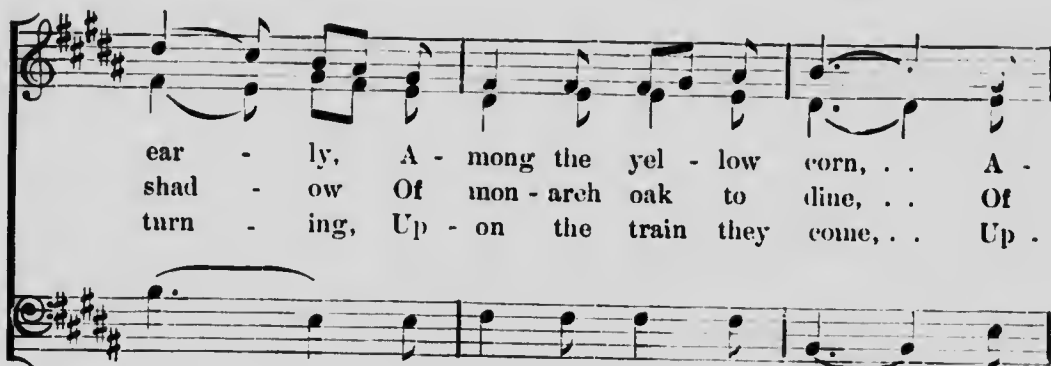
55

GERMAN FOLK SONG

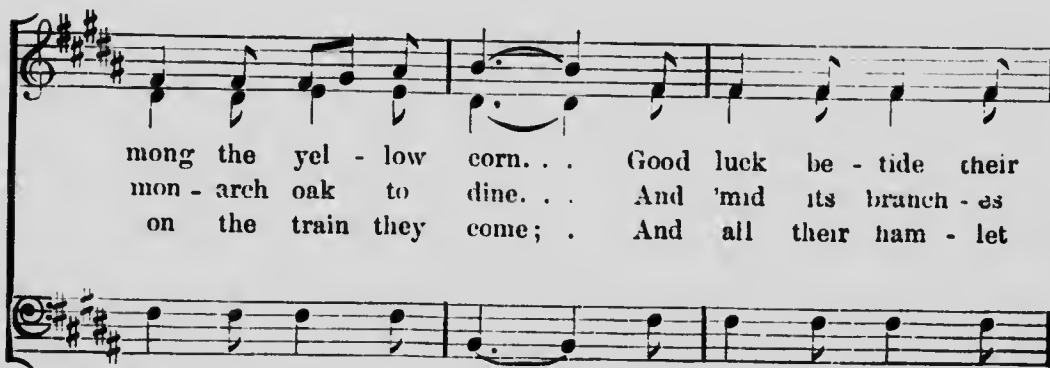
Lively



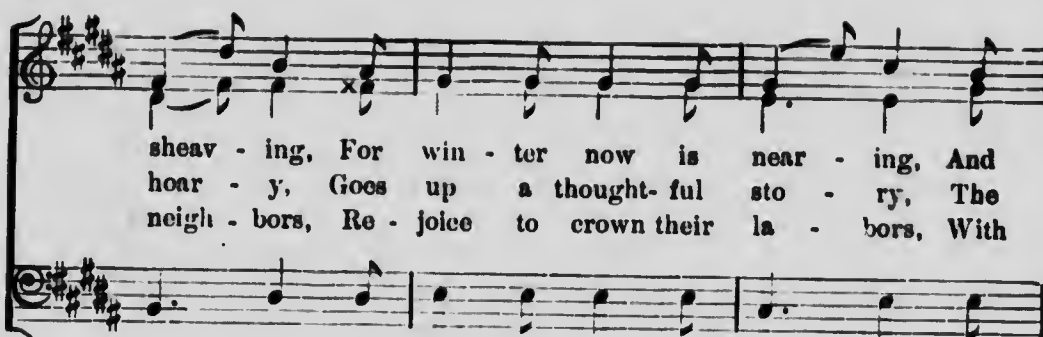
1. Thro' lanes with hedge-rows pearl - y, Go forth the reap - ers
 2. At noon they leave the mead - ow, Be - neath the friend - ly
 3. And when the west is burn - ing, From shav - en fields re -



ear - ly, A - mong the yel - low corn, . . A -
 shad - ow Of mon - arch oak to dine, . . Of
 turn - ing, Up - on the train they come, . . Up .



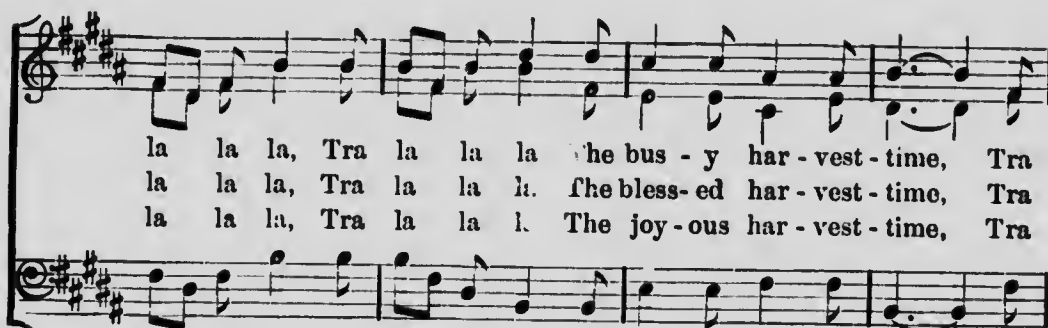
mong the yel - low corn. . . Good luck be - tide their
 mon - arch oak to dine. . . And 'mid its branch - es
 on the train they come; . And all their ham - let



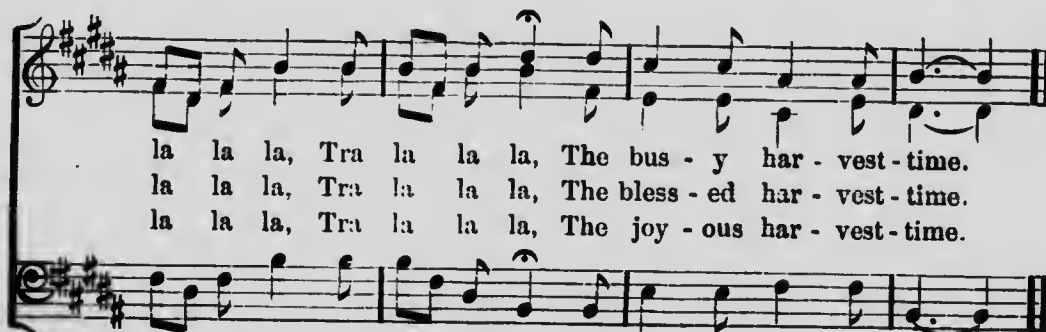
sheav - ing, For win - ter now is near - ing, And
hoar - y, Goes up a thought - ful sto - ry, The
neigh - bors, Re - joice to crown their la - bors, With



we must fill the barn, . . And we must fill the barn. Tra
har - vest is so fine, . . The har - vest is so fine. Tra
mer - ry har - vest home, . With mer - ry har - vest home. Tra



la la la, Tra la la la The bus - y har - vest - time, Tra
la la la, Tra la la la The bless - ed har - vest - time, Tra
la la la, Tra la la la The joy - ous har - vest - time, Tra



la la la, Tra la la la, The bus - y har - vest - time.
la la la, Tra la la la, The bless - ed har - vest - time.
la la la, Tra la la la, The joy - ous har - vest - time.

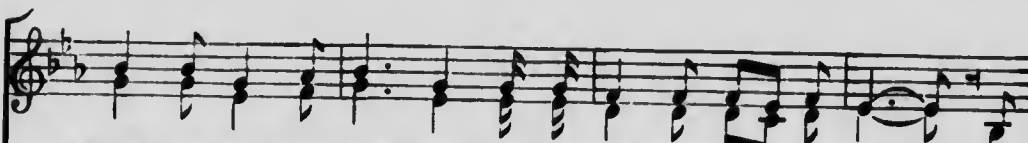
FLOWERS WILD WOOD FLOWERS

Moderato

LOWELL MASON



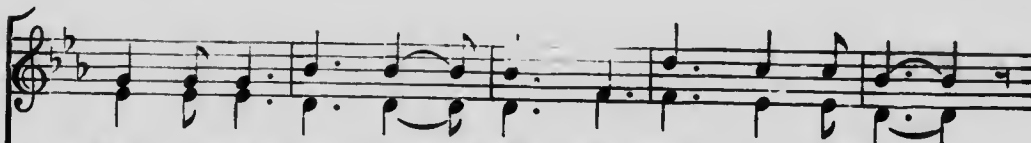
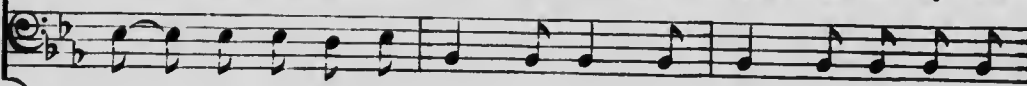
1. Flowers, wildwood flow - ers, In the shel-ter'd dell they grew,
2. Flowers, love - ly flow - ers, In the gar - den we may see,



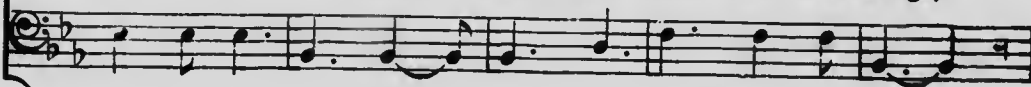
Flow - ers, wildwood flow - ers, In a shel-ter'd dell they grew. I
Flow - ers, love - ly flow - ers, In the gar - den we may see. The

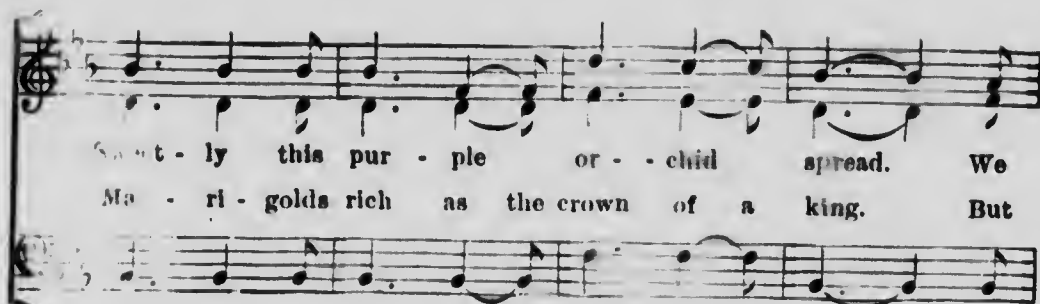


hurried a - long, and I chanced to spy This small star flow'r with its
rose is there with her ru - by lip, With pinks, whose hon - ey we

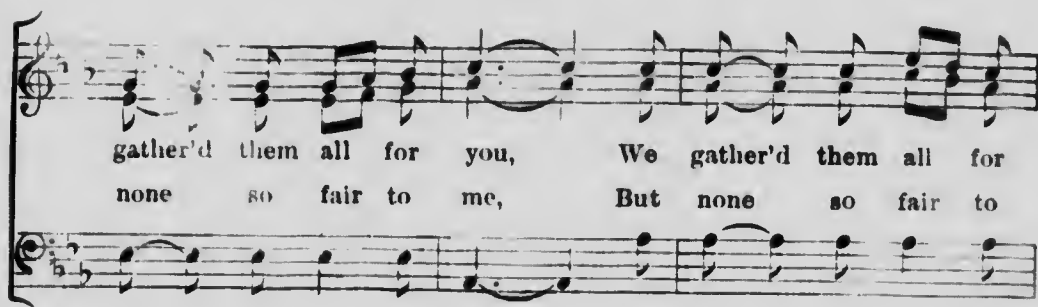


silv - 'ry eye; Then this blue dai - sy peep'd up its head,
love to sip, Tu - lips gay as but - ter - flies' wings,

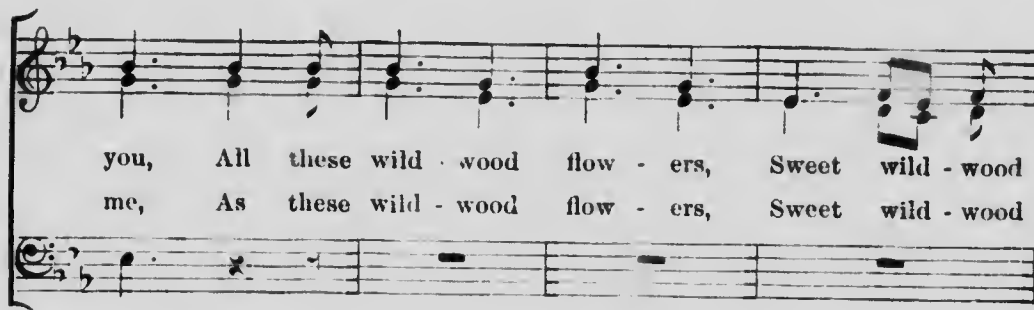




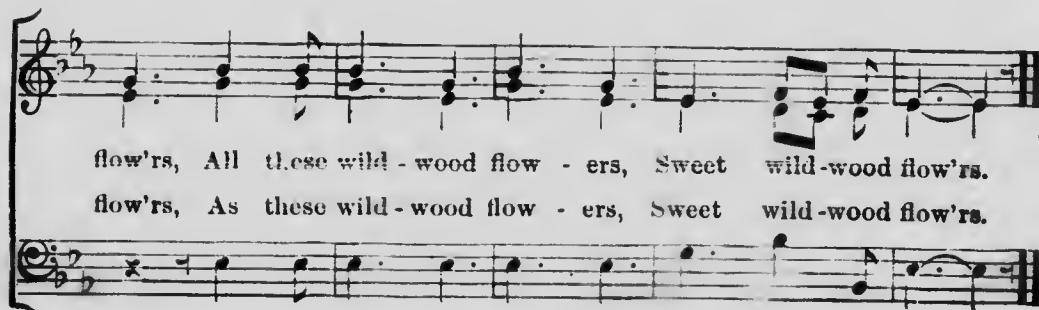
Sweet - ly this pur - ple or - - chid spread. We
Ma - ri - golds rich as the crown of a king. But



gather'd them all for you, We gather'd them all for
none so fair to me, But none so fair to



you, All these wild - wood flow - ers, Sweet wild - wood
me, As these wild - wood flow - ers, Sweet wild - wood



flow'rs, All these wild - wood flow - ers, Sweet wild-wood flow'rs.
flow'rs, As these wild - wood flow - ers, Sweet wild-wood flow'rs.

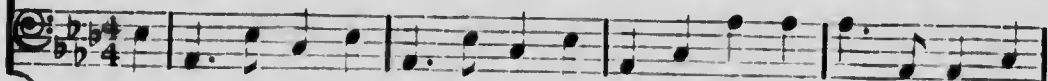
OH SEE THE LOVELY GOLDEN SUN

Moderato

ALBERT GOTTLIEB METHFESSEL



1. Oh see the love-ly gold - en sun, His high, his heav'nly pathway run! What
2. A sea of fire he sails on high, Sheds light and warmth o'er earth and sky, And
3. Thus, day by day, a - gain he'll rise, And walk in glo - ry thro' the skies; From



bids him leave so fresh and bright His east - ern throne of morn - ing light?
 nev - er tires nor sinks to rest Till filled with joy is ev - 'ry breast.
 morn to night, from shore to shore, He'll rise to bless till time is o'er.



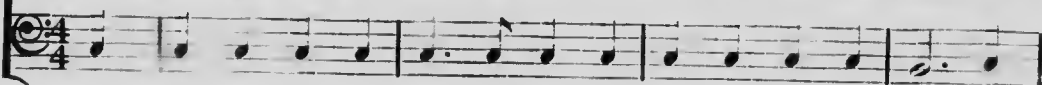
FLOAT ON MY BARK

Con spirito

GERMAN FOLK SONG

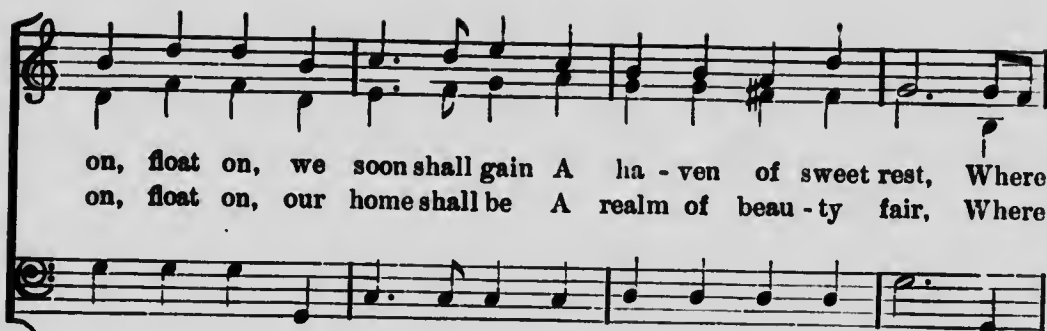


1. Float on, float on, my bon - ny bark, Up - on life's sil - v'ry stream, Nor
2. Float on, float on, we'll leave be - hind The dull and life - less shore, We'll



heed the louds that up - ward rise, The light-ning's fit - ful
 ride the blue and storm - y deep, A - mid old o - cean's r





on, float on, we soon shall gain A ha - ven of sweet rest, Where
on, float on, our home shall be A realm of beau - ty fair, Where



flow - ers spring and bright birds sing, By zeph - yrs soft - ly pressed.
end - less pleas - ures ev - er reign, And joy beams ev - 'ry - where.

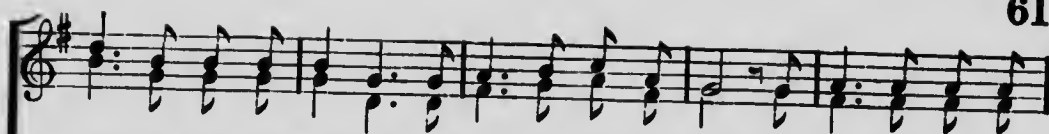
FAIR HOPE IS STANDING EVER

FRANZ SCHUBERT

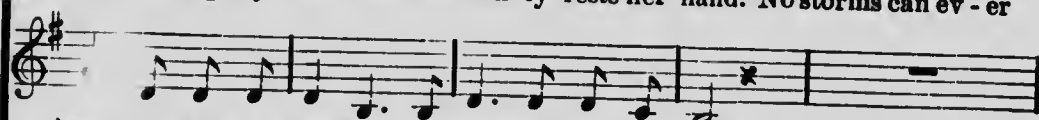
Andante



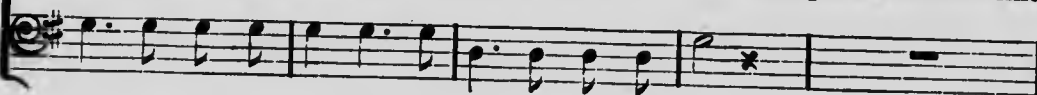
1. Fair hope is stand - ing ev - er Be - side our pathway here; Her
2. And faith be - hind her com - ing, Be - side her now doth stand; Up -
3. And still there comes an - oth - er, The fair - est of the three, With



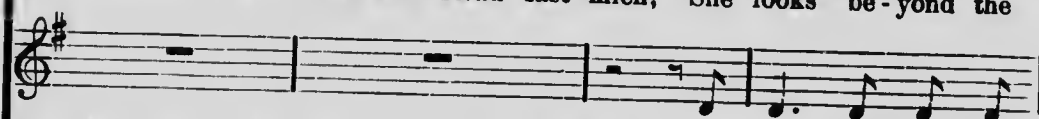
smile of sun-ny glad-ness is full of lov-ing cheer, And with her gen-tle
on her might-y an-chor She firm-ly rests her hand. No storms can ev-er



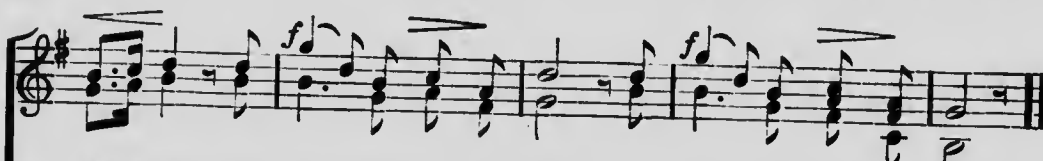
beau-ty like a ser-aph, Im-mor-tal char-i-ty. Her pure and child-like



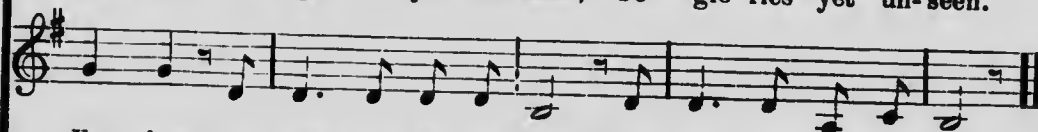
fin-ger She points to cloud-ed skies, And says: "With ev-'ry
shake her. With clear and stead-fast mien, She looks be-yond the



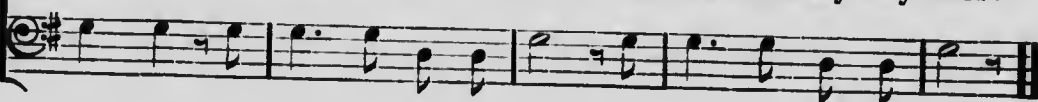
spir-it Can nev-er be be-guiled. She whis-pers: "O my



shad-ow, The sil-ver lin-ing lies, The sil-ver lin-ing lies."
darkness To glo-ries yet un-seen, To glo-ries yet un-seen.



Fa-ther!" And hears Him say "My Child!" And hears Him say "My Child!"



SOLFEGGIO



WHEN NIGHT ON DUSKY PINION

A. J. FOXWELL

MORITZ HAUPTMANN

Andante

mf

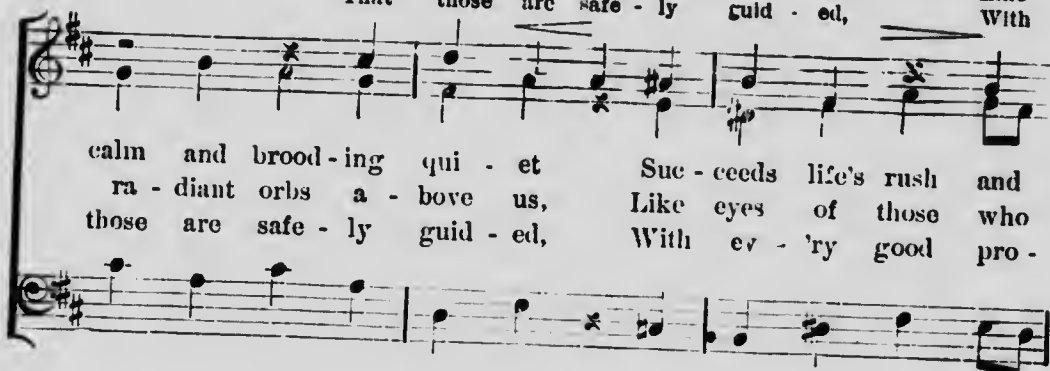
1. When night on dusk - y pin - ion, In - vad - ing day's do -
 2. How gen - tle, pure, and ho - ly, The hush o'er spir - its
 3. O Fa - ther, wise and gra - cious, The u - ni - verse so

mf

min - ion, Comes sweep - ing thro' the sky, A
 low - ly, At star - ry mid - night hour, When
 spa - cious May myr - iad proofs af - ford That

Two systems of musical notation for 'WHEN NIGHT ON DUSKY PINION'. Each system consists of a treble and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The first system contains four measures, and the second system contains four measures. The music is written in a style typical of early 20th-century hymnals.

A calm and brood-ing qui - et Suc -
 When ra - diant orbs a - bove us, Like
 That those are safe - ly guid - ed, With



calm and brood-ing qui - et Suc - ceeds life's rush and
 ra - diant orbs a - bove us, Like eyes of those who
 those are safe - ly guid - ed, With ev - 'ry good pro -

ceeds life's rush and ri - ot, The wel - come time of rest is nigh.
 eyes of those who love us, Sweet streams of peace up - on us show'r.
 ev - 'ry good pro - vid - ed, Who trust in Thee, Al - might - y God.



ri - ot, The wel - come time . . of rest is nigh.
 love us, Sweet streams of peace . . up - on us show'r.
 vid - ed, Who trust in Thee, . . Al - might - y God.

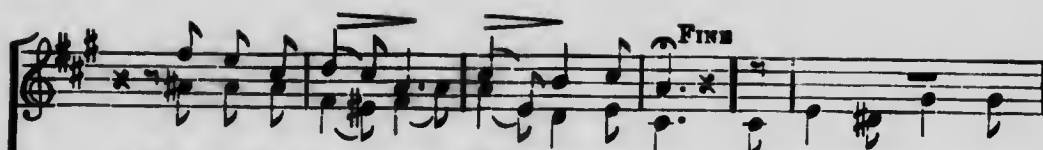
WORK AND BE JOYFUL

F. T. PALGRAVE
Allegretto

CHARLES E. WHITING

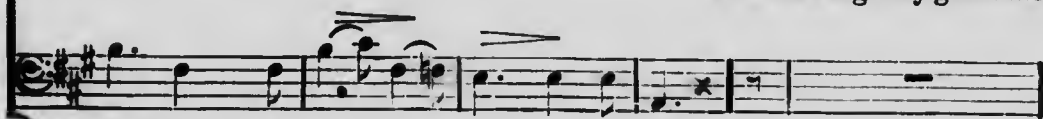


Work and be joy - ful! Work's light, When hearts are gay.



Work for life's har - vest, While yet you may

1. When earth is moist with
2. Fresh dews and sunshine
3. In Au-tumn days the
4. With song they guide the



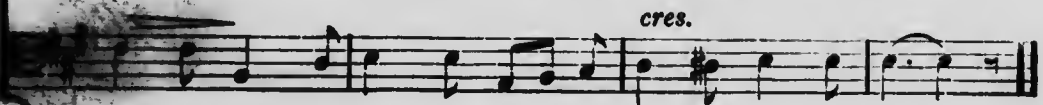
Work for



Spring's first rain, In fur - row'd fields they strew the grain; So
 bless the field, Their crops the crum - bling fur - rows yield; So
 corn they reap, With sheaves the la - b'ring wain they heap. So
 creak - ing wain; With song, with mirth they stow the grain. Be



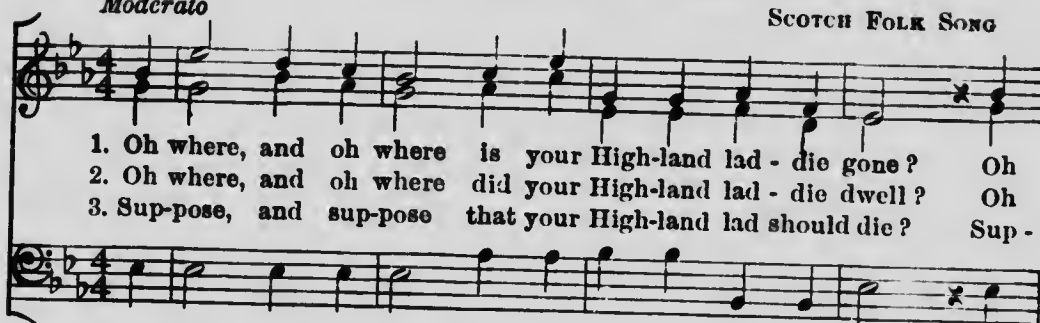
while youth lasts we cast the seed 'Gainst la - ter days of need.
 wis - dom grows thro' smiles, thro' tears, By pro - cess of the years.
 life when ri - p'ning years are past, Its har - vest reaps at last.
 ours with joy what - e'er be - tide, Life's har - vest home to bide.



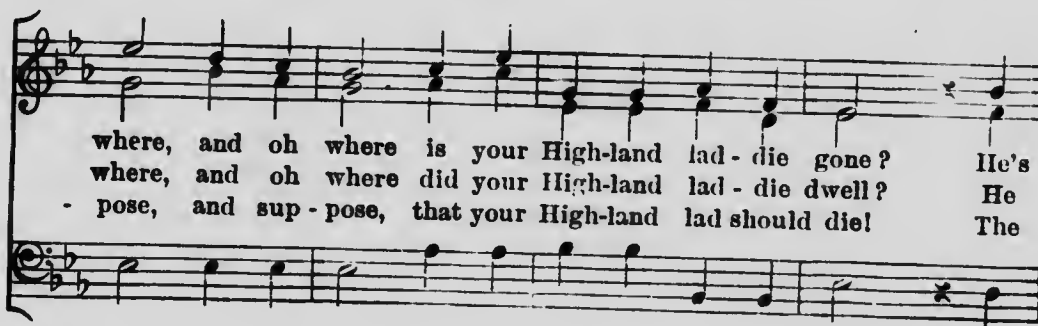
THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND

Moderato

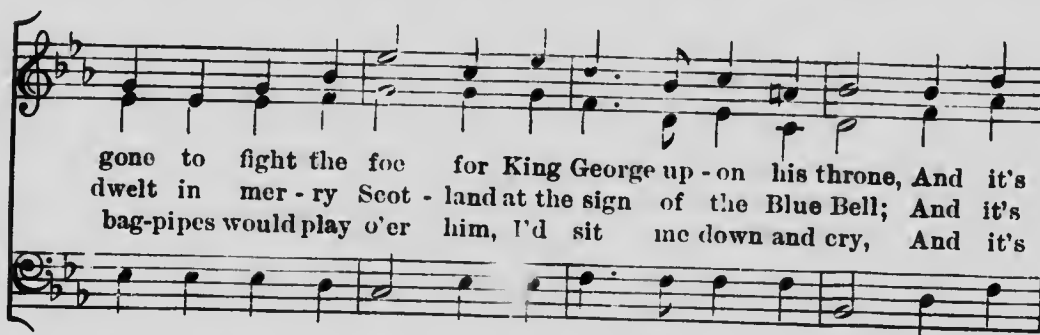
SCOTCH FOLK SONG



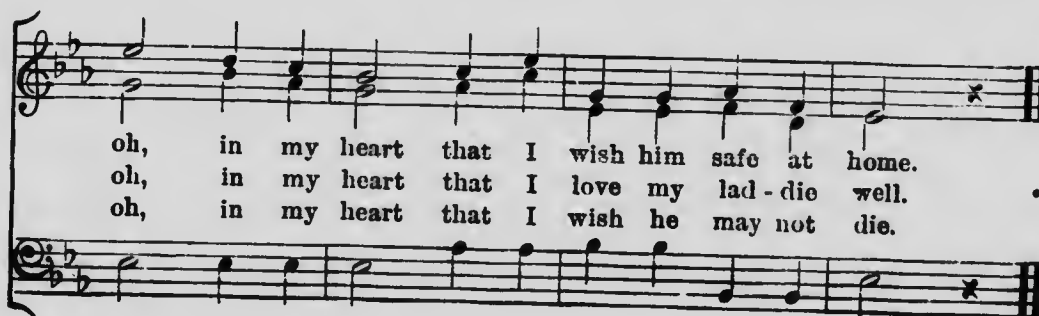
1. Oh where, and oh where is your High-land lad - die gone? Oh
 2. Oh where, and oh where did your High-land lad - die dwell? Oh
 3. Sup-pose, and sup-pose that your High-land lad should die? Sup -



where, and oh where is your High-land lad - die gone? He's
 where, and oh where did your High-land lad - die dwell? He
 - pose, and sup - pose, that your High-land lad should die! The



gone to fight the foe for King George up - on his throne, And it's
 dwelt in mer - ry Scot - land at the sign of the Blue Bell; And it's
 bag-pipes would play o'er him, I'd sit me down and cry, And it's



oh, in my heart that I wish him safe at home.
 oh, in my heart that I love my lad - die well.
 oh, in my heart that I wish he may not die.

SHOULD OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT

Moderato

SCOTCH FOLK SONG

1. Should old ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And nev - er brought to mind?
 2. We two ha'e run a - bout the braes And pu'd the gow-ans fine;
 3. And there's a hand, my trust - y friend; Wilt gi'es a hand o' thine?

Should old ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And days of auld lang syne?
 We've wan-dered mon-y a wea - ry bit In days of auld lang syne.
 We'll take a richt gude wil - lle-waught For days of auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my friends, we meet, For days of auld lang syne;

We'll have a thought of kind - ness yet, For days of auld lang syne.

JOY IS WARBLING

67

A la polka

FRANZ OTTO

1. Joy is warbling in the breezes, Pleasures smile a - long the fields, While
2. Humming bees and sal - ing swallows Gai - ly tell the love-ly glee That
3. Bloom-ing flow'rs, their sweets exhal - lug, Join to make the charming scene Ap -

na - ture clad in robes of beau - ty, All that's sweet and love - ly yields.
 na - ture's now so kind - ly shedding O - ver all the eye can see.
 pear still more like hap - py E - den, Ere the blight of hu - man sin.

Heav'n now sheds its mild - est splendor O'er the land and o'er the deep; See,
 Wel - come! says the flock that's feed - ing On the ver - dant grass - y hills, And
 Glad we hail thee, love - ly Spring - time, Welcome tru - ly is thy smile. Oh

all en - joy the com - mon pleasure, While in hap - py crowds they sweep.
 Wel - come! ech - oes many a songster, Chirp ing round the rip - pling rills.
 would that all like thee were love - ly, Free from woe and free from gullie!

Hall, hall this hap - py day! Hall, hall this hap - py day!

Hall this day! Hall this day! Hall this hap - py day!

yes, yes,

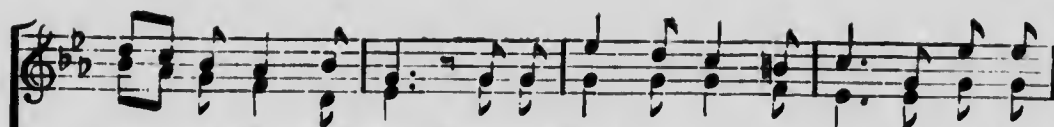
NOW THE TWILIGHT HOUR APPROACHES

ENGLISH FOLK SONG

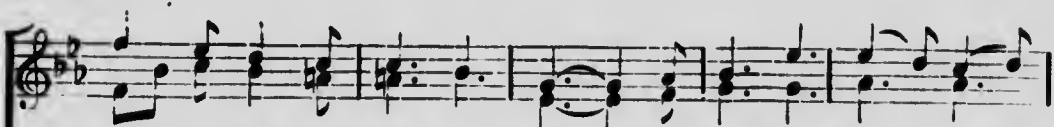
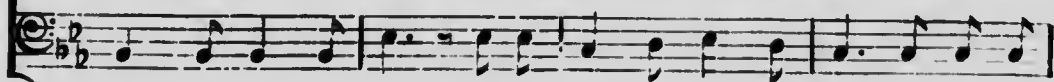
Allegretto

1. Now the twi-llight hour ap-proach-es And the day is gen - tly
2. Love - ly twi-llight, hap - py mo - ment, Ev - 'ry heart with joy in -

dy - ing. Breez - es now with mourn-ful sigh - ing, Wan - der
vest - ing, Ev - 'ry thought of grief ar - rest - ing, Who dost



thro' the shad - ows dim, While the song - birds of the for - est, Homeward
rest and peace in - vite, Hush'd is now the sound of la - bor, And from



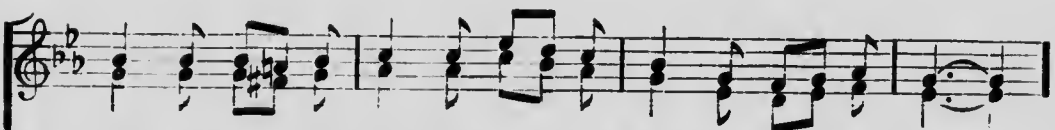
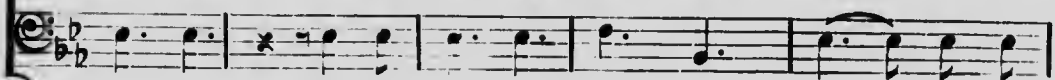
now their flight are wing - ing, And a - bove us they are
hearts and homes of glad - ness, Float the songs un - touch'd by

And a - bove us they are
Float the songs un - touch'd by

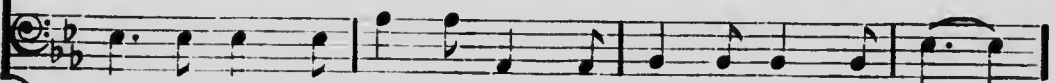


sing - ing Sweet and low, their ves - per hymn. Soon these
sad - ness Out up - on the qui - et night. Soon these

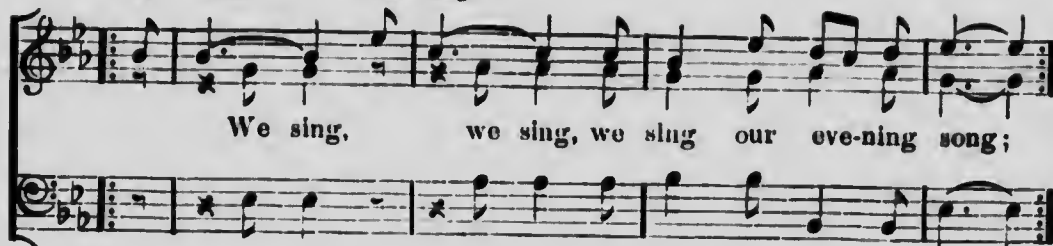
sing - ing, Sweet and low their ves - per hymn.
sad - ness, Out up - on the qui - et night.



fad - ing rays will van - ish, Night her gloom - y shades pro - long.



We sing. . . we sing. . .



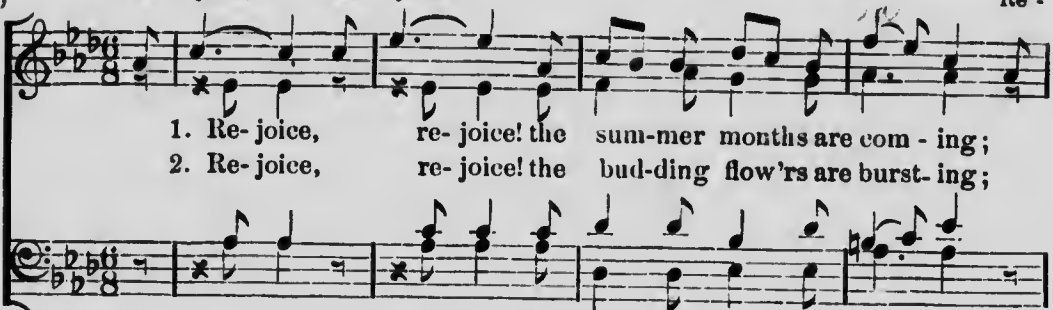
REJOICE, REJOICE!

Re - joice, . . re - joice! . .

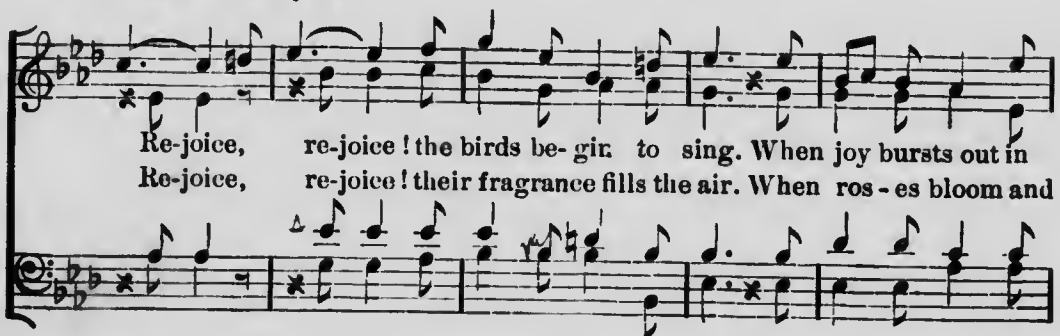
CHARLES E. WHITING

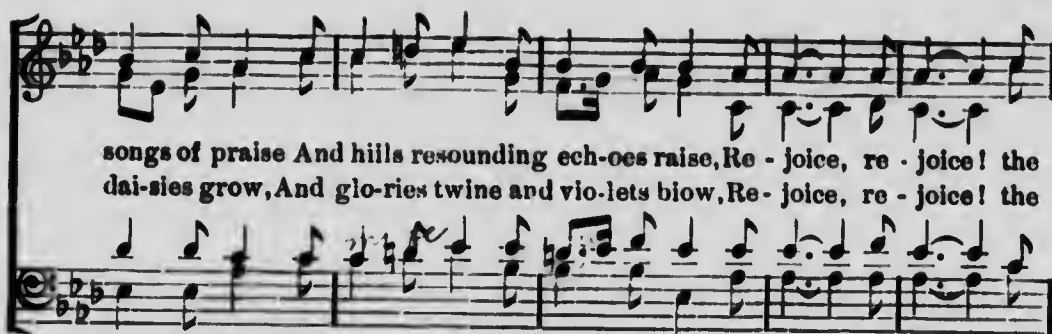
Re -

*Apr. 11,
1934*

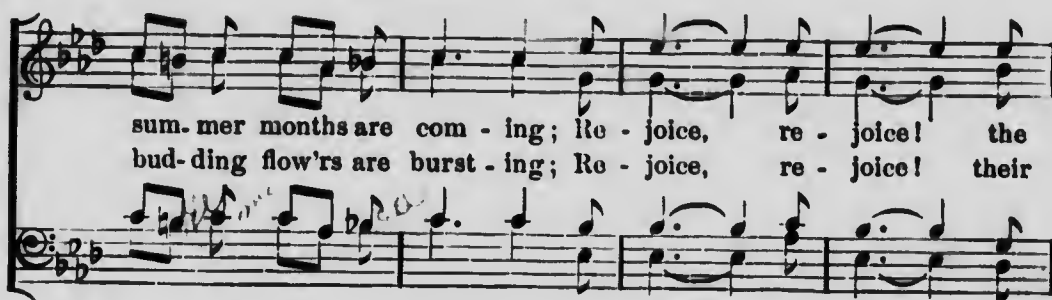


joice, . . re - joice! . .

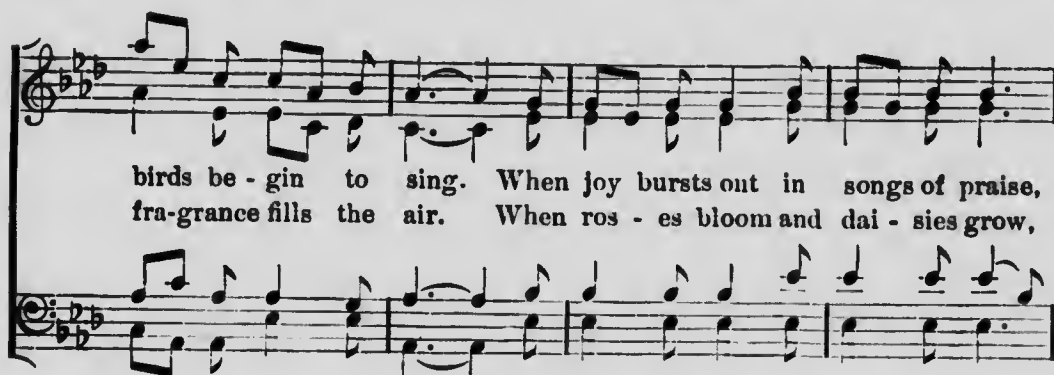




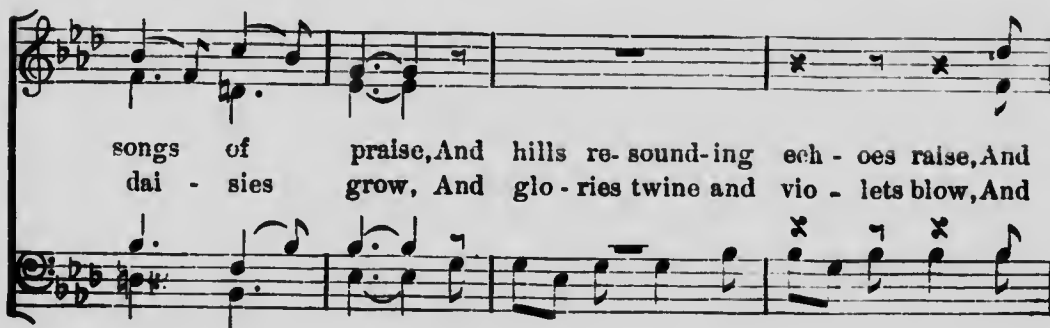
songs of praise And hills resounding ech-oes raise, Re - joice, re - joice! the
dai-sies grow, And glo-ries twine and vio-lets blow, Re - joice, re - joice! the



sum-mer months are com - ing; Re - joice, re - joice! the
bud-ding flow'rs are burst - ing; Re - joice, re - joice! their



birds be - gin to sing. When joy bursts out in songs of praise,
fra-grance fills the air. When ros - es bloom and dai - sies grow,



songs of praise, And hills re-sound-ing ech - oes raise, And
dai - sies grow, And glo-ries twine and vio - lets blow, And

re - joice, . .

hills re-sounding ech-oes raise, Rejoice, rejoice! the summer months are
 glo - ries twine and violets blow, Rejoice, rejoice! the budding flow'rs are

Re-joice,

re - joice,

com - ing, Rejoice, re - joice! the birds be - gin to sing.
 burst-ing, Rejoice, re - joice! their fragrance fills the air.

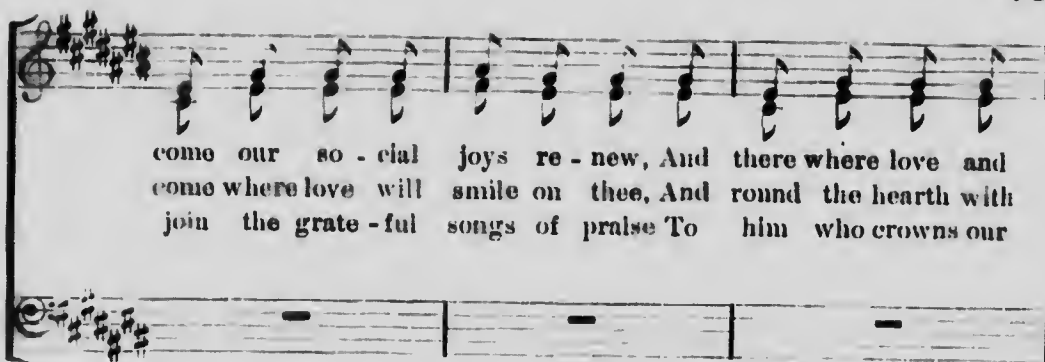
O COME, COME AWAY

GERMAN FOLK SONG

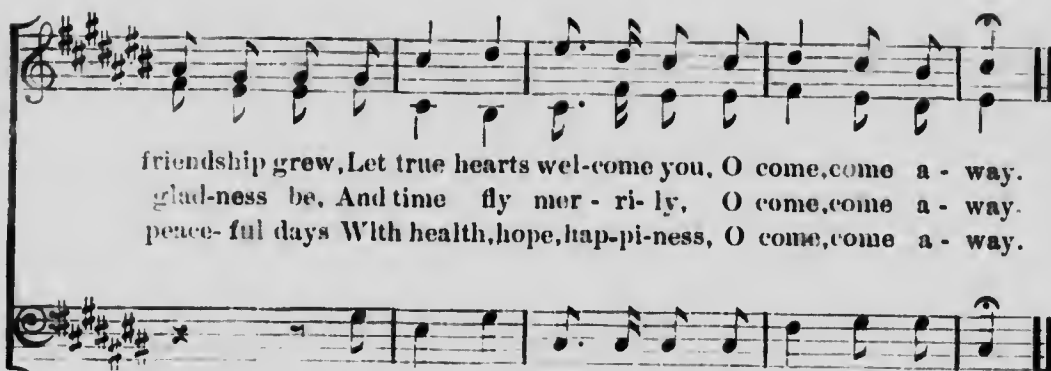
Spirited

1. O come, come a - way, From la - bor now re - pos - ing, Let
 2. From toil and from care, O'er which the day is clos - ing, The
 3. The bright day is gone, The moon and stars ap - pear - ing, With

hus - y care a - while for - bear, O come, come a - way. O
 hour of eve brings sweet re - prieve, O come, come a - way O
 sil - v'ry light il - lume the night, O come, come a - way. We'll



come our so - cial joys re - new, And there where love and
 come where love will smile on thee, And round the hearth with
 join the grate - ful songs of praise To him who crowns our

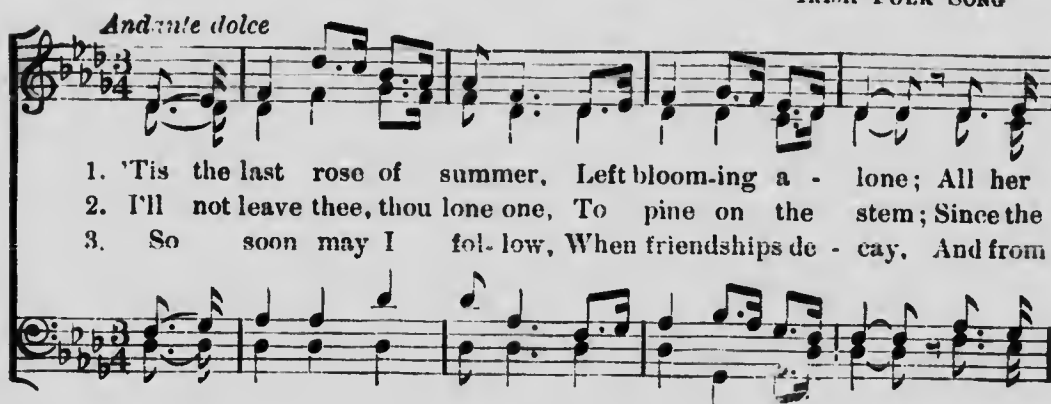


friendship grew, Let true hearts wel-come you, O come, come a - way.
 glad-ness be, And time fly mer - ri - ly, O come, come a - way.
 peace-ful days With health, hope, hap-pi-ness, O come, come a - way.

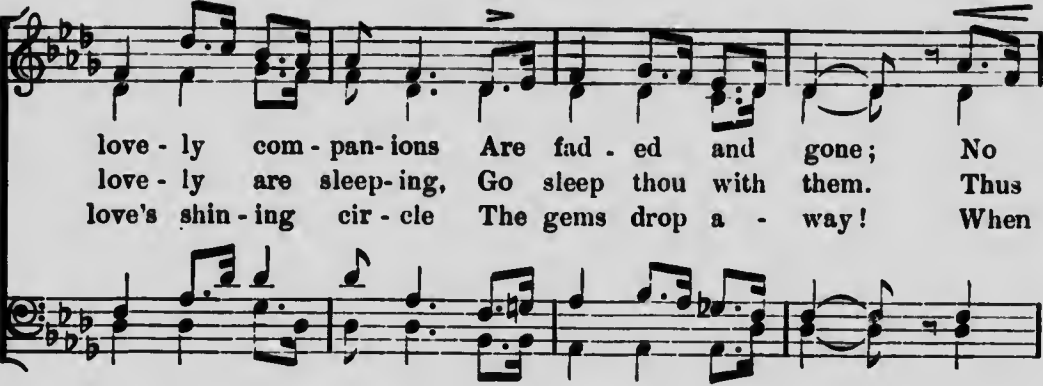
'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

IRISH FOLK SONG

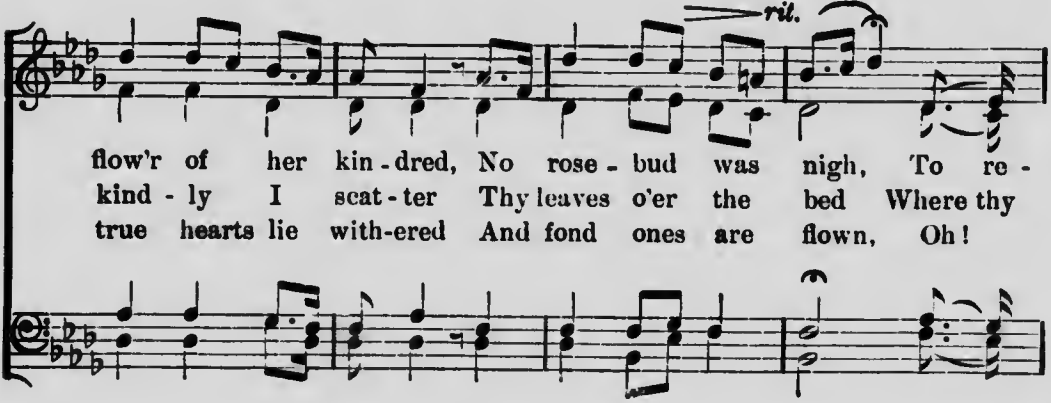
Andante dolce



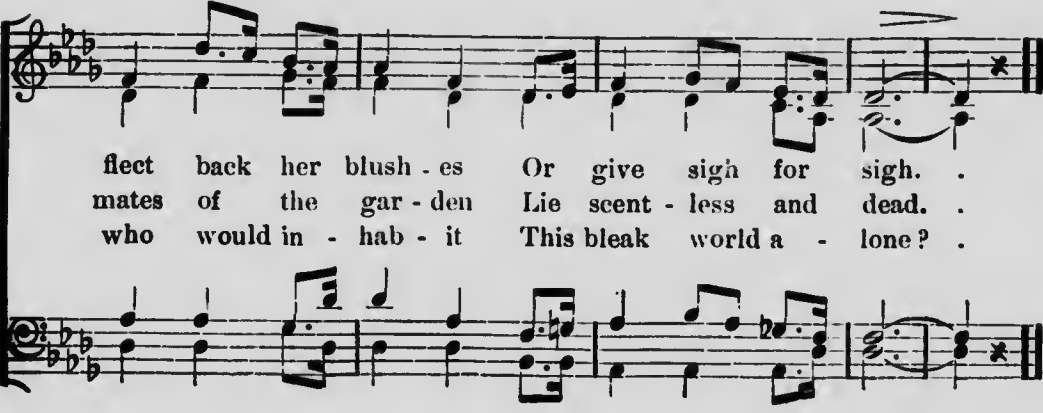
1. 'Tis the last rose of summer, Left bloom-ing a - lone; All her
 2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem; Since the
 3. So soon may I fol-low, When friendships de - cay. And from



love - ly com - pan - ions Are fad - ed and gone; No
 love - ly are sleep - ing, Go sleep thou with them. Thus
 love's shin - ing cir - cle The gems drop a - way! When



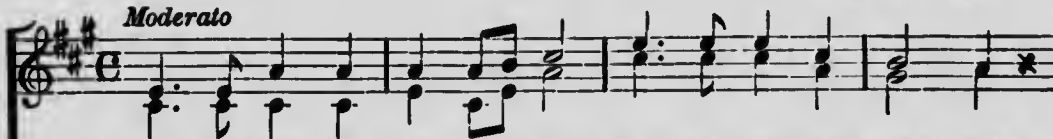
flow'r of her kin - dred, No rose - bud was nigh, To re -
 kind - ly I scat - ter Thy leaves o'er the bed Where thy
 true hearts lie with - ered And fond ones are flown, Oh!



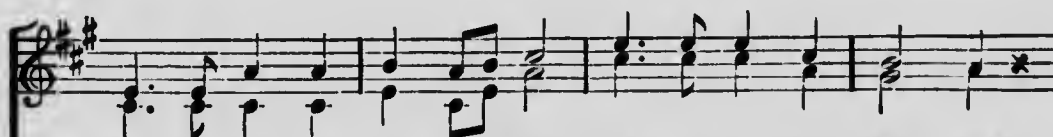
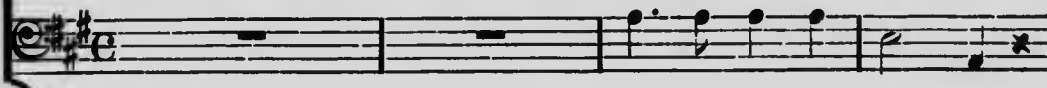
flect back her blush - es Or give sigh for sigh. .
 mates of the gar - den Lie scent - less and dead. .
 who would in - hab - it This bleak world a - lone? .

GENTLE SPRING IS HERE AGAIN

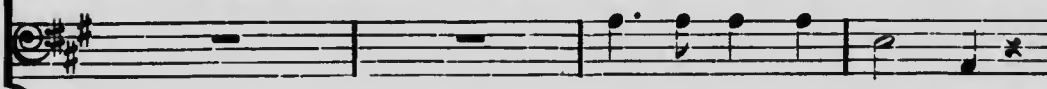
CHARLES AUSELD

Moderato

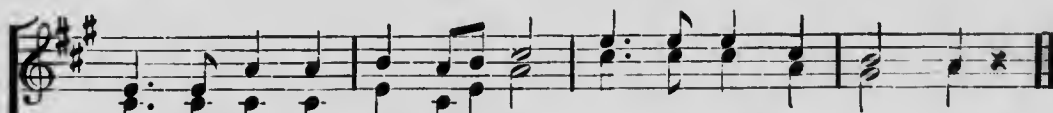
1. Gen - tle spring is here a - gain, Bring - ing mirth and glad - ness;
 2. Years a - go her gen - tle voice Filled my heart with pleas - ure,
 3. All a - lone she calm - ly sleeps, Un - der - neath the wil - low,



And the sing - ing birds have come, Chas - ing gloom and sad - ness;
 And life's lot was full of joy, With this sin - gle treas - ure;
 And the hare - bells mute - ly weep, Tears up - on her pil - low;



But my heart is sad and lone, Tho' the win - try days have flown,
 But no joy earth now can give, Tempt - ing with the wish to live,
 But her face still bright - ly beams, Com - ing to me in my dreams,



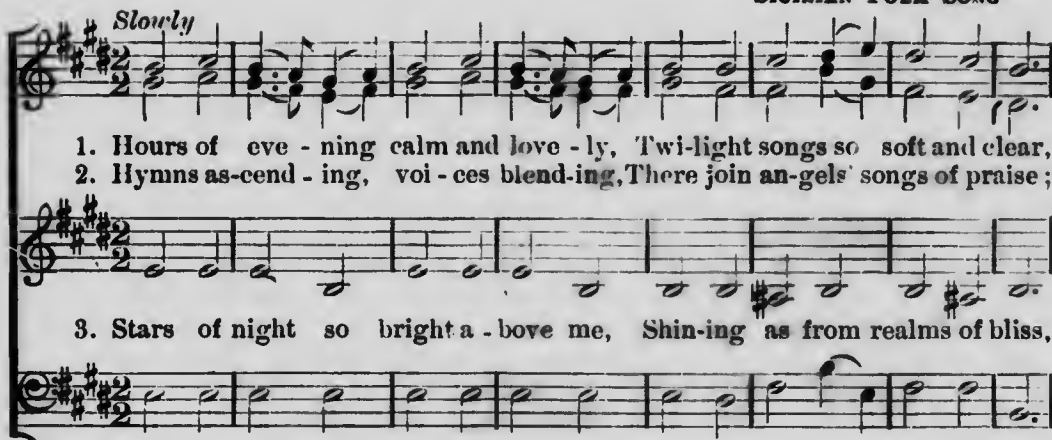
For I miss the love - ly tone, Which could bring it glad - ness.
 And I lin - ger but to grieve For the dear lost treas - ure.
 Like an an - gel's still it seems, Bend - ing o'er my pil - low.



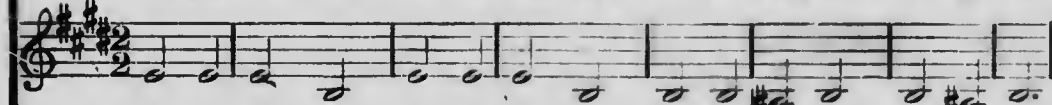
HOURS OF EVENING

SICILIAN FOLK SONG

Slowly



1. Hours of eve - ning calm and love - ly, Twi-light songs so soft and clear,
 2. Hymns as-cend - ing, voi - ces blend-ing, There join an-gels' songs of praise ;



3. Stars of night so bright a - bove me, Shin-ing as from realms of bliss,



All to sol-emn rap - ture move me, Earth re - cedes and heav'n is near.
 Here in rapt de - vo - tion bend-ing, Tho'ts se - rene to heav'n we raise.



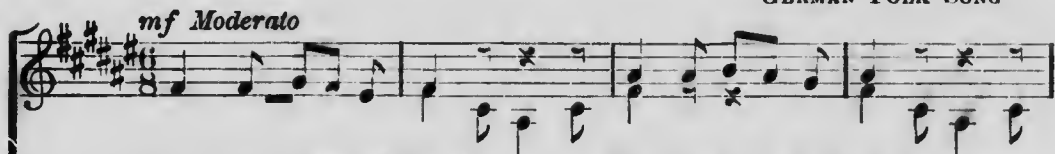
Light my way to those who love me, Now in fair - er worlds than this.



COLD THE BLAST MAY BLOW

GERMAN FOLK SONG

mf Moderato



1. Cold the blast may blow, Heap-ing high the snow,
 1. Cold the blast may blow, Heap-ing high the
 2. Bo - soms firm and bold, Fear not storm or cold,
 2. Bo-soms firm and bold, Fear not storm or



f

Winds may loudly roar, . . . may loud-ly roar;
 snow, Winds may loudly roar,
 Fear not ice or snow; . . . not ice or snow;
 cold, Fear not ice or snow,

roar, may loud ly
 snow, not ice or

mf

Trees all brown and bare, Sad may wave in air,
 Fierce - ly through the gale, Drift the snow and hail;

p

Deck'd with leaves no more, Deck'd with leaves no more.
 Hearts may warm-ly glow, Hearts may warm-ly glow.

3 When in school we meet,
 Looks of welcome greet
 Each from smiling eyes;
 When our teachers dear
 Give us words of cheer,
 What are wintry skies?

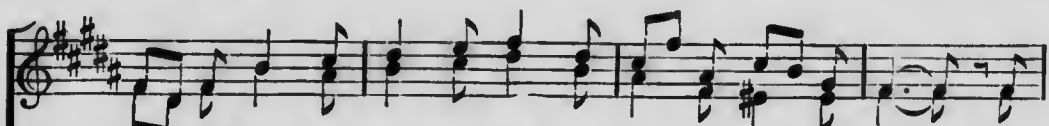
4 Come, then, rain or hail!
 Come, then, storm or gale!
 Glad to school we'll go.
 Bosoms firm and bold
 Shrink not from the cold,
 Fear not ice or snow.

ON FOOT I GAILY TAKE MY WAY

FRANZ ABT

Allegretto

1. On foot I gai - ly take my way, Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah! O'er
2. No snail-paced friend I want, not I, Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah! At
3. Foot-trav-el to the gay is sweet, Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah! But



mountains bare and mead-ows gay, Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah! And
 ev-'ry step to pause and sigh, Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah! No
 heav-y hearts make heav-y feet, Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah! The



he who is not of my mind, An-oth-er trav'-ling mate may find, He
 gloom-y mate to seowl and groan, And o-ver oth-ers' sins to moan, I'd
 man who loves the sunshine bright, And nev-er peeps be-hind for night, That



can-not go with me, He can-not go with me, Hur-rah, hur-
 rath-er trudge a-lone, I'd rath-er trudge a-lone, Hur-rah, hur-
 is the man for me, That is the man for me, Hur-rah, hur-



rah! Tra la la la la, Hurrah, hur-rah! Tra la la la la, hurrah! Hur-

rah, hur - rah, hur - rah, hur - rah! Tra la la la!

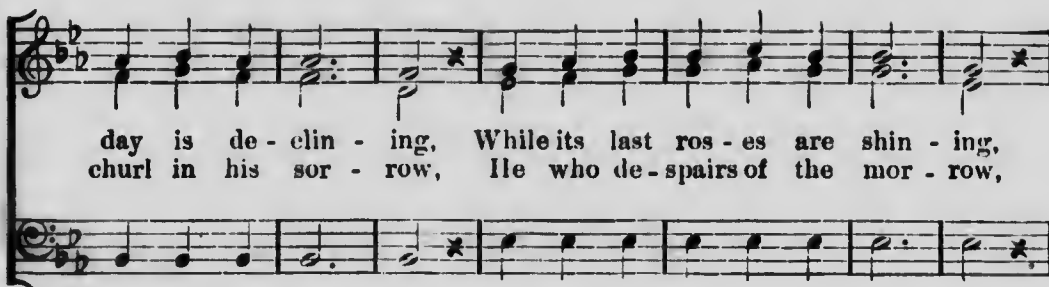
COME WITH THY LUTE

Moderato

GERMAN FOLK SONG

1. Come with thy lute to the foun - tain, Sing me a song of the
2. Come where the zeph - yrs are stray - ing, There 'mid the flow - er buds

moun - tain, Sing of the hap - py and free. . There while the
play - ing, Ram - bles the blithe sum - mer bee. . Let the lone

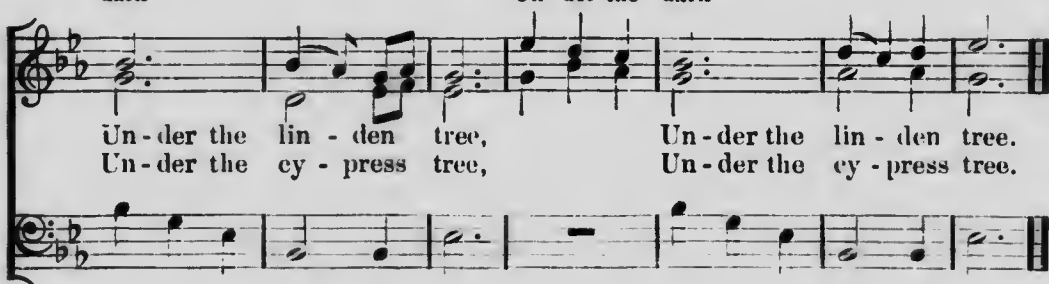


Sweet shall our mel - o - dies be, Un - der the
Far to his sol - i - tude flee, Un - der the



broad
dark

Un - der the broad
Un - der the dark

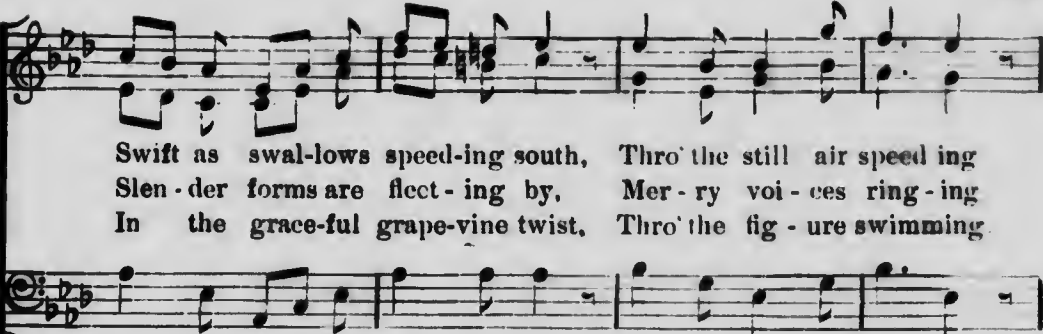


O'ER THE ICE

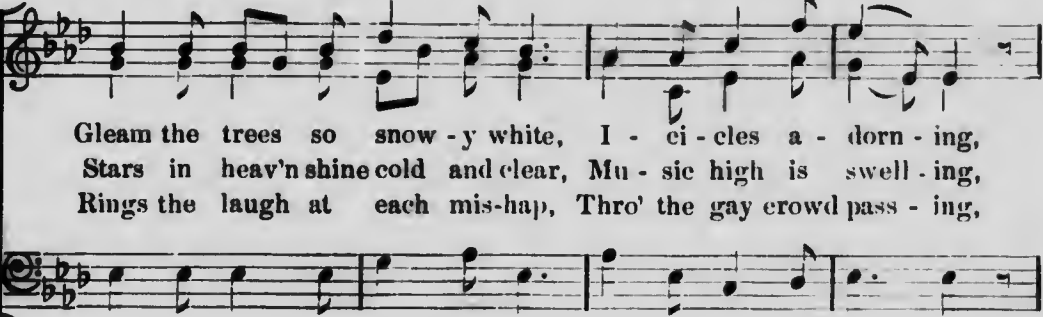
CHARLES E. WHITING

Spiritoso

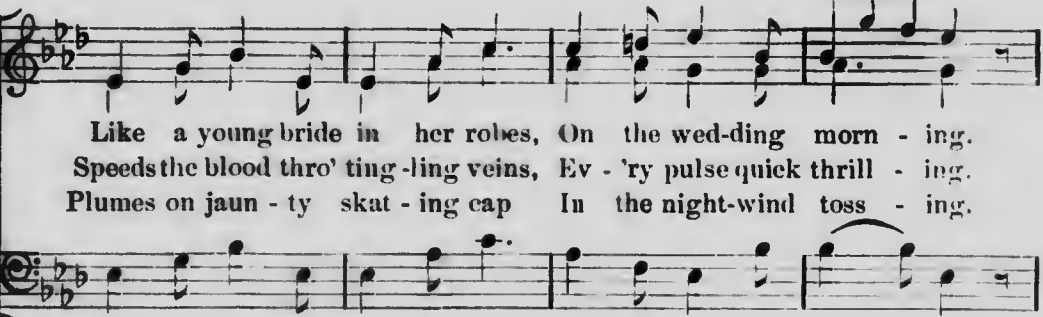




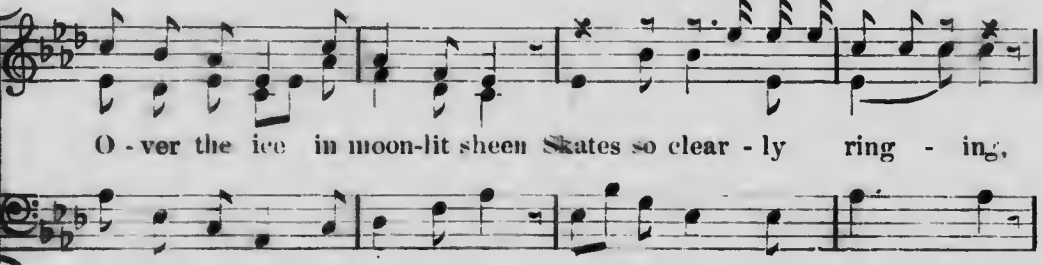
Swift as swal-lows speed-ing south, Thro' the still air speed ing
Slen - der forms are fleet - ing by, Mer - ry voi - ces ring - ing
In the grace-ful grape-vine twist, Thro' the fig - ure swimming



Gleam the trees so snow - y white, I - ci - cles a - dorn - ing,
Stars in heav'n shine cold and clear, Mu - sic high is swell - ing,
Rings the laugh at each mis-hap, Thro' the gay crowd pass - ing,



Like a young bride in her robes, On the wed-ding morn - ing.
Speeds the blood thro' ting-ling veins, Ev - 'ry pulse quick thrill - ing.
Plumes on jaun - ty skat - ing cap In the night-wind toss - ing.



O - ver the ice in moon-lit sheen ^{so clear-ly ring-ing,} States so clear - ly ring - ing,

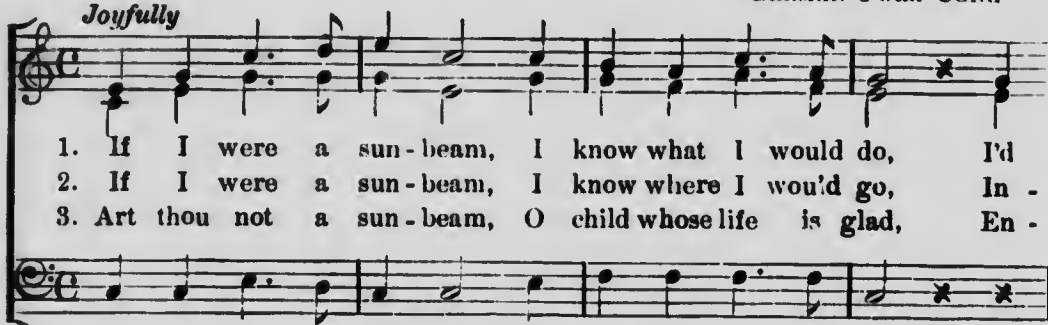


Speed we on with mer - ry hearts, Mer - ry voi - ces sing - ing.

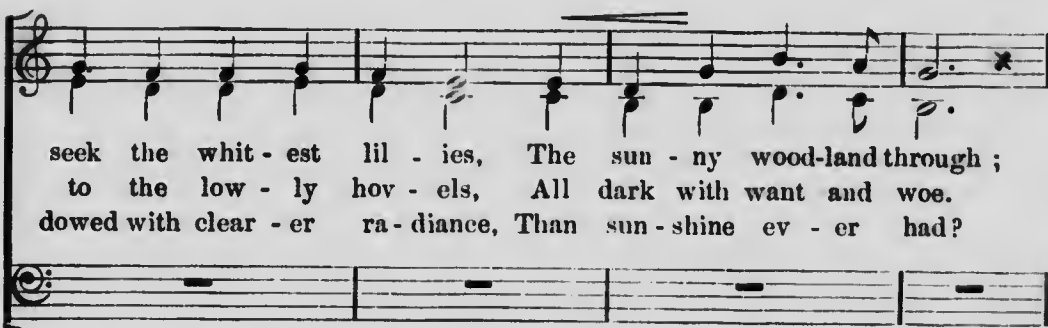
IF I WERE A SUNBEAM

GERMAN FOLK SONG

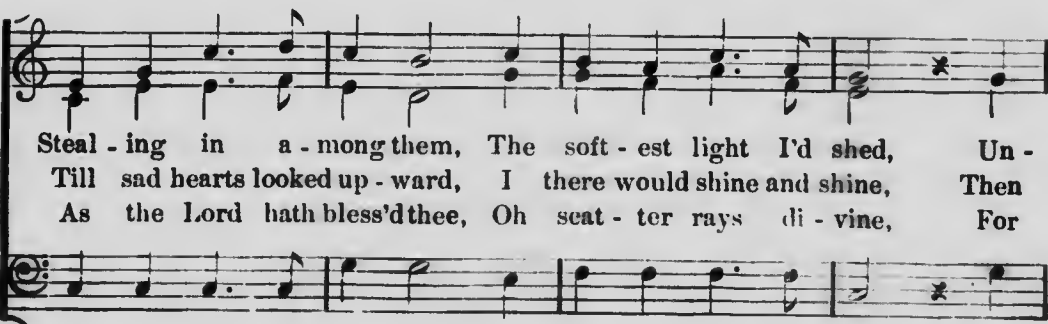
Joyfully



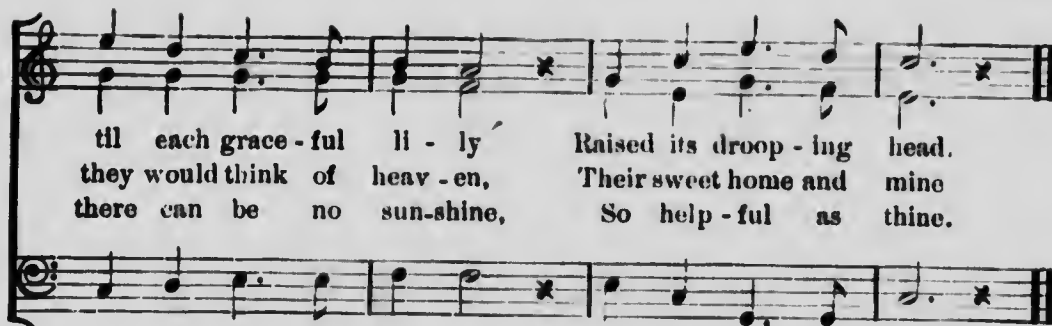
1. If I were a sun - beam, I know what I would do, I'd
 2. If I were a sun - beam, I know where I would go, In -
 3. Art thou not a sun - beam, O child whose life is glad, En -



seek the whit - est lil - ies, The sun - ny wood - land through ;
 to the low - ly hov - els, All dark with want and woe.
 dowed with clear - er ra - diance, Than sun - shine ev - er had?



Steal - ing in a - mong them, The soft - est light I'd shed, Un -
 Till sad hearts looked up - ward, I there would shine and shine, Then
 As the Lord hath bless'd thee, Oh scat - ter rays di - vine, For



til each grace - ful li - ly Raised its droop - ing head.
 they would think of heav - en, Their sweet home and mine
 there can be no sun-shine, So help - ful as thine.

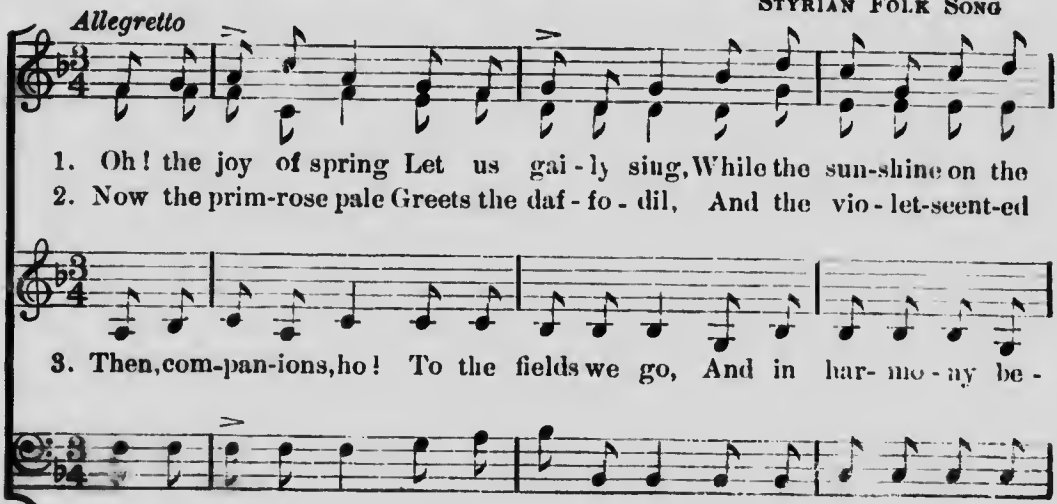
SOLFECCIO



OH THE JOY OF SPRING

STYRIAN FOLK SONG

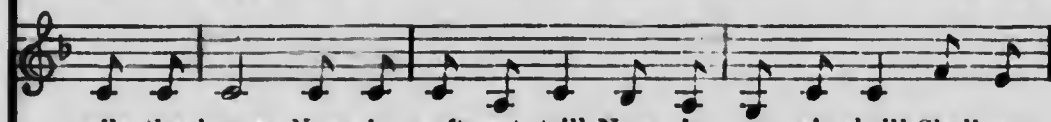
Allegretto



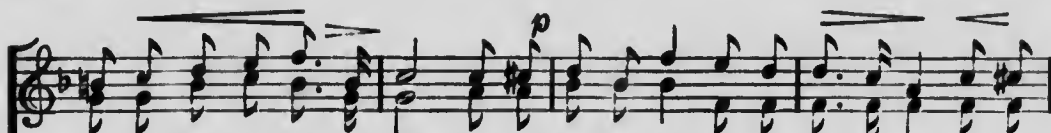
1. Oh! the joy of spring Let us gai - ly sing, While the sun-shine on the
 2. Now the prim-rose pale Greet the daf - fo - dil, And the vio - let-scent-ed
 3. Then, com-pan-ions, ho! To the fields we go, And in har-mo - ny be -



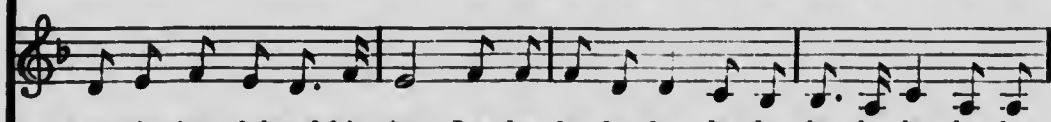
mead is bright; While the lambkins play, And the earth is gay And all
air is sweet; Birds in ev - 'ry tree Make a mel - o - dy, Sing - ing



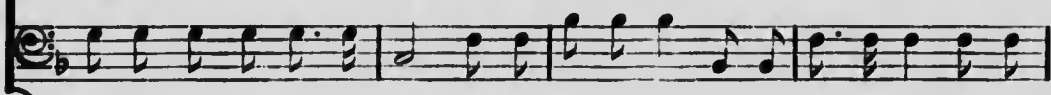
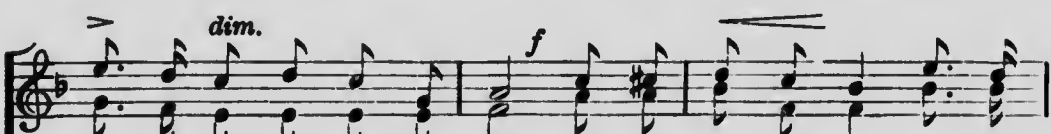
guile the hours. Now in soft - est trill, Now in mu - sic shrill, Shall our

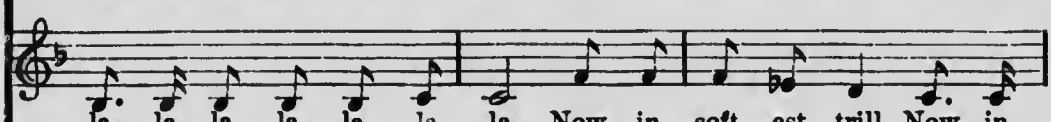
nature keeps a hol - i - day. La la la la la la la la la la la la
welcome to the sun - ny May. La la la la la la la la la la la la



song the joy - ful wel - kin ring. La la la la la la la la la la la la

la la la la la la la. While the lamb - kins play, And the
la la la la la la la. Birds in ev - 'ry tree Make a



la la la la la la la. Now in soft - est trill, Now in



rit. *molto rit. e dim.* 85

earth is gay And all na - ture keeps a hol - i - day.
 mel - o - dy, Sing - ing wel - come to the sun - ny May.
rit. *molto rit. e dim.*

mu - sic shrill, Shall our song the joy - ful wel - kin ring.
rit. *molto rit. e dim.*

IN THE FOREST GREEN

A. J. FOXWELL

TYROLEAN FOLK SONG

1. In the for - est green, where the sil - v'ry sheen Of the
 2. Though so weak and small, not a fear will fall On its
 3. Sink - ing free from dread in a moss - y bed, As the
 4. Then the bird to me shall a teach - er be, Sham - ing

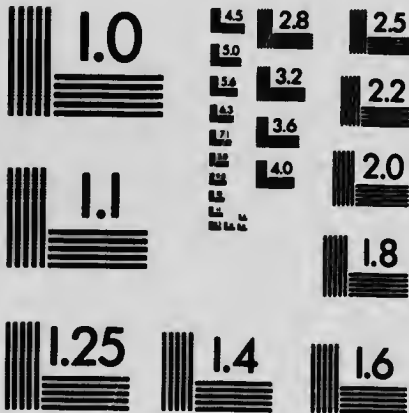
quiv - 'ring leaves de - light the eye, As the gen - tle breeze sways the
 mel - o - dy with trem - bling jar, No dis - trust - ful part in the
 eve - ning falls in gold - en light, Ilap - py ev - 'ry - where in a
 doubt and dull - ness from my life, While I learn to praise in the

wav - ing trees, Ev - 'ry trust - ful bird will home - ward fly.
 lit - tle heart, No un - thought - ful - ness its praise to mar.
 Fa - ther's care, It can calm - ly meet the dark - 'ning night.
 dark - est days, With a heart se - cure a - mid the strife.



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482-0300 - Phone
(716) 288-5989 - Fax

A musical score for a song. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. Below the staff, the lyrics 'La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la' are written. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains a bass line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including rests.

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

SOLFEGGIO

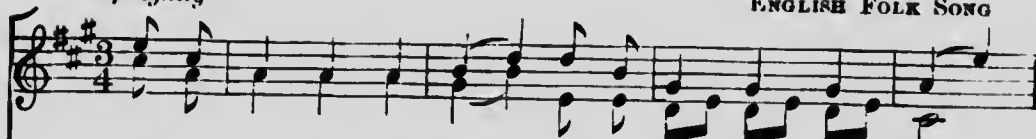
A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music consists of several measures, including a repeat sign and a final measure with a double bar line.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written for two voices, Soprano and Alto, and a Piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The Soprano part begins with a treble clef, and the Alto part begins with an alto clef. The Piano part begins with a bass clef. The music is in common time (C). The Soprano part has a melodic line with a final cadence. The Alto part has a similar melodic line. The Piano part provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The score is divided into measures by vertical bar lines. The Soprano part ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The Alto part ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The Piano part ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

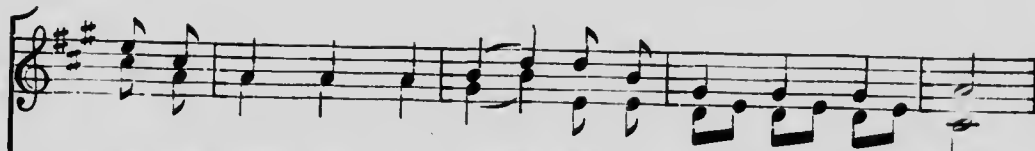
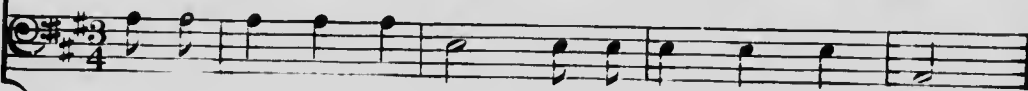
TRIP IT LIGHTLY

Sprightly

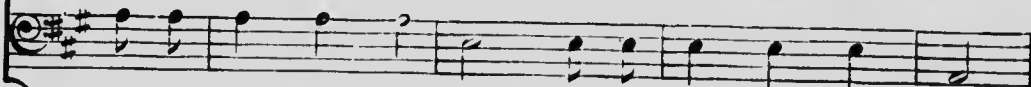
ENGLISH FOLK SONG



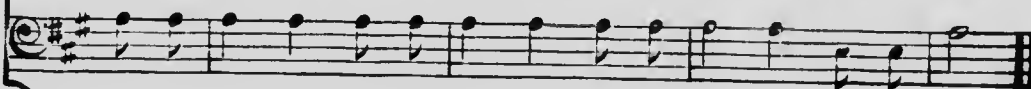
1. Trip it light - ly a - long, Sing - ing gai - ly a song,
 2. Hap - py, hap - py are we! Full of bright - ness and glee,
 3 Not a sor - row or care, Not a troub - le we wear,



Keeping meas - ure, you know, As to - geth - er we go.
 As the birds are that sing On the bright days of Spring,
 And we fear not a foe, But en - joy as we go,



Trip it light - ly, sing - ing gai - ly, Keeping meas - ure as we go.
 Hap - py, hap - py, full of brightness, As the birds are in the spring.
 Not a sor - row or a troub - le, And we fear not a - ny foe.

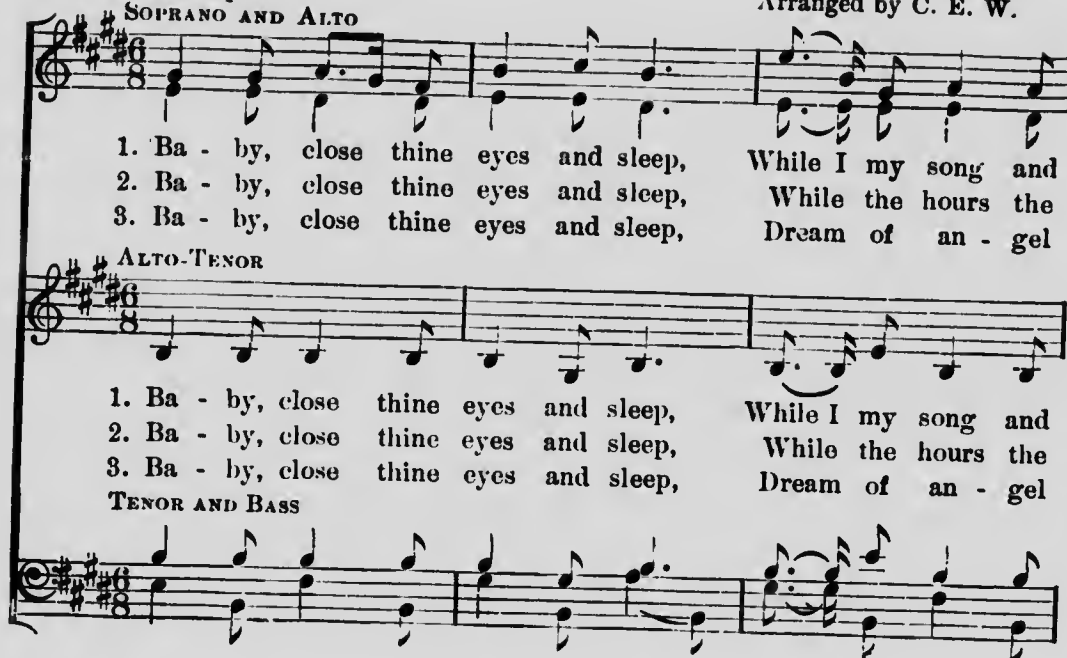


BABY CLOSE THINE EYES

Moderato p

SOPRANO AND ALTO

W. F. SUDDS
Arranged by C. E. W.

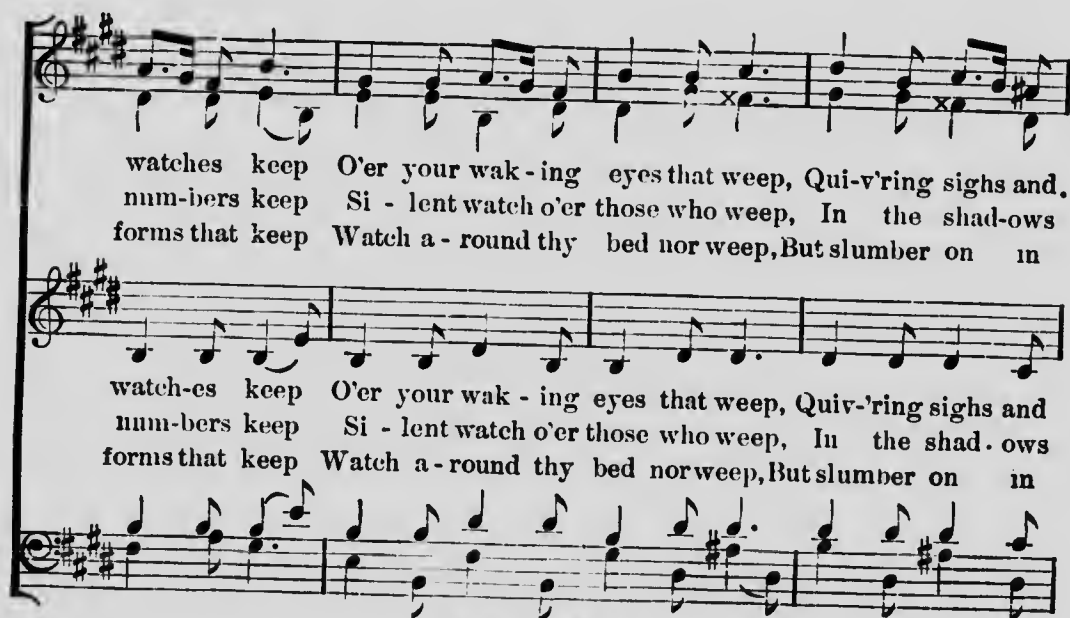


1. Ba - by, close thine eyes and sleep, While I my song and
 2. Ba - by, close thine eyes and sleep, While the hours the
 3. Ba - by, close thine eyes and sleep, Dream of an - gel

ALTO-TENOR

1. Ba - by, close thine eyes and sleep, While I my song and
 2. Ba - by, close thine eyes and sleep, While the hours the
 3. Ba - by, close thine eyes and sleep, Dream of an - gel

TENOR AND BASS



watches keep O'er your wak - ing eyes that weep, Qui-v'ring sighs and,
 num-bers keep Si - lent watch o'er those who weep, In the shad-ows
 forms that keep Watch a - round thy bed nor weep, But slumber on in

watch-es keep O'er your wak - ing eyes that weep, Quiv'-ring sighs and
 num-bers keep Si - lent watch o'er those who weep, In the shad-ows
 forms that keep Watch a - round thy bed nor weep, But slumber on in

sobs so deep. While I my song and watch - es keep,
of the deep.
still - ness deep.

Ba - by, close thine eyes in sleep. . . . *dim.* *pp*
Ba - by, close thine eyes in sleep, thine eyes in sleep
Ba - by, close thine eyes, close thine eyes in sleep.
in sleep,

SOLFEGGIO

HOPE TAKES THE SOUL

FRANZ ART

*Moderato**mf*

1. Hope takes the soul to mead - ows fair, In
2. As chil - dren fair they gen - tly play A

to mead ows fair,
they gen - tly play,

green - est ver - dure dressed, Dis - pell - ing all the grief and
round thine ach - ing brow, And all thy sor - rows waft a

in ver dure dressed,
thine ach ing brow;

care That once the heart op - pressed.
way; They're gone, thou know'st not how.

the grief and care, That
Waft a - way, They're

the heart op -
thou know'st not

(1 & 2) Why in this town's con - tract - ed space Our life in

press'd.
how.

Why in this town's con - tract - ed

sor - row waste? Oh come, 'Neath way - ing trees, oh
space Our life in sor - row waste? Come, come,

choose thy place And sooth - ing breez - es taste, 'Neath
and sooth - ing breez - es

way - ing trees, oh choose thy place And sooth - ing breez - es taste!
taste, Come, choose

SOLFEGGIO

WHEN THE JOYS OF SUMMER

GERMAN FOLK SONG

Allegretto

1. When the joys of the sum-mer are things of the past, Like the
 2. Then the earth of its plen-ty a-bun-dant-ly yields, There is
 3. Now with scar-let and pur-ple the woods are a-flame, And the

beau-ties of Spring-time, too fra-gile to last, The glo-ries of
 joy in the vil-lage and mirth in the fields, The reap-ers work
 wild fruits the boun-ty of na-ture pro-claim, Where-ver we

Au-tumn to charm us ap-pear, For Au-tumn, glow-ing
 gai-ly the val-leys to clear, For Au-tumn, glow-ing
 wan-der some pleas-ure is near, For Au-tumn, glow-ing

Au-tumn, is the crown of the year, crown of the year.
 is the

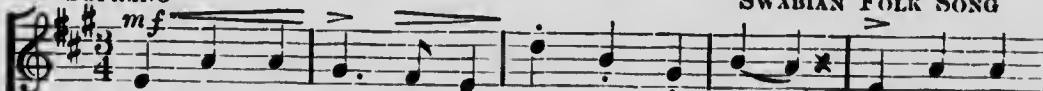
SOLFEGGIO



WHILE I AM WANDERING

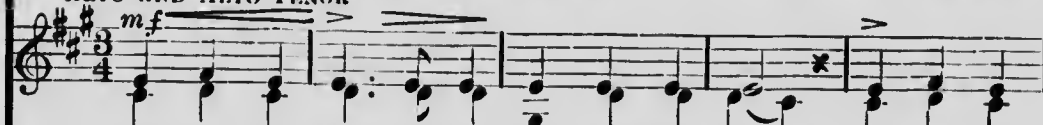
SOPRANO

SWABIAN FOLK SONG



1 While I am wan - der - ing In the sweet Spring, Pleas - ant - ly
 2 Some - how I al - ways find, Roam as I will, All the paths

ALTO AND ALTO-TENOR



1. While I am wan - der - ing In the sweet Spring, Pleas - ant - ly
 2 Some - how I al - ways find, Roam as I will, All the paths

BASS



s... ter - ing, Gai - ly I sing; Some - how my va - ried strain
 turn and wind Round to this hill, Whence my de - light - ed eye



saun - ter - ing, Gai - ly I sing; Some - how my va - ried strain
 turn and wind Round to this hill, Whence my de - light - ed eye

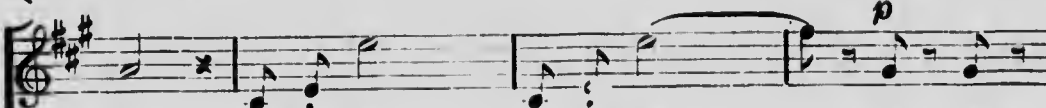




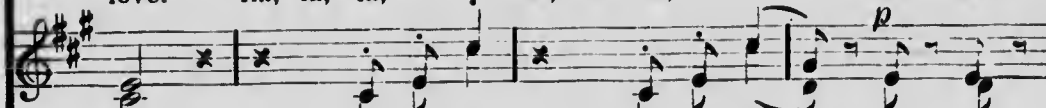
Al-ways winds back a- gain, Back to my love, Winds back to my
Can yon white cot-tage spy, There dwells my love, There, there dwells my



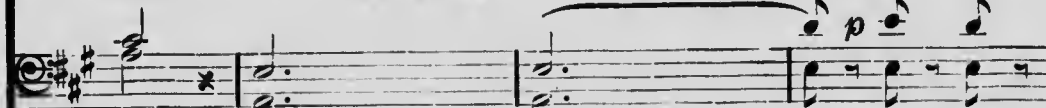
Al-ways winds back a- gain, Back to my love, Winds back to my
Can yon white cot-tage spy, There dwells my love, There, there dwells my



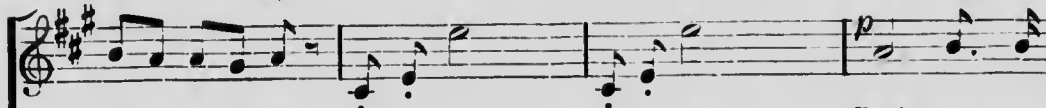
love. la, la, la, la, la la, . . . la, la,



love. la, la, la, la, la la, . . . la, la,



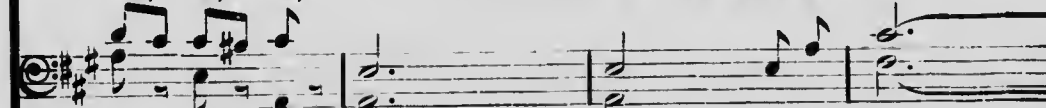
love. la, la, . . . la, la,



la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. Back to my
There dwells my



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



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

cres. *a tempo, più animato e cres. p*

love, la, la, la, la, la.

cres. *a tempo, più animato e cres. p*

. la, la, la, la, la.

cres. *a tempo, più animato e cres.*

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

YE BIRDS HOW HAPPY

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY

Lento *sf*

1. Ye birds how hap - py must ye be, While pour - ing forth thus
 2. I steal me from this bus - y throng, To walk your cheer - ful

3. Ye seek the for - est's sha - dy nook, The mea - dow's green and

mer - ri - ly Your morn-ing hymns of glad - ness, Your morn-ing hymns of
haunts a-mong, My heart will e'er be yearn - ing, My heart will e'er be

p

rip-pling brook, Ye fly from hu-man dwell - ing, Ye fly from hu - man

p

glad-ness. I lis - ten to your notes of glee, Then pines my heart in
yearn-ing. Ye welcome with your con-stant song Day's dawn and night re-

cres.

dwell-ing, Nor heed ye man's im - plor-ing look, His tale of sor - row

cres.

heart in sad - ness,
night re - turn - ing,
sor - row tell - ing,

Then pines my
Day's dawn and
His tale of

sad - ness, Then pines my heart in sad-ness, Then pines my heart, pines my
turn - ing, Day's dawn and night re - turn-ing, Day's dawn and night, day and

cres.

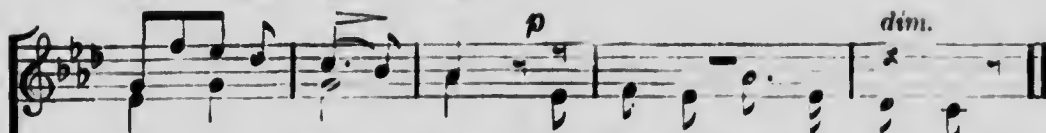
tell - ing, His tale of sor - row tell - ing, His tale of

f

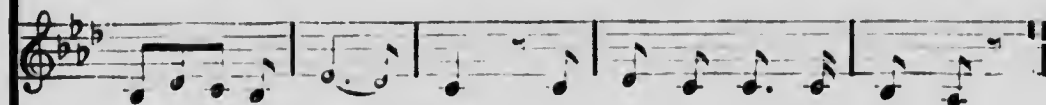
cres.

f

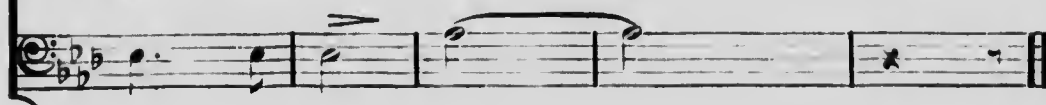
heart . . in sad . ness,
 night . . re - turn - ing.
 sor - row tell - ing.



heart in sad - ness, Then pines my heart in sad - ness.
 night re - turn - ing, Day's dawn and night re - turn - ing.
 sor - row tell - ing, His tale of sor - row tell - ing.



heart in sad - ness,
 night re - turn - ing. . . .
 sor - row tel. - ing. . . .



SOLFEGGIO



THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD

JAMES MONTGOMERY

PORTUGUESE MELODY

1. The Lord is my shep - herd, no want shall I know;
 2. Thro' the val - ley and shad - ow of death though I stray;
 3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my tri - ble is spread;
 4. Let good - ness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God!

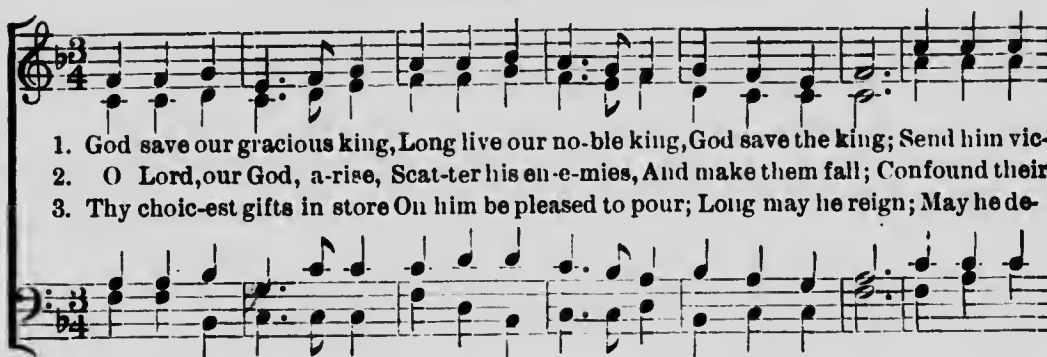
I feed in green pas - tures, safe fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my
 Since Thou art my guar - dian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de -
 With bless - ings un - meas - ured my cup run - neth o'er; With per - fume and
 Still fol - low my steps till I meet Thee a - bove; I seek — by the

soul where the still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wand'ring, re -
 fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my
 oil Thou a - noint - est my head; O! what shall I ask of Thy
 path which my fore - fa - thers trod, Thro' the land of their sojourn—

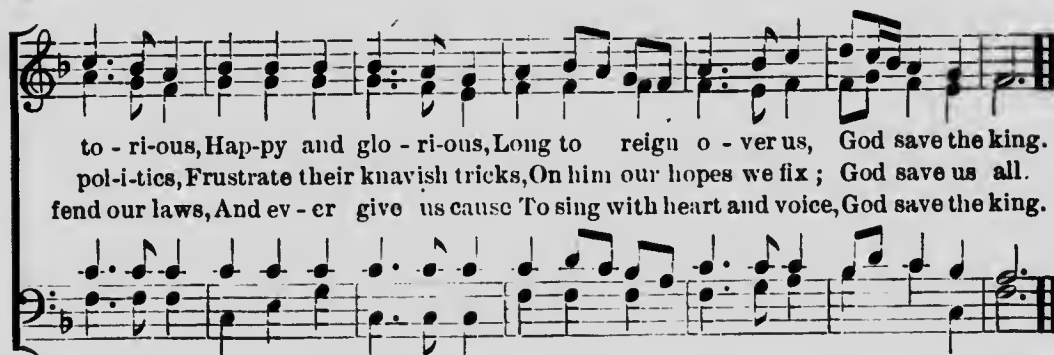
deems when op - pressed. Re - stores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppressed.
 Com - fort - er near. No harm can be - fall, with my Com - fort - er near.
 prov - i - dence more? O! what shall I ask of Thy prov - i - dence more?
 Thy kingdom of love. Thro' the land of their sojourn—Thy kingdom of love.

ASSEMBLY SELECTIONS

GOD SAVE THE KING



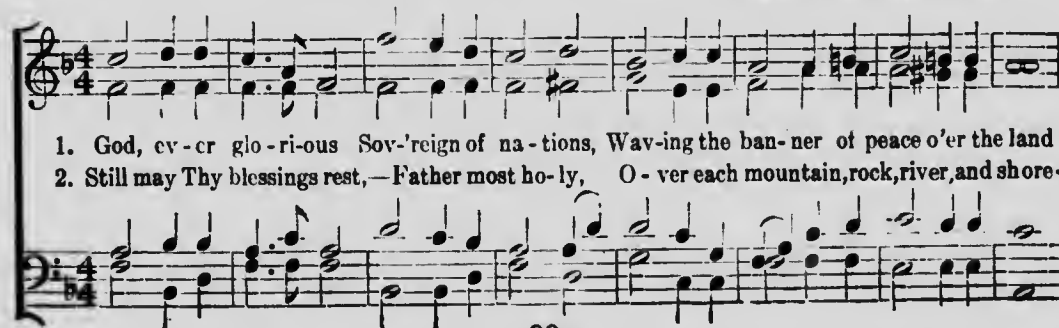
1. God save our gracious king, Long live our no-ble king, God save the king; Send him vic-
2. O Lord, our God, a-rise, Scat-ter his en-e-mies, And make them fall; Confound their
3. Thy choic-est gifts in store On him be pleased to pour; Long may he reign; May he de-



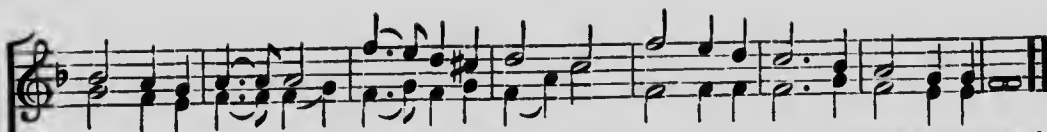
to - ri-ous, Hap-py and glo - ri-ous, Long to reign o - ver us, God save the king.
pol-i-tics, Frustrate their knavish tricks, On him our hopes we fix; God save us all.
fend our laws, And ev - er give us cause To sing with heart and voice, God save the king.

GOD EVER GLORIOUS

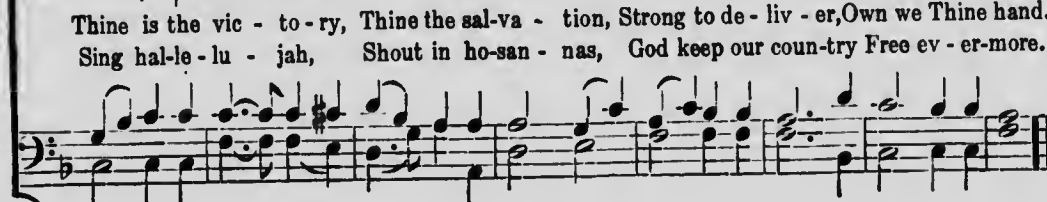
Russian National Hymn



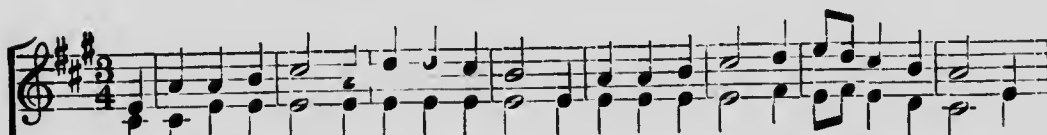
1. God, ev - er glo - ri-ous Sov'-reign of na - tions, Wav-ing the ban - ner of peace o'er the land
2. Still may Thy blessings rest, — Father most ho - ly, O - ver each mountain, rock, river, and shore.



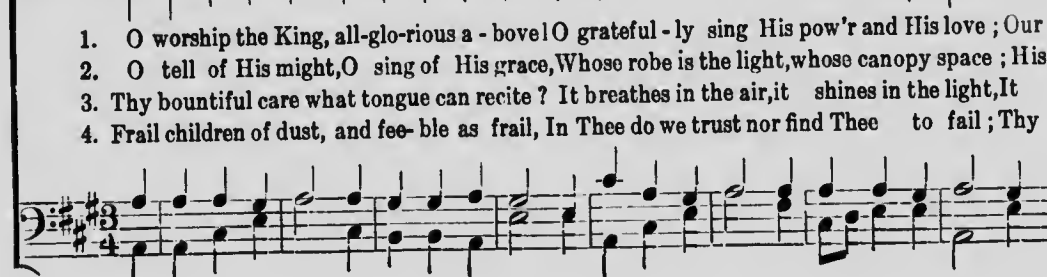
Thine is the vic - to - ry, Thine the sal - va - tion, Strong to de - liv - er, Own we Thine hand.
Sing hal - le - lu - jah, Shout in ho - san - nas, God keep our coun - try Free ev - er - more.



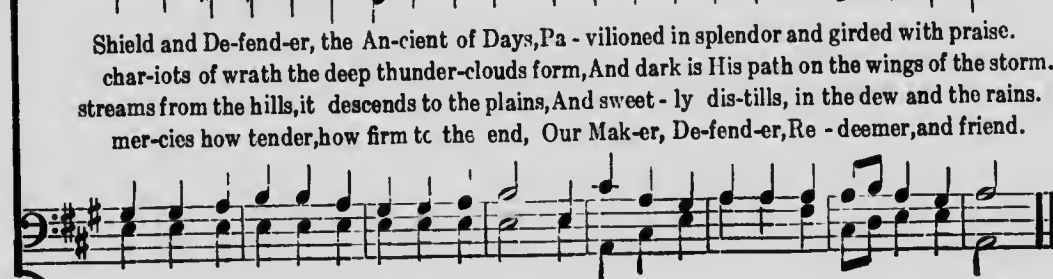
O WORSHIP THE KING



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,

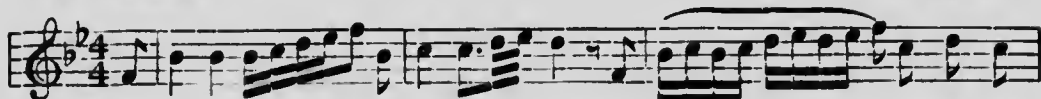
We'll sing at St. Ann's our part-ing hymn. Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The
 Oh, sweet-ly we'll rest our wea - ry oar. Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The
 Oh, grant us cool heav'ns and fav'ring air. Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The

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

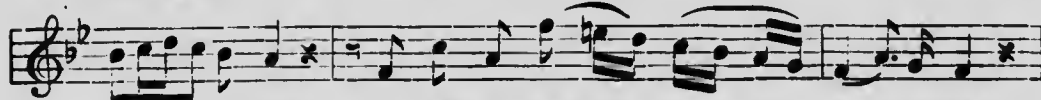
RULE, BRITANNIA

J. THOMSON

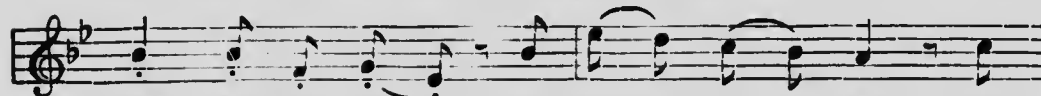
DR. ARNE



- 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



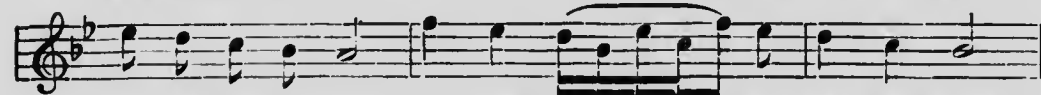
az - ure main, A - rose, a - rose from out the az - ure main,
 ty - rants fall, Must in their turns, their turns to ty - rants fall;
 for - eign stroke, More dreadful, dread-ful from each for - eign stroke;
 hurl thee down, All their at-tempts, at - tempts to hurl thee down,



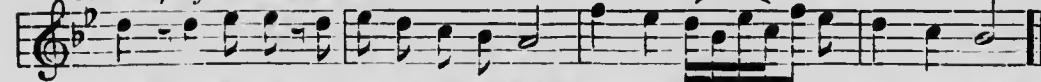
This was the char - ter, the char - ter of the land. And
 While thou shalt flour - ish, shalt flou - rish, great and free, The
 As the loud blast that, blast that tears the skies, Serves
 Will but a - rouse, a - rouse thy gen - 'rous flame, And



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, wives 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-ling 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 !

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

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

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 w^ent 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 friendship glowing
 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

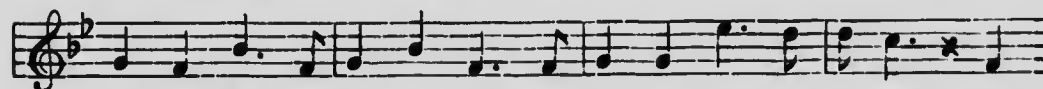
ALEXANDER MUTR

Con spirito

1. In days of yore, from Bri-tain's shore, Wolfe the daunt-less he-ro came, And
 2. At Queenston Heights, and Lau-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

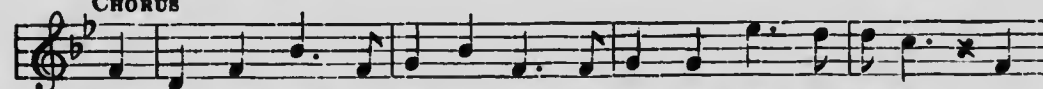


may It wave our boast and pride, And join in love to-geth-er, The
 those dear rights which they maintained, We swear to yield them nev-er, Our

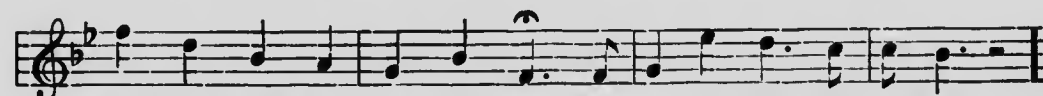


This-tle, Sham-rock, Rose en-twine, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er.
 watch-word ev-er more shall be, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er.

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 extend
 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

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

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 nobly 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*

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

fz

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

fz *fz*

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*

This musical score is for a piece titled "The Army and Navy for ever!" and "Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue!". It is written for voice and piano. The score is divided into three systems. The first system contains the first line of music, with the lyrics "The Ar-my and Na-vy for ev-er! Three . . cheers for the Red, White, and Blue!". The second system contains the second line of music, with the lyrics "Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue! Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!". The third system contains the third line of music, with the lyrics "The Army and Na-vy for ev-er! Three . . cheers for the Red, White and Blue.". The piano part features various dynamics, including *mp* (mezzo-piano), *fz* (forzando), *f* (forte), and *ff* (fortissimo). The score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The piano part includes a variety of chords and arpeggiated figures, with some sections marked with *cres.* (crescendo). The voice part is written in a single melodic line with lyrics underneath.

O CANADA! OUR FATHERS' LAND OF OLD

CHANT NATIONAL

C. LEAVALLÉE

The Honorable Judge ROUTHIER
Musoso e risoluto

Arr. by Dr. T. B. RICHARDSON

f *poco rit.*

a tempo

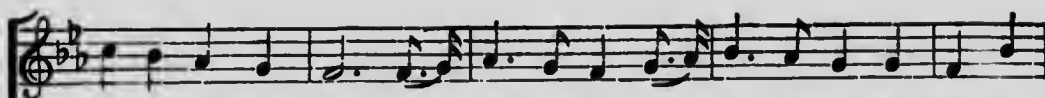
1. O Can-a-da! Our fa-thers' land of old, Thy brow is crown'd with
 2. Al-tar and throne command our sa-cred love, And man-kind to us shal!

a tempo

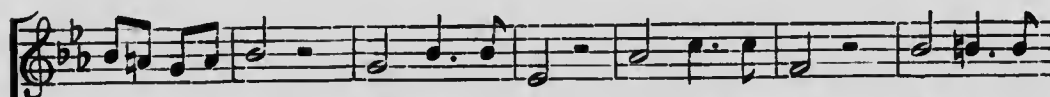
p

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

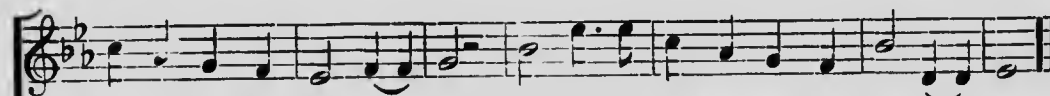
p



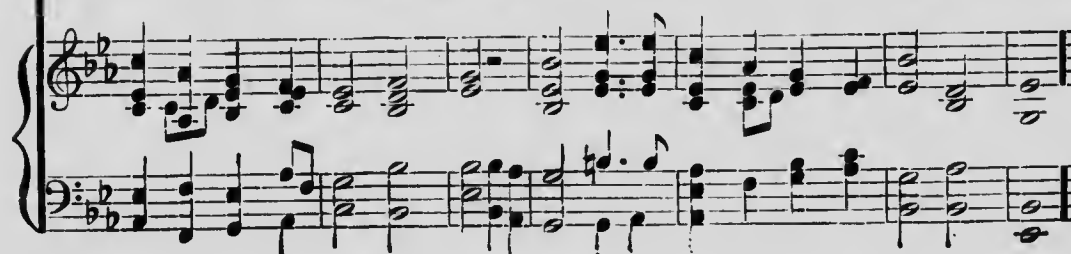
chil-dren own their birth No stains thy glo-ri-ous an-nals gloss Since val-or
sons do thou in-spire. May no cra-ven ter-ror of life or death E'er damp the



shields thy hearth. Al-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.



8.13.

