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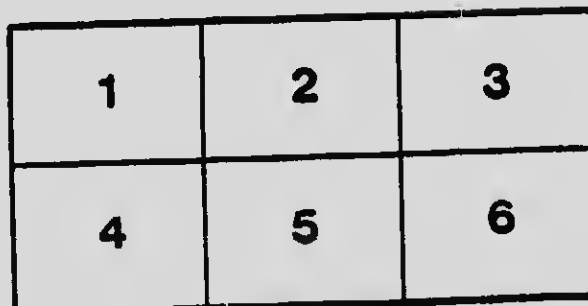
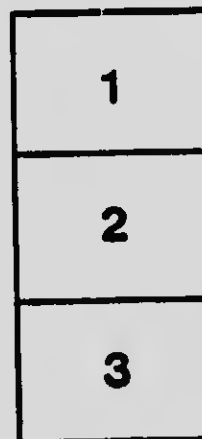
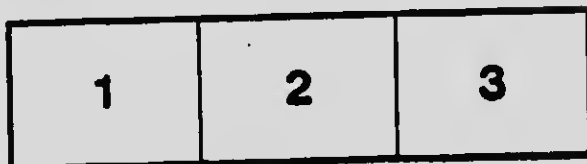
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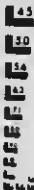
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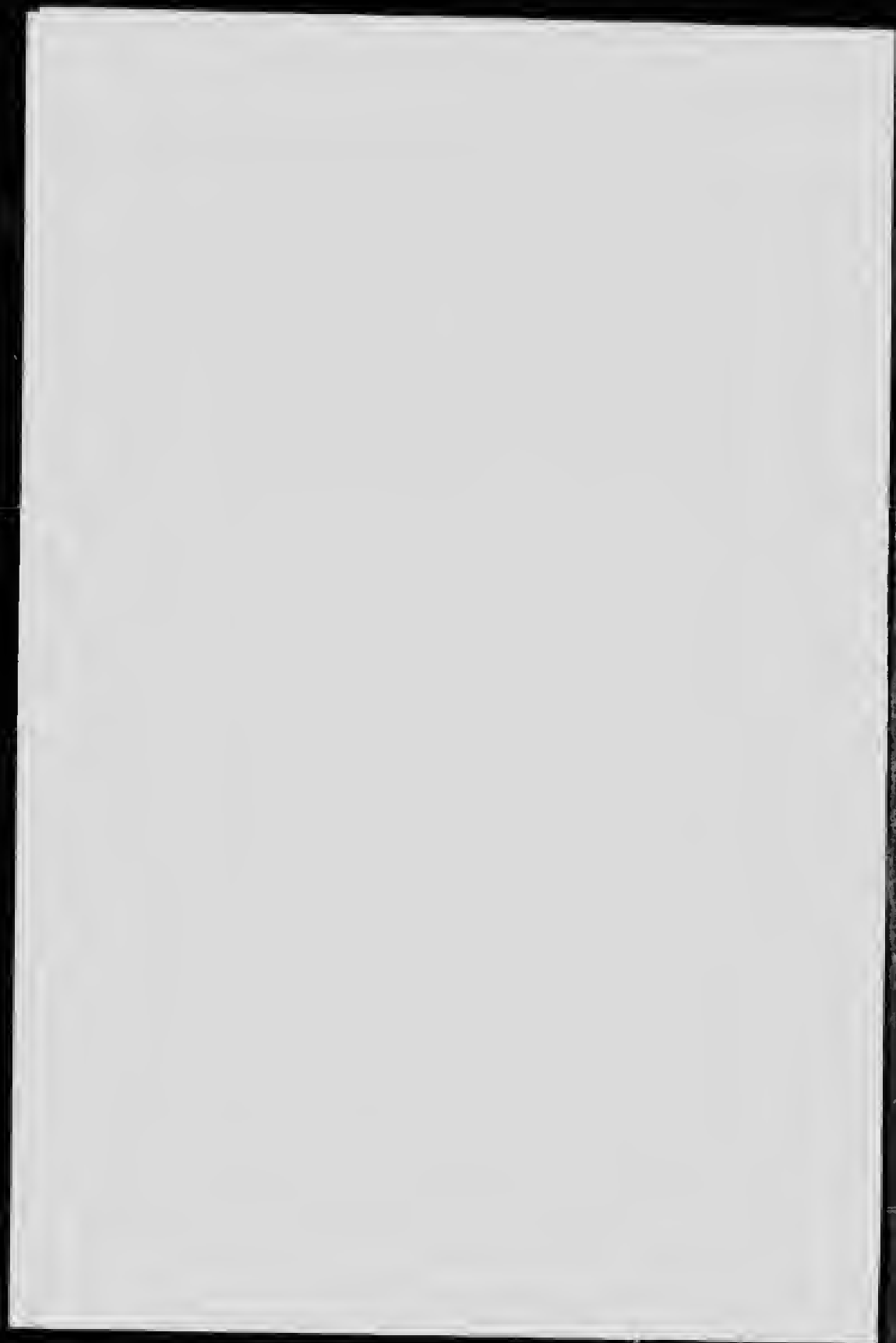
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ye Olde Songs

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Annie Laurie

Lady JOHN SCOTT

Tenderly

1. Max-wel-ton's brass are bon-nie, Where ear-ly in's the dew, And 'twas there that
2. Her brow is like the snow-drift, Her throat is like the swan, Whose face it
3. Like dew on th' gow-zen ly-ing lath' fa'e' her fair-y feet, And like winds in

orch.
An-nie Lau-rie Gave me her prom-ise true. Gave me her prom-ise true, Which
is the fair-est That e'er the sun shone on. That e'er the sun shone on, And
sum-mer sigh-ing, Her voice is low and sweet. Her voice is low and sweet, And she's

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

AULD LANG SYNE.

1. Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And never brought to mind? Should
 2. We twa ha'e run a - boot the brass, And pu'd the gowans fine; But we've
 3. We twa ha'e sported i' the burn Frae morn-ing sun till dine; But
 4. And here's a hand, my trie - y' friend, And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll

Chorus

auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And days of auld lang syne!
 wan-dered mony a wee - ry foot Sin' auld lang syne,
 eae be-tween us braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne,
 tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.

Repeat Chorus ♪

syne, my dear, For auld lang syne; We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet For auld lang syne.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

Allegro.

1. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' thro' the rye, If a bod-y
 2. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' frae the town, If a bod-y
 3. Among the train there is a swain I dear-ly love y-ell'; But what's his

his a bod-y, Need a bod-y cry?
 greet a bod-y, Need a bod-y frown?
 where's his hame, I din-na choose to tell. } Ev-'ry lassie has her lad-die,

None, they say, ha's I; Yet a' the lads they smile on me, When comin' thro' the rye.

Sweet and Low.

mp Larghetto.

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea;
 2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;

mf Low, low, breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea;
p Rest, rest, on moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;

mf O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go, Come from the
 Fa - ther will come to his child in the nest, Come.....
 Fa - ther will come to his babe, all : : ver

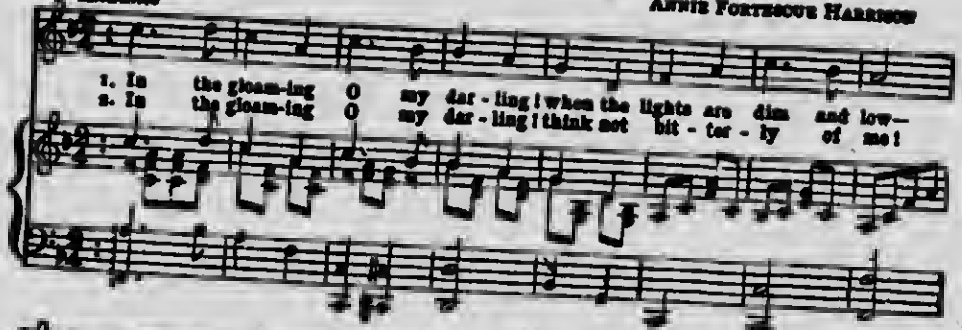
dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to me,
 from the moon and blow, Un - der the all - ver moon
 sails all out of the west,
 sails out of the west,

p While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.....
 Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep.....
Rall. e dim. *pp*

4
META ORREN
Andante

In the Gloaming

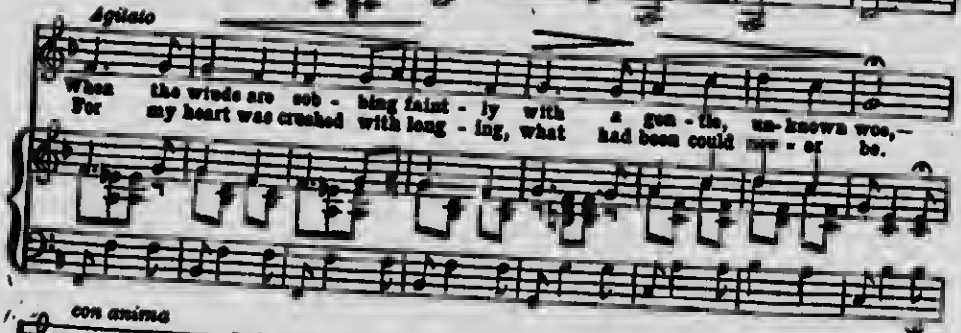
ANNIE FORTESCUE HARRISON



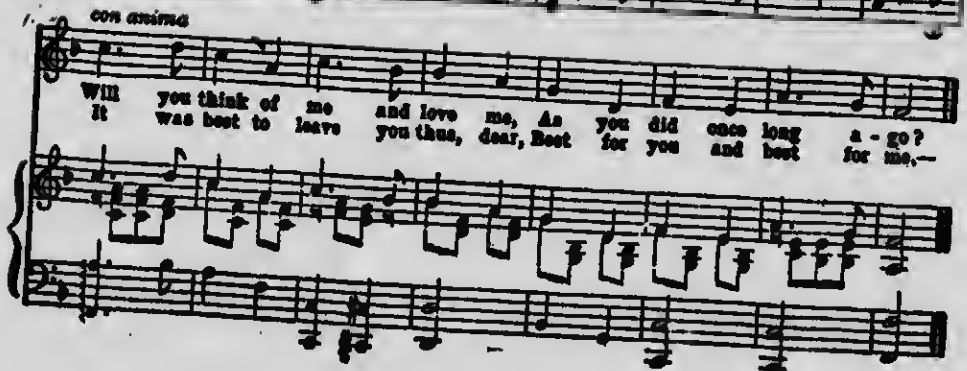
1. In the gloam-ing O my dar-ling! when the lights are dim and low-
2. In the gloam-ing O my dar-ling! think not bit-ter-ly of me!



rall.
And the qui-et shad-ows fall-ing, soft-ly come and soft-ly go,-
The I junc-tion a-way in si-lence, left you lone-ly, set you free,




Allegro
When the winds are sob-bing faint-ly with a gen-tle, un-known woe,-
For my heart was crushed with long-ing, what had been could not be.



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


The Maple Leaf for ever.




1. In days of yore, from Bri-tain's shore, Wolfe the doubt-less
 2. At Queens-ton Heights and Lun-dy's Lane, Our brave fa-thers,
 3. Our fair Do-min-ion now ex-tends From Cape Race to
 4. On mer-ry Eng-land's far-famed land May kind Hea-ven




be-ro came, and plant-ed firm Bri-tan-nia's flag, On Ca-na-da's fair do-
 side by side, For free-dom, home, and loved ones dear, Firmly stood and no-bly
 Noot-ka Sound, May peace for ev-er be our lot, And plan-tions store a-
 sweet-ly smile; God bless Old Scot-land ev-er more, And Ire-land's Em-erald

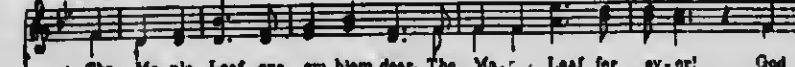
main. Here may it wave, our boast, our pride, And join'd in love to
 died: And those dear rights which they main-tained, We swear to yield them
 bound: And may those ties of love be ours Which dis-cord can-not
 Isle! Then swell the song, both loud and long, Till rocks and for-est

gether, The This-tle, Shamrock, Rose en-twine The Ma-pie Leaf for ev-er!
 never! Our watchword ev-er more shall be, The Ma-pie Leaf for ev-er!
 ever And flour-ish green o'er Free-dom's home, The Ma-pie Leaf for ev-er!
 quiver God save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-pie Leaf for ev-er!



CHORUS.



1. The Ma-pie Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-pie Leaf for ev-er! God
 2. The Ma-pie Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-pie Leaf for ev-er! God
 3. The Ma-pie Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-pie Leaf for ev-er! And
 4. The Ma-pie Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-pie Leaf for ev-er! God




save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-pie Leaf for ev-er!
 save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-pie Leaf for ev-er!
 flour-ish green o'er Free-dom's home, The Ma-pie Leaf for ev-er!
 save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-pie Leaf for ev-er!



My Last Cigar

mf

1. 'Twas off the blue Ca - na - ry Isles, A glo - rious sum - mer day, I
 2. I leaned up - on the quar - ter - rail, And looked down in the sea, E'en
 3. I watched the ash - es as it came Fast draw - ing to the end; I
 4. I've seen the land of all I love Fade in the dis - tance dim, I've

mf

sat up - on the quar - ter - deck, And whiffed my cares a - way; And
 there the pur - ple wreath of smoke Was curl - ing grace - ful - ly. O,
 watched it as a friend would watch Be - side a dy - ing friend; But
 watched a - bove the blight - ed heart, Where once proud hope had been; But I've

as the vol - umed smoke a - rose, Like in - cense in the air, I breath'd a sigh to
 what had I at such a time, To do with wast - ing care? A - las! the trem - bling
 still the same crept slow - ly on, It van - ished in - to air, I threw it from me,
 nev - er known a sor - row That could with that com - pare, When off the blue Ca -

f REFRAIN.

think, in sooth, It was my last ci - gar. It was my last ci - gar, it
 tear pre - claimed It was my last ci - gar.
 spare the tale, It was my last ci - gar.
 sa - ry Isles, I smoked my last ci - gar.

was my last ci - gar; I breath'd a sigh to thin', in sooth, It was my last ci - gar.

THE DEAREST SPOT.

1. The dear - est spot on earth to me is home, sweet home, The fair - y land I've
I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home; I've learned to look with

D. C.—The dear - est spot on earth to me is home, sweet home; The fair - y land I've
Fine.

longed to see home, sweet home; There how charmed the sense of bearing, There where hearts are
lov - er's eyes On home, sweet home; There where rows are tru - ly lighted, There where hearts are

longed to see is home, sweet home.

D. C.

so en - dear - ing; All the world is not so cheer - ing As home, sweet home.
so n - ni - ted; All the world be - sides I've slight - ed For home, sweet home.

JUANITA.

Spanish Melody.

1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, Lin-g'ring falls the south-ern moon; Far o'er the moun-tain,
2 When in thy dreaming, Moons like these shall shine a - gain, And day-light beam-ing,

Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eyes' splen-dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re - lent - ing, For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh?

Wear - y looks, yet ten - der, Speak their fond fare - well. Ni - tal Jua - ni - tal!
In thy heart con - sept - ing To a pray - er gone by? Ni - tal Jua - ni - tal!

JUANITA—Con.

Ask thy soul if we should part! Mi - tal Jun - ni - tal Lean thou on my heart.
 Let me lin - ger by thy side! Mi - tal Jun - ni - tal Be my own fair bride!

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

1. Rocked in the cra - die of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep;
 2. And such the trust that still were mine, Tho' storm - y winds sweep o'er the brine,

So - cure I rest up - on the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save,
 Or tho' the tem - pest's fer - y breath, Drive me from sleep to wreck and death,—

I know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the spar - row's fall;
 In o - cean cave still safe with Thee, The germ of im - mor - tal - i - ty;

And calm and peace - ful is my sleep, Rocked in the cra - die of the deep;

And calm and peace - ful is my sleep, Rocked in the cra - die of the deep.

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yea as - ure deeps, Hide, hide your
 2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down you west - ara steep, Sink, sink in
 3. Dreams of the sum - mer night, Tell her, her lov - er keeps Watch while, in

gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
 all - ver light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
 elum - bers light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

1. 'Way down up - on de Swa - see riv - er, Far, far a - way,
 All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
 2. All roun' de lit - tle farm I wan - dered, When I was young;
 3. When I was play - ing with my broth - er, Hap - py was I;
 One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One that I love,
 When will I see de bett a - hum - ming All roun' de comb?

8 *Fine.*

Dere's wha my heart is turn - ing ev - er, Dere's wha de old stay.
 Still long - ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old low - at home.
 Der man - y hap - py days I squan - dered, Man - y de songs I sung.
 Oh! take me to my kind old moth - er, There let me live and die.
 Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove.
 When will I hear de ban - jo tum - ming, Down in my good old home?

D.S.—Oh! darlies, how my heart grows wear - y, Far from de old folks at home.
 REFRAIN.

D. S.

All de world is sad and drear - y, Ev - 'ry - where I roam;

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

1. { 'Tis the last rose of sum-mer, Left bloom-ing a - lone; }
 { All her love-ly com-pan-ions Are fad-ed and gone; } No flow-er of her kindred,
 2. { I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem; }
 { Since the love-ly are sleep-ing, Go sleep thou with them; } Thus kindly I scar-ter
 3. { So soon may I fol-low, When friend-ships de-cay, }
 { And from love's shining cir-cle The gems drop a-way; } Wher tree hearts lie withered

No rose-bud is nigh, To re-fect back her blush-es, Or give sigh for sigh,
 Thy leaves o'er the bed Where thy mates of the gar-den Lie scent-less and dead,
 And fond ones have flown, Oh, who would in-hab-it This bleak world a-lone!

MY BONNIE.

1. My Bon-nie is o-ver the o - cean, My Bon-nie is o-ver the sea, My Bon-nie is
 2. O blow, ye winds, o-ver the o - cean, And blow, ye winds, o-ver the sea, O blow, ye winds,
 3. Last night as I lay on my pil - low, Last night as I lay on my bed, Last night as I
 4. The winds have blown over the o - cean, The winds have blown over the sea, The winds have blown

CHORUS.
 o - ver the o - cean, O bring back my Bon-nie to me.
 o - ver the o - cean, And bring back my Bon-nie to me.
 lay on my pil - low, I dreamed that my Bon-nie was dead, } Bring back, Bring Back,
 o - ver the o - cean, And bro't back my Bon-nie to me.

Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me; Bring back, bring back, O bring back my Bonnie to me.

UNCLE NED.

1. There was an old darkey and his name was Uncle Ned, And he died long a-go, long a-go.
 2. His fingers were long as the cane in the brake, And he had no eyes for to see;
 3. One cold, frost-y more-ing, old Ned died, Mas-sa's tears they fell like the rain;

He had no wool on the top of his head, In the place where the wool ought to grow.
 And he had no teeth for to eat a hoe cake, So he had to let the hoe-cake be.
 For he knew when Ned was laid in the ground, He'd never see his like a gain.

REFRAIN. *Bass Solo.*

Harmony

Then lay down the shov-el and the hoe, Hang up the fid-dle and the bow;

For there's no more work for poor old Ned, He's gone where 'a good darkies go.

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

J. Kinkel.

1. Ah, love, how can I leave thee? The sad thought deep doth grieve me; But know, what'er befalls me, I
 2. No more shall I be-hold thee, Or to my heart en-fold thee; In war's ar-ray ap-pear-ing, The
 3. I'll think of thee with longing, When tho'ts with tears come throng-ing; And on the field, if ly-ing, I'll

go where honor calls me.
 For a stern hoste are nearing.
 breathe thy dear name, dying. } Farewell, farewell, my own true love! Farewell, farewell, my own true love!

My Old Kentucky Home

S. C. FORD

Rather slow

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-tee ere gay;
 The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright;
 2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the 'mead-ow, the hill and the shore;
 The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor-row where all was de-light;
 3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Whar-ev-er the dark-ey may go;
 A few more days for to tote the was-ry load-- No mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light;

The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make music all the day.
 By'm-by hard times comes a-knock-ing at the door, Then my (Omit)
 They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in door.
 The time has come when the dark-tee have to part, Then my (Omit)
 A few more days, and the trou-ble all will end, In the field where the sugar-canes grow;
 A few more days till we tot-ter on the road, Then my (Omit)

2 **Chorus**

old Ken-tuck-y home, godd-night! Weep no more, my la-dy, O weep no more to-day!

We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home, For the old Kentucky home, far a-way.

The Old Cabin Home

... are gay;
... py and bright;
... and the short;
... was do-light;
... -ey may go;
... or be light;

1. I am go - ing far a - way, Far a - way to leave you now, To the
2. I am go - ing to leave this land, With this, our dark - ey land, . . . To
3. When old age . . . comes on us, And my hair is turn - ing gray, . . . I'll

...

Mis - sis - ip - pi val - ley I am go - ing; I will take my old ban - jo,
trav - el all the wide . . . world . . . o - ver, And when I get . . . tired,
hang up the ban - jo all a - lone; . . . I'll . . . sit down by the fire,

... all the day.
... b - in door.
... ances grow;

And I'll sing this lit - tle song, A - way down in my Old Cab - in Home.
I will set - tle down to rest, A - way down in my Old Cab - in Home.
And I'll pass the time a - way, A - way down in my Old Cab - in Home.

... to - day!

CHORUS

Here is my Old Cab - in Home, . . . Here is my s' - ter and my broth - er,

... a - way.

Here lies my wife, the joy of my life, And my child in the grave with its mother.

p Allegro.

DIXIE LAND.

Gen. Emmet

1. I wish was in de land ob cot-ton, Old times dar am not for-got-tes. Look a-way!

2. Old Mis-sus mar-ry Will, de was-bar, Will-um was a gay de-coab-er; Look a-way!

3. His face was sharp as a butch-er's clea-bar, But dat did not seem to grab'er; Look a-way!

way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. In Dix-ie Land whar' I was born in, Look a-way!

way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. But when he put his arm a-round'er Ha, Look a-way!

way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. Old Mis-sus act-ed the fool-ish part, And Ear-ly on

smiled as ferce as a on a frost-y mornin', Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. died for a man dat broka her heart, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.

Chorus. Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! In Dixie Land, I'll take my stand To lib and die in

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

4 Now here's a health to the next old Mis-sus, And all de gals dat want to kiss us; Look a-way! etc.

5 Dar's buck-wheat cakes an' Ingen' batter, Makes you fat or a little fatter Look a-way! etc.

6 But if you want to drive 'way sorrow, Come and hear dis song to-morrow. Look a-way! etc.

Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble, To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble. Look a-way! etc.

We'll Pay Paddy Doyle

CHANTY SONG

Way - ay - ay... ah! We'll pay Pad - dy Doyle for his boots!

Bridal Chorus, from Lohengrin

RICHARD WAGNER

13

Andante

mf Guid - ec - cy sa, thrice hap - py pair, En - ter this door - way, 'tis love that in - vites;
mf

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

Cham - pion of vir - tue, bold - ly ad - vance, Flow'r of all beau - ty, gen - tly ad - vance;

p Now the loud mirth of rev - 'ling is end - ed, Night, bring - ing peace and bliss, has de -

p ascend - ed. Fann'd by the breath of hap - pi - ness, rest, Clos'd to the world, by love on - ly blest!

mf umph - ant for ev - er u - nites, for - ev er u - nites.

Lead, Kindly Light.

1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th' en-er-ting gloom,
I was not ev-er thus, nor prayed that Thou
So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still

Lead Thou me on! The night is
Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
Will lead me on O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home;
choose and see my path; but now
fea, o'er crag and tor-rent, till

Lead Thou me on! *Cres.* Keep Thou my feet; I
Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar-lish
The night is gone. And with the morn those

do not ask to see..... The dis-tant scene; one w-
day, and, spite of feare, Pride ruled my will. Ho-men-our not
an-gei fa-see smile Which I have loved long since, and lost
a-while.

The Blue-Bells of Scot-land.

1. O where, and O where is your High-land
2. O where, and O where does your High-land
3. Sup-pose, and sup-pose that your High-land

lad - die gone! O where, and O
lad - die dwell! O where, and O
lad should die! Sup-pose, and sup-

where is your High-land lad - die gone! He's gone to fight the foe, for King
where does your High-land lad - die dwell! He dwelt in o'er-ry Scot-land, at the
pose that your High-land lad should die! The bag-pipe shall play o'er him, and I'd

George up - on the throne; And it's oh! in my heart, how I wish him safe at home!
sige of the Blue-Bell; And it's oh! in my heart that I love my lad - die well.
lay me down and cry; But it's oh! in my heart that I wish he may not die.

WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY.

17

The night is I loved to 'er moor sad
 I gar . lah
 torn those
 me.
 years!
 while.
 and O
 and say
 King
 at the
 and I'd
 home!
 well.
 die.

1. When the swal-lows homeward fly, When the ro . . ses scat-tered lie, When from
 2. When the white swan southward roves, To seek at noon the or-ange groves, When the
 3. Hush, my bee- ' why thus complain? Thou must, too, thy woes con-tain, Tho' on

mel-ter hill nor dale Chants the sil-v'ry night-in-gale; In these words my bleeding
 red tints of the west Prove the sun has gone to rest; In these words my bleeding
 earth no more we rove, Loud-ly breathing words of love; Thou, my heart, must find re-

heart Would in thee its grief im-part, When I thus thy im-age lose,
 'cart Would in thee its grief im-part, When I thus thy im-age lose,
 'ief, Yield-ing to these words be-lief; I' shall see thy form a-gain,

Can I, ah, can I e'er know re-pose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re-pose?
 Can I, ah, can I e'er know re-pose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re-pose?
 Though to-day we part a-gain, Though to-day we part a-gain.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

1. Those eve-ning bells! those eve-ning bells! How man-ye tale their ma-lic tells,
 2. Those joy-ous hours have passed e-way; And man-ye heart that then was gay,
 3. And so 'twill be when I am gone, That tune-ful peal will still ring on,

Of youth and home, and that sweet time When last I heard their soothing chime.
 With-in the tomb now dark-ly dwells, And hears no more those eve-ning bells.
 While oth-er bards shall walk these dells, And sing your praise, sweet eve-ning bells.

LONG, LONG AGO.

T. H. Bayly.

1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go;
 2. Do you re - mem - ber the path where we met, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go?
 3. Tho' by your kind - ness my fond hopes were raised, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go,

Fine.
 Sing me the songs I de - light - ed to bear, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
 Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would for - get, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
 You by more ei - o - quent lips have been praised, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

D. S. - Let me be - lieve that you love as you loved, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
D. S. - Still my heart treas - ures the prais - es I heard, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
D. S. - Blest as I was when I sat by your side, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

D. S.
 Now you are come, all my grief is re - moved, Let me for - get that so long you be - loved,
 Then, to all oth - ers, my smile you pre - ferred, Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,
 But by long ab - sence your truth has been tried, Still to your so - cets I list - en with pride,

ROBIN ADAIR.

Caroline Keppel.

1. { What's this dull town to me? Rob - in's not near;
 { What was't I wished to see, What wished to bear? } Where's all the joy and mirth
 2. { What made th'as - seem - bly shine? Rob - in A - dair;
 { What made the hall so fine? Rob - in was there; } What, when the play was o'er,
 3. { But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob - in A - dair;
 { But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob - in A - dair; } Yet him I loved so well,

That made this town a bee'n on earth? Oh! they're all fled with thee, Rob - in A - dair.
 What made my heart so sore? Oh! it was part - ing with thee, Rob - in A - dair.
 Still in my heart shall dwell, Oh! I can ne'er for - get thee, Rob - in A - dair.

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

a - go;
a - go?
a - go,
Fine.
a - go.
a - go.
a - go.
D. S.
ave roved,
ach word,
th pride,
ppel,
and mirth
as o'er,
so well,
dair.
dair.
dair.

1. O Co-lum-bia, the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free, The
2. When war winged its wide des-o-lation, And threatened the land to de-form, The
3. The star-spangled banner bring hither, O'er Co-lum-bia's true soos let it wave; May the

shrine of each pa-triot's de-votion, A world of-fers hom-age to thee. Thy
ark then of freedom's foun-da-tion, Co-lum-bia, rode safe thro' the storm: With her
wreaths they have won never with-er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave: May the

mandates make be-roes as-sem-ble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view; Thy
gar-lands of vic-t'ry s-round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave crew, With her
serv-ice, u-nit-ed, ne'er sev-er, But bold to their col-ours so true; The

ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue; When
flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue; The
ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue; Three

borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue, Thy
boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue, With her
cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, The

ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

O CANADA!

Words by Augustus Bridle

Maestoso

Melody by O. Lavallée

Arranged by J. Christopher Marks

PIANO

1. O Can-a - dal
2. O Can-a - dal
3. O Can-a - dal
4. O Can-a - dal

pass. rit. *f tempo*

voice goes o'er the sea,
flags of old were free,
camp and smoke and tree,
words and works shall be

Home of the brave and
Brave Un-ion Jack and
Stern voy-a-gurs went
In days to come for

land of lib - er - ty;
gal - lant Fleur - de - Lis.
forth for love of thee:
right and truth and thee:

In their barques of old by the fog and foam Thy
For - God and right by - truth and might Our
Thy - riv - ers both they track'd of old Thro'
From bound to bound by - field and foam In -

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Lavallée
Joseph Maria



by
by
by
our



and
and
went
for



Thy
Our
Thro'
In -



dim. *crasso*

sea-men cross'd the wave; On crest and oar they flung the flag, For the
 in their fought and fell; From sire to son this pray'r shall run - O -
 for out flood and foam! O'er seas of land by mountains grand, They
 hand and heart we bring This song of old from fa.thers bold. Long

dim. *crasso*

right, the free and brave
 guard this gear - don well
 rear'd the north-man's home
 live our no - ble - King

1-4 O Oan a tai -

By field and foam - God save this glo-rious land where'er we may

crasso *dim.*

f *rit.* *dim.*

rom! O land of lib - er - ty! the north - man's home

f *rit.* *tempo*

fff *molto rit.*

O land of lib - er - ty! the north - man's home.

fff *colla voce*

THE FLAG WE LOVE

1. We are bear - ing the flag of the red, white, and blue, As in
 2. With the hon - ors of war - fare and strife brave - ly won, It has
 3. March - ing on, march - ing on, with our face to the foe, 1st May we

fel - low - ship we stand, — To our loved, Un - ion Jack we will
 waved o'er land and sea; And tho' but - tered and scarred, still it
 Let'er like cow - ards move; 11 Truth and jus - tice a - head to re

ev - er be true, Glor - ious 'em - blems but our 'land I
 sail proud - ly on, 'Tis the 'ban - ner of the 'free I
 pel ev - ry blow, — 12 God will shield the flag we love I

John Howard Payne,

HOME, SWEET HOME.

H. R. Bishop.

1. Mid pleas - ures and pai - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so
 2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my
 3. An ex - ile from home splen - dor dar - a - les in vain, Oh, give me

hum - ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there,
 moth - er now thinks of her child, As she looks on that moon from our own cot - tage door,
 low - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain; The birds sing - ing gai - ly, that came at my call,

Fine Refrain. *D. S.*

Which, sees thro' the world, is ne'er met with else - where, } Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 Thro' the wood - bine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more. }
 Give me them, and that peace of mind dear - er than all. }

D. S. — There's no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

H. C. W.

H. C. Work.

1. Bring the good old bu - gle, boys! we'll sing an - oth - er song— Sing it with a
2. How the dark - ies shout - ed when they heard the joy - ful sound! How the tur - keys
3. Yes, and there were Un - lon men who wept with joy - ful tears, When they saw the
4. "Shermen's dash - ing Yen - kee boys will nev - er reach the coast!" So the san - cy
5. So we made a thor - ough - fare for free - dom and her train, Six - ty miles in

spir - it that will start the world a - long—
 goh - bled which our com - mis - sa - ry founnd!
 hon - ored flag they had not seen for years;
 reh - els said, and 'twas a hand - some boast,
 lat - i - tude—three hun - dred to the main;

Sing It as we used to sing it,
 How the sweet po - ta - toes e - ven
 Hard - ly could they be restrained from
 Had they not for - got, a - las, to
 Trea - son fled be - fore us, for re -

D. S.—So we sang the cho - rus from At -
 FINE. CHORUS.

fif - ty thou - sand strong, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.
 start - ed from the ground, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.
 breaking forth in cheers, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.
 reck - on with the host, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.
 sist - ance was in vain, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.

Hur - rah! hur - rah! we

lan - ta to the sea, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.

D. S.

bring the ja - hu - leel Hur - rah! hur - rah! the flag that makes you free!

SCOTLAND'S BURNING. (Round.)



Scotland's burning, Scotland's burning, Look out, look out! Fire, fire, fire, fire! Four on water, Four on water.

"It's a long, long way to Tipperary."

Piano

Allegro con spirito

JACK JUDGE & HARRY WILLIAMS

Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a key signature of one flat and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Allegro con spirito'.

Up to might-ly Lon- don came an Ir- ish man one day,
 Pad- dy wrote a let- ter to his Ir- ish Mol- ly O,
 Mol- ly wrote a neat re- ply to Ir- ish Pad- dy O,

Musical notation for the piano accompaniment, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a key signature of one flat and a 2/4 time signature. The dynamic marking is 'mp'.

As the street are paved with gold, sure ev- ry- one was say;
 Say- ing, "Should you not re- ceive it, write and let me know!
 Say- ing, "Mika Ma- lon- ey wants to mar- ry me, and so

Musical notation for the piano accompaniment, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a key signature of one flat and a 2/4 time signature.

Sing- ing songs of Pic- ca- dil- ly, Strand and Leice-ster Square, Till
 "If I make mis- takes in "apell- ing," Mol- ly dear," said he, "Re-
 Leave the Strand and Pic- ca- dil- ly, or you'll be to blame, For

Musical notation for the piano accompaniment, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a key signature of one flat and a 2/4 time signature.

Pad- dy got ex- cit- ed, then he shout- ed to them there:-
 mem- ber it's the pen that's bad, don't lay the blame on me"
 love has fair- ly drove me sil- ly- hop- ing you're the same!"

Musical notation for the piano accompaniment, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a key signature of one flat and a 2/4 time signature.

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It's a long way to Tip - per - ar y.

p-f

It's a long way to Go. It's a

long way to Tip - per -

sweet - est girl I know.

Good - bye -

Fare - well. Leice - ster Sou - ar It's a long

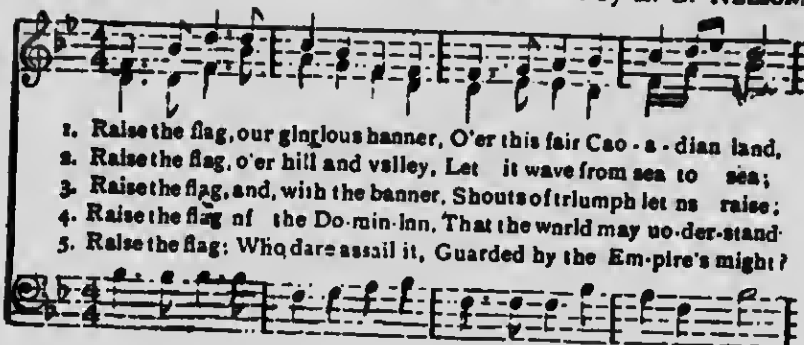
way to Tip - per - ar y. But my heart's right

there! "It's a there!" D.C. 8.

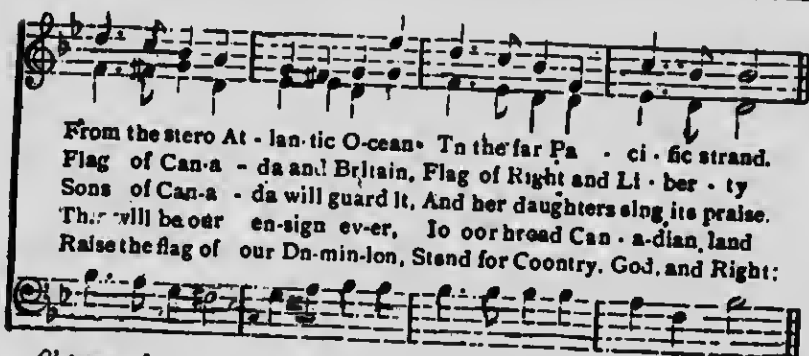
RAISE THE FLAG.

Moderato.

Words and Music by E. G. NELSON.

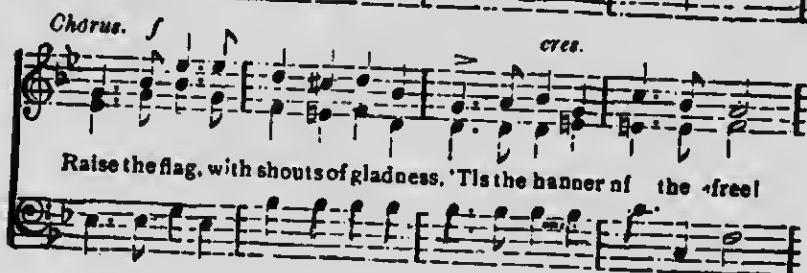


1. Raise the flag, our glorious banner, O'er this fair Can-a-dian land,
2. Raise the flag, o'er hill and valley, Let it wave from sea to sea;
3. Raise the flag, and, with the banner, Shouts of triumph let us raise;
4. Raise the flag of the Do-min-ion, That the world may un-der-stand;
5. Raise the flag: Who dare assail it, Guarded by the Em-pire's might?




From the stereo At-lan-tic O-cean To the far Pa-ci-fic strand.
Flag of Can-a-da and Britain, Flag of Right and Li-ber-ty
Sons of Can-a-da will guard it, And her daughters sing its praise.
That will be our en-sign ev-er, In our broad Can-a-dian land
Raise the flag of our Do-min-ion, Stand for Coun-try, God, and Right:

Chorus. f



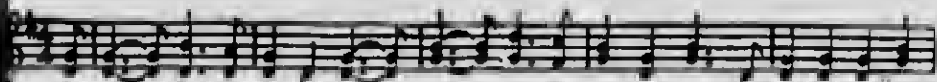
Raise the flag, with shouts of gladness, 'Tis the banner of the free!



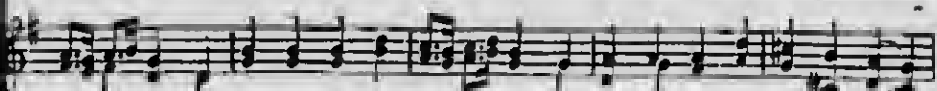
Bright-ly gleaming, proudly streaming, 'Tis the Flag of Li-ber-ty.

ELSON.

HAIL, COLUMBIA!



1. Hail, Co-lum-bia, hap-py land! Hall, ye heroes! heav'n-born band! Who fought and bled in
2. Im - mor - tal pa-triots! rise once more, Defend your rights, defend your shore; Let no rude foe with
3. Sound, sound the trump of fame! Let Wash-ing-ton's great name Ring thro' the world with
4. Be - hold the Chief who now com-mands, Once more to serve his country stands, The rock on which the



Freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in Free-dom's cause, And when the storm of war was gone, En -
 im - pious hand, Let no rude foe with im - pious hand, In - vade the shrine where sa - cred lies, Of
 loud ap - plause, Ring thro' the world with loud ap - plause; Let ev - 'ry clime to free - dom dear
 storm will beat, The rock on which the storm will beat; But armed in vir - tue, firm and true, His



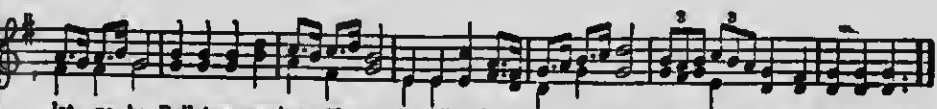
joyed the peace your val - or won. Let in - de - pend - ence be our boast, Ev - er mind - ful
 toil and blood the well - earned prize. While off ring peace, sin - cere and just, In heav'n we place a
 Lis - ten with a joy - ful ear. With e - qual skill, with God - like pow'r, He gov - erns in the
 hopes are fixed on heav'n and you. When hope was sink - ing in dis - may, When gloom obscured Co -



CHORUS



what it cost; Ev - er grate - ful for the prize. Let its al - tar reach the skies.
 man - ly trust, That Truth and Justice will prevail, And ev - 'ry scheme of bondage fail. } Firm, u - ni - ted,
 fear - ful hour Of horrid war; or guides with ease The hap - pier times of hon - est peace.
 humbly's day, His steady mind, from changes free, Resolved on death or lib - er - ty.



let us be, Rallying round our liberty; As a hand of brothers joined, Peace and safety we shall find.



We're Tenting To-Night

WALTER KITTSBON

1 We're tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to cheer Our
 2 We've been tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Thinking of days gone by, Of the
 3 We are tired of war on the old camp ground, Ma-ny are dead and gone, Of the
 4 We've been fight-ing to-day on the old camp ground, Ma-ny are ly-ing near;

wee-ry hearts, a song of home, And friends we love so dear.
 loved once at home that gave us the hand, And the tear that said "good-bye!"
 have and true who've left their homes, Others been wound-ed long.
 Some are dead and some are dy-ing, Ma-ny are in tears.

CHORUS

Ma-ny are the hearts that are wea-ry to-night, Wish-ing for the war to cease;

Ma-ny are the hearts looking for the right, To see the dawn of peace. Tent-ing to-night,
Last vers. — Dy-ing to-night,

1, 2, 3 *V 4 ppp*

Tent-ing to-night, tent-ing on the old camp ground.
 Dy-ing to-night, (*Omit*) Dy-ing on the old camp ground.

Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.

1. Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, a-mang thy green braes; Flow gently, I'll sing thee a
2. How loft-y, sweet Af-ton, thy neigh-bor-ing hills, Far marked with the cours-es of
3. Thy crys-tal stream, Af-ton, how love-ly it glides, And winds by the cot where my

song in thy praise; My Ma-ry's a - sleep by thy murmuring stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet clear-winding rills! There dai-ly I wan-der, as morn ris-es high, My flocks and my Ma-ry re-sides! How wan-ton thy wa-ters her snow-y feet lave, As, gath'ring sweet

Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream. Thou stock-dove, whose ech-o re-sounds from the Ma-ry's sweet cot in my eye. How pleas-ant thy banks and green val-leys be-flow'ring, she stems thy clear wave! Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, a-mang thy green

hill, Ye wild whistling black-birds in yon thorn-y dell, Thou green-crest-ed low, Where wild in the wood-lands the prim-ros-es blow! There oft, as mild braes, Flow gen-tly, sweet riv-er, the theme of my lays: My Ma-ry's a -

lap-wing, thy screaming for-bear, I charge you, dis-turb not my slum-ber-ing fair. eve-ning creeps o-ver the lea, The sweet-scented birch shades my Ma-ry and me, sleep by thy murmuring stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream.

MY MARYLAND.

J. S. R. Randall.

1. The dee-pot's heel is on thy shore, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land! His torch is at thy
 2. Hark to an ex-iled son's ap-pal, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land! My Muth-er State, to
 3. Thou wilt not e-w-ar in the dust, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land! Thy gleaming sword shall

tem-ple door, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land! A-venge the pa-tri-ot-ic gore That
 thee I kneel, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land! For life and death, far woe and weal, Thy
 nev-er rest, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land! Re-mem-ber Car-roll's sa-cred trust, Re-

hecked the streets of Bal-ti-more, And be the bat-tle-queen of yore, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land!
 peer-less chiv-er-y re-veal, And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land!
 mem-ber Howard's war-like thrust, And all thy slum-b'ers with the just, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land!

GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES.

1. Good-night, la-dies! Good-night, la-dies! Good-night, la-dies! We're going to leave you now.
 2. Fare-well, la-dies! Fare-well, la-dies! Fare-well, la-dies! We're going to leave you now.
 3. Sweet dreams, ladies! Sweet dreams, la-dies! Sweet dreams, la-dies! We're going to leave you now.

Mar-ri-ly we roll along, Roll a-long, roll a-long. Mar-ri-ly we roll along, Over the dark blue sea

THREE BLIND MICE. (Round.)

1. 2. 3.

Three blind mice, Three blind mice, See how they run, See how they run! They all ran after the farmer's wife,

4.

She cut off their tails with a carving knife; Did ever you see such a thing in your life, As three blind mice!

The Campbells are Coming

Lively 3/4

Old Scotch Air

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

ho, O ho! The Camp-bells are com - in' to bon - nie Loch - lev - en, The

Fine.
Camp-bells are com - in', O ho, O ho! 1. Up - on the Lo-monds I
2. The great Ar - gyle, he
3. The Camp-bells they are

lay, I lay, Up - on the Lomondel lay, I lay, I look'd down to
goes be - fore, He makes his can - non loud - ly roar; W' sonnd of trum - pet,
a' in arme, Their loy - al faith and truth to show; W' ban - ners rat - tin'

D.S. al Fine.
bon - nie Loch - lev - en And heard three bon - nie pi - pers play. The
pipe, and drum, The Camp-bells are com - in', O - ho, O - ho! The
in . . the wind, The Camp-bells are com - in', O - ho, O - ho! The



