



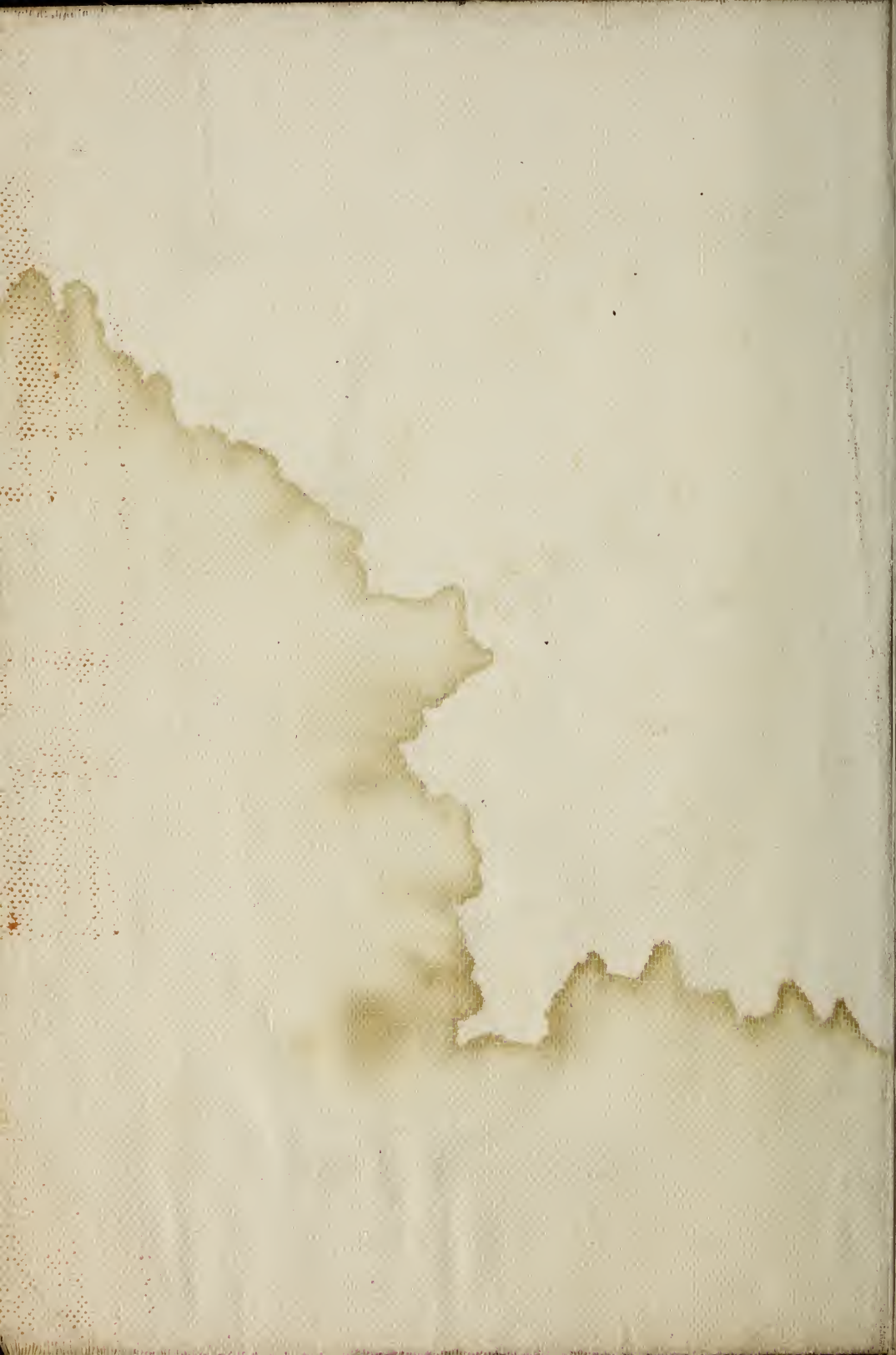
The
AMERICAN SONGSTER
No. 2



Tuller & Merriam

45 Christopher Street

New York City



The
American Songster
No. 2

A COLLECTION OF SONGS FOR
SCHOOL, HOME & INSTITUTE USE

Edited by

I. H. Meredith

Grant Colfax Tullar

J. W. Lerman

*Tullar-Meredith
Co.*

24 Christopher Street

New York City

¶ We take great pride in offering to the public "THE AMERICAN SONGSTER No. 1". Its forerunner has met with a success beyond our fondest expectations, and we believe that our experience with this book has enabled us to construct in volume No. 2 a far superior book from every viewpoint. A careful examination of its contents will give convincing proof of its poetic and musical excellence and its adaptability to the various musical needs of the school room.

THE PUBLISHERS

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The American Songster

No. 2

THE FUTURE CITIZENS.

1

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EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON.

I. H. MEREDITH.

Two PARTS. Melody in lower notes.

1. O we're the fu - ture cit - i - zens, On whom our land re - lies, And we in - tend to
2. So that is why we gath - er here, These youthful minds to train, That coming years may
3. O we're the fu - ture cit - i - zens, There's work for us to do, Our coun - try needs us,

CHORUS. UNISON.

serve her well, What - ev - er needs a - rise.
find us strong In hand, in heart and brain.
one and all, Her sons and daughters, too.

This shall be our watchword, Like a

standard set on high, This shall be our watchword, "We'll be need - ed by and by!"

THEY WILL LISTEN.

LIZZIE DEARMOND

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I. H. MEREDITH.

1 Pray be care - ful when you go Through the corn - fields bend - ing low, They will
 2. Though so in - no - cent they seem In the morn - ing's rud - dy gleam, Wav - ing
 3 Now just keep this fact in mind If to talk you are in - clined, There are

lis - ten to the words you have to say; Ev - 'ry stalk is full of ears, So be
 high their silk - en tas - sels ev - 'ry - where, Do not trust their wi - ly looks, You have
 tho'ts that oth - er peo - ple must not hear; Put a bri - dle on your tongue, Learn this

wa - ry now, my dears, Tell no se - crets if you lin - ger on the way.
 read of them in books, There is mis - chief sure - ly brew - ing in the air.
 truth while you are young, Then the corn - fields will not give you cause to fear.

CHORUS.

They will lis - ten, lis - ten, lis - ten, Ev - 'ry stalk is full of ears,

They will lis - ten, lis - ten, lis - ten, So be care - ful now, my dears.

CALLIE.

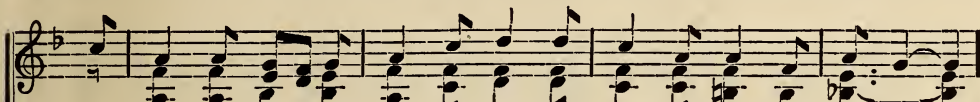
(A SCOTCH SONG.)

3

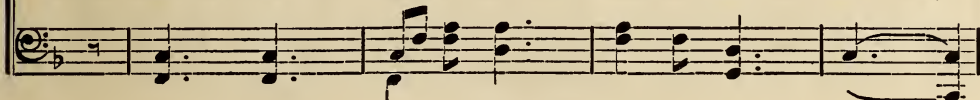
PERCY A. PARSONS.

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CARL F. PRICE.



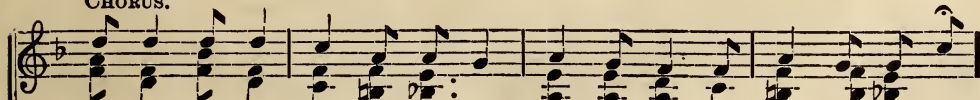
1. My Cal - lie is a win - some lass, Man, but she's aw - fu' pret - ty;
2. So bon - nie she, so dain - ty she, My heart goes pit - a - pat - tin';
3. 'Tis na' that I'm a love - sick fou' For e'er a daft - ly ran - tin';



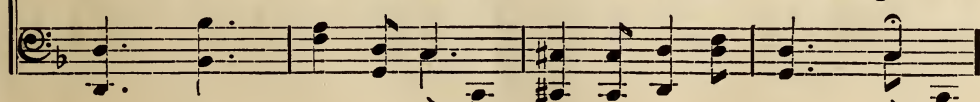
And when she smiles I seize ma' pen And write a lov - in' dit - ty.
When she is by I din - na' sigh, For throne a king e'er sat in.
Ah! man! but if ye' saw her smile 'Tis you would be a writ - in'.



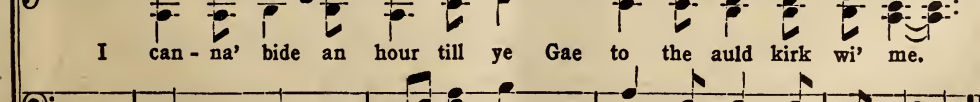
CHORUS.



Cal - lie! Cal - lie! win - some las - sie, Will ye na' your an - swer gie me?



I can - na' bide an hour till ye Gae to the auld kirk wi' me.



FLOWERS OF KINDNESS.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

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I. H. MEREDITH.

1. Scat-ter flow'rs of kind-ness o'er life's way, Some one's bur-den seek to share, (to share.)
 2. Just a sim-ple act of kind-ness shown, Oft a wear-y heart may cheer, (may cheer.)
 3. Life will be a gar-den, oh, so fair, Flow'rs of kind-ness then will grow, (will grow.)

Make your life a bless-ing ev-'ry day, Lift some load of care.....
 Just a smile a-cross some path-way thrown, Helps the sky to clear.....
 If we scat-ter love like per-fume rare, Ev-'ry-where we go.....

CHORUS. TWO PARTS. *Melody in lower notes.*

Hearts will bright-er be, Cares light-er grow; If seeds of
 Hearts to-day will brighter be, Cares will light-er grow; If some seeds of

kind-ly deeds Thro' life you sow, Flow'rs you may ev-er give,
 kind-ly deeds O'er life's way you sow, Flow'rs of kind-ness you may give,

O'er all life's way;... And their fragrance will impart Blessings day by day.
 All a-long life's way;... And their fragrance will impart Blessings day by day.

THE SKATERS' SONG.

5

F. L. LEWIS.

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

1. A - way, a - way, a - long our crys-tal path, Nor frost, nor snow, Nor winds that blow,
2. As on our way with lightning speed we fly, No cham-ois fleet, With bounding feet,

Nor temp-est's wrath, Can chill the blood of ska-ters blithe and free, As o'er the lake,
With us can vie; With laugh and cheer we wake the ech-oes clear, And far and wide,

SOP. AND ALTO ONLY.

Our way we take, So full of glee, On ring - ing steel we rush or wild - ly wheel,
On ev - 'ry side, Our notes we hear, On ring - ing steel we rush or wild - ly wheel,

ALL.

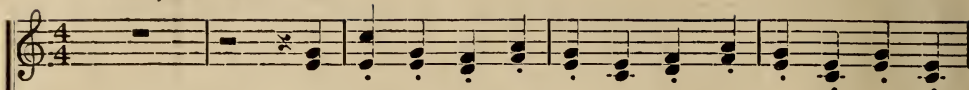
And who can tell the thrill-ing joy we feel? On ring - ing steel we

rush or wild - ly wheel, And who can tell, oh, who can tell the joy we feel?

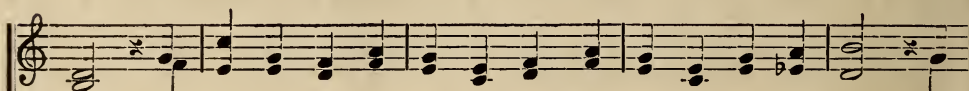
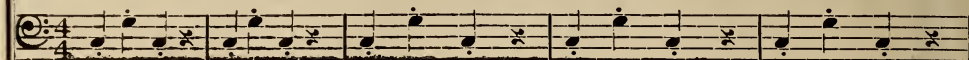
THE SMITH.

FRANZ ABT.
ADAPTED BY I. H. M.

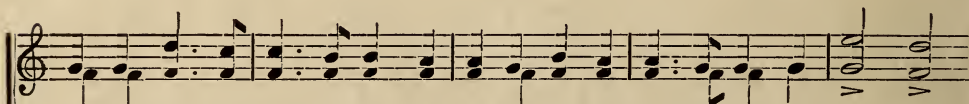
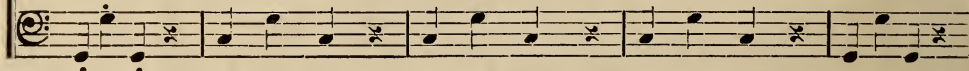
UNISON, OR TWO PARTS.

*mf Staccato.*

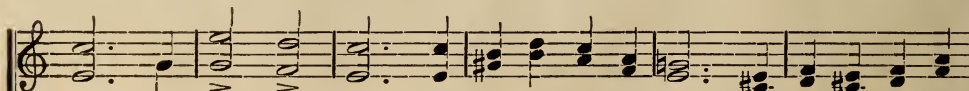
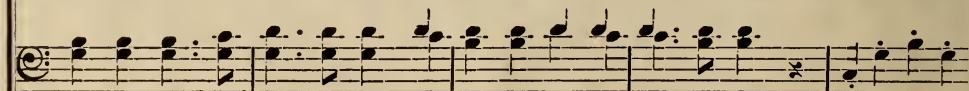
1. Who is that dark and swarth-y man, Who there the ham-mer
2. A - long the road a horseman comes, And springing from his
3. The smith he strokes his long dark beard, And says it shall be
4. The shoe is done; up - on his stead The horseman springs once



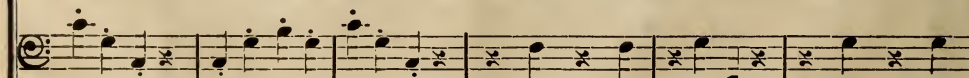
swings, So loud - ly hamm'ring all the day, That far and near it rings? That seat, "Sir Smith," says he, "forge now for me, And just be quick and neat, A so; His com-rade to the bel-lows runs, And lus - ti - ly doth blow. The more, "Take this, Sir Smith," says he, and throws A bright crown on the floor! And



is the smith, whose grip so tight The hammer wields, his fire burns bright, It roars and strong new shoe with-out de-lay, Forge for my pret - ty Ross-lein, pray: You fel - lows, smith he holds the ham-mer tight, The an - vil rings, the fire burns bright, It roars and gal - lops quick - ly off; the smith, As - ton - ished, lifts his cap and cries, "Thanks, thanks, Sir



glows, and spurts and throws, Oh! 'tis a pret - ty sight! Oh! 'tis a pret - ty go, the bel - lows blow, Now hear ye what I say? Now hear ye what I glows, and spurts and throws, Oh! 'tis a pret - ty sight! Oh! 'tis a pret - ty Knight for sil - ver bright," And chuckles o'er his prize, And chuckles o'er his



THE SMITH.

7

sight! It roars and glows, and spurts and throws, Oh! 'tis a pret-ty
 say? You fel-lows go, the bel-lows blow, Now hear ye what I
 sight! It roars and glows, and spurts and throws, Oh! 'tis a pret-ty
 prize, "Thanks, thanks, Sir Knight, for sil-ver bright," And chuckles o'er his

sight! *ff* Oh! 'tis a pret-ty sight!
 say? Now hear ye what I say?" *molto cres.*
 sight! Oh! 'tis a pret-ty sight!
 prize; And chuckles o'er his prize. *sf*

UNFURL THE FLAG.

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EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON¹

(MEMORIAL DAY HYMN.)

MENDELSSOHN-SNELLING.

1. Un-furl the flag at the sol-dier's grave With rev-'rence and love, Un-
 2. Un-furl the flag o'er our com-rade's head, Its col-ors shall fly, 'Neath
 3. Un-furl the flag in our coun-try's name, He hon-ored it well, Be-

furl it a-bove, The flag for which his ver-y life he free-ly gave.
 Spring's smiling sky; To save that ban-ner was his pre-cious life-blood shed.
 neath it he fell, His deed is writ-ten on the shin-ing scroll of fame.

"SIGNAL LIGHTS."

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JOSIE WALLACE.

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. Out on Life's wa - ters we're sail - ing, Out a - cross the sea,.....
 2. "Patience" out yon - der is beam - ing, "Hope" burns clear and strong,.....
 3. "Truth" in the har - bor is glow - ing, Like a ho - ly star,.....
 4. Nev - er can e - vil be - tide us, Thro' the days or nights,.....

But with a cour - age un - fail - ing, Sig - nal lights have we.
 "Faith" o'er the wa - ters is gleam - ing, Though the way be long.
 "Love" its bright sig - nal is show - ing, Though the shore be far.
 These are the bea - cons that guide us, Pre - cious sig - nal lights.

CHORUS.

Sig - nals, sig - nals, bright and shin - ing sig - nals, Set for you and

me,..... har - bor lights to be;..... Sig - nals, sig - nals,

PARTS.

bright and shining sig - nals, Guid - ing us as on we sail a - cross Life's sea....

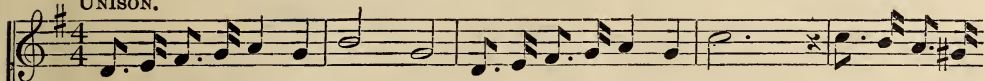
YES, YOU MAY.

REV. GEO. O. WEBSTER.

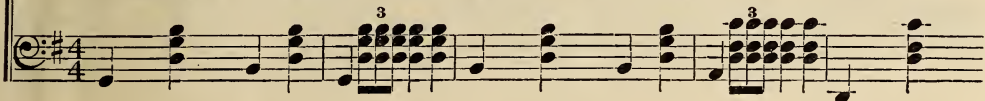
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GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

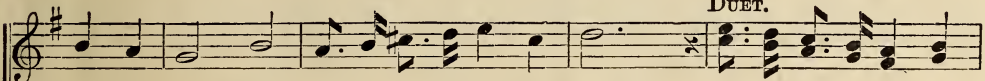
UNISON.



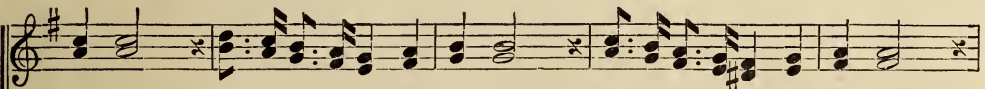
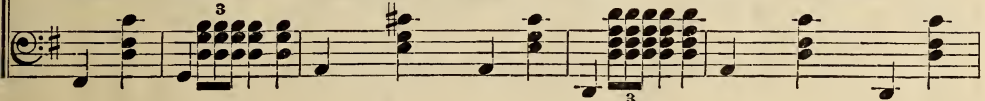
1. You may banish care and sad - ness As you journey on life's way, You may change the
2. You may lighten pain and sor - row, As you journey on life's way, You may heart-en
3. You may lighten care and la - bor, As you journey on life's way, You may prove a



DUET.



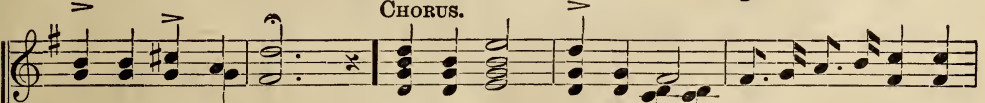
- gloom to glad - ness, You may change the night to day, By a word of kind-ness
for the mor - row Those who faint and fall to - day; By an-oth-er's sor-row
friend and neigh - bor To the sad and lone each day; Ev - er up-ward, on-ward



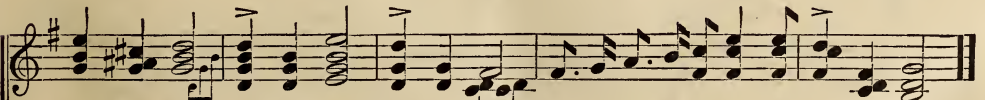
- spo-ken, By a lit-tle lov-ing to-ken, You may heal the heart that's broken,
shar-ing, By another's burden bear-ing, You may help the onward faring,
pressing, Till the crown of life possessing, You may make your life a blessing,



CHORUS.



- Yes, oh yes, you may. Yes, you may, yes, you may, Lighten someone's burden



- on your way. Yes, you may, yes, you may, Make your life a blessing, oh, yes, you may.



THE TELEPHONE.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

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J. W. LERMAN.

Moderato.

1. You can nev - er catch us nap - ping if you try, For we're
 2. Do not blame us if we list - en for a - while, What the
 3. Yes, we know that you'd be glad to have us tell, But we

wide a - wake and al - ways on the fly, If you
 peo - ple say would real - ly make you smile; We must
 val - ue our po - si - tions far too well, We're no

do not want your se - crets to be known, Nev - er
 have our lit - tle fun from day to day, But we
 in - for - ma - tion bu - reau if you please, So we'll

CHORUS. v

whis - per them up - on the tel - e - phone. }
 will not give a sin - gle one a - way. } " Hel - lo there! hel -
 all keep mum, no mat - ter how you tease. }

lo there!—Wake up, wake up," is what we hear all day, " Hel -

lo there! hel - lo there! Be quick, or we'll re - port you right a - way."

BED-TIME, KATE.

(ROUND)

J. M. DUNCAN.

1 2
 When you go a - court - ing, Do not stay too late,

3 4
 Lest you hear the voice of ma - ma say - ing, "Bed-time, Kate!"

ON THE RIVER.

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J. W. LERMAN.

EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON.

Allegretto grazioso. Not too fast.

1. Out on the stream, out on the stream, Out in the sunshine and light, On where the dancing
2. Out on the stream, out on the stream, Under the blue summer sky, Watching the white and
3. Out on the stream, out on the stream, Onward thro' sunshine and shade, Passing bright fields and

wa - ters gleam, Blue and bright, blue and bright, On-ward we go, on-ward we go,
flee - cy clouds Drift-ing by, drift-ing by, Tints from above, tints from a-bove,
woodlands dim, Hill and glade, hill and glade, Sunshine and joy, sunshine and joy,

La - zi-ly drifting a - long, Floating up-on the river's breast With voices raised in song.
Seen in the ripples be-low, Beau-ty and light on ev'ry side, As down the stream we go.
Ours for a brief summer's day, Catch them and use them while they last, Ere Summer slips away.

CHORUS.

O - ver the shin-ing stream we float, we float, Un-der the wav-ing

branch-es wide, Down the tide, down the tide, O - ver the shin-ing stream we

steer our boat, On where the rip-ples gleam, we float, we float.

THE LAND WE LOVE.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.
UNISON.

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I. H. MEREDITH.

1. It mat - ters not where we may roam, Or what may be our quest,
2. We love it for its rocks and rills, Its moun-tains high and bold;
3. We love our land which stands so firm For free - dom, truth and right;
4. We love it for our fa - thers' sake, And to their mem-'ry true

Our own, our dear old na - tive land We're sure to love the best.
We love it for its man-hood true, More pre - cious far than gold.
With no - ble ac - tions we will strive To keep its hon - or bright.
We'll fight, if need be, to pro - tect The old red, white and blue.

CHORUS.

Then three good rous-ing cheers we raise In cho - rus loud and clear,

And shout hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! For the land we hold so dear.

DAME BABBLE.

UNISON, TWO OR FOUR PARTS.
Quickly and staccato.

FRANZ ABT.
ADAPTED BY I. H. M.

1. Dame Bab-ble is a chat-ter-box, She prates from morn till night; The
2. She talks a-bout her hens and chicks, And boasts a-bout the clothes She's
3. She says Dame Plumpton is too fat, Miss Skin-ner is too thin; She
4. She talks a-bout her woes and joys, Her pigs and pic-kled pork, Till

neigh-bors all with news she stocks, For scan-dal's her de-light, And rattling, prattling,
bought for her sweet chil-dren six; Her last new gown she shows, And rattling, prattling,
does not like Miss Thompson's hat, It has red feath-ers in. So rattling, prattling,
folks, quite wear-ied by her noise, A-way from her they walk. But rattling, prattling,

tat- tling, She goes with all her might. And rat-tling, prat-ting, tat - tling, She
tat - tling, No rest her poor tongue knows, And rat-tling, prat-ting, tat - tling, No
tat - tling, Oh dear! the dread-ful din, And rat-tling, prat-ting, tat - tling, Oh
tat - tling, Still to her - self she'll talk, And rat-tling, prat-ting, tat - tling, Still

goes with all her might, And rat-tling, prat-ting, tat-tling, She goes with all her might.
rest her poor tongue knows, And rat-tling, prat-ting, tat-tling, No rest her poor tongue knows.
dear! the dreadful din, And rat-tling, prat-ting, tat-tling, Oh dear! the dread-ful din.
to her-self she'll talk, But rat-tling, prat-ting, tat-tling, Still to her - self she'll talk.

ROWING SONG.

15

EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON.

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JOHN J. THOMAS.

SOLO.

1. O'er the rip - ples of the riv - er, Now the shin - ing oars are glanc - ing, Set - ting
2. We will watch the wa - ter glis - ten, Where the wil - low boughs are fall - ing, We will
3. With the wa - ter lil - ies lift - ing Snow - y cups where sun - beams shim - mer, We will

CHORUS.

wave and foam a - quiv - er Set - ting light and sha - dow danc - ing.
soft - ly wait and lis - ten Where the thrush her mate is call - ing. } Row, row,
pause and i - dly drift - ing Watch the lights of cloud - land glim - mer.

MALE VOICES, OR ALL.

light - ly row, O - ver the sil - ver - y tide,..... Murmuring breeze rustling the trees,

ALL VOICES.

On we glide..... Row, row, light - ly row, O - ver the rip - ples of

poco rit.

blue..... Soft - ly we'll sing, sweet mus - ic shall ring, The bright day through.

IDLENESS AND INDUSTRY.

EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON.

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.GABRIEL-MARIE.
ARR. J. W. LERMAN.INTRO. *Andante moderato*,

VOICE.

f *dim. e poco rit.* *a tempo.*

Once up-on a Sum-mer's day,

In my gar-den bright and gay, Met an i-dle fair-y and a bu-sy

bee; There he worked with steady hum, Plan-ning for the days to come,

While she tried to charm him from his in-dus-try. "Come," she cried, with

beck'ning fin-gers, "Pret-ty Bum-ble Bee, Flow'rs are plen-ty, sum-mer lin-gers,

Dance a-while with me." Quoth the bee, her summons scorning, "Would you waste a

pre-cious morning? Summer's fly-ing, fays de - fy - ing, Flow'rs are dy - ing!"

So he buzzed and hummed away, Bu - sy, bu - sy all the day, Till his home and

barns were full of treas - ure - store, While the fair - y, at her ease,

Float-ed on the summer breeze, Just as tho' blue skies would last for ev - er - more.

Clouds grow, winds blow, Down comes the cold and cruel rain, The bu - sy bee heeds

IDLENESS AND INDUSTRY.

not the storm, His lard-er's full, his hearth is warm, Cold and hun-gry, in a wretch-ed

state The i - dle fair - y re - pents, too late. As it hap - pened

on that day, In my gar - den, bright and gay, So it hap-pens that we, too, must

make our choice. Let the wa-sted mo-ments fly, And re - gret them

by and by, Or in fruits of glad and well-planned toil re - joice.

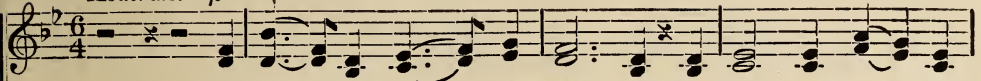
Which shall the an - swer be, I - dle-ness or in - dus - try?

EVENING SONG.

UNISON, OR TWO PARTS.

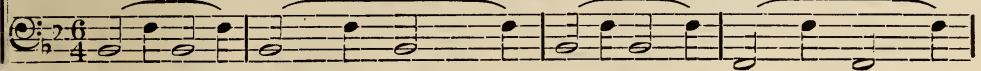
FRANZ ABT.
ADAPTED BY I. H. M.

Moderato. ρ



1. The eve - ning soft - ly is steal - ing, The shad - ows grow dark and
 2 In pur - ple glo - ry glow - ing, The sun now sinks to
 3. The dis - tant clocks tell sweet - ly How quick - ly time doth
 4. And now, sweet sleep comes o'er us, Night spreads her sa - ble

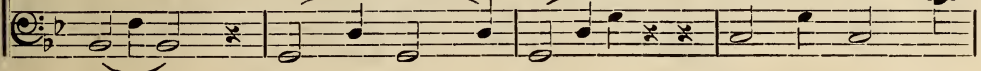
p legato.



cres.



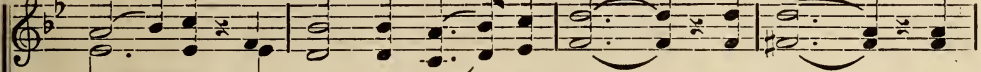
long; The bells have ceased their peal - ing, The bells have ceased their
 rest; The moon her soft light throw - ing, The moon her soft light
 fly, And pi - ous thoughts so meet - ly, And pi - ous thoughts so
 pall; Still God a - bove cares for us, Still God a - bove cares



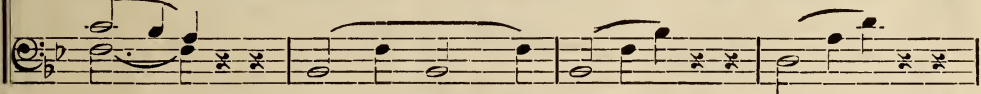
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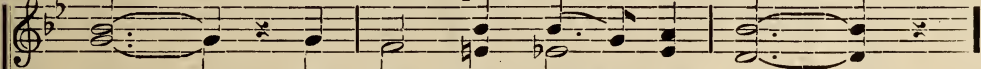
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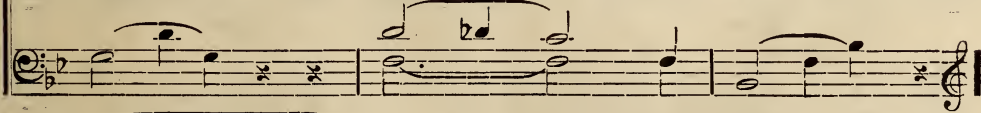
peal - ing, Each bird has hushed its song,..... Each bird,..... each
 throw - ing, While stars the heav - ens crest,..... And stars,..... and
 meet - ly, Are raised to Him on high,..... Are raised,.... are
 for us, And watch - es o - ver all,..... He watch - es, He



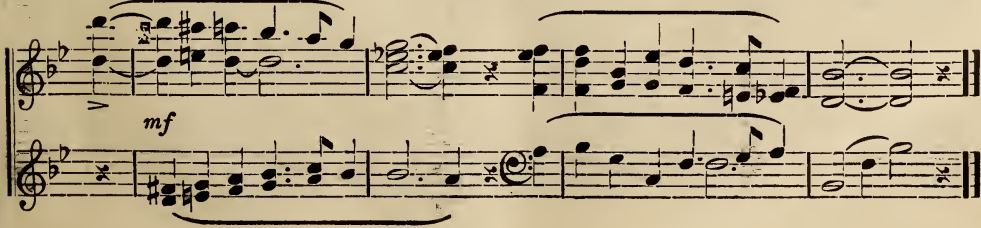
poco rall.



bird,..... each bird has hushed its song,.....
 stars,..... bright stars the heav - ens crest,.....
 raised,..... are raised to Him on high,.....
 watch - es, He watch - es o - ver all,.....



mf



WELCOME TO THE SPRINGTIME.

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THEME FROM MENDELSSOHN'S

"SPRING SONG." ARR. BY I. H. MEREDITH.

EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON.

1. Wel - come to the springtime as it dawns once more, On hills with liv - ing
2. Wel - come to the springtime and the glad new light, The prom - ise of a -

ver - dure clad and sun - lit vales enshroud - ed, The si - lent hour of slum - ber now at
wak'ning life, of hope and trust un - dy - ing, All na - ture breathes a les - son at this

last is o'er, The world a - wakes to skies that smile un - cloud - - ed.
sea - son bright, And hearts at - tune in faith are now re - ply - - ing.

GIRLS. BOYS. GIRLS.

Each breeze sweet per - fume sheds to meet us, Blossoms lift their
The glow that fills the sky so bright - ly, Winds that mur - mur

BOYS. ALL.

heads to greet us, All in cho - rus raise glad Na - ture's hymn of praise; The
by so light - ly All in cho - rus raise glad Na - ture's hymn of praise; Each

WELCOME TO THE SPRINGTIME.

Boys. GIRLS.

birds..... their songs em - ploy to cheer us, All..... cre - a - tion's
heart..... new filled with life and glo - ry Joins..... the pre - cious

Boys. ALL. *Rall.*.....

joy is near us, All u - nite to bring a wel - come to the spring.
song and sto - ry, All u - nite to bring a wel - come to the spring.

REFRAIN.

Wel - come to the springtime and its word of love, The mes - sage of the

sun - light and the field and for - est ver - nal, For Na - ture now is call - ing us to

look a - bove, To hear and learn that God is life e - ter - - nai.

JUST A LITTLE PANSY.

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(SOLO AND CHORUS.)

E. E. HEWITT,

I. H. MEREDITH,

1. Just a lit-tle pan-sy, But its lit-tle face Smiles up-on the pass-er,
2. Just a lit-tle pan-sy, Vel-vet-y and brown; On each ti-ny blos-som,
3. On-ly lit-tle pan-sies, Yel-low, blue and red! What a feast of col-or

With a winsome grace; In its own sweet lan-guage, Say-ing un-to me,.....
God is look-ing down. So He knows His chil-dren, Call-ing each by name,....
For our gladness spread! If the great Cre-a-tor Makes a flow'r so fair,.....

CHORUS.

"Can you not as cheer-ful And as help-ful be?" } Lit-tle pan-sy, Smil-ing in the
And His lov-ing kind-ness Ev-'ry-one may claim. } Pret-ty lit-tle
What must be the beau-ty Of the Country there.

light; Lit-tle pan-sy, Beau-ti-ful and bright, In its own sweet lan-guage
Dain-ty lit-tle

Say-ing un-to me,..... "Can you not as cheer-ful And as help-ful be?"
to me,

ANGEL OF PEACE.

23

O. W. HOLMES.

M. KELLER.

Maestoso f

1. An - gel of Peace, thou hast wan - dered too long! Spread thy white wings to the
 2. Broth - ers we meet, on this al - tar of thine Min - gling the gifts we have
 3. An - gels of Beth - le - hem, ech - o the strain, Hark! a new birth - song is

p sun - shine of love! Come, while our voi - ces are blend - ed in song,
 gath - ered for thee, Sweet with the o - dors of myr - tle and pine,
 fill - ing the sky! Loud as the storm - wind that tum - bles the main!

cres.

Fly to our ark like the storm - beat - en dove, Fly to our ark on the
 Breeze of the prai - rie and breath of the sea, Mead - ow and mount - ain and
 Bid the full breath of the or - gan re - ply, Let the loud tem - pest of

wings of the dove, Speed o'er the far - sound - ing bil - lows of song, Crown'd with thine
 for - est and sea! Sweet is the fra - grance of myr - tle and pine, Sweet - er
 voi - ces re - ply, Roll its long surge like the earth - shak - ing main! Swell the vast

ff
 ol - ive leaf gar - land of love, An - gel of Peace thou hast wait - ed too long!
 the in - cense we of - fer thee, Broth - ers once more round this al - tar of thine!
 song till it mounts to the sky! An - gels of Beth - le - hem, ech - o the strain!

FAIRY BELLS.

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EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON.

CLINTON D. LOWDEN.

1. Can you hear a chime of mu - sic in the air,..... Fair - y bells,.....
2. They will sum-mon Rob-in Red-breast from a - far,..... Fair - y bells,.....
3. They pro-claim the time when dais-ies ought to grow,..... Fair - y bells,.....

fair - y bells,..... Can you catch that silv-'ry tink - le an - y - where,
 fair - y bells,..... They will sig - nal when it's time to light a star,
 fair - y bells,..... And they tell the bus - y wind which way to blow,

CHORUS.
UNISON.

Can you un-der-stand the sto - ry that it tells?..... }
 And the dawning of the day their chime fore-tells..... } Fair - y bells,..... fair - y
 Through the mead-ow, and the sha-dy woodland dells. }

bells,..... They will tell of things both strange and true, Fair - y bells,

fair - y bells,..... If you list - en, they will ring for you.

LESSONS FROM THE FLOWERS.

EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON.

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I. S. MEREDITH.

Moderato legato.

1. Les-sons from the flow-ers we can learn to - day, Man - y pre - cious
 2. Les-sons from the flow-ers we can sure - ly learn, Look - ing brave - ly
 3. Les-sons from the flow-ers we will glad - ly find, All the hap - py

mes - sa - ges they bring, Spread - ing joy and beau - ty all a - long our way,
 up - ward to the light, Ev - er to the sun - shine let our fa - ces turn,
 Sum - mer fair and sweet, We will grow in beau - ty and in strength of mind,

CHORUS.

La,..... La,.....

Till our ver - y hearts with glad - ness sing,
 Thus we too can make the world more bright. } Lessons from the flowers fair greet us here,
 Bring - ing cheer to oth - ers as we meet.

La,..... La,..... La,.....

Joy and beau - ty ev - 'ry - where bring good cheer; Let us glad - den oth - er hearts

La,..... La..... La.....
rit.

on our way, This shall be the les - son of the flow'rs to - day.

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE BELL.

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J. J.

JULIAN JORDAN.

mf

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in 6/8 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The piece concludes with a final chord in the right hand.

SOP. & ALTO DUET.

The vocal duet introduction consists of two staves. The right hand is the soprano part and the left hand is the alto part. Both parts begin with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The melody is simple and melodic, with the alto part often providing a harmonic support to the soprano.

1. There's a time that my mem - o - ry holds ev - er dear, Tho' long years have
2. Dear moth - er would dress us up ti - dy and neat, Then kiss us and
3. Some day I'll go back to that place far a - way, That home where I

The vocal duet continues with two staves. The lyrics are: "passed now since then (since then), When my broth - er and I, as the send us a - long (a - long), While the bell in the stee - ple seemed lived when a boy (a boy), And I know that the sound I shall". The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some syncopation.

The vocal duet concludes with two staves. The lyrics are: "school days came 'round, In a class at the old vil - lage school-house were found; real - ly to call, Say - ing, 'Now is the time, come, my chil - dren, come all, love most to hear Will be the old bell ring - ing out its glad cheer,". The piece ends with a final chord in the right hand.

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE BELL.

I re-mem-ber how sweet-ly the bell used to sound, And I wish I could
 Let the lit-tle ones come, too, no mat-ter how small; The old school-house
 The bell, the old bell that seems ev-er more dear; To hear it will

hear it a - gain (a-gain), I wish I could hear it a - gain.....
 bell sang this song (this song), The old school-house bell sang this song.....
 give my heart joy (give joy), To hear it will give my heart joy.....

Swing - ing, ring - ing.
 REFRAIN.

Swing-ing, swing-ing, ring - ing, ring-ing, Ding-dong, ding-dong, hear the sweet refrain,

Swing - ing, ring - ing, *poco rit.*

Swing-ing, swing-ing, ring-ing, ring-ing, I wish I could hear it a - gain.....
poco rit.

BLOSSOM BELLS.

KATE ULMER.

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GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

1. O - ver hill and val - ley ring the blos - som bells, On the breezes waft - ed how their
 2. Swinging, soft - ly swinging in the sun - lit air, How their cheerful chiming echoes
 3. Joy - ful - ly our hearts the hap - py strain re - peat, In glad measure singing with the

gladness swells, Summer days have come at last their ringing tells, Ring, oh, ring ye blossom bells.
 ev - ry - where; Welcome is the message which to us they bear, Ring, oh, ring ye blossom bells.
 blossoms sweet; Praise and honor bringing to the Saviour's feet, Ring, oh, ring ye blossom bells.

CHORUS.

Blossom bells, ring, oh, ring, Join the chorus with the birds that sing; Let your chime sweetly tell

Of the joy that fills each blos - som bell. Win - ter's gloom now is past, Summer time has

come with joy at last; Blos - som bells ring your praise On this hap - py day of days.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

29

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

SAMUEL ARNOLD.

Maestoso.

1. Oh! say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we hailed at the
 2. On the shore, dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foes haughty host in dread
 3. Oh! thus be it e'er when freemen shall stand Be-tween their lov'd homes and

twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and stars thro' the per-il - ous fight, O'er the
 si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep As it
 war's des - o - la-tion; Blest with vic-t'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescu'd land Praise the

ramparts we watch'd were so gal - lant - ly streaming? And the rocket's red glare, the bombs
 fit - ful-ly blows, half conceals, half dis-clos - es? Now it catch - es the gleam of the
 pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na - tion, Then, con-quer we must, when our

cres. *ff* CHORUS.
 bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there;
 morning's first beam, In full glo - ry reflected, now shines on the stream; } 'Tis the star-spangled
 cause it is just, And this be our motto, "In God is our trust." }

rit.
 ban-ner, Oh! long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON.

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I. H. MEREDITH.

Smoothly.

1. Bob-o-link, swinging on the bough, listen a-while to me, Answer some questions
 2. Bob-o-link, dart-ing to and fro, man-y a sight you see— Sure-ly the reasons
 3. Bob-o-link, all the whole world round, wonderful things we see— Care-ful-ly look where-

REFRAIN.

for me now, of some of the things I see. Bob-o-link, tell me, tell me true,
 you must know so won't you explain to me? Bob-o-link, tell me, tell me true,
 e'er they're found, and come and report to me. Bob-o-link, tell me, tell me true,

How does the clover grow? Where do the daisies find their frills? What makes the ocean waves
 How do the shadows fall? How does the robin build her nest? Where does she learn her soft
 Is there a fair-y ring? How do the birds know how to fly? Where do they learn how to

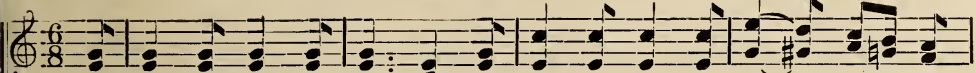
go? Where does the rainbow start and end? What makes the sky so blue?
 call? What makes the grass so fresh and green? Dot-ted with flowers, too?
 sing? Who is it hangs the cob-webs out? Where do they make the dew?

Tell me the reasons, my lit-tle friend, Bob-o-link, an-swer me, true!
 Some of these things you have surely seen, Bob-o-link, an-swer me, true!
 You can ex-plain it with-out a doubt, Bob-o-link, an-swer me, true!

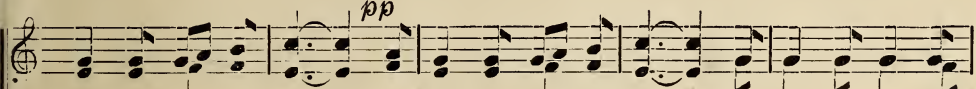
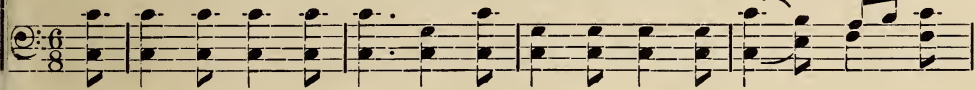
HARVEST SONG.

ANON.

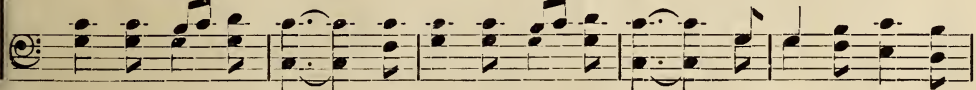
ENGLISH. ARR. BY I. H. M.



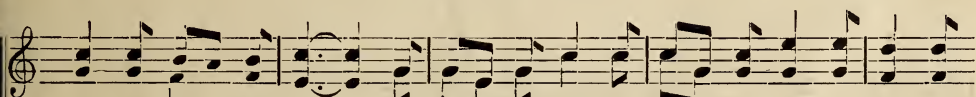
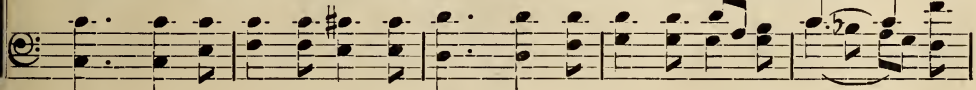
1. Thro' lanes with hedge-rows pearl - y, Go forth the reap - ers ear - ly A -
 2. At noon they leave the mead - ow, Be - neath the friend - ly shad - ow Of
 3. And when the west is burn - ing, From shav - en field re - turn - ing, Up -



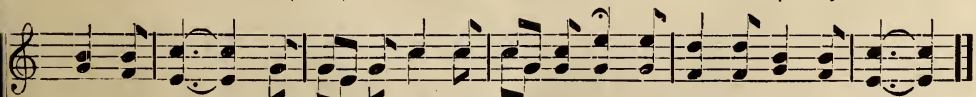
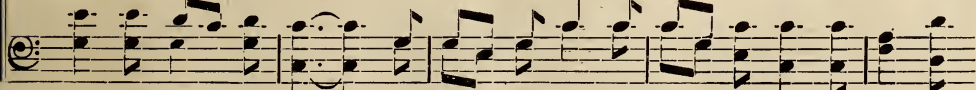
mong the yel - low corn, A - mong the yel - low corn, Good luck be - tide their
 mon - arch oak to dine, Of mon - arch oak to dine; And mid his branch - es
 on the wain they come, Up - on the wain they come, When all their ham - let



shear - ing, For win - ter's tide is near - ing, And we must fill the barn..... And
 hoar - y, Goes up the thankful sto - ry, The har - vest is so fine..... The
 neigh - bors Re - joi - ce to end their la - bors, With mer - ry har - vest home..... With



we must fill the barn; Tra la la la! Tra la la la! The bus - y
 har - vest is so fine: Tra la la la! Tra la la la! The bless - ed
 mer - ry har - vest home; 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.
 har - vest time. Tra la la la! Tra la la la! The bless - ed har - vest time.
 har - vest time. Tra la la la! Tra la la la! The joy - ous har - vest time.



THE PINE TREE'S SONG.

C. E. A.

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CORA E. ADAMS.

1. Beau - ti - ful pine tree, queen of the wood - land, Na - ture's sweet - est songs to
2. Mem - o - ries cling - ing, strong - er faith bring - ing, As we now re - call the

her be - long; List to the mu - sic heard in the branch - es, As they
dear old times, Hope grow - ing bright - er, hearts growing light - er, As we

soft - ly sing the old - time song; Sweet is the fra - grance, ten - der the
stroll be - neath the state - ly pines; List to the pine tree, lov - ers of

ech - oes, That the pine tree brings to you and me, Heav - en seems
Na - ture, It will help you all the way a - long, Heav - en seems

near - er, loved ones are dear - er, As we lin - ger 'neath the old pine tree.
reach - ing, life - les - sons teach - ing, As we lis - ten to the pine tree's song.

THE PINE TREE'S SONG.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful pines, mur - mur - ing pines,
 Beau - ti - ful pines, mur - mur - ing pines,

Sing - ing their re - quiem soft - ly and low, Tell - ing of
 Sing - ing their re - quiem

past days, tell - ing of lost days, Breathing mem'ries of long, long a - go.

AMERICA.

S. F. SMITH.

HENRY CAREY.

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal
 4. Our Father's God, to Thee, Au - thor of Lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

fa - thers died! Land of the Pilgrim's pride! From ev - 'ry mount - ain side Let freedom ring.
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that a - bove.
 tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
 land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

DECEMBER'S SONG.

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EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON.

(SOLO & CHORUS.)

CHARLES C. ACKLEY.

Rather slowly.

1. What is the song De - cem - ber sings? What is the word the North Wind brings?
2. What is the song De - cem - ber sings? What is the chime each sleigh-bell rings?
3. What is the song De - cem - ber sings? What is the word old Win - ter brings?

What do the whirl-ing snowflakes say, Flut - ter - ing down the live - long day?
What does our friend, Jack Frost, re-peat, Whis-ting so gay - ly down the street?
What do the chil - dren love to hear Greet - ing the news with heart - y cheer?

CHORUS. *Very brightly.*

Christ-mas-time is com-ing! Christ-mas-time is com-ing! Christ-mas-time is

com - ing and all is glad and gay; *rit.* Christ-mas-time is com - ing,

Christ-mas-time is com-ing, Christ-mas-time is com-ing, our happi-est hol - i - day.

ANGELS' GREETING.

35

For one or two voices ad lib.

FRANZ ABT.
ADAPTED BY L. H. M.

Slowly.

1. See now, see now, stars the dark gloom pierc - ing, O'er thee shed their
 2. See now, see now, how yon star is twink - ling, On its beams so
 3. See now, see now, how the stars are flash - ing! An - gels beck - on

sostenuto.

sil - v'ry light, their sil - v'ry light: Tho' the bound - less e -
 soft and clear, so soft and clear! Guard - ian an - gels.....
 thee a - way, far, far a - way; And their bea - cons.....

p

the - real space di - vide thee, They will... guide thee all thro' the drear - y
 send thee ho - ly greet - ings, Thy sad... heart and thy trem - bling soul to
 bright they'll still keep burn - ing, Till o'er thee break - eth the longed - for dawn of

p dim.

night, They will... guide thee all through the drear - y night.
 cheer, Thy sad... heart and thy trem - bling soul to cheer.
 Day, Till o'er thee break - eth the longed - for dawn of Day.

p

HAPPY DAYS OF YOUTH.

MABEL J. ROSEMON.

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CHO. ARR. FROM BIZET.

1. March-ing on, while all the world is fair, 'Neath sun - ny skies, bright glow - ing skies,
2. Hap - py days of youth are speed-ing by, Days bright and fair, days with-out care,
3. Ev - er striv - ing, tho' the task is hard Toil - ing a - way, now while we may,

Ev - 'ry hour brings joys for us to share, Each day some high - er prize;
Hearts are gay, and hope and cour-age high, Joy dwell - eth ev - 'ry-where;
Ev - 'ry ef - fort brings its own re-ward, Fol - low - ing wis - dom's way;

Days that so quick-ly will pass be-yond re - call, Beau - ti - ful hours, youth's hap-py hours,
Days fraught with sunshine, oh, would they might remain, Ra - di - ant days, bright youth-ful days
Al - ways ad-vanc-ing, with will-ing, cheery hearts, Ne'er will we shirk, faith-ful - ly work

Speed each mo-ment as it hastes a-long With a cheer-ful and hap-py song.
On - ward then, while voi-ces join in song Days of glad-ness to youth be - long.
On - ward then thro' sunshine or thro' show'rs, In the joy of the youth-ful hours.

CHORUS.

On, on we go, in hap - py days of youth, Seek - ing each day wis - dom and truth,

Press-ing onward, thro' the sunshine or the rain, Un - til the heights we at - tain;

SOP. & ALTO.

PARTS. *Slower.*

In the days of youth so free, Ev-'ry passing hour shall be Filled with joyous vic - to - ry.

O BEAUTIFUL FOR SPACIOUS SKIES.

KATHARINE LEE BATES.

S. A. WARD.

1. O beau-ti-ful for spacious skies, For amber waves of grain, For pur-ple mountain
 2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet Whose stern, impassioned stress A thor-ough-fare for
 3. O beau-ti-ful for he-ros proved In lib-er - a - ting strife, Who more than self their
 4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years Thine al - a - bas-ter

ma - jes-ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain! A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God!
 free-dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness! A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God!
 coun-try lov'd, And mer - cy more than life! A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May
 cit - ies gleam Undimmed by hu - man tears! A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God

shed His grace on thee And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shin-ing sea!
 mend thine ev-'ry flaw, Con - firm thy soul in self-con-trol, Thy lib-er - ty in law!
 God thy gold re - fine, Till all suc-cess be no-ble-ness, And ev-'ry gain di - vine!
 shed His grace on thee And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shin-ing sea!

OVER THE STARS THERE IS REST.

T. T. BARKER.

FRANZ ABT.

*Slowly.**pp*

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

Suf - fer in pa - tience con - fid - ing, Life with its tri - als and chid - ing:
 Bear up, to life's ills re - sign - ing, There where the sun is still shin - ing

There peace e - ter - nal a - bid - ing, Makes the de - light of the blest.....
 Comes neith - er grief nor re - pin - ing, There are re - lieved the op - pressed...

Dark tho' the day be with sor - row, Hope gilds more brightly the mor - row;
 On - ward, with courage re - viv - ing, Ev - er still pa - tient - ly striv - ing;

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

WORK WITH A SONG.

39

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I. H. MEREDITH.

1. When heart and hand are sore - ly tried By cares of ev - 'ry day, Just
2. When foot - steps lag a - long the road And bur - dens weigh us down, Just
3. So toil a - way with might and main, And put it to the test, For

try the mag - ic pow'r of song To drive those cares a - way, To
see how soon a cheer - ful song Will ban - ish ev - 'ry frown, Will
he whose heart is full of song Will do his work the best, Will

rit. *CHORUS.

drive those cares a - way. } Work with a song, work with a
ban - ish ev - 'ry frown. }
do His work the best. }

song, Hearts will beat hap - pi - ly all the day long; Work with a

rit.

song, work with a song, Toil a - way cheer - i - ly, work with a song.

* Melody in lower notes.

ANCHORED.

ARR. BY
EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON.

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MICHAEL WATSON.
ARR. BY I. H. MEREDITH.

UNISON.

1. Fly - ing with flow - ing sail, o - ver the Sum - mer sea,..... Sheer thro' the
 2. Bright on the flash - ing brine glittered the Sum - mer sun,..... Sweet - ly the
 3. Bright - ly the light'ning flashed, cleaving a - cross the dark,..... Loud - ly the

rall. *a tempo.*

seeth - ing gale, homeward bound was she,..... Fly - ing with feath'ry prow,
 star - ry skies smiled when day was done;..... Blithe was the breeze of heav'n,
 thun - der crashed, oh, the gal - lant bark;..... Then, when the storm had passed,

bounding with slanting keel,.... And glad,..... and glad..... was the sail - or
 fill - ing the fly - ing sail,.... And glad,..... and glad..... was the sail - or
 drear - y and wrecked lay she,.... But bright,..... so bright.... was the star - ry

Inst.

lad,.... As he steered..... and sang.... at..... his wheel.....
 lad,.... As he steered..... and sang.... thro' the gale.....
 light.... As it shone,..... it shone.. on.... the - sea.....

ANCHORED.

REFRAIN.

"On - ly an - oth - er day to stray,..... on - ly an -
 "On - ly an - oth - er day to stray,..... on - ly an -
 Soft - ly the stars shone out a - bove,..... soft breathed the

oth - er night to roam,..... Then safe at last, the
 oth - er night to roam,..... Then safe at last, the
 whis - pers to the foam,..... "He's safe at last, the

har - bor past, Safe in my Fa - ther's home,.....
 har - bor past, Safe in my Fa - ther's home,.....
 har - bor past, Safe in his Fa - ther's home,.....

Safe..... in my Fa - ther's home,".....
 Safe..... in my Fa - ther's home,".....
 Safe..... in his Fa - ther's home.....

1st time. D. S. | *Last time.*

ROUND FOR FOUR PARTS.

1 My dame has a lame tame crane, 2 My dame has a crane that is lame;
 3 O come, gen - tle Jane, feed the dame's lame tame crane, 4 Feed and go home a - gain.

WHISTLE YOUR CARES AWAY.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

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I. H. MEREDITH.

8va.

1. There's naught to be gain'd by your sigh-ing, Tho' all the world goes wrong, You
2. The sun may be dimm'd in its shin-ing, Stars fail to gleam at night, But

8va.

nev - er can change it by cry-ing, Sing then some hap - py song..... There's
that's no ex - cuse for re - pin-ing, Soon they will all be bright..... It's

8va.

no time for sor - row or sadness, When all the world's so gay,..... But
bet - ter by far to be cheerful, Hap - py by night or day,..... You'd

8va..

plen - ty of time for your glad - ness, Whis - tle your cares a - way.
bet - ter be laughing than tear - ful, Whis - tling your cares a - way.

TWO PARTS. (Whistling.)

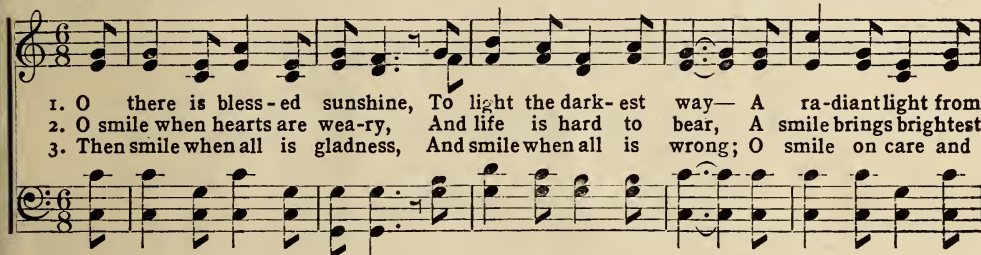


THE SUNSHINE OF A SMILE.

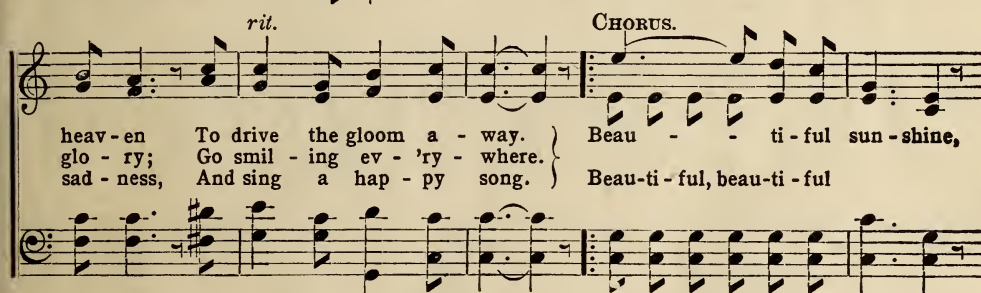
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MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.



1. O there is bless-ed sunshine, To light the dark-est way— A ra-diant light from
2. O smile when hearts are wea-ry, And life is hard to bear, A smile brings brightest
3. Then smile when all is gladness, And smile when all is wrong; O smile on care and



rit.

CHORUS.

heav-en	To drive	the gloom	a - way.	} Beau - - ti - ful sun - shine,
glo - ry;	Go smil - ing	ev - 'ry - where.	} Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful	
sad - ness,	And sing	a hap - py song.		



Sor-row - ing hearts to be - guile; Beau - - ti - ful sun - shine,
 Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful,



Sunshine of a smile; guile; Beau - - ti - ful sunshine, Sunshine of a smile.
 Beautiful, beautiful

UNDER THE STARRY BANNER.

MABEL J. ROSEMON.

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GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

UNISON.

1. O'er us the flag of free-dom wav - ing, Fling its bright folds a - far;
2. Here, with our na-tion's flag be - fore us, Pledge we our faith a - new;
3. Flag that is hailed with song and sto - ry, O - ver the whole wide world,

True were the hearts that, danger brav - ing, Bought ev - 'ry stripe and star.
Em - blem of peace, 'tis shin - ing o'er us, Flag of the brave and true.
Flag of the na-tion's pride and glo - ry, Ne'er shall that flag be furled!

CHORUS.

Un - der the star - ry ban - ner, Flag of the brave and free, U -

nit - ed for - ev - er, with bonds naught can sever, We will be true to thee;

Un - der the star - ry ban - ner, Spread - ing its folds a - bove, Its

rit.

fair col-ors gleaming, with glo - ry 'tis streaming, Flag of the land we love.

DECK THE HALL WITH BOUGHS OF HOLLY.

OLD WELSH MELODY, ALT.

1. Deck the hall with boughs of hol - ly, Fa la la la la la la la la,
 2. See the blaz - ing yule be - fore us, Fa la la la la la la la la,
 3. Fast a - way the old year pass - es, Fa la la la la la la la la,

Tis the sea - son to be jol - ly, Fa la la la la la la la la,
 Strike the harp and join the cho - rus, Fa la la la la la la la la,
 Hail the new ye lads and lass - es, Fa la la la la la la la la,

SOP. & ALTO.

Don we now our gay ap - par - el, Fa la la la la la la la la,
 Fol - low we in mer - ry meas - ure, Fa la la la la la la la la,
 Sing we joy - ous all to - geth - er, Fa la la la la la la la la,

PARTS.

Troll the an - cient Christ - mas car - ol, Fa la la la la la la la la.
 While I tell of Christ - mas treas - ure, Fa la la la la la la la la.
 Heed - less of the wind and weath - er, Fa la la la la la la la la.

A JOLLY GOOD WORLD.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

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J. W. LERMAN.

1. There's no use in wear - ing a
2. By stead - fast - ly striv - ing the
3. A smile is the sun - shine that

Moderato.

mf *f*

long so - ber face, If things do not go the best way;..... Just laugh at your
heights we will gain, Look up - ward nor yield to dull care;..... Good cheer is a
light - ens each load, Brings hap - pi - ness close to your door;..... 'Tis eas - y to

troubles, be mer - ry and wise, A good time is com - ing some day.....
ton - ic that helps one a - long, And scat - ters the clouds of de - spair.....
give, and the kind - ness we show Will come back to us o'er and o'er.....

CHORUS.

'Tis a jol - ly good world aft - er all;..... Glad things will be

com - ing our way;..... There's more sun - shine than rain, more
 pleas - ure than pain, Then let us be mer - ry and gay.....

p. *p.*

ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT.

(ROUND)

1 2
 Row, row, row your boat Gen - tly down the stream;
 3 4
 Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, Life is but a dream.

HATS.

(ROUND.)

J. T. REES.

1 2
 Hats, hats, nice, new hats; Hats, hats, tip - top hats;
 3 4
 Soft hats, stiff hats, fine fur hats; Straw hats, wool hats, stove-pipe hats.

VACATION DAYS ARE COMING.

A. SELWYN GARBETT.

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J. W. LERMAN.

1. Va - ca - tion days are com - ing, Hoo - ray! hoo - ray, The sum - mer bees are
 2. The sum - mer sun is gleam - ing, Hoo - ray! hoo - ray, The sum - mer flow'rs are
 3. The sum - mer wind is blow - ing, Hoo - ray! hoo - ray, The sum - mer streams are

hum - ming, Hoo - ray! hoo - ray! The les - sons on the shelf may go, The
 dream - ing, Hoo - ray! hoo - ray! The pen - cils in their box may go, The
 flow - ing, Hoo - ray! hoo - ray! Though hol - i - day is pleas - ure And

maps be - hind the door, Our cop - y - books are filled and so we'll need them now no more.
 pen's an i - dle tool, E - ra - sers are not needed tho' they're bus - y as a rule.
 right - ly spent in play, Yet work is bur - ied treasure. And 'twill serve us right some day.

REFRAIN.

Good - by school books, good - by work, Good - by ev - 'ry - thing that

child - ren like to shirk; But when the days are o - ver, We'll all come back a - gain,

VACATION DAYS ARE COMING.

* **GIRLS.** *Rather slowly.*

Boys.

For we girls must grow up la - dies, And we boys must grow up men.

* The last of the refrain should be sung mockingly, by the girls with mincing affectation and by the boys with derisive emphasis.

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

BEN. JONSON.

Slowly, with expression.

OLD ENGLISH MELODY.
ARR. BY I. H. MEREDITH.

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

Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, and I'll not ask for wine;.....
As giv - ing it a hope that there it could not with - ered be;.....

The thirst that from the soul doth rise doth ask a drink di - vine,.....
But thou there - on didst on - ly breathe, and send'st it back to me,.....

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

GIVE PRAISE.

EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON.

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I. H. MEREDITH.

1. Give praise, give praise, joy - ful an - thems raise, To the might - y King of Kings,
2. Give praise, give praise, for His works and ways, For His ev - er - last - ing love,
3. Give praise, give praise, glad - dest an - thems raise, To our great Re - deem - er sing,

Thro' all lands a - broad be His name a - dored, While ex - ult - ant mu - sic rings.
For the boundless span of His grace to man, For His gift of life a - bove.
At His al - tar now in al - legiance bow, And pro - claim Him Lord and King.

CHORUS.

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

Praise Him for His end - less glo - ry, Praise Him for His gift di - vine,
Praise Him for His lov - ing kind - ness Praise Him thro' un - end - ing days,

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

Tell a - gain Sal - va - tion's sto - ry, Let His light for - ev - er shine,

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

Mon - arch all pre - vail - ing, Cap - tain nev - er - fail - ing, Give Him praise.

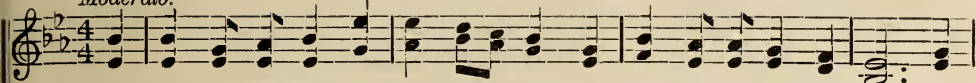
BRIGHT DAYS.

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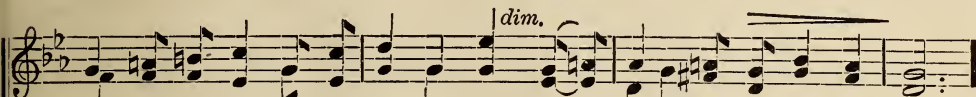
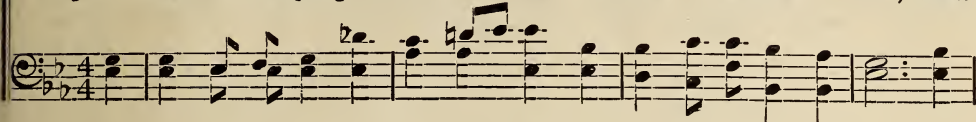
S. C. KIRK.

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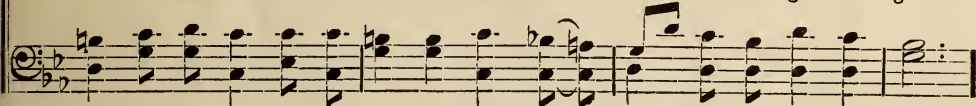
CHARLES C. ACKLEY.

Moderato.

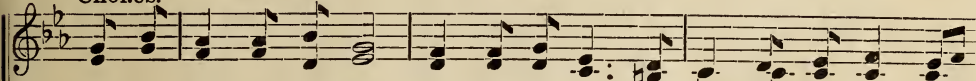
1. No days like the days of hap - py youth—I wish they could al - ways stay; But
2. The bright-ness of spring is brief, so brief, But nev - er a wast - ed hour; It
3. O this is the spring of life to me, And this is the time to sow; What-



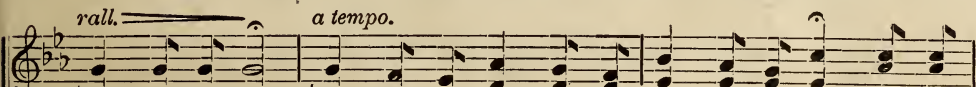
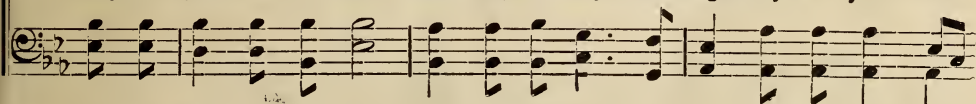
oh, all a-round me I see this truth, They are pass - ing a - way, a - way.
gar - ners a - way in the blade and leaf, Sweet things for the sum-mer's flow'r.
ev - er the fruit of the fu - ture be, It..... now must be-gin to grow.



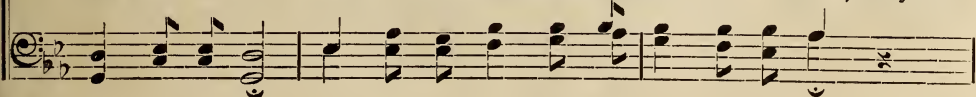
CHORUS.



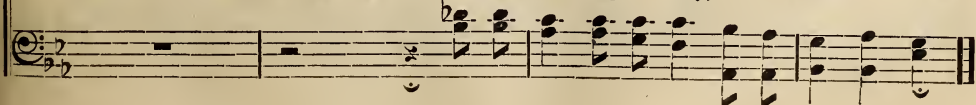
They are pass - ing a - way, pass - ing a - way! The bright days of youth are



pass - ing a - way; Gath - er their sun - shine, oh, keep it in store; They are



pass - ing a - way, pass - ing a - way, They are pass - ing a - way, To re - turn no more.



THE WITCHES' DANCE.

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GOUNOD. ARR. BY E. G. S.

EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON

Allegretto moderato.

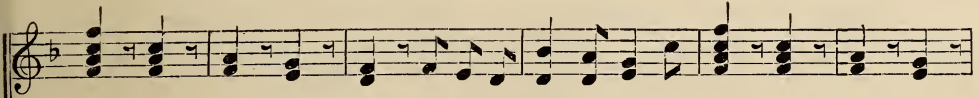
{ The woods are si - lent, the graves are still, Black night is stalk - ing a -
 { We'll hold our rev - els thro' - out the night, We'll ride a - way at the

long the hill, With sigh and moan, the winds have blown A cloud a - cross the
 dawn's first light, Lest mor - tal eye should dare to spy, And find our fair - y

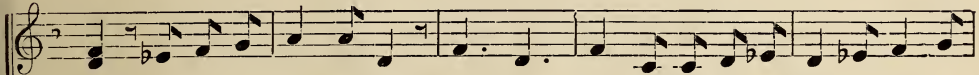
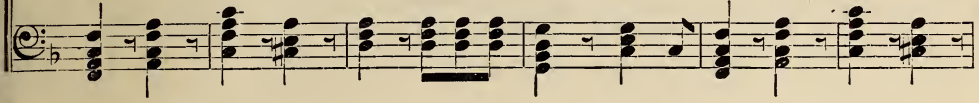
moon; From out the bel - fry on yon - der tow'r, The mag - ic note of the
 dell. To cave and grot - to and cav - ern deep, We'll fly a - way and in

mid - night hour, With solemn clang and mystic twang, Will sound our signal soon.
 hid - ing keep, Till midnight's hour, with eerie pow'r A - gain shall weave its spell.

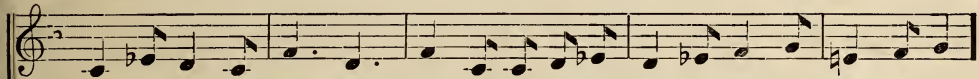
THE WITCHES' DANCE.



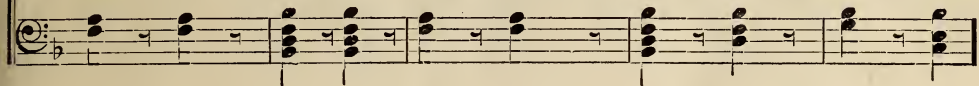
Come, come, come, come, Haste, haste to the witches' dance, Oh come, come, come, come,
 Come, come, come, come, Haste, haste to the witches' dance, Oh come, come, come, come,



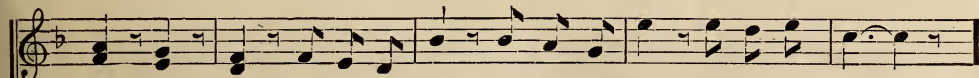
Haste, haste where their rites entrance, Fays will sing, and Will-o-the-Wisp will light us
 Haste, haste where their rites entrance, Gob - lins call, the owl in the tree-top says the



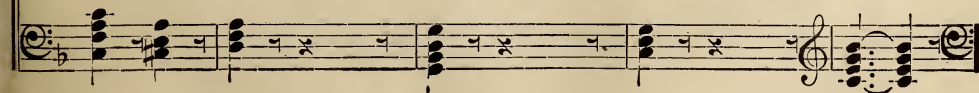
on our way, While elves will spring to greet us with cries of mirth and laugh-ter gay.
 way is clear, Come one and all, the time of our rev - el now is draw-ing near.



So come, come, come, come, Haste, haste to the witch - es' dance, Oh come, come,
 So come, come, come, come, Haste, haste to the witch - es' dance, Oh come, come,



come, come, Haste, haste to the dance, Haste to the dance, haste to the dance.
 come, come, Haste, haste to the dance, Haste to the dance, haste to the dance.



THE WITCHES' DANCE.

Inst. *rit.*

The instrumental introduction consists of two staves of music in a 3/4 time signature with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is written in the treble clef and features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets. The bass line is in the bass clef and provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

VOICE.

Come, join the dance and gay rev - el keep, While fool - ish mor - tals are

The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The music is in the same key signature and time signature as the instrumental introduction.

fast a - sleep, For mag - ic flees, when thro' the trees The lights of morning glance; So

The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes. The tempo marking 'fast' is placed above the first note of the vocal line.

hast - en now o - ver wood and fen, And on we'll go to the fair - y glen, With

The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

mirth and song, come speed along, And join the witches' dance, Come, join the dance!

The vocal line concludes with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

THE SONG OF THE BROOK.

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EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON.

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I. H. MEREDITH.

1. In the sha-dy woods a voice we hear, Mur-mur-ing, mur-mur-ing,
2. Dancing thro' the fragrant woodland bow'r, Whis-pering, (Inst.) whis-per-ing, (Inst.)
3. Where the sil-ver wa-ters dance a - long, Hap - pi - ly, hap - pi - ly,

Just a strain of mu - sic sweet and clear, Mur-mur-ing that Sum-mer's near.
Wel-com-ing a - like both sun and show'r, Whis-per-ing to fern and flow'r.
Let us hast - en, too, a glad-some throng, Hap - pi - ly we'll join the song.

CHORUS. UNISON.

Shi-ning brooks go chat-ter ing, (Inst.) Down the wood-land dells, O - ver peb-bles

pat-ter-ing, (Inst.) Ring-ing fair - y bells, Hap - py chil-dren lis-ten-ing, (Inst.)

(Inst.)
Hear the bright drops say, "With light, new light we're glistening, Ev-'ry Sum-mer day."

O SKIES OF SPRINGTIME.

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EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON.

(MEMORIAL DAY SONG.)

ARR. BY E. G. SNELLING.

Andante.

1. O skies of Springtime, shed your soft-est light Where our sol-diers peace-ful-ly are
2. O flow'rs of Springtime, from your wealth of bloom, Give us wreaths and garlands for their
3. O winds of Springtime, sing a re-qui-em sweet, Where the nation's honored dead are

sleep - ing, And bend a-bove them with a glo-ry bright, As they rest with-in their country's
prais - ing, Like guards of honor, at each nar-row room Keep fond watch, your chalice'd incense
sleep - ing, For them, the toil of war, the bat-tle heat, And for us, the peace-ful hour of

keep-ing; Thro' them the fame of our land sur-ives, They bought its hon-or with their lives,
rais - ing; Re - peat for them ev-'ry well-loved hue, The red, the white, the star-flecked blue,
reap-ing, A sac - ri - fice, for our vic - to - ry, Their country's love their prize shall be,
dear land survives,
each well-loved hue,
our vic-to-ry,

Skies of Springtime, shed your softest light; Where our soldiers peace-ful-ly are sleep - ing,
Flow'rs of Springtime, from your wealth of bloom, Give us wreaths and garlands for their praising.
Winds of Springtime, sing a re-qui-em sweet, Where the nation's honored dead are sleep-ing.
your softest light;
your wealth of bloom,
a re-qui-em sweet,

SCATTER LOVE LIKE FLOWERS.

GEORGE O. WEBSTER.

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I. H. MEREDITH.

SOP. & ALTO DUET. *Rather slowly.*

1. Scatter love like flowers sweet All along life's way, Cheer each lonely heart you meet Ev'ry
2. Scatter love like flowers sweet As you pass a - long, Days of gloom and sadness meet With a
3. Scatter love like flowers sweet With a willing hand, Do not let the moments fleet, While you

pass - ing day; Deeds are fragrant, deeds are fair, Kind - ly words will lighten care, Scat - ter cheer - ful song; Let some kind - ly word you say, Lighten some one's darker way, And the id - ly stand; Ev - 'ry - where is sorest need, Eyes that weep and hearts that bleed; Love will

CHORUS. *Con moto.*

love like blossoms gay, As you journey on life's way. }
 flow'rs of love will bloom All a - long thy path of gloom. } Scat - ter love..... like flow - ers
 turn the night to day, Love will brighten all the way. } Scat - ter love

sweet and fair, Kind - ly words..... and deeds to light - en care, And thy Kind - ly words

path - way dai - ly bright - er grows Till the des - ert blossoms, blossoms as the rose. And thy pathway

FLORA KIRKLAND.

Slowly.

J. W. LERMAN.

1. Ro - ses bloom - ing in the morning, At the noon-tide wondrous bright, Fair and sweet at early
 2. Some in robes of snowy whiteness, Breathing pu - ri - ty and peace, Some in crim - son tints of
 3. Ceaseless - ly their gifts bestow - ing, Bloom the ro - ses ev'rywhere, Fair and bright their beauty

dawn - ing, Sweet and pure when falls the night. In the gar - den, ro - ses bloom - ing,
 bright - ness, Joy and strength and hope in - crease. Some all gold - en in their beau - ty,
 glow - ing, Sweet their per - fume on the air. As we see their work in - spir - ing,

rit.
 Oth - ers gleaming by the way, Ev'rywhere their brightness showing, Making earth a garden gay.
 Truth and in - no - cence unfold; Tender tho'ts of love and du - ty, Ro - ses in their sweetness hold.
 Shall we not with earnest heart, La - bor on with zeal un - tir - ing, Seeking well to do our part?

CHORUS.

Ro - ses! ro - ses! weav - ing a crown, Per - fumed pet - als show - er - ing down,

Shed - ding per - fume, sweet - est per - fume, Summer's most ra - di - ant crown.....
 ra - di - ant crown.

WE'RE READY.

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EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON.

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CLINTON D. LOWDEN.

1. A firm re - solve we each have tak - en, To meet what - ev - er comes our way,
2. When du - ty takes her stand be - side us, We'll strive un - til our work is done,
3. And all thro' life we mean to car - ry This plan of which we sing to - day,

With faith and cour - age all un - shak - en, "We're read - y," come what may.
With no neg - lect - ed task to chide us, "We're read - y," then for fun.
Let oth - ers halt or i - dly tar - ry, "We're read - y," come what may.

CHORUS. TWO PARTS.

"We're ready" for work or play, "We're ready" to win the fray, Let toil or let pleasure

call us, "We're read - y," ev - 'ry day; We're valiant and true in heart, We're ea - ger to

make a start, What - ev - er the moment may bring us, "We're ready" to do our part.

WE ARE HAPPY AND FREE.

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ALPINE MELODY.
ARR. BY E. G. SNELLING.

EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON.

SOP. SOLO.

1. We are hap-py and free, as ev-er a crew can be, While we sail our bark a -
2. On we joy-ful-ly go, while fa-vor-ing breez-es blow, For our chart is sure and
3. With our vessel we'll ride, we'll answer the wind and tide, O'er the wa - ters blue, we'll

cross the wide blue sea, Where the wa - ters leap, our watch we glad-ly keep, For we
not a care we know, And in mer - ry strain, we sing our glad re-frain, While we
light - ly, swift - ly glide, Should the temp - est roar with will-ing hand and oar, We will

ALTO SOLO.

love our home up-on the deep. O our hearts are staunch and brave, As we cross the
sail our bark a-cross the main. O what joy it is to be, Out up-on the
safe - ly reach the destined shore. Then from dan-gers of the sea, From all toil and

WE ARE HAPPY AND FREE.

61

roll-ing wave, While we all u - nite in love, Trust-ing God who rules a - bove.
 roll-ing sea, Let us, then, u - nite in love, Trust-ing God who rules a - bove.
 per-il free, We will all u - nite in love, Trust-ing God who rules a - bove.

CHORUS.

Mer - ri - ly now we row a - long, row a - long, row a - long,

Mer - ri - ly now we row a - long, O - ver the dark blue sea. *2d time pp*

THE HUNTSMEN.

1
 A south-er - ly wind and a cloud - y sky, Pro-claim it a hunt - ing morn - ing;

2
 To horse, my brave boys, and a - way; Bright Phœbus the hill is a - dorn - ing;

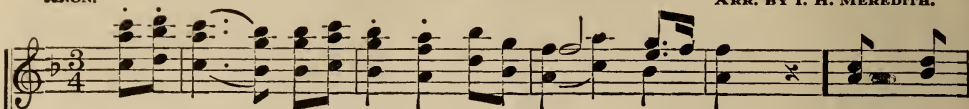
3
 Hark! hark! for - ward, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra.....

FAR AWAY.

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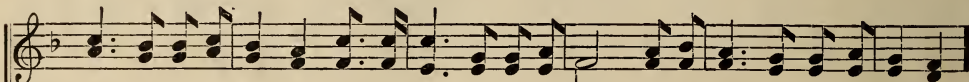
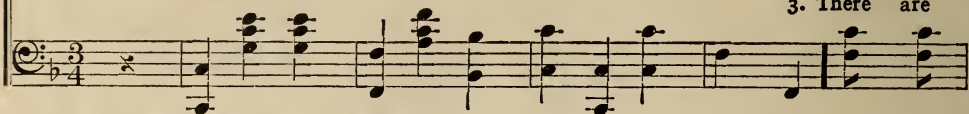
MRS. J. W. BLISS.
ARR. BY I. H. MEREDITH.

ANON.

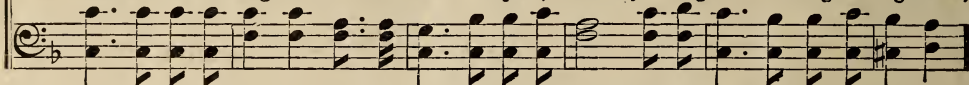


INTRO.

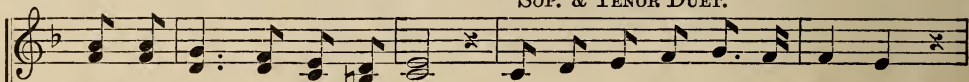
1. Where is
2. Some have
3. There are



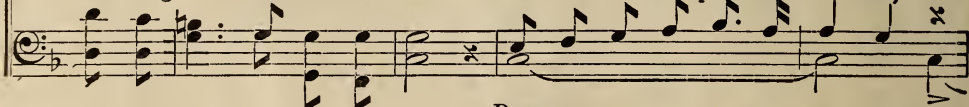
now the mer-ry par - ty I re-mem-ber long a-go, Laughing 'round the Christmas fireside,
gone to lands far distant And with strangers made their home, Some upon the world of waters
still some few remaining Who remind us of the past, But they change as all things change here,



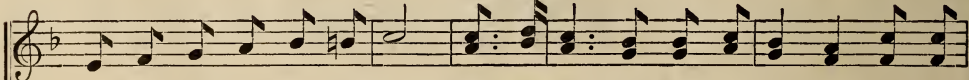
SOP. & TENOR DUET.



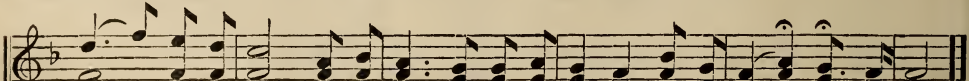
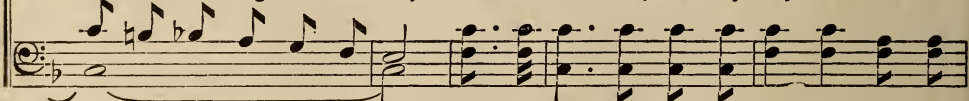
Brighten'd by its rud - dy glow, Or in sum-mer's balm-y eve - ning,
All their lives are forc'd to roam; Some are gone from us for - ev - er,
Noth - ing in this world can last: Years roll on and pass for - ev - er;



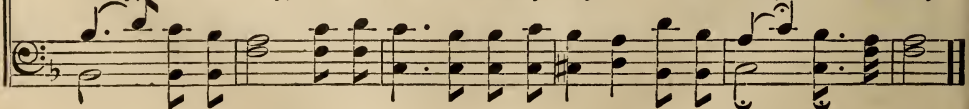
PARTS.



In the field up - on the hay? They have all dis - pers'd and wan-der'd Far a -
Long - er here they might not stay; They have reach'd a fair - er re - gion Far a -
What is com - ing who can say? Ere this clos - es, man - y may be Far a -



way, far a - way, They have all dispers'd and wander'd Far a - way, far a - way.
way, far a - way, They have reach'd a fairer re - gion Far a - way, far a - way.
way, far a - way, Ere this clos - es man-y may be Far a - way, far a - way.



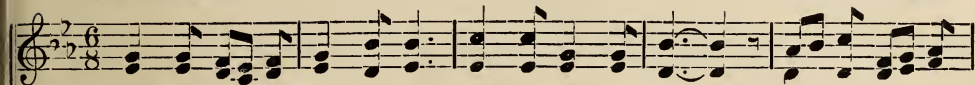
GOD IS OVER ALL.

63

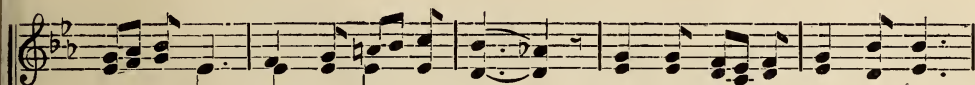
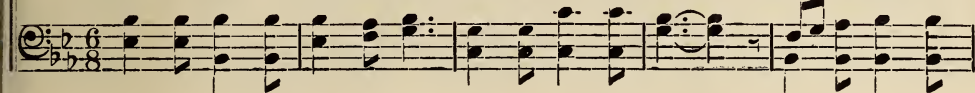
ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

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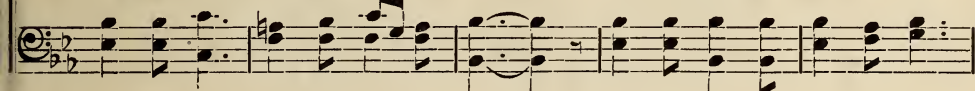
BROUGHTON EDWARDS.



1. Stream and vale, re-joice and sing, Riv - ers, wake from sleep; Wood-lands, wide your
2. Shine, O might - y sun of morn, As you proud - ly rise, Bright - ly gleam, O
3. Sing for joy, O winds of morn, As ye on - ward rove, Tell of Him Who



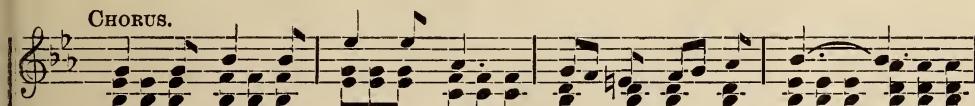
ban-ners fling, Shout, ye cav-erns deep; Tell a - broad o'er all the land
mil - lion stars In the mid-night skies; Smile, O trem-bling lit - tle flow'r
reigns on high, Changeless in His love; Tell a - broad o'er all the land



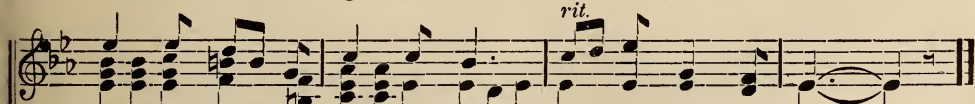
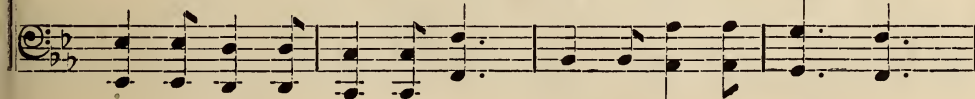
With ex - ult - ant call, Earth o - beys di-vine command, God is o - ver all.
By the dust - y road, Each proclaims the mighty pow'r And the love of God.
With ex - ult - ant call, Earth o - beys di-vine command, God is o - ver all.



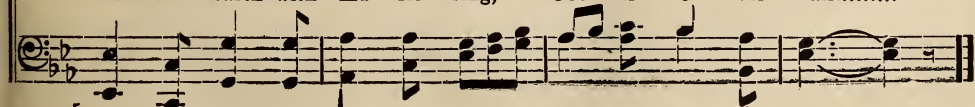
CHORUS.



Hill and vale, re - joice and sing, Riv - ers, shout and call,.....



Let the earth with mu - sic ring, God is o - ver all.....



ON ARBOR DAY.

MAHEL J. ROSEMON.

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I. H. MEREDITH.

Moderato.

1. The tree we plant in hope to-day In might-y strength shall rise, And deep-ly
 2. The Sum-mer-time must come and go, The Win-ter snows must fall, Be-fore the
 3. The tree its bless-ing free will give, To all who pass that way; The trav-'ler

a tempo.

root-ed, wave a-loft Its branch-es to the skies; Oh, we plant in joy to-
 lit-tle tree we plant Will grow both strong and tall; There'll be days of rain and
 in its cool-ing shade Will grate-ful-ly de-lay; Here will sweet bird-voi-ces

day, As we go a-long life's way, And in years to be, we shall sure-ly see
 gloom, There'll be days when gay flow'rs bloom, Days so warm and light, with the sunshine bright,
 ring, As their songs of joy they sing, While the breez-es blow, whisp'ring soft and low,

CHORUS.

All the beau-ty we love and prize. }
 Oh, the tree needs them, one and all. } On Ar-bor Day, on Ar-bor Day, We
 In the tree that we plant to-day. }

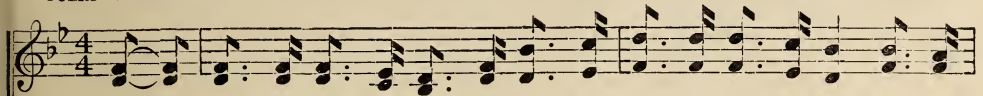
plant with ten-der care The tree that in the years to be Shall grow so tall and fair.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

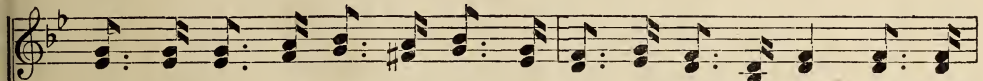
65

JULIA WARD HOWE.

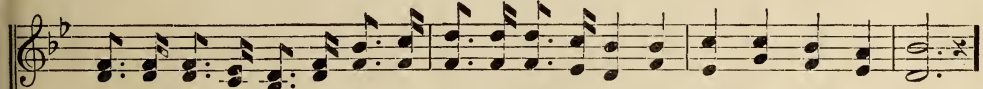
OLD MELODY. ARR. BY I. H. M.



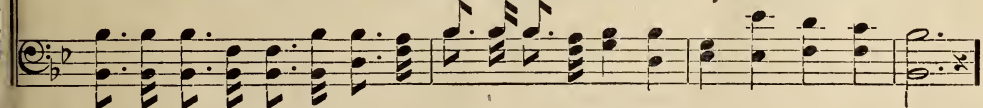
1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir-cling camps; They have
3. He has sound-ed forth the trump-et that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a



tramp - ling out the vint - age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I have
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment seat; Oh, be
glo - ry in His bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He



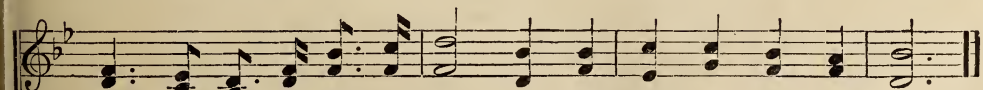
loosed the fate-ful lightning of His ter-ri-ble swift sword! His truth is march-ing on.
read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps: His truth is march-ing on.
swift, my soul, to an-swer Him! be ju - bi-lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march-ing on.



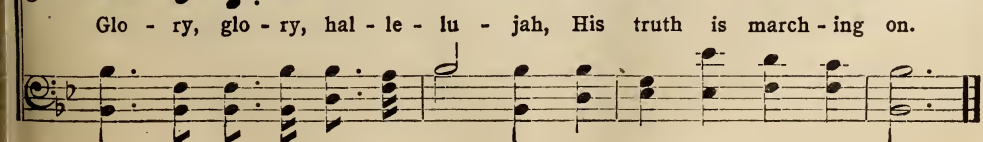
CHORUS.



Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!



Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, His truth is march - ing on.

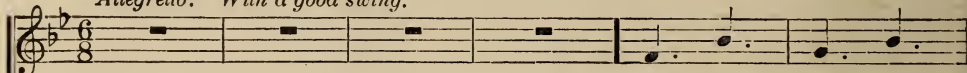


SONG OF THE SUNBEAMS.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

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J. W. LERMAN.

Allegretto. With a good swing.

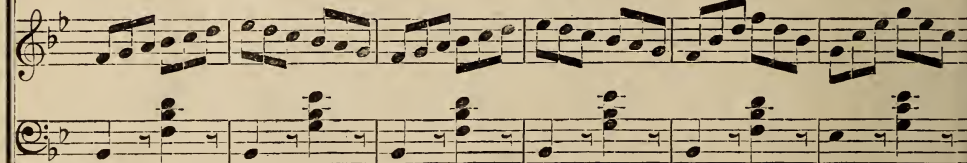
1. On a gold - en
2. Swift they fly o'er
3. Smiles like sun - beams

Allegretto.

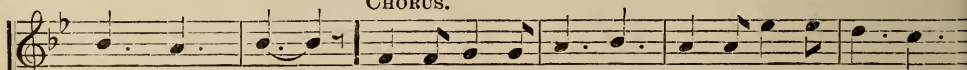
ray of light,..... Come the mer - ry sun - beams bright, ...
 hill and plain,..... Leav - ing health with - in their train,.....
 bring good cheer,..... Drive a - way the clouds so drear,.....



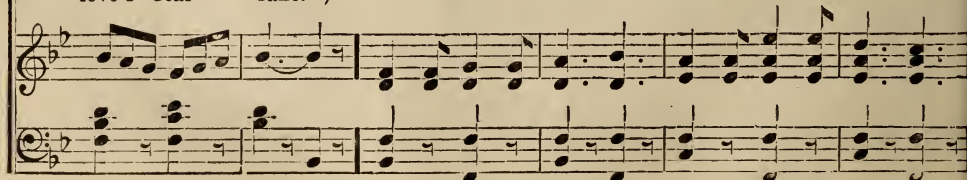
From the skies so blue and fair,..... Bring - ing glad - ness
 Ev - 'ry - where they touch the earth,..... Gloom de - parts, and
 Hap - py hearts for oth - ers make, ... Give them out for



CHORUS.



ev - 'ry - where. }
 joy has birth. } Mer - ry lit - tle sun - beams, hap - py lit - tle sun - beams,
 love's dear sake. }



Shin-ing, shining thro' the live-long day,..... Gold - en lit - tle sun-beams,

spark-ling lit - tle sun - beams, Leav - ing trails of bright-ness all the way.

GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

W. E. HICKSON.

GERMAN.

Maestoso.

1. { Now to heav'n our pray'r as-cend-ing, God speed the right; } Be our zeal in
 { In a no - ble cause con-tend-ing, God speed the right; }
 2. { Be that pray'r a - gain re-pea-t-ed— God speed the right; } Like the good and
 { Ne'er de-spair - ing, though de-feat-ed, God speed the right; }
 3. { Pa - tient, firm, and per - se - ver-ing, God speed the right; } Pains, nor toils, nor
 { Ne'er th'e-vent nor dan - ger fear-ing, God speed the right; }

heav'n re-cord-ed, With success on earth re-ward-ed, God speed the right, God speed the right.
 great in sto-ry, If we fail, we fail with glo-ry, God speed the right, God speed the right.
 tri - als heeding, In the strength of heav'n succeeding, God speed the right, God speed the right.

SAILING.

EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON.

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I. H. MEREDITH.

1. Sail - ing, sail - ing, out on the sea of life,..... Steer - ing our bark thro'
2. Sail - ing, sail - ing, keep - ing a watch - ful eye,..... Shunning all lights that
3. Sail - ing, sail - ing, on - ward by night and day,..... Near - er to Him each

bil - lows high, Fear - ing no dark or storm - y sky, Sail - ing, sail - ing,
false - ly glow, Shunning the threat'ning reef be - low, Sail - ing, sail - ing,
morn - ing bright, Near - er to Him at sun - set light, Sail - ing, sail - ing,

sing - ing of joys in store,..... Seek - ing the shin - ing glo - ry of the
heed - less of tem - pests' roar,..... Trust - ing the Pow'r that guides us to the
till, with our jour - ney o'er,..... Safe - ly we'll dwell for - ev - er on that

CHORUS.

gold - en shore. } Lights in the har - bor are gleam - ing, Wonderful bea - cons so
gold - en shore. } Kindled by One who is near us, Je - sus, our Pi - lot a -

bright, O - ver life's waters they're streaming, Guiding the sail - or a - right,
bove, [Omit.....]

rit......

Lead-ing His mar-in-ers on - ward, Safe to His har-bor of love.....

THERE ARE MANY FLAGS.

HOWITT.
ARR. BY G. C. T.

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AS SUNG AT MONT LAWN.
ARR. BY I. H. MREDDITH.

1. There are man - y flags in man - y lands, There are flags of ev - 'ry hue,
2. I know where the pret - ty col - ors are, And I'm sure if I but knew
3. I would take a piece of ev - 'ning sky, Where the stars were shin - ing through,
4. Then I'd want a piece of fee - cy cloud, With the red of rain - bow bright,
5. We shall al - ways love the stars and stripes, And to it we will be true,

But there is no flag in an - y land, Like our own red, white and blue.
How to get them here, I'd make a flag, Of our loved red, white and blue.
And would use it as it was on high, For my stars and field of blue.
And I'd put them length wise, side by side For my stripes of red and white.
To this land of ours and dear old flag, With its red and white and blue.

CHORUS.

Then hur - rah for the flag, Our coun - try's flag, Its stripes and its white stars too,

For there is no flag in an - y land, Like our own red, white and blue.

OUR FLAG.

MARGARET SANGSTER.

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WILLIAM D. ARMSTRONG.

Tempo di Marcia.

PIANO, *ff ben marcato.*

Musical notation for the piano introduction, featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature. The piece begins with a series of chords and includes several triplet markings.

Musical notation for the vocal melody line of the first system, starting with a forte (*f*) dynamic and including a triplet marking.

1. Fling it from mast and stee-ple,	Sym-bol o'er land and sea,	Of the
2. Flag of the fear-less heart-ed,	Flag of the brok-en chain,	
3. Flag of the stur-dy fath-ers	Flag of the "Loy-al Sons,"	

Musical notation for the piano accompaniment of the first system, featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature. It includes several triplet markings.

Musical notation for the vocal melody line of the second system, including a triplet marking.

life of a hap-py peo-ple,	Gal-lant, and strong and free;
Flag of the day-dawn start-ed,	Nev-er to pale a-gain,
'Neath its..... folds it gath-ers	Earth's best and no-blest ones:

Musical notation for the piano accompaniment of the second system, featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature. It includes several triplet markings.

Musical notation for the vocal melody line of the third system, including a triplet marking.

Proud-ly we view its col-ors,	Flag of the brave and true,	With its
Dear-ly we prize its col-ors,	With heav'n's light shining thro',	With its
Proud-ly we wave its col-ors,	Our hearts are thrilled a-new,	With its

Musical notation for the piano accompaniment of the third system, featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature. It includes several triplet markings.

OUR FLAG.

71

3d verse.

clustered stars, and the steadfast bars, The red, the white and the blue. blue.

8va.
*Ped. **

SUMMER SUNS ARE GLOWING.

W. W. HOW.

(RUTH.)

SAMUEL SMITH.

1. Sum - mer suns are glow - ing O - ver land and sea; Hap - py light is
2. God's free mer - cy stream - eth O - ver all the world, And His ban - ner
3. Lord, up - on our blind - ness, Thy pure ra - diancy pour, For Thy lov - ing

flow - ing, Boun - ti - ful and free; Ev - 'ry - thing re - joic - es
gleam - eth Ev - 'ry - where un - furled; Broad and deep and glo - rious
kind - ness Make us love Thee more: And when clouds are drift - ing

In the mel - low rays; All earth's thousand voi - ces Swell the psalm of praise.
As the heav'n a - bove, Shines in might vic - to - rious His e - ter - nal Love.
Dark a - cross our sky, Then, the veil up - lift - ing, Fa - ther be Thou nigh.

LIVE FOR OTHERS.

MAY L. TIBBITS.

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GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

1. Live for oth - ers ev - 'ry day, Scat - ter sun - shine while you may,
2. Work for oth - ers, some - thing do, Seek - ing ev - er to be true;
3. Love for oth - ers, on - ly love, Seek - ing help from heav'n a - bove;
4. Serv - ice free we must be - stow, If life's joys we ev - er know;

You will then be serv - ing Je - sus All a - long your pil - grim way.
Live for God in help - ing oth - ers, Make your life a bless - ing too.
If our life is bless - ing oth - ers, We His joys may ev - er prove.
For 'tis thus by lov - ing serv - ice, We can make a heav'n be - low.

CHORUS. UNISON.

PARTS.

Live for oth - ers, ev - 'ry day for oth - ers; Skies will bright-en,

UNISON.
hearts will light - en, If you do your part..... Live for oth - ers, ev - 'ry

PARTS.

day for oth - ers, Joy will then a - bide for - ev - er in the heart.

OPEN YOUR HEART TO THE GOOD.

73

LIZZIE DEARMOND,

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CHARLES C. ACKLEY.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

1. Tho' you oft - times are tempt - ed To wor - ry and fret, Just be -
2. When you think you have troub - les, The worst that can be, When a -
3. Oth - er folks have their tri - als, Tho' some come your way, Lend a

cause there are some things You nev - er can get, Why not think of your bless - ings, As
cross the dark storms clouds No rain - bow you see, Try to make your own sun - shine, As
hand with their bur - dens, It sure - ly will pay; You'll be glad that you helped them As

rall.
ev - 'ry - one should, And o - pen your heart to the good.....
ev - 'ry - one should, Pray o - pen your heart to the good.....
much as you could, So o - pen your heart to the good.....

CHORUS. PARTS.

O - pen your heart, o - pen your heart, To the good, the good each day;

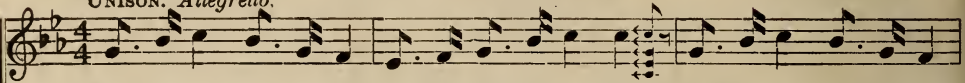
O - pen your heart to the good, each day, And drive all the bad a - way...

THE YOUNG CRUSADERS.

EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON.

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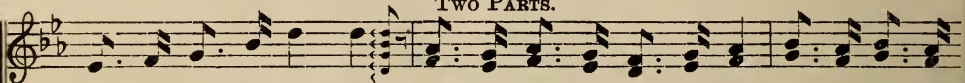
JOHN SHEPHERD.

UNISON. *Allegretto.*

1. March-ing on, march-ing on like the young cru-sa-ders, Wis-dom's heights lie beyond,
2. March-ing on, march-ing on, up the steep-s of learn-ing, Not a doubt, not a fear,



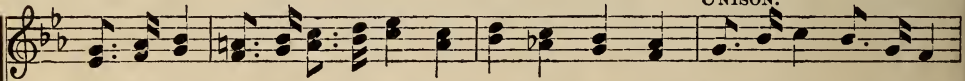
TWO PARTS.



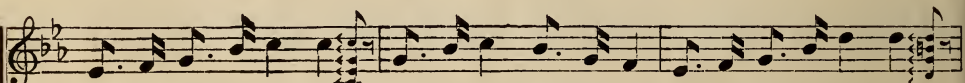
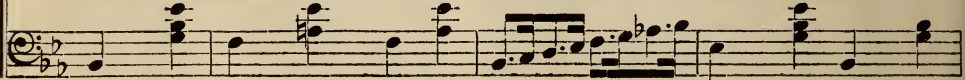
we are the in - va - ders, Naught a - gainst us shall pre - vail, Ev - 'ry frown - ing
neith - er pause nor turn - ing, Ev - 'ry day we high - er rise, T'ward our goal and



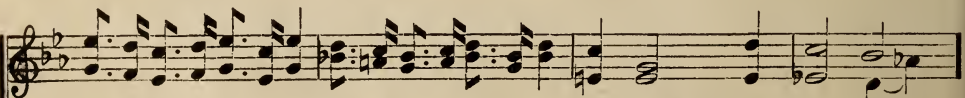
UNISON.



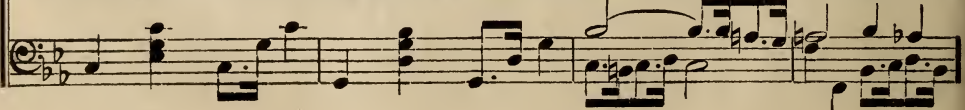
wall we'll scale, And the cry we raise is "On - ward, on - ward;" Marching on, marching on,
t'ward our prize, In our hearts the cry of "On - ward, on - ward;" Marching on, marching on,



t'ward those shining tow - ers, Minds a - lert, hearts a - glow, glad to test our pow - ers,
with our best en - deav - or, All we win, all we gain, brings us joy for - ev - er,



Ev'ry weak - ness, ev'ry doubt, Banished by that ring - ing shout, "Onward, press on - ward!"
Youthful days fly swift and fast, Use them ere the time is past, Onward, press on - ward.



THE YOUNG CRUSADERS.

CHORUS.

March - - ing

on,

March - - ing

March-ing on, march-ing on, like the young cru - sa - ders Wis-dom's heights lie beyond,

on,

we are the in - va - ders, Thus we're climb-ing ev - 'ry day, Far - ther up the

March - ing

rug-ged way, March - ing on!

Marching on, marching on,

on,

March - - ing

on,

with a pur-pose stead - y, March-ing on, march-ing on, strong and brave and read-y,

Hope and courage fill us, Life's achievements thrill us, So from day to day we're march-ing on.

NEVER A CARE I KNOW.

EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON

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SPANISH MELODY
ARR. BY E. G. SNELLING.

Animato.

VOICES IN UNISON.

1. O I'm a hap - py crea - ture,
2. Tho' cloud-y be the morn - ing,
3. I wish there were no troub - les,

Merry from morn till night, I love a gay and joy - ful way, For life is my de -
Sun - ny may be the noon, But mu - sic ne'er can charm the ear, When strings are out of
Nev - er a thought of care, That weak and strong could get along With songs and smiles to

light. The world is all be - fore me, Nev - er a care I know, Then
tune. Then sing in cheer - ful meas - ure, Mer - ri - ly all the day, And
spare. I wish there were no sor - rows, Nev - er a cause of woe, If

why should I des - pond or sigh When pleasures free - ly flow..... For the days roll
with a smile for - get a - while Your sorrows while you may..... For the days roll
on - ly we could all a - gree What jol - ly times we'd know!... For the days roll

on in the same old..... way..... O give me then a.....
on in the same old..... way..... O give me then a.....
on in the same old..... way..... O give me then a.....

NEVER A CARE I KNOW.

heart that is gay,..... The world is all be-fore me, Nev-er a care I
 heart that is gay,..... Then sing in cheer-ful meas-ure, Mer-ri-ly all the
 heart that is gay,..... I wish there were no sor-rows, Nev-er a cause of

rit. *a tempo.*

know, Then why should I des-pond or sigh When pleasures free-ly flow.....
 day, And with a smile for-get a-while, Your sor-rows while you may.....
 woe, If on-ly we could all a-gree, What jol-ly times we'd know.....

THE WILD ROSEBUD.

ARR. FROM SCHUBERT.

Allegretto.

1. Once a boy a rose es-pied Bloom-ing in the wild-wood;
 2. Said the boy "I long to break Rose-bud of the wild-wood;"
 3. But the boy would fain dis-sect Rose-bud of the wild-wood;

cres.

Blush-ing on the thick-et side, He its dain-ty bud des-cried With the
 Rose-bud an-swer'd "If you break, I my own de-fence must take, 'Gainst the
 She, to make him rec-ol-lect, Well his naugh-ty fin-ger pricked; Lit-tle

f *p* *cres.* *f* *dim.*

glee of child-hood, Ros-y, ros-y, ros-y bud, Rosebud of the wild-wood.
 pranks of child-hood, "Ros-y, ros-y, ros-y bud, Rosebud of the wild-wood.
 grief of child-hood, Ros-y, ros-y, ros-y bud, Rosebud of the wild-wood.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

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I. H. MEREDITH.

SOLO OR UNISON.

1. In life's gar-den we are sow - ing, Sow-ing seeds a-long the way;
 2. Ev-'ry kind and thoughtful ac - tion, Ev -'ry help-ful word we say,
 3. O how glad shall be the har - vest, All our ef-fort 'twill re-pay

rit.

While the morn of youth is glow - ing, Ev -'ry day, ev -'ry day.
 For the reap-ing they are grow - ing, Ev -'ry day, ev -'ry day.
 If we're care-ful of the seed - time, Ev -'ry day, ev -'ry day.

rit.

CHORUS,

Sowing, sowing for the har - vest, Sowing seeds along the way;.....
 ev - er sowing for the har-vest, sowing precious seeds along the way,

Sow-ing, sow-ing for the har - vest, Ev -'ry day, ev -'ry day.....
 harvest ev-'ry day, ev -'ry day.

KITTY OF COLERAINE.

79

UNKNOWN.

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CARL F. PRICE.

1. As beau - ti - ful Kit - ty one morn - ing was trip - ping, With a pitch - er of
2. I sat down be - side her, - and gent - ly did chide her, That... such a mis -

milk from the fair of Col - raine, When she saw me she stum - bled, the
for - tune should give her such pain; A..... kiss then I gave her, - be -

pitch - er it tum - bled, And all the sweet but - ter - milk wa - tered the plain.
fore I did leave her, She vowed for such pleas - ure she'd break it a - gain.

Slower.

O what shall I do now, 'twas look - ing at you now, Sure, sure, such a
'Twas hay - mak - ing sea - son, I can't tell the rea - son, Mis - for - tune will

a tempo.

pitch - er I'll ne'er meet a - gain, 'Twas the pride of my dai - ry, O,
nev - er come sin - gle that's plain, For..... ver - y soon aft - er poor

Bar - ney Mc Clea - ry, You're sent as a plague to the girls of Cole - raine.
Kit - ty's dis - as - ter, Sure nar - y a pitch - er was whole in Cole - raine.

THE DREAM MAN.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

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I. H. MEREDITH.

SOLO OR UNISON.

1. O - ver the sun - set bars I come When twi - light shad - ows fall,.....
2. Won - der - ful flow'rs for - ev - er bloom With - in my coun - try fair,.....
3. Up thro' the moon - lit si - lence float, While shine the stars so bright,...

Down from my pal - ace in the clouds, O - bey - ing Night's sweet call....
No one is sick, and no one sad, For joy reigns ev - 'ry - where....
Beau - ti - ful dreams that fade a - way When dawns the morn - ing light....

CHORUS.

Come with me now to dream - land, Come where the bright stars gleam,...

O - ver the glow - ing sun - set bars, To dream, dream, dream...
To dream, to dream, to dream....

KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE.

MRS. A. H. P.

MRS. ABBY HUTCHINSON PATTON.

1. Kind words can nev - er die, Cher - ished and blest, God knows how deep they lie
2. Child - hood can nev - er die, Wrecks of the past Float o'er the mem - o - ry,
3. Sweet tho'ts can nev - er die, Though like the flow'rs, Their bright - est hues may fly
4. Our souls can nev - er die, Though in the tomb We may all have to lie,

rall. tempo.
Lodged in the breast; Like child-hood's simple rhymes Said o'er a thou-sand times,
Bright to the last; Man - y a hap - py thing, Man - y a dai - sy spring
In win - try hours; But when the gen - tle dew Gives them their charms a - new,
Wrapt in its gloom; What though the flesh de - cay, Souls pass in peace a - way,

CHORUS.
Go through all years and climes Our hearts to cheer. Kind words can nev - er die,
Floats on time's cease-less wing, Far, far a - way. Child - hood can nev - er die,
With man - y an add - ed hue, They bloom a - gain. Sweet tho'ts can nev - er die,
Live through e - ter - nal day, In heav'n a - bove. Our souls can nev - er die,

Nev - er die, nev - er die, Kind words can nev - er die, No, nev - er die
Nev - er die, nev - er die, Child-hood can nev - er die, No, nev - er die.
Nev - er die, nev - er die, Sweet tho'ts can nev - er die, No, nev - er die.
Nev - er die, nev - er die, Our souls can nev - er die, No, nev - er die.

LITTLE DEEDS.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

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GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

1. Just a dain-ty bas-ket Filled with autumn bloom, Yet it brought the sunshine To a
 2. Just a sweet bird-car-ol Trilled up-on the air, Yet a heart was lightened Of its
 3. Just a glad "good morning," On a day so drear, Yet as if by magic Skies seemed

dark-ened room; All the week seemed brighter For those shining hours, La-den with the
 load of care; Like a heav'n-ly mes-sage Seemed that little strain; Sunshine, hope and
 bright and clear; And the one who heard it Passed a-long her way, Smil-ing at the

CHORUS.

sweet-ness Of the smil-ing flow'rs. }
 cour-age All came back a-gain. } Let us all be help-ful; Let us live to bless;
 pros-pect Of a hap-py day. }

Lit-tle deeds of kindness Mag-ic pow'r pos-sess. Scat-ter beams of sun-shine,

O'er the dark-est way; Soon the midnight gloom shall change To brightest day.

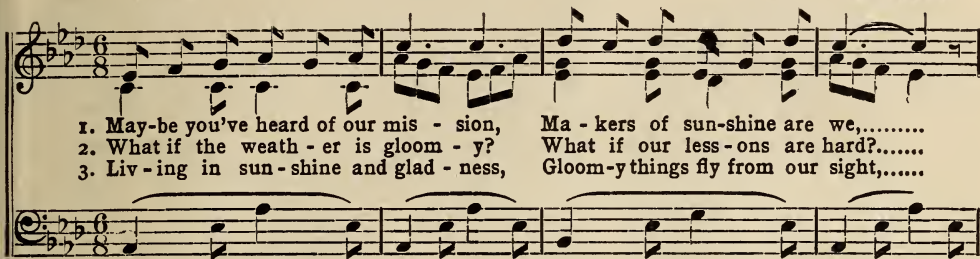
SUNSHINE MAKERS.

83

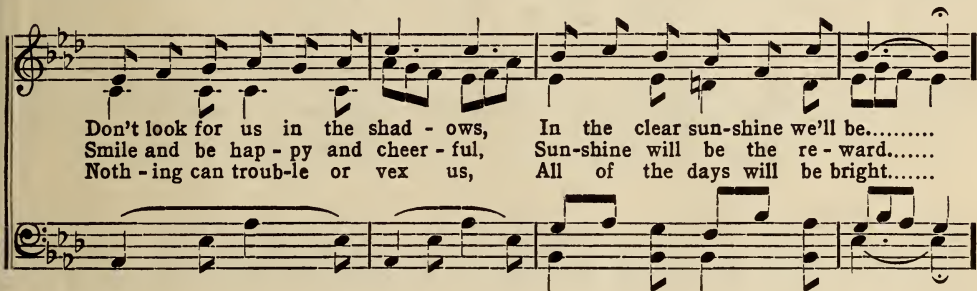
MABEL J. ROSEMON.

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BROUGHTON EDWARDS.

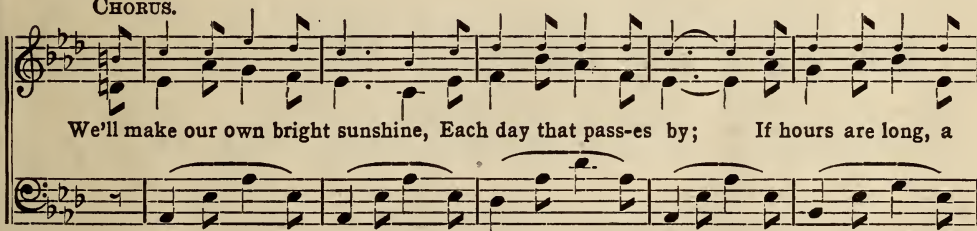


1. May-be you've heard of our mis - sion, Ma - kers of sun-shine are we,.....
2. What if the weath - er is gloom - y? What if our less - ons are hard?.....
3. Liv - ing in sun - shine and glad - ness, Gloom-y things fly from our sight,.....

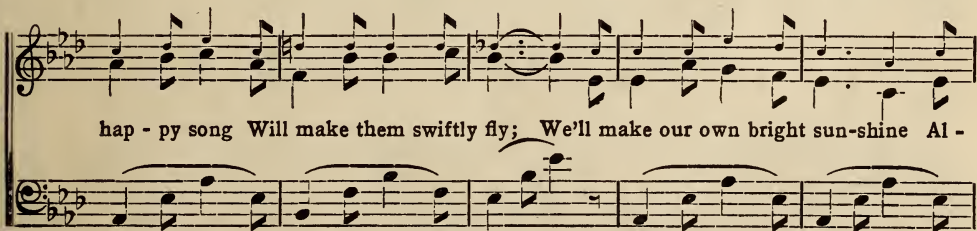


Don't look for us in the shad - ows, In the clear sun-shine we'll be.....
Smile and be hap - py and cheer - ful, Sun-shine will be the re - ward.....
Noth - ing can troub - le or vex us, All of the days will be bright.....

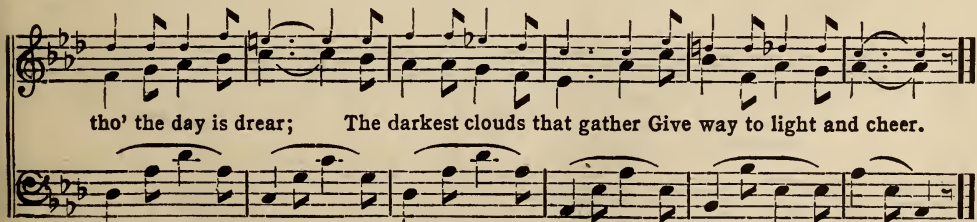
CHORUS.



We'll make our own bright sunshine, Each day that pass-es by; If hours are long, a



hap - py song Will make them swiftly fly; We'll make our own bright sun-shine Al -



tho' the day is drear; The darkest clouds that gather Give way to light and cheer.

THE RAG-BAG'S STORY.

EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON.

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I. H. MEREDITH.

SOLO & CHORUS. *Recitativo.*

1. Shall I tell you a tale of ro-mance, A sto-ry of days gone by;
2. Shall I tell you a tale of con-quest, A tale of a stur-dy band,
3. Shall I sing you a song of twi-light, Of flick-er-ing fire-light glow,

Of fa-ces fair and of shin-ing hair, And the light of a laugh-ing eye?
All un-a-fraid who have romped and played, Thro' great bat-tles of sea or land?
And moth-er there in her rock-ing chair, In the warmth of its rud-dy glow?

Shall I tell of the maids who chat-ted, While fing-ers and nee-dles flew,
Of lad-dies who raced and tum-bled, Of las-sies who climbed the trees?
Of her gown and her snow-y a-pron, The cush-ion be-hind her head?

As they stitched with pride for some hap - py bride, When the rag-bag scraps were new ?
 What a tale of fun is in ev - 'ry one Of the rag-bag scraps like these.
 Oh, the old home place I can plain-ly trace, When the rag-bag scraps are spread.

CHORUS. ALL IN UNISON.

Silk - en robe and ging - ham gown — Pink and blue and
 Cal - i - co and sat - in white, So - ber hue and

gray and brown, Home - spun cloth and old bro - cade
 fig - ures bright,

All in com - mon lot ar - ray'd — Ten - der mem - 'ries

ev - er dear in the rag bag here,

JUNE.

EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON.

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ARR. FROM VON SUPPE
BY J. W. LERMAN.

1. Sum-mer has come with blos-som and song, In sun-shine and glo - ry the
 2. Sum-mer has come, and hearts now beat high, Re-spond-ing to bright-ness of
 3. Sum-mer has come, and glad - ly we meet, The dawn of our sea - son of

days pass a - long; Wood-land and hill glad mel - o - dy raise, And vie in a
 earth and of sky, Blos - som and bird now call us a - way, To share in the
 pleas-ure to greet, Work-time goes by, and play-time draws near, Va - ca-tion now

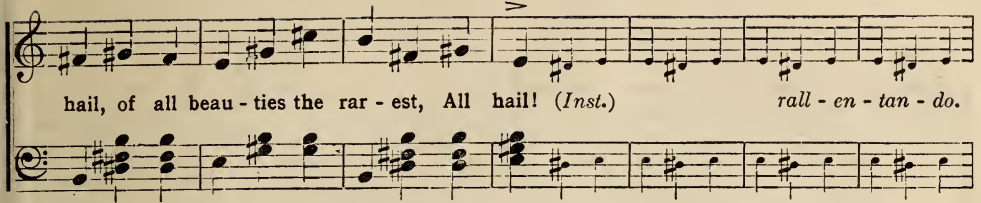
CHORUS.

wel-come to June's golden days.
 gladness that dawns with each day. } June, June, with her skies so bright, June,
 beck-ons to joy and good cheer. }

June, with her gleam-ing light, Fair queen of the hap - py year, Come;

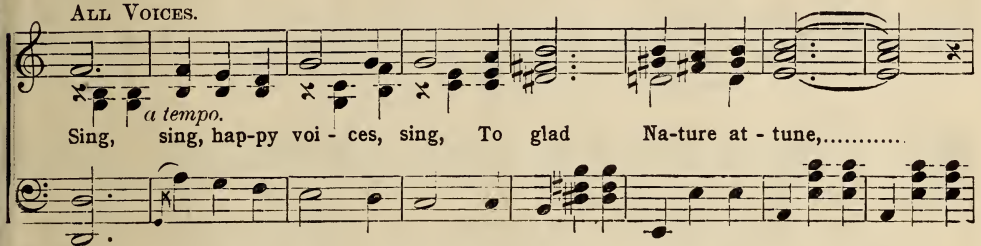
MALE VOICES.

welcome her here!..... Hail, hail of all sea-sons the fair-est, All hail,

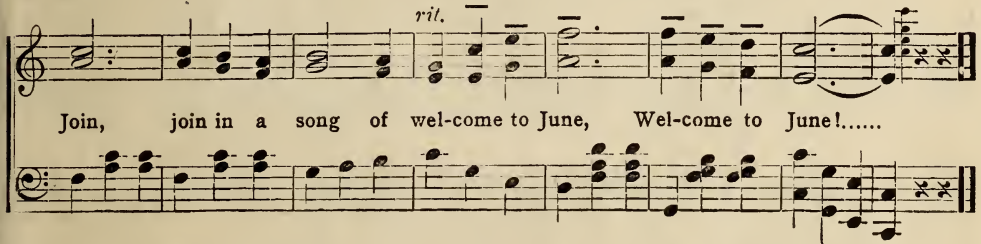


hail, of all beau - ties the rar - est, All hail! (*Inst.*) *rall - en - tan - do.*

ALL VOICES.

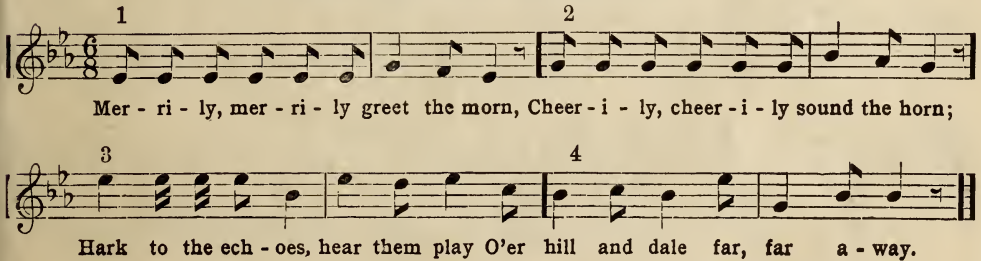


a tempo.
Sing, sing, hap-py voi - ces, sing, To glad Na-ture at - tune,.....



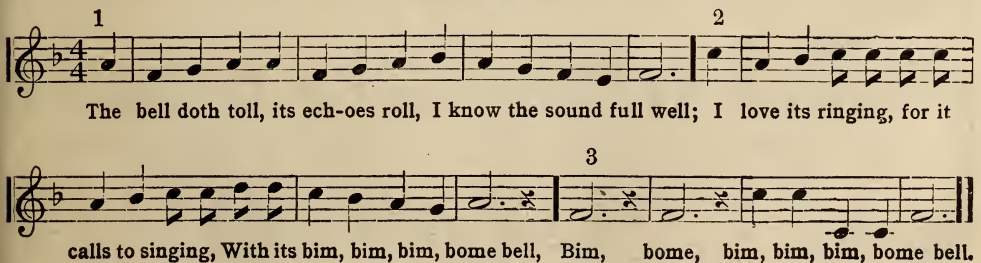
rit.
Join, join in a song of wel-come to June, Wel-come to June!.....

MERRILY, MERRILY.



1 2
Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly greet the morn, Cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly sound the horn;
3 4
Hark to the ech - oes, hear them play O'er hill and dale far, far a - way.

THE BELL DOETH TOLL.



1 2
The bell doeth toll, its ech-oes roll, I know the sound full well; I love its ringing, for it
3
calls to singing, With its bim, bim, bim, bome bell, Bim, bome, bim, bim, bim, bome bell.

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

(THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.)

SHAW.

1. O Co-lum-bia, the gem of the o-ccean, The home of the brave and the free,
2. When war winged its wide des-o-lation, And threaten'd the land to de-form,
3. The U-nion, the U-nion for-ev-er, Our glo-ri-ous nation's sweet hymn;

The shrine of each patriot's de-votion, A world of-fers hom-age to thee;
The ark then of freedom's foun-da-tion, Co-lum-bia, rode safe thro' the storm;
May the wreath it has won nev-er with-er, Nor the star of its glo-ry grow dim!

Thy man-dates make he-ros as-sem-ble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view,
With the gar-lands of vic-t'ry a-round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave crew,
May the ser-vi-ce u-nit-ed ne'er sev-er, But they to their col-ors prove true;

Thy ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
With her flag proudly 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!

CHORUS.

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

Thy ban-ners make ty - ran-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
 With her flag float-ing proud-ly 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.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

C. LOUISE BELL.

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GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

1. Live for some-thing! time is fleet, Er - rands wait for will - ing feet,
 2. Live for some-thing! you can speak Words of cour - age to the weak,
 3. Live for some-thing! bur - dens share, Light - en loads of grief and care,
 4. Live for some-thing! wipe a tear, Tell a mes - sage full of cheer,

Man - y fal - ter by the way, You can guide the ones that stray.
 Lend a friend - ly hand to - day, Ere the mo - ments slip a - way.
 Bind the heart that's bruised and sore, Wan-d'rers to the truth re - store.
 God will help you, for each task Give the strength your soul would ask.

CHORUS.

Live for some-thing! do your best, Af - ter toil - ing comes sweet rest,

Live for some-thing! then at last Heav - en's joys when earth is past.

THE SILVER MIST. (TWO PART SONG.)

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THOS. BROOKFIELD.

LONGFELLOW.

Moderato con moto.

mf *p*

S: mf *p*

1. Where from the eye of day The dark and si - lent riv - er
 2. So oft the tho'ts that burst From hid - den springs of feel - ing,

S: mf *p*

1. Where from the eye of day The dark and si - lent riv - er Pur -
 2. So oft the tho'ts that burst From hid - den springs of feel - ing, Like

S: mf *p*

f

Pur - sues thro' tan - gled woods a way O'er which the tall trees
 Like si - lent streams un - seen at first, From our cold hearts are

f

sues through tan - gled woods a way O'er which the tall trees
 si - lent streams un - seen at first, From our cold hearts are

f

quiv - er, The sil - ver mist that breaks From
steal - ing; But soon the clouds that veil The

quiv - er, The sil - ver mist that breaks From out that wood land cov - er, From
steal - ing; But soon the clouds that veil The eye of love when glow - ing, The

out that wood land cov - er, Be - trays the hid - den path it takes, And
eye of love when glow - ing, Be - tray the long un-whis-pered tale Of

hangs the cur - rent o - ver.
thought in dark - ness flow - ing.

92 SWINGING 'NEATH THE OLD APPLE TREE.

O. R. BARROWS.

1. Oh, the sports of child-hood! Roam-ing thro' the wild-wood, Run-ning o'er the
 2. Sway-ing in the sun-beams, Float-ing in the shad-ow, Sail-ing on the
 3. Oh, the sports of child-hood! Roam-ing thro' the wild-wood, Sing-ing o'er the

mead-ows, hap-py and free; But my heart's a-beat-ing For the old time
 breez-es, hap-py and free; Chas-ing all our sad-ness, Shout-ing in our
 mead-ows, hap-py and free; How my heart's a-beat-ing, Think-ing of the

CHORUS.

greet-ing, Swing-ing 'neath the old ap-ple tree. } Swing-ing, swing-ing,
 glad-ness, Swing-ing 'neath the old ap-ple tree. }
 greet-ing, Swing-ing 'neath the old ap-ple tree. } Swing-ing,

Swing-ing, swing-ing, Lull-ing care to rest 'neath the old ap-ple tree,
 Swing-ing, Swing-ing, 'neath the old ap-ple tree,

Swing-ing, swing-ing, swing-ing, swing-ing, Swing-ing 'neath the old ap-ple tree.
 Swing-ing, swing-ing, Swing-ing 'neath the old ap-ple tree.

THE CUCKOO.

93

EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON.

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I. H. MEREDITH.

1. The cuck-oo who lives in our big hall clock Just drives me 'round all day;
2. Each eve-ning I bring out my games and books, But soon, as sure as fate,
3. But some-times the cuck-oo is kind to me, He sings an - oth - er song,

The first thing I hear is that old "tick-tock," And out he pops to say:
That cuck-oo gives one of his sau - cy looks And says it's grow - ing late.
When hol - i - days come and we're gay and free He helps the fun a - long.

REFRAIN.

"Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, get read-y to go to school, Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, re -
"Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, it's time to be off to sleep, Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, late
"Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, now have a good hol - i - day, Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, take

member to keep each rule, Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, now take all your books with
hours you must nev - er keep, Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, to - morrow brings work to
plen - ty of time for play, Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, be hap - py the whole day

you, Your pad and your pen and your lunchbox too, Cuck-oo, cuck-oo!"
do, And ear - ly to bed is the rule for you, Cuck-oo, cuck-oo!"
thro, All work and no play would be bad for you, Cuck-oo, cuck-oo!"

WELCOME TO MORNING.

M. B. C. SLADE.

OFFENBACH.

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

And joy - ous winds to danc - ing mo - tion, Wake the bil - lows of the day.
 While down the vales the fright - ed shad - ows Hast - en from the dawn to fly.
 Let all our hearts, like birds of glad - ness, Wel - come in the glad new day.

DUET.

See, where the clouds roll up the moun - tains; Night has her mist - y ban - ner furled;
 Rocked on the wa - ter's pla - cid bo - som, Pure - ly the wa - ter - lil - ies gleam,
 Bright flow'rs, and streams, and birds of heav - en, In - cense and prais - es waft a - bove;

And spring - ing from a thou - sand fountains, Light and joy o'er - flow the world.
 While wil - low branch and bend - ing blos - som Bid good - mor - row to the stream.
 From hearts and voic - es now be giv - en, Songs of praise, and joy, and love.

FULL CHORUS.

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

1. Welcome the glo-ry, the sunlight, the morning, And make the joyous, joyous ech - oes ring.

2. Welcome the glo-ry, the sunlight, the morning, And make the joyous, joyous ech - oes ring.

3. Welcome the glo-ry, the sunlight, the morning, And make the joyous, joyous ech - oes ring.

THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

(ARBOR DAY.)

LODER, ARR.

1. A..... song for the Oak, the brave old Oak, Who hath ruled in the green-wood long,
 2. In the days of old, when spring with gold Was... light-ing his branches grey,
 3. He... saw the rare times, when Christmas chimes Were a mer - ry... sound to hear,

Here's health and renown to his broad, green crown, And his fif - ty... arms so strong!
 Thro' the grass at his feet crept maid-ensweet, To... gath - er the dew of May;
 And the squire's wide hall, and the cot-tage small, Were full of... hon - est cheer;

There's fear in his frown when the sun goes down, And the fire in the west fades out,
 And all that day, to the re - bec gay, They frolicked with love-some swains,
 Now gold hath the sway we... all o - bey, And a ruth - less... king is he;

ad lib.

And he show-eth his might on a wild mid-night, When storms thro' his branches shout.
 They are gone, they are dead, in the church-yard laid, But the tree he... still re - mains.
 But he nev - er shall send our... an - cient friend To be tossed on the storm - y sea.

AS WE PASS ALONG.

C. LOUISE BELL.

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GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

1. 'Tis a world of change and sor - row And the road is hard to tread, But a smile can
2. 'Tis a world of sin and e - vil, There are pit-falls ev - 'ry-where, And the tempter's
3. Tho' the world is oft so self - ish And our friends may seem un-kind, If we seek by

chase the shad-ows When the heart is full of dread; And a word that's kind and cheer-y
wiles are cun-ning, All his words are smooth and fair; But a hand that's kind and friend-ly
love to win them, Faithful ones we're sure to find. O'er the pathway of an - oth - er

Makes the drear-y path seem gay, We can make this old world bright-er As we pass a -
Is a help to those who stray, We can make this old world bet - ter As we go a -
Let us throw love's gold-en ray, We can make the old world kind - er As we pass a -

rit. **FINE.**
long the way, We can make this old world bright-er As we pass a - long the way.
long the way, We can make this old world bet - ter As we go a - long the way.
long the way, We can make the old world kind - er As we pass a - long the way.

D.S.—By some lit - tle deed of kind - ness As we pass a - long the way.

CHORUS. *D.S.*
We can chase..... a-way the shad-ows, We can help..... the souls who stray,
We can chase We can help

GLAD SUMMER DAYS.

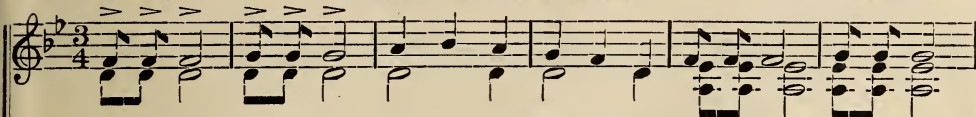
97

EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON.

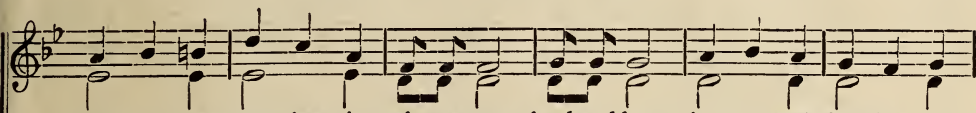
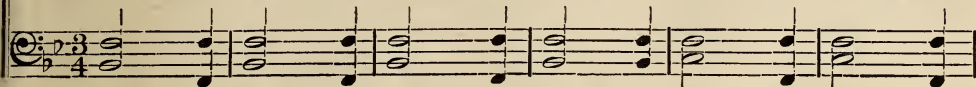
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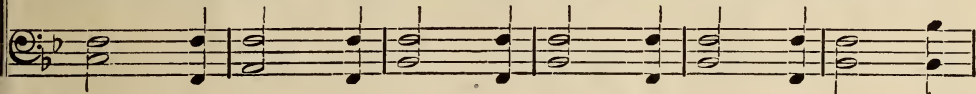
I. H. MEREDITH.



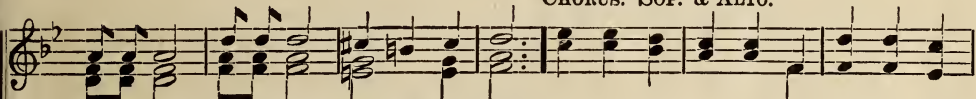
1. Hap-py days, hap-py days, glad - ly we greet thee, With joyous lays, joy-ous lays,
2. Hap-py days, hap-py days, brim-ful of pleas-ure, When sunny rays, sun - ny rays,
3. Hap-py days, hap-py days, sweet les - sons teach us, In ma - ny ways, ma - ny ways,



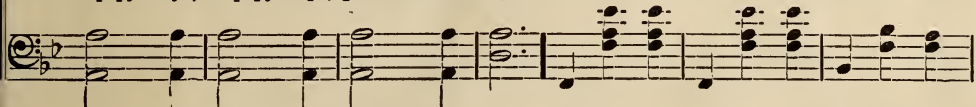
thus do we meet thee, A welcome song, loud and long, rings at each dawning, O
fall with-out meas-ure, While ev-'rywhere, blossoms fair o - pen to greet thee, O
thy truth doth reach us, And thus we hear, soft and clear, thy word of bless - ing, O



CHORUS. SOP. & ALTO.

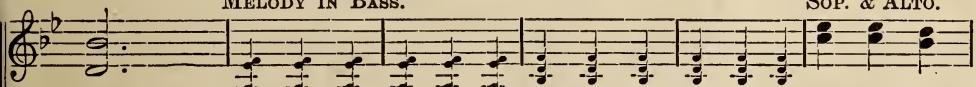


hap-py days, hap-py days, glad Summer days. }
hap-py days, hap-py days, glad Summer days. } Sea-son of pleas-ure, of laugh-ter and
hap-py days, hap-py daps, glad Summer days. }

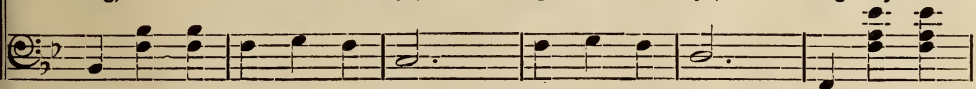


MELODY IN BASS.

SOP. & ALTO.



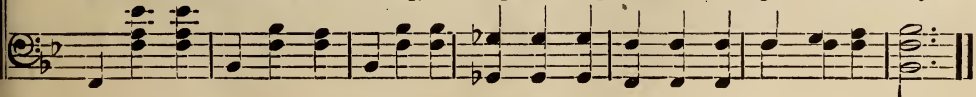
song, Glad Sum-mer days, bright Sum-mer days, Long may we



ALL.



treas-ure the mem'ries that throng, Through the bright hours of the glad Summer days.



DEAR OLD SCHOOL DAYS.

MABEL J. ROSEMON.

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I. H. MEREDITH.

INTRO. *Trumpets.*

1. Come with a song of joy to-day While we as-semble here,
2. Voic-es of chil-dren ev-'ry-where Join in the cheer-ful song,

Sing, for the school days now have come, The days that we hold most dear.
Sing-ing with hearts all free from care The cho-rus so glad and strong;

SOP. & ALTO.

Lis-ten how the bells are call-ing us to-day, Bid-ding us to leave our
Joy-ful-ly we heed the dai-ly call to work, Faith-ful-ly we'll toil, our

DEAR OLD SCHOOL DAYS.

99

PARTS.

pleasure and our play; List to the school bell, as it rings, For hap-py days it brings.
du - ties nev-er shirk; List to the school bell, as it rings, For hap-py days it brings.

CHORUS. UNISON.

Dear, dear old school days, Oh, they sure - ly are the hap - pi - est of all,

Dear, dear old school days, Days that swift - ly pass a - way be - yond re - call;

Glad - ly we're sing - ing Songs of wel - come to the days so full of cheer,

PARTS.

Bells sweet - ly ring - ing Tell that hap - py school days now are here.

OVER THE SUMMER SEA.

AIR "RIGOLETTO," VERDI.

mf

1. O - ver the summer sea, With light hearts gay and free,
 2. List to my roun-de-lay As we glide on our way,
 3. Hark to the bird on high, Far in yon a-zure sky,

Joined by glad min-strel-sy, Gai - ly we're roam-ing; Swift flows the rip-pling tide,
 Ne'er will my love de-cay, Ne'er will I leave thee; While o'er the wa-ters deep
 Fling-ing sweet mel - o - dy Each heart to glad - den. "Come," its song seems to say,

Light-ly the zeph-yrs glide; Round us on ev-'ry side, Bright crests are foam-ing.
 Our oars now gai - ly sweep, True in the time they keep, What then can grieve thee?
 "Ban-ish dull care a-way, Nev - er let sor-row stay Brief joy to sad - den."

Fond hearts en - twin-ing, Cease all re - pin - ing, Near us is shin - ing

Beau - ty's bright smile. (*Inst.*) Beau - ty's bright smile, (*Inst.*)

OVER THE SUMMER SEA.

Sop. alone.

Beau - ty's bright smile. smile. Ah!.....

cres - - - *cen* - - - *do.*

Sop. & ALTO.

Beau - ty's bright smile.

ONCE I SAW A SWEET BRIER-ROSE.

WERNER.

Moderato.

1. Once I saw a sweet-brier rose, All so fresh-ly bloom-ing, Bathed with dew and
 2. "Rose," said I, "thou shalt be mine, All so fresh-ly bloom-ing;" Rose re-plied, "Nay,
 3. Woe is me! I broke the stem, Life and fragrance doom-ing; Soon the love - ly
 4. Had I left thee, love - ly flow'r, In thy beau-ty bloom-ing, Bathed with dew and

p

blush - ing fair Gen - tly waved by balm - y air, All the air per -
 let me go, Or thy blood shall free - ly flow, For thy rash pre -
 flow'r was gone, And the thorns re - mained a - lone - Van - ished all its
 blush - ing fair, Thou wouldst still have filled the air With thy sweet per -

fum - ing: Gen - tly waved by balm - y air, All the air per - fum - ing.
 sum - ing; Or thy blood shall free - ly flow, For thy rash pre - sum - ing."
 bloom - ing; And the thorns re - mained a - lone - Van - ished all its bloom - ing.
 fum - ing; Thou wouldst still have filled the air, With thy sweet per - fum - ing.

HAIL THE DAWN OF SPRING.

EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON.

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BY J. W. LERMAN.INTRODUCTION. *Moderato.* GIRLS' VOICES.

p

1. Come, come, come with blossoms fair, Wave, wave,
2. Come, come, come with lil - ies white, Bring, bring,

branch-es of green, Weave, weave, gar-lands ev-'ry-where, Bring them to grace the
fol - iage and flow'r, Wreathe, wreathe, bud and blossom bright, Gath - er with joy in

fes - tal scene. Shout, shout, send the word a-long, Loud, loud, loud let it ring,
Spring's own bow'r, Hear, hear, fair - y voi-ces nigh, List, list, heed what they say,

rit.

Raise, raise, raise the joyous song, Hail with choral welcome the returning of the Spring.
Give, give, give them back the cry, Well we know the song that swells thro'out the world today.

BOYS' VOICES. *A tempo.*

Sing it, with gladdest voi - ces, O sing the mes-sage that the sun-shine brings,
Shout it, with joy and glad - ness, O join our greet-ing to the sea - son bright,

Tell it while earth re-joic-es And all the world with song and laugh-ter rings.
Sing it, and ban-ish sad-ness, Let ev-'ry heart and voice with joy u-nite.

rit. cres. *f* FULL CHORUS.

Instrument. Hail, hail,

hail the dawn of Spring, Sing, sing, glad voi-ces raise, Hark, hark, hear the woodland ring,

Na-ture acclaims her fes-tal days, Joy, joy this shall be our song, Loud, loud,

loud let it ring Hail, hail, sing in chorus strong, sing a welcome to the Spring.

IN LIFE'S MORNING.

G. C. T.

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BY GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.*Slowly and with expression.*

In life's morn - ing, teach us Thy will, bless - ed Mas - ter,

Guard and guide us, lest we should go a - stray;... May we

fol - low wher-e'er Thy footsteps shall lead us, And with glad - ness

rall. FINE.

ev - er Thy voice o - bey.

{	1. Thro' life's morn - ing in wisdom direct our
	2. Grant, we pray Thee, that we may be true dis -
	3. In Thy serv - ice our hearts shall be filled with

rit. D. C.

foot - steps, Lest we fear - ing shall fal - ter or faint by the way.....
 ci - ples, Striv - ing ev - er in some way Thy love to re - pay.....
 glad - ness And Thy bless - ing shall crown us at close of life's day.....

AMERICA EVER.

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LAURENE HIGHFIELD.

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I. H. MEREDITH.

With dignity.

1 In the name of the Un - ion so no - ble and great, We come with a
 2. In the name of our coun - try we proud - ly would tell That all of our
 3. In the name of the Un - ion go for - ward to - day, And for our dear

mes - sage from each sov'reign state, A mes - sage that rings from each hill, rock and clod,
 peo - ple in glad - ness may dwell; No fear of op - pres - sion their com - fort can mar,
 home - land still la - bor and pray. The mes - sage re - peat, till the world hears the word,

CHORUS.

"A land, to be might - y, must hon - or its God!"
 Her name stands for free - dom both near and a - far. "A - mer - i - ca Ev - er!" our
 "A land, to be might - y, must wor - ship the Lord!"

watch - word shall be, "A - mer - i - ca Ev - er!" so no - ble and free; The land that the

pil - grims and pa - tri - ots trod Shall al - ways be great by the glo - ry of God. *rit.*

A SONG OF YOUTH'S BRIGHT DAYS.

EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON.

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JOHN SHEPHERD.

Martial.

f

1. O come with a joy-ous song, O come with a hap-py throng, All voi-ces now in
2. O come, raise each youthful voice, U - nite and in song re-joice, To-geth-er let us

cho - rus raise A song of youth's bright days. For joy and gladness is our share, Pro-
take our stand A staunch and stalwart band, Re - solv - ing that in fu - ture days, We

tect - ing love, and tender care, The charm of this magic spell In mem - 'ry shall dwell.
still will walk in wisdom's ways, Still true hearted, brave and strong And still with a song.

At this fair sea - son, treas - ures we find,..... Gems to en -
Thus from these mo - ments, hap - py and fair,..... Treas - ures we're

rich us, heart..... and mind, New light to in - spire us
wrest - ing, rich..... and rare, New strength to sus - tain us

in dai - ly life,..... Knowl - edge to guide us in joy or strife.....
in fu - ture ways,..... Wis - dom to glad - den all com - ing days.....

CHORUS.

O come with a joy - ous song, O come in a hap - py throng, Our voices now in

cho - rus raise, A song of youth's bright days. And when in - to the world we go, In

ev - 'ry action let us show The zeal, and the strength and truth Of bright days of youth.

WHISPERING HOPE.

(DUET OR TWO-PART CHORUS, WITH FOUR-PART CHORUS AD LIB.)

ALICE HAWTHORNE. ARR. BY R. M. N.

Moderato.

1. Soft as the voice of an an - gel, Breath-ing a les - son un - heard,.....
2. If in the dusk of the twi - light Dim be the re - gion a - far,.....

Hope with a gen - tle per - sua - sion Whis - pers her comfort - ing word.....
Will not the deep - en - ing dark - ness Bright - en the glim - mer - ing star?.....

Wait till the darkness is o - ver, Wait till the tem - pest is done,.....
Then when the night is up - on us, Why should the heart sink a - way?.....

Hope for the sun - shine to - mor - row, Af - ter the show - er is gone.....
When the dark mid - night is o - ver, Watch for the break - ing of day.....

CHORUS.

Whis - per - ing hope,..... O how wel - come thy voice,.....
Whis - per - ing hope, whis - per - ing hope, wel - come thy voice, wel - com - ing voice,

rit.

Mak - ing my heart..... in its sor - row re - joice! (re-joice!)
 Mak-ing my heart, mak-ing my heart in its sor-row, its sor-row re - joice! (re-joice!)

A SONG OF PARTING.

MABEL J. ROSEMON.

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GERMAN AIR.

Moderate time.

1. Friends we've been in youth's fair hours, New joys ev - er find - ing,
 2. Sad - ness dwells in ev - 'ry heart, While these ties we sev - er,
 3. Swift the years have passed a - way, Years of best en - deav - or,

Thro' the days of sun or show'rs, Ties were clos - er bind - ing;
 Best of friends we yet must part, Joy go with thee ev - er;
 Press - ing on from day to day, T'ward the heights for - ev - er;

p

Now we come to part - ing ways, Bid fare - well to these bright days
 Hap - py friend-ships of our youth, Formed in wis - dom's halls of truth,
 Forth in - to the world we go, With our glad young hearts a - glow,

f *mf*

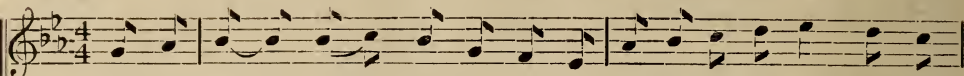
We have spent to - geth - er, We have spent to - geth - er.
 E'er will dwell in mem - 'ry, E'er will dwell in mem - 'ry.
 All of life be - fore us, All of life be - fore us.

DARLING NELLIE GRAY.

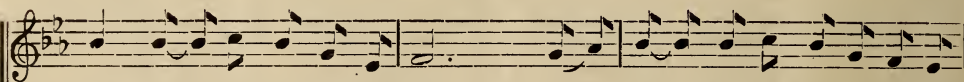
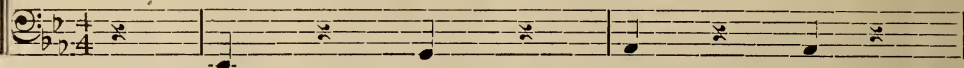
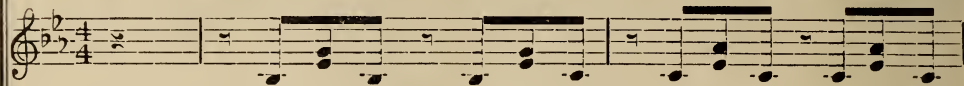
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B. R. H.

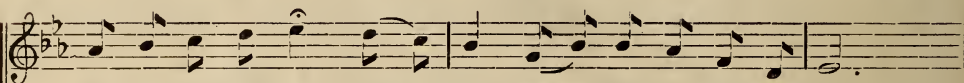
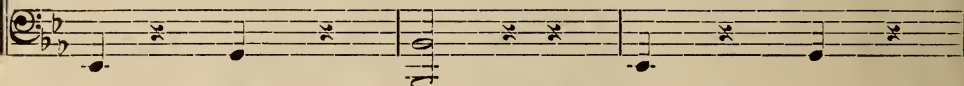
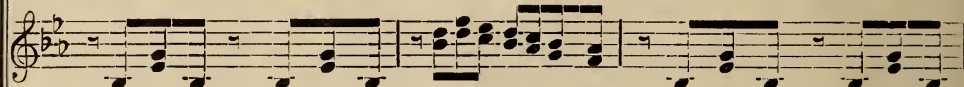
B. R. HANBY. ARR. BY I. H. M.



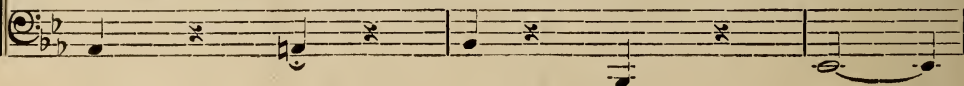
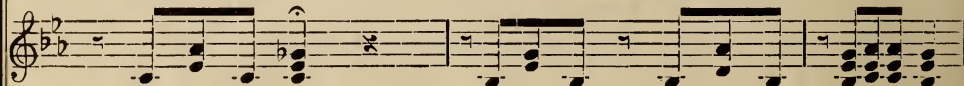
1. There's a lone... green... val-ley on the old Ken-tuck-y shore, Where I've
2. When the moon had climbed the mountain, and the stars were shin-ing too, Then I'd
3. Oh, my eyes are get-ting blind-ed, and I can-not see my way, Hark! there's



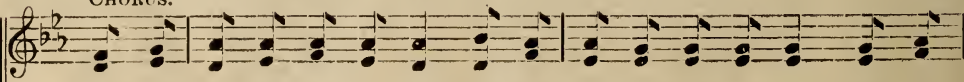
whiled many hap-py hours a - way, A - sit-ting and a - sing-ing by the
 take y... dar-ling Nel - ly Gray, And we'd float down the riv-er in my
 some - bod-y knock-ing at the door— I.... hear the an - gels call-ing and I



lit - tle cot-tage door, Where dwelt my... love - ly Nel - ly Gray.
 lit - tle red ca - noe, While the ban - jo so sweet-ly I did play.
 see my Nel - ly Gray, Fare - well to my old Ken-tuck - y shore.



CHORUS.



Oh! my dar-ling Nel - ly Gray, they have tak - en you a - way, And I'll



nev - er see my dar - ling an - y more; I am sit - ting by the riv - er and I'm

weep - ing all the day, For you've gone from the old Ken - tuck - y shore.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

DR. FRANK W. GUNSAULUS.

DANIEL PROTHEROE.

mf Andante con vivo. $\text{♩} = 72$.

1. Low - ly ox - en in their stall, Hal - le - lu - jah! Heav'nly brightness
 2. Wea - ry souls 'neath star-less skies, Hal - le - lu - jah! See the east - ern
 3. Once a - gain De - liv' - rer come, Hal - le - lu - jah! From the glo - ry

cres.
 o - ver all, Hal - le - lu - jah! May my heart so hum - ble be,
 glo - ry rise, Hal - le - lu - jah! May my heart so joy - ous be,
 of Thy home, Hal - le - lu - jah! O my heart ex - ult - ant be,

f *rit. e cres.*
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Thou shalt find a home with me, Hal - le - lu - jah!
 Hal - le - lu - jah! An - gel throngs shall wel - come thee, Hal - le - lu - jah!
 Hal - le - lu - jah! And for - ev - er wor - ship Thee, Hal - le - lu - jah!

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

ST. LOUIS.

A. H. REDNER.

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie! A - bove thy deep and
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry; And gathered all a - bove, While mortals sleep, the
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly The wondrous gift is giv'n! So God imparts to
 4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, De - scend to us, we pray; Cast out our sin and

dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The
 an - gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love. O morn - ing stars! to - geth - er Pro -
 hu - man hearts The bless - ings of His heav'n. No ear can hear His com - ing; But
 en - ter in, Be born in us to - day! We hear the Christmas an - gels The

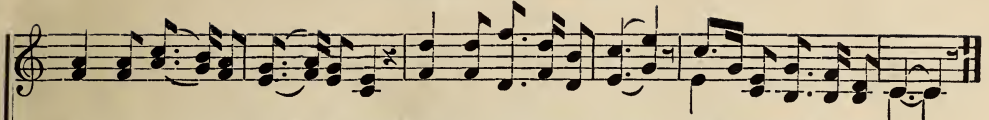
ev - er - last - ing Light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night!
 claim the ho - ly birth, And praises sing to God our King, And peace to men on earth.
 in this world of sin, Where meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ enters in.
 great glad tidings tell; Oh, come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el.

SILENT NIGHT.

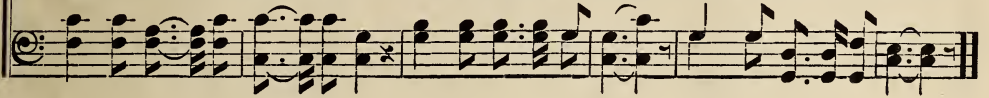
FRANZ GRUBER.

1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright, Round yon virgin mother and Child!
 2. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Shepherds quake at the sight! Glories stream from heaven afar,
 3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Son of God, love's pure light Radiant beams from Thy holy face,

SILENT NIGHT.



Ho - ly In - fant, ten - der and mild, Sleep in heavenly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.
Heav'nly hosts sing Al - le - lu - ia. Christ, the Saviour, is born! Christ, the Saviour, is born!
With the dawn of redeeming grace, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je - sus, Lord at Thy birth.



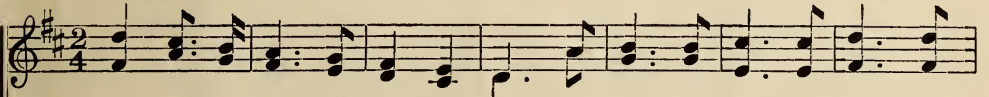
JOY TO THE WORLD.

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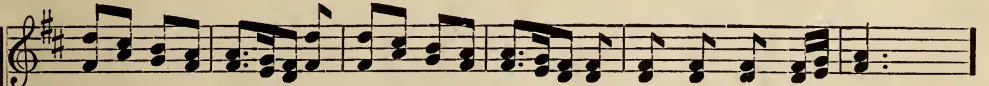
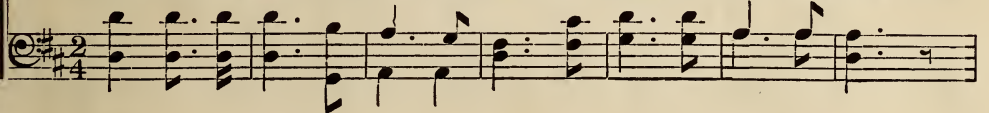
ISAAC WATTS.

ANTIOCH.

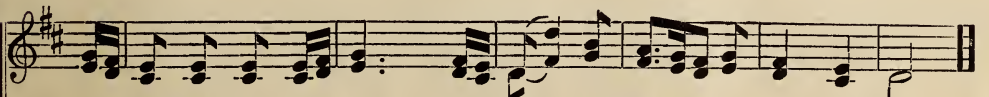
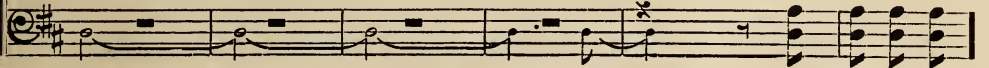
G. F. HANDEL.



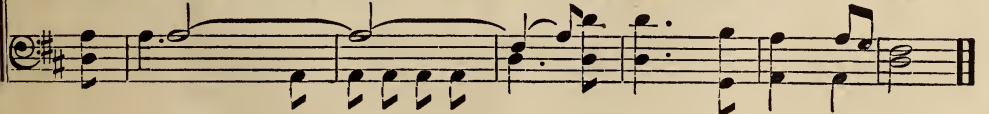
1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re - ceive her King; Let
2. Joy to the world! the Sa - viour reigns; Let men their songs em - ploy; While
3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground; He
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions prove The



ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing,
fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Re - peat the sound - ing joy,
comes to make His bless - ings flow Far as the curse is found,
glo - ries of His right - eous - ness, And won - ders of His love,



And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.
Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
And won - ders of His love, And won - ders, won - ders of His love.



SPIRIT OF GOD.

G. CROLY.

(LONGWOOD.)

J. BARNBY.

1. Spir - it of God, de - scend up - on my heart; Wean it from
 2. I ask no dream, no proph - et ec - sta - sies, No sud - den
 3. Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King? All, all Thine
 4. Teach me to feel that Thou art al - ways nigh; Teach me the

earth, through all its puls - es move; Stoop to my weak - ness,
 rend - ing of the veil of clay, No an - gel vis - i -
 own, soul, heart, and strength, and mind; I see Thy cross - there
 strug - gles of the soul to bear, To check the ris - ing

might-y as Thou art, And make me love Thee as I ought to love.
 tant, no op - 'ning skies; But take the dim - ness of my soul a - way.
 teach my heart to cling; Oh, let me seek Thee, and oh, let me find.
 doubt, the reb - el sigh; Teach me the pa - tience of un - an - swered pray'r.

116 LORD OF ALL BEING, THRONED AFAR.

O. W. HOLMES.

(LOUVAN.)

V. C. TAYLOR.

1. Lord of all be - ing, throned a - far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star;
 2. Sun of our life, Thy quick - 'ning ray Sheds on our path the glow of day;
 3. Our mid - night is Thy smile withdrawn; Our noon - tide is Thy gra - cious dawn;
 4. Lord of all life, be - low, a - bove, Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
 5. Grant us Thy truth to make us free, And kind - ling hearts that burn for Thee,

LORD OF ALL BEING, THRONED AFAR.

Cen - ter and soul of ev - 'ry sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near!
 Star of our hope, Thy soft - ened light Cheers the long watch - es of the night.
 Our rain - bow arch, Thy mer - cy's sign; All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.
 Be - fore Thy ev - er - blaz - ing throne We ask no lus - tre of our own.
 Till all Thy liv - ing al - tars claim One ho - ly light, one heav'nly flame.

REJOICE YE PURE IN HEART.

117

E. H. PLUMPTREE.

(MARION.)

A. H. MESSITER.

1. Re - joice ye pure in heart, Re - joice, give thanks and sing;
 2. With voice as full and strong As o - cean's surg - ing praise,
 3. Yes on, through life's long path, Still chant - ing as we go;
 4. Still lift your stand - ard high, Still march in firm ar - ray,

Your fes - tal ban - ner wave on high, The cross of Christ your King.
 Send forth the hymns our fa - thers loved, The psalms of an - cient days.
 From youth to age, by night and day, In glad - ness and in woe.
 As war - riors through the dark - ness toil, Till dawns the gold - en day.

Re - joice, re - joice, Re - joice, give thanks and sing.
 Re - joice, re - joice,

118 FATHER, HEAR THE PRAYER WE OFFER.

E. M. WILLIS.

(CARTER.)

E. B. CARTER.

1. Fa - ther, hear the pray'r we of - fer; Not for ease that pray'r shall be,
 2. Not for - ev - er in green past-ures Do we ask our way to be;
 3. Be our strength in hours of weak-ness; In our wan-d'rings be our guide;

But for strength that we may ev - er Live our lives cou - ra - geous - ly.
 But by steep and rug - ged path-ways Would we strive to climb to Thee.
 Thro' en - deav - or, fail - ure, dan - ger, Fa - ther, be Thou at our side.

119 LORD, WE COME BEFORE THEE NOW.

W. HAMMOND.

(ST. BEES.)

J. B. DYKES.

1. Lord, we come be - fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum - bly bow;
 2. Lord, on Thee our souls de - pend; In com - pas - sion, now de - scend,
 3. Com - fort those who weep and mourn, Let the time of joy re - turn;
 4. Grant that those who seek may find Thee a God sin - cere and kind;

O do not our suit dis - dain, Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
 Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
 Those that are cast down lift up, Strong in faith, in love, and hope.
 Heal the sick, the cap - tive free, Let us all re - joice in Thee.

RESPONSIVE READINGS

FIRST SELECTION Psalm 1

BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

SECOND SELECTION Psalm 15

LORD, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?
He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbour, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour.

In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoureth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

THIRD SELECTION Psalm 19

THE heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handy-work.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard.

Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun.

Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

His going forth is from the end of heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

FOURTH SELECTION Psalm 24

THE earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein.

For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

FIFTH SELECTION Psalm 33 12-22

BLESSED is the nation whose God is the Lord and the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.

The Lord looketh from heaven: he beholdeth all the sons of men.

From the place of his habitation he looketh upon all the inhabitants of the earth.

He fashioneth their hearts alike; he considereth all their works.

There is no king saved by the multitude of an host: a mighty man is not delivered by much strength.

An horse is a vain thing for safety: neither shall he deliver any by his great strength.

Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy;

To deliver their soul from death, and to keep them alive in famine.

Our soul waiteth for the Lord: he is our help and our shield.

For our heart shall rejoice in him; because we have trusted in his holy name.

Let thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us, according as we hope in thee.

SIXTH SELECTION Psalm 46

GOD is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;

Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the most high.

God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her and that right early.

The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted.

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he hath made in the earth.

He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire.

Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

RESPONSIVE READINGS

3

SEVENTH SELECTION Psalm 51 10-17

CREATE in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free Spirit:

Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation; and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth thy praise.

For thou desirest not sacrifice, else would I give it; thou delightest not in burnt offering.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

EIGHTH SELECTION Psalm 62

TRULY my soul waiteth upon God: from him cometh my salvation.

He only is my rock and my salvation; he is my defence; I shall not be greatly moved.

How long will ye imagine mischief against a man? ye shall be slain all of you: as a bowing wall shall ye be, and as a tottering fence.

They only consult to cast him down from his excellency: they delight in lies: they bless with their mouth, but they curse inwardly.

My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from him.

He only is my rock and my salvation: he is my defence; I shall not be moved.

In God is my salvation and my glory: the rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God.

Trust in him at all times; ye people, pour out your heart before him: God is a refuge for us.

Surely men of low degree are vanity, and men of high degree are a lie: to be laid in the balance, they are altogether lighter than vanity.

Trust not in oppression, and become not vain in robbery: if riches increase, set not your heart upon them.

God hath spoken once; twice have I heard this, that power belongeth unto God.

Also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy: for thou renderest to every man according to his work.

NINTH SELECTION Psalm 65

PRAISE waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion: and unto thee shall the vow be performed.

O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.

Iniquities prevail against me: as for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away.

Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts: we shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, even of thy holy temple.

By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God of our salvation; who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea:

Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains; being girded with power:

Which stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of the waves, and the tumult of the people.

They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid: at thy tokens: thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.

Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: thou greatly enrichest it with the river

of God, which is full of water: thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.

Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly; thou settlest the furrows thereof; thou makest it soft with showers; thou blessest the springing thereof.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness.

They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness; and the little hills rejoice on every side.

The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.

TENTH SELECTION Psalm 67

GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us;

That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.

Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: for thou shall judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us.

God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

ELEVENTH SELECTION Psalm 90

LORD, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hast formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep; in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled.

Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Return, O Lord, how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children.

And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands, establish thou it.

TWELFTH SELECTION Psalm 91

HE that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

Surely he will deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust; his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day.

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the most High, thy habitation;

There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him.

With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.

THIRTEENTH SELECTION Psalm 103

BLESS the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases:

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies;

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger for ever.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children.

RESPONSIVE READINGS

FOURTEENTH SELECTION Psalm 121

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

FIFTEENTH SELECTION Psalm 136

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.

O give thanks unto the God of gods: for his mercy endureth for ever.

O give thanks to the Lord of lords: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him who alone doeth great wonders: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him that by wisdom made the heavens: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him that stretched out the earth above the waters: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him that made great lights: for his mercy endureth for ever:

The sun to rule by day: for his mercy endureth for ever.

The moon and stars to rule by night: for his mercy endureth for ever.

O give thanks unto the God of heaven: for his mercy endureth for ever

SIXTEENTH SELECTION Psalm 148

PRAISE ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: praise him in the heights.

Praise ye him, all his angels; praise ye him, all his hosts.

Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise ye him, all ye stars of light.

Praise ye him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens.

Let them praise the name of the Lord: for he commanded, and they were created.

He hath also established them for ever and ever: he hath made a decree which shall not pass.

Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons, and all deeps:

Fire, and hail; snow, and vapours; stormy wind fulfilling his word:

Mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees and all cedars;

Beasts, and all cattle; creeping things, and flying fowl;

Kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the earth:

Both young men, and maidens; old men, and children;

Let them praise the name of the Lord: for his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven.

SEVENTEENTH SELECTION Proverbs 15 16-32

BBETTER is little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure, and trouble therewith.

Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.

A wrathful man stirreth up strife: but he that is slow to anger appeaseth strife.

The way of the slothful man is as an hedge of thorns: but the way of the righteous is made plain.

A wise son maketh a glad father: but a foolish man despiseth his mother.

Folly is joy to him that is destitute of wisdom: but a man of understanding walketh uprightly.

Without counsel purposes are disappointed: but in the multitude of counsellors they are established.

RESPONSIVE READINGS

A man hath joy by the answer of his mouth; and a word spoken in due season, how good is it!

The way of life is above to the wise, that he may depart from hell beneath.

The Lord will destroy the house of the proud: but he will establish the border of the widow.

The thoughts of the wicked are an abomination to the Lord: but the words of the pure are pleasant words.

He that is greedy of gain troubleth his own house: but he that hateth gifts shall live.

The heart of the righteous studieth to answer: but the mouth of the wicked poureth out evil things.

The Lord is far from the wicked: but he heareth the prayer of the righteous.

The light of the eyes rejoiceth the heart; and a good report maketh the bones fat.

The ear that heareth the reproof of life abideth among the wise.

He that refuseth instruction despiseth his own soul: but he that heareth reproof getteth understanding.

The fear of the Lord is the instruction of wisdom; and before honour is humility.

EIGHTEENTH SELECTION Proverbs 16 16-32

HOW much better is it to get wisdom than gold? yea, to get understanding is rather to be chosen than silver.

The highway of the upright is to depart from evil: he that keepeth his way preserveth his soul.

Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall.

Better it is to be of an humble spirit with the lowly, than to divide the spoil with the proud.

He that handleth a matter wisely shall find good; and whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he.

The wise in heart shall be called prudent; and the sweetness of the lips increaseth learning.

Understanding is a well-spring of life unto him that hath it: but the instruction of fools is folly.

The heart of the wise teacheth his mouth, and addeth learning to his lips.

Pleasant words are as an honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones.

There is a way that seemeth right unto a man; but the end thereof are the ways of death.

He that laboureth, laboureth for himself; for his mouth craveth it of him.

An ungodly man diggeth up evil; and in his lips there is as a burning fire.

A froward man soweth strife; and a whisperer separateth chief friends.

A violent man enticeth his neighbour and leadeth him into the way that is not good.

He shutteth his eyes to devise froward things; moving his lips he bringeth evil to pass.

The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness.

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.

NINETEENTH SELECTION Proverbs 22 1-12

A GOOD name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold.

The rich and poor meet together: the Lord is the maker of them all.

A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself: but the simple pass on, and are punished.

By humility, and the fear of the Lord, are riches, honour, and life.

Thorns and snares are in the way of the froward: he that doth keep his soul

shall be far from them.

Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it.

The rich ruleth over the poor, and the borrower is servant to the lender.

He that soweth iniquity shall reap vanity; and the rod of his anger shall fail.

He that hath a bountiful eye shall be blessed; for he giveth of his bread to the poor.

Cast out the scorner, and contention shall go out; yea, strife and reproach shall cease.

He that loveth pureness of heart, for the grace of his lips the king shall be his friend.

The eyes of the Lord preserve knowledge; and he overthroweth the words of the transgressor.

TWENTIETH SELECTION I Corinthians 13

IF I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal.

And if I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and if I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing.

And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.

TWENTY-FIRST SELECTION Galatians 6 1-9

BRETHREN, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.

Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.

For if a man think himself to be something, when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself.

But let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another.

For every man shall bear his own burden.

Let him that is taught in the word communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things.

Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

And let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.

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