

Warner

The Coronet.

BY

GEO. F. ROOT.

CHICAGO.

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THE CORONET :

A COLLECTION OF

MUSIC FOR SINGING SCHOOLS, MUSICAL CONVENTIONS
AND CHOIRS;

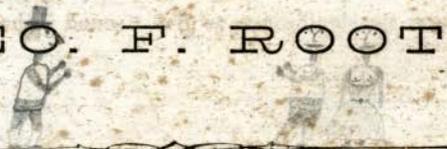
CONSISTING OF A

COURSE FOR ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTION AND TRAINING,

A LARGE NUMBER OF PART SONGS, SOLOS, DUETS, QUARTETS, GLEES AND CHORUSES, AND A SMALLER
NUMBER OF TUNES, ANTHEMS AND CHANTS.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY

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P R E F A C E .

The CORONET is put forth to meet the wants of those who desire a greater variety of music and instruction for singing schools and musical conventions, than is printed in ordinary church music books.

That there are serious objections to the use of church music for mere musical cultivation, as well as for musical entertainment, every teacher feels, and we believe all such will welcome a book that contains so much that is adapted to the cheerful, (often lively,) as well as the social and patriotic atmosphere of the class, convention and choir rehearsal, as does the CORONET. Since tunes are generally easier than glees and songs, it follows that musical knowledge and skill enough to sing the latter, will be sufficient for the former, and that when this skill is acquired, church music need only be used in its proper place, and under proper circumstances.

If these views are true, so many tunes, anthems and chants as are usually printed in church music books are not needed, especially if those that are printed are *all* appropriate for their use, as we hope those of the CORONET will prove to be. Every one knows that words and music that are suited for worship, should not be used for musical exhibition and entertainment, and in accordance with this idea, all pieces containing solos, duets, trios, obligato parts, or indeed anything tending to musical display, have secular words attached to them, and are not set to religious hymns and other words of worship.

In the elementary department, the CORONET strikes out a somewhat new path. The ideas, we believe all teachers and musical people will say are in the main, correct, but whether well carried out and illustrated or not, remains to be proved. It is certain that learning to sing well is a greater thing than learning to read notes, and it is equally true that it is better to know the meaning (as to harmony) of what we sing, than like the parrot or the person who reads words of which he does not know the significance, to give "sound without sense."

G. F. R.

VOCAL TRAINING IN CLASSES.

SINGING is one thing, and reading music, or understanding notation, quite another. A person may sing well who cannot read a note of music, and a ready reader of music may be a very poor singer.

Singing WELL consists in the right use of the voice—and this does not depend upon notes, music books or blackboard, but, in addition to time and tune, upon right breathing, right giving out or delivery of the voice, right enunciation and pronunciation, and, more than all, right qualities of tone for sounding or expressing the various affections or sentiments that we have to sing.

That these things can be done without notes, books, &c., is proven by the fact that many blind people sing well, and that in the concert and opera so many give delight with their highly cultivated voices who know little or nothing of notation. A good voice, well brought out, a good utterance of the words, and a true, earnest expression of the sentiment, are the greater matters, and a knowledge of notation, although convenient, the less.

It is not well to think that we should first learn to read music, and then learn to sing or cultivate the voice; for from the very beginning, singing well is ninety-nine one-hundredths of the whole matter. While you are reading music you must be using your voice in some way, and may as well be using it correctly as incorrectly; may as well be increasing its purity, flexibility and power of expression, as to run the risk of fastening upon yourself untasteful and injurious habits, and thus of becoming a poorer singer as you become a more ready reader.

The cultivation of the voice is a great deal easier when commenced with the first lessons in music—indeed, with a good example and a little guiding, it almost takes care of itself; for to use the voice well is to use it naturally, and most of this “cultivation of the voice” in those who have sung for some time, is but bringing it back from wrong ways to those which are more in accordance with nature.

Now, let us begin in the right way, regarding it more important to give the tone well, than to know the name or looks of the note that stands for it (although by no means neglecting that), and thus having correct ideas of the relative importance of these two things (singing and notation), our progress will be orderly and pleasant.

The judicious teacher will read over what is here written, and then will carry out, in his own way, such of the ideas as he thinks are right. He will also in-

troduce and practice such exercises as are needed to illustrate the different points, in addition to those which are here printed.

A musical sound is called a TONE.

Every TONE has three properties, viz: *Length, Pitch*, (highness or lowness) and *Power*.

If either of these properties could be taken away from a tone, it would cease to exist. It is therefore necessary in written music, in order to represent a tone, to have something to stand for and indicate its length, and something to stand for and indicate its pitch, and something to stand for and indicate its degree of power; and it will be easily seen that no representation of a tone can be complete that does not provide for the representation of all these things.

There are different lengths of tones, there are different pitches of tones, and different degrees of power of tones. We may take any one pitch and any one degree of power, and practice a great many different lengths; or we may take one length and one degree of power, and practice a great many different pitches; or we may take one length and one pitch, and practice many different degrees of power: and thus, although we must have the three properties, length, pitch and power, in every tone we make, we may give more prominence to one or the other, as our musical progress may require.

It might be supposed from the foregoing, that music would naturally divide itself into three departments—one in which the length of tones is the principal thing, one in which pitch of tones is the principal thing, and one in which power of tones is the principal thing. This is the fact—and all that relates to the length of tones whether in music written or performed, is in a department called *Rhythmics*, and all that relates to the pitch of tones is in a department called *Melodics*, and all that relates to the power of tones is in a department called *Dynamics*. Of course, every teacher will have his own way of bringing out these facts, as well as of practicing upon them, and asking questions to help fix them in the mind.

It will thus be readily understood, that when we speak of the rhythmic character of a piece of music, we have reference to the time or different lengths of tones employed; and that when we speak of its melodic character, we refer to

some of the many things relating to pitch; and when we speak of its dynamic character, we refer to differences of power or strength.

There is another thing about tones that does not seem really to belong to either of these departments, and which perhaps should have a department by itself. I refer to what is called "*quality of tone.*"

The tone of a flute is of one quality, the tone of a violin is of another quality, the tone of a trumpet another, and so on. All may sound together, each producing a tone of exactly the same length, exactly the same pitch, and exactly the same power—and yet a difference will be distinctly perceived.

Different qualities of tone are needed to sound forth or express the different emotions that man experiences; and there are, and of course must be, just as many "*qualities of tone*" as there are kinds of emotions; for tones are the sounds or outward manifestations of emotions, and the voice, unlike an instrument, can produce as great a variety of tones as to quality, as the heart can experience as to emotions, each emotion having its own peculiar sound.

The child who experiences grief or joy will give forth a tone that exactly corresponds to, and expresses his emotion; and this tone will always be recognized and understood as the true expression of its emotion.

It may make this subject of "*qualities of tone*" more clear to illustrate it in this way: Words alone, in a certain sense, contain emotion—so does a tune—so does a face. These may all correspond, or they may not. A person may put on a cheerful face and utter sad words, or he may put joyful words to a minor tune; or, possibly, he might have his tune lively and joyful, his words mournful, and his look stern, and thus have no two emotions harmonize or correspond.

If we agree, then, that the tone alone may to some degree contain and express emotion, we have four things that in singing ought always to correspond, viz: the words, the tune, the quality of tone, and the appearance of the singer; which last may include not only the expression of his face, but all that pertains to his manner.

We admit at the very beginning, that either of these four (like almost any other good thing) may be spoiled and rendered ridiculous by exaggeration; nevertheless, we contend that each is good in its place, and that all ought to agree and make a perfect and symmetrical whole in every musical performance.

It is interesting to observe in different music which of these things—the words, the tune, the quality of tone, or the appearance of the singer—is the strongest and most predominant in expressing its own emotion or character.

You take a decidedly sad minor tune, and put it forth with the most cheerful face that you can assume, and it will still assert its own emotion—it will sound

sad; although if the sad effect is your object, it will be marred and injured by your appearance. You take this same sad tune, and give it forth with a cheerful tone, either on an instrument or by your voice, and still the sad effect predominates, although not so completely as if the quality of the tone were in correspondence with the tune. But put joyful words to this minor tune, and the opposing forces are more nearly equal—you can, perhaps, hardly tell which has the best of it. It is, however, so absurd that you give up all idea of making music, or producing good effects in that way.

The tones of some instruments, and some tones of the voice, taken alone, have no distinctive quality—are neither sad nor joyful. So it is with some words and some tunes. Such, of course—add little or nothing to the general effect, and are readily swallowed up by that which is predominant.

Touch a single note of the Piano-forte, for example. You would, probably, call it neither joyful nor sad, and yet it may become either, by connecting it with a joyful or a sad tune.

It may be, however, very different with the human voice. Take the word "Oh," for example, it has no meaning in itself, and although it may be given with such a quality of tone as to continue to be meaningless, still it can be so given as to express and excite strong emotions of joy or sorrow.

In the speech of common life, this want of correspondence in words, quality of tone and appearance, almost never occurs (you see we have in speech all the things before-mentioned excepting tune). The reason is probably this: in common speech we usually mean what we say; for example, one says, "What a pleasant morning," or perhaps relates to you an incident in which the cheerful and sad both occur. He believes what he says, and, watch as closely as you may, you will find that the words, quality of tone and appearance do not fail to be in exact agreement.

In singing, it is different. One may say in his song that he dearly loves the sea, or the hunter's life, or the farmer's life, or the battle-field, when in point of fact he does not love them much. It is readily seen that emotion under such circumstances must be assumed. We try by our imagination to place ourselves in the scenes we describe, and then sing as one would under those circumstances.

If we really feel an emotion, it is not hard to express it—in fact, it requires some effort not to show it, either in words, tone or manner; and what is natural, and almost "does itself," in speaking, becomes an art requiring much study in singing.

Of course, much that we sing we really feel, or ought to; and words of worship, especially, should never be sung except with sincerity and true feeling.

It may be asked, if it is right to assume emotions that we really do not feel. I answer, Yes, I think we may assume to like all innocent and useful things more strongly than we really do; and the habit of regarding this matter in this way will serve to some extent as a protection against assuming to like things that are sometimes in the words of songs, and that are hurtful, or at least in bad taste.

It may seem strange that these ideas, which are so obviously true, are not more known and thought of by singers. But besides what has been given before as a reason for this state of things, it may be added, that listeners are generally satisfied, if there is a clear and predominant expression of the right emotion, either in the tune, or the words, or both—forgetting, or not knowing how much more effective and useful the performance would be if the quality of tone and the appearance could also be truly correspondent.

In the study of singing, although length of tones, pitch of tones, power of tones and quality of tones, must all have some attention continually, still it is better at first to attend especially to only one thing at a time. It does not seem to make much difference which, since no one can go far without the others—that is, you cannot practice long on the lengths of tone without desiring to vary the pitch, nor long on different pitches of tones without some variety of length, nor either long without some variations of power.

The first *quality of tone* to be made use of, is that which is most favorable for giving out the voice or delivering it well, and this is necessarily not very emotional; for the great object at first is to utter sounds and syllables with freeness and clearness, without obstruction caused by any wrong position of the organs that have to do with the voice.

Of course, this involves taking the breath fully, using it economically, and using the right muscles both in taking and giving it out. It involves, also, opening the mouth according to the vowel or word you utter, so that the lips, teeth and tongue will not offer any unnecessary hindrance to the coming out of the tone, and also such a position of the throat as will not be either pinched up or choked on the one side, nor distended and cavernous on the other.

When this is well started, and words of different emotional character begin to be used, then the modes of producing the different qualities of tone are to be studied in connection with different lengths, different pitches and different degrees of power. I say well started, because we cannot finish one thing before commencing another. We carry one topic a little way, then go back and take up another, and in its turn another, and another, until all get up to a certain point; after which all go on together, and in every piece improve not only in what relates

to the different lengths of tones, but at the same time in the things of pitch power, and quality.

With the light that we trust has now been thrown on the subject of learning to sing, we commence again our statements with regard to its elementary principles.

Music, for convenience in studying, may be divided into three departments, viz: Rhythmics, treating of the length of sounds; Melodies, treating of the pitch of sounds, and Dynamics, treating of the power of sounds. In this last department we also include (for want of another place) the subject of "qualities of tone," for these, with all the different degrees of power, are commonly included in the technical musical term "expression."

One of the first things in Rhythmics is to take a convenient pitch, and give a number of tones (say eight), making them succeed each other about as fast as the pulse beats. La (a-as in father) is a good word to apply to each tone. Now, although the rhythmic idea is the prominent one, I should not only try to have these tones succeed each other with perfect regularity, each having the same amount of time; but I should try to have the breath well taken, the tone freely given out, the vowel sound right, the consonant element well emitted, and the pitch and power kept equal and steady.

When this has been done, I should write thus:



and should say that these tones are named as to their length, *quarter notes*, and that the characters used to represent their length are also called *quarter notes*. I will again call attention to the fact that no representation of a tone can be perfect that does not provide for the representation of its length, its pitch and its power.

Here, only the length or time of the tones is represented; there is no representation of any particular pitch or degree of power. The character called a quarter note, when it stands alone, is not enough to represent all the properties of a tone, for, although by it you can tell how long, it gives you no idea how high or low, or how loud to sing. (To render this more clear, the quarter note might be written on a plain surface where there are no lines or spaces or other characters.)

I should follow up this work with *onger lessons*, like the following, using the syllable "la," and such words as are here given, attending not only to the rhythmic idea, which is the prominent one, but to breathing, delivering the tone,

enunciation and pronunciation, and so begin at the right place, the cultivation of the voice.

No. 1.

Firm let all our voi - ces be, With ring - ing tones both clear and free.

I would now say to the pupils, count one, two; one, two; one, two; several times, evenly and steadily, about as fast as you have been singing. This process is called measuring time, and each one, two, is said to be a measure.

You may measure time by motions of the hand—indeed, this is the common way while singing, and each two motions will manifest a measure.

Now, sing quarter notes to the syllable "la," and move the hand, or "beat time," while you sing.

This may be represented thus:

No. 2.

Firm-ly still each voice is ring-ing, While to-geth-er all are sing-ing.

The little upright lines are called bars, and the spaces between them stand for measures, and are also called measures. The two bars at the close, form what is called a double bar. Notice that the portions of time that you measure with the counts, or beats, are the real measures.

These spaces between the bars in which the notes are written are only signs of measures, but for brevity are usually called measures—just as you say that this, \$100, is a hundred dollars, when it is only its sign.

Now, sing six quarter notes (three measures), and then a tone as long as two beats, or a whole measure. Do this twice, making eight measures in all.

This would be represented thus, only I add some words:

No. 3.

Come ye tim-id ones, draw near, There is nought to dread or fear.

The tone as long as two beats or quarter notes, is called a half note, and the character used to represent it is called by the same name.

No. 4.

One and all, Hear the call, 'Tis the hour of meet - ing.
Now in place, Face to face, Each his neigh - bor greet - ing.

No. 5.

La, la, la, la, Do we give the vow - el right - ly?
Ha, ha, ha, ha, Will you an - swer us po - lite - ly?

After practicing such lessons as these, making the culture of the voice the great thing (and it is wonderful how easy the work is, when it comes in the right place), I should take the pitch we have been using in our rhythmic lessons (about G, or five of the scale of C), and commence the study of Melodies.

I will here remark, that the study of Melodies, or the pitch of sounds, usually commences with the tone whose pitch is named C; but I think G is better, because it is nearer the usual pitch of voices, and thus easier for those whose voices are not true, and also because having been practicing in Rhythmics at that pitch the pupils will be more likely to give it in tune.

There is no necessity for beginning on C, because that is the key-note—in fact, I think it is better to have the pupils feel that the key-note is the tone that is the best stopping or resting place.

After all have sung at this pitch, giving out the tones well, to la, or any other syllable, I would say, "We have named the lengths of these tones, quarter note and half note, we will now give names to the pitch. The most important pitch name is G. There is, however, another which we shall have occasion to learn by and by.

All sing again the tone whose pitch is named G.

I would then sing G, F and E (perhaps G, F, E, D and C), first with la, then with syllables, sol, fa, mi, &c. I would give these tones in various orders, but in short phrases, and would have the pupils imitate. I would not skip, and would only make quarter notes as to length.

After naming the new pitches I would say, the pitch of a tone is represented to the eye by a line or a space in what is called the staff. The staff may have as

many lines and spaces as there are different pitches of tones, each pitch having its own line or space to represent it (each line and space of the staff is called a degree). This would, however, make so many lines and spaces necessary, that it would be impossible to distinguish them quickly one from another. To obviate this difficulty, three important plans have been made with regard to the staff. The first is to print only five long lines, which, with the spaces between, and above and below them, afford the means for representing nearly all the pitches of the tones of vocal music; and when more degrees are wanted, add them by means of short lines. By this plan, any degree of the staff, whether made by a long line or space, or by a short or added one, is distinguished at a glance.

Another plan about the staff is, to make the lines and spaces (degrees) of the staff stand for different pitches by means of characters called CLEFS. I will say here in passing, that the use of clefs is an expedient to make the five long lines with their spaces represent as far as possible the pitches most commonly made use of, and so avoid as much as possible the added degrees.

I will mention here the third thing about the staff, although I should say nothing about it at the beginning of a singing school. Each line and space of the staff may be made to stand for five different pitches, while using the same clef, by means of characters called respectively sharp, flat, double sharp and double flat. This expedient greatly diminishes the number of lines and spaces needed for the representation of the different pitches of tones, and greatly simplifies the appearance of the staff.

After explaining that the clef on this staff is called the treble clef, and that it makes the second line stand for the pitch whose name is G, the first space F, the first line E, &c. I would point to the degrees of the staff standing for these pitches, and ask the pupils to give them again as I point, making use of "la," or other syllables, but being very careful to take the breath well, to deliver the voice well, and to attend generally to the things of vocal culture.

I would then explain that the base clef makes the fourth space indicate the pitch whose name is G, and would exercise as before.

I would now explain the staff more fully with the aid of such a diagram as the following, and would ask questions about it, as I would of every subject, after it has been introduced and somewhat practiced.



It will now be readily seen, that the lines and spaces of the staff indicate the pitch of tones, but give no idea how long they should be, nor how loud or soft, and thus that the staff is only a melodic character—indicating nothing of rhythmic or dynamics.

Such questions as the following may here be useful by way of review:

What is the name of a musical sound? How many properties has every tone? What are their names? What department in music are we in, while attending especially to the length of tones? What department treats of the pitch of tones? What of the power?

What is that about the tone of an instrument or a voice that distinguishes it from another of different kind, although it may have the same length, the same pitch and the same powers? (*Ans.* Quality.)

Does this belong to either of the departments above-named? (*Ans.* It connects itself with dynamics, because it belongs to "expression.")

Is the staff a rhythmic, melodic or dynamic character? What are its lines and spaces called? How many degrees may a staff contain? (*Ans.* As many as there are pitches of tones.) How many degrees are commonly used, made by long lines and spaces? What are the others called? Name the degrees of the staff in the foregoing diagram.

If, now, we put a quarter or a half note on a degree of the staff (the staff having already either the treble or base clef upon it), and put the letter *m* over or under the note, to indicate that it shall be given with a medium degree of power, we have a complete representation of a tone, the note indicating its length, the line or space of the staff its pitch, and the letter *m* its degree of power.

Without either of these characters, the tone would not be perfectly represented; but it should be said in regard to Dynamics, that when no letter or other character is used to designate the degree of power, the medium degree (neither loud nor soft) is understood, so that the absence of a dynamic character is of itself a dynamic sign.

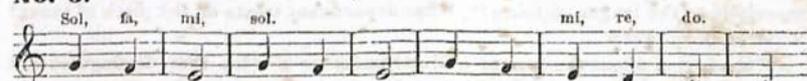
With regard to "quality of tone," it should be understood that the words to be sung are the most important indicators. The tune itself, as has been said, may have some influence; but if it is well adapted to the words, it will agree with them exactly in indicating the quality of tone that the voice should have.

When there are no words to the tune or exercise to be sung, and a vowel sound or the syllables do, re, mi, are made use of, then whatever emotion the melody seems fitted to express the voice should manifest in its tone.

It will be my aim in these first lessons to have the words and tunes such as to express no strong emotion either way, that the voices, while they are in the first efforts at vocal culture, may not be taxed to make much variety in this respect.

I should now explain the term *mezzo*, and should give the reason why Italian words are used to indicate dynamic degrees and other things in music, viz: Italian musical terms are used by all nations. If this were not so, most of us could not tell in German, or other foreign music, many things about its performance that we now readily understand.

No. 6.



One and all, Hear the call, Come and join the cho - rus;



Hap - py we, Voi - ces free, For the work be - fore us.

No. 7.

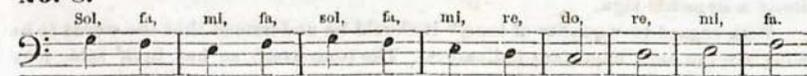


Down-ward let us go, Then rise up slow - ly; Quick-er



now, and cheer-ful let Our voi - ces gai - ly flow.

No. 8.



Now let all u - nite as one, and sing with firm - ness,



Tak - ing ev - ery tone with voi - ces clear and free

I should here ask questions something like the following:

How many clefs have we? What are their names? When the treble clef is used, which degree of the staff stands for, and indicates, the pitch G? When the base clef is used, which degree of the staff indicates the pitch G? What indicates the pitch F? What, E? What, D? What, C? (Both in the treble and base staves.) How many kinds of notes have we? Their names? What do notes stand for and indicate? What length does the quarter note indicate? Half note? Does a note stand for the pitch of a tone? Does a line or space of the staff stand for the length of a tone? What dynamic term is understood when no direction about power is given? What does *mezzo* (pronounced *metzo*) mean? What is its abbreviation? (*Ans. m.*) Should the breath be taken partly or fully? Should the tone be made with much breath or little? Should the throat assume a cramped and distorted, or a natural position? Should the mouth be too close, the tongue too much raised, or drawn back into the throat, or any obstruction offered to the free giving out of the tone? What is the correct sound of the vowels called? (*Ans. Good pronunciation.*) What is the correct utterance of the consonants called? (*Ans. Good enunciation.*) What is the distinct and correct giving of each successive sound in singing called? (*Ans. Good articulation.*)

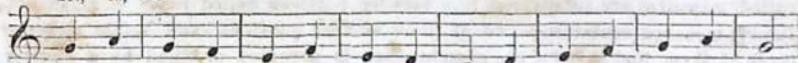
In a single tone, and in an exercise where there is no particular emotion to be expressed, singers will do well to aim simply at giving out or delivering the voice well, and attending to the other things of vocal culture and notation already mentioned, and not try to produce too much of an emotional tone; that is, not try to make the voice sound large, deep, hollow, sad, &c., but reserve those qualities for words that call for them, and so avoid injury to the voice; for, as the heart cannot experience any strong emotion long at a time without injury to the health, so the tone that corresponds to it cannot be produced long at a time without injury to the voice.

This may be one of the reasons why so many voices give out while the health is in other respects good—such tones requiring distention and unusual positions of the throat, and cannot safely be persisted in long at a time.

After practicing the tone whose pitch is represented by the second space of the treble staff, and the fifth line of the base, and which is named A, I would practice lessons like the following:

No. 9.

Sol, la, &c.



From the hill-side and the val-ley, Glad-ly now we gath-er here;

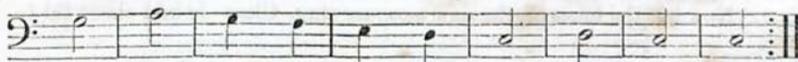


Broth-ers, sis-ters, friends and neigh-bors, Let our songs of wel-come cheer.

No. 10. TIE, REPEAT.



Far, far on the air our tones are ring - ing,
 at time. Hear ye not the cheer-ful song we're sing - ing,

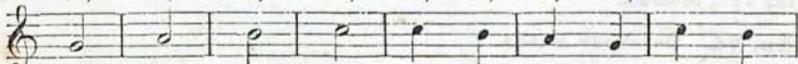


Come, ye tim - id ones, why still de - lay?
 Come, O, come, no lon - ger stay a - way.

The curved line under the last two notes makes them stand for one tone, and is called a TIE. The dots mean repeat.

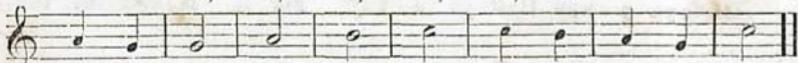
No. 11.

Sol, la, si, do, do, si, la, sol, do.



Raise your voi - ces free and full, yes, free and

Sol, la, si, do, do, si.



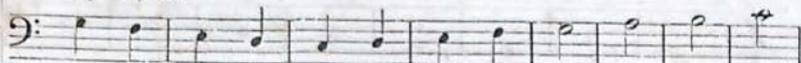
full, To praise our glad and hap - py sing - ing school.

After practicing the tones whose pitches are named B and C, and which are represented as to pitch, by the third line and third space, of the treble staff, and

the space above, and the first added line above, of the base, I would practice such lessons as the following:

No. 12.

Sol, fa, &c.



March a - long and nev - er fear, tho' we may fal - ter,
 at time. For our res - o - lu - tion firm, no one can al - ter,



In the way that we have start - ed here to - night;
 And the steps we take shall all be true and right.

I should now have the pupils sing the scale from C to C, both upwards and downwards, making use of the syllables, and trying to secure the following results: Good intonation (getting the pitch of each tone exactly right), good taking and using the breath, good uttering of the voice, and good enunciation, pronunciation and articulation. I should then say, you observe a completeness in this series of tones, from the lower pitch C to the upper pitch C. A series of tones having such a completeness is called a scale. A scale is a family of tones, eight in number, and as a family they have names that describe their family relations. These names are some of the names of numbers.

You notice that the tone whose pitch is named C (either the lower or the upper) has in this scale one peculiarity over all the others, viz: It is the most satisfactory as a stopping or resting place, or ending—indeed, a piece of music made of the tones of this scale could not sound finished or ended without it. This tone is called the key-note. The lower key-note is named one, and the upper, eight. The singular agreement between one and eight will be better understood by and by.

In one of the old musical systems of Europe the syllables do, re, mi, &c., are used as the pitch names of tones; but when the names of letters are the pitch names, as in our country, the syllables are no more the names of tones than the words of a piece of poetry would be. They are used when there are no other words to the music, chiefly for the benefit of the pronunciation, enunciation and articulation.

I should now name the tones, and have the pupils practice the scale, calling for the tones by their numeral names, and they singing them with the syllables.



Scale names,	One,	two,	three,	four,	five,	six,	seven,	eight.
Pitch names,	C,	D,	E,	F,	G,	A,	B,	C.
Syllables,	Do,	re,	mi,	fa,	sol,	la,	si,	do.

How many tones has the scale? What are their scale names? What is the pitch name of one? What is the pitch name of two? Of three? &c. It is common to drop this more correct phraseology (pitch name or name of the pitch) and say simply, the pitch; as for example, What is the pitch of one? What is the pitch of two? &c.

What syllables are sometimes used in singing the scale, and tunes and exercises made from its tones? Are syllables the names of tones? What is one or eight of the tones of the scale called? What is the pitch of our key-note? Is the scale a rhythmic, melodic or dynamic character?

All count one, two, three; one, two, three; one, two, three; several times together, evenly and steadily, about as fast as before. This is measuring time again, but now our measures have three parts instead of two.

After explaining the beating, I would have them sing four measures of quarter notes at about the pitch G, to the syllable "la," and would then say this is called Triple measure, that which we have been singing is called Double measure.

Now sing four tones, making each three beats, or one triple measure, long. These are named as to their length, dotted half notes, and the characters that stand for their length are called by the same name.

Sing eight triple measures. Let the first contain three quarter notes; the second, a dotted half note; the third, three quarters; the fourth, a dotted half; the fifth, sixth and seventh, a half note and a quarter each; and the eighth, a dotted half.

Although not generally necessary, it is customary to put two figures in the form of a fraction at the commencement of a piece of music, the upper to indicate the kind of measure made use of, and the other the kind of note that would fill

each part of the measure. (I will repeat here, that the larger portions of time called measures are subdivided into smaller portions called parts of measures, Double measure containing two of these smaller portions, and Triple measure three of them, and that for the present, each is occupied or filled by a quarter note or its value.)

The figure 2 stands for double measure, and 3 for triple. The figure 4 stands for a quarter note, and the figure 2 for a half note, and 2 with a dot after it (2•) for a dotted half. So $\frac{3}{4}$ means double measure, with a quarter note or its value occupying each part of the measure; and $\frac{3}{8}$ means triple measure, with a quarter to each part, or it may read three fourth (or quarter) notes in each measure. I would have the pupils name the tones of these lessons before singing them, and would use syllables before using the words set to them.

No. 13. TRIPLE MEASURE. TIME MARKS.



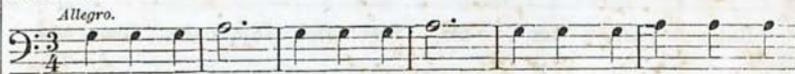
Now let the tones of the new measure ring, Clear - ly and cheer - ful - ly



join while we sing, For you will find it a ver - y good thing.

I want this next song to go faster, so I indicate it by the Italian word *allegro*, which means quick, lively. The speed we have been using would be indicated by the word *moderato*.

No. 14. MOVEMENT MARKS.



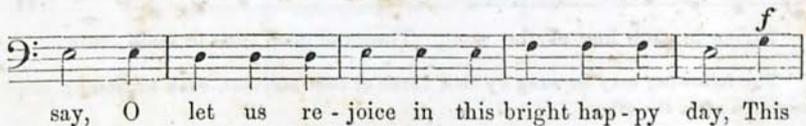
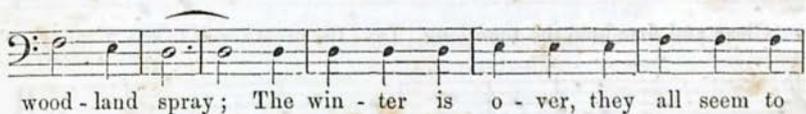
Haste ye a - way, Haste ye a - way, For it is com - ing, the



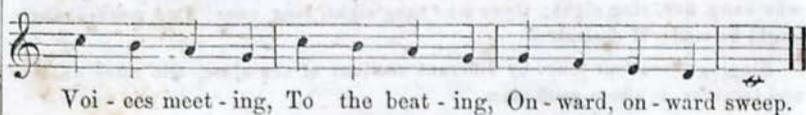
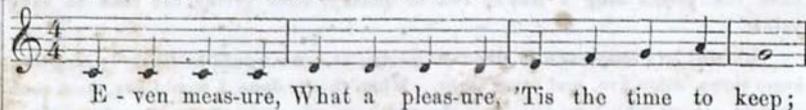
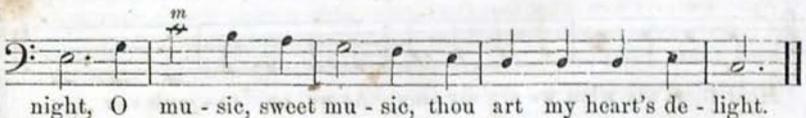
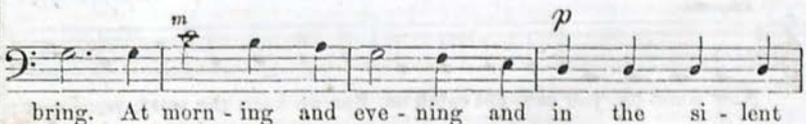
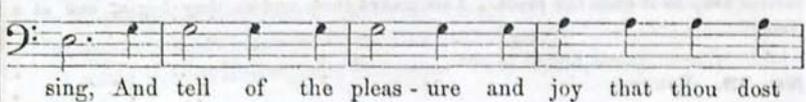
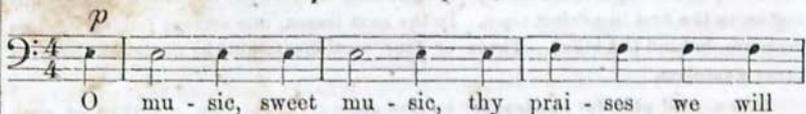
beau - ti - ful day O do not lose the bright hours by de - lay.

No. 15. I want this to go slower, so I write "*Andante*."*Andante.*

You have, probably, noticed that we are naturally inclined to give a little more force on the first part of each measure than on the other parts. This is called *accent*; and in order to make the accent of the music agree with the accent of the words, when the words begin with an unaccented syllable, the music has to commence on the last part of the measure. In such cases, the last measure of the piece always lacks as much time as is used before the first full measure commences. *Allegretto* means a movement not quite so fast as *allegro*, and a little faster than *moderato*. *f* means loud, and stands for *forte*.

No. 16. ACCENT. FORTÉ.*Allegretto.*

I would here introduce quadruple measure, and the whole note, in the same manner that triple measure and the dotted half note were introduced.

No. 17. QUADRUPLE MEASURE. WHOLE NOTE.**No. 18.** PIANO. The letter *p* stands for piano, which means soft.

I would now have the tones one, three, five and eight so practiced that the pupils may be able to sing them readily in any order. When they can do this, I should begin to prepare them for singing in parts. Among other plans, it is well to ask the pupils each to decide upon one of these tones, and at a signal to give them

all together with the usual syllables, or with a word agreed upon beforehand, such as Hail, Sing, Come, Go, Stay, &c., attending carefully to such matters of vocal culture as have been introduced. It would be an excellent plan to have the pupils sing a line or two of poetry, each giving the tone he sang before.

This will be pretty sure to give four parts; as some would be likely to sing one, some three, some five, and some eight. When this is done, I would say, now each change—those who sang one, sing three; those who sang three, sing five; those who sang five, sing eight; those who sang eight, sing one. Two more changes might be made, if desirable.

Singing these four tones by different sections of the class, one after another and together, is also a good plan.

In pieces called Rounds, one voice or set of voices commences after another; and the piece is repeated as many times as may be desired, the last measure joining on to the first in perfect time. In the next lesson, one section follows on, one measure behind the other. Three or four sections might be made for both of these exercises.

It is a good plan for the teacher to give some signal to stop, and then let each section stop as it ends the piece. This makes them end as they begin, one at a time.

No. 19. ROUND.



Now come on, you can - not catch us, For we have the start, you know;



Hear them say what we are say - ing, As we on to - geth - er go.

You observe that the following lesson begins with half a measure. The sections must, of course, commence in the same way, speaking the words "Follow me" at the same time. During the singing of these rounds, the teacher might vary the power by calling for or indicating the different dynamic degrees.

No. 20. ROUND.



Fol - low me, Fol - low me, Fol - low me, Fol - low me, Fol - low,



fol - low, fol - low me.

How many dynamic degrees have we now? What does *mezzo* stand for and indicate? What is its abbreviation? What does *forte* stand for and indicate? What is its abbreviation? What does *piano* stand for and indicate? How many parts has quadruple measure? What figure stands for quadruple measure? What for a quarter note? On what parts of quadruple measure does accent fall? (*Ans.* First and third, but not so strong on the third.)

I would introduce sextuple measure and dotted whole note, in the way already indicated. Sextuple measure is accented on the first and fourth parts.

No. 21.



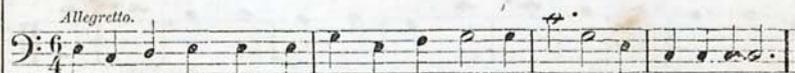
Clear and firm hold the tone long, Take the breath well to sus - tain;



Strive in each line of the song Time and good tune to main - tain.

The following may be sung by two, three or four sections, each beginning one measure after the other.

No. 22. ROUND.



Lit - the Phil. Prize, When he o - pen'd his eyes, Said ha! ha! 'Tis time to a - rise.

A character like a tie, when it is placed over or under two or more notes that are on different degrees of the staff, indicates that they are to be sung to one syllable. The character when so used is called a LEGATO MARK.

No. 23.*Andante.*

Sol, sol..... mi, sol..... mi, re..... mi fa..... re, fa..... re mi..... sol,



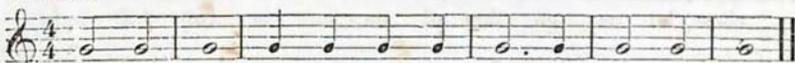
How calm, how sweet to rest, When toils of day are done, 'Mid



scenes we love the best, And watch the set - ting sun.

Which connects two notes on the same degree of the staff, the tie or the legato mark? What is the use of the tie? (*Ans.* To make two or more notes indicate one tone.) What is the use of the same character when used as a legato mark?

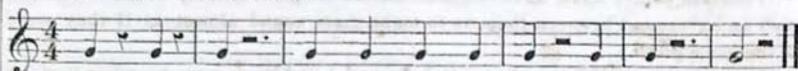
In the first of the following exercises, the pupils will readily see that the notes are too long to express the words well. They will, also, see that they cannot be shortened without destroying the rhythmic form of the exercise, unless some of the parts of the measures are passed over in silence. The explanation of the quarter, half, dotted half and whole rests, and the description of their appearance will follow very easily.

No. 24.

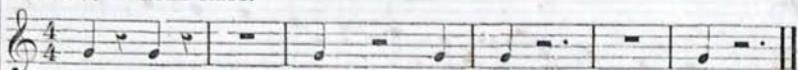
Hark! hark! hark! hear the dis - tant song, Oh, hark! hark! hark!

No. 25. QUARTER AND HALF REST.

Hark! hark! hark! hear the dis - tant song, Oh, hark! hark! hark!

No. 26. DOTTED HALF REST.

Hark! hark! hark! hear the dis - tant song, Oh, hark! hark!

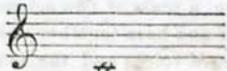
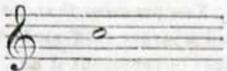
No. 27. WHOLE REST.

Hark! hark! hear the song, hark!

What are marks of silence called, in music? How many kinds of rests have we? What are their names?

I would now try to have the pupils understand about the difference in pitch that exists in the adult male and female voice; but in this, as in the other things to be taught, I would not announce my subject, for I would not needlessly throw away an element of interest and power, viz: *Curiosity*. It is better that the pupils should find out themselves what they are going to learn—watching the development of things is always interesting to them.

I would say, all sing eight of the scale. They would really be singing an octave apart—

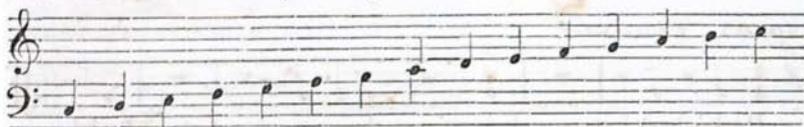
the male voices, thus:  and the female, thus: 

but most of the pupils would suppose they were singing at the same pitch. There are various modes of making the right of this understood. One very good way is to ask the ladies to sustain eight, while the teacher (a man's voice) sings from his eight up to theirs. The blending at the last will show that he started an octave below and came up to them. I would then have the men's voices sing their eight, and ask the ladies to give that exact pitch. Most of them would sing an octave too high at first; but all could soon be brought to see that their one is the same tone as to pitch with the eight of the men's voices.

Having practiced in various ways on this until the subject is clearly understood, I would say, when the men sing from the staff with the treble clef, they are not singing the exact pitch indicated, but what is called an eighth or octave below it. So, when the ladies sing from the base clef, they sing an octave above the real pitch indicated then.

Tones an octave apart have the same letters for pitch names, because there is such an agreement between them as to make them sound almost as if they were at the same pitch.

I would now exhibit two staves (a base and a treble) so near together that an added line between them might belong to either, thus:



But before writing notes upon them, I would say, let the men regard this added line as belonging to the base staff, and sing accordingly. Now, let the ladies regard it as belonging to the treble staff, and sing—now both together. Now, wherever I point, let me hear the exact pitch indicated, the gentlemen singing from the base staff and the ladies from the treble. I would then point successively to various degrees of the two staves, making the lesson more or less difficult according to their ability. After this I would represent the two scales with quarter notes, as in the foregoing example, and then have the pupils sing from the lowest to the highest notes, and down again, several times—the men singing on the base staff, and the ladies on the treble—singing together only on middle C (the name of the pitch represented by the added line).

You perceive that we now have, as it were, a scale of two octaves in compass, and a larger staff made by putting the treble and base together (with one added line) to represent it on. Now, regard the men's voices and the ladies' voices as one extended voice, and sing the following exercises, the men singing only on the base clef and the ladies on the treble (of course both singing on the added line.)

The character at the beginning that connects these two staves is called a BRACE. A whole rest is also called a measure rest, and is used to fill a measure in any kind of time.

No. 28. BRACE.



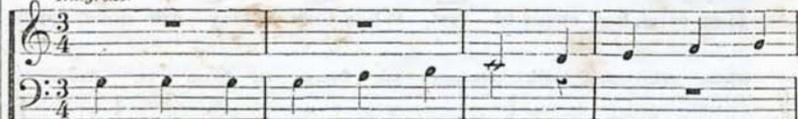
Sing we now the up-ward scale, Yes, sing we now the up-ward scale;



Down-ward, too, and do not fail, Yes, down-ward, too, we will not fail.

No. 29.

Allegretto.



Come let us wan-der, O come with me where the



sun-beams are spark-ling bright, Thro' mead-ow fair O



come, let us go, for all na-ture is full of light

No. 30.



Sol fa, ml, re, do, si, la, sol, do, do, do, do, do, do,

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

In the following lessons the male and female voices go together, each singing from the proper staff, but regarding middle C whenever it occurs as belonging to each.

No. 31.

Though now all to - geth - er, Still part - ed we must be; 'Tis

bet - ter for the voi - ces, And for the har - mo - ny.

No. 32.

When called a - while to part, How pleas - ant is the meet - ing, As

near - er and near - er, At last we give the greet - ing.

No. 33.

Come up, come up, Yes, yes, glad-ly. Do,

Come down, come down, Oh, yes, yes, glad-ly. Do,

si, la, &c.

re, mi, &c.

No. 34.

Good bye, Yes, yes, Yes, yes, we must

No, no, no, O don't go.

go and leave you, Good bye, good

Ver - y well, you stay there, and we will stay

bye, we are go - ing, we're go - ing to leave you.

here, And ev - er be glad to re - ceive you.

Hitherto the men have sung no higher than eight of their scale, or one of the scale represented on the treble staff. Let them now give that tone, and considering it one, go up the scale into the pitch of the treble staff, singing do, re, mi, &c. I would here point to the degrees of the treble staff, beginning at the added line below, and going perhaps to the third space (C), varying the exercise according to their ability. After which I would say—

As it would not be convenient to represent the higher tones of men's voices by notes on the treble staff, and so make it necessary to use two staves, we will represent them by added degrees on the base staff. I would here make a base staff and have the men practice their upper tones by pointing to the added lines and spaces. (I would here explain with regard to registers, which subject will be found treated of in another place with other matters of the voice.) It will, probably, be the case that some of their voices will have to change to the falsetto at two (D). Certainly, some will change at three (E), and more still at four (F), leaving but few that can sing five (G) in the chest register. I should caution the pupils against straining their voices—encouraging them, however, to sing the high tones by using the falsetto, a certain amount of cultivation in that register being good for all, although only used in fine singing, by a certain kind of voice. When this is done, I would say, those who can sing these higher tones (about F to G) without using the falsetto, may consider themselves tenors, or as possessing tenor voices, and in the following exercises may sing the upper part. The remainder of the men's voices may take the lower part, or, as it is commonly called, the base.

It might be well to have each part sung alone at first, with the syllables, and perhaps with the words—observing as the first and most important thing, all that has before been taught with regard to the cultivation of the voice, and questioning upon the lessons as may be necessary.

No. 35.



Come broth-ers, come, we must now be marching on;

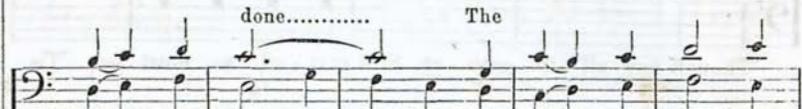


Firm be each step, al-though we tread the path a - lone.

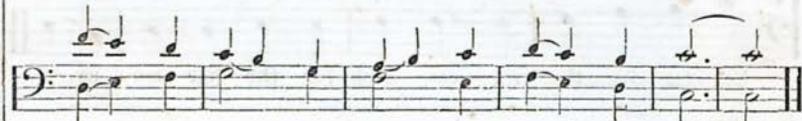
No. 36.



The shades of eve be - gin to fall, The reap - ers'



work is done, the beau-ti - ful birds of song to-



geth - er call While sinks the sum - mer sun.

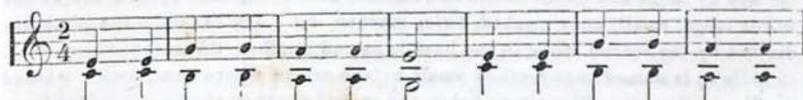
I would now have the ladies sing down into the pitch of the base staff, by considering what has been one to them—eight—making use of the syllables do, si, la, &c. I would have them practice a little while, indicating the tones they were to sing by pointing to the upper degrees of the base staff. I would then say, that those who can sing these tones firmly, say down as low as G, or five of the base scale, can sing what is called alto, or second.

This part cannot conveniently be written on the base staff, so the treble staff with added lines below is used. I would here make a treble staff with added lines below (like the following) and practice upon those lower tones by pointing.

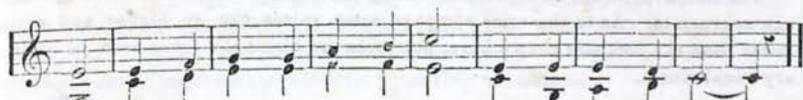
In the following exercises, which are exclusively for the ladies, let the alto voices take the lower part.

No. 37.

Moderato.



Sis - ters, sis - ters, nev - er fear, Give the tones both firm and



clear, For the har - mo - ny pre - pare, With the greatest care

No. 38.

Allegretto.



Dear friends are wait - ing to join in our song,



Wait - ing to join in the strain, Soon we will wel - come them



here to our throng, Wel - come them back a - gain.

No. 39. Sing each part with syllables, separately at first, then the two parts on each staff, then all together.



Now once more to - geth - er, We'll burst in - to a song, The



meas - ure gent - ly flow - ing The pleas - ant tones pro - long, Then



loud - er, and loud - er. Our mus - ic fills the air, And



ech - oes, and ech - oes, O'er hill and val - ley fair

gether. I would follow this up until the intervals can be given, not only in regular order, but in any order in which they may be called for; as for example, sing one and its second above, three and its third below, three and its third above, C and its fourth (if it is not specified which way the interval is to be reckoned, it is always understood to mean upward), C and its fifth, G and its second, G and its third, G and its fourth, &c.

All this work could not be done at one lesson, but might form a part of three or four. Such exercises as the following, interspersed, might also be useful. Before singing them, I would ask the pupils to name the intervals of which they are composed. Two tones at the same pitch are said to be unisons.

The bases will begin, and the tenors, altos and sopranos, join as they can. The altos will have to start in the base staff, and the tenors will go up into the treble staff. All this will be reversed in descending. I would not fail to ask questions on all important points after practicing upon them.

No. 40. SECONDS AND UNISONS.

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

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

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

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

No. 41. THIRDS AND SECONDS.

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

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

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

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

No. 42. FOURTHS AND THIRDS.

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

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

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

sol, do, sol, do

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

No. 43. FIFTHS AND FOURTHS.

Do, sol, re, la, mi, si, fa, do, sol, re, la, mi, si, fa, do, so',

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

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

sol, do,

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

No. 44. SIXTHS AND FIFTHS.

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

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

nth. According to this, there are but three different tones in the common chord, although by doubling them or adding their octaves, you may increase the number.

Vocal music is mostly written in four parts—one part for the soprano, one for the alto, one for the tenor and one for the base. Therefore, to give each part a tone, one of the tones of the common chord must be doubled, or its octave taken. We may have one, three, five, and one or eight; or we may have one, three, five and five (at the same pitch, or an octave above or below); or we may double the three, although that is avoided as much as possible. Now let us give this common chord of C in four parts, adjusting them so as to make the chord sound as well as possible.

Bases sing one, altos your three, tenors your five, and soprano eight. This would be represented thus, only I will write the chord several times, and add some words:



Sing we in har - mo - ny our na - tive land.

If any possible combination of the tones C, E and G will make the common chord of C, it follows that the common chord of C may have many forms. In the following lesson I give some of the forms that it may have within the vocal compass. Observe that all of the tones of this lesson are in the common chord of C. Please notice while you sing, whether you are giving the principal tone of the chord, or its third or fifth.

No. 26.

All:gratto.



See the bright sun in his glo - ry a - rise, Flood - ing with



ra-diance the earth and the skies; While from the mead - ow and



wood - land so fair, Sweet songs are fill - ing the



air; O, yes, Sweet songs are fill - ing the air.

Now let us take another tone of the scale, and build a common chord upon it. Let it be five—five of the scale is then promoted to be one of a chord, and as the pitch of five is G, the chord is named the chord of G. What is a third from G? or, if G is one, what is three? What is a fifth from G, or five, in the chord of G? The common chord of G is then composed of the tones G, B and D. All sing these tones, giving them one after the other; then, choosing which you please, sing them all together. You observe that the lesson consists of different forms of but one chord, that which is formed on G, or five of the scale. It will be an excellent plan to name the tones each part has, before singing (first, third, fifth, or one, three, five).

No. 47.

Allegretto.

Up - ward, still up - ward the sun mounts on high,

In the deep blue of the clear sum-mer sky, While from the

wood - land now clear and more strong, Sound-eth the for - est birds'

Yes, yes,

song; Sound-eth the for - est birds' song.

Let us now sing a song in which we shall have alternately the common chord of C and the common chord of G, or the chord formed on one of the scale, and the chord formed on five It will be a very good plan to name the chords before

singing. As the tone G belongs to both chords, when you see that note in the part you sing, you will have to notice the other parts before you can tell which chord it belongs to

No. 48.

Wel-come, wel-come, hour of song, Pleas-ant is thy sway—

At thy pres-ence, pure and bright, E - vil flies a - way.

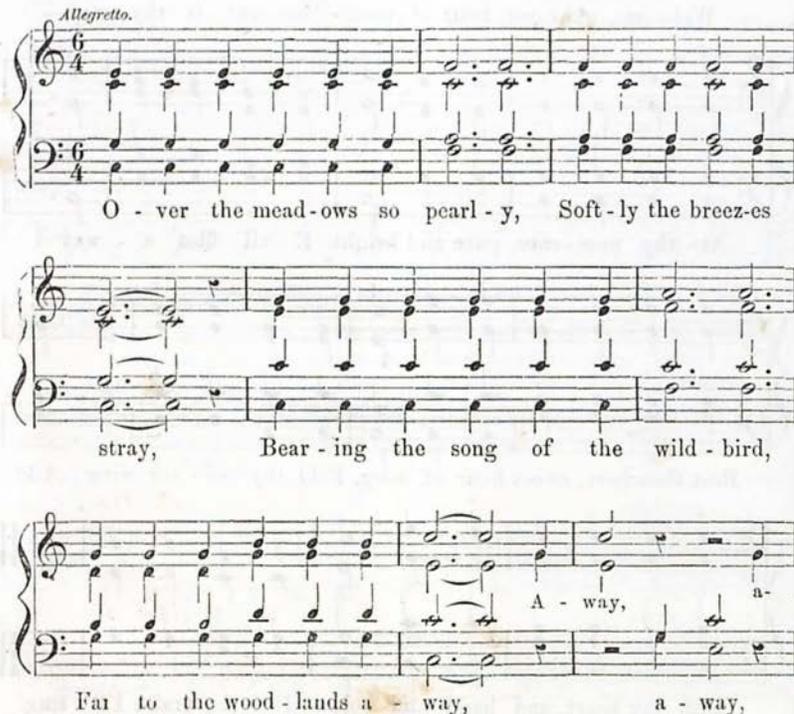
Rest thee here, sweet hour of song, Fold thy sil - ver wing; And

with my heart, and hand and voice, Glad thy praise I'll sing.

Let us now form a chord on four of the scale. All sing four, now a third above it, now a fifth. We see that taking four of the scale as one of the chord, one, three and five gives us F, A and C, or the common chord of F. I would now practice different forms of this chord in lessons like Nos. 46 and 47. I would then notice the fact that the tone C belongs not only to the chord of C, but to the chord of F (just as G belongs both to the chord of C and the chord of G); and would have the pupils name the chords in the following lesson, which consists of the three chords introduced—the chord on one of the scale, the chord on five of the scale, and the chord on four.

No. 49.

Allegretto.



O - ver the mead - ows so pearl - y, Soft - ly the breez - es
stray, Bear - ing the song of the wild - bird,
A - way, Far to the wood - lands a - way, a - way,



a - way, Far to the wood - lands a - way.

We could form a common chord on two of the scale, on three, and on six and seven; but the common chords of those tones sound very differently from those that we have; and as we do not use them for the present, we will not introduce them.

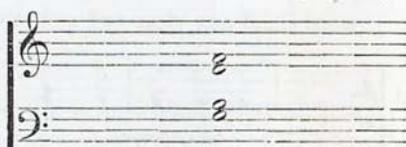
The key-note, in music, is sometimes called the Tonic, and the chord founded upon it the Tonic chord. Five of the scale is sometimes called the Dominant, and four the Subdominant; and the chords founded upon them are often called the Dominant and the Subdominant chords.

All sing the tonic chord. Take any tone you please; now again, singing the words "Hail! happy day." Sing the subdominant chord in the same way, now the dominant, and after that the tonic to end with.

You will find that it will not be satisfactory to close a piece of music on any other chord than the tonic chord. What tone of the scale is the tonic chord founded on? What the dominant? What the subdominant?

Bases sing one, of the dominant chord, tenors three and altos five (G, B, D).

We will now make a new chord, by having the soprano add F, or seven, to this common chord. This makes what is called the chord of the seventh, and would be represented thus:



You perceive that the chord of the seventh, unlike the common chord, has four different tones—the tone on which it is founded and its third, fifth and seventh; or it is like the common chord, only with a seven added instead of eight. The chord of the seventh does not sound well, founded upon the tonic or subdominant, so we shall use it for the present only on the dominant. The chord of the seventh may have more forms than the common chord, because it has more tones.

In the following lesson the tonic chord is occasionally introduced, because it is

not pleasant to stay too long at a time upon the chord of the seventh. It is, of course, understood that any possible combination of the tones G, B, D and F, is only the chord of the seventh of G.

No. 50.*Moderato.*

Now gen - tly flows the song, Now firm - er and more strong; Now

loud - er still with right good will the joy - ful tones pro-long.

It will be seen that the common chord is sometimes used without a fifth, and the chord of the seventh sometimes without a fifth, and sometimes without a third. This is done partly because it would not always sound well, and would be difficult to have a part (soprano, alto, tenor or base) jump about so as to make the chord full, and partly for other reasons which we cannot now explain.

No. 51.*Allegretto.*

1. Spring time is com - ing, and we will be mer - ry, Tra,
2. While we are sing - ing, the song - birds are call - ing, Tra,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la; Good-bye, De - cem - ber and
la, la, la, la, la, la, la; Sweet on the ear is their

cold Jan - u - a - ry, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
mel - o - dy fall - ing, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

What tones make the chord of the seventh? (*Ans.* One, three, five and seven.)
In the chord of the seventh of G, what is the pitch of one? Of three? Of five?
Of seven?

Please turn back, and sing again No. 39, and notice the chords. Is there a chord of the seventh in this lesson? Is it in the tonic, dominant or subdominant?

It may be well here to state, that all the different forms of a chord that can be made, while keeping the base one, are said to be differences of position, and that the differences made by changing the base are called inversions. When the base takes three, the chord is said to be in its first inversion; and when the base takes five, it is said to be in its second inversion. Since the chord of the seventh has one more tone than the common chord, it can have one more inversion. So, seven in the base in the chord of the seventh makes the third inversion. When the base is one, the chord is said to be direct.

POSITIONS OF THE COMMON CHORD.

TONIC.

1st position. 2d position. 3d position. 1st position. 2d position. 3d position.

DOMINANT. SUBDOMINANT.

1st position. 2d position. 3d position. 1st position. 2d position. 3d position.

INVERSIONS OF THE COMMON CHORD.

TONIC. SUBDOMINANT. DOMINANT. TONIC.

Direct. 1st inv. 2d inv. Direct. 1st inv. 2d inv. Direct. 1st inv. 2d inv. Direct.

INVERSIONS OF THE CHORD OF THE SEVENTH.

DOMINANT. TONIC. DOMINANT. TONIC.

Direct. 1st inv. 2d inv. 3d inv. 1st inv. Direct. Direct.

What tone of a chord decides its position, the highest or the lowest? What decides its inversion, the highest or lowest? What tone has the base when the chord is direct? What is the base in the first inversion? &c.

It will be an excellent plan to notice and name the inversions of the chords in the lessons that follow.

The Voice

It may be well to present here, in a condensed form, those points in vocal culture which, in addition to what have been mentioned, are useful for singers to know, and, as occasion may require, to practice.

The organs of the voice may be enumerated and defined as follows:

THE LUNGS.—Something like sponges that may be distended or compressed at pleasure, by filling their cells with air and breathing it out again.

THE ABDOMINAL and INTERCOSTAL MUSCLES, under and at the sides of the lungs, that do the work of distending and compressing them.

THE WINDPIPE or TRACHEA that goes from the lungs to

THE LARYNX (Adam's apple), in which are

THE VOCAL CHORDS, which consist of two muscles, something like lips, that when brought together, and the air forced between them, vibrate and produce the voice. The opening caused by these muscles is called

THE GLOTTIS, which may be called the mouth of the windpipe. If the tone could be heard just as it comes from the glottis, without a place to resound in, it would probably be anything but agreeable; but it passes into

THE PHARYNX, a flexible cavity, which may be seen just above the roots of the tongue, and there receives to a great degree its musical quality, and then to the mouth, where it may be formed into words.

BREATHING.—The breath should be taken by making the muscles, which are at the sides of the lungs and over the ribs, distend, drawing in and up at the same time the muscles under the lungs, as if one were trying to make the waist as small as possible. When the lungs are thus filled, they seem to press upward, and to be fullest and most distended at the top, which is the best possible position for managing the breath, and for giving the singer confidence that it will not give out. This latter condition is, however, not fully attained unless the use of the breath in singing be in the right way, and that includes the two following important things, viz: making use of as little breath as possible, and holding the abdominal muscles firmly in their drawn in position. In words, the breath should generally be taken only when marks of punctuation or rhetorical pauses would be proper. Taking the breath in the syllable of a word, or after unaccented words, should be avoided.

DELIVERY OF THE VOICE.—A good delivery of the voice depends upon adjusting the vocal organs for each word or vowel sound, so that there shall be no unnecessary obstruction by lips, teeth, tongue, or contraction of the throat. Some

of the words and sounds of our language are much better for forming and delivering the tone than others; still, the words should not be sacrificed to the sound, although they may sometimes render a good delivery difficult. Common faults in this matter are closing the lips or teeth too much, raising the tongue or drawing it back into the throat, and contracting the throat.

PRONUNCIATION AND ENUNCIATION.—Good pronunciation depends upon forming and giving the vowel sounds correctly, and good enunciation upon the distinct and correct utterance of the consonants. As more strength in the various muscles of articulation is required for singing than for ordinary speaking, frequent practice of the elements alone, separated from words, is very beneficial.

VOWEL ELEMENTS.—Give each vowel its exact sound, and see that the tones are well formed and delivered. Do not distend the pharynx, or in any way try to make the voice *emotional*, for there is here no emotion to be expressed. Simply see that the tones are given out without obstruction from lips, tongue or teeth, that the lungs are well and rightly filled, and the breath properly used, and that the vowel sounds are pure and exact. Sing two or more measures in a breath, if you can, but do not exhaust the lungs. Connect the four vowels well together.

(a as in fate, o as in meet.)



(a as in hat, o as in west.)



CONSONANT ELEMENTS.—Observe that you are to give the sounds that these letters stand for in the language, and not the names of the letters themselves. For instance, l indicates the first of the two elements that make the word "la," which is given while the end of the tongue is held against the roof of the mouth just back of the front teeth—the sound of which m is the sign, with the mouth closed;

n as in no, v as in vow, th as in thou, d as in do, b as in bow, g as in go, r as in row, which should be rolled or trilled, not much, but enough to give force and distinctness.



- | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 1. | l | l | l | l | l | l | l | l | l | l | l | l | l | l | l | l | l | l |
| 2. | m | m | m | m | m | m | m | m | m | m | m | m | m | m | m | m | m | m |
| 3. | n | n | n | n | n | n | n | n | n | n | n | n | n | n | n | n | n | n |
| 4. | v | v | v | v | v | v | v | v | v | v | v | v | v | v | v | v | v | v |
| 5. | th |
| 6. | d | d | d | d | d | d | d | d | d | d | d | d | d | d | d | d | d | d |
| 7. | b | b | b | b | b | b | b | b | b | b | b | b | b | b | b | b | b | b |
| 8. | g | g | g | g | g | g | g | g | g | g | g | g | g | g | g | g | g | g |
| 9. | r | r | r | r | r | r | r | r | r | r | r | r | r | r | r | r | r | r |

REGISTERS.—All singers can produce series of different kinds of tones, technically called Registers; and if they sing through the whole extent of the voice, cannot avoid making them. For example, a male voice beginning with a low tone cannot ascend to his highest without breaking more or less distinctly into a more feminine and fluty kind of tone, usually known as falsetto. It is a singular fact, that all voices—both of men and women—make the change of register in about the same place. All go from their lowest tone up to about middle C (say from middle C to the G next above), with a firm and masculine kind of voice, called the lower or chest register, then a rounder and more fluty kind of voice begins, and continues to about one octave above middle C; and this is called in women's voices the medium register, and in men's voices the falsetto. At about this point another change takes place, and the voice assumes again a firmer and more ringing quality, which continues upward through the remainder of its compass. This is called in women's voices the upper register, but in men's voices not named, as it is almost never used. Indeed, men use the second register, or falsetto, but little, and many low voices not at all—the lowest or chest register being that which includes almost all their available tones. Some female voices make excellent use of the few tones of the chest register that are allotted to the sex, while others use it too much and too high, and still others, who from natural organism or neglect, have so little strength in its tones, that they make but little use of it. The medium and upper registers are consequently the most important to the female voice. It is not desirable that the break from one register to the other should be removed, for by it beautiful effects are sometimes produced. The great work is equalizing these registers, and it is accomplished by practicing on the lower tones of the medium register, until they become more firm, like those of the lower, and modifying the upper tones of the lower register until they come nearer the quality of the medium. Those who sing alto are often tempted to carry the chest register too high, not only producing, in doing so, a harsh, masculine tone, but weakening the lower part of the medium register, and injuring, if not destroying the symmetry that should exist in every cultivated voice. The

practice of all the registers is excellent for every voice, if they are kept in their proper limits. No voice is injured by singing where it produces the tone easily; but the organs of the voice, like other parts of the body, may be strained and overworked, and as it were sprained and even broken.

QUALITIES OF TONE.—All persons who have the capacity to experience the different kinds or grades of joy and sorrow, fear, reverence, awe, &c., have the organs and powers for giving them exact and true expression, and the different sounds of the voice that are used for this purpose are technically called qualities of tone. The pharynx is the organ by which the qualities of tone are principally made, and when guided by right understanding of this subject, and accustomed to be shaped into the right form to express the emotions of the singer, becomes wonderfully sensitive to every shade of feeling. Some singers seem to adjust the pharynx to produce one quality of tone, and this they never vary except to make it louder and softer. If a base, he distends the pharynx, perhaps, so that he may get the large or deep quality that he delights in; and this prevails, whatever may be the subject of his song. Such a person seems always to be thinking of his voice, instead of what he is singing about, and, of course, never gives a true expression, excepting to words that belong to that quality. Another has a preference for a different quality; but his performance is liable to the same objection, if he does not change according to the emotion to be expressed.

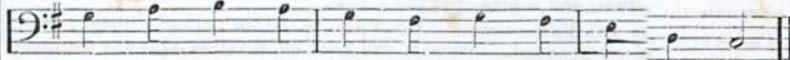
The foregoing subjects may be taken up at any time in the progress of a class, and practiced upon more or less according to circumstances. The opening of each lesson is a good time to do this; and a good way is, to have the teacher sing as he wishes the pupils to sing, and have them imitate. The exercise should follow from teacher to pupil without loss of time, and with constant variety. He can in this way give out just such tones and vowel sounds and words as are most needed, and in the way they should be done, and make the work more lively and interesting than by using either book or blackboard; or, he can call for tones of the scale (after they have learned the scale), making a point of whatever he is practicing.

This plan of alternate singing between teacher and pupils is excellent for improvement in all the points of vocal culture; and since music is so eminently an imitative art, is the legitimate and orderly way of making acquirement in it.

Transposition.

I should now take the pitch G, and, considering it in my own mind as eight of a new scale, would sing down, thus:  and then ask the pupils to do the same. Those who have not studied music before will be surprised to learn, that they are not singing F in their descent, but

in its place another tone, named F sharp. When this is made manifest, I should sing an exercise like the following, and ask if C is now a good home, or resting place or key-note.



(Observe, that the two preceding exercises are not written, but simply sung by the teacher.)

From this point it will not be difficult for the pupils to understand, that when F sharp is used instead of F, G becomes the key-note of a new scale family—that A, instead of being six, is two; B, three; C, four; D, five; E, six; F sharp, seven; and G, eight or one again.

As F sharp is much easier when sung in this way than when sung as a chromatic tone (sharp four in the key of C), I should say nothing about the chromatic scale here, nor should I explain it until after using all the intermediate tones, as they occur in the different major scales. I should, however, practice the chromatic and minor scale as well as the major, by imitation or rote, from a very early period of the school.

I should here explain, that the term KEY is sometimes given to the tones of a scale. The key of C, for example, consists of the tones A, B, C, D, E, F and G, with this difference, that these tones in any order, either of succession or combination, are still the key of C, while only a certain order of succession puts them into the form of the scale of C.

The key of G consists of the tones A, B, C, D, E, F sharp and G, in any order or combination they may have, while they form the scale of G only when they follow each other in intervals of seconds. We, therefore, speak of a tune or piece of music as being in the key of G, or the key C, rather than in the scale of G or C—the key-note, of course, giving the name to the key.

I would now practice in the key of G, by calling for various tones, the pupils applying “do” to one, “re” to two, “mi” to three, &c., bringing out the various intervals, and perhaps forming some of the chords.

It will be easily seen here, that the lines and spaces of the staff that stand for the pitch whose name is F, are of no use as they are now, because we have no such pitch in the key of G. From this it is easy to show, that the character called a sharp modifies those lines and spaces, so that they no longer stand for F, but for F sharp.

I would call attention of teachers to the fact, that it is much easier to sing F sharp as one of the tones of a diatonic scale rather than a chromatic tone; and much easier to represent it by modifying the line or space of the staff once for all throughout the entire tune, than to do so only for a measure or part of a measure, as is done by an accidental—consequently, that the key of G properly comes before the introduction of sharp four, or any other tone of the chromatic scale.

I should explain nothing more about this tone at present than that its pitch is between F and G—leaving the matter of steps and half steps until we get through the keys—the great point now being rather to learn the tones of which the different keys are composed, with their various uses.

It would be a good plan here to exhibit the tones of the key of G, that come within the vocal compass, and practice upon them by pointing—the base singing in their compass, the tenor in theirs, the alto and soprano in theirs.

G A B C D E F# G A B C D E F# G A B C D E F# G
 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
 Do re mi fa sol la si do re mi fa sol la si do re mi fa sol la si do

I should here explain, that the sharp is the signature or sign of the key of G, and that the absence of the sharp is the signature of the key of C.

If the pupils do not yet realize that they sing F sharp instead of F, it is easy to make it apparent by singing down from G, sometimes giving F, and sometimes F sharp.

If the teacher thinks best, some lessons like Nos. 28 and 29 (but written in the key of G) might here be practiced; after which we should be ready to form and practice the chords and pieces in four parts.

It will be remembered, that one in every key is the tonic, five the dominant, and four the subdominant, and that the chords formed upon them are called respectively the tonic, dominant and subdominant chords. It will interest the pupils to observe that the chord that was dominant in the key of C is here tonic, and that the chord that was tonic in the key of C is subdominant.

The dominant chord is the only new one to form in this key, and that is made by combining D, F# and A for the common chord, and D, F#, A and C for the chord of the seventh.

It would be well, before singing the next piece, to practice lessons like Nos. 46 and 47, made of the common chord of D.

I need hardly to say again, that it is very important to ask questions at proper times on the various topics of the lessons, not only to help fix in the mind the things that are studied, but to ascertain also if they are clearly understood.

It is extremely important that the pupils think while they are singing not only of each chord, but of the particular tone of the chord that occurs in their part.

No. 52. KEY OF G.
Moderato.

“SPRING HAS COME.”

1. Spring has come so fresh and fair, All hail! all hail! And sweet-est flow-ers scent the air, On ev-ery pass-ing gale.
2. Hear the clear and wel-come song, All hail! all hail! From out the mer-ry, war-bling through Of wood-land and of vale.

The chords of the foregoing song might be named in the following phraseology—“tonic direct,” “dominant direct,” &c.; and the last measure but one, “tonic first inversion,” “subdominant direct,” “tonic second inversion,” and “chord of the seventh, or dominant seventh.”

I would now introduce eighth notes and dotted quarter notes, and perhaps their corresponding rests; and would try to keep up improvement in all the things of vocal training and notation that have been brought in.

No. 53.

"TIS HOME WHERE THE HEART IS."

Moderato.

1. 'Tis home where the heart is! Aye, dost thou not know, Though Fate o'er the wide world may
 2. What though all so dark and so gloom - y our lot? What though we may dwell in the
 3. And though in a fair gild - ed pal - ace we dwell, Where mu - sic may weave its mel -

doom us to go; Though 'mid scenes of pleas - ure and beau - ty we roam, Yet, where - e'er the
 low - li - est cot? What though want, and sor - row and trou - ble should come? If on - ly the
 o - di - ous spell, With bright birds and flow - ers, and all things else fair, Still, if the heart

heart is, Oh, there is our home; Yet, where - e'er the heart is. Oh, there is our home.
 heart's there, 'tis home—Oh, 'tis home; If on - ly the heart's there, 'tis home—Oh, 'tis home.
 rov - eth, our home is not there; Still, if the heart rov - eth, our home is not there.

I would introduce the key of D in a way similar to that already described, || similar to those shown in the other keys, and then practice the following songs, having the pupils clearly understand that the tones A, B, C sharp, D, E, F sharp || naming the chords and attending to all the things of vocal culture and and G, constitute the key of D. I would sing the scale and lessons in this key || notation.

No. 54.

Mestoso.

WORK WHILE IT IS DAY.

1. Up, up and la - bor; canst thou rest? The morn - ing hours go swift - ly by, The sky - lark from her
 2. Up, up and la - bor; life's high noon Has passed al - rea - dy o'er thy head, The length - 'ning shad - ows
 3. Oh, la - bor not with hands a - lone, But with a warm and lov - ing heart; Make oth - ers' tri - als

dew - y nest, Long since has sought the smil - ing sky! Up, up and gird thine ar - mor on, Ere
 all too soon Will 'mind thee of the sun - beams fled. Up, up and la - bor for the day, Neg -
 all thine own, And no - bly bear of them a part. Oh, la - bor with thy mind and soul, For

yet the hours of morn are gone; Up, up and gird thine ar - mor on, Ere yet the hours of morn are gone.
 lect ed, wast - ed speeds a - way; Up, up and la - bor for the day, Neg - lect - ed, wast - ed, speeds a - way.
 soon thy feet will reach the gaol; Oh, la - bor with thy mind and soul, For soon thy feet will reach the goal.

What is the common chord on the tonic composed of, in the key of D? What is the common chord on the subdominant? What on the dominant? What is the chord of the seventh on the dominant?

When all the parts sing together (as to pitch), or in octaves, the passage is said to be in unison.

VARIETIES OF MEASURE.—I would explain here, that writers in some tunes take some other kind of note than the quarter to fill each part of the measure. There is no very good reason for this, in our ordinary vocal music; but as it is customary, we introduce it. This kind of sextuple measure is often indicated by two beats in the measure instead of six.

No. 55.

Moderato.

MAY.

1. Com - ing, thro' clouds and dark - ness, Com - ing thro' sleet and rain, Beau - ti - ful month of
2. Com - ing a morn of glo - ry, Com - ing a day of rest, Faith sees its gold - en

flow - ers, Hast - 'ning to us a - gain; Thought of the win - try hour—
prom - ise Break thro' the cloud - ed west; Star of the dark - est hour,

Cheer of the dark - est day— Com - ing, tho' tem - pests low - er, Beau - ti - ful month of
Beam - ing with death - less ray— Com - ing, tho' tem - pests low - er, Bless - ed e - ter - nal May.
May.

It is not necessary to show how I would introduce and practice the tones and chords of the keys of A and E, as the process is essentially the same as that which has been gone through.

If there is time, it would be well to introduce and practice some in the keys of B and F sharp, bringing in not only the tones which constitute these keys, but

the different positions and inversions of their tonic, dominant and subdominant chords, as it is desirable that singers should have some knowledge of these things in all the keys.

It is not, however, usual to write vocal music in these more remote keys, and I do not here take up the room to do so.

No. 53. KEY OF A.

"LET US REMEMBER."

Moderato.

1. Let us re - mem - ber when we roam, The friends we leave be - hind ; }
 And let our souls go forth to them In feel - ings pure and kind : }
 D. C. We should re - mem - ber hon - est friends Are far a - part and few. }
2. When - e'er we watch the even - ing stars, Ere yet the day has set, }
 Let us be - lieve that in this world Are hearts that won't for - get : }
 D. C. Let us re - mem - ber, friend - ship may Oft have a world - ly birth. }

And as our thoughts to them re - turn, Re - spon - sive, warm and true,
 And while we gaze up - on their rays Fast fad - ing from the earth,

What tones make the key of A? What is the signature to this key? What tones make the tonic chord? The dominant? The subdominant? Can you tell the name of each chord, and whether it is direct or inverted?

It is well to keep in mind, that *music* is learned through the ear—harmony as

well as the rest of it; and that chords that are known merely by the eye—that are not recognized when heard—are of very little use.

The effort of pupils to distinguish chords while listening to music is very useful, and, indeed, is the only training that makes practical harmonists.

No. 57. KEY OF E.

"DEAR FRIENDS, WE ARE GOING HOME."

Moderato.

1. We said that the days were e - vil, We felt that they might be few; For low was our for - tune's
 2. What need of the change-less sto - ry Which time hath so of - ten told, The spec - tre that fol - lows
 3. The springs have gone by in sor - row, The sum - mers were grieved a - way; And ev - er we feared to -

lev - el, And hea - vy the win - ters grew: But one who had no pos - ses - sions, Looked
 glo - ry, The can - ker that comes with gold: That wis - dom, and strength, and hon - or, Must
 mor - row, And ev - er we blamed to - day: In depths which the search - ers sound - ed, On

up to the az - ure dome, And said in his sim - ple fash - ion, "Dear friends, we are go - ing home!"
 fade like the far sea foam, And death is the on - ly win - ner— But, friends, we are go - ing home!
 hills which the high heart clomb, Have trou - ble and toil a - bound - ed— But, friends, we are go - ing home!

In introducing the key of F, after singing the scale, I should say, that the \flat times named B flat, and represented by those degrees of the staff which usually pite: between A and B, which is needed to make this scale sound right. is some- stand for B, modified for the purpose by the character called a flat.

No. 58. KEY OF F.

"BLOW! YE BREEZES."

Moderato.

1. Blow, ye breez-es ! sum-mer greets you, With her soft and ten-der heat ; Now her fair - y fin-ger meets you, Now her swell-ing puls - es beat.
2. Sweet-ly are her show-ers fall - ing, From the foun-tain far on high ; And the mer-ry birds are call - ing, As they roam the west-ern sky.

No. 59.

APRIL SHOWERS.

Fine.

D. C.

1. On the mead-ows and the moun-tains, Fall the pearly A-pril show'rs ; }
 Filling up the crys-tal foun-tains, Call-ing forth the sum-mer flow'rs ; } And there's mu-sic in the fall - ing Of the soft de-scend-ing rain,
 d. c. As the ech - o sounds are call - ing To the moun-tain and the plain.

2. O'er the valley, hill and prairie,
 Flies the swift-wind raven cloud,
 While the rainbow high and airy,
 Spans the roaring thunder cloud !
 And sublimely great the roaring,
 As the pealing grows more loud ;
 While the winged lightning's scaring,
 And the tear drops from the cloud

3. O'er the ocean and the rivers,
 Come the dripping vernal showers,
 Falling as the sunbeam quivers
 On the blooming thirsty flowers ;
 And the drops in beauty glisten,
 On the hillock—o'er the plain,
 While the birds attentive listen
 To the music of the rain !

4. O'er the lawn, the field and woodland,
 Come the sparkling diamond drops,
 Dancing on the lake and island,
 Spangling o'er the tangled copse ;
 While above the verdant sprouting
 Of the young and tender grass,
 Forest kings with joy are shouting,
 As refreshing showers pass !

No. 60. KEY OF B FLAT.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Allegretto.

1. Oh, the bells' sweet chimes are peal - ing, Gen - tly on the air they're steal - ing;
 2. Hark! a sim - ple lay they're chim - ing, Hear the wild con - fu - sion rhym - ing;
 3. List a - gain— those tongues are seem - ing, With a thou - sand voi - ces teem - ing—

Joy and love are now re - veal - ing; Puls - es throb in hope - ful feel - ing;
 Now in scale me - lo - dious climb - ing, Then a low and sil - v'ry tim - ing,
 Tell - ing that a star is beam - ing, Now from Ju - da's plain is gleam - ing—

To the mer - ry, mer - ry Christ - mas bells, To the mer - ry, mer - ry Christ - mas bells.
 Of the mer - ry, mer - ry Christ - mas bells, Of the mer - ry, mer - ry Christ - mas bells.
 O, the mer - ry, mer - ry Christ - mas bells, O, the mer - ry, mer - ry Christ - mas bells.

No. 61.

THE SKATER'S GLEE.

1. Fleet as the shadows glide Over the ice we fly, Swift as the swallows ride Under the starry
 2. Blu-est of skies above, Smooth-est of ice below, Bound to the steel we love, Ev-er and on we
 3. Shouting our words of glee, Sing-ing our songs of mirth, Hap-pi-er souls than we Nev-er were found on

sky, Ev-er-y heart beats high, Ec-sta-cy rules the hour, Thou-sands of forms sweep by
 go. Ov-er the gleam-ing floor, Ov-er the froz-en tide, Skim-ming the peo-pled shore,
 earth. On, like a pe-trel's flight, On, like the swift-est gale, On like the fly-ing light,

Show-ing their grace-ful power. Cur-ling, whirl-ing, Glid-ing, slid-ing, Ov-er the ice they sail.
 Mer-ri-ly now we glide. Cur-ling, whirl-ing, Glid-ing, slid-ing, Ov-er the ice we sail.
 Ov-er the ice we sail. Cur-ling, whirl-ing, Glid-ing, slid-ing, Ov-er the ice we sail.

No. 62. KEY OF E FLAT.

"I LOVE THE SONGS OF WATER BROOKS."

1. I love the songs of wa - ter brooks— The mu - sic of the birds— The whisp - 'ring breeze of
 2. I love e'en Au - tumn's mourn - ful wail O'er dead and dy - ing flowers— And win - ter's stern and

even - ing, And the mid - night's ho - ly words. I love to gaze on na - ture's robes, When
 low'r - ing brow And ic - y span - gled bowers. I love the dew - drop's spark - ling eye, Its

gay with flow - ery bloom; I love the fad - ing hues that mourn The ex - ile of the tomb.
 bril - liant hues di - vine; For heaven is mir - rored in each ray; Its truths in all things shine.

No. 63. KEY OF A FLAT.

THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

1. Here I come, creep - ing, creep - ing ev - ery - where, By ev - ery dust - y
 2. Here I come, creep - ing, creep - ing ev - ery - where, You can not see me
 3. Here I come, creep - ing, creep - ing ev - ery - where, When you are num - ber'd

road - side, Up - on the sun - ny hill - side, Close by the nois - y brook, In
 com - ing, Nor hear my low sweet hum - ming; For in the star - ry night, And
 with the dead, Low in your still and nar - row bed; Then in the spring I'll come, And

ev - 'ry shad - y nook; Lo! I come, creep - ing, creep - ing ev - 'ry - where
 in the morn - ing light, Still I come, quiet - ly creep - ing ev - 'ry - where.
 deck your si - lent home; Si - lent - ly creep - ing, creep - ing ev - 'ry - where.

If convenient, it would be well to introduce the keys of D flat and G flat, and practice a few lessons from them, that the pupils may have in mind the complete chain of major keys, and be prepared for the important exercise that follows, of transposing the scales in them.

As I have before intimated, I should practice the major, minor and chromatic scales by rote from an early period. Such practice is not only of great importance in the real work of learning to sing, and of training the musical perceptions, voice and taste, but may be made very interesting. The teacher sings such a tone, or phrase, or scale, or part of a scale as he wishes the class to learn, and they give it after him—first one, then the other (teacher and class), in perfect time—the teacher adapting his examples to their capacity and their needs, and drawing perhaps his examples and illustrations from the surrounding circumstances. This course keeps the work fresh and full of life, the teacher making constant variety in his examples, and the class watching with interest the new things that the teacher brings out, and always keeping themselves ready to “follow the leader.”

This is the best way to teach singing. Do I wish a tone delivered well? I do it myself, and ask them to do the same. So with breathing, vowel and consonant sounds, use of registers, qualities of tone, intervals, scales, time, expression, and in short, everything of music.

It is quite an art to do this kind of work, for it requires not only knowledge and musical skill, but fertility of invention, and great readiness and aptness in “turning things to account.”

It is an excellent plan to spend the first half hour of each lesson in “*viva voce*” (living voice) teaching and practice, and preparation for it on the part of the teacher will be time well spent.

If this course has been adopted, the pupils will now be able, probably, to sing the minor and chromatic scales, though, perhaps, without knowing the theory “rules” about them; but *singing* them being the great thing, learning their signs and descriptions will follow with little difficulty.

It is presumed that the pupils now know the tones that each key is composed of. For example, that the key of C is made of the tones A, B, C, D, E, F and G; that the key of G is made of the tones A, B, C, D, E, F sharp and G; that the key of D is made of the tones A, B, C sharp, D, E, F sharp and G; that the key of F is made of the tones A, B flat, C, D, E, F and G, and so on.

In the following lesson, which should be sung with the syllables and also with the vowel sounds, let the voices take either the lower or the upper scale, as may be most convenient, and let the time be perfectly kept.

Each scale is a *fifth* from the preceding one, excepting the scale of G flat which is at the same pitch with the one that precedes it (F sharp). This difference in *signs*, but not in *sound*, is called an enharmonic difference. Sing the scales one after the other without stopping between them.

Transposing by fourths should also be practiced. This takes you through flats first, and back through the sharps.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Each of these scales is composed, as you know, of seconds, but you may have not perceived that these intervals are not all alike. This, however, is the fact. In each of these scales there are some seconds that are but half as large as the others, or, in other words, between some of the contiguous tones of the scale the difference in pitch is but half as great as between others. For example, the difference of pitch, or interval, between three and four is but half as great as that between one and two, or two and three; so with regard to the interval between seven and eight. Why this is so, we cannot tell, any more than we can tell why two and two make four. It is a law that we accept; but, knowing the fact theoretically, we may, perhaps, perceive it by singing carefully any one of these scales.

I should now introduce the terms *step*, and *half-step*, as the names of these two kinds of seconds; and let me say here, that these terms, or similar ones, are necessary for describing not only the intervals of the scale (seconds), but the larger intervals that occur in chords.

Hitherto, in each piece that has been sung, there has been used only one key. A piece begins and ends in the same key, but another key is often introduced during its progress.

Going from one key to another during a piece of music is called *modulation*. Modulation is, therefore, indicated by changing the signification of the lines or

spaces of the staff somewhere *in the tune*, instead of at the beginning. The characters that do this are called *accidentals*, when so used.

If a line or space already modified by a sharp, or a flat, is to be restored to its original signification, a character called a *natural* is made use of. Sharps, flats and naturals, when used as signatures, affect the lines or spaces upon which they are placed, *throughout the tune*, or until contradicted by another signature, or by accidentals; whereas, the same characters when used as accidentals only affect the line or space upon which they are placed to the *end of the measure* in which they occur. This rule has but one exception, viz: when the last note of the measure is on the degree of the staff affected by the accidental, and the first note of the next measure is on the same degree, the effect of the accidental continues through that measure also, thus making it possible to continue the effect of an accidental through many measures.

The effect of an accidental may at any time be done away by another accidental.

In the following tune the introduction of the tones F sharp instead of F, brings in the key of G, which in this case continues through the second line.

The B flat near the end of the tune brings in the key of F, but the effect of that accidental does not continue beyond the measure in which it occurs.

No. 64.

"BREATHING SO SOFTLY."

Allegretto.

1. Breath - ing so soft - ly a - long the gay mead, The spring time is com - ing a - gain;
 2. Flow'r - ets a - wake in the sweet ver - nal air, And fling their new o - dors a - round;

Laugh - ing rills dance on the hill - side a - bove, And mur - mur a - way on the plain.
 Song - birds re - turn - ing from far dis - tant climes, With joy make the wood - lands re - sound.

A tone not belonging to a key may be introduced and passed over so quickly as not to give the impression of a change of key. For example:

Such tones are called chromatic tones. Taking any key and putting in all the chromatic tones gives us the chromatic scale. The scale we have already sung is called the diatonic scale.

O the glad day, O the glad day, When they came back from the war.

CHROMATIC SCALE. KEY OF C.

Do, di, re, ri, mi, fa, fi, sol, si, la, li, si, do. Do, si, se, la, le, sol, se, fa, mi, me, re, ra, do.

KEY OF D.

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

KEY OF F.

Do, si, se, la, le, sol, se, fa, mi, me, re, ra, do. Do, di, re, ri, mi, fa, fi, sol, si, la, li, si, do. Do, si, se, la, le, sol, se, fa, mi, me, re, ra, do.

Please observe, that sharps, flats and naturals do not affect the notes, but degrees of the staff, and that from the nature of the case chromatic tones cannot be indicated in a signature.

If the teacher thinks best to represent the chromatic scale in other keys, it can easily be done, though some of them will require the use of double sharps and double flats. Take away five in either of the keys that we have been using, and substitute a tone a half step higher, and a great change will be made; not only another key will be the result, but it will be a key of a different kind, more

sad and mournful. Take out G from the tones that make the key of C, for example, and put in its place G sharp, and you have a key of this kind. It is called a *minor key*.

The keys we have been using are called *major keys*. (There are no chromatic keys—chromatic tones may come into major and minor keys.)

Here is a tune in this minor key, that is made of the tones A, B, C, D, E, F and G sharp. See if you can tell by the sound what the key-note is.

No. 65.

GOOD-BYE, SWEET SUMMER.

Andante.

1. Sad - ly in a - round us the au - tumn leaves fall, While the dark clouds hang a -
2. Deep in the for - est the gloom - y winds sigh, Bird songs and flow - ers no

bove like a pall, Si - lence and gloom they are spread - ing o'er all.
lon - ger are nigh, Sum - mer, sweet sum - mer, we bid thee good - bye.

You perceive that G sharp, which is one of the tones of this key, is represented by an accidental, and not in the signature. One reason for this is, that relative keys may have the same signature; another is, that another kind of minor scale has G in it as well as G sharp.)

You have probably discovered, that the key-note here is A.

The key of A minor is said to be the relative minor to the key of C major.

Every major key has its relative minor, and every minor its relative major. That which is six in a major key is one in its relative minor, and that which is three in a minor key is one in its relative major.

The tones of the different minor keys put into scales are as follows.

(We will make use here of the harmonic minor scale only. There are others, but this is the best.)

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

la, si, fa, mi, re, do, si, la. La, si, do, re, mi, fa, si, la, si, la, me, re, do, si, la. La, si, do, re, mi, fa, si, la, si, fa, mi, re, do, si, la.

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

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

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

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

If the teacher now thinks best, he can form the common chord on the tonic, dominant and subdominant of each minor key, and the chord of the seventh on the dominant, just as in the major. After doing this, it will be well to form common chords on the remaining tones of the major scale. The example below will show them and their names; and it will be easily perceived that the submediant of

the major is the same as the tonic of the relative minor, and the supertonic of the major as the subdominant of the minor. It will be perceived that the chords formed on two, three, six and seven of the major scale are very different in their sound from those formed on one, four and five—they are more sad.

By examining the intervals of which chords are composed, it will be seen that

as the seconds which form the scale are of two kinds, so are the thirds and fifth, which form chords. The chords that have the smaller thirds are called minor chords, and the chord that has the smaller fifth is called the imperfect chord. The smaller third is called a minor third, and the larger, a major third. The smaller fifth is called an imperfect fifth, and the larger a perfect fifth. A minor third consists of a step and a half step, a major third consists of two steps; an imperfect fifth consists of two steps and two half steps, and a perfect fifth of three steps and a half step.

Tonic. Supertonic. Mediant. Submed't. Dominant. Subdom't. Subtonic. Tonic.

These new chords are used occasionally in the music we hear and sing, as also are one or two others not here explained; but the great body of all our music, both vocal and instrumental, is made of tonic, dominant and subdominant harmonies.

It may be well to mention here, that the chord on two of the scale (supertonic) is most commonly used in its first inversion and near the close of a strain or piece (it occurs to the word "To"), thus:

Loud To thee we sing.

When you come across a chord that is neither tonic, dominant or subdominant, it will, perhaps, interest you to analyse and place it. To do this, it will be well to keep in mind that the chord of the seventh *may be* formed on any tone of the scale, and that all these chords have different positions and inversions.

We have not room to carry this subject of harmony further in this book; but it is believed the careful student will here get enough knowledge of the subject to understand the construction of most of the pieces that he has occasion to sing. It only remains here to say, that the tenor part is usually printed on the treble staff, and that one staff is given to each part. This arrangement, if not quite so convenient for seeing the harmony, or for playing, is generally considered more convenient for singing.

No. 66.

THROUGH THE KEYS.

Moderato.

Yes, yes,

Let us sing thro' the ma - jor keys; yes, yes, let us

Yes, yes, but keep the

sing thro' all the ma - jor keys.

time, and the pitch, and mark well the chords we

Yes, yes, yes, yes,

sing.

Yes, yes, and mark well the chords we sing.

This is the key of C.

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

Detailed description: This block shows the musical notation for the C major key signature. It consists of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The time signature is 4/4. The melody in the treble clef starts on middle C (C4) and moves up stepwise to F4. The bass line starts on C3 and moves up stepwise to F3. The lyrics 'This is the key of C.' are written below the treble staff, and 'Do, si, do, re, mi, fa.' are written below the bass staff.

This is the key of E.

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

Detailed description: This block shows the musical notation for the E major key signature. It consists of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The time signature is 4/4. The melody in the treble clef starts on E4 and moves up stepwise to A4. The bass line starts on E3 and moves up stepwise to A3. The lyrics 'This is the key of E.' are written below the treble staff, and 'Do, si, do, re, mi, fa.' are written below the bass staff.

This is the key of G.

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

Detailed description: This block shows the musical notation for the G major key signature. It consists of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is 4/4. The melody in the treble clef starts on G4 and moves up stepwise to D5. The bass line starts on G3 and moves up stepwise to D4. The lyrics 'This is the key of G.' are written below the treble staff, and 'Do, si, do, re, mi, fa.' are written below the bass staff.

This is the key of B.

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

Detailed description: This block shows the musical notation for the B major key signature. It consists of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The time signature is 4/4. The melody in the treble clef starts on B4 and moves up stepwise to E5. The bass line starts on B3 and moves up stepwise to E4. The lyrics 'This is the key of B.' are written below the treble staff, and 'Do, si, do, re, mi, fa.' are written below the bass staff.

This is the key of D.

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

Detailed description: This block shows the musical notation for the D major key signature. It consists of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The time signature is 4/4. The melody in the treble clef starts on D4 and moves up stepwise to G4. The bass line starts on D3 and moves up stepwise to G3. The lyrics 'This is the key of D.' are written below the treble staff, and 'Do, si, do, re, mi, fa.' are written below the bass staff.

This is the key of F sharp.

Do, re, mi, re.

Detailed description: This block shows the musical notation for the F sharp major key signature. It consists of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The time signature is 4/4. The melody in the treble clef starts on F#4 and moves up stepwise to A4. The bass line starts on F#3 and moves up stepwise to A3. The lyrics 'This is the key of F sharp.' are written below the treble staff, and 'Do, re, mi, re.' are written below the bass staff.

This is the key of A.

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

Detailed description: This block shows the musical notation for the A major key signature. It consists of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The time signature is 4/4. The melody in the treble clef starts on A4 and moves up stepwise to E5. The bass line starts on A3 and moves up stepwise to E4. The lyrics 'This is the key of A.' are written below the treble staff, and 'Do, si, do, re, mi, fa.' are written below the bass staff.

This is the key of G flat.

Do, re, mi, fa.

Detailed description: This block shows the musical notation for the G flat major key signature. It consists of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb). The time signature is 4/4. The melody in the treble clef starts on Gb4 and moves up stepwise to Bb4. The bass line starts on Gb3 and moves up stepwise to Bb3. The lyrics 'This is the key of G flat.' are written below the treble staff, and 'Do, re, mi, fa.' are written below the bass staff.

This is the key of D flat.

Do, re, mi, fa.

Detailed description: This block contains a musical exercise for the key of D flat. It features a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody in the treble clef consists of quarter notes: D4, Eb4, F4, G4, A4, Bb4, C5, and a whole rest. The bass line consists of quarter notes: F3, G3, Ab3, Bb3, C4, D4, Eb4, and a whole rest.

This is the key of F. Home a-gain to the

Do, si, la.

Detailed description: This block contains a musical exercise for the key of F. It features a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has one flat (Bb), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody in the treble clef consists of quarter notes: F4, G4, Ab4, Bb4, C5, Bb4, Ab4, G4, F4, and a whole rest. The bass line consists of quarter notes: F3, G3, Ab3, Bb3, C4, Bb3, Ab3, G3, F3, and a whole rest.

This is the key of A flat.

Do, re, mi, fa.

Detailed description: This block contains a musical exercise for the key of A flat. It features a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has three flats (Bb, Eb, Ab), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody in the treble clef consists of quarter notes: A3, Bb3, C4, D4, Eb4, F4, G4, and a whole rest. The bass line consists of quarter notes: F3, G3, Ab3, Bb3, C4, D4, Eb4, and a whole rest.

key of C, to the key, to the key of C.

Detailed description: This block contains a musical exercise for the key of C. It features a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has no flats, and the time signature is 4/4. The melody in the treble clef consists of quarter notes: C4, D4, E4, F4, G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4, and a whole rest. The bass line consists of quarter notes: C3, D3, E3, F3, G3, A3, B3, C4, B3, A3, G3, F3, E3, D3, C3, and a whole rest.

VOCALIZING EXERCISES.

This is the key of E flat.

Do, re, mi, fa.

Detailed description: This block contains a musical exercise for the key of E flat. It features a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has three flats (Bb, Eb, Ab), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody in the treble clef consists of quarter notes: E3, F3, G3, Ab3, Bb3, C4, D4, and a whole rest. The bass line consists of quarter notes: C3, D3, E3, F3, G3, Ab3, Bb3, and a whole rest.

1. 2.

Detailed description: This block contains two vocalizing exercises, labeled 1 and 2. Exercise 1 is a single melodic line in the treble clef, 4/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of a series of eighth notes: Bb4, C5, D5, E5, F5, G5, A5, Bb5, C6, Bb5, A5, G5, F5, E5, D5, C5, Bb4. Exercise 2 is a similar melodic line, also in the treble clef, 4/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of a series of eighth notes: Bb4, C5, D5, E5, F5, G5, A5, Bb5, C6, Bb5, A5, G5, F5, E5, D5, C5, Bb4.

Sing with vowel sounds for flexibility of voice, and with syllables for distinctness and facility in articulation. May be repeated several times before singing the last note. Not so fast as to be indistinct.

3.

Detailed description: This block contains vocalizing exercise 3, a single melodic line in the treble clef, 4/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of a series of eighth notes: Bb4, C5, D5, E5, F5, G5, A5, Bb5, C6, Bb5, A5, G5, F5, E5, D5, C5, Bb4.

Endeavor to fill the lungs thoroughly, and without noise, however short the time for taking the breath.

Sometimes loud, and sometimes soft; sometimes increasing, and sometimes diminishing.

4.

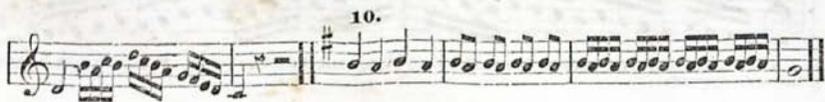
Detailed description: This block contains vocalizing exercise 4, a single melodic line in the treble clef, 4/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of a series of eighth notes: Bb4, C5, D5, E5, F5, G5, A5, Bb5, C6, Bb5, A5, G5, F5, E5, D5, C5, Bb4.

These lessons should sometimes be sung in G or A, to suit the lower voices. Be careful not to force the voice upwards.

This is the key of B flat.

Do, re, mi, fa.

Detailed description: This block contains a musical exercise for the key of B flat. It features a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody in the treble clef consists of quarter notes: B3, C4, D4, Eb4, F4, G4, Ab4, and a whole rest. The bass line consists of quarter notes: F3, G3, Ab3, Bb3, C4, D4, Eb4, and a whole rest.



SYLLABIC COMBINATIONS.

PARTLY FROM "RUSSETT'S ELEMENTS OF MUSICAL ARTICULATION."

[The common faults in the enunciation of syllables, consist in a slack, obscure articulation of the single elements of which they are composed, and, in addition, the fault of negligently allowing a vowel sound to intervene between the consonants; thus, "lala" for bla. It is undoubtedly one of the greatest faults of our language, that it abounds in unmusical collocations in the sounds of letters and syllables. But true taste will never allow this fact to excuse a slovenly style of articulation, but will always maintain a neat, clear, and exact sound of every element, in whatever combination it may occur.]

Blame, bleed, blithe, blow, blew, black, bled,
bliss, blot, blood, blind, blest.
Claim, clean, clime, close, clew, clap, cleft, cliff,
clot, clutch, cloy, cloud.
Flame, flee, fly, flow, flew, flat, flock, flit, flock,
flute, flood, flower.
Glare, gleam, glide, glow, gloom, glad, glim,
gloss, glut, glass, glimpse, glance.
Place, sleep, slide, slow, slack, slept, slip, slew.
Spleen, display, splendor, explore.
Brave, bread, brink, broke, brisk, brow, brook.
Crave, creep, cried, croak, crest, crook, crop,
crust.
Dram, dream, dry, drove, drag, dread, drip, drop,
draw, droop, drug, drown.
Frame, free, fro, fruit, fret, froth, frown, freeze.
Grain, green, grind, groan, grand, grim, ground,
graft.
Pray, preach, pry, prone, pride, prove, proud,
prow.
Spray, spring, sprung, sprang.
Trace, tree, try, trust, track, tread, trip, true.
Stray, street, strife, strown, struck, stream,
strongth.
Shrine, sbrend, shrub, shriek.
Small, smite, smoke, smooth, smile, smote, smear.
Snare, sneer, snow, snug.
Space, speed, spike, spoke, spare, sped, split,
spear.
Stay, steer, stile, store, stack, step, stick, stop.
Bold, halled, called, held, filled, tolled, celled,
pulled, howled, spoiled, hurried, world.
Elf, wolf, gulf, slyph. Milk, silk, bulk, hulk.
Elm, helm, wheim, film. Help, gulp, alp, scalp.
Falls, tells, fills, hills, feels, tools, howls, toils.
Fault, melt, bolt, hit.

Elve, delve, heive, selves, twelve, valve, devolve
revolve.
Maimed, claimed, climbed, gloomed.
Fleams, streams, slimes, stems.
And, band, hand, land, lined, moaned, pained
crowned.
Gains, dens, gleans, vines, groans, screens, wins
suns.
Bank, dank, drink, link.
Dance, glance, hence, what, co, once, since, wine
ounce.
Ant, want, gaunt, haunt, sent, went, joint, point
Barb, erb, orb, curb, barb'd, orb'd, curb'd, dit
turb'd.
Hard, herd, hir'd, board, lord, gourd, bar'd, barr'
Hark, lark, jerk, stork, work, mark'd, jerk'
work'd.
Arm, harm, farm, alarm, arm'd, harm'd, farm'
alarm'd.
Earn, learn, scorn, thorn, burn, turn, worn
shorn, carn'd, scorn'd, burn'd, turn'd.
Hearse, verse, force, horse, dar'st, burst, fir
worst, hears'd, vers'd, forc'd, hors'd.
Bars, bears, hears, wears, pairs, tares, snares, r
pairs.
Mart, dart, start, hurt.
Carve, curve, serve, starve, carv'd, curv'd, serv'
starv'd.
Chasm, schism, prism.
Reas'n, seas'n, ris'n, chos'n.
Asp, clasp, gasp, wasp, lis'p, crisp.
Past, mast, last, nest, dust, lost, mist, west.
Makes, quakes, likes, strikes, looks, strokes, rick
rocks.
Quak'd, wak'd, lik'd, look'd, rock'd, shock'd, i
ject.
Waft, quaff'd, laugh'd, oft, left, sift soft, scoff'
Pip'd, ripp'd, supp'd, slop'd.
Op'n, happ'n, weap'n, rip'n.
Tak'n, wak'n, weak'n.
Sadd'n, gladd'n, lad'n, burd'n, hard'n, wid
hidd'n.
Ev'n, heav'n, giv'n, driv'n, wov'n, grav'n, leav
ov'n.
Call'st, heal'st, tell'st, fill'st, roll'st, pull'st,
veal'st.
Can'st, runn'st, gain'st, rain'st.
Durst, first, worst, erst, barr'st, car'st, hir'
lur'st.
Mid'st, call'd'st, fill'd'st, roll'd'st.
Heard'st, guard'st, reward'st, discard'st.
Arm'd'st, harm'd'st, charm'd'st, form'd'st.
Learn'd'st, scorn'd'st, turn'd'st, burn'd'st.
Able, feeble, bible, double, troubl'd, bubb
doubl'd.
Ample, steeple, triple, topple, tripp'd, dapp
cripp'd.
Cradle, saddle, idle, bridle.
Muri, harl, whirl, fairl, world, hurl'd, whirl
furl'd.
Rings, wrongs, hangs songs.
Hang'st, sing'st, wrong'st, bring'st.
Wrong'd, hang'd, clang'd.

IF I WERE A SUNBEAM.

Allegretto.

Words by "LUCY LARCOM."

Mr.

1. If I were a sun-beam, I know what I would do; I'd seek the whit-est lil-ies The rain-y wood-lands through:

Alto.

2. If I were a sun-beam, I know where I would go; In-to the low-liest hov-els All dark with want and wo,

Tenor

3. Art thou not a sun-beam, O child, whose life is glad With still an in-ner ra-diance That sun-shine nev-er had?

Steal-ing in a-mong them, The soft-est light I'd shed, Un-til each grace-ful lil-y Raised its droop-ing head.

Until sad hearts looked up-ward I there would shine—and shine! Then they would think of heav-en, Their sweet home and mine.

As the Lord hath blessed thee, O scat-ter rays di-vine! For there can be no sun-beam, But must die, or shine!

LET IT PASS.

"Let former grudges pass."—Shakspeare

Music by C. H. GREENE.

Air *mf*

1. Be not swift to take of - fense; Let it pass, let it pass, let it pass. An - ger is a

Alto

2. Ech - o not an ang - ry word; Let it pass, let it pass, let it pass. Think how oft - en

Tenor

3. If for good you've tak - en ill; Let it pass, let it pass, let it pass. Oh! be kind and

Bass

f

foe to sense, Let it pass, let it pass, let it pass. Brood not dark - ly o'er a wrong,

you have erred; Let it pass, let it pass, let it pass. Since our joys must pass a way,

gen - tle still; Let it pass, let it pass, let it pass. Time at last makes all things straight,



Which will dis - ap - pear ere long; Rath - er sing this chee - ry song—Let it pass, let it pass, let it pass.

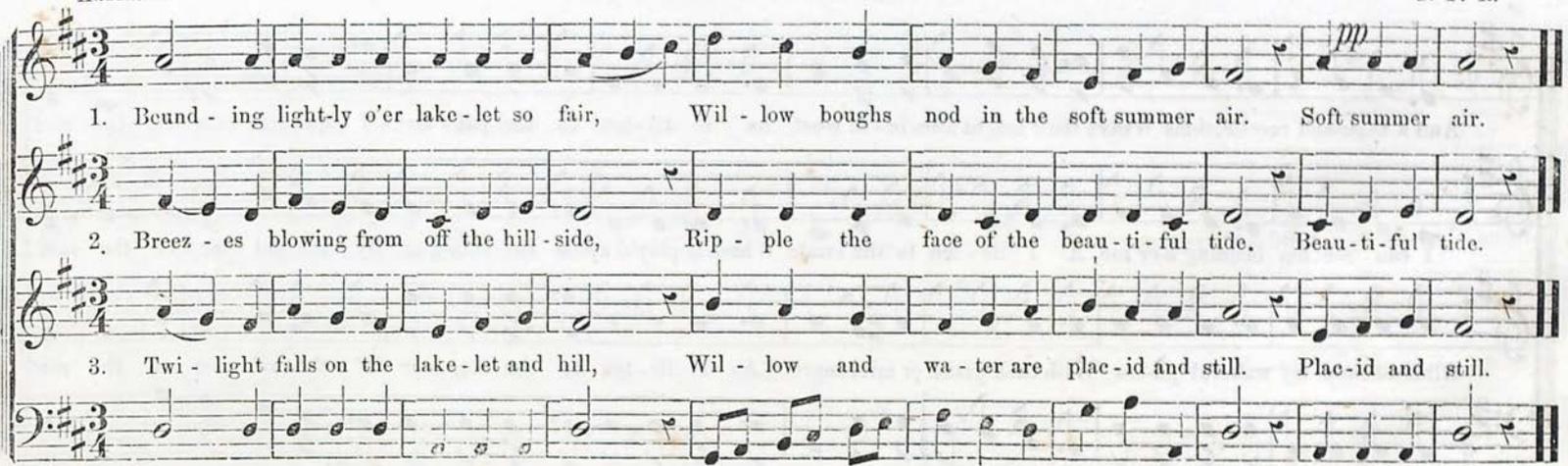
Like the dew-drops on the spray, Wherefore should our sor - rows stay? Let it pass, let it pass, let it pass.

Let us not re - sent, but wait, And our tri - umph shall be great; Let it pass, let it pass, let it pass.

Andantino.

THE LAKELET.

G. F. R.



1. Bound - ing light-ly o'er lake-let so fair, Wil - low boughs nod in the soft summer air. Soft summer air.

2. Breez - es blowing from off the hill - side, Rip - ple the face of the beau - ti - ful tide. Beau - ti - ful tide.

3. Twi - light falls on the lake - let and hill, Wil - low and wa - ter are plac - id and still. Plac - id and still.

RAIN ON THE ROOF.

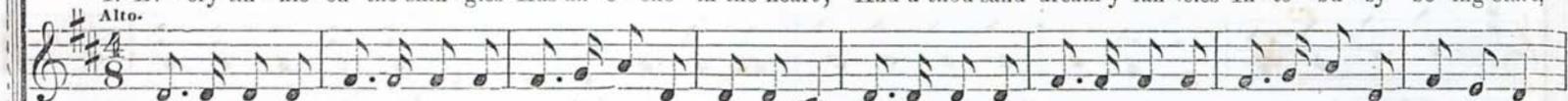
Marcato.

Air.



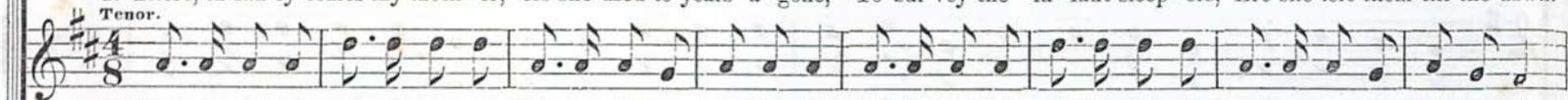
1. Ev - ry tin - kle on the shin - gles Has an e - cho in the heart; And a thou - sand dream y fan - cies In - to bu - sy be - ing start,

Alto.

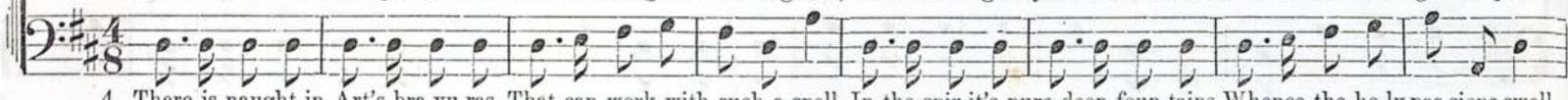


2. There, in fan - cy comes my moth - er, As she used to years a - gone, To sur - vey the in - fant sleep - ers, Ere she left them till the dawn.

Tenor.



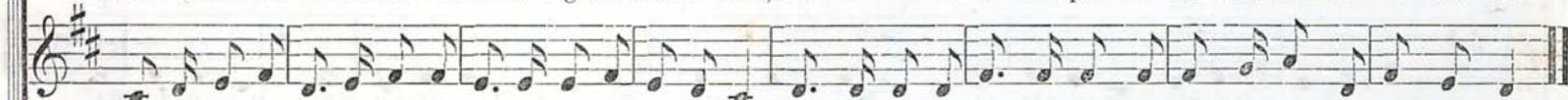
3. Then my lit - tle ser - aph sis - ter, With her wings and wav - ing hair, And her bright - eyed cherub - brother—A se - rene, an - gel - ic pair—



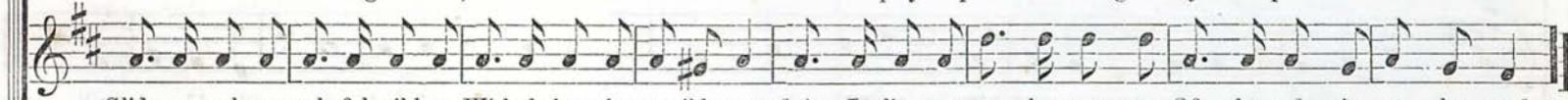
4. There is naught in Art's bra - vu - ras That can work with such a spell In the spir - it's pure deep foun - tains, Whence the ho - ly pas - sions swell,



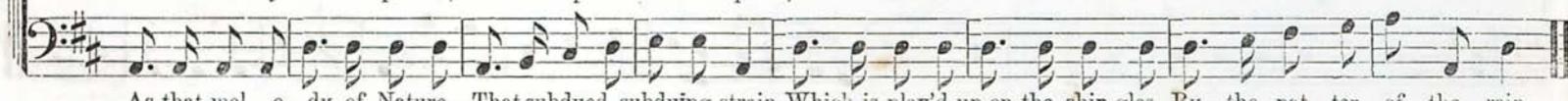
And a thousand recollections Weave their bright hues in - to woof, As I lis - ten to the pat - ter Of the soft rain on the roof.



I can see her bending o'er me, As I lis - ten to the strain Which is play'd up - on the shin - gles By the pat - ter of the rain.



Glide a - round my wakeful pil - low, With their praise or mild reproof, As I lis - ten to the mur - mur Of the soft rain on the roof.



As that mel - o - dy of Nature—That subdued, subduing strain Which is play'd up - on the shin - gles By the pat - ter of the rain.

Allegretto

R

Air.

1. Ra - dant from thy throne of morn, Sum - mer come! Spring has wreath'd the blos-som'd thorn, Sum - mer come;

Alto.

2. Whith - er would'st thou wing so soon? Sum - mer, stay! What tho' fled each fleet - ing boon? Sum - mer, stay;

Tenor.

3. She is gone, her reign was brief, Au - tumn shades! Field with vale and gold - en sheaf, Slow - ly fades!

Base.

Come, there's glo-ry on the lea, Song of in - sect, bird and bee— Earth is call - ing but for thee— Summer come!

In thy bright home love was cast, Link some feel - ing to the past, Leave us not to meet the blast, Summer, stay!

While the short'ning day a - far Com - eth on its cloud - y ear, And 'mid el - e - men - tal war, Cold in - vades.

OVER THE SNOW.

R. S. TAYLOR.

Air.

1. O - ver an o - cean of spark - ling snow, Mer - ri - ly O, Mer - ri - ly O,

Alto.

2. Un - der a can - o - py gemmed with the light, Mer - ri - ly O, Mer - ri - ly O,

Tenor.

3. Min - gling our sing - ing with jing - ling of bells, Mer - ri - ly O, Mer - ry - ly O,

Swift as a bird in its flight we go, Mer - ri - ly, Mer - ri - ly O.

Speed we a - way on our path-way bright, Mer - ri - ly, Mer - ri - ly O.

O - ver the val - ley our mu - sic swells, Mer - ri - ly, Mer - ri - ly O.

OVER THE SNOW.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Mer - ri - ly, Mer - ri - ly O,..... Mer - ri - ly, Mer - ri - ly O—

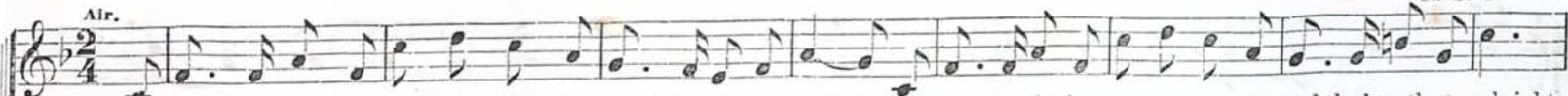
Mer - ri - ly, Mer - ri - ly O,..... Mer - ri - ly, Mer - ri - ly O—

Second time pp

O - ver the snow, Swift - ly we go, Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly O.

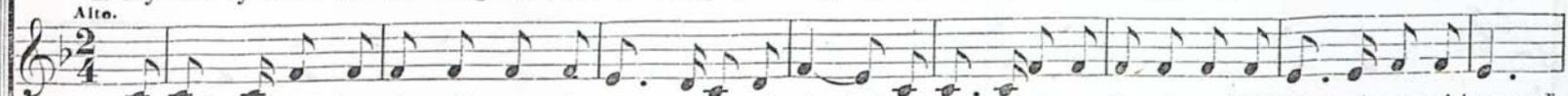
O - ver the snow, Swift - ly we go, Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly O.

Air.



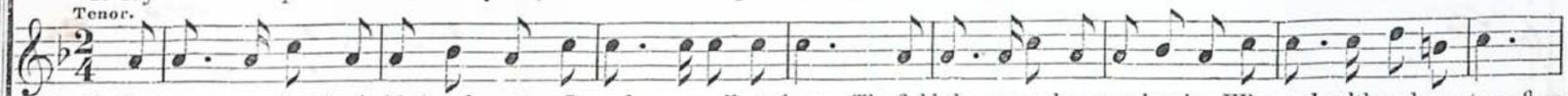
1. My wea - ry heart is wan - d'ring home, Is wan - d'ring home to-night; I join a - gain the mer - ry group, Around the hearth - stone bright;

Alto.

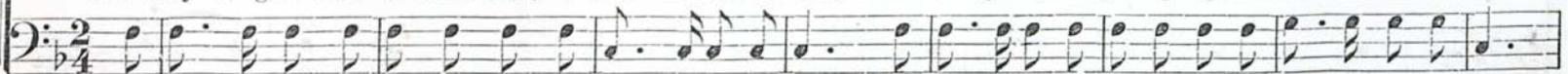


2. My soul has leaped the mist of years, As sun - beams leap the cloud; Of broth - ers, sis - ters, moth - er, home, Thick thronging mem'ries crowd;

Tenor.



3. I stray a - gain thro' old time haunts, I used so well to know, The field, the grove, the crystal spring, Whence health and sweetness flow



4. It is but rare such vi - sions come, Such ho - ly dreams of home; As fast from boyhood's well loved scenes My wayward footsteps roam



The gen - tle light of lov - ing eyes Illumes the place once more; A - gain are sung the so - cial songs, Oft sung in days of yore.



I hear their voi - ces soft and low, I see their fa - ces fair; I bend a - gain the will - ing knee With them at even - ing prayer.



I seek the bank where oft I've sat, 'To watch the sun - set's blaze, And hear the bird choir sing to God Their hymn of grate - ful praise.



Then let me feel its deep - est spell. And drink its sweetest joy; For - get a - while all else be - side, And be a - gain a boy.

MY HOME IS ON THE PRAIRIE.

Music by WURZEL.

Moderato.

Air.



1. My home is on the prai-rie, where flow-ers blossom wild, But far my thoughts are wand'ring to where I roam'd a child—

Alto.



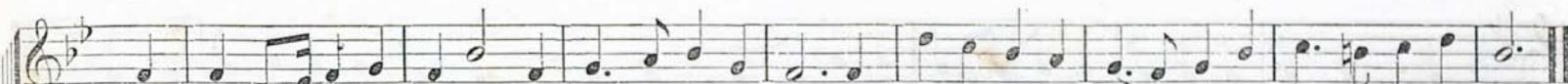
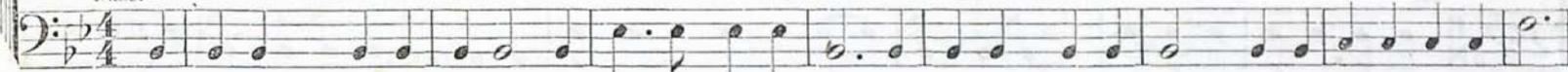
2. O weep no more be-lov'd ones for those so far a-way, Our fath-er and our moth-er, with locks so thin and gray;

Tenor.

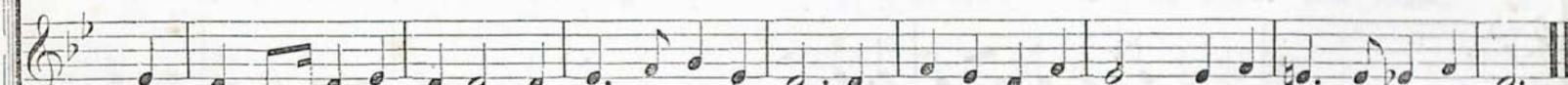


3. Then dry these dew-y eye-lids, and stay the fall-ing tear; We'll rest our faith in Je-sus, we'll silence eve-ry fear,

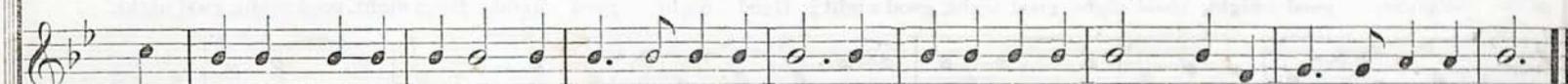
Bass.



Oh, well do I re-mem-ber the cot-tage on the hill, And down be-low the brook as it rip-pled to the mill.



For if we meet them never up-on the shores of time, We'll hope to meet a-bove, in that far more beauteous clime.



He'll bid our cares seem blessings, each way-ward thought dispel, And bring us to those man-sions where all, where all is well.



Andantino.

Air.

1. Night has spread her sable pall Over all the earth; Hushed are sounds of busy toil—Hushed the songs of mirth. Good

Alto

2. Birds, and flowers, and humming bees, Rest in slumber light; And as we our couches seek, Bid we all good night. Good

3. Slumber light thro' all the night, Tinged with happy dreams, May the angel waft us all, Till the morning beams. Good

bas

night, good night, good night, Good night, good night; Good night, good night, good night, Good night, good night.

night, good night, Good night, good night, good night; Good night, good night; Good night, good night, good night.

night, good night, good night, Good night, good night; Good night, good night, good night, Good night, good night.

LAY HIM LOW!

Moderato

Words by G. H. BOKER. Music by W. A. OGDEN. Dedicated to the brave men who fell at Stone's River.

Air.

1. Close his eyes, his work is done! What to him is friend or foe-man? Rise of moon or set of sun? Hands of man or kiss of

Alto.

2. As man may, he fought his fight—Prov'd his truth by his en - deavor; Let him sleep in solemn night, Sleep for ev - er and for-

Tenor.

3. Fold him in his coun - try's stars; Roll the drum and fire the vol-ley! What to him are all our wars, What but death be mocking

Base.

REFRAIN.

wo - man? Lay him low, lay him low, In the clo - ver or the snow! What cares he? he can - not know— Lay him low.

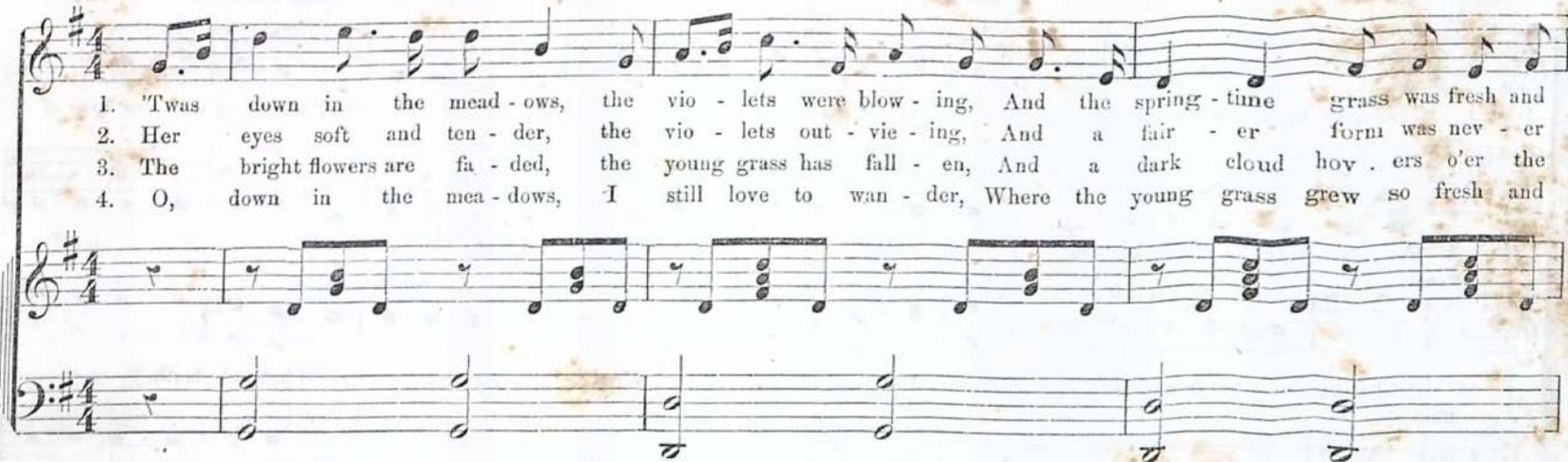
ev - er. Lay him low, lay him low, In the clo - ver or the saow! What cares he? he can - not know— Lay him low.

fol - ly. Lay him low, lay him low, In the clo - ver or the snow! What cares he? he can - not know— Lay him low.

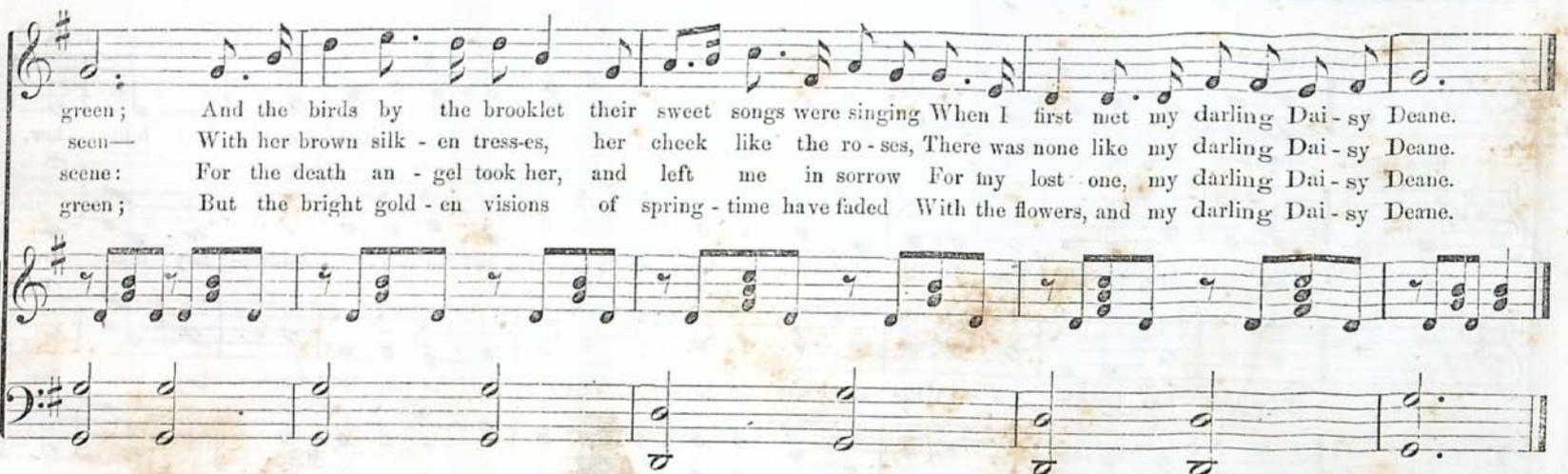
DAISY DEANE.—Song and Chorus.

Words and Music mostly by Lieut. THOS. F. WINTHROP, 19th Mass., and JAMES R. MURRAY, 14th Mass. Vols.

An Lantino.



1. 'Twas down in the mead - ows, the vio - lets were blow - ing, And the spring - time grass was fresh and
 2. Her eyes soft and ten - der, the vio - lets out - vie - ing, And a fair - er form was nev - er
 3. The bright flowers are fa - ded, the young grass has fall - en, And a dark cloud hov - ers o'er the
 4. O, down in the mea - dows, I still love to wan - der, Where the young grass grew so fresh and



green; And the birds by the brooklet their sweet songs were singing When I first met my darling Dai - sy Deane.
 seen— With her brown silk - en tress - es, her cheek like the ro - ses, There was none like my darling Dai - sy Deane.
 scene: For the death an - gel took her, and left me in sorrow For my lost one, my darling Dai - sy Deane.
 green; But the bright gold - en visions of spring - time have faded With the flowers, and my darling Dai - sy Deane.

CHORUS. Repeat after last verse pp.

Air.

None knew thee but to love thee, thou dear one of my heart, O thy mem'-ry is ev-er fresh and

None knew thee but to love thee, thou dear one of my heart, O thy mem'-ry is ev-er fresh and

None knew thee but to love thee, thou dear one of my heart, O thy mem'-ry is ev-er fresh and

green, Tho' the sweet buds may wither and fond hearts be broken, Still I'll love thee my dar-ling Dai-sy Deane.

green, Tho' the sweet buds may wither and fond hearts be broken, Still I'll love thee my dar-ling Dai-sy Deane.

green, Tho' the sweet buds may wither and fond hearts be broken, Still I'll love thee my darling Dai-sy Deane.

ev-er fresh and green, the sweet

THERE IS A VOICE WITHIN ME.—Duett or Trio with Chorus.

With expression.

1st.

1. There is a voice with-in me, And 'tis so sweet a voice, Its soft-est lisp-ing wins me, And makes my heart rejoice.
 2. Deep from my soul it springeth, Like hid-den mel-o-dy, And ev-er-more it sing-eth, This song of songs to me.
 3. 'Tis Love divine a-round thee, That guides thee on thy way; For since His grace has found thee, He is thy constant stay.

2nd.

Base or Inst.

CHORUS.

Soprano.

Alto.
O hear it whisper, O hear it whisper, 'Tis Love di-vine, 'Tis Love di-vine.

Tenor.

Base.
O hear it whisper, O hear it whisper, Love di-vine, 'Tis Love di-vine.

COME MUSIC TO MY HEART.—Duett and Chorus.

Cheerfully.

1st.

2nd.

1. Come mu-sic to my heart, Thou source of joy and rest, And from me ne'er de-part, For thee I love the best.
 2. Come mu-sic to my heart, At eve and dawn of day, Bid sor-row all de-part, When friends are far a-way.
 3. Come mu-sic to my heart, When passions fierce re-bel, Their rage ere thou de-part, Sub-due by thy sweet spell.
 4. Come mu-sic to my heart, In calm-ness and in strife, And from me ne'er de-part, In all the way of life.

Inst.

CHORUS.

SOPRANO.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASE.

Come mu-sic, come mu-sic, Come mu-sic to my heart, Come mu-sic, come mu-sic, Come mu-sic to my heart.

Come mu-sic, come mu-sic, Come mu-sic to my heart, Come mu-sic, come mu-sic, Come mu-sic to my heart.

Tenderly.

A.R.

1. Would I were with thee eve-ry day and hour, Which now I pass so sad-ly far from thee; Would that my
2. Would I were with thee when the world for-gets, And on the turf thy weary limbs are thrown: While soft and

CHORUS.

form pos-sessed the mag-ic power To fol-low where my heav-y heart would be. What-e'er thy lot
clear the star of eve-ning sets, And all thy thoughts are wand'ring to thy home, While happy dreams

o'er land or sea, Would I were with thee thy joy to be. Would I were with thee thy joy to be.
thy thoughts em-ploy, Would I were with thee to share thy joy. Would I were with thee to share thy joy.

OUR MOTHER'S VOICE.—Song and Chorus.

Moderato.

Words by MRS. MARY ANN WHITAKER.

1. Oh, ma - ny are the thrill - ing sounds E'er fall - ing on the ear, At which the heart with rap - ture bounds, While
 2. When far a - way from that dear home Made ra - diant by her smile, Her pray'rs still bless us as we roam, Her
 3. Her songs of love, when oth - ers sing, Lose half their mag - ic power, To her our tho'ts will fone - ly cling In

starts the trembling tear— Some love note pure, some charming call To make our souls re - joice; But dear - est, ho - liest
 words we lisp the while, And if from oth - er lips there flow The blessing and the prayer, Tho' kind - ly greet - ings
 ev - ery pass - ing hour; Where'er our wand'ring footsteps stray, Whatev - er be our lot, That an - gel voice our

CHORUS. May be repeated pianissimo.

of them all, Our own sweet moth - er's voice. Our moth - er's voice, our mother's voice! Our own dear mother's voice!
 friends be - stow, We miss her ac - cents there. Our moth - er's, &c
 hearts doth sway, It can - not be for - got. Our moth - er's, &c.

SOPRANO.
TENOR.

DO SOMETHING FOR EACH OTHER.

Moderato.

Words by CHARLES SWAIN.

(Duett and Chorus.)

Music by DR. A. A. SAUNDERS.

1. Do something for each other, Tho' small the help may be; There's comfort oft in little things, Far more than others see! It
 2. We know not what the humblest, If earnest, may achieve; How many sad aux - i - e - ties, A trifle may relieve: We

takes the sorrow from the eye, It leaves the world less bare, If but a friendly hand comes nigh When friendly hands are rare!
 reck not how the a - ged poor Drag on from day to day; When e'en the little that they need Costs more than they can pay.

CHORUS.—*Allegretto.*

Alr.

Then cheer the heart that toils each hour, Yet finds it hard to live; And though but little's in our power, That little let us give.

Alto

Tenor

Then cheer the heart that toils each hour, Yet finds it hard to live; And though but little's in our power, That little let us give.

Bass

IN AGAIN, BOYS!

Maestoso. Words by "OUR FRANK."

(The song of the Veteran Volunteers.)

R

Air.

1. In a - gain, boys, in a - gain! Till the rebel war shall cease. In a - gain, boys, in a - gain! Till the foe shall sue for peace.

2. In a - gain, boys, in a - gain! Till the rebel war shall cease. In a - gain, boys, in a - gain! Till the foe shall sue for peace.

3. In a - gain, boys, in a - gain! Till the rebel war shall cease. In a - gain, boys, in a - gain! Till the foe shall sue for peace.

4. In a - gain, boys, in a - gain! Till the rebel war shall cease. In a - gain, boys, in a - gain! Till the foe shall sue for peace.

Close at last with first four lines.

'Midst the foremost yet we'll stand, Where we've stood for three long years; True of heart and tried of hand, We are Veteran Vol - un - teers!

What tho' home and child and wife Mourn our absence—better far We should perish in the strife Than a stain our fame should mar.

Till o'er all our glorious land Freedom's flag its folds shall wave, Firm we'll grasp the shining brand, Rest we but at Treason's grave.

By the blood of comrades slain, By the deeds they dared to do; For the war we're in a - gain, In to see this curs'd thing through.

ON THE FOREST.

(Soprano Obligato.)

R

Air Andantino.

1. On the for - est falls the moon - light, On the line of hills a - round, grief,
 2. If I wept when you were weep - ing, If I soothed you in your grief,

Alto
 1. the for - est, the moon - light, the line of hills a - round,

Tenor
 2. I wept when, were weep - ing, I soothed you in your grief,

Base

Where the riv - er's sheet - ed sil - ver Stretch - es out - ward to the sound;
 If by one my words were wel - come, As the dove's green ol - ive leaf,

the riv - er's, its sil - ver, now stretch - es to the sound,

by one my, were wel - come, the dove's green ol - ive leaf,

Oh, I know the for-est hear it, As the an- them throbs a - long;
 When you rest from days of la - bor, Free from world - ly strife and cares;

the for-est, still hear it, the an- them throbs a - long;

you rest from, from la - bor, from world-ly strife and care;

Detailed description: This system contains four staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a treble clef accompaniment. The third staff is a treble clef accompaniment. The bottom staff is a bass clef accompaniment. The music is in a common time signature and features a mix of eighth and quarter notes.

Wood, and mount and stream are vo - cal, Vo - cal with the an - gels' song.
 If you love my name, then breathe it, Breathe it gen - tly in your prayers.

the mount and stream are vo - cal, Vo - cal with the an - gels' song.

you love my name, then breathe it, Breathe it gen - tly in your prayers.

Detailed description: This system contains four staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a treble clef accompaniment. The third staff is a treble clef accompaniment. The bottom staff is a bass clef accompaniment. The music continues with similar notation to the first system, ending with a double bar line.

OH, HASTE ON THE BATTLE!

Words by R. TOMPKINS—Music by G. F. R. Arr. from a Song and Chorus.

Maestoso

Air.

SEMI-CHORUS.

1. O haste on the bat - tle, the sure com - ing bat - tle, When vict' - ry shall perch on our

2. The word has been spo - ken, the long look'd for to - ken Now glows on our ban - ners and

3. Come fill up the ranks and pre - pare for the bat - tle, No long - er we ask who our

ban - ners at last. A sign has been giv - en, a prom - ise from heav - en, And days of de - feats and dis -

gleams in the air, 'Tis "Free - dom for all," how the spell has been bro - ken That bound all the land in the

Lead - er shall be, For God now is with us, in Him we shall tri - umph, The God of our Fath - ers, the

FULL CHORUS.

as - ters are past. Then haste, haste, haste, haste, Haste on the bat - tle, 'Tis Lib - er - ty for all,
 chains of des - pair. Then haste, haste, haste, haste, Haste on the bat - tle, 'Tis Lib - er - ty for all,
 God of the free. Then haste, haste, haste, haste, Haste on the bat - tle, 'Tis Lib - er - ty for all,

4.
 'Tis Liberty's battle, and Slavery's death rattle.
 For Freedom shall follow where'er it has trod—
 Then haste, haste, haste, haste, Haste on the bat - tle, The Ty-rant must fall. And after the battle, shall man, now a chattel,
 Stand forth in his freedom, the image of God.
 Chorus.—Then haste, &c.

5.
 And Oh, what a glory will gleam in the story
 Our children shall tell to each daughter and son ;
 Then haste the fight, At last we're right ; Oh haste on the battle, The Ty-rant must fall. Of the wonderful battle, the terrible battle,
 When their country was sav'd and its liberties won.
 Chorus.—Then haste, &c.

ALLEGRETTO

Soprano.



1. There are rich - es with - out meas - ure, Scat - tered thick - ly o'er the land; There are heaps and heaps of trea - sure, bright, and

Alto.



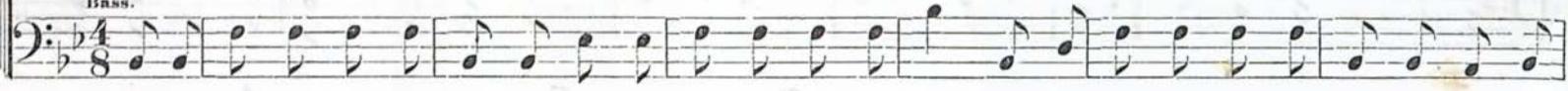
2. Oh I care not who may reck - on All the wheat piled up in stacks, Nei - ther who has power to beck - on To the

Tenor.



3. Oh the priv - i - lege and bless - ing, Still to find I ev - er own, What the great ones, in pos - sess - ing, All im -

Bass.



beau - ti - ful, and grand; There are for - ests, there are mountains, There are mead - ows, there are rills, Form - ing ev - er - last - ing



wood - man with his axe; I care not who hold the leas - es Of the up - land or the dell, Nei - ther who may count the



a - gine theirs a - lone! Oh be glo - ry to the Ma - ker Who has given such boon to hold, Who has made me free par -



four - tains In the bo - soms of the hills; There are birds, and there are flow - ers, They the fair - est things that be, And these
 flee - ces, When the flocks are fat to sell; Where there's beau - ty none can bar - ter By the greensward and the tree, Claim who
 tak - er Where the oth - ers buy with gold! For while woods and lof - ty moun - tains Still stand up where I can see, While his

great and joy - ous dow - ers, Oh they all be - long to me, All, all be - long to me, All, all be - long to me.
 will, by seal or char - ter, Yet they all be - long to me, All be - long to me, All be - long to me.
 han - d un - locks the fountains, They will all be - long to me, All be - long to me, All be - long to me.

THE SOLDIER'S BOY,

Air *Allegretto*

(May be sung as a Solo by a boy.)

1. I am a sol-dier's lit-tle boy, My fa-ther's gone to fight For lib-er-ties we now en-joy,

Alto

Tenor

2. For all should some-thing do or dare, To save a land so dear; He'll do his part by fight-ing there,

Base

Detailed description: This block contains the first system of the musical score. It features four staves: a vocal line for the boy (treble clef), an Alto line (treble clef), a Tenor line (treble clef), and a Base line (bass clef). The music is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are: "1. I am a sol-dier's lit-tle boy, My fa-ther's gone to fight For lib-er-ties we now en-joy," followed by "2. For all should some-thing do or dare, To save a land so dear; He'll do his part by fight-ing there,". The vocal line includes a "1." and a "2." indicating different parts of the melody.

For hon-or, truth and right. Full many a dan-ger must he share, In huu-ger, cold and wet;

We ours by suf-fering here; Bear-ing our want with pa-tient heart, And pray-ing morn and night,

Detailed description: This block contains the second system of the musical score. It features four staves: a vocal line (treble clef), an Alto line (treble clef), a Tenor line (treble clef), and a Base line (bass clef). The music continues from the first system. The lyrics are: "For hon-or, truth and right. Full many a dan-ger must he share, In huu-ger, cold and wet;" followed by "We ours by suf-fering here; Bear-ing our want with pa-tient heart, And pray-ing morn and night,". The vocal line continues with the melody.

But, worse than all he has to bear, He must his own for - get, And leave his home - less lit - tle sons

That God would bid our foes de - part, And jus - tice speed, and right. And when through - out the land the bell

Detailed description: This system contains the first two lines of the song. It features four staves: a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef), a vocal line (treble clef), and a bass line (bass clef). The lyrics are written below the vocal staves. The music is in a common time signature and a key signature with one sharp (F#).

To fare as best we can; We miss him, but I'm glad he's gone, I'd go were I a man.

Of lib - er - ty shall sound, Our woes shall seem too small to tell, Our joy will so a - bound.

Detailed description: This system contains the second two lines of the song. It features four staves: a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef), a vocal line (treble clef), and a bass line (bass clef). The lyrics are written below the vocal staves. The music continues in the same key signature and time signature as the first system.

Allegretto

1. All hon - or and fame to the gal - lant and brave, Who have forced the rebs. out of their holes—
 2. That flag, now be - grim'd with the car - nage of war, Grows bet - ter and pur - er with time,
 3. Bring out the spare pow - der and fire the big guns, The rebs. are sur - prised at the way
 4. Yes, Vicksburg is ours!..... O, Glo - ry! Hur-rah! Won't all these head reb - els feel gay!
 5. His great U. S. A. is now sev - ered in twain, And both of them short - ly must die—

Fling out the old ban - ner, boys, proud let it wave With the sun shin - ing bright on its folds.....
 For Free - dom is pol - ish - ing slow - ly each star From the rust of op - pres - sion and crime.....
 Co - lum - bi - a's loy - al and true - heart - ed sons Have hon - or'd their coun - try's Birth - Day.....
 And the great - est arch - trai - tor the world ev - er saw— Old Jeff—will feel tick - led to - day!.....
 But he'll not for - get, to the end of his reign, That won - der - ful Fourth of Ju - ly!.....

CHORUS.

Air.

Hur-rah! boys, Hur-rah! shout glo - ry, and sing, For the trai - tors look sad - ly for - sak - en;

Hur-rah! boys, Hur-rah! shout glo - ry, and sing, For the trai - tors look sad - ly for - sak - en;

Hur-rah! boys, Hur-rah! shout glo - ry, and sing, For the trai - tors look sad - ly for - sak - en;

Hur-rah! boys, Hur-rah! shout glo - ry, and sing, For the trai - tors look sad - ly for - sak - en;

Our glo - rious old Ea - gle is yet on the wing, And Vicks-burg is ta - ken, boys, ta - ken.

Our glo - rious old Ea - gle is yet on the wing, And Vicks-burg is ta - ken, boys, ta - ken.

Our glo - rious old Ea - gle is yet on the wing, And Vicks-burg is ta - ken, boys, ta - ken.

THE GUIDING STAR.



MODERATO.
Soprano.

1. The star..... The star..... The star..... The
2. The star..... The star..... The star..... The

Alto.

1. The bright, the guid - ing star,..... The bright, the guid - ing star,..... The guid - ing star, The

Tenor.

2. The star of heav'n - ly love,..... The star of heav'n - ly love,..... The star of love, The

Base.

star,..... The bright, the guid - ing star..... The mar - i - ner, as a - cross the sea He
star,..... The star of heav'n - ly love,..... As o - ver the o - cean vast of life Our

guid - ing star, The bright, the guid - ing star,..... A - cross the sea he

star of love, The star of heav'n - ly love,..... As o'er life's o - cean

steers his bark a - far,..... Oft casts his eyes to heav'n a - bove To view the guid - ing
frail barks on - ward move,... O, may we oft - en raise our eyes To view the star of

looks a - far, To view the bright, the guid - ing

on we move, O, may we view the star of

star,..... The star,..... The star,..... The bright, the guid - ing star.
love,..... The star,..... The star,..... The star of heav'n - ly love.

star,..... The guid - ing star, The guid - ing star, The bright, the guid - ing star.

love,..... The star of love, The star of love The star of heav'n - ly love.

LULU WILDE; or the SONG OF THE OCTOROON.

Words by MISS JOSEPHINE FURMAN.

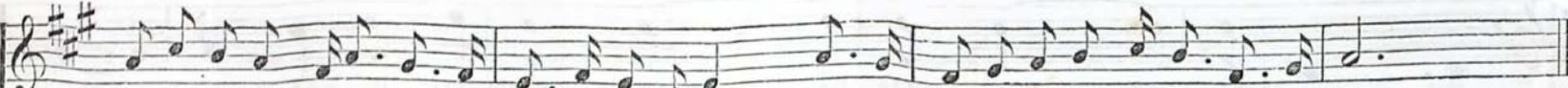
MODERATO.
Voice.



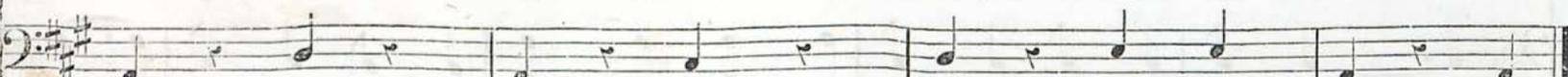
1. There stands a lit - tle cot - tage, Gleaming white a - mid the trees, Near the riv - er where the willows kiss the stream; And the
2. So sweet - ly o'er the lat - tice Of the lit - tle sha - dy porch, Bloom the ro - ses where the wild - bee loves to come; And 'tis
3. My Lu - lu's eyes are brighter Than the stars that nightly shine, And her voice is like the wild - bird's sweetest tone, And her
4. I'll build my lit - tle cab - in On the sun - ny riv - er's bank, And I'll train the fragrant woodbine 'round the door; Then, I'll

Inst.





summer days come brightly - On the home of Lu - lu Wilde, Where the birds awake the morning's ear - ly beam.
there I love to hasten, With my ban - jo by my side, When the la - bor of the cot - ton field is done.
face is beaming happy 'Neath her glos - sy curls of jet, For she's safe a - gain with - in her cot - tage home.
take my darling Lu - lu To my heart and to my home, And we'll nev - er in this world be part - ed more.

CHORUS.

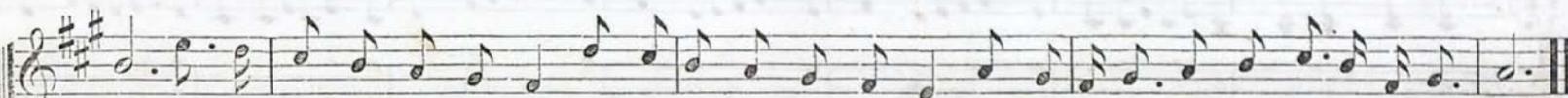
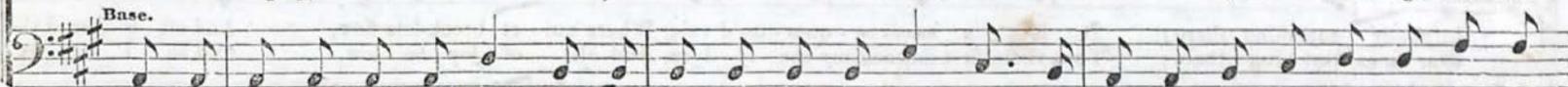
Air.



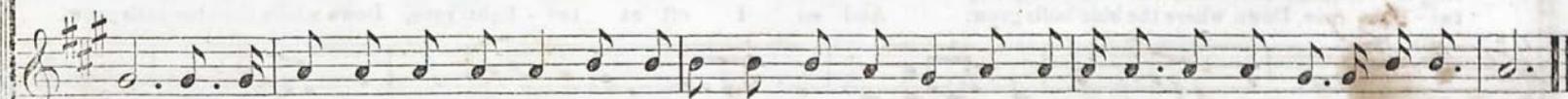
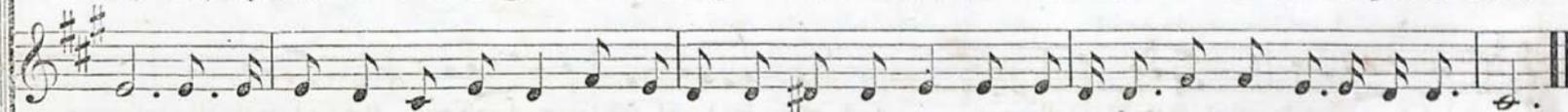
Oh! I'm hap-py as a child With the love of Lu-lu Wilde, For the cru-el days of bond-age all are



Oh! I'm hap-py as a child With the love of Lu-lu Wilde, For the cru-el days of bond-age all are



o'er; Yes, my heart is full of glee With the thought that we are free, And we'll never in this world be part-ed more!



o'er; Yes, my heart is full of glee With the thought that we are free, And we'll never in this world be part-ed more!



DOWN WHERE THE BLUE-BELLS GROW.—Song or Duett and Chorus.

Lento.

1. I know a spot which oft I deem'd Of ru - ral haunts most fair, And I have thought that heaven's light beamed, With
 2. I oft at twi - light's ear - ly shade, To that sweet spot re - pair, And think 'mid beauties heaven has made, Of

bright - er sun - shine there; 'Tis is a sweet se - ques - ter'd vale, Where qui - et brook - lets flow, And oft is heard the
 dear ones rest - ing there; 'Twas there first dawned my ear - ly love, And all of joy be - low, And so I oft at

ring - dove's wail, Down where the blue - bells grow, And oft is heard the ring - dove's wail, Down where the blue - bells grow.
 twi - light rove, Down where the blue - bells grow, And so I oft at twi - light rove, Down where the blue - bells grow.

DOWN WHERE THE BLUE-BELLS GROW.—Concluded.

CHORUS, Allegretto.

Soprano.

Down where the blue - bells grow, In the vale where the blue - bells grow, I love to stray at the close of day,

Alto.

Down where the blue - bells grow, In the vale where the blue - bells grow, I love to stray at the close of day,

Tenor.

Down where the blue - bells grow, In the vale where the blue - bells grow, I love to stray at the close of day,

Base.

Down where the blue - bells grow, In the vale where the blue - bells grow, I love to stray at the close of day,

Down where the blue bells grow, I love to stray at the close of day, Down where the blue - bells grow.

Down where the blue-bells grow, I love to stray at the close of day, Down where the blue - bells grow.

Down where the blue-bells grow, I love to stray at the close of day, Down where the blue - bells grow.

FORWARD! BOYS, FORWARD!

Moderato.
Words by F. H. S.

(Men's Voices.)



First Tenor.

1. From the moun - tain and the riv - er, From the val - ley and the plain, We are sweep - ing to the

Second Tenor.

2. By the fires the pil - grims light - ed On the old New Eng - land shore, By the ash - es of the

First Base.

3. So we're gath' - ring to the res - cue, With our mil - lions for de - fence, And we pause not in the

Second Base.

res - cue, Like the bil - lows of the main; For the trai - tor's hand is lift - ed O'er our fath - ers' sa - cred

states - men Who still live for - ev - er - more, By our no - ble con - sti - tu - tion Which hath lift - ed us on

strug - gle Till the foe is driv - en hence; For the trai - tor's hand is lift - ed O'er our fath - ers' sa - cred

CHORUS—Allegretto.

trust, And our coun-try's star-ry ban-ner They would tram-ple in the dust. Then for-ward! boys,
 high; In thy strength, O God of bat-tles, We will con-quer or we'll die. Then for-ward! boys,
 trust, And our coun-try's star-ry ban-ner They would tram-ple in the dust. Then for-ward! boys,

Small notes the first time—large notes to close with.

for-ward! Our cause it is just—Shall the star-span-gled ban-ner Be tram-pled in the dust?
 for-ward! Our cause it is just—Shall the star-span-gled ban-ner Be tram-pled in the dust?
 for-ward! Our cause it is just—Shall the star-span-gled ban-ner Be tram-pled in the dust?

THE BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN JUST OVER THE WAY.

(Song with Chorus.)

Published in sheet form, by ROOR & CADY

Allegretto.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful maid - en just o - ver the way, Tra, la, la la la la. She is
 2. There's a beau - ti - ful maid - en just o - ver the way, Tra, &c. By the
 3. There's a beau - ti - ful maid - en just o - ver the way, Tra, &c. And she

fair as the flow - er that blos - soms in May, Tra, la, la la la, - la. A beau - ti - ful cage on her
 win - dow she sits where the soft shad - ows play, Tra, &c. A dia - mond is flash - ing a -
 smiles as my looks to her lov - ing - ly stray, Tra, &c. And she nods to her neigh - bor - her

Tra, la, la la la la.

win - dow sill stands, And sweet as the voice of the wave on the sands Is the song of the bird, but O, sweet - er the lay
 round her its light Like an or - bit a - bove thro' the shad - ows of night; But bright - er than jew - el or beam of the day
 neigh - bor - tis me; Or talks to the bird in her in - no - cent glee. To - mor - row I'll mar - ry (but don't tell, I pray)

THE BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN JUST OVER THE WAY.—Concluded.

Of the beau - ti - ful maid - en just o - ver the way. Tra, la, la la la la, Tra, la, la la la la.
 Is the glance of the maid - en just o - ver the way. Tra, &c.
 The beau - ti - ful maid - en just o - ver the way. Tra, &c.

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

STILL THE ANGEL STARS.

Lamentando.

AIR.

1. Still the an - gel stars are shin - ing, Still the rip - pling wa - ters flow, But the an - gel voice is si - lent
 2. Still the wood is dim and lone - ly, Still the flash - ing foun - tains play, But the past and all its beau - ty,
 3. Still the bird of night com - plain - eth, (Now in - deed her song is pain,) Vis - ions of my hap - py hours....
 4. Cease, O ech - oes, mourn - ful ech - oes! Once I loved your voi - ces well; Now my heart is sick and wea - ry

That I heard here long a - go. Hark! the ech - oes mur - mur low, Long a - go! Long a - go!
 Whith - er has it fled a - way? Hark! the mourn - ful ech - oes say, Fled a - way! Fled a - way!

Do I call, and call in vain? Hark! the ech - oes cry a - gain, All in vain! All in vain!
 Days of old, a long fare - well! Hark! the ech - oes, sad and drear, Cry, fare - ell! Cry, fare - well!

SOLDIER'S BATTLE SONG—Quartett and Chorus.

Words by GEO. W. PUTNAM.

Music by W. INVING HARTSHORN.

Air.

1. The moon has set— the sig - nal light, Sends high its sol - emn warn - ing; We sleep up - on our

Alto.

2. A - gain the sig - nal light beams forth, And hark! the "long roll" beat - ing! To arms! fall in - to

Tenor.

3. If we fall on the bat - tle field, Friends, let there be no sigh - ing! There is in all the

Bass.

CHORUS.

arms to - night, And wait the bat - tle morn - ing. We march be - neath the Stripes and Stars, God's

line, and give The foe a freeman's greet - ing. We march be - neath the Stripes and Stars, God's

u - ni - verse, No bet - ter place for dy - ing. We march be - neath the Stripes and Stars, God's

The image shows a musical score for the 'Soldier's Battle Song'. It consists of four staves of music. The first three staves are vocal lines, and the fourth is a bass line. The lyrics are: 'ban - ner! let earth bless it! Yet to it ev - ery knee shall bow, And ev - ery tongue con - fess it.' The music is in a 2/4 time signature with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

4. A few years more, a few years less,
 What matters it, my brother?
 Our duty done—we'll fearless pass
 From this world to the other.

Chorus—We march beneath the Stripes and Stars,
 God's banner!—let earth bless it!
 Yet to it every knee shall bow,
 And every tongue confess it.

5. This thought shall sweeten life's last hour—
 Our Heavenly Father sees us
 Die humbly for the human race,
 As once died holy Jesus.

Chorus—We march beneath the Stripes and Stars,
 God's banner!—let earth bless it!
 Yet to it every knee shall bow,
 And every tongue confess it.

6. Hurrah! the bugles sound the charge!
 Oh sturdy Northern yeomen!
 With tempest stride and serried steel
 Sweep down upon the foemen!

Chorus—We march beneath the Stripes and Stars,
 God's banner! let earth bless it!
 Yet to it every knee shall bow,
 And every tongue confess it.

7. The trampled ones of distant lands,
 Watch us with hope and wonder,
 The slaves shout in the barracoon,
 As through the breach we thunder.

Chorus—We march beneath the Stripes and Stars,
 God's banner!—let earth bless it!
 Yet to it every knee shall bow,
 And every tongue confess it.

First Tenor

1. Star of the summer eve, Sink, sink to rest! Sink ere the sil-ver light Fades from the west,

Second Tenor

2. Wind of the summer eve, Waft, waft your sighs From where the dis-tant hills Kiss gold-en skies;

3. Bird of the summer eve, Chant, chant your song! While through the twi-light gleams Night's star-ry throng;

But nev-er more will I Watch keep for thee, With her I loved so well, Sweet Eu-la-lie.

But nev-er more will I Wait here for thee, With her I loved so well, Sweet Eu-la-lie.

But nev-er more will I List here for thee, With her I loved so well, Sweet Eu-la-lie.

HOME FROM THE WARS!

91

Words by JAMES BRAND.

Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.

1. In my dreams I oft see their bright fa - ces. In the home of my child-hood a - far, As they wait the slow roll of the
2. And when the "re - treat" has been sound-ed, And the night-stars are out in the sky, The voice of an - oth - er still
3. I have lis - tened and yet I have lin - gered, For my coun-try's voice bade me still stay; But the last wel - come re - call from

sea - sons, To wel - come me back from the war. There's moth - er, who watch - es at mid - night, And
dear - er, Floats ten - der - ly, trem - bling ly by. From a spir - it grown wea - ry with watch - ing, Where
du - ty Comes swift o'er the moun - tains to - day. Fare - well to thy wa - ters, Po - to - mac, May they

prays when the world is a - sleep, There are brothers whose hearts are impatient, And sisters who se - cret - ly weep.
love's deathless watch - fires burn, It comes in the breath of the eve - ning, And whispers "My soldier, re - turn."
mur - mur for aye to the free, But the streams of the Northland are brighter, And fond ones are waiting for me.

THE SONG OF THE FAIR.—Quartet and Chorus.

Dedicated to the Agricultural and Horticultural Fairs of the Northwest.

Words and Music by E. W. Hicks.

Air.

1. A year has passed since last we met, A - noth - er au - tumn breez - es blow, Once more her beauteous tints have set The

2. A - mid the bat - tle's din and crash, Where pain and death and an - guish lurks, A - mid the roar and flame and flash, The

3. We come to - geth - er at our Fair, As fath - ers, daughters, wives and sons, To sound the shoals, and find out where The

4. And now a - midst the fruits and flow'rs, A - midst the brimming o - ver - plus Of beau - ty we will spend the hours Al -

woods the woods a - glow— The fruits hang ripe from branch and bough, And Plen - ty reigns on ev - ery hand, Fond

soil, the soil still works, Re - gard - less of all hu - man woe, As in long a - ges past and gone, So

chan - nel, chan - nel runs; We all have mis - sions from our birth, To use and ed - u - cate the mind, To

lot - ted un - to us; And as we read the O - pen Book Which sun - shine raised from out the sod, From

THE SONG OF THE FAIR.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Na - ture's work is fin - ished now All o'er (all o'er) the land. Then hail to our Fair, all hail! Where
 now its la - bors noise - less flow For - ev - er, ev - er on.
 till and beau - ti - fy the earth, And help, and help man-kind. Then hail to our Fair, all hail! Where
 Na - ture up - ward we will look to Na - ture's, Nature's God.

pleas - ure and prof - it chime With joy - ful hearts, we wel - come here our fes - tal time.
 pleas - ure and prof - it chime With joy - ful hearts, we wel - come here our fes - tal, fes - tal time.

"OH, COME YOU FROM THE BATTLE-FIELD?"

A Dialogue Duett for Soprano (roman) and Tenor (*italic*), with Chorus. Published in sheet form, by ROOT & CADY.

Moderato.

WIDOW.

1. "O come you from the bat - tle - field, and sol - dier can you tell A - bout the gal - lant Twen - ti - eth, and
 3. "And do you know my Rob - ert, now? O tell me, tell me true— Oh! sol - dier, tell me word for word, all
 5. "Now sol - dier, bless - ings on your tongue; O Rob - ert could you know How well I am re - paid this day for
 7. "Oh! is he real - ly com - ing home— and shall I real - ly see My boy a - gain, my own boy home— and

who are safe and well? Oh, sol - dier! say my son is safe, for he is all my care, And
 that he said to you— His ver - y words, my own boy's words, O, tell me eve - ry one! You
 all that I've gone through— For all I've done, and all I've borne the long years past and dead! But
 when, when will it be? Did you say soon?" "*Well, he is home, keep cool old dame, he's here!*" "Oh,

you shall have a moth - er's thanks, a wid - ow'd moth - er's prayer,"
 lit - tle know how dear to his old moth - er is her son."
 sol - dier, tell me how he look'd, and all my Rob - ert said."
 Rob - ert, my own bless - ed boy." "O, moth - er, moth - er dear."
 SOLDIER.
 2. "*Oh, I've come from the bat - tle - field, I've*
 4. "*Well dame, he saved the colo - nel's life, and*
 6. "*He's bronz'd, and tann'd, and beard - ed, and you'd*

come right from the war, And well I know the Twen-ti-eth, and gal-lant lads they are— From colo-nel down to
 brave-ly it was done; In his dis-patch they told it all, and nam'd and prais'd your son; A med-al and a
 hard-ly know him, dame; We've made your boy in-to a man, but yet his heart's the same; For oft-en still he

rank and file, I know my com-rades well, And news I've brought for you, good dame, your Rob-ert bade me tell."
 pen-sion his—good luck to him I say, And he has not a com-rade but will wish him well to-day."
 talks of you, and al-ways to one tune— But there, I will not tell you more, for he'll be with you soon."

CHORUS. Allegretto. (Only after the last verse. May be sung by Soprano and Tenor as a Duett.)

Oh, hap-py, hap-py meet-ing! At home, at home once more— Give joy-ful, joy-ful greet-ing, All sor-row now is o'er.

Oh, hap-py, hap-py meet-ing! At home, at home once more— Give joy-ful, joy-ful greet-ing, All sor-row now is o'er.

Air.

1. Star of the eve - ning, glad we hail thee, As thou shin - est from a - far; Whene'er the shades of night are

Alto

2. O bea-con light of wand'-rers wea - ry, When a - lone and sad they roam, Guide thou the way-worn trav-'lers

Tenor

3. Star of the eve - ning, As thou beam-est Soft - ly on us from a - far, Thou e'er dost seem to smile up -

deep - 'ning, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful eve - ning star. Beau - ti - ful star..... Beau - ti - ful

foot - steps Safe to the wait - ing ones dear at home..... Beau - ti - ful star..... Beau - ti - ful

on us, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful eve - ning star..... Beau - ti - ful star,

star..... Star of the eve - ning, beau - ti - ful star..... Beau - ti - ful

star..... Star of the eve - ning..... beau - ti - ful star..... Beau - ti - ful

Beau-ti - ful star, Star of the eve - ning, beau - ti - ful star.....

Bass line: A four-part vocal harmony in G major, 4/4 time, with lyrics: star..... Star of the eve - ning, beau - ti - ful star..... Beau - ti - ful

star..... Beau - ti - ful star..... Star of the eve - ning beau - ti - ful star.

star..... beau - ti - ful star..... Star of the eve - ning, beau - ti - ful star.

Beau-ti - ful star, Beau-ti - ful star, Star of the eve-ning, beau - ti - ful star.

Bass line: A four-part vocal harmony in G major, 4/4 time, with lyrics: star..... Beau - ti - ful star..... Star of the eve - ning beau - ti - ful star.

"SHE SLEEPS HER LAST SLEEP!"

(Quartet and Chorus.)

Words and Melody by B. C. Riggs.

Piano e legato.

Air.

1. Sor-row-ful mourn-er, si-lent-ly weep! Weep, for thy lov'd one sleeps her last sleep: Gaze on the form where beauty once bloom'd,

Alto.

2. Come to her couch, draw qui-et-ly near, Think of her soul in yon-der bright sphere; Check then thy sorrows, death is a friend,

Tenor

3. Bear her a-way, friends, to her last home! Peaceful-ly lay her down in the tomb! Lightly, tread light-ly 'round the low bed—

4. Beauti-ful song-birds, sing round her grave! Gently, ye pine boughs, o-ver her wave! Blow, ye soft breez-es, sweet breath of spring!

CHORUS.

ritard ad. lib.

Now in the dust it must be en-tomb'd. Sorrow-ful mourn-er, si-lent-ly weep— Weep for thy loved one sleeps her last sleep!

When to live lon-ger serves no good end. Sorrow-ful mourn-er, si-lent-ly weep— Weep for thy loved one sleeps her last sleep!

Sweet-ly now sleeps the beau-ti-ful dead. Sorrow-ful mourn-er, si-lent-ly weep— Weep for thy lov'd one sleeps her last sleep!

Mu-sic-al rill, your lul-la-by sing Sorrow-ful mourn-er, weep-ing no more— Meet her up-on yon beau-ti-ful shore.

"STEPHEN DIED UPON THE FIELD."

Copyrighted and published in sheet form by ROOR & CADY.

Arranged and harmonized for the Messenger by the Author.

1. Where the fore-most flag was fly-ing, Pierc'd by many a shot and shell—Where the brav-est men were dy-ing,

TENOR.

2. Through the bat-tle smoke they bore him; But his words were grow-ing wild; Heed-ing not the scenes be-fore him,

3. Men who were not used to weep-ing, Turn'd a-side to hide a tear, When they saw the pal-lor creep-ing,

There our gal-lant cap-tain fell. "Boys! you fol-low now an-oth-er! Fol-low till the foe shall yield; Then he whis-per'd,

Ste-phen was once more a child. "Ah, she comes! there is no oth-er Speaks my name with such a joy; Press me to your That as-sured them death was near. Kind-ly as he were a brother, Strangers caught his part-ing breath, La-den with the

"Tell my mother Ste-phen died up-on the field." "Moth-er! Moth-er! Ste-phen died up-on the field."

bo-som, mother, Call me still your dar-ling boy." "Moth-er! Moth-er! Call me still your dar-ling boy." murmur "mother," Last up-on his lips in death. "Moth-er! Moth-er!" Last up-on his lips in death.

MOTHER, O SING TO ME OF HEAVEN.

Published as Song and Chorus in sheet form by ROOR & CADY.

*Andante.**Air.*

1. Oh moth-er sing to me of Heav'n That home of peace and rest, Where wea-ry pil-grims find re-pose, And

Alto.

Tenor.

2. Oh moth-er sing to me of Heav'n Of those who've gone be-fore, I saw them in my dreams last night, Up-

Bass.

sorrowing hearts are blest; Where faith un-folds her gold-en wings No more by tem-pest driv'n, Where bright and cloud-less

on the shi-ning shore, I stood a-mid the hap-py throng, New light to me was giv'n, I care not for the

Chorus.

are the skies, Dear Moth - er sing of Heav'n. Of Heav'n, of Heav'n, Oh

songs, of earth, Dear Moth - er sing of Heav'n. . . O siing to me of Heav'n of Heav'n, O

songs, of earth, Dear Moth - er sing of Heav'n. . . O sing to me of Heav'n of Heav'n, O

Repeat *pp.*

sing to me of Heav'n, Where bright and cloud-less are the skies, Dear Moth - er sing of Heav'n.

sing to me of Heav'n of Heav'n,

sing to me of Heav'n of Heav'n, I care not for the songs of earth, Dear Moth - er sing of Heav'n.

"WE ARE WILLING TO WAIT A LITTLE LONGER."

Words and Music by AVANELLA L. HOLMES.

Allegretto.
Air.

1. We are willing to wait a lit-tle lon-ger— Some lon-ger! Much lon-ger! We are willing to wait a lit-tle lon-ger, Till the good time com-ing comes. For the glo-ry of that day, boys, Shall bright-en all the past, lon-ger, Till the good time com-ing comes. For when that day shall dawn, boys, We'll bear the har-vest home, lon-ger, Till the good time com-ing comes. For wrong must be o'er-thrown boys, And right must rule, not might, lon-ger, Till the good time com-ing comes. It is dawn-ing o'er the land, boys, The na-tion hails its reign,

2. We are willing to work a lit-tle lon-ger— Some lon-ger! Much lon-ger! We are willing to work a lit-tle lon-ger, Till the good time com-ing comes. For the glo-ry of that day, boys, Shall bright-en all the past, lon-ger, Till the good time com-ing comes. For when that day shall dawn, boys, We'll bear the har-vest home, lon-ger, Till the good time com-ing comes. For wrong must be o'er-thrown boys, And right must rule, not might, lon-ger, Till the good time com-ing comes. It is dawn-ing o'er the land, boys, The na-tion hails its reign,

3. We are willing to fight a lit-tle lon-ger— Some lon-ger! Much lon-ger! We are willing to fight a lit-tle lon-ger, Till the good time com-ing comes. For the glo-ry of that day, boys, Shall bright-en all the past, lon-ger, Till the good time com-ing comes. For when that day shall dawn, boys, We'll bear the har-vest home, lon-ger, Till the good time com-ing comes. For wrong must be o'er-thrown boys, And right must rule, not might, lon-ger, Till the good time com-ing comes. It is dawn-ing o'er the land, boys, The na-tion hails its reign,

4. Yes we're willing to wait a lit-tle lon-ger— Some lon-ger! Much lon-ger! We are willing to wait a lit-tle lon-ger, Till the good time com-ing comes. For the glo-ry of that day, boys, Shall bright-en all the past, lon-ger, Till the good time com-ing comes. For when that day shall dawn, boys, We'll bear the har-vest home, lon-ger, Till the good time com-ing comes. For wrong must be o'er-thrown boys, And right must rule, not might, lon-ger, Till the good time com-ing comes. It is dawn-ing o'er the land, boys, The na-tion hails its reign,

lon-ger, Till the good time com-ing comes. For the glo-ry of that day, boys, Shall bright-en all the past, lon-ger, Till the good time com-ing comes. For when that day shall dawn, boys, We'll bear the har-vest home, lon-ger, Till the good time com-ing comes. For wrong must be o'er-thrown boys, And right must rule, not might, lon-ger, Till the good time com-ing comes. It is dawn-ing o'er the land, boys, The na-tion hails its reign,

And in its glo-rious ray, boys, We will re-joice at last. And we're will-ing to wait a lit-tle
 All clouds will be with-drawn boys, When that good day has come. And we're will-ing to work a lit-tle
 All ty-rants shall be down, boys, In that day's glo-rious light! And we're will-ing to fight a lit-tle
 Each wo-man child and man, boys, Finds bless-ings in its train. And we're will-ing to wait a lit-tle

lon-ger— Some lon-ger! Much lon-ger! We are will-ing to wait a lit-tle lon-ger, Till the good time coming comes.
 lon-ger— Some lon-ger! Much lon-ger! We are will-ing to work a lit-tle lon-ger, Till the good time coming comes.
 lon-ger— Some lon-ger! Much lon-ger! We are will-ing to fight a lit-tle lon-ger, Till the good time coming comes.
 lon-ger— Some lon-ger! Much lon-ger! We are will-ing to wait a lit-tle lon-ger, Till the good time coming comes.

Words by "PAULINA."

Air.

1. Lit - tle bir - die, I have come, Bear - ing wa - ter from the spring; Gold - en seed and

Alto.

2. Nev - er fear I may for - get, Leav - ing you to pine and die; I shall think of

Tenor.

3. I will give your tune the words; You are sing - ing of the trees, Of the pret - ty

dain - ty crumb, Eat and lave your pret - ty wing, Then, sweet bir - die, will you sing?

you, my pet, Ere the lark shall soar on high, Or the flow'r - et opes an eye.

brooks and birds, Of the blos - soms and the bees, And of Him who made all these.

OUR PRESIDENT.

Air. *Moderato.*

By WM. COWLER.

1. Abraham Lin - coln knows the ropes, All our hopes, all our hopes Cen - ter now a - bout the brave and true; Let us

Alto.

2. Oth - ers good, per - haps as he, There may be, there may be; Have we tried them in the war times' flame; Do we

Tenor.

3. Let the na - tion ask him, then, Once a - gain, once a - gain, To hold the rud - der in this storm - y sea; Tell him

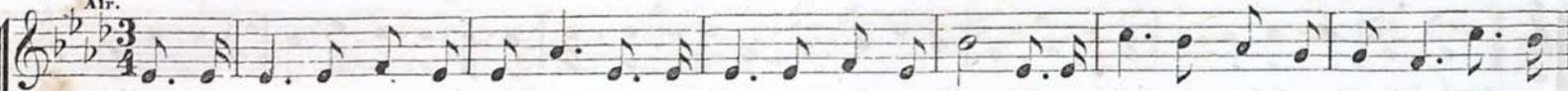
help him as we can, He's the man, he's the man, Hon - est for the coun - try thro' and thro', Hon - est for the coun - try thro' and thro'.

know if they will stand, Heart in hand, heart in hand, Seek - ing for the right in Heaven's name, Seek - ing for the right in Heaven's name.

each long sleep - less night, Dark to light, dark to light, Ush - ers in the morn - ing for the free, Ush - ers in the morn - ing for the free.

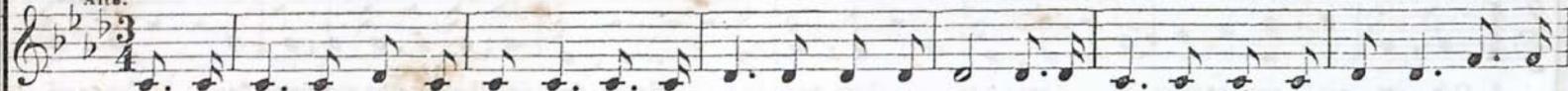
Andantino.

Airs.



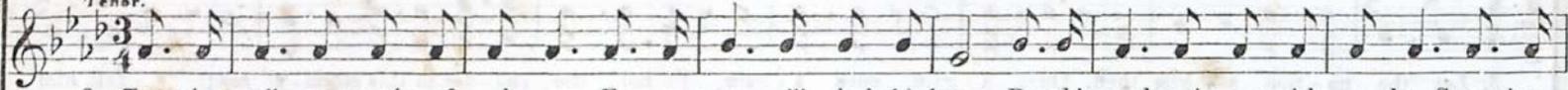
1. We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va-cant chair; We shall lin-ger to ca-ress him While we

Alto.



2. At our fire-side sad and lone-ly, Oft-en will the bo-som swell At re-membrance of the sto-ry, How our

Tenor.

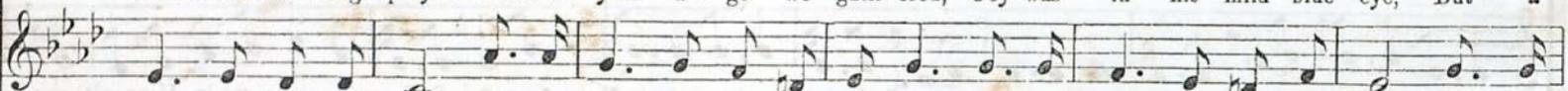


3. True they tell us wreaths of glo-ry Ev-er-more will deck his brow, But this soothes the an-guish on-ly Sweep-ing

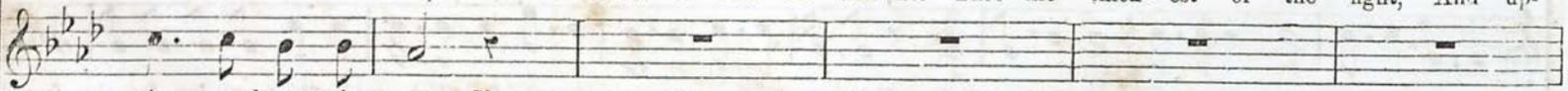
Basso.



breathe our eve-ning prayer. When a year a-go we gath-ered, Joy was in his mild blue eye, But a



no-ble Wil-lie fell; How he strove to bear our ban-ner Thro' the thick-est of the fight, And up-



o'er our heart-strings now. Sleep to-day, O ear-ly fall-en, In thy green and nar-row bed, Dir-ges



THE VACANT CHAIR — Concluded.

107

CHORUS.

gold - en cord is sev - ered, And our hopes in ru - in lie. We shall meet, but we shall miss him,
 hold our con - try's hon - or, In the strength of manhood's might. We shall meet, but we shall miss him,
 from the pine and cy - press, Min - gle with the tears we shed. We shall meet, but we shall miss him,

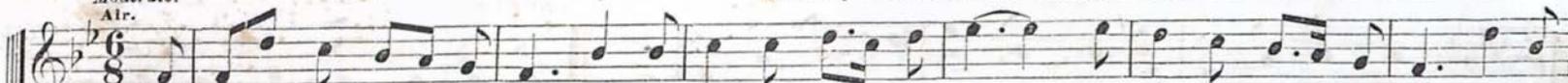
There will be one va - cant chair; We shall lin - ger to ca - ress him, While we breathe our eve - ning prayer.
 There will be one va - cant chair; We shall lin - ger to ca - ress him, While we breathe our eve - ning prayer.
 There will be one va - cant chair; We shall lin - ger to ca - ress him, While we breathe our eve - ning prayer.

MY DARLING LITTLE NELL.

Words by SAM'L. B. EVANS, Music by A. L. ELLIS; both of the 83d Iowa Vols.

Moderato.

Alr.



1. She lives down by the riv - er, my dar - ling lit - tle Nell, Where wa - ters run the clear - est the

Alto.



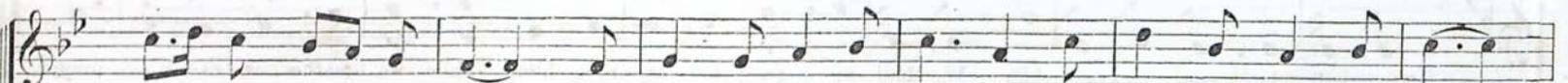
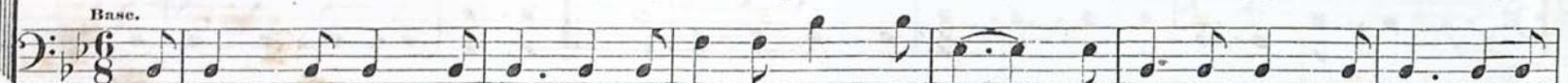
2. Her face is full of dim - ples, my dar - ling lit - tle Nell, Her eyes are blue and melt - ing, the

Tenor.

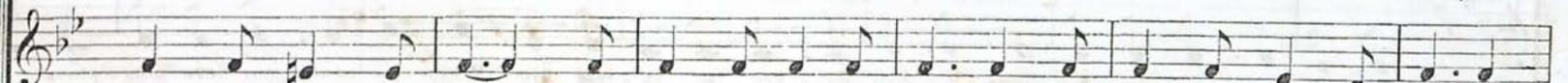


3. Yes when the war is o - ver, my dar - ling lit - tle Nell, I'll haste with joy to see her, the

Bass.



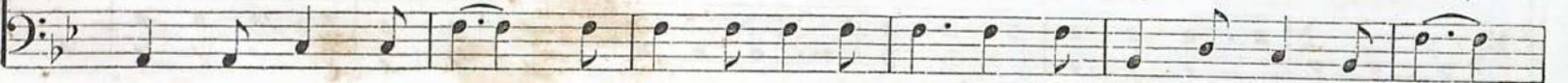
fai - ry lit - tle belle. She's sweet - er than the li - ly, She's fair - er than the rose,



fai - ry lit - tle belle. No won - der that I love her, and dream of her at night,



fai - ry lit - tle belle. I'll 'mind her of her prom - ise, that bright day in the dell,



MY DARLING LITTLE NELL— Concluded.

CHORUS.

A spell of grace and beau - ty o'er ev - ery heart she throws. Dar-ling lit - tle Nell— Darling lit - tle Nell—

And think I hear her com - ing with step so free and light. Dar-ling lit - tle Nell— Darling lit - tle Nell—

And naught a-gain shall part me from my own dar - ling Nell. Dar-ling lit - tle Nell— Darling lit - tle Nell—

When the war is o - ver my love to you I'll tell, When the war is o - ver my love to you I'll tell

When the war is o - ver my love to you I'll tell, When the war is o - ver my love to you I'll tell.

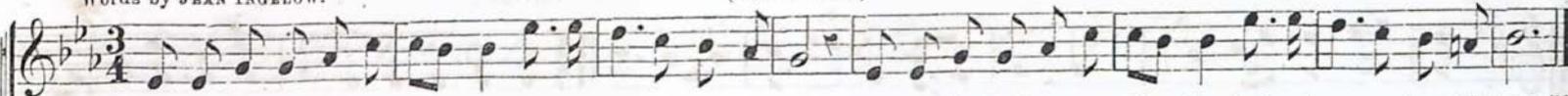
When the war is o - ver my love to you I'll tell, When the war is o - ver my love to you I'll tell

THE VALE OF CHILDHOOD.

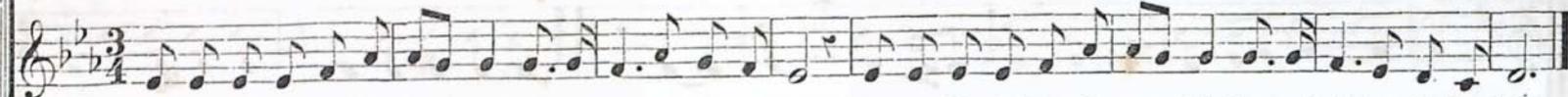
Words by JEAN INGELow.

(Duet or Trio.)

Music from H SANFORD.



1. Is it warm in that green val - ley, Vale of child-hood, where you dwell? Is it calm in that green val-ley, Round whose bourns such great hills swell?
 2. Are there voi - ces in the val - ley, Ly - ing near the heav - en - ly gate? When it o - pens, do the harp strings Touched with - in re - verb - er - ate?

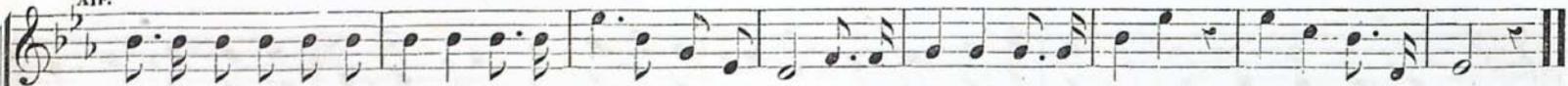


3. There are buds that fold with - in them, Closed and cov - ered from our sight; Many a rich - ly tint - ed pe - tal Nev - er looked on by the light.
 4. Look in fear, for there is dim - ness, Ills un - shap - en float a - nigh; Look in awe, for this same na - ture Once the god - head deigned to die.



Chorus.

Air.

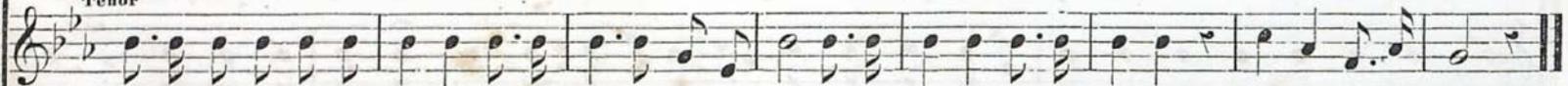


Are there gi - ants in the val - ley, Gi - ants leav - ing foot - prints yet? Are there an - gels in the val - ley? Tell me— I for - get.
 When, like shoot - ing stars, the an - gels To your couch at night - fall go, Are there swift wings heard to rus - tle? Tell me! for you know.

Alto.



Tenor



Fain to see their shroud - ed fa - ces, Sun and dew are long at strife, Till at length the sweet buds o - pen— Such a bud is life.
 Look in love, for He doth love it, And its tale is best of lore; Still hu - man - i - ty grows dear - er, Be - ing learn'd the more.

Bass



TOLL THE BELL! THE BRAVE ARE SLEEPING.

Moderato. Words by W. H. C. HOSEMER.

Music by Dr. A. A. SAUNDERS.

Air



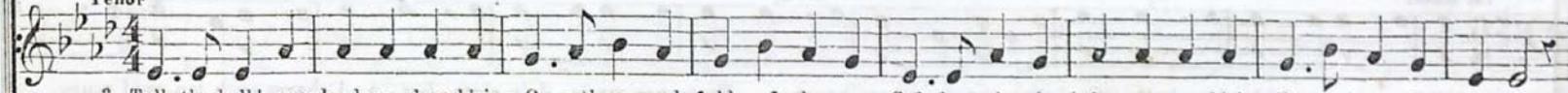
1. Toll the bell! the brave are sleep-ing, And their swords are sheathed for-ev-er; With our sor-row and our weep-ing, We can wake them nev-er.

Alto



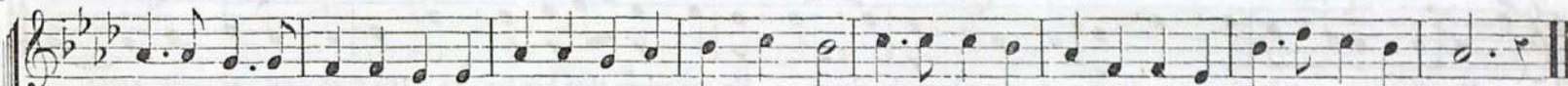
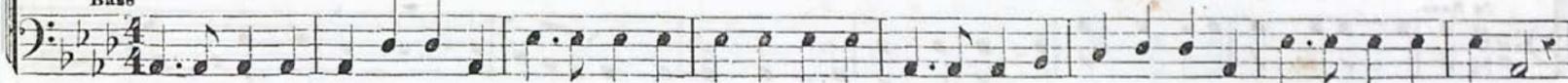
2. Toll the bell! the field of hon-or Saw our best and brav-est per-ish; Let us, tho' a cloud is on her, Our loved coun-try cher-ish;

Tenor



3. Toll the bell! our dead are slum-b'ring On a thou-sand fields of glo-ry; Gal-lant vic-tims! far out-num-b'ring Hosts of an-cient sto-ry.

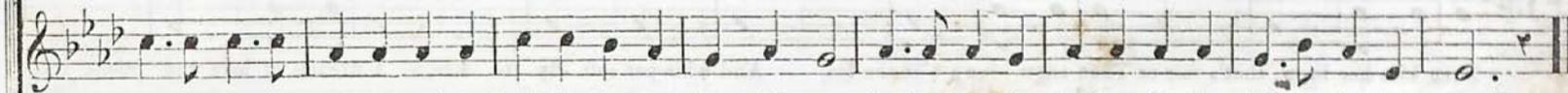
Base



Beat the muf-fled drum, ye mourn-ers! For their proud ca-reer is o'er, From the bat-tle-field re-turn-ers To their homes no more.



Let the na-tive land they wrought for Rear the stain-less mar-ble high; To the glo-rious realm they fought for They have breathed "Good by."



Let a sol-emn oath be ta-ken, That their names shall per-ish never; Our brave Un-ion stand un-sha-ken, And ex-ist for-ever.



NIGHT WIND SERENADE.

(For Men's Voices.)

R. S. T

1st Tenor.



1. O night wind, be my ser - vant, And do an er - rand rare; Go seek yon peace - ful cham - ber Where sleeps my la - dy fair.

2d Tenor.



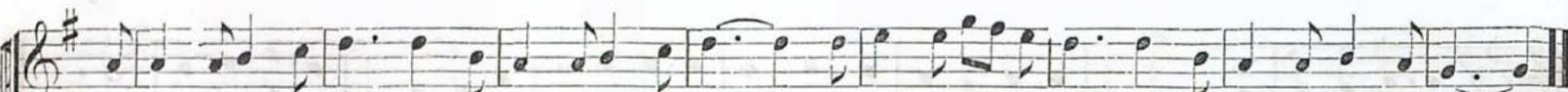
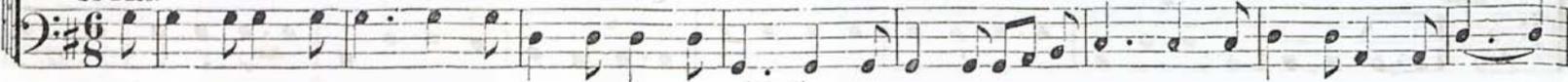
2. Go load your wings with fra - grance, Where freshest roses bloom, And quick - ly to her win - dow Trans - port the rich per - fume.

1st Base.

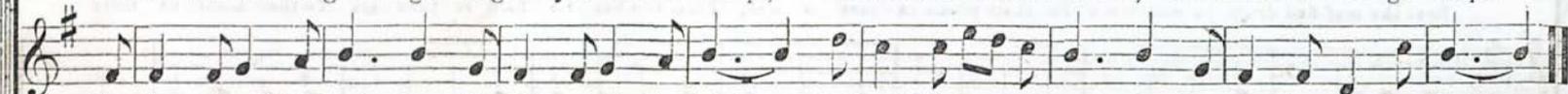


3. With prayers and blessings laden, O night wind, haste ye hence, En - trance my la - dy's slum - ber, And charm each lan - guid sense.

2d Base.



Her dis - tant cur - tain gleam - ing Shall guide you where she sleeps, Un - con - sci - ous that her lov - er, His faith - ful vi - gil keeps.



Go where the wild birds sing - ing, En - liv - ens all the night, And waft his sweet - est mu - sic, To soothe her slum - ber light.



Then kiss her brow, that's fair - er Than snow blown o'er the lea, And whis - per soft - ly to her, A dream of love and me.



IN OUR BOAT.

113

Andante Cantabile.

Words by Miss MULOCH.

Air

1. Stars trem-bling o'er us, and sun-set be-fore us, Moun-tains in shad-ows, and for-ests a-sleep;

Alto.

2. Come not, pale sor-row, flee un-til to-mor-row, Rest soft-ly fall-ing o'er eye-lids that weep;

Tenor.

3. As the waves cov-er the depths we glide o-ver, So let the past in for-get-ful-ness sleep;

Base

4. Heaven shine a-bove us, and bless all that love us, All whom we love in thy ten-der-ness keep!

Down, down the riv-er we float on for-ev-er, Speak not, ah, breathe not—there's peace on the deep.

Ritard e dim.

While down the riv-er we float on for-ev-er, Speak not, ah, breathe not—there's peace on the deep.

While down the riv-er we float on for-ev-er, Speak not, ah, breathe not—there's peace on the deep.

While down the riv-er we float on for-ev-er, Speak not, ah, breathe not—there's peace on the deep.

Lamentando.

Air

1. They are send - ing them home! the true and the brave— They are send - ing them home for a sol - dier's

2. They are send - ing them home! where or - ange flow'rs bloom; In the land of the south came the word of

3. They are send - ing them home with care! for they know That the hope of some heart is with death laid

grave. All si - lent they come with their life - less white hands Fold - ed o'er cap - tive hearts bound with death's cold

doom; The bright sun was shin - ing, and clear was the sky, When their war - fare was end - ed, their arms laid

low— Per - haps for a moth - er, her i - dol, her joy, Li - eth life - less and still with the form of her

bands. The u - ni - forms bright are dark - ly stained now, The seal of the an - gel is stamped on each
 by. They dread - ed not death, they feared not his dart, Fold light - ly the ban - ner a - bove the hushed
 boy. Or o'er him a wife in deep an - guish will bow, To press her pale lips to the slum - ber - er's

brow, From the field of the slain a - gain nev - er to roam, They are sad - ly and tear - ful - ly send - ing them home.
 heart, And send them home ten - der - ly to the fair sod Where they first lisp'd the dear names of moth - er and God.
 brow, Or will smooth back the fair curls which crown'd the young head. O yes, ten - der - ly, ten - der - ly send home her dead!

Moderato.

Air.

1 'Twas in the ear-ly spring-time, When the doves be-gin to coo; I walk'd a-cross the
 2 The ap-ple boughs were la-den With blos-soms bud-ding low; And the with-er'd leaves were

Alto.

3 And she smil'd a lit-tle arch-ly As she took a rib-bon blue, And bent a twig down
 4 And through the long glad sum-mer We watch'd that to-ken true, As it bright-en'd in the

Tenor.

5 At length the hap-py Au-tumn Came smil-ing o'er the land, Its gold-en treas-ures

val-ley, Sweet Jen-ny Brown to woo. My path lay through the or-ard, Whose
 fall-ing Like flakes of scent-ed snow. I told my love to Jen-ny, I

gen-tly And bound it firm and true; And she said "When on this branch-let, With
 sun-shine, Or glis-ten'd in the dew: And of all the lads and lass-es That

fling-ing With free and boun-teous hand; And when with rip'n-ing fruit-age The

sweet - ness fill'd the air, And ere I half had pass'd it, I met sweet Jen - ny there.
 scarce re - mem - ber how; But she seem'd to un - der - stand me, As she heard my trem - bling vow.

rib - bon I have tied, Hangs an ap - ple ripe and ro - sy, Jen - ny Brown will be your bride."
 saw it pass - ing by, Not one could read its prom - ise, But Jen - ny Brown and I.

ap - ple boughs are red, I walk'd a - cross the val - ley, Sweet Jen - ny Brown to wed.

TO THE BOWERS.



Moderato.

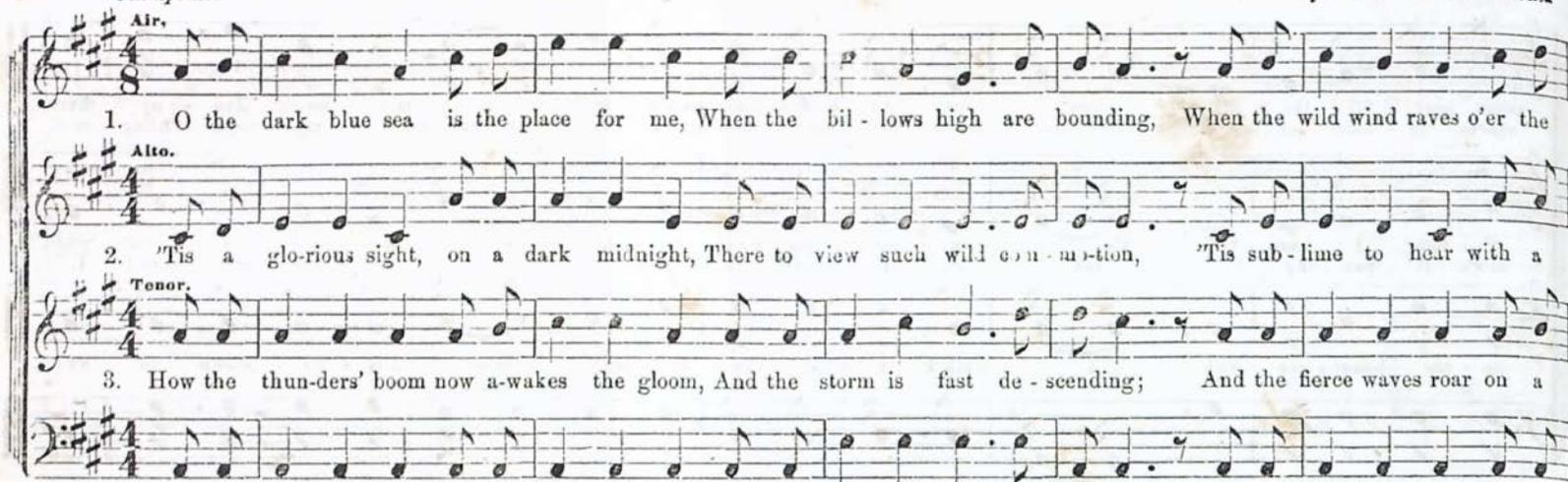
Air.
 To the green sha - dy bow'rs O what joy shall be ours, To ram - ble at pleas - ure, 'Mid gar - den and flow - ers.

Alto.
 To the green shady bow'rs, O what joy shall be ours, To ramble forth 'Mid gar - den and flowers.

Tenor.
 To the green shady bow'rs, O what joy shall be ours, To ramble forth 'Mid gar - den and flowers.

Con Spirito.

Air.



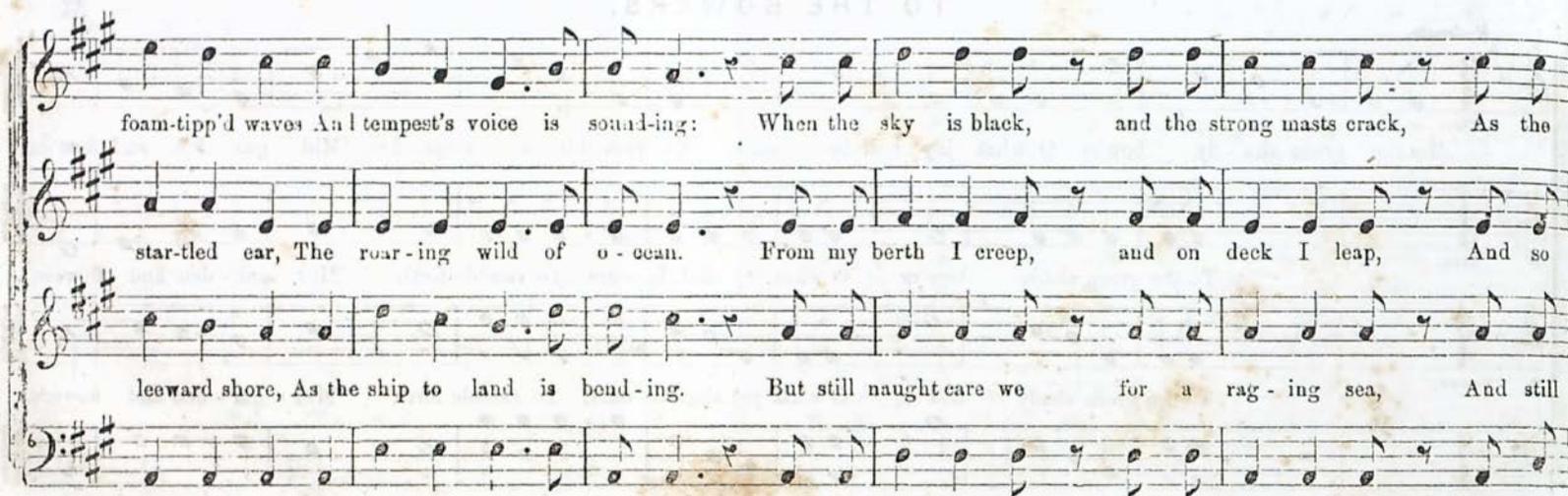
1. O the dark blue sea is the place for me, When the bil - lows high are bounding, When the wild wind raves o'er the

Alto.

2. 'Tis a glo - rious sight, on a dark midnight, There to view such wild con - m - tion, 'Tis sub - lime to hear with a

Tenor.

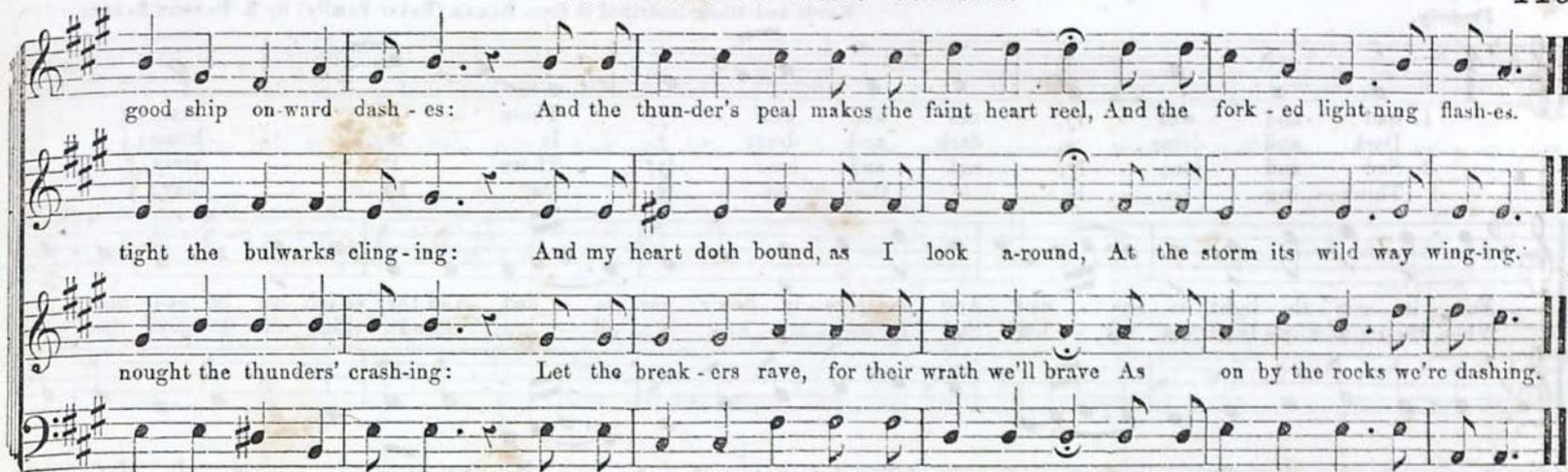
3. How the thun - ders' boom now a - wakes the gloom, And the storm is fast de - scending; And the fierce waves roar on a



foam - tipp'd waves And tempest's voice is sound - ing: When the sky is black, and the strong masts crack, As the

star - tled ear, The roar - ing wild of o - cean. From my berth I creep, and on deck I leap, And so

leeward shore, As the ship to land is bend - ing. But still naught care we for a rag - ing sea, And still



good ship on-ward dash-es: And the thun-der's peal makes the faint heart reel, And the fork-ed light-ning flash-es.

tight the bulwarks cling-ing: And my heart doth bound, as I look a-round, At the storm its wild way wing-ing.

nought the thunders' crash-ing: Let the break-ers rave, for their wrath we'll brave As on by the rocks we're dashing.

BEAUTIFUL SEA.

Allegretto.

Air.



1. Beau-ti-ful sea! Foaming and free! O how I love on thy bo-som to roam, There is my rest-ing place there is my home.

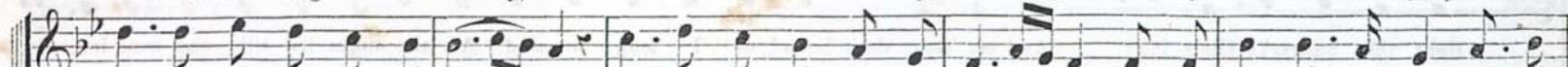
2. O-ver the deep! Storm-y winds sweep! But in our good ship the danger we'll brave, Fly-ing a-way o'er the storm-crested wave

"ZELINE."—Solo, Duet and Trio.

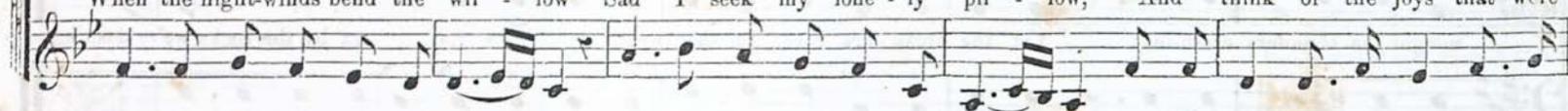
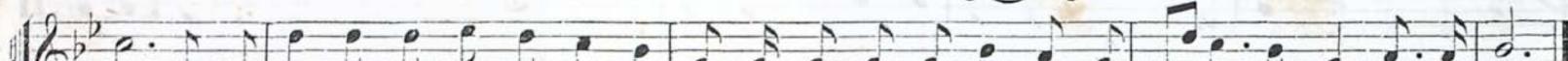
Words and Music inscribed to GEO. BAKER (Baker Family) by E. DARWIN SABINE.

Tenderly.


1. Sad and wea - ry, sad and wea - ry, There I roam ; }
 Dark and drear - y, dark and drear - y, Is my home ; }
 2. Sad and lone - ly, sad and lone - ly, There I stray, }
 Think - ing on - ly, of thee, on - ly, Day by day ; }



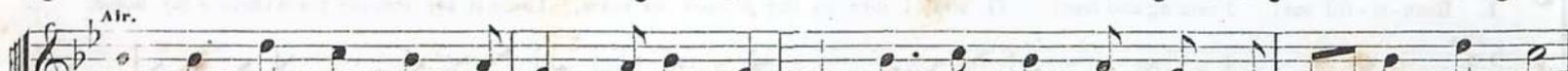
For its gen - tle light is sha - ded, And its love - ly flow'r has fa - ded, And they've left me in sad - ness to
 When the night-winds bend the wil - low Sad I seek my lone - ly pil - low, And think of the joys that were

pine; They have left me in sor - row, To a - wait the com - ing mor - row, And to dream of my dar - ling Ze - line.
 mine; My heart is filled with sor - row, And I dread the com - ing mor - row, For 'twill not bring my dar - ling Ze - line.

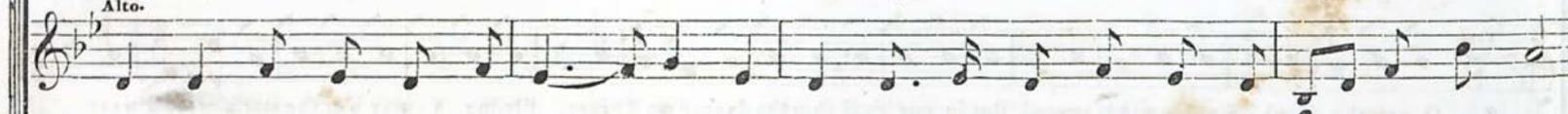
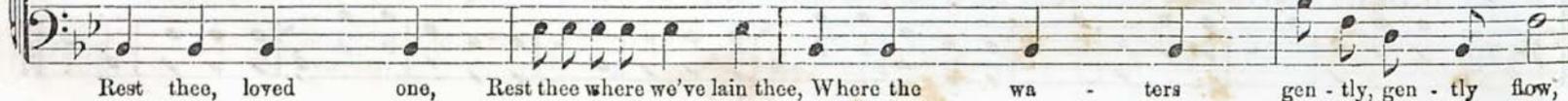


Air.



Rest thee, loved one, we have lain thee Where wild song - sters war - ble and the bright wa - ters flow,

Alto.

Rest thee, loved one, Rest thee where we've lain thee, Where the wa - ters gen - tly, gen - tly flow,

Ritard.

While o'er her bo - som The sweet flow - ers blos - som, And the soft breez - es mur - mur a re - qui - em low.

While o'er her bo - som The sweet flow - ers blos - som, And the breeze chants a re - qui - em low.

HOPE ON.

Moderato. Air.

1. Hope on! hope on! hope ev - er! The dark - est time in all the night Is just be - fore the morn - ing light.

Alto.

2. Hope on! hope on! hope ev - er! When cheer - less rain - drops thick - est fall The sun is shin - ing o - ver all.

Tenor.

3. Hope on! hope on! hope ev - er! For so a - bove our gloom and tears The heaven - ly light of joy ap - pears

REMEMBER OUR SUFFERING HEROES.

(Duet and Chorus.)

Words by RUTH L. DOUGLASS.

With expression.

Air.

1. The leaves of the ma - ple are fall - ing, The sad winds of Au-tumn we hear; In the hush of the night they are call-ing,
2. O gath - er thy dear ones a - round thee, The fire on the hearthstone is bright, Shut doors and draw close - ly the curtains,
3. Re - mem - ber our suf - fer - ing he - roes, When pray'rs are breath'd softly and low, To the Giv - er who sends us the summer.

Alto.

To tell us the Win - ter is near. The breath of the north-wind is cold - er, And dark is the dull beat-ing rain:
To keep out the storm and the night. For - get not to tell them the sto - ry Of the brave and the no - ble who left
The au - tumn the spring and the snow. O give from your plen - ty, to send them The com - forts they left for your sake,

CHORUS.

The step of the frost - king is bold - er, His blight on the blos - soms more plain. Re - mem - ber our brave suffering he - roes,
Bright homes for the bat - tle - field go - ry, And hearts by their ab - sence be - left.

Tenor.

Your pray'rs shall gain strength by the giv - ing, A bless - ing, the off - 'ring you make. Re - mem - ber our brave suffering he - roes,

In camp and in hos-pit-al drear. Now the bloom of the sum-mer has vanished, And win-ter, cold win-ter is here.

In camp and in hos-pit-al drear. Now the bloom of the sum-mer has vanished, And win-ter, cold win-ter is here.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the first part of the song. It features four staves: a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef), a vocal line (treble clef), and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The music is in a minor key and 4/4 time. The lyrics are printed below the vocal lines.

WAKE, WAKE THE SONG.

Maestoso.
Air

R

Wake, wake the song, the song of joy-ful greet-ing, Home a-gain, home a - gain, brave and true they come. Thrills ev - ery heart with

Wake, wake the song, the song of joy-ful greet-ing, Home a-gain, home a - gain, brave and true they come. Thrills ev - ery heart with

Wake, wake the song, the song of joy-ful greet-ing, Home a-gain, home a - gain, brave and true they come. Thrills ev - ery heart with

they come low

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the second part of the song. It features four staves: a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef), a vocal line (treble clef), and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The music is in a major key and 4/4 time. The lyrics are printed below the vocal lines. A fermata is placed over the final note of the first vocal line. The tempo is marked 'Maestoso' and the style is 'Air'. A 'Crescendo' (Cres.) marking is present at the end of the piece.

FINE. SOLO.

rapture at the meeting, Brothers dear, brothers dear, welcome, welcome home. Proud - ly, proud - ly wav - ing see the

Soprano & Alto.

rapture at the meeting, Brothers dear, brothers dear, welcome, welcome home. Proud - ly, proud - ly wav - ing, see the

Tenor.

rapture at the meeting, Brothers dear, brothers dear, welcome, welcome home. Proud - ly, proud - ly wav - ing, see the

ban - ner of the stars..... still bear - ing safe..... the glorious clus - ter tho' with

ban - ner of the stars, Still bear - ing safe the glo - rious clus - ter though with

ban - ner of the stars, Still bear - ing safe the glo - rious clus - ter though with

WAKE, WAKE THE SONG.—Concluded.

125

rents and bat-tle-scars. Not one is lost of all the jew - els in the cor - o-net so

rents and bat - tle scars, Not one is lost of all the jew - els in the cor - o - net so

rents and bat - tle scars, Not one is lost of all the jew - els in the cor - o - net so

The first system consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a treble clef accompaniment. The third staff is a treble clef accompaniment. The fourth staff is a bass clef accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#).

DA CAPO.

fair And nev-er, nev - er shall the hand of man a - gain its ru - in dare.

fair And nev - er, nev - er shall the hand of man a - gain its ru - in dare.

fair And nev - er, nev - er shall the hand of man a - gain its ru - in dare.

The second system consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a treble clef accompaniment. The third staff is a treble clef accompaniment. The fourth staff is a bass clef accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#).

Words by R. MORRIS, Esq.
Air.

G. F. R.

1 The jolts of life are man - y, As we dash a - long the track: Its ways are rough and

2 Be - hold that hap - py cou - ple Just mat - ed for their life— What care they for the

3 Wo to the luck - less pil - grim Who jour - neys all a - lone! Well said the wise King

4 There's not - one in ten thou - sand Of all the joys we mourn, But what if 'twas di -

rug - ged, And so our bones they rack: We're tossed a - bout, We're in and out, We

jolt - ing That hap - py man and wife! The cars may jump, Their heads may bump, And

Sol - o - mon "Two bet - ter is than one!" For when the ground's Most rug - ged found, And

vi - ded, Might ea - si - ly be borne. If we'd but learn, When for - tunes turn, To

LEANING TOWARDS EACH OTHER.—Concluded.

make a might-y poth-er, Far less would be Our pains if we Would lean to-wards each
 jos-tle one an-oth-er, They on-ly smile, And try the while, To lean to-wards each
 great's the pain and poth-er, He can-not break The so-rest shake By lean-ing on an-
 share them with a Broth-er, We'd prove how good's Our Broth-er-hood, By lean-ing tow'rds each

oth-er. Far less would be Our pains if we, Would lean to-wards each oth-er.
 oth-er. They on-ly smile, And try the while, To lean up-on each oth-er.
 oth-er. He can-not break, The sor-est shake, By lean-ing on an-oth-er.
 oth-er. We'd prove how good's Our Broth-er-hood, By lean-ing tow'rds each oth-er.

Poetry by G. W. L.

Music by W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

1. We've wait - ed, watched and wait - ed long, And now we're glad to see Your dear, fa - mil - iar
 2. You've borne our ban - ner no - bly, boys, You've done your du - ties well— And of your pat - ri -
 3. And when the war is o - ver, boys, Re - bel - lion crushed for aye, Then to your homes you'll
 4. Trea - son subdued, and peace restored, Jus - tice and Freedom won, We'll shout a cor - dial

CHORUS.

Air

f

fa - ces, boys, Brave sons of lib - er - ty.
 ot - ic deeds Shall fu - ture an - nals tell.
 come a - gain, And come next time to stay.
 welcome, boys, As here to - day we've done.

Our li - on - heart - ed vet - er - ans From

Alto.

Tenor

Our li - on - heart - ed vet - er - ans From

Base

war's red field are come! Brave boys, we give you heart - y cheer, We proud - ly hail you home.

war's red field are come! Brave boys, we give you heart - y cheer, We proud - ly hail you home.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the song 'Welcome to the Brave'. It consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal parts, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'war's red field are come! Brave boys, we give you heart - y cheer, We proud - ly hail you home.'

FREEDOM OUR WATCHWORD.

Words by E. L. C.
1st Tenor

(Quartette for male voices.)

Music by HENRY HARDING.

1. Ye Rebel Hosts, of Tyrant power, Who forged the chain in fate's dark hour, To hang upon your brother's neck, And hold his lib - er - ty in check.

2d Tenor.

2. Can you disarm by force and might That spirit of im - mor - tal right; Revoko the firm and just decree, That Man was "Equal Born and Free!"

1st Base.

3. The hour will come, the dawn is nigh, The sword of justice gleams on high, These galling chains shall soon give way, And Slavery's night be turned to day.

2d Base.

4. Then shall the nations of the earth Rejoice in triumph at the birth: Columbia then in truth shall rise, "Queen of the World," "Child of the Skies."

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the song 'Freedom Our Watchword'. It consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal parts (1st Tenor and 2d Tenor), and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment (1st Base and 2d Base). The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: '1. Ye Rebel Hosts, of Tyrant power, Who forged the chain in fate's dark hour, To hang upon your brother's neck, And hold his lib - er - ty in check. 2d Tenor. 2. Can you disarm by force and might That spirit of im - mor - tal right; Revoko the firm and just decree, That Man was "Equal Born and Free!" 1st Base. 3. The hour will come, the dawn is nigh, The sword of justice gleams on high, These galling chains shall soon give way, And Slavery's night be turned to day. 2d Base. 4. Then shall the nations of the earth Rejoice in triumph at the birth: Columbia then in truth shall rise, "Queen of the World," "Child of the Skies."'

1. My prai - rie land! My Il - li - nois! My own, my na - tive home, Here let thy war - worn
 2. Long months have roll'd a - way since last He view'd thy glo - rious plains, Those long and wea - ry
 3. And here where love's en - chant - ing spell Be - guiles each pass - ing day, He could not as the
 4. A few sweet mo - ments lingering here While gath - ering strength a - new, And then (a - way un -

sol - dier boy "A - while for - get to roam." Thy bree - zes fann'd his in - fant brow, And in his boy - hood
 months were pass'd Where war's wild hav - oc reigns. And when the lu - rid bat - tle - flame Blazed o'er the field of
 era - ven dwell Far from the dead - ly fray. No! Il - li - nois! My prai - rie home; Un - til the foe - men
 bid - den tear,) Lov'd home once more a - dieu! My prai - rie land, My Il - li - nois, Where - e'er my foot - steps

"MY PRAIRIE LAND."—Concluded.

days, Thy prai-ries beau - ti - ful as now..... Met his en - rap - tured gaze.
 strife, Oh! Il - li - nois, thy hon - ored name..... Seemed dear - er far than life!
 yield, Not one of all thy val - iant band..... Would ask to quit the field.
 roam, This tho't will fill my heart with joy..... Thou art my na - tive home.

CHORUS.

Sopr.
 My prai-rie land! My Il - li - nois! Where-e'er my footsteps roam, This tho't will fill my heart with joy, Thou art my na - tive home.

Alto.
 My prai-rie land! My Il - li - nois! Where-e'er my footsteps roam, This tho't will fill my heart with joy, Thou art my na - tive home.

Tenor.
 My prai-rie land! My Il - li - nois! Where-e'er my footsteps roam, This tho't will fill my heart with joy, Thou art my na - tive home.

WE WILL NOT FORGET THEM.

Words by F. B. SCOTT, Esq.

With expression.

Air

1. When thrice bless - ed peace is re - stored to our bor - ders, And loved ones sur - round the old hearth-stone once

Alto

2. But while we re - joice, we will tem - per our glad - ness By thoughts of the fall - en, who greet us no

Tenor

3. For - get not the or - phan! What sor - row un - meas - ured Must hang round the heart of that fa - ther - less

Bass

4. Nor will we for - get the re - turned ones, but greet them, And proud - ly re - ceive them, brave sol - diers and

more; Our na - tion re - deemed from war's fev - er - ed dis - ord - ers, And blest with the prom - ise, her war - fare is

more; Though brave deeds like theirs min - gle pride with our sad - ness; How no - bly they fell 'mid the can - non's loud

one; All per - ished the hopes that its young life had treas - ured; The fath - er re - turns not! For - ev - er he's

true! And make them twice wel - come wher - ev - er we meet them; No bet - ter nor brav - er the world ev - er

o'er; We then will re-joice that the con-flict is en-ded, And join our glad voi-ces in an-thems of
 roar! The fall-en! How sa-cred! Their names can-not per-ish; En-grav-en are they on each pat-ri-ot's
 gone: And where is the moth-er? A-las! She's heart-bro-ken; Her lit-tle ones gaze at the tears as they
 knew! To us they shall be as our own be-loved broth-ers; 'Tis God who has kept them 'mid bat-tle's a -

praise, Ac-knowl-edg-ing Him who our cause has de-fend-ed, Whose good-ness, un-meas-ured, has crowned all our days.
 heart, Their mem-ory, un-tar-nished, the na-tion shall cher-ish; Their fame and their glo-ry shall nev-er de-part!
 flow Oh, sor-row, Oh sor-row! Shall no word be spok-en? O com-fort the wid-ow,—for-get not her woe!
 larms; And while we re-mem-ber and weep for the oth-ers The re-turned ones,—we welcome them back to our arms!

DAYS AND FRIENDS OF THE PAST.

Written by T. F. WINTHROP and JAMES R. MURRAY, of the Army of the Potomac.

Moderato.

Air.

1. Days of the past are not for-got, 'Mid bat-tle, care and toil-ing of to-day; Then mem'-ries come lik

Alto.

2. Oh sa-cred are the mem-o-ries Of hap-py days, those hap-py days of yore— Of child-hood's spring-time,

Tenor.

3. Friends of the past are not for-got, They're just as dear, O, just as dear to-day, As when in boy-hood's

4. Tho' ov-er us time rolls his years, Be-tween us o-cean waves, the o-cean waves—And some, where sad the

gold-en dreams, To drive our cares a-way. Like some sweet song to hearts op-pressed, Like rain to droop-ing

youth's bright day, That come, ah! nev-er more, Who would not give un-bouud-ed wealth, Aye, all that mines con-

sun-ny time, They min-gled in our play, Each laugh-ing eye, each smil-ing face, Each look, each tone, and

wil-lows weep, Are sleep-ing in their graves. Time can-not al-ter true heart's love, Or sep-a-ra-tion

flow'rs, The thoughts of ol - den times come back To cheer us with their calm re - fresh - ing show'rs.

tain, For those sweet days of tru - est joy, To live them o'er, to live them o'er a - gain.

voice, In mem' - ry's cell are treas - ured up, As gems of rich - est choice, of rich - est choice.

part— And mem' - ries of the dear ones gone, Are treas - ured still, are treas - ured in the heart.

ODE TO THE BRAVE.

Andante con espressione. Words by WM. COLLINS, 1746.

T. J. RIGGS.

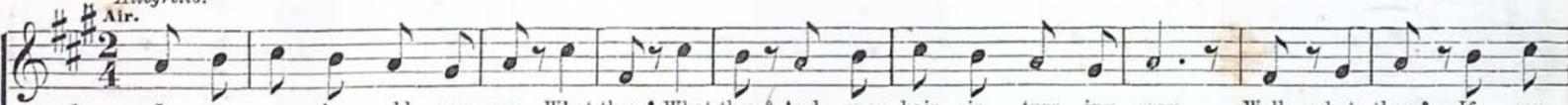
Air.
1. How sleep the brave who sink to rest By all their coun-try's wish-es blest! } She there shall deck a sweeter sod Than Fancy's feet have ev-er trod.
When Spring with dew fin-gers cold Re-turns to deck their hallowed mold, }

Alto.

Tenor.
2. By fai - ry hands their knell is rung: By forms un - seen their dirge is sung, } And Free - dom shall a - while re - pair To dwell a weep - ing her - mit there.
There Hon - or comes a pilgrim gray, To bless the earth that wraps their clay, }

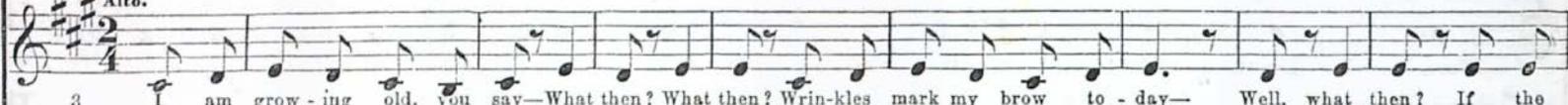
WHAT THEN?

Allegretto.
Air.



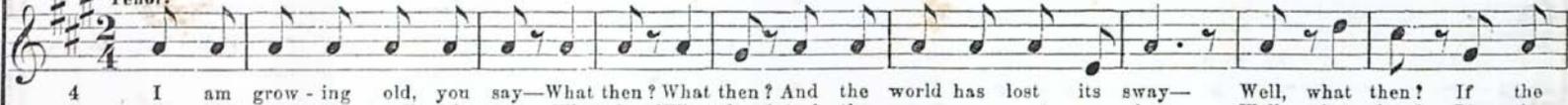
1 I am grow - ing old, you say—What then? What then? And my hair is turn - ing gray— Well, what then? If my
2 I am grow - ing old, you say—What then? What then? And my laugh has grown less gay— Well, what then? If the

Alto.

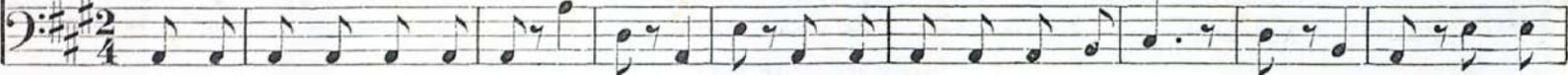
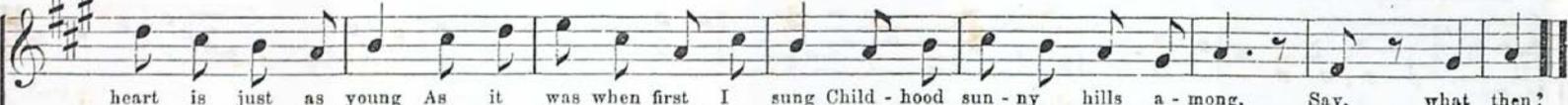


3 I am grow - ing old, you say—What then? What then? Wrin - kles mark my brow to - day— Well, what then? If the

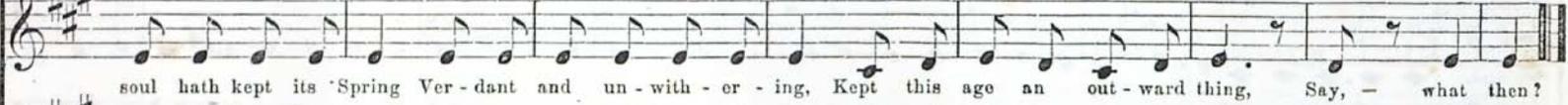
Tenor.



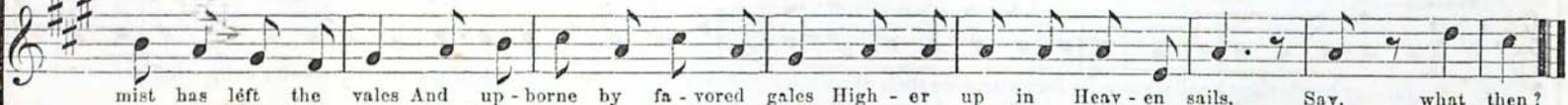
4 I am grow - ing old, you say—What then? What then? And the world has lost its sway— Well, what then? If the
5 I shall soon be call - ed away—What then? What then? And the sum - mons must o - bey— Well, what then? If the

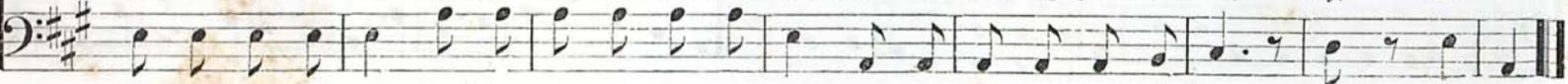
heart is just as young As it was when first I sung Child - hood sun - ny hills a - mong, Say, what then?
stream no bub - ble knows, If the tide in si - lence flows, If the rip - ple seeks re - pose, Say, what then?



soul hath kept its 'Spring Ver - dant and un - with - er - ing, Kept this age an out - ward thing, Say, - what then?



mist has left the vales And up - borne by fa - vored gales High - er up in Heav - en sails, Say, what then?
spir - it from with - in, Be - ing pu - ri - fied from sin, Ev - er - last - ing youth shall win, Say, what then?



BLESS YOU, SOLDIER.

Moderato.

The air repeats the first two syllables of the last line in each verse, the alto tenor and base in addition repeat the whole line.

Air.



1. Bless you, sol - dier!—when our sky Was heav - y with im-pend - ing woes, When trait - ors raised the bat - tle cry, When

Alto.

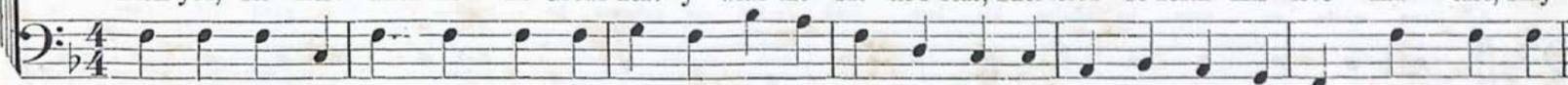


2. Bless you, sol - dier!—scarr'd and worn, Wea - ried with marching, watchings, pain, All bat - tle-stain'd and bat - tle torn, Brave-

Tenor-



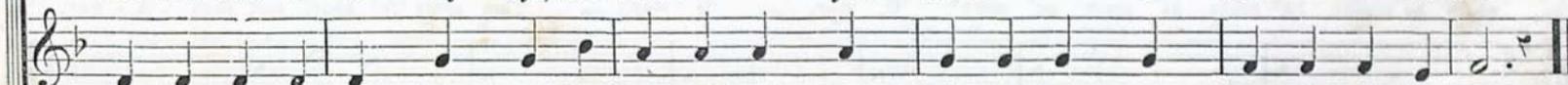
3. Bless you, sol - dier!—when the air Grows heav - y with the bat - tle's roar, Shel - tered be - neath His love and care, May



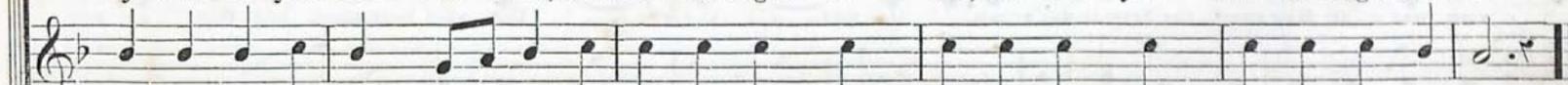
4. Bless you, sol - dier!—when the dove Of peace the Ea - gle's nest shall share, With home and hearts made warm with love, With



fear met fear in ev - ery eye, You rushed you rushed to meet our foes.



ly have all your tasks been borne, You have not fought in vain, You have you have not fought in vain.



Vic - t'ry, with her gar - lands rare, A - dorn you ev - er - more, A - dorn a - dorn you ev - er - more.



joys be - low—with joys a - bove, O bless you here and there! O bless O bless you here and there.

A SONG FOR NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

Words by WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

Moderato

Alr.

1. Stay yet, my friends, a mo - ment stay— Stay till the good old year, So long com - pan - ion
 2. The kind - ly year, his lib - 'ral hands Have lav - ished all his store, And shall we turn from

3. Days bright - ly came and calm - ly went While yet he was our guest; How cheer - ful - ly the

4. Dear friends were with us— some who sleep Be - neath the cof - fin lid; What pleas - ant mem - o
 5. Even while we sing he smiles his last, And leaves our spheres be - hind— The good old year is

of our way, Shakes hands and leaves us here. O stay,..... O stay,..... One lit - tle hour, and then a - way.
 where he stands, Be - cause he gives no more? O stay,..... O stay,..... One grate - ful hour, and then a - way.

week was spent; How sweet the Seventh day's rest; O stay,..... O stay,..... One good hour more, and then a - way.

ries we keep Of all they said and did; O stay,..... O stay,..... One ten - der hour, and then a - way.
 with the past: O be the new as kind! O stay,..... O stay,..... One part - ing strain, and then a - way.

Trio and Chorus, for Christmas.

Allegretto.
CHORUS.

"WAKE THE SWEET ANTHEM."
Chorus to be sung first and also after each verse.

139

Poem by "PAULINA."

ALL.

Wake the sweet an - them, a - gain and a - gain, Glad praise to the high - est - good will to all men.

ALTO.

WAKE THE SWEET ANTHEM.

WAKE THE SWEET ANTHEM.

WAKE THE SWEET ANTHEM.

WAKE THE SWEET ANTHEM.

First Soprano.

1. Heav - en a - bove us is lov - ing - ly bend - ing, Trans - cend - ent in beau - ty, and bath'd in its light Are

Second Soprano.

2. Hail the Mes - si - ah! who com - eth to sev - er The chain of the migh - ty, the bands of the strong. Then

Alto, or Tenor an octave above.

3. Sa - vior, whose life was a ho - ly e - van - gel, Bright Star of the morn - ing, our pil - lar of light, Thou

spir - its an - gel - ic as - cend - ing - de - scend - ing; And this is the song of their rap - ture to - night.

ban - ish the weap - ons of war - fare for - ev - er, And shout with the bless - ed the rap - tu - rous song.

bring - est the day - spring and "There - fore with an - gels. And arch - an - gels" sing we thy prais - es to - night.

Allegretto.

1. *Air.* Kneel-ing by the stream, I saw Kate, the farm - ers daugh-ter, Drink-ing, in her ro - sy palm Dip-ping up the wa - ter.

2. *Alto.* Not a word she said to me, Though she saw me clear - ly In the mir-ror'd wa - ter fair, Com-ing to her near - ly.

3. *Tenor.* And I said, the po - ets think, Life is like a riv - er, Shall we not its wa - ters drink Al - ways love to - geth - er?

*a little slower.**in time.*

Eyes so full of laugh-ing light, Shape and form so queen - ly, Lips more red than cher-ries ripe, Made my heart beat strange-ly.

So I slow - ly ten - der - ly Went and knelt be-side her, Drank with her from out the stream, Blush-ing Kit - ty Ry-der.

Ma-ny years have pass'd a - way Like the flow-ing wa - ter, But I drink life's stream to - day, With the farm - er's daugh-ter.

HEAVEN BLESS OUR BOYS TO-NIGHT.

R

141

Words by AVANELLE L. HOLMES.

Air.
1. Heaven bless our boys to - night Where-e'er they stand, Firm in the cause of right, Strong for our land.

Alto.
2. Heaven bless our boys to - night, Faith - ful and brave, Pro - tect them by Thy might, This boon we crave.

Tenor.
3. Heaven bless our boys to - night, For them we pray, Give them sweet dreams and bright, Till dawn of day.

4. Heaven bless our boys to - night, This is our plea, We give them to the fight, Our prayers to Thee.

No - bly they do and dare, Gal - lant and brave they are, Lord have them in Thy care, Where-e'er they stand.

In camp or bat - tle field Be Thou their sword and shield, Oh! help them ne'er to yield, Faith - ful and brave.

Let guar-dian an - gels stand Close round our sleep - ing band, And keep with lov - ing hand, Our boys, we pray.

Ev - en by night or day Be Thou their strength and stay, Till war shall pass a - way, This is our plea

Not too fast.

Words and Music by FRANK FRENCH.

1. Sad are the murm'ings of the sul - len breeze, When rousing up the riv - er, and whistling through the trees,
 2. Out in the tempest, midnight's drear - y storm Is raging fiercely round me! the dis - tant bil - lows mourn,

3. When round the campfire, friendly aid is come, We'll sit and talk to - geth - er, all heed - less of the storm,
 4. While in the conflict, 'mid the dire - ful scene! Where shot and shell are humming a - round us and be - tween,

When the dreary rain clouds hide the cheerful sun We're thinking, we're thinking of our prairie home.
 Thick - ly falls the rain - drops, watching here a - lone; I'm thinking, I'm thinking of my prairie home.

Or the mer - ry sing - ing livens up our gloom, We're thinking, we're thinking of our prairie home.
 When one short sec - ond might de - cide our doom! We're thinking, we're thinking of our prairie home.

CHORUS.

When round a - bout us the chil - ly breezes moan! Sad - ly heaves our aching bosoms! thinking of our home.

When at my sta - tion, I while the midnight gloom, Si - lent are my pensive longings, thinking of my home.

When round the campfire, we while the midnight gloom, Cheerful hearts with one con - sent are thinking then of home.

When we are fight - ing, the can - non's aw - ful boom, On - ly makes us think the more of thee, our prairie home.

DEAR FRIENDS, COME AGAIN.

Not too fast.

1. Dear friends, come a - gain, Stay not so long a - way; Songs that cheer the heart We've sung with joy to - day.

2. Dear friends, come a - gain, The door is o - pen wide; All shall wel - come be Who bring not care nor pride.

3. Dear friends, come a - gain, The greet - ing ev - er waits; Friend - ship, warm and true, Our so - cial life cre - ates.

The mer - ry, mer - ry,
And welcome, welcome,
And well you know that.

THE COMING OF THE MAIL.—Quartet and Chorus.

Allegretto. Words and Music by E. W. HICKS, author of "Vicksburg is Taken."

Arranged by S. F. R.

Air.



1. The Ar - my Post in sight! all hail! Stack arms and tap the drums! For most a week we've had no mail, And now, boys, here she comes!
 2. And here it comes—the post - man's steed All o'er is flecked with foam; But he has done a no - ble deed, In bringing news from home:

Alto.



3. Hurrah! they're giv - ing let - ters out, Excitement reigns su - preme, And men are hur - ry - ing a - bout, Like phantoms in a dream

Tenor.



4. That chap laughs o'er his let - ter sheet, Filled to the ve - ry brim; And *this* boy's gilt - edged note looks sweet, Some love news there for him:
 5. Then chain - locked bags and lightning's breath Still throb on as of yore, For there is naught but Treason's death That can de - light us more:

Bass



Dust clouds are ris - ing fast and free, And far a - way they sail; And thro' the ris - ing dust we see The com - ing of the Mail.
 There's nothing else, ex - cept 'twould be Jeff. Da - vis on a rail, That looks so good as 'tis to see The com - ing of the Mail.



The trees seem listen - ing to the din, The wind has ceased its wail; And all are in - ter - est - ed in The com - ing of the Mail.



And here's a man who weeps—his eye In fight would nev - er quail; But yet he is af - fect - ed by The com - ing of the Mail.
 Still puls - ate thro' the veins of war, And nev - er miss our trail; And Reb - el - dom shall make way for The com - ing of the Mail.



CHORUS.

THE COMING OF THE MAIL.—Concluded.

145

The Mail, oh the Mail is a great in - sti - tu - tion, So full of ex - cite - ment when oth - er means fail ;

The Mail, oh the Mail is a great in - sti - tu - tion, So full of ex - cite - ment when oth - er means fail ;

The Mail, oh the Mail is a great in - sti - tu - tion, So full of ex - cite - ment when oth - er means fail ;

The birds and the grass - hop - pers fly in con - fu - sion, And all hearts beat fast - er at sight of the Mail.

The birds and the grass - hop - pers fly in con - fu - sion, And all hearts beat fast - er at sight of the Mail.

The birds and the grass - hop - pers fly in con - fu - sion, And all hearts beat fast - er at sight of the Mail.

Solo with vocal accompaniment.

1. There is a spot I re - mem - ber, By a riv - er with a peace - ful flow, Where
 2. There bright - er skies bent a - bove me: There my spi - rit pu - rer pleas - ures found; There
 3. Long years have passed since I wan - dered By that riv - er with its peace - ful flow, And

1st Sop.
 2d Sop.
 Tenor.

La la,

La la,

stands a lit - tle cot in the wild - wood, And that was my home long a - go.
 fond - er tru - er hearts beat to love me, Than else - where the wide world a - round.
 all the hap - py hours that I squan - dered, My heart nev - er more may know.

la la.

la la.

THE OLD, OLD HOME IN THE WILD-WOOD.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Oh, the old, old home in the wild - wood, I nev - er, nev - er can for - get, And

Acc.

Tenor.
Oh, the old, old home in the wild - wood, I nev - er, nev - er can for - get, And

on the hap - py days of my child - hood, I lin - ger with a fond re - gret.

on the hap - py days of my child - hood, I lin - ger with a fond re - gret.

Allegretto.

Air

1. Ar - rayed in furs and mit - tens, To meet the frost - y air, With Fleet - foot and the

2. How the mer - ry laugh is ring - ing Up - on the win - t'ry air, And the peal - ing bells make

3. By and by in - to a snow drift Right o - ver - board you go, Your horse runs off and

cut - ter, You take your la - dy fair! A bright eyed ros - y las - sie With lots of flow - ing

mu - sic That charms a - way dull care! All hearts are light - ly bound - ing, And bright eyes shine like

leaves you And the fair one in the snow Then you gath - er up the frag - ments And the own - er of the

curls, And join the mer - ry par - ty, A - sleigh - ing with the girls, A sleigh - ing with the

pearls, 'Tis real - ly ver - ry pleas - ant This sleigh - ing with the girls, This sleigh - ing with the

curls, But who would think of grum - bling When sleigh - ing with the girls, When sleigh - ing with the

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are treble clefs, and the bottom staff is a bass clef. The music is in 3/4 time and G major. The lyrics are printed below the notes on each staff.

girls, A sleigh - ing with the girls, And join the mer - ry par - ty, A sleigh - ing with the girls.

girls, This sleigh - ing with the girls, 'Tis real - ly ver - ry pleas - ant This sleigh - ing with the girls.

girls, When sleigh - ing with the girls, But who would think of grum - bling When sleigh - ing with the girls.

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves (three treble clefs and one bass clef). It continues the melody and lyrics from the first system. The lyrics are printed below the notes on each staff.

AT MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.—A Quartet.

By J. WILLIAM SUFFERN.

Andantino

1. Oh! Moth - er in that bless - ed clime, Where thou hast found a peace - ful rest, Do ev - er thoughts and
 2. Oh! Moth - er I have wand - ered far, From all my child - hood's dear de - lights, Grown wea - ry of life's

3. When shall I share this rest with thee? When shall I be as low as thou? And wa - ken in the

4. I see the world of joy and bloom, No heart in all that world is mine, And with my spir - it
 5. I know that thou art blessed, but I Am on the rug - ged march of life, Must toil be - neath a

loves of time, Re - turn in - to thy gen - tle breast; And does thy hap - py spir - it see, Or
 sick - ning war, And ev - ery pleas - ure that in - vites; I bow my ach - ing head and weep, Dear

morn to see The crown of glo - ry on thy brow— Oh! Moth - er, shall it ev - er be, Shall

wrapped in gloom I think how long thy love did twine, Dear Moth - er, round my er ring soul, And
 friend - less sky, And min - gle in the soul - less strife; O, in the full - ness of thy joy Re-

Instrumental.

cast one lov - ing tho't to me; Oh! does thy hap - py spir - it see, Or cast one lov - ing tho't to me.
Moth - er, where thy ash - es sleep; I bow my ach - ing head and weep, Dear Moth - er, where thy ash - es sleep.

I a - gain re - joice with thee? O, Moth - er, shall it ev - er be, Shall I a - gain re - joice with thee.

guid - ed with its calm con - trol. Dear Moth - er, round my err - ing soul, And guid - ed with its calm con - trol.
mem - ber still thy er - ring boy, O, in the full - ness of thy joy, Re - mem - ber still thy er - ring boy.

THE SKATERS.

G. F. R.

Allegretto.

Air

1. O how the mer - ry peal rings out, With many a laugh and many a shout, O'er all the i - cy fields a - bout.

Alto

2. And see! they dart as if on wings, In lines, and curves, and spi - ral flings, While clear and bright the i - ron rings.

Tenor

3. Ah! joy - ful in our north - ern clime, The mer - ry shout and ring - ing chime Of skat - ers in the win - ter time.

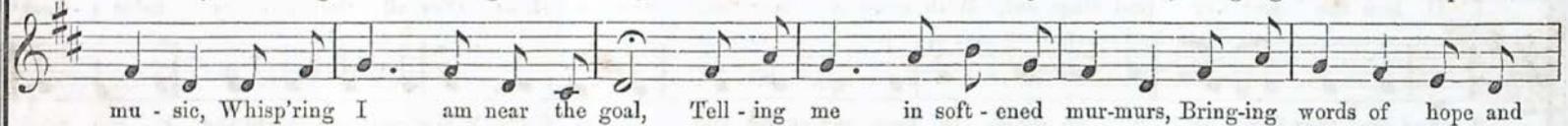
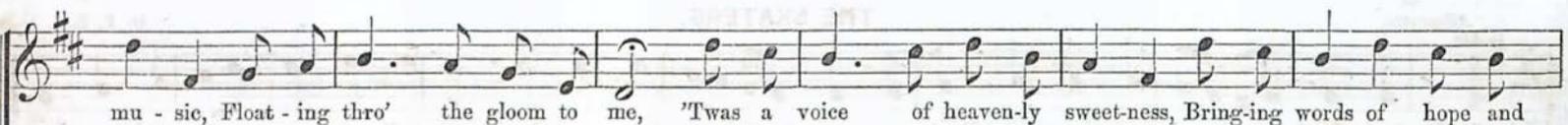
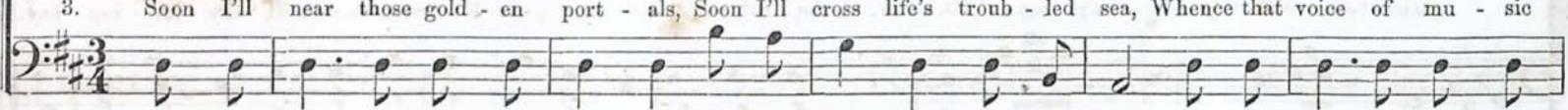
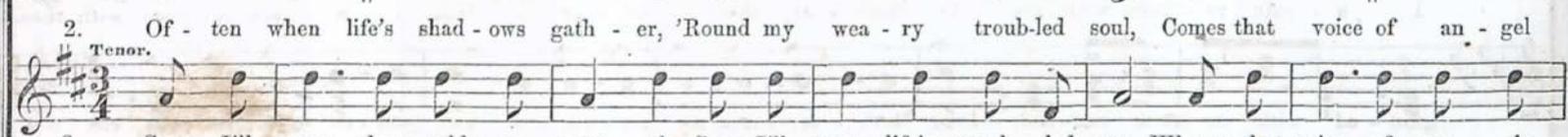
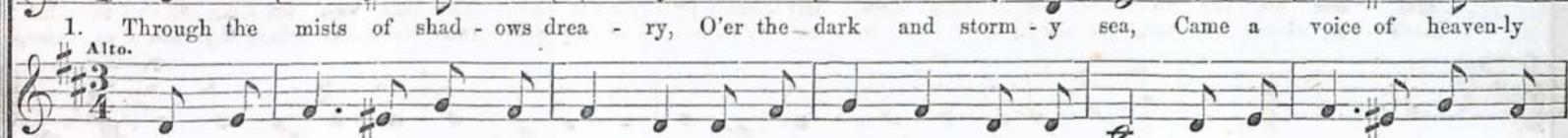
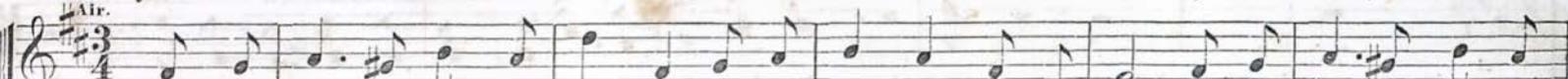
DARK BELOW, BUT LIGHT ABOVE.

Quartet and Chorus.

Music by JAS. R. MURRAY, 1st Mass. H. A.

Words by BELLA.

Air.



CHORUS.

ritard.

love, Whisp'ring to my troub - led spir - it, "Dark be - low but light a - bove." Dark be - low but light a -

love, Say - ing to my doubt ing spir - it, "Dark be - low but light a - bove." Dark be - low but light a -

love, Shall I find that say - ing truth - ful, "Dark be - low but light a - bove." Dark be - low but light a -

ritard.

bove. Dark be - low but light a - bove. Whisping to my troub - led spir - it, Dark be - low but light a - bove.

bove. Dark be - low but light a - bove. Say - ing to my doubt - ing spir - it, Dark be - low but light a - bove.

bove. Dark be - low but light a - bove. Shall I find that say - ing truth - ful, Dark be - low but light a - bove.

Moderato

Air.

1. It was a rus - tic cot - tage porch, And o - ver the gate a mai - den leant, Up - on her face and

Alto.

Tenor.

2. The spring had in - to sum - mer leapt, Brown au - tumn's hand her treas - ures threw, When forth a mer - ry

Bass.

youth - ful grace A lov - er's ear - nest eyes were bent. "Good night," she said, "once more good night, The

par - ty swept, In bri - dal gar - ments, two by two. I knew it was the maid who blest the

even - ing star is ris - ing high, But ear - ly with the morn - ing light, Be sure you call as

even - ing star that rose so high, For he, as I sup - pose you've guess'd, Had of - ten called as

Detailed description: This system contains four staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a treble clef accompaniment. The third staff is a treble clef accompaniment. The bottom staff is a bass clef accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4.

2d verse. Had oft,..... had oft,..... had oft - en call'd as he pass'd by.

you pass by, Be sure,..... be sure,..... be sure you call as you pass by.

1st verse. Be sure you call, be sure you call, be sure you call as you pass by.

he pass'd by. Had of - ten call'd, had of - ten call'd, had of - ten call'd as he pass'd by.

Detailed description: This system contains four staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a treble clef accompaniment. The third staff is a treble clef accompaniment. The bottom staff is a bass clef accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4.

OH, ARE YE SLEEPING, MAGGIE ?



Published in sheet form as Song and Chorus by ROOR & CADY.

Moderato.

Air.

Oh are ye sleep - ing Mag - gie? Say are ye sleep - ing; Mag - gie? Let me in, for loud the linn is

Alto.

Oh are ye sleep - ing Mag - gie? Say are ye sleep - ing; Mag - gie? Let me in, for loud the linn is

Tenor.

Oh are ye sleep - ing, Mag - gie? Say are ye sleep - ing, Mag - gie? Let me in, for loud the linn is

roar - ing o'er the war - lock crai - gie, Dark and mur - ky is the night, And not a star shines through the car - rie,

roar - ing o'er the war - lock crai - gie, Abune my breath I din - na speak, For fear I'll rouse your wauk-rif dad-die

roar - ing o'er the war - lock crai - gie, Sheope'd the door and let him in, He cast a - side his drip - ping plaid-ie,

OH, ARE YE SLEEPING, MAGGIE?—Concluded.

157

Lightning flash is a' the light, And rif - ted woods roar wild and drea - rie, Oh are ye sleeping, Maggie?

Cauld's the blast up - on my check, Rise, O rise my bon - nie led - die, Oh are ye sleeping, Maggie!

Now blaw your worst ye blus - t'ring winds, Since Mag - gie dear I'm here be - side ye. Now since you're wak - ing, Maggie!

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is in 2/4 time and features a melody with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: "Lightning flash is a' the light, And rif - ted woods roar wild and drea - rie, Oh are ye sleeping, Maggie? Cauld's the blast up - on my check, Rise, O rise my bon - nie led - die, Oh are ye sleeping, Maggie! Now blaw your worst ye blus - t'ring winds, Since Mag - gie dear I'm here be - side ye. Now since you're wak - ing, Maggie!"

Say are ye sleep - ing, Mag - gie? Let me in, for loud the linn is roar - ing o'er the war - lock crai - gie.

Say are ye sleep - ing, Mag - gie? Let me in, for loud the linn is roar - ing o'er the war - lock crai - gie.

Now since you're wak - ing, Mag - gie, What care I for how - let's cry, For boor - trie bauk or war - lock crai - gie?

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves. The top three staves are in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music continues the melody from the first system with the following lyrics: "Say are ye sleep - ing, Mag - gie? Let me in, for loud the linn is roar - ing o'er the war - lock crai - gie. Say are ye sleep - ing, Mag - gie? Let me in, for loud the linn is roar - ing o'er the war - lock crai - gie. Now since you're wak - ing, Mag - gie, What care I for how - let's cry, For boor - trie bauk or war - lock crai - gie?"

TRIP LIGHTLY.

Andantino.

Air

1. Trip light - ly o - ver trou - ble, Trip light - ly o - ver wrong; We on - ly make them dou - ble

Alto

2. Trip light - ly o - ver sor - row; Tho' all the day be dark, The sun may shine to - mor - row,

Tenor

3. Trip light - ly o - ver sad - ness, Stand not to rail at doom, We've pearls to string to glad - ness,

Base

By dwell - ing on them long. Why clasp woe's hand so tight - ly? Why sigh o'er blos - soms dead? Why

And gai - ly sing the Lark; Fair hopes have not de - part - ed, Tho' ro - ses may have fled; Then

On this side of the tomb; While stars are night - ly shin - ing, And heaven is o - ver - head, En-

cling to forms un - sight - ly? Why not seek joy in - stead? Trip light - ly, trip light - ly,
 nev - er look down - heart - ed, But seek for joy in - stead.
 cour - age not re - pin - ing, But look for joy in - stead. Trip light - ly, trip light - ly,

trip light - ly, trip light - ly, trip light - ly, trip light - ly, Seek joy, seek joy in - stead.
 trip light - ly, trip light - ly, trip light - ly, trip light - ly, Seek joy, seek joy in - stead.

Moderato.
Air.

1. Where-e'er in - sa - tiate man may roam, There Na - ture hath her tem - ple dome; And there she hath her

2. There's mu - sic in the heav - y strokes Of him who fells the for - est oaks; There's mu - sic in the

3. There's mu - sic in the mild - er note That comes from each bird min - strel's throat; There's mu - sic in the

4. Sweet mu - sic comes from earth and sky, From voi - ces low and voi - ces high: From all the wind-harps

wor - ship - ers Though fool - ish men may not be her's, And con - gre - ga - tions large and free, Where eve - ry voice is

fall - ing rain That kind - ly wa - ters grass and grain; There's mu - sic in the deep-toned base That com - eth from the

soft - est sound That zeph-yrs waft from trees a-round; There's mu - sic in the gurg - ling rills, Whose paths are green a-

'mong the trees, From eve - ry bird and eve - ry breeze, From eve - ry sea and eve - ry shore, From wild Ni - aga - ra's

har - mo - ny, Let eve - ry soul its trib - ute raise, And swell the gen - 'ral song of praise!
 cloud's dark face— The thun - der's voice that seems to drown, All oth - er voi - ces in its own.
 mong the hills, And hu - man tones there are as dear, As a - ny we on earth can hear
 sol - emn roar, From all the streams that roll a - long Come diff - 'rent parts of Na - ture's song.

WHERE THE WARBLING WATERS FLOW.



Smoothly.
 Air.

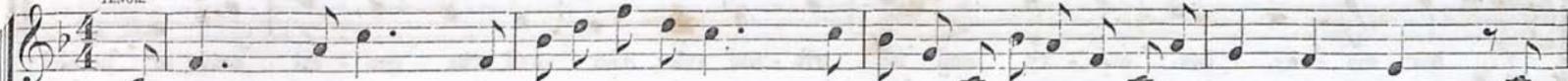
1. Where the war - bling wa - ters flow, And the for - est flow - ers grow; Where no sul - try heats in - vade, Rest we in the qui - et shade.
 Alto.

2. Where for - ev - er mu - sic floats From the woodland song - ster's throats; Where from care and stu - dy free, Rest we 'neath the wav - ing tree.
 Tenor.

3. Wea - ri - ly our days have fled, Full of care each hour has sped, Now we cast them all a - way, Rest we here this sum - mer day.

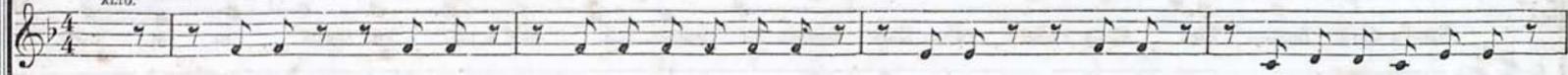
Moderato.

TENOR.



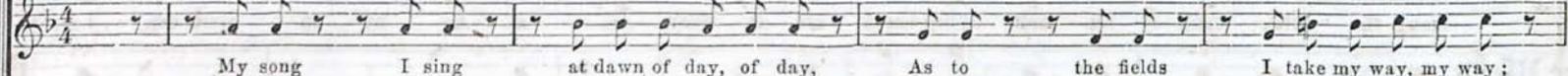
1. My song I sing at early dawn of day, As forth to la-bor in the fields I take my way; I
2. Be - fore the shades of eve begin to fall I turn toward the cottage 'neath the elm trees tall; And

ALTO.



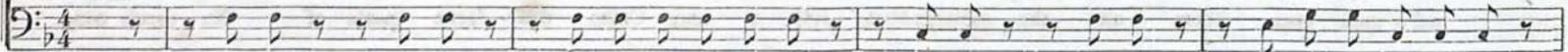
My song I sing at dawn of day, of day, As to the fields I take my way, my way;
Be - fore the shades be - gin to fall, to fall, I turn, I turn beneath the elm trees tall,

SOFRANO.

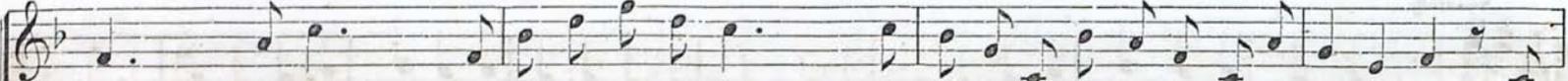


My song I sing at dawn of day, of day, As to the fields I take my way, my way;
Be - fore the shades be - gin to fall, to fall, I turn, I turn beneath the elm trees tall,

BASS.



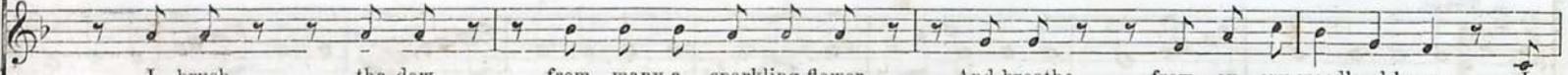
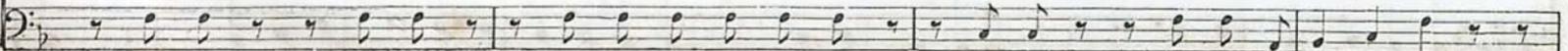
WHERE THE WARDING WATER'S FLOW



brush the dew from many a sparkling flower, And breathe the od - dors sweet from every woodland bower; I
liv - ing ech - oes greet my joy - ful song, As gai - ly there I mingle in the household throng. O

I brush the dew from many a sparkling flower, And breathe from ev - ery woodland bower.
And hark the echoes, they greet my song, my song, As there I'm with the household throng.

I brush the dew from many a sparkling flower, And breathe from ev - ery woodland bower. I
And hark! the echoes, they greet my song, my song, As there I'm with the household throng. Cheer-

plow my field and sow the shining grain, I swing my scythe a - cross the grassy plain; My
 cheer - ful is my plain and simple life, I would not change for turmoil, care and strife. I

I plow my field, I sow the grain, the grain, I swing my scythe across the plain, the plain;
 Cheerful, cheerful my simple life, my life, I would not change for care and strife, and strife;

plow my field I sow the grain, the grain, I swing my scythe across the plain, the plain;
 ful, cheerful my simple life, my life, I would not change for care and strife, and strife;

I plow my field, I swing my scythe,
 Cheerful, cheerful I would not change

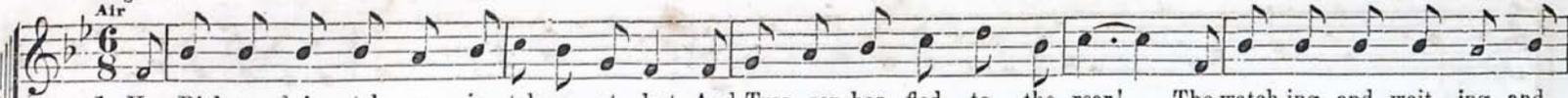
heart is light, my arms are free and strong, And so I sing and so I labor all day long.
 try to love my neighbor as my - self, And find contentment with my lot, my greatest wealth.

My heart is light, my arms are strong, are strong, And so I la - bor all day long.
 I try to love my neighbor as myself, And find content my greatest wealth.

My heart is light, my arms are strong, are strong, And so I la - bor all day long.
 I try to love my neighbor as myself, And find content my greatest wealth.

Allegretto

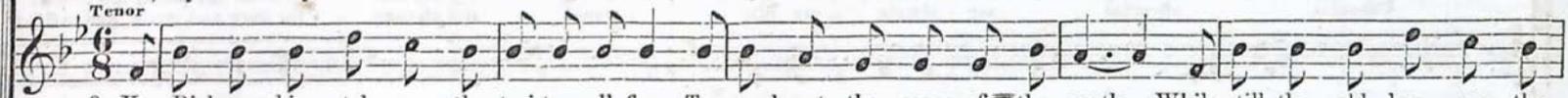
Air



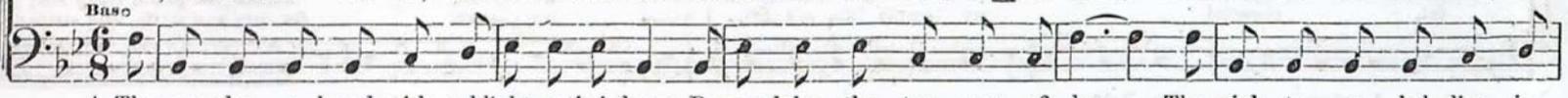
1. Yes, Rich-mond is tak-en, is tak-en, at last, And Tre-a-son has fled to the rear! The watch-ing and wait-ing and



2. Lo, ty-ran-ny trem-bles and tot-ters, and dies, While ju-bi-lant Lib-er-ty sings! And high o-ver all the re-

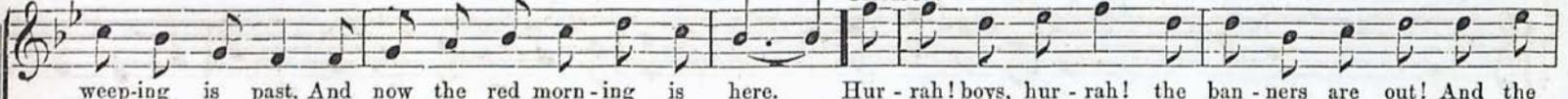


3. Yes, Rich-mond is tak-en, the trai-tors all flee To search out the caves of the earth, While still the old ban-ner, the



4. They wan-der a-broad with a blight on their brow, Pur-sued by the ter-rors of law, The migh-ty re-bel-lion is

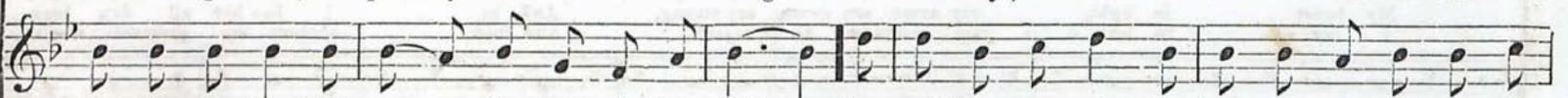
CHORUS.



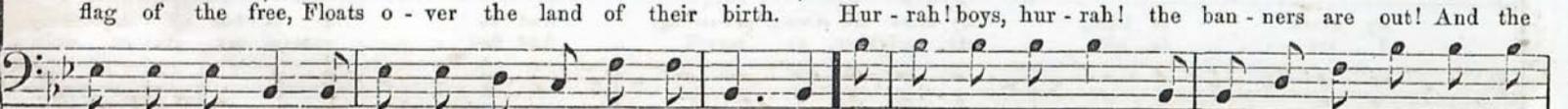
weep-ing is past, And now the red morn-ing is here. Hur-rah! boys, hur-rah! the ban-ners are out! And the



deemed ea-gle flies, And proud-ly he stretch-es his wings! Hur-rah! boys, hur-rah! the ban-ners are out! And the



flag of the free, Floats o-ver the land of their birth. Hur-rah! boys, hur-rah! the ban-ners are out! And the



fin-ish-ed, and now The Un-ion for-ev-er, hur-rah!

can - non are fir - ing a - way! The voice of the na - tion goes up in a shout, For Rich - mond is tak - en to day!

can - non are fir - ing a - way! The voice of the na - tion goes up in a shout, For Rich - mond is tak - en to day!

can - non are fir - ing a - way! The voice of the na - tion goes up in a shout, For Rich - mond is tak - en to day!

“ONLY A LITTLE CHILD.”

Tenderly.

“For whom is the bell tolling?” I asked a man at the church door. He replied “only a little child.”

P. P. BLISS.

Air
1. “On - ly a lit - tle Child,” Pause not here to weep; Scarce - ly on earth she smiled, Ere she fell a - sleep. Fell a - sleep.

Alto
2. “On - ly a lit - tle Child,” God to us had given; Pure and un - de - filed, On - ly, fit for heaven. Fit for heaven.

Tenor
3. “On - ly a lit - tle Child,” That our love pos - sessed, That our cares be - guiled, That is now at rest. now at rest.

Base
4. “On - ly a lit - tle Child,” Such as Jesus blessed, We were un - rec - on - ciled, On - ly He thought best! He thought best.

THE LIBERTY BIRD.

Words written for "CLARK'S SCHOOL VISITOR," by J. P. JOHNSON.

Recitando.

Air.

1. On a mountain whose cloud-piercing summit appeared Like a throne for the storm-king by whirlwinds upreared, Dwelt an

Alto.

2. A small crawling reptile by some means had made Its home in the cleft of the rock, 'neath the shade Of the

Tenor.

3. The eagle sat perched in his glo-ry on high, When the reptile came forth his fierce power to de - fy; And,

4. A moment he poised on his æ - ri - al hight, Then downward he swooped like the gleaming of light; The

eagle, and long had his proud form out - rode The storms that swept over his moun - tain a - bode. He

mountain-bird's nest; and the ea - gle dis - dained That his beak by its ignoble blood should be stained. Se-

hissing its serpentine ven - om and spite, Ap - proached the bold eagle's pre - cip - it - ous hight, While

treacherous snake in his tal - ons he clutched, While his proud plumage fluttered a - loft all un - touched; Its

had for a century breast - ed their power, And his flight was more noble since each than be - fore; Through
 cure in contempt — more no - ble than wise— It flourished and grew to a ser - pent in size; Till it
 the eagle looked scornfully down on his foe, Till the reptile at length was di - rect - ly be - low; Then he
 vitals, its heart, from its bo - som he tore, Then spurned the base carcase and heavenward did soar: And the

all that wide region his fame had been heard, And they called that proud eagle the LIB - ER - TY BIRD.
 dreamed in its malice, by jeal - ous - y stirred, Of humbling the pride of the LIB - ER - TY BIRD.
 spread his broad wings, and his wild scream was heard, And into mid air sprang the LIB - ER - TY BIRD.
 wild notes of freedom in tri - umph were heard, Bursting forth from the throat of the LIB - ER - TY BIRD.

GOD MADE ALL NATURE FREE.

R. S. TAYLOR.

Air.
1. The clouds that fly through the sum-mer sky, On wings of snow - y white— The winds that glide down the

Alto.
2. The waves that sweep o'er the night - y deep, In tu - mult long and loud— The light - ning's star as it

Tenor.
3. And shall the sea and the clouds be free, And all the roll - ing waves— Shall Na - ture sing such a

The first system of the musical score is written in 4/4 time. It consists of four staves: three vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, and Tenor) and one bass staff. The lyrics are distributed across the vocal staves, with the Soprano part starting on the first line, the Alto on the second, and the Tenor on the third. The bass staff provides the harmonic accompaniment.

moun - tain side, With foot - steps soft and light— The birds that pour their cho - rals forth From ev - ery nod - ding

leaps a - far, From scud - ding cloud to cloud— With Na - ture's or - gan, thun - der, join The an - them of the

glo - rious hymn, And men be will - ing slaves? Let thousand voi - ces an - swer, "No!" Till ev - ery rock and

The second system of the musical score continues the composition in 4/4 time. It also consists of four staves: three vocal staves and one bass staff. The lyrics continue across the vocal staves, with the Soprano part on the first line, the Alto on the second, and the Tenor on the third. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

Chorus.

free, U - nite to sing with thank - ful voice, "God made all na - ture free." He

sea, And chant in cho - rus, deep and grand, "God made all na - ture free." He

tree, Shall ech - o back the glo - rious strain, "God made all na - ture free." He made all na - ture free, He

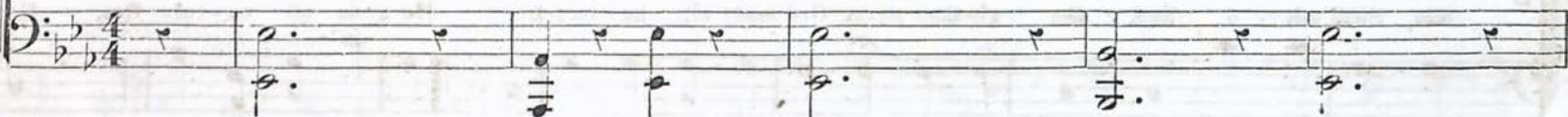
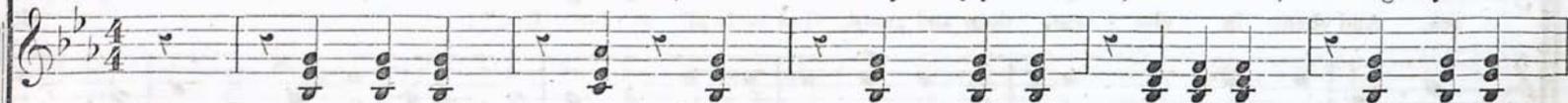
made all na - ture free; The earth re - plies to the shi - ning skies, "God made all na - ture free."

made all na - ture free; The sea re - plies to the earth and skies, "God made all na - ture free."

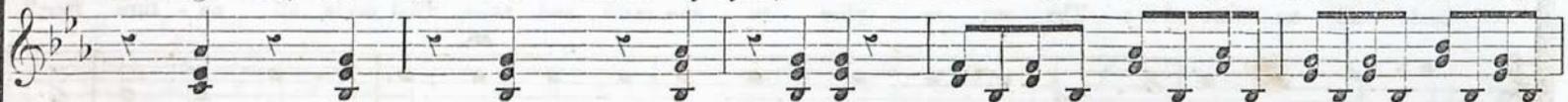
made all na - ture free; Let man re - ply to the earth and sky, "God made all na - ture free."



1. Oh! wea - ry, wea - ry are the days, When the heart is worn with care, When wrinkles mark the
 2. A mother's voice is hushed and still, That voice so dear and sweet, That taught our in - fant
 3. And Nel - lie, dar - ling of our band, The pat - ter of her feet, Is si - lent on the
 4. We know that when life's toils are o'er, When earth - ly joys are dim, And, standing by the



cloud - less brow, And sil - vered is the hair— To mem - 'ry thoughts of old - en times Come
 lips to pray, When kneel - ing at her feet; We miss it from our eve - ning hymn, Our
 hearth-stone now, And her cheer - ful voice, so sweet, Is sing - ing in that bet - ter clime— The
 roll - ing flood, We hear the heaven - ly hymn, That hearts we love will wel - come us Their



fresh and light as dawn; We hear in dreams the mel - o - dy Of voi - ces that are gone.
 truth - ful prayer at dawn; It was the dear - est mel - o - dy Of voi - ces that are gone.
 land of end - less morn— And we treas - ure in our mem - o - ries The voi - ces that are gone.
 hands will lead us on, To min - gle in the mel - o - dy Of voi - ces that are gone.

Chorus.*Air.*

Dear voi - ces that are gone! Sweet voices that are gone! We hear in dreams the mel - o - dy Of voi - ces that are gone.

Alto.

Tenor.

Dear voi - ces that are gone! Sweet voices that are gone! We hear in dreams the mel - o - dy Of voi - ces that are gone.

Allegretto.

Air

1. Joy - ful ech - oes wak - ing, Ov - er hill and plain; Hear them call and ans - wer To the bu - gles notes a - gain.

2. Old com - pan - ions greet - ing, While we're tramp - ing on; Search - ing thro' the col - umns For the com - rades who are gone.

3. Near - er yet and near - er, Still the ech - oes come: Joy - ful sound your bu - gles now, For we are safe at home.

Dedicated to Rev. C. S. C.

GONE TO THE WAR.

E. DABROW SABIN.

Air.

1. Gone from the fire - side One face so fair, Left at the ta - ble One va - cant chair—

2. Where, lov - ing fa - ther, Thy pride and joy? Sor - row - ing moth - er, Where is thy boy?

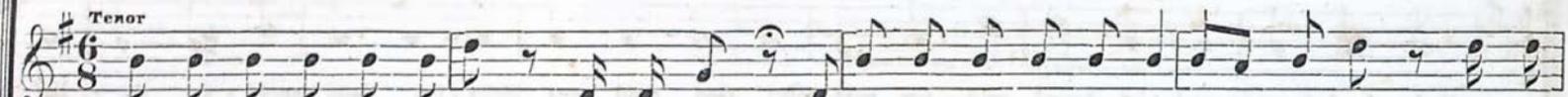
3. O, strick - en mourn - ers, An - gushed and lone, Weep - ing the loved one, Lost from your home.

Glad smile and beam - ing eye—where are they now, Where is the man - ly form and thought - ful brow?
 He who at eve so oft thou'st soothed to rest, Whose lips so lov - ing - ly, thine own have pressed;
 God heal your wound - ed hearts smit - ten with grief, God send our bleed - ing land speed - y re - lief;

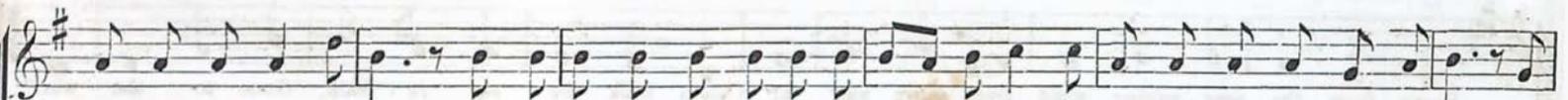
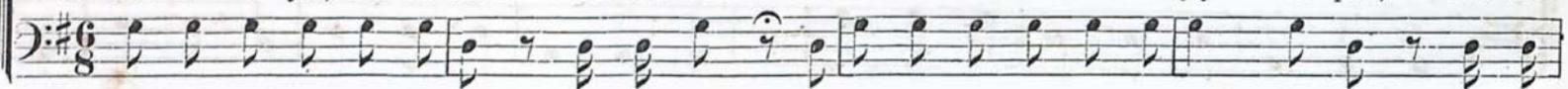
Borne from the mur - m'ring wind from near and far Comes back the sad re - frain, "Gone to the war."
 List to the mourn - ful cry borne from a - far, "Gone from his home to die—gone to the war."
 Hast - en the glo - rious time, when from a - far No more will come the cry, "Gone to the war."

*Declamando.**Alr.*

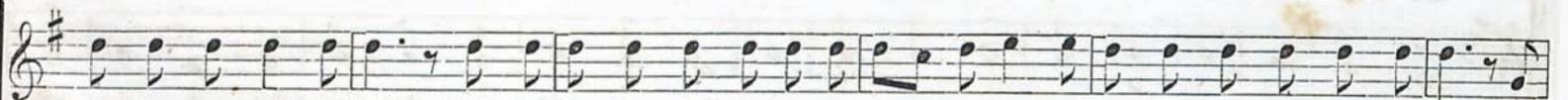
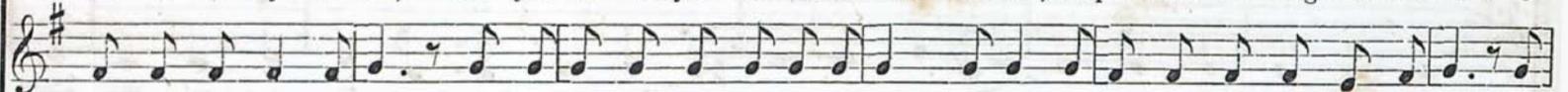
1. Give us your hand, Gen-'ral Grant— You're a man! You were not the cow-ard to say "I can't," Nor the

Alto.*Tenor*

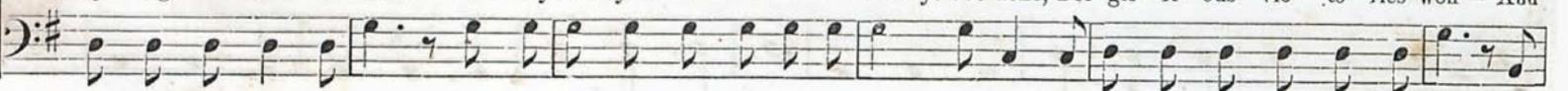
2. Hon - or to you, Gen -'ral Grant! You have made The hearts of the na - tion with joy to pant, That were



boast - er to say "I can;" But you went to your work with a will, and won, To prove that the thing could be done. O



ly - ing so cold in shade.— And they bless you for - ev - er for what you've done, For glo - ri - ous vic - to - ries won— And



for - tune was most kind and true When it gave us a man like U - lys-ses Grant; When it gave us a man like you.

pray that fate may grant a few More such brave fighting men as U - lys-ses Grant, More such brave fighting men as you.

DARE TO BE RIGHT.

Air

1st time. 2d time.

1. Dare to be right!..... ! dare to be true! O you have a work that no oth-er can do:
Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well, (*omit*)..... Angels will hasten the sto - ry to tell.

Alto

Tenor

2. Dare to be right!..... dare to be true! The failings of others can never save you;
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith, (*omit*)..... Stand like a he - ro and battle till death.

Base

ON THE RED FIELD OF BLOOD.

Words by CHAS. BOYNTON, Esq.

(Song for Base or Contralto.)

Music by GEO. F. ROOR.

1. On the red field of blood lay a soldier boy dying, Where the war-cloud had burst with its hur - ri - cane
 2. As we gath - er a - round, the bright spirit im - mortal Yet lights up his eye, but the an - gels are
 3. Oh Co - lum - bia! for aye shall thy standard be waving! E'en childhood it - self wakes the pat - ri - ot
 4. So we bear him a - way where his comrades are sleeping, Oh spirit un - conquered! oh heart that was

breath, And we found him a lone where the night winds were sighing As we searched for our comrades that slumbered in death.
 now A - wait - ing him there at the bright heavenly portal, And beau - ty su - per - nal sits throned on his brow.
 cry! And its in - nocent hands in thy red torrents laving, It springs forth to bat - the, to conquer or die.
 true, While the lov'd ones at home for their lost are still weeping, We shrine thy cold ash - es and bid thee a - dieu.

ON THE RED FIELD OF BLOOD.—Concluded.

177

CHORUS.

Alto. (If sung by a lady, an octave lower.)

Oh why! blooming boyhood, oh why art thou here? Why dy - ing a - lone with no soothing hand near? Oh

1st Tenor

Hark, hark to the ac - cent so plain - tive and low, "They call me, dear mother! I go! yes, I go." But

2d Tenor

And here where the wild winds are moaning a - round, And clouds weep their tears on the blood-sodden ground, Lies the

Bass

The war cloud has passed, but the wreck strewn a - round Of all that was man - ly shall hal - low the ground, And the

why should the eyes that were lift - ed by thee Weep, weep for the loved one they nev - er shall see.

last words that dwelt on his lips was the cry, "Oh tell them at home that I feared not to die."

hope of some moth - er whose heart will be racked With the long bod - ed message, "he'll nev - er come back."

hillocks we raised when the bat - tle was won, Shall for - ev - er be al - tars for lib - er - ty's sons.

Words by BERTHA S. SCRANTON.

Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.

1. Comrades gath - er, for my life blood Fast - er ebbs, my sight grows dim, Sing to me the well known
 2. When up - on your wea - ry march - es Or up - on the field of strife, Think of one who for his
 3. Kiss the breeze ye no - ble ban - ner Crimsoned with my heart's best blood, Em - blem of that free - dom
 4. Raise me high - er, high - er, com - rades, Let me rest my dy - ing head, On your should - ers, you will

ver - ses of my boy - hood's era - dle hymn. Let me think 'tis Moth - er's mu - sic, Moth - er's hand up - on my
 coun - try, Free - ly gave his dear young life. When you gath - er 'round the camp - fire As the chill - y night comes
 giv - en To us by a right - eous God. Wave on proud - ly, oth - er fing - ers, Soon will hold the stand - ard
 miss me Won't you broth - ers when I'm dead? You will lay me down to slum - ber With my hands a - cross my

DON'T FORGET ME WHEN I'M GONE.—Concluded.

179

CHORUS.

ritard *Air*

brow, Raise me in your arms my broth - ers, Raise me, for I'm dy - ing now. I am go - ing thro' the
 on, Think of me whose place is va - cant, Do'nt for - get me when I'm gone.

high, Oth - er eyes will gaze as fond - ly, Where you flash a - gainst the sky.
 breast, But you'll come some-time to see me, And you'll think I am at rest.

Tenor.

I am go - ing thro' the

val - ley And my life on earth is done, I am leav - ing you dear com - rades, Don't for - get me when I'm gone.

val - ley And my life on earth is done, I am leav - ing you dear com - rades, Don't for - get me when I'm gone.

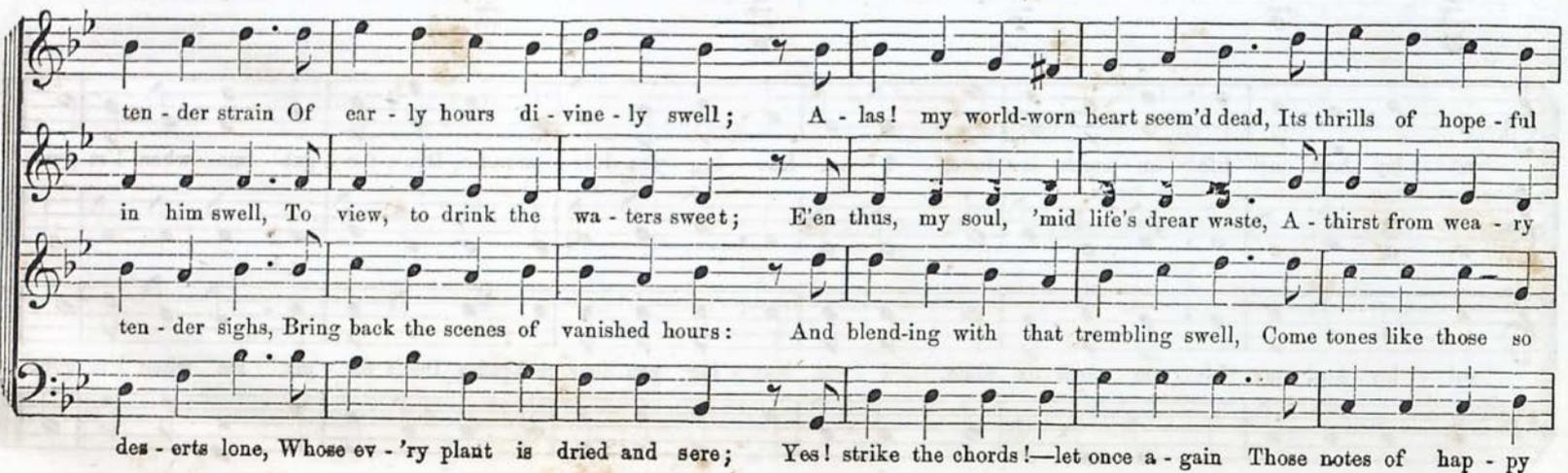


1. Oh, strike the chords!—yet once a - gain A - wake those notes re - membered well; And let the soft, the

2. As pil - grim by some bubbling well, Stands parch'd by summer's burn - ing heat, And feels de - light with -

3. The mists are gath'ring o'er mine eyes— The dews of mem - 'ry's morn - ing flowers— Which, waked by mu - sic's

4. Then strike! oh, strike! each melt - ing tone Un - to my list' - ning soul is dear, As fall - ing show'rs to



ten - der strain Of ear - ly hours di - vine - ly swell; A - las! my world-worn heart seem'd dead, Its thrills of hope - ful

in him swell, To view, to drink the wa - ters sweet; E'en thus, my soul, 'mid life's drear waste, A - thirst from wea - ry

ten - der sighs, Bring back the scenes of vanished hours: And blend - ing with that trembling swell, Come tones like those so

des - erts lone, Whose ev - 'ry plant is dried and sere; Yes! strike the chords!—let once a - gain Those notes of hap - py

feel - ings past, Yet that dear mu - sic o'er it shed, Fell soft, to bid them wake at last.

wand'rings long, To mu - sic's rip - pling fount would haste, And taste the flow of sooth - ing song.

loved of yore, And voi - ces dear, re - mem - bered well, Seem melt - ing on mine ear once more.

hours a - rise; My heart shall lie be - neath the strain, And dream of joy— or melt in sighs.

BABY SLEEPS.

Alr. GENTLY. *dim e ritard.*

1. The Ba - by wept: The Mother took it from the Nurse's arms, And hush't its fears, and sooth'd its vain alarms, And Ba - by slept.

Alto.

Tenor.

2. A - gain it weeps: And God doth take it from the Mother's arms; From present griefs and future unknown harms; And Baby sleeps.

Moderato.

1. Take the tidings to the hill side Left so many miles behind; Tell the weary, waiting mother How her bright-eyed boy has died.

2. Tell her that the little foot-steps Playing round her kitchen floor—Eyes of mischief, joy and beauty Peeping in and out the door,

3. Tell her when the fire was hottest That he never shrank nor paled—But the sword he swore to honor, Proudly o'er his head he waved.

4. Tell her that her quiet teachings In those simple, early days; Were the beacon light to guide him, Thro' life's closing, darksome ways.

Tell her that her watch is ended, And her loving vigils done; No more tidings e'er they'll bring her From that only, darling son!

Halt from tedious march and labor In a rest that none can break, Guards may shout and drums may summon, But her boy they'll never wake.

And the voice she's heard so often Shouting with the boys at play, Rung out like a silver bugle In that deadly, deadly fray!

Tell her that her summer sunshine, From his childhood's hills away, Shining o'er the smoke of battle On the hero's forehead lay!

NEARER HOME.

183

Moderato.

Air.



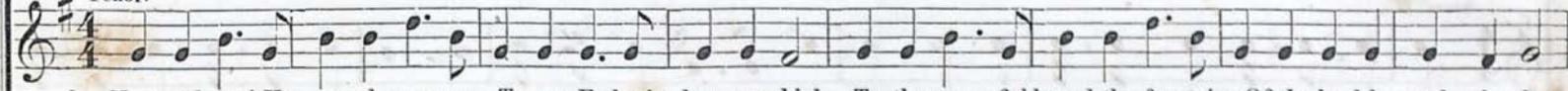
1. O'er the hill the sun is setting, And the eve is drawing on, Slowly droops the gen-tle twilight For an-oth-er day is gone;

Alto.



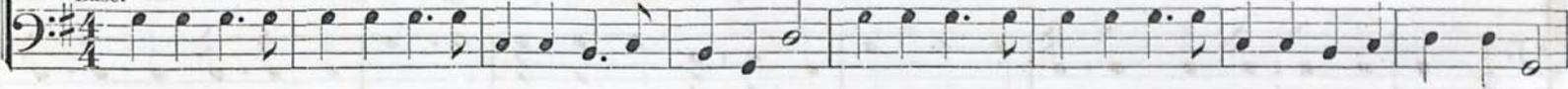
2. "One day nearer," sings the sail-or As he glides the wa-ters o'er, While the light is soft-ly dy-ing, On his dis-tant na-tive shore.

Tenor.



3. Near-er home! Yes, one day near-er, To our Father's house on high—To the green fields and the fountains Of the land be-yond the sky.

Bass.



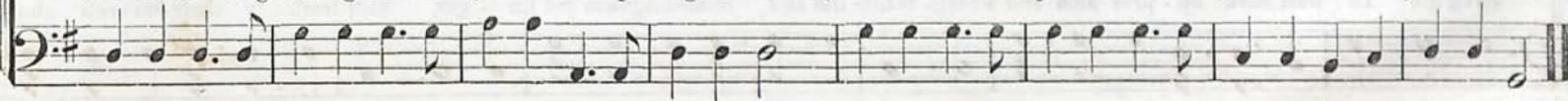
Gone for aye, its race is o-ver, Soon the dark-er shades will come; Still 'tis sweet to know at e-ven, We are one day near-er home.



Thus the Christian on life's o-cean As his light boat cuts the foam, In the evening cries with rapture "I am one day near-er home."



For the heav'n's grow brighter o'er us, And the lamps hang in the dome, And our tents are pitch'd still closer, For we're one day nearer home.



Moderato.

AIR

1 We think of them oft - en to bless them, We pray for them morn - ing and night, Our dreams are still lit by the

2 With souls all a - glow they were mus - ter'd, Those young gal - lant he - roes of fire; The life of the na - tion was

3 Oh! well may we name them in sto - ry, And well may we shrine them in song, Who gath - ered to aid in the

glim - mer And flash of their bay - o - nets bright. And from all the hills of the north - land, The kind - li - est greet - ings we

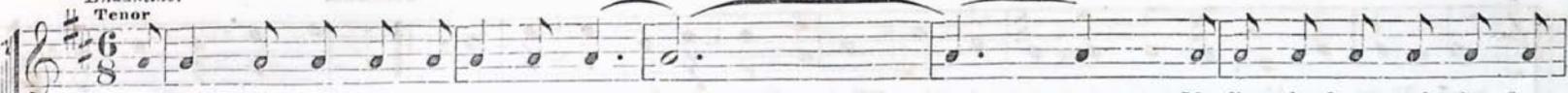
men - aced, Her dan - ger was threat'ning and dire. Up - spring - ing from ham - let and cit - y, Then vowed they to con - quer or

struggle To hurl back op - pres - sion and wrong. While life and re - memb - rance yet lin - ger, Still fresh - ly their lau - rels shall

send, Those no - ble young pat - ri - ot sol - diers Who've ral - lied our flag to de - fend. We think of them of - ten to
 die, And ne'er to de - sist till in tri - umph, The old star - ry ban - ner should fly. We think of them of - ten to
 twine, Their deeds we will proud - ly re - mem - ber, And bright - ly their glo - ry shall shine. We think of them of - ten to

bless them, We pray for them morn - ing and night, Oh when the last trai - tor is van - quished, May all safe - ly come from the fight.
 bless them, We pray for them morn - ing and night, Oh when the last trai - tor is van - quished, May all safe - ly come from the fight.
 bless them We pray for them morn - ing and night, Oh when the last trai - tor is van - quish'd, May all safe - ly come from the fight.

Andantino.
Tenor



1. A - long the riv - er of time I glide.....
2. How oft I gaze from my win - dows twain.....
3. Some, while I'm gaz - ing, sail out of sight.....
4. They tell me there is a haven of peace.....

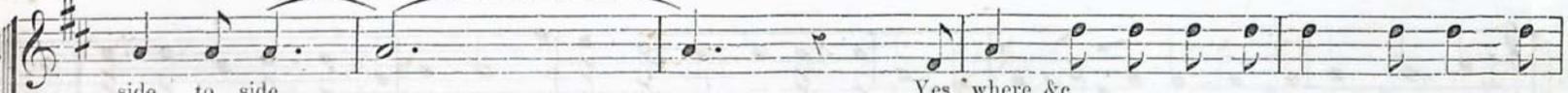
My lit - tle boat rock - ing from
Far o'er the waves of the
Far in - to the sun - set's all
Where voy - a - gers' jour - neys shall

Air
Alto



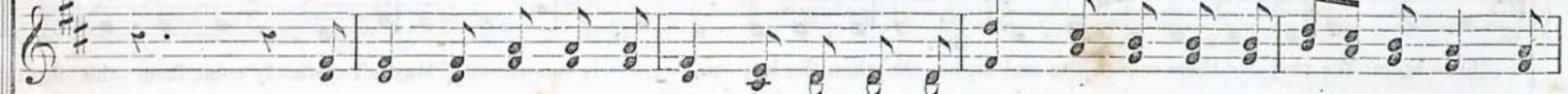
A - long the riv - er, A - long the riv - er
I'm oft - en gaz - ing, I'm oft - en gaz - ing
While yet I'm gaz - ing, While yet I'm gaz - ing
There is a ha - ven, There is a ha - ven

Bass

side to side.....
bil - lowy main.....
ra - diant light.....
ev - er cease.....

Yes where &c.
And mil - lions &c.
I see &c.
There in &c.



My light boat rock - ing, My light boat rock - ing, Yes where - so - ev - er the winds do blow, Still
Far o'er the bil - low, Far o'er the bil - low, And mil - lion sails in the blue air shine, And
The ra - diant sun - set The ra - diant sun - set, I see not, know not their on - ward track, I
Shall cease the jour - ney, Shall cease the jour - ney, There in the dis - tance a bea - con bright (Guides



2d Time *mf*

Float - ing, Float - ing,

hith - er and thith - er I drift - ing go. Float - ing, Float - ing out on the sea of E - ter - ni - ty.
 ma - ny are whit - er but none like mine.
 on - ly may know that they come not back.
 ev - er and safe - ly through sor - row's night.

Maestoso.
Air.

SONS OF FREEDOM, WAKE!

Words by GRACE DE LA VÉRITÉ.

Free-man, list - en to the cry Of those who plead for lib - er - ty; Do not let them vain - ly sigh; Sons of Free-dom wake!

Alto
Ye who would the na - tions lead, In Free-dom's path-way firm to tread, Cling ye not to things long dead; Sons of Free-dom wake!

Tenor
No such blem - ish be your shame! No slav - ish chains con-found your fame! Leave your foes no cause for blame! Sons of Free-dom wake!

Bass

Not one inch to ty - ran - ny! O be ye firm as ye are free! Free-men, set the bond-men free! Sons of Free-dom wake!

FAREWELL FATHER, FRIEND AND GUARDIAN

Slowly and tenderly.

Words by L. M. DAWN.

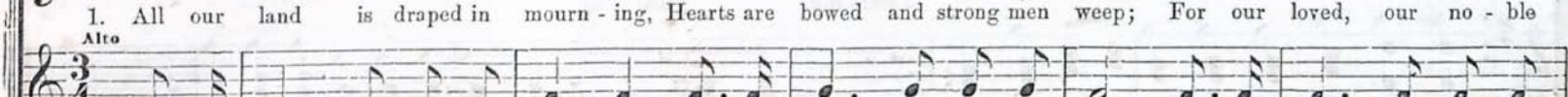
Music by GEO. F. ROOR.

Air



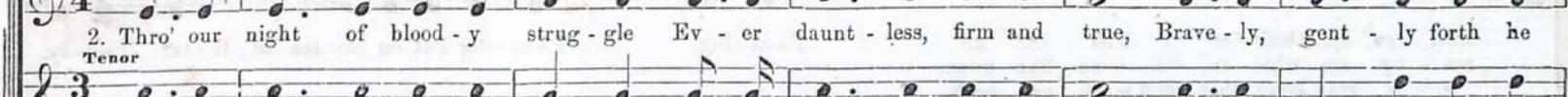
1. All our land is draped in mourn - ing, Hearts are bowed and strong men weep; For our loved, our no - ble

Alto



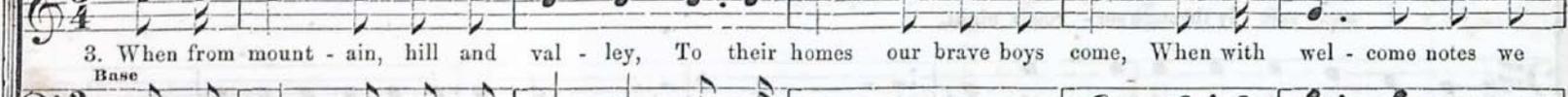
2. Thro' our night of blood - y strug - gle Ev - er daunt - less, firm and true, Brave - ly, gent - ly forth he

Tenor

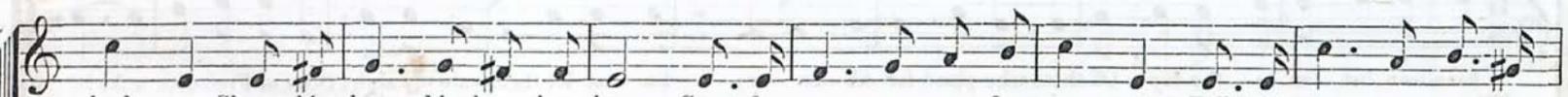


3. When from mount - ain, hill and val - ley, To their homes our brave boys come, When with wel - come notes we

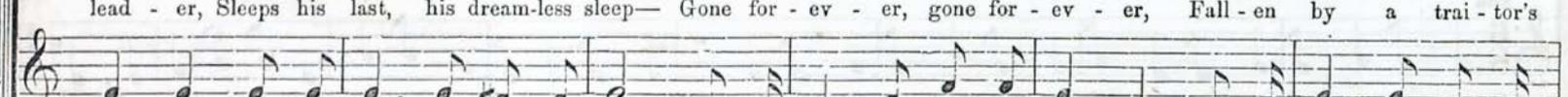
Base



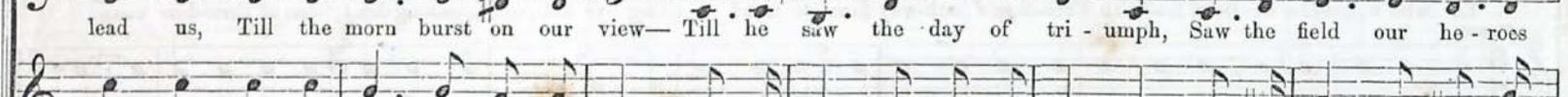
4. Hon - or'd lead - er, long and fond - ly Shall thy mem - 'ry cher - ished be; Hearts shall bless thee for their



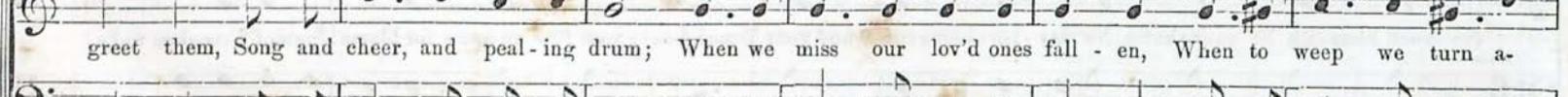
lead - er, Sleeps his last, his dream-less sleep— Gone for - ev - er, gone for - ev - er, Fall - en by a trai - tor's



lead us, Till the morn burst on our view— Till he saw the day of tri - umph, Saw the field our he - roes



greet them, Song and cheer, and peal - ing drum; When we miss our lov'd ones fall - en, When to weep we turn a -



free - dom, Hearts un - born shall sigh for thee: He who gave thee might and wis - dom, Gave thy spir - it sweet re -

FAREWELL FATHER, FRIEND AND GUARDIAN.—Concluded.

189

CHORUS.

band; Tho' pre - serv'd his dear - est treas - ure, Our re - deem'd be - lov - ed land. Fare - well fa - ther, friend and
 won; Then his hon - or'd life was end - ed, Then his glo - rious work was done.
 side; Then for him our tears shall min - gle, He has suf - fer'd—he has died. Fare - well fa - ther, friend and
 lease; Fare - well fa - ther friend and guar - dian, Rest for - ev - er, rest in peace.

guar - dian, Thou hast joined the an - gel band, But thy glo - rious work re - main - eth, Our re - deem'd be - lov - ed land.
 guar - dian, Thou hast joined the an - gel band, But thy glo - rious work re - main - eth, Our re - deem'd be - lov - ed land.

Moderato.

SEMPER LEGATO

1. Hush, my darling, hush!
2. Sleep, my darling, sleep!

Mother's ev - er near; Hush, my darling, hush! Father'll soon be here; Tremble not with
Mother rock - eth thee; Sleep, my darling, sleep! Father lov - eth thee; Hear'st thou not the

false alarm, There are none to do thee harm; Hush, my dar - ling, hush!
angels' wing How'ring near thy rest to bring? Sleep, my dar - ling, sleep!

RIT & DIM.

THE BETROTHAL.

Moderato. Words by "PAULINA."

Music by H. W. J

Air.
 1. 'Twas sic' an eve as this, Wil-lie, Sae sweet an eve as this, When first was prest up - on my brow, A blest be-trothal kiss.

Alto.
 2. The gowden time seems short, Wil-lie, Sin' first, a hap - py bride, I joyed to know my place in life, Was ev - er by thy side;

Tenor.
 3. My cheek hae' ear - ly paled, Wil-lie, The e'en hae' lost its light, And blanch'd the lips that murmur'd low, On that remember'd night;

The gen - tle stars smil'd fond - ly down, As erst o'er Eden's plain; And Winter's self for-gat its frown, That even, years a - gane.

And il - ka sun that sad - ly set O'er mony a heart o' pain, Hae' left us ane an-ith - er yet, As in those years a - gane.

Yet still the heart, unscath'd by pain, In weal or wo' is thine: And thou art, Wil - lie, a' my ain, As thou wast years langsyne.

SUNNY STREAM.— Song and Chorus.

From G. F. Root's book for the HARMONIUM and MELODEON.

Grazioso.

1. Sun - ny stream! sun - ny stream, Dis - port - ing on thy
 2. Sun - ny stream! sun - ny stream, Dis - port - ing on thy
 3. Sun - ny stream! sun - ny stream, Dis - port - ing on thy

way, O from these love - ly re - gions, What tempt - eth thee to stray? In quest of ros - es bright - er, Me -
 way, O from these love - ly re - gions, What tempt - eth thee to stray? Can't find a brighter a - zure To
 way, O from these love - ly re - gions, What tempt - eth thee to stray? Light zeph - yrs ex - er love here With

and - ring dost thou flow? In quest of li - lies whit - er Ca - pri - cious dost thou go?
 mir - ror in - thy breast? Or smil - ing meads of sum - mer, Still green - er for thy rest?
 thy bright waves to play; While song - birds sweet - ly car - ol, For thee their joy - ous lay.

CHORUS.

Soprano.
Sunny stream! sun-ny stream, Dis-port-ing on thy way; O from these love-ly re-gions, What tempteth thee to stray.

Alto.
Sun - - ny stream, Dis - port - ing a - way, O what tempt - eth thee to stray.

Tenor.
Sun - - ny stream, Dis - port - ing a - way, O what tempt - eth thee to stray.

Base.
Sun - - ny stream, Dis - port - ing a - way, O what tempt - eth thee to stray.

The musical score for the chorus is written for four voices: Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass. It is in a key with two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is simple and repetitive, with the lyrics written below each staff. The Soprano part has a melodic line with some grace notes. The Alto, Tenor, and Bass parts provide harmonic support with sustained notes and simple rhythmic patterns.

THE WELCOME.

Cheerfully.
Tenor.

Welcome, welcome friends of song, Glad - ly we greet you, We hope the hours will not seem long, While here we meet you.

Alto.
Welcome, welcome friends of song, Gladly we greet you, We hope the hours will not seem long, While here we meet you.

Soprano.
Welcome, welcome friends of song, Glad - ly we greet you, We hope the hours will not seem long, While here we meet you.

Base.
Welcome, welcome friends of song, Glad - ly we greet you, We hope the hours will not seem long, While here we meet you.

The musical score for 'The Welcome' is written for four voices: Tenor, Alto, Soprano, and Bass. It is in a key with two flats and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Cheerfully'. The melody is simple and repetitive, with the lyrics written below each staff. The Soprano part has a melodic line with some grace notes. The Alto, Tenor, and Bass parts provide harmonic support with sustained notes and simple rhythmic patterns. A fermata is placed over the final note of the Soprano part.

Moderato.

Air.

1. The light at home, how bright it beams, When eve-ning shades a-round us fall; And from the lat-tice

Alto.

2. When through the dark and storm-y night, The way-ward wan-derer homeward hies, How cheer-ing is that

Tenor.

3. The light of home! how still and sweet It peeps from yon-der cot-tage door— The wea-ry la-bor-

Base.

THE WELCOME

far it gleams, To love, and rest, and com-fort call. When wea-ried with the toils of day, And strife for glo-ry

twink-ling light, Which thro' the for-est gloom he spies. It is the light at home; he feels That lov-ing hearts will

er to greet—When toils and cares of day are o'er. Sad is the soul that does not know The bless-ings that its

gold or fame, How sweet to seek the qui-et way, Where lov-ing lips will lisp our name, A-round the light at home.

greet him there, And soft-ly through his bo-som steals The joy and love that ban-ish care A-round the light at home.

beams im-part, The cheer-ful hopes and joys that flow, And light-en up the heaviest heart A-round the light at home.

THINK GENTLY.

Air.

1. Think gently of the err-ing one! And let us not for-get, How-ev-er dark-ly stain'd by sin, He is thy brother yet.

Alto.

2. Heir of the same in-her-it-ance, Child of the self-same God; He hath but stumbled in the path, We have in weak-ness trod.

Tenor.

3. Speak gen-tly to the err-ing one: Thou yet may'st lead him back, With ho-ly words, and tones of love, From misery's thorn-y track.

Base.

4. For-got not thou hast of-ten sinned, And sin-ful yet may be: Deal gen-tly with the err-ing one, As God has dealt with thee.

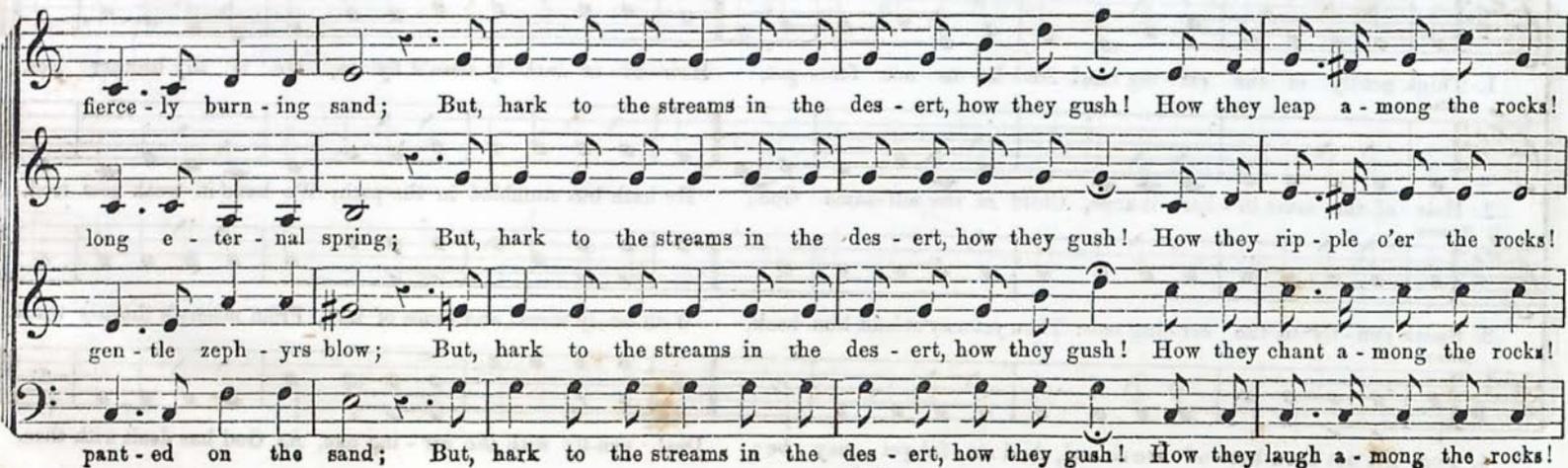
Moderato.
Alr.


1. I have lain a-mong the thorns, Which no fra-grant flower a-dorns, In a dry and thirs-ty land, On the
Alto.

2. I have sighed for far off bowers, Decked with thou-sand bloom-ing flowers, Where sweet voi-ces ev-er sing, In a
Tenor.

3. I have longed thro' wea-ry hours, For the sweet re-fresh-ing showers, Where the cool-ing wa-ters flow, And the
Bass.

4. I have list-ened for the streams, In my bro-ken fe-verish dreams, Of a far and dis-tant land, As I



fierce-ly burn-ing sand; But, hark to the streams in the des-ert, how they gush! How they leap a-mong the rocks!

long e-ter-nal spring; But, hark to the streams in the des-ert, how they gush! How they rip-ple o'er the rocks!

gen-tle zeph-yrs blow; But, hark to the streams in the des-ert, how they gush! How they chant a-mong the rocks!

pant-ed on the sand; But, hark to the streams in the des-ert, how they gush! How they laugh a-mong the rocks!

How their laugh - ter si - lence mocks! Hark! in the des - ert, how they rush! How they ooze a - mong the sand,
 How their mu - sic sor - row mocks! Hark! hark to the streams in the des - ert, how they rush! See them glance a - mong the sand,
 How their chant - ing mis - ery mocks! Hark! hark to the streams in the des - ert, how they rush! How they spar - kle on the sand,
 How their laugh - ter an - guish mocks! Hark! hark to the streams in the des - ert, how they rush! See them flow a - mong the sand,

In the dry and thirst - y land! How they ooze a - mong the sand, In the dry and thirst - y land!
 In the dry and thirst - y land! See them glance a - mong the sand, In the dry and thirst - y land!
 In the dry and thirst - y land! How they spar - kle on the sand, In the dry and thirst - y land!
 Of the dry and thirst - y land! See them flow a - mong the sand, Of the dry and thirst - y land.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM SONG.*

(Solo, with vocal accompaniment and chorus.)

R. S. TAYLOR.

With delicacy and expression.

Air.

1. 'Tis a calm and beautiful night, love! As my soldier couch I spread Where the
 2. In the deep blue vault of Heav'n, love! Seated on its gold-en throne, Well I
 3. Ere the dawn of coming day, love! I may hear war's rude a-larms, And the

Alto.

Tenor. La la &c.

Bass. La la

stars are smiling down, love! Thro' the trees a-bove my head. But my thoughts are far a-way, love, Far a-
 know the glowing star, love! That we mark'd and called our own. And thro' all the lonely night, love, Ev-er
 star of joy and hope, love! Set a-mid the clash of arms! But in camp or bloody field, love, Whatso-

la la la la la, La la, La

* Published with Piano accompaniment, by ROOF & CADY, Chicago.

way with home and thee, And I know, with - in my heart, love, Thou art think - ing now of me.
 turn my thoughts to thee, As it whis - pers to my heart, love, Thou art think - ing still of me.
 e'er my fate may be, Still I know, with - in my heart, love, Thou wilt ev - er think of me.

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

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

CHORUS.

1. Yes, my tho'ts are far a - way, love, Far a - way from home and thee, And I know within my heart, love, Thou art thinking now of me.

3. Yes, thro' all the lone - ly night, love, Ever turn my tho'ts to thee, As it whispers to my heart, love, Thou art thinking still of me.

3. Yes, in camp, or blood - y field, love, Whatso - e'er my fate may be, Still I know within my heart, love, Thou wilt ever think of me.

MARCH! THE STARRY FLAG IS O'ER US.

Moderato.

1. Up now my gal-lant boys there's a light a-head, Un-cle Sam has call'd for us And this is what he said,
 2. Long have we wait-ed boys in this sun-ny land, Bowed beneath the bur-den of op-pres-sion's heav-y hand,
 3. Yes! on, my gal-lant boys, bet-ter die than fail, For the world is look-ing, and our free-dom's in the scale,

"Such men as help the right, who-ev-er they may be, Un-derneath my star-ry flag shall all be free."
 But now the time has come, throw off the gall-ing chain, Glo-ry to the flag that makes us men a-gain!
 And if we fight and fall the Un-ion to re-store, Free-dom, free-dom shall be sure for-ev-er more.

MARCH! THE STARRY FLAG IS O'ER US.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Air.

Musical score for Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass parts of the chorus. The Soprano part has a melodic line with lyrics. The Alto, Tenor, and Bass parts provide harmonic accompaniment with rhythmic patterns.

Musical notation: Soprano (treble clef), Alto (treble clef), Tenor (treble clef), Bass (bass clef). Key signature: one flat (B-flat). Time signature: 4/4.

Lyrics for Soprano part:
 March! the prize is just be - fore us, March! the star - ry flag is o'er us,

Lyrics for Alto part:
 March! the prize is just be - fore us, March! March! March and let its hopes e - late us, March! March!

Lyrics for Tenor part:
 March! March! March the star-ry flag is o'er us, March! March! March! for newborn rights await us,

Continuation of the musical score for Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass parts. The Soprano part continues with lyrics. The Alto, Tenor, and Bass parts continue with their respective parts.

Musical notation: Soprano (treble clef), Alto (treble clef), Tenor (treble clef), Bass (bass clef). Key signature: one flat (B-flat). Time signature: 4/4.

Lyrics for Soprano part:
 March to draw the free - man's breath, or March to die his death.

Lyrics for Alto part:
 March in front of ev - ery dan - ger, March! March! March to draw the free - man's breath, Or march to die his death.

Lyrics for Tenor part:
 March! March! March! each heart to fear a stran - ger, Free - dom or death.

COMRADE, I WILL GUARD THY MOTHER.

Words by THOS. MANAHAN, Esq.

(Solo and Chorus.)

R

1. Com - rade, I will guard thy moth - er,
 2. While my soul is soaring up - ward
 3. Com - rade, 'neath yon weeping wil - low

Moderato.

She shall be my fondest care;
 Through the blue and starry sky,
 Where the winds its branches wave,

I will be to thee a brother, While thou art an angel
 Cast no looks of sadness downward, Calm - ly with the angels
 With thy "knapsack" for thy pil - low, There shall be thy silent

there. Let no sorrows fill thy bo - som, Let no sadness shade thy brow,
 fly. Com - rade, brightly wear the lau - rels Won so dear - ly, on thy brow,
 grave. We will calmly sheathe forev - er This thy sword, which was thy pride;

* This accompaniment may also be played with the Chorus.

CHORUS.

Atr.

Let thy spir - it calmly slum - ber— I will care for mother now.
 Let thy spir - it rest content - ed— I will care for mother now.
 For it was thy friend in bat - tle, Let it slumber by thy side.

Let no sorrow fill thy bo - som,

Alto.

Let no sorrow fill thy bo - som,

Tenor

Let no sorrow fill thy bo - som,

Base

Let no sad - ness shade thy brow; Let thy spir - it calm - ly slumber— I will care for moth - er now.

Let no sad - ness shade thy brow; Let thy spir - it calm - ly slumber— I will care for moth - er now

Let no sad - ness shade thy brow; Let thy spir - it calm - ly slumber— I will care for moth - er now.

1. Not here, not here, not where the sparkling waters Fade in - to mocking sands as we draw near,
 2. Not here, where ev - ery dream of bliss deceives us, Where the worn spir - it nev - er gains its goal,
 3. Shall they be sat - is - fied? the soul's vague longing— The ach - ing void which nothing earth - ly fills?

Where thro' the wil - der - ness each foot - step fal - ters, I shall be sat - is - fied, but O! not here.
 Where haunted ev - er by the thoughts that grieve us, A - cross us floods of bit - ter mem - 'ries roll.
 O! what de sires up - on my soul are thronging As I look upward to the heav - en - ly hills.

CHORUS.

Alr.
 There is a land where ev - ery pulse is thrill - ing With rap - ture earth's so - journ - ers may not know,
Alto
 Far out of sight while yet the flesh enfolds us, Lies the fair coun - try where our hearts a - bide,
ff
 Th h - er my weak and wea - ry steps are tend - ing— Sa - vior and Lord! with thy frail child a - bide?

Where Heavens re - pose the wea - ry. heart is still - ing, And peace - ful - ly life's time tossed cur - rents flow.

And of its bliss is naught more won - drous told us, Than these few words, "I SHALL BE SAT - IS - FIED!"

Guide me toward home where, all my wanderings end - ing, I then shall see Thee, and be sat - is - fied!

WHY SO WELCOME?



Air.

1. Soft and low the blue bird's song, Why, why so welcome? Because it doth to spring belong, That's why so welcome.

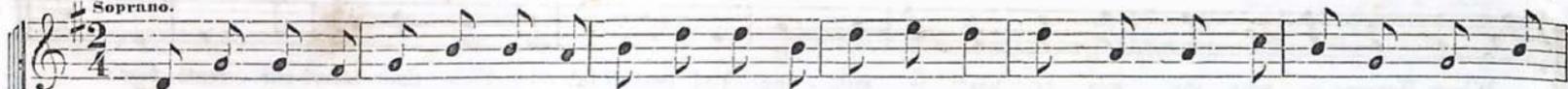
Alto

2. Thoughts of cot in lowly dell, Why, why so welcome? Because of youth its mem'ries tell, That's why so welcome.

Tenor

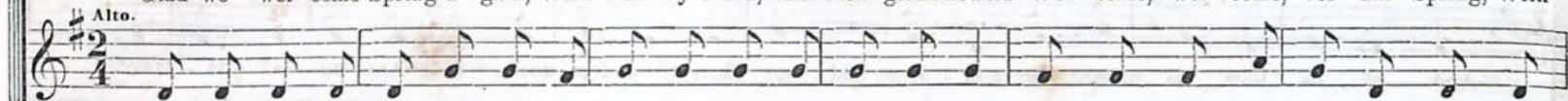
3. Little word by her expressed, Why, why so welcome? Because that word my life hath blessed, That's why so welcome.

Base

ALLEGRO.
Soprano.

Glad we wel - come Spring a - gain, With mer - ry birds, and fra - grant flowers: Wel - come, wel - come, ver - nal Spring, With

Alto.

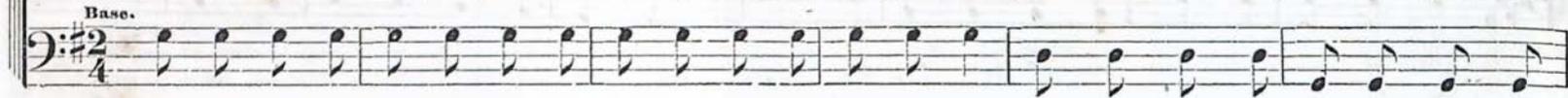


Tenor.

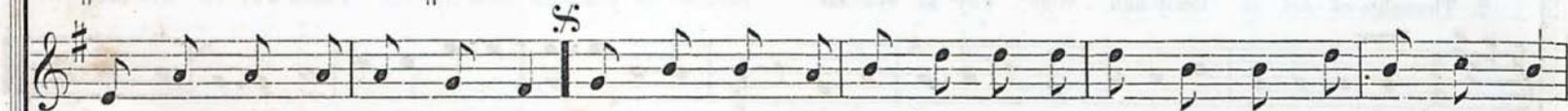


Glad we wel - come Spring a - gain, With mer - ry birds, and fra - grant flowers; Wel - come, wel - come, ver - nal Spring, With

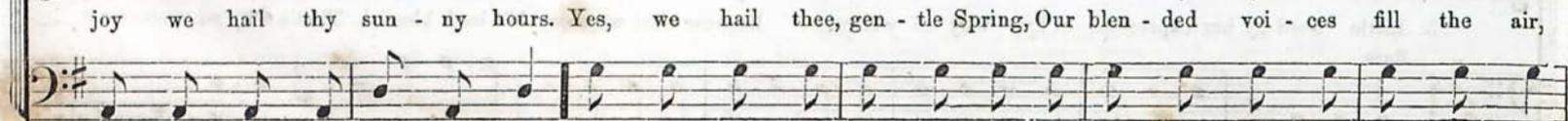
Base.



joy we hail thy sun - ny hours. Yes, we hail thee, gen - tle Spring, Our blen - ded voi - ces fill the air,



joy we hail thy sun - ny hours. Yes, we hail thee, gen - tle Spring, Our blen - ded voi - ces fill the air,



Na - ture from her sleep is wak - ing, Beau - ty greets us ev - ery where. Soft - - - ly o'er..... the

Soft ly o'er the smil - ing mead - ows,

Na - ture from her sleep is wak - ing, Beau - ty greets us ev - ery where, Soft - ly o'er the smil - ing mead - ows,

Fine

smil - - - ing mead - ows See..... her beau - - - teous foot - - - step fall.....

See her beau - teous foot - step fall, Yes, soft - ly o'er the smil - ing mead - ows, See her beau - teous foot - step fall.

See her beau - teous foot - step fall, Yes, soft - ly o'er the smil - ing mead - ows, See her beau - teous foot - step fall.

Dal Segno

THESE THINGS SHALL NEVER DIE.

Air

1. The pure, the bright, the beau - ti - ful, That stirred our hearts in youth, The im - pulse to a word - less prayer, The

Alto

2. The tim - id hand stretched forth to aid A broth - er in his need, The kind - ly word in grief's dark hour That

Tenor

3. Let noth - ing pass, for ev - ery hand Must find some work to do; Lose not a chance to wak - en love—Be

dreams of love and truth, The long - ings af - ter some-what lost, The spir - it's yearning cry, The striv - ings af - ter

proves a friend in - deed— The plea for mer - cy, soft - ly breathed, When Jus - tice threat - ens high, The sor - row of a

firm, and just, and true; So shall a light that can - not fade Beam on thee from on high, And an - gel voi - ces

Air

bet - ter hope—These things can nev - er die, can nev - er die, can nev - er die.

Alto

con - trite heart—These things shall nev - er die, shall nev - er die, shall nev - er die.

Tenor

say to thee—"These things shall nev - er die!" shall nev - er die, shall nev - er die.

A W A K E .

Air

1. A-wake, a-wake, a-wake,..... Unclose your eyes and quickly rise, Come join our throng and happy song, A-wake! a - wake!

Alto

2. A - wake! a - wake! The merry chime of early time Has brought us here with right good cheer A - wake! a - wake!

Tenor

3. The morn-ing light is clear and bright Do not de-lay this fes-tal day A - wake! a - wake!

A-wake! a-wake a-wake.

Allegretto.

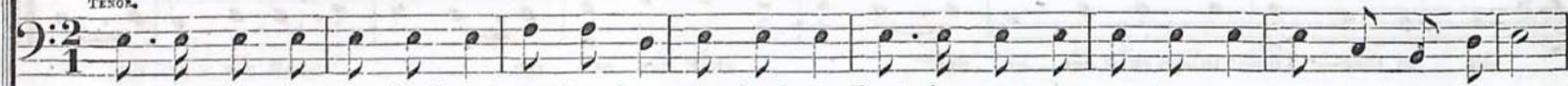
1. Yes! the boys are com - ing home, com - ing home, com - ing home, Let their wel - come rock each dome, rock each banner'd dome.

ALTO.

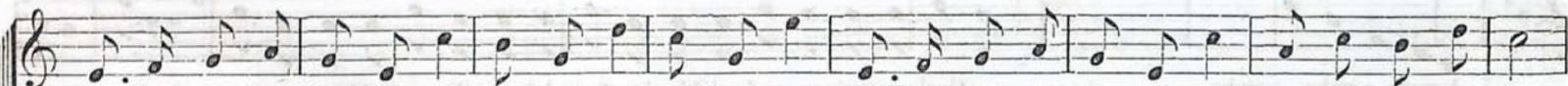
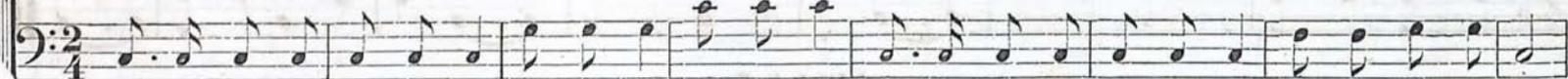


2. Oh! the heav'ns will smile in blue, smile in blue, smile in blue, When we hail the tried and true, hail the tried and true.

TENOR.



3. Yes! the boys are com - ing home, com - ing home, com - ing home, Trust - ing nev - er - more to roam, nev - er - more to roam.



They are com - ing sealed with scars, seal'd with scars, seal'd with scars, 'Neath the tat - tered stripes and stars, 'neath the stripes and stars.



Bat - tered arms will tell of strife, tell of strife, tell of strife, Which hath saved a na - tion's life, saved a na - tion's life.



Lov - ing lips shall sweet - ly tell, sweet - ly tell, sweet - ly tell, How the brave stood sen - ti - nel, Freedom's sen - ti - nel.



YES! THE BOYS ARE COMING HOME.—Concluded.

When this gi - ant Trea - son dies, Treas-on dies, Treas-on dies, Will their glad shouts rend the skies, rend the vault - ed skies.

Brok - en ranks will proud - ly march, proud-ly march, proud-ly march, 'Neath the glad tri-umph - al arch, 'neath the vic - tor's arch.

We will give them heart and hand, heart and hand, heart and hand, Gal - lant sa-viors of our land, of our na-tive land.

CHORUS.

Yes! the boys are com - ing home, com - ing home, com - ing home, Let their wel - come rock each dome, rock each banner'd dome.

Yes! the boys are com - ing home, com - ing home, com - ing home, Let their wel - come rock each dome, rock each banner'd dome.

Allegretto.

AIR.

Ring, ring the mer-ry bells from near and far, Let the star-ry ban-ner float in the air. Come, come ye hap-py ones

Ring, ring the mer-ry bells from near and far, High in the air. Come, come ye hap-py ones

Ring, ring the mer-ry bells from near and far, Let the star-ry ban-ner float in the air. Come, come ye hap-py ones

BASS.

FINE.

from near and far, Now the joy-ful welcome to the brave pre-pare. Sweeter than the car-ol of the wild birds

from near and far, To the brave prepare. Sweet the car-ol of the wild-birds

from near and far, Now the joy-ful welcome to the brave pre-pare. Sweet the car-ol of the wild-birds

are their voi - ces as they come, While the fes - tal arch - es ech - o back the mer - ry mu - sic

are their voi - ces as they come, While the fes - tal arch - es ech - o back the mer - ry mu - sic

are their voi - ces as they come, The arch - es ech - o back the voi - ces

The musical score for the first system consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a treble clef accompaniment. The third staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is a bass clef accompaniment. The music is in 2/4 time and features a key signature of one flat (B-flat).

of the hon - ored sol - diers' wel - come home. Wel - come home! Wel - come home! Yes, wel - come, wel - come

of the sol - diers' wel - come home. Wel - come home! Wel - come home! Yes, wel - come, wel - come

of the sol - diers' wel - come home. Wel - come home! Wel - come home! Yes, wel - come, wel - come

The musical score for the second system consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a treble clef accompaniment. The third staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is a bass clef accompaniment. The music continues in 2/4 time with the same key signature. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

home from the war, Hon - or'd and brave, hon - or'd and brave! In grate - ful notes our voi - ces we pour,

home from the war, Hon - or'd and brave, hon - or'd and brave! In grate - ful notes our voi - ces we pour To

home from the war, Hon - or'd and brave, hon - or'd and brave! In grate - ful notes our voi - ces we pour To

The first system consists of four staves. The top three staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The bottom staff is a bass line. The music is in 2/4 time and features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. There are some triplets and slurs throughout.

To the no - ble hearts who went our land to save. Up from the val - ley, down from the hill,

those who went our land to save. Up from the val - ley, down from the hill,

those who went our land to save. Up from the val - ley, down from the hill,

The second system also consists of four staves. The top three staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The bottom staff is a bass line. The music continues with similar notation to the first system, including a repeat sign with first and second endings in the middle of the system.

Borne on the breez - es thro' the for - est dark and still, the cry is Wel - come, wel - come home from the war, Hon - ored and brave,

Borne on the breeze thro' for - est still, the Wel - come, wel - come home from the war, Hon - ored and brave,

Borne on the breeze thro' for - est still, the Wel - come, wel - come home from the war, Hon - ored and brave,

The first system consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a treble clef accompaniment. The third staff is a bass clef accompaniment. The fourth staff is a bass clef accompaniment. The music is in 2/4 time and G major.

hon - ored and brave, In grate - ful notes our voi - ces we pour, To the no - ble hearts who went our land to save.

hon - ored and brave, In grate - ful notes our voi - ces we pour, To those who went our land to save.

hon - ored and brave, In grate - ful notes our voi - ces we pour, To those who went our land to save.

The second system consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a treble clef accompaniment. The third staff is a bass clef accompaniment. The fourth staff is a bass clef accompaniment. The music is in 2/4 time and G major. The system ends with a double bar line and a 'D. C.' (Da Capo) instruction.

"MILLIONS OF TINY RAIN DROPS."

Allegretto.

Words from Clark's School Visitor.

music by G. F. Roor.

1. Mil - lions of tin - y rain - drops Are fall - ing all a - round; They're danc - ing on the house - tops, They're
 2. A light and air - y tre - ble They play up - on the stream, And the mel - o - dy en - chants us, Like the
 3. Oh! 'tis a storm of mu - sic, And Rob - ins don't in - trude If, when the rain is wea - ry, They

Both the treble and base of this accompaniment should be played an octave higher than here written.

hid - ing in the ground. They are fair - y - like mu - si - cians, With a - ny - thing for keys, Beating
 mu - sic of a dream. A deep - er base is sound - ing When they're dropping in - to caves, With a
 sing an in - ter - lude. It seems as if the war - bling Of the birds in all the bowers, Had

tunes up - on the win - dows Keeping time up - on the trees. They are fair - y - like mu - si - cians, With
 ten - or from the zeph - yrs And an al - to from the waves. A deep - er base is sound - ing When they're
 gath - ered in - to rain - drops And was com - ing down in showers. It seems as if the war - bling Of

a - ny - thing for keys, Beating tunes up - on the win - dows Keeping time up - on the trees.
 drop - ping in - to eaves, With a ten - or from the zeph - yrs And an al - to from the waves.
 birds in all the bowers, Had been gath - ered in - to rain - drops And was com - ing down in showers.

Words by GEO. H. BOKER.

Music by J. B. CHILD.

Soprano
1. Sher - i - dan, Sher - i - dan, cav - al - ry Sher - i - dan! Him of the hor - ses and sa - bers I sing— Look, how he

Alto
2. Ah, fair Shenan - do - ah, thou nest of the rob - ber, How stands the count with thy peop - le to - day? Where is thy

3. O! Ear - ly, mad Ear - ly, the ruth - less in - vad - er, Where are the troop - ers who followed thy raid? Look at their

Tenor
4. Sher - i - dan, Sher - i - dan, cav - al - ry Sherid - an! When thou shalt come to thy peop - le again, Crowns we shall

Bass

drove them! Look, how he clove them! Sa - ber'd, bela - bor'd, confus'd and confounded, The whole reb - el rout, as they

fire now, Show - ing thy ire now, Blaz - ing, while gaz - ing with fear and amazement, As on it crept swift - ly from
cors - es; Sol - diers and hor - ses Whiten and bright - en with bones, shi - ning grim - ly, On all the wide plains they rode

twine for thee, And the ripe wine for thee, Flash - ing and splashing from gob - let and beak - er, Shall whirl round the lips of the

fell back as - toun - ded At the fierce stride and swing Of our men gal-lap - ing; Shout-ing with ven - geance,
 door-post to case - ment, Weep-ing with pale dis - may, Stood maids and mat - rons gray! Has it not spread to thy
 o - ver so - trim - ly, What has the ra - ven said? Where has the red fox preyed? What is the high sail-ing
 el - o - quent speak - er, As he es - says in vain Hom - age to make it plain How the great heart of the

roar - ing with laugh - ter, Cheer - ing with vic - to - ry, as they plunged after
 end of the val - ley? Did it not fol - low thee in thy grand sal - ly?
 buz - zard de - claring, In Rich-mond's white, up-turned face, of thy war - far - ing?
 jubi-lant na - tion Swells tow - ards thy own in its full ad - mi-ra-tion, Sher-i-dan, Sher-i-dan, cav - al - ry Sher - i - dan.

Sher-i - dan, Sher-i - dan, Sher-i - dan, Sher-i - dan, cav - al - ry Sher-i - dan, Sher - i - dan.

Sher-i - dan, Sher - i - dan, Sher-i - dan, Sher-i - dan, cav - al - ry Sher-i - dan, Sher-i - dan, cav - al - ry Sher - i - dan. Sher - i - dan.

Sher-i - dan, cav - al - ry Sher - i - dan.

THE CAMPAIGN'S O'ER—THE VICTORY'S WON.

(Duet and Chorus.)

DAVID ATCHESON.

Air

1. The day is past, the work well done. The strife for free - dom's life is o'er. Her march e -

2. Though treason red with Un - ion blood, Looked North for Suc - cor on that day, Yet free - men

3. We thought of brave ones sleep - ing now; The no - ble dead—the glo - rious slain. In Heav'n we

4. Ye pat - riot dead; bright ho - ly throng! Saw ye the strife, for land and laws? Did ye brake

5. Then raise the flag, tis free - dom's boon; Un - furl it as a bea - con bright, Its stars will

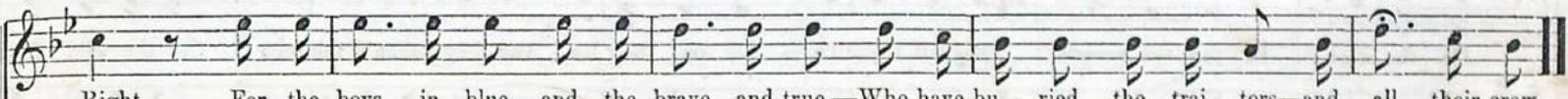
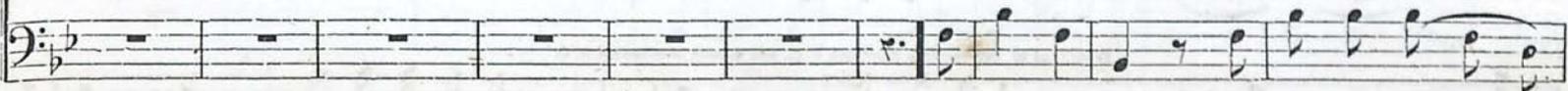
Alto



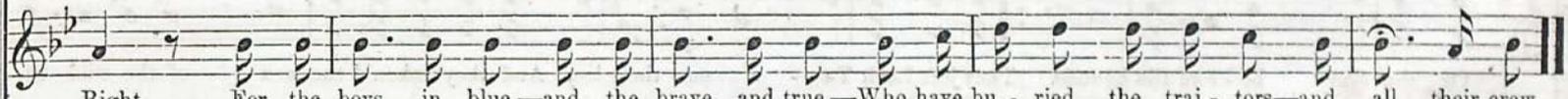
ter - nal has be - gun— Hail Mon - arch! Shine from shore to shore. Then shout! shout! shout! for Free - dom Un - ion and
 put their trust in God, And Slave - ry's chains were swept a - way.
 re - gis - tered this vow: "This cause shall live—and free - dom reign."
 forth in an - them song; When vic - to - ry sat upon our cause;
 spar - kle like the sun, When thrones and despots sink in night.



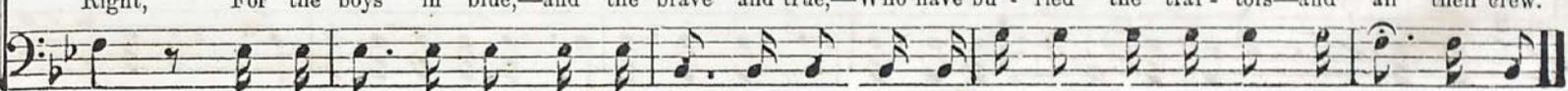
Then shout! shout! shout! for Free - dom Un - ion and



Right, For the boys in blue,—and the brave and true,—Who have bu - ried the trai - tors—and all their crew.



Right, For the boys in blue,—and the brave and true,—Who have bu - ried the trai - tors—and all their crew.



Allegretto.

Air

1. Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, goes the bark, Be-fore the gale she bounds; So darts the dol-phin from the shark,

Alto

2. Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, goes the bark, Be-fore the gale she bounds; So darts the dol-phin from the shark,

Tenor

From here to third section after first D. C., and to coda after second D. C.

Or the deer be-fore the hounds. They left Loch Tu-a on their lee, And they waken'd the men of the wild Ti-

Or the deer be-fore the hounds. They left Loch Tu-a on their lee, And they waken'd the men of the wild Ti-

They paus'd not at Co - lum - bia's Isle,
 D. C. Tho'
 ree, And the chief of the san - dy coil; Of the san - dy coil.

This system consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, starting with a whole rest followed by a melodic phrase. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line with whole rests. The third staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The fourth staff is a bass line with a melodic accompaniment.

They paus'd not at Co - lum - bia's Isle, Tho' pealed the bells from the
 peal'd the bells from the ho - ly pile,
 They paus'd not at Co - lum - bia's Isle, Tho' pealed the bells from the

This system consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line with a melodic accompaniment. The third staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The fourth staff is a bass line with a melodic accompaniment.

ho - ly pile, No time for mat - in or for mass, And the sound of the

ho - ly pile, No time for mat - in or for mass, And the sound of the

With long with long and meas - ured toil,.....

Detailed description: This system contains four staves of music. The top two staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The third staff is a piano accompaniment. The bottom staff is a bass line. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The music features a mix of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests and a dotted quarter note.

ho - ly sum - mons pass, A - way, a - way, in the bil - low's foam, In the bil - low's foam, in the bil - low's

A - way, a - way, in the bil - low's foam, In the bil - low's foam, in the bil - low's

Detailed description: This system continues the musical score with four staves. It includes vocal parts and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are repeated. The musical notation includes various note values and rests, with some notes beamed together. The bass line features a prominent eighth-note pattern.

CODA

foam, The deer be-fore the hounds, The deer be-fore the hounds, So darts the dol-phin from the shark, Or the

foam, The deer be-fore the hounds, The dear be-fore the hounds, So darts the dol-phin from the shark, Or the

deer be-fore the hounds, So darts the dol-phin from the shark, Or the deer be-fore the hounds.

deer be-fore the hounds, So darts the dol-phin from the shark, Or the deer be-fore the hounds.

UNFURL THE FLAG AND SHOW YOUR COLORS.

Mazurka.

The last orders of acting Orderly, George Spicer, to the 35th N. Y. Vols., at the Battle of South Mountain, Va.

Words by RON. MORRIS, L. L. D. Music by J. M. HUMMERS.

1. "Un furl the flag,"..... the he-ro cried,
 2. "Un furl the flag,"..... one might-y voice,
 3. The words are sa - - - cred, patriots hear!

And show your col - - - ors what ye are!
 Went down the dark and stern ar-ray;
 When treason flaunts her treacher-y,

Forth from its folds the silk re-
 Thon midst the shot..... and shell they
 Un-furl your flag the om-bleen

pled, And lo, the bla - - - zon-ry of war;
 press, Along death's dark - - - est, bloodiest way,
 dear, Of true un-fal - - - t'ring loy-al-ty;

Each stripe was there,..... each sil-ver star,
 The he-ro fell they could not stay
 Then "Show your col - - - ors," bet-ter die

No impious hand..... had dared do -
 To weep, for point - - - ing on, still
 As died the he - - - ro on that

face; It was the Flag..... our fath-ers bore..... Whose sons that flag will ne'er dis- grace.
 on, The flag un-fal - - - t'ring swept that day..... Till bat-tle field and night were won.
 morn, Than live dis-hon - - - or'd, and to see..... Our na-tion rent, our col-ors torn!

cres.....
 cres

Air

“Un-furl the flag,”..... the he-ro cried,..... And show your col-ors, what ye are! Un-furl the

Alto

“Un-furl the flag,” the he-ro cried, And show your col-ors, what ye are! Un-furl the

Tenor

“Un-furl the flag,” the he-ro cried, And show your col-ors, what ye are!

Base

flag..... the em-blem dear..... Of true un-fal-t'ring loy-al-ty; Un-furl the

flag..... the em-blem dear..... Of true un-fal-t'ring loy-al-ty; Un-furl the

Un-furl the flag, the em-blem dear Of true un-fal-t'ring loy-al-ty;

UNFURL THE FLAG AND SHOW YOUR COLORS.—Concluded.

Flag..... the he - ro cried,..... And show your col - - - - ors, what ye

Flag..... the he - ro cried,..... And show your col - - - - ors, what ye

Un - furl the flag, the he - ro cried, And show your col - ors, what ye

This system contains four staves of music. The top two staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The third staff is a piano accompaniment with lyrics. The bottom staff is a bass line. The key signature is one sharp (F#).

are, Un - furl the flag, the em - blem dear..... Of true un - fal - t'ring loy - al - ty!

are, Un - furl the flag, the em - blem dear..... Of true un - fal - t'ring loy - al - ty!

are, Un - furl the flag, the em - blem dear..... Of true un - fal - t'ring loy - al - ty!

This system contains four staves of music. The top two staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The third staff is a piano accompaniment with lyrics. The bottom staff is a bass line. The key signature is one sharp (F#). There are dynamic markings like *ff* and accents (>) in the piano part.

DEAR NATIVE SHORE FAREWELL.

229
G. F. R.

Con spirito.

Words by CATHERINE HAZLETT.

AIR

A - way in the bil - lows foam, The waves the can - vass swell, The spires fade in the dis - tance blue, Dear

ALTO

D. C. A - way from the lights of home, A - way from child-hood's spell, From all the dear - ly loved of yore, We

TENOR

A - way in the bil - lows foam, The waves the can - vass swell, The spires fade in the dis - tance blue, Dear

BASS

na - tive land fare - well; Yet oft when stran - ger scenes, Bring the fad - ing past to mind, A tear will up from

go far hence—fare - well; But trust in mem - 'rys chain, her chain, Our pass - ing tears to bind, to bind, With joy - ful hopes of

na - tive land fare - well; Yet oft when stran - ger scenes will bring, The fad - ing past to mind, to mind, A tear will up from

BASS

DEAR NATIVE SHORE FAREWELL.—Continued.

mem - ory spring, For those we leave be - hind, A - way o'er the dash - ing seas, Our bird - bark spreads her wings, While the

meet - ing still With those we leave be - hind, A - way o'er the dash - ing seas, Our bird - bark spreads her wings, While the

mem - ory spring, For those we leave be - hind, A - way o'er the dash - ing seas, Our bird - bark spreads her wings, While the

The first system consists of four staves. The top three staves are vocal lines with lyrics, and the bottom staff is a bass line. The music is in a minor key with a 3/4 time signature.

tem - pest breath comes sweep - ing by, And the spray wreath up - ward flings, While the tem - pest breath comes sweep - ing by And the

tem - pest breath comes sweep - ing by, And the spray wreath up - ward flings, While the tem - pest breath comes sweep - ing by And the

The second system consists of four staves. The top three staves are vocal lines with lyrics, and the bottom staff is a bass line. The music continues in the same key and time signature as the first system.

FINE

spray wreath up-ward flings. But hark! the break-ing waves be-low, And the frown-ing sky a - bove, Thro' foam - y seas and

spray wreath up-ward flings. But hark! the break-ing waves be-low, And the frown-ing sky a - bove, Thro' foam - y seas and

Detailed description: This system contains two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one flat) with a treble clef. It begins with a 'FINE' marking above the first measure. The lyrics are written below the staff. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in G major with a bass clef. The lyrics are also written below this staff.

D. C.

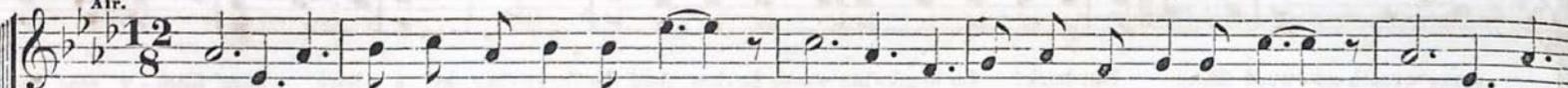
sound - ing deep, Right on - ward still we move, Thro' foam - y seas and sound - ing deep, Right on - ward still we move.

sound - ing deep, Right on - ward still we move, Thro' foam - y seas and sound - ing deep, Right on - ward still we move.

Detailed description: This system contains two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in G major with a treble clef. The lyrics are written below the staff. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in G major with a bass clef. The lyrics are also written below this staff.

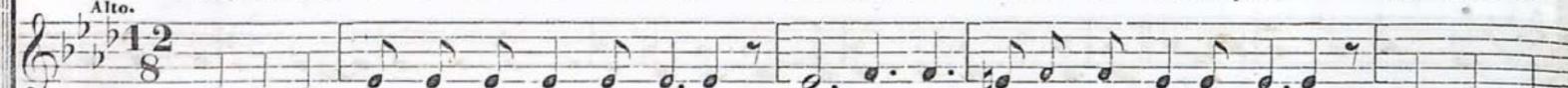
D. C.

Maestoso.
Alr.



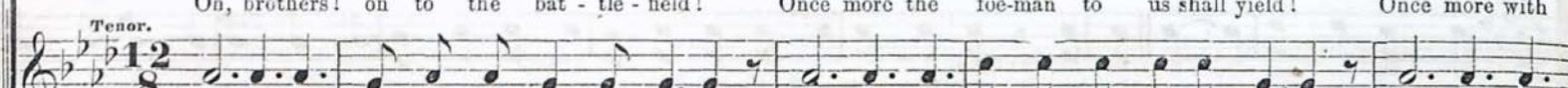
On, brothers! on to the bat - tle - field! Once more the foe - man to us shall yield! Once more with

Alto.



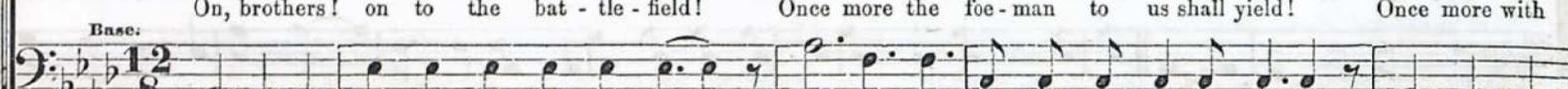
On, brothers! on to the bat - tle - field! Once more the foe - man to us shall yield! Once more with

Tenor.



On, brothers! on to the bat - tle - field! Once more the foe - man to us shall yield! Once more with

Bass:

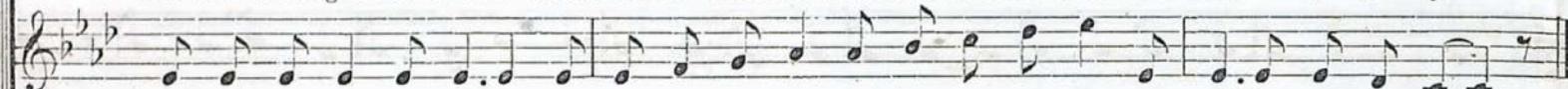


On, brothers! on to the bat - tle - field! Once more the foe - man to us shall yield! Once more with

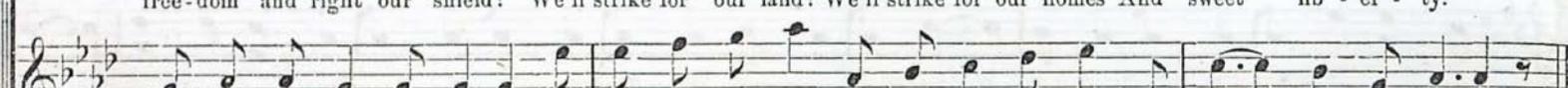
FINE.



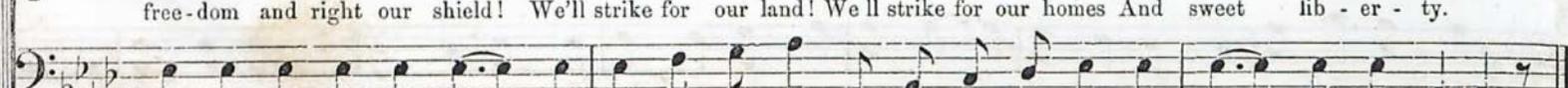
free - dom and right our shield! We'll strike for our land! We'll strike for our homes And sweet lib - er - ty.



free - dom and right our shield! We'll strike for our land! We'll strike for our homes And sweet lib - er - ty.



free - dom and right our shield! We'll strike for our land! We'll strike for our homes And sweet lib - er - ty.



free - dom and right our shield! We'll strike for our land! We'll strike for our homes And sweet lib - er - ty.

THE UNION BATTLE MARCH.—Continued.

233

After first Da Capo, omit this section, and go to "In the morning light."

What though can - non may roar, And mus - kets flash— What though le - gions may pour With sudden dash—

And mus - kets flash— With sud - den dash—

What though can - non may roar, And mus - kets flash— What though le - gions may pour With sudden dash—

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The third staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is a bass line. The music is in 2/4 time and the key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

What though crim - son'd with gore, 'Mid bat - tle's crash, We fight for our homes, We fight for our land, The

What though crim - son'd with gore, 'Mid bat - tle's crash, We fight for our homes, We fight for our land, The

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The third staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is a bass line. The music is in 2/4 time and the key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

D. C.

land of the free! In..... the morn-ing light..... O see the

In the morn - ing light, In the morn - ing light,

D. C.

land of the free! In the morn - ing light, In the morn - ing light,

star - ry ban - ner gai - ly wav - ing o'er us, Un - furl - ing wide its beauteous

See the ban - ner gai - ly wav - ing gai - ly wav - ing o'er us, Yes, un - furl - ing wide

See the ban - ner gai - ly wav - ing gai - ly wav - ing o'er us, Yes, un - furl - ing wide

folds. A - bove a thou - sand hearts of free - men tried and
 wide its beau - teous folds, O'er the hearts of free - men tried and
 wide its beau - teous folds, O'er the hearts of free - men tried and

true; Proud - - - - ly shall the em - - - - blem of Co -
 true; Proud-ly shall it wave, Proud-ly shall it point,
 true, Of free-men tried and true; Yes, proud-ly shall it wave, Proud-ly shall it point,

lum-bia's glo-ry Point the way be-fore us, Till ev-ery foul and trai-t'rous

Yes, in glo-ry point the way, shall point the way be-fore us, Yes, till ev-ery wrong,

Yes, in glo-ry point the way, shall point the way be-fore us, Yes, till ev-ery wrong,

This system contains four staves of music. The first staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The second and third staves are piano accompaniment. The fourth staff is the bass line.

D. C.

wrong shall feel its pow'r, And ev-er van-ish from our view.

Ev-ery trai-t'rous wrong, Shall for-ev-er van-ish from our view, from our view. D. C.

Ev-ery trai-t'rous wrong, Shall for-ev-er van-ish from our view, from our view

This system contains four staves of music. The first staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The second and third staves are piano accompaniment. The fourth staff is the bass line.

VICTORY!

237

Words by Clara L. Meacham.

"I'm pushing up the valley, to-night."—*Gen. Sheridan.*

Music by T. J. Riggs.

1. "I'm pushing up the valley!" it is the Gen'ral's cry; "I'm pushing up the val - ley, while darkness shrouds the sky—

2. We're pushing up the val - ley to raise the stripes and stars, We're pushing up the val - ley to tear those rebel "bars,"

3. We're pushing up the val - ley, and up the mountain's side; We've fought them midst the clouds, and on the storm-swept tide :

4. "I'm passing down the valley," cries many a dy - ing brave; "I'm passing down the val - ley—Through vict'ry and the grave!

I'm pushing up the val - ley with bu - gle, drum and sword, I'm pushing up the val - ley to drive the reb - el horde."

We're pushing up the val - ley, and o'er the south - ern plains, We're pressing down the riv - ers, unloos - ing slav - 'ry's chains.

We're pushing up the val - ley, and on from state to state; We're pressing down re - bel - lion—the foe must meet his fate.

I'm pass - ing down the val - ley, near Jordan's swell - ing tide, I hear vic - to - rious shoutings, ' our cause is glo - ri - fied! "

HAIL, AMERICA! (Double Chorus.)

"Rising like a sun to illumine the world."

Music arranged from "ELIJAH."

Maestoso.

1st Tenor.
2d Tenor.

Hail, A - mer - i - ca! Hail, A - mer - i - ca! Lo, thy night of gloom is passed!

Alto.

1st Treble.
2d Treble.

Hail, A - mer - i - ca! Hail, A - mer - i - ca, Lo! thy night of gloom is passed!

Bass.

Hail, A -

Long we've wait - ed for thy

mer - i - ca! Hail, A - mer - i - ca! Lo, thy night of gloom is passed!

Lo, thy night of gloom is passed. Long we've wait - ed for thy

HAIL, AMERICA!—Continued.

ris - ing, Breaks the glo - rious day at last.

Dark - ness flies a - way be - fore thee, From thy

ris - ing, Breaks the glo - rious day at last.

This system contains four staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The third staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment line.

Hail, A - mer - i - ca! Hail, A - mer - i - ca! Lo, thy night of gloom is

light the shades are cast. Hail, A - mer - i - ca! Hail, A - mer - i - ca! thy night is

Hail, A - mer - i - ca! Hail, A - mer - i - ca! Lo, thy night of gloom is

This system contains four staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The third staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment line.

HAIL, AMERICA!—Continued.

passed. Shout for joy to see thee come, Free - dom

passed. Hearts that long have bow'd in an - guish Shout for joy to see thee come.

passed. Shout for joy to see thee come, Free - dom

This system contains the first three staves of the musical score. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle is the treble clef accompaniment, and the bottom is the bass clef accompaniment. The lyrics are written below each staff.

marred no more with fet - ters Now in beau - ty mounts her throne. Hail, A - mer - i - ca! Hail, A -

Now in beau - ty mounts her throne. Hail, A - mer - i - ca!

marred no more with fet - ters Now in beau - ty mounts her throne. Hail, A - mer - i - ca! Hail, A -

This system contains the next three staves of the musical score. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle is the treble clef accompaniment, and the bottom is the bass clef accompaniment. The lyrics are written below each staff.

HAIL, AMERICA!---Concluded.

241

mer - i - ca! Lo, thy night of gloom is passed; Yes, thy night of gloom is passed. Hail, hail, A-

Hail, A - mer - i - ca! thy night is passed; Yes, thy night of gloom is passed. Hail, hail, A-

mer - i - ca! Lo, thy night of gloom is passed; Yes, thy night of gloom is passed.

mer - i - ca! Hail, hail, A - mer - i - ca.

Hail, hail, A - mer - i - ca! Hail, hail, A - mer - i - ca! Hail, hail, A - mer - i - ca! Thy night is passed.

mer - i - ca! Hail, hail, A - mer - i - ca! Hail! thy night is passed.

Hail, hail, A - mer - i - ca! Hail, hail, A - mer - i - ca! Hail, hail, A - mer - i - ca! Thy night is passed.

"ONE STAR IS TREMBLING."

Andantino

Solo with vocal accompaniment.

G. F. R.

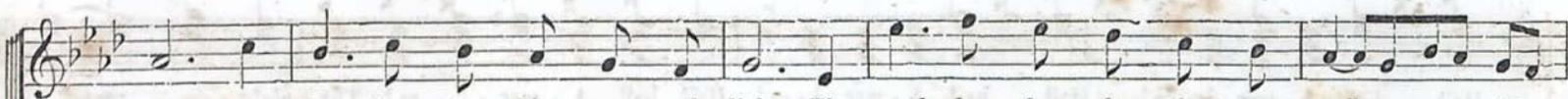
Solo



1. One star is trem-bling in - to sight, And soft as sleep the dark-ness falls, The wood-dove from the for - est
2. Streams, murmuring in the ear of Night, With-in the wood - y hol - low wind, Whose dusk - y boughs are in - ter -
3. The wood - land range is dim - ly blue With smoke, that creeps from cots un - seen, And bri - ery hedge and mead - ow
4. And ev - ery sound that breaks the calm Is like a lul - la - by to rest; All is at peace and all are

Chorus

* Hm.....



calls, The bat be - gins his way - ward flight. The wood - dove from the for - rest calls, The
 twined A - bove their mu - sic and their light. Whose dusk - y boughs are in - ter - twined A -
 green Put on their white night - robe of dew. And bri - ery hedge and mead - ow green Put
 blest With ho - ly thoughts a heaven - ly balm. All is at peace and all are blest With

* The mouth should be closed and the tones sustained like an organ until you come to "La la la" &c. The larger the chorus the finer the effect.

Refrain

bat be - gins his way - ward flight. Ah..... Ah.....
 bove their mu - sic and their light. Ah..... Ah.....
 on their white night - robe of dew. Ah..... Ah.....
 ho - ly thoughts a heaven - ly calm. Ah..... Ah.....

.....La la la

.....Ah..... Ah.....

La la

THE SERENADE.

Moderato.

Let the Tenors sing twenty-four measures (to the first pause) without the other parts, then all sing the whole piece as written.

Espresso

1. Do you hear the se - re - nade? hush, hush, hush, Let us to the win - dow, but be si - lent! not a sound.

Alto

Yes I hear it hush, hush, hush, Yes but be si - lent! not a sound, hark! hark!

1st & 2d Tenor

La - dy from thy vine - clad bower,

Hark! as the sounds float a long in the soft sum - mer

Hear me at this lone - ly hour, Hear my

The old bachelor who did not like it.

There they come a - gain, There they come a - gain, What a noise these fel - lows make, O dear, if they'd on - ly let

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment in bass clef with the same key signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

air, the soft sum - mer air; Hear them, hear them,
vi - ol's wail - ing tone, Sad and plain - tive

hon - est peo - ple sleep in - stead of keep - ing them a - wake, How much bet - ter it would be both for them and me; But

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves, continuing the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

float in the air, Float - ing a way on the soft sum - mer
Float - ing a - way on the soft sum - mer
as mine own, La - dy! ope' thine eyes of

that i - de - a they don't take, with their "La - dy ope' thine eye, Hear my plain - tive cry, 'Tis my fond a - dieu

air, In the val - ley, and mead - ow, and wood - land so fair; O

air, In the val - ley, and mead - ow, and wood - land so fair; O

blue, Hear my fer - vent fond a - dieu; La - dy

That I sing to you!" O I do sin - cer - ly wish that non-sense could be true, that non-sense could be true, hark!

hear! they float a long; They float in the.

hear! they float a long; They float in the

ope' thine eyes of blue; Hear my fer vent

There they go a - gain I thought they were a - way, Shall I ev - er get to sleep a - gain! Will you go? a - las! they hear not

Softer and slower.

soft sum - mer air, Now far - ther and far - ther re - ced - ing and
 soft sum - mer air, Now far - ther and far - ther re - ced - ing and
 fond a - dieu: La - dy ope' thine eyes of
 what I say, they hear not what I say; O I am so sleep - y Ah! Ah!

From here let the voice grow softer and a little slower until they die a way.

Fading.

fall - ing; Their sweet sougs are melt - ing and dy - ing a - way.
 fall - ing; Their sweet sougs are melt - ing and dy - ing a - way.
 blue; Hear my fer - vent fond a - dieu.
 I dont know what I shall do, I wond - er if they're, ah! al - most through.

Drops asleep.

THE PRESIDENT'S GRAVE.

Words by EDWIN S. BABBITT.

This Song is published in sheet form.

Music by L. B. MILLER.

1. Be si - lent! there com - eth on spir - it wings sped, The wail of a na - tion in grief for the dead; The

2. A deep brood - ing sor - row comes o - ver the heart, A moan like the tem - pest, when sum - mers de - part, A

3. Be si - lent! our Fa - ther hath laid him to rest, A he - ro of bat - tles hath yield - ed his crest, A

strong and the might - y, from glo - ry and light, Hath waned in his bright - ness and left us in night; The

gush - ing of an - guish, un - bro - ken and still, As toll - eth the re - quiem o'er val - ley and hill; The

states - man hath fall - en—his coun - sels are o'er, His firm - ness and wis - dom shall guide us no more; Let

proud ea - gle ban - ners all droop - ing - ly wave, And the wild winds are hushed round the Pres - i - dent's grave, And the
 sun that rose bright o'er the free and the brave Now is set - ting in gloom o'er the Pres - i - dent's grave, Now is
 can - non boom forth and the ban - ners all wave, While we min - gle our tears o'er the Pres - i - dent's grave, While we

wild winds are hushed round the Pres - i - dent's grave. Tread light - ly! speak soft - ly! o'er the Pres - i - dent's grave.
 set - ting in gloom o'er the Pres - i - dent's grave. Tread light - ly! speak soft - ly! o'er the Pres - i - dent's grave.
 min - gle our tears o'er the Pres - i - dent's grave. Tread light - ly! speak soft - ly! o'er the Pres - i - dent's grave.

HARVEST HOME.

Finale of the Operatic Cantata of the "Haymakers."

Geo. F. Root.

Allegro.
Soprano

Har - vest home, har - vest home, Har - vest home, har - vest home, Not in vain has been our la - bor, Har - vest home,

Alto

Har - vest home, har - vest home, Har - vest home, har - vest home, Not in vain has been our la - bor, Har - vest home,

Tenor

Har - vest home, har - vest home, Har - vest home,..... Har - vest home,

Har - vest home,

Har - vest home,

har - vest home, Joy - ful joy - ful sing, Joy..... Filled our barns with fra - grant hay, Joy,.....

har - vest home, Joy - ful joy - ful sing, Joy..... Filled our barns with fra - grant hay, Joy,.....

..... Har - vest home, har - vest home, Filled our barns with fra - grant hay, Har - vest home,

har - vest home, Joy - ful joy - ful sing, Har - vest home, har - vest home, Filled our barns with fra - grant hay, Har - vest home.

..... Let the song and dance go round, Har - vest home, har - vest home, Plen - ty smiles up - on our la - bors, Har - vest home,

..... Let the song and dance go round, Har - vest home, har - vest home, Plen - ty smiles up - on our la - bors, Har - vest home,

har - vest home Let the song and dance go round, Har - vest home,..... Har - vest home,

har - vest home Let the song and dance go round, Har - vest home,..... Har - vest home,

har - vest home, Joy - ful, joy - ful sing. Joy - ful sing,

har - vest home, Joy - ful, joy - ful sing. Joy - ful sing,

har - vest home, Joy - ful, joy - ful sing. Thanks be to Him who has given us the in - crease, Thanks

har - vest home, Joy - ful, joy - ful sing. Thanks be to Him who has given us the in - crease, Thanks

har - vest home, joy - ful sing har - vest home, joy - ful sing, joy - ful sing, har - vest home, har - vest home, Thanks

har - vest home, joy - ful sing har - vest home, joy - ful sing, joy - ful sing, har - vest home, har - vest home, joy - ful sing

be to Him who has given us the in - crease. Joy - ful sing,

be, &c.

Detailed description: This system contains four staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The third staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is a bass line. The music is in a common time signature and features a mix of eighth and quarter notes.

be to Him who has given us the in - crease. Joy - ful sing,

har - vest home, joy - ful sing, har - vest home, joy - ful sing, joy - ful sing. har - vest home, har - vest home, Joy - ful sing,

har - vest home, joy - ful sing, har - vest home, joy - ful sing, joy - ful sing, har - vest home, har - vest home, Thanks

Detailed description: This system continues the musical score with four staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The third staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is a bass line. The music continues with similar rhythmic patterns and includes a key signature change to one sharp (F#) in the second staff.

har - vest home, joy - ful sing, har - vest home, joy - ful, joy - ful sing our har - vest home, our har - vest home. Then loud, then
 har - vest home. joy - tul sing, har - vest home, joy - ful, joy - ful sing our har - vest home, our har - vest home, Then loud, then
 be to Him who has given us the in - crease. Then

loud let the shout, let the shout go up, Har - vest home, har - vest home, thanks be to Him who has given us the
 loud, &c.
 loud let the shout, let the shout go up, Har - vest home, O har - vest home, thanks be to Him who has given us the

in-crease, Har - vest home, har - vest home, Har - vest home, har - vest home,
 Har - vest home, har - vest home, Har - vest home, har - vest home, Yes,
 in-crease, Har - vest home, O, har - vest home, Har - vest home, har - vest home,
 Har - vest home, O, har - vest home, Loud let the shout let the shout go up,..... Yes,

Har - vest home, har - vest home, Joy - ful, joy - ful sing our har - vest
 loud let the shout, let the shout go up, Har - vest home, har - vest home, Joy - ful, joy - ful sing our har - vest
 Har - vest home, har - vest home, Joy - ful, joy - ful sing our har - vest
 loud let the shout, let the shout go up,..... Joy - ful &c;

HARVEST HOME.—Continued.

la - bor's done, we'll joy - ful sing, our har - vest la - bor's done. Now let the song and dance go round,
 la - bor's done, we'll joy - ful sing, our har - vest la - bor's done. Now let the song and dance go round,
 la - bor's done, our har - vest la - bors done, we'll joy - ful sing, our har - vest la - bor's done. Now let the song and dance go round,
 la - bor's done, we'll &c.

Har - vest home, har - vest home, Now let the song and dance go round, Har - vest home, har - vest home, Joy - ful, joy - ful
 Har - vest home, har - vest home, Now let the song and dance go round, Har - vest home, har - vest home, Joy - ful, joy - ful
 Har - vest home, har - vest home, Now let the song and dance go round, Har - vest home, har - vest home, Joy - ful, joy - ful

sing, our har-vest la - bor's done,..... our har-vest la - bor's done, Then joy - ful sing, our har-vest
 sing, our har-vest la - bor's done, our har-vest, our har-vest la - bor's done, Then joy - ful sing, our har-vest
 sing, our har-vest la - bor's done, our har-vest, our har-vest la - bor's done, Then joy - ful sing, our har-vest

la - bor's done,..... our har-vest la - bor's done,..... Har-vest home, har-vest home, har-vest home.....
 la - bor's done, our har-vest, our har-vest la - bor's done,..... Har-vest home, har-vest home, har-vest home.....
 la - bor's done, our har-vest, our har-vest la - bor's done,..... Har-vest home, har-vest home, har-vest home.....

TUNES, ANTHEMS AND CHANTS, FOR WORSHIP.

WHAT would you think of an actor or an elocutionist who should utter the Lord's prayer, and other selections from the Holy Word, or even hymns of human composition that are addressed to the Lord, for the amusement or entertainment of people? Is it less wrong to sing them for such a purpose? Would you like to have your minister read from the Bible before the worship commences, or after it closes—while the people are coming in or going out! Is the act less wrong when the words are sung?

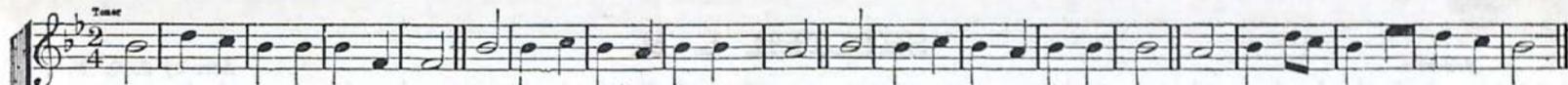
Were circumstances to make it proper to introduce reading from the Bible, or the utterance of the Lord's prayer into the lively, often merry, exercises of the singing school, would not all noise and merriment be hushed, and the whole current of thought be turned more inward? Should it not be so when such words are sung?

Friends of Song, draw the line clear and distinct between music for amusement, and music for worship, and never make use of the latter when circumstances do not favor sincerity, reverence and propriety in the act, lest you profane holy things, and take the name of the Lord in vain. That these forms—Tunes, Anthems and Chants—may be more favorable for purposes of worship, solos, duets and other means for personal display have been avoided in the belief that they not only tend to prevent the true object of church music and interrupt devotional exercises, but are positive temptations to evil.

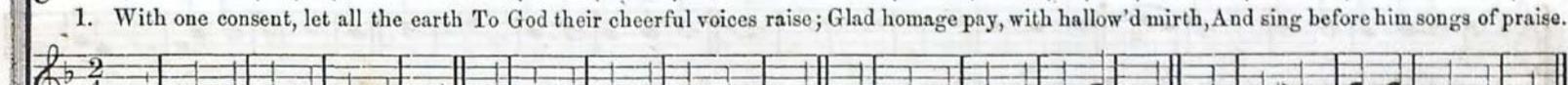
G. F. R.

PRAISE, L. M.

Tenor

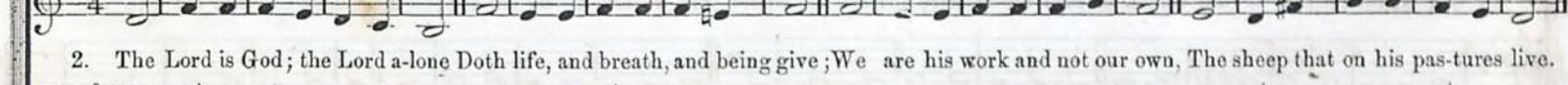


1. With one consent, let all the earth To God their cheerful voices raise; Glad homage pay, with hallow'd mirth, And sing before him songs of praise.

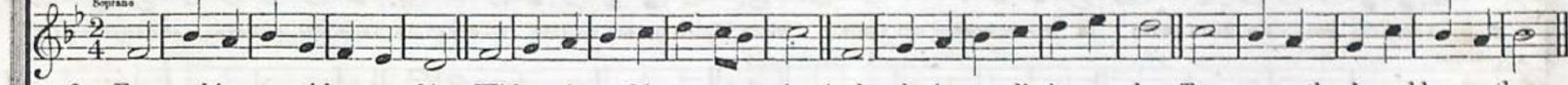
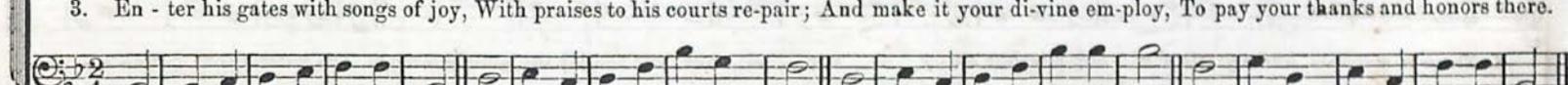


2. The Lord is God; the Lord a-lone Doth life, and breath, and being give; We are his work and not our own, The sheep that on his pas-tures live.

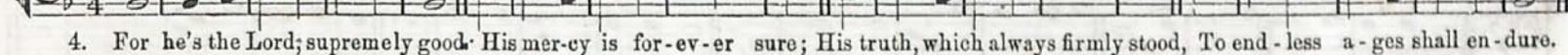
Soprano



3. En - ter his gates with songs of joy, With praises to his courts re-pair; And make it your di-vine em-ploy, To pay your thanks and honors there.

4. For he's the Lord; supremely good; His mer-cy is for-ev-er sure; His truth, which always firmly stood, To end - less a - ges shall en - dure.



Moderato.

The musical score for 'FIRMAMENT, L. M.' is written in 3/2 time. It consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The first system is for the Soprano voice. The lyrics are: '1. The spacious firmament on high, With all the blue etherial sky, And spangled heavens, a shining frame, Their great original proclaim. 2. Th' unwearied sun from day to day, Does his Creator's power display, And publishes to every land The work of an almighty hand. 3. Soon as the evening shades prevail, The moon takes up the wondrous tale, And nightly, to the listening earth, Repeats the story of her birth. 4. While all the stars that round her burn, And all the planets in their turn, Confirm the tidings, as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.'

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2. Th' unwearied sun from day to day, Does his Creator's power display, And publishes to every land The work of an almighty hand.

3. Soon as the evening shades prevail, The moon takes up the wondrous tale, And nightly, to the listening earth, Repeats the story of her birth.

4. While all the stars that round her burn, And all the planets in their turn, Confirm the tidings, as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.

SHELTER. L. M.

Moderato.

Arr: by J. Q. W.

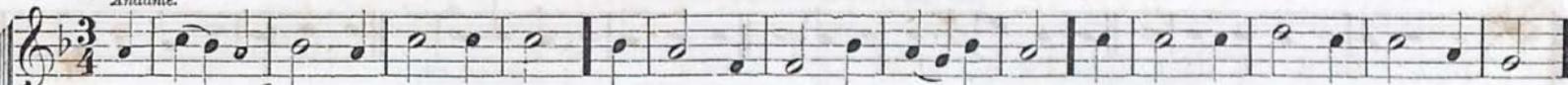
The musical score for 'SHELTER. L. M.' is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The first system is for the Soprano voice. The lyrics are: '1. God is the refuge of his saints, When storms of sharp distress invade; Ere we can offer our complaints, Behold him present with his aid. 2. Loud may the troubled ocean roar; In sacred peace our souls abide; While every nation, every shore, Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide. 3. There is a stream, whose gentle flow Supplies the city of our God: Life, love and joy still gliding through, And watering our divine abode. 4. That sacred stream, thine holy Word, Supports our faith, our fear controls; Sweet peace thy promises afford, And give new strength to fainting souls.'

1. God is the refuge of his saints, When storms of sharp distress invade; Ere we can offer our complaints, Behold him present with his aid.

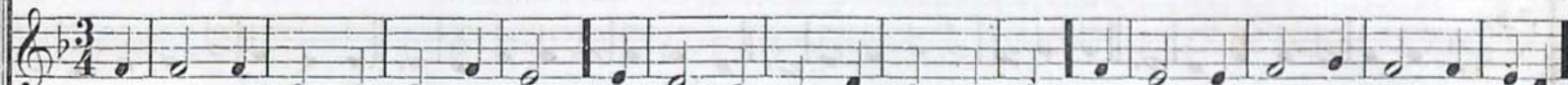
2. Loud may the troubled ocean roar; In sacred peace our souls abide; While every nation, every shore, Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

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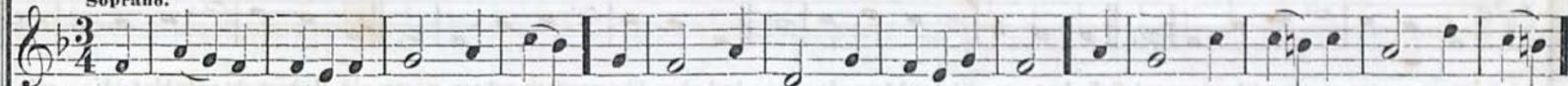
4. That sacred stream, thine holy Word, Supports our faith, our fear controls; Sweet peace thy promises afford, And give new strength to fainting souls.

Andante.

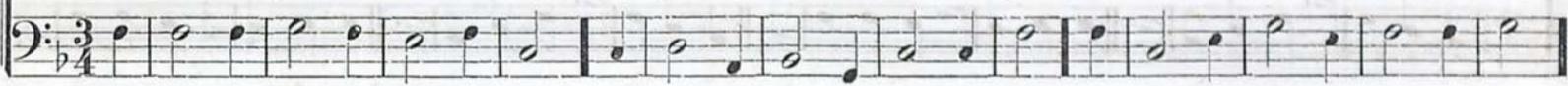
1. The Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare, And feed me with a Shep - herd's care; His pres - ence shall my wants sup - ply,



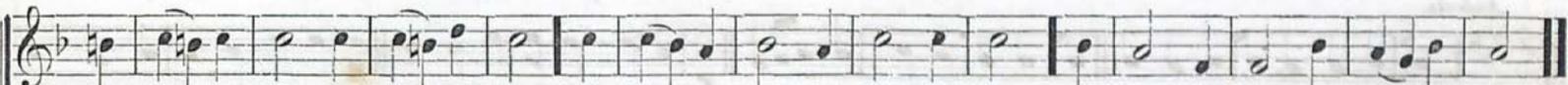
2. When in the sul - try glebe I faint, Or on the thirst - y moun - tain pant, To fer - tile vales, and dew - y meads

Soprano.

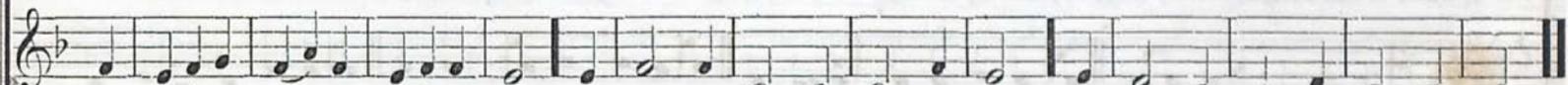
3. Though in the paths of death I tread, With gloom - y hor - rors o - ver - spread, My stead - fast heart shall fear no ill,



M. I. WORSHP.



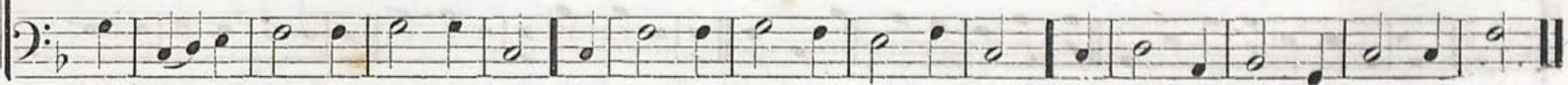
And guard me with a watch - ful eye: My noon - day walk he shall at - tend, And all my mid - night hours de - fend.



My wea - ry, wan - d'ring steps he leads; Where peace - ful riv - ers, soft and slow, A - mid the ver - dant land - scape flow.



For thou, O Lord, art with me still: Thy friend - ly rod shall give me aid, And guide me through the dread - ful shade



HOMAGE. L. M.

Moderato.

1. Be-fore Je-ho-vah's ho-ly throne, Ye na-tions, worship and a-dore; Know that the Lord is God a-lone; He can cre-ate, and he re-store.

3 We are his peo-ple, we his care; Our souls, and all our mor-tal frame; What last-ing hon-ors shall we rear, O Lord our Mak-er, to thy name.

Soprano

2. His sovereign power, without our aid, Called us to life, and formed us men; And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed, He brought us to his fold a-gain.

WORSHIP. L. M.

Andante.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing, To show thy love by morn-ing light, And talk of all thy truth at night.

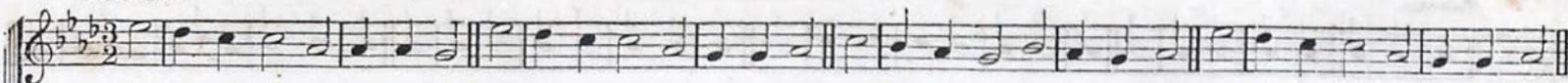
5. My heart shall tri-umph in my Lord, And bless his works, and bless his word; Thy works of grace, how bright they shine! How deep thy consels, how divine!

Soprano

3. Soon shall I see, and hear, and know A! I de-sired, or wished be-low: And ev-ery power find sweet em-ploy, In that e-ter-nal world of joy.

GRATITUDE, L. M.

261

Andantino.

1. O hap - py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav - ior and my Lord! Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad.



2. O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love! Let cheer - ful an - thems fill the house, While to his al - tar now I move.

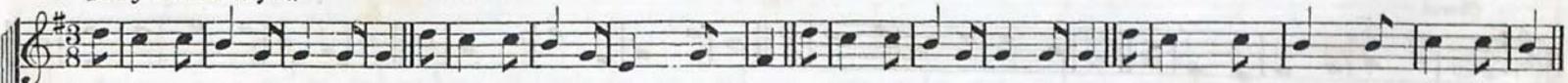


3. Now rest, my long di - vi - ded heart; Fixed on the Rock of a - ges, rest; Here have I found a nob - ler part; Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

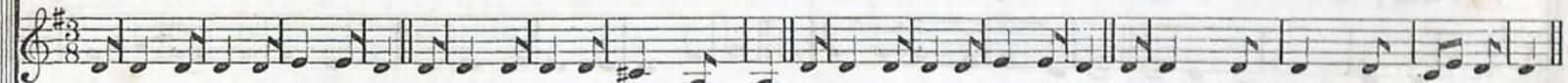


4. High Heaven, that hears the solemn vow, That vow renewed each day shall hear; Till in life's lat - est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.

SABBATH EVE, L. M.

Gently and not to fast.

1. Sweet is the light of Sabbath eve, And soft the sunbeams linger - ing there; For these blest hours the world I leave, Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.



2. The time how love - ly, and how still! Peace shines and smiles on all be - low, The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill All fair with even - ing's set - ting glow.



3. Sea - son of rest! the tranquil soul The sweet calm feels, and melts in love; And while these sacred moments roll, Faith sees a smil - ing heaven a - bove.



Moderato.

1. O thou, to whose all-searching sight The darkness shineth as the light, Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee; O burst these bonds, and set it free.

2. While in this dark-some wild I stay, Be thou my light, be thou my way; No foes, no vi - o - lence, I fear; No harm, if thou, O Lord, art near.

Soprano

3. When ris - ing floods my soul o'erflow, When sinks my heart in waves of woe, O Lord thy time - ly aid im - part, And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

4. If rough and thorn - y be the way, My strength proportion to the day; Till toil, and grief, and pain, shall cease, Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

THE OLD HUNDREDTH. L. M.

FROM MAROT AND BEZA'S PSALMS. Geneva. 1543.

Choral.

1. Be thou, O God, ex - alt - ed high; And as thy glo - ry fills the sky, So let it be on earth displayed, Till thou art here, as there, o - beyed.

2. Thy prai - ses, Lord, we will re - sound To all the listening na - tions round; Thy mer - cy highest heaven transcends; Thy truth beyond the clouds ex - tends.

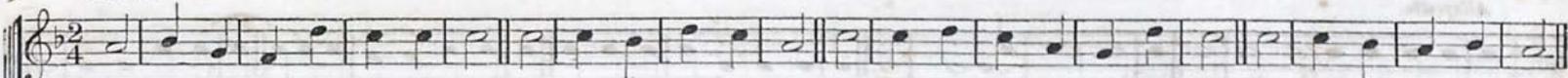
Soprano

3. Be thou, O God, ex - alt - ed high; And as thy glo - ry fills the sky, So let it be on earth displayed, Till thou art here, as there, o - beyed.

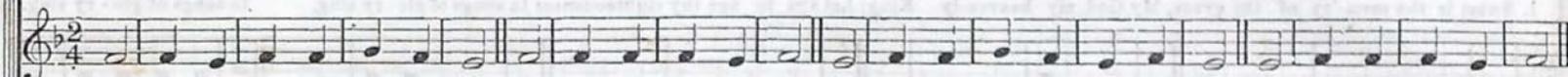
BLESSING. C. M.

263

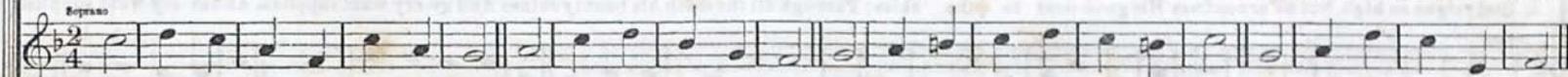
Cho al.



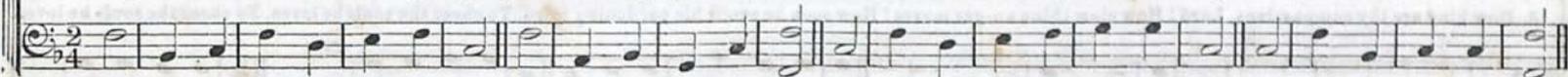
1. Long as I live, I'll bless thy name, My King, my God of love; My work and joy shall be the same, In bright-er worlds a - bove.



2. Great is the Lord, his power unknown; O let his praise be great; I'll sing the hon - ors of thy throne, Thy works of grace re - peat.



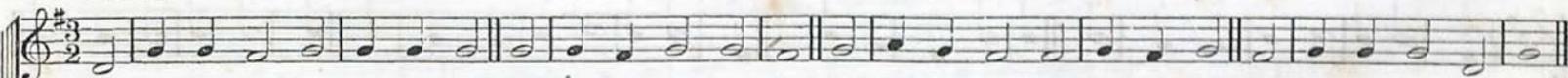
3. Thy love shall dwell up - on my tongue; And while my lips re - joice, The men who hear my sa - cred song, Shall join their cheer - ful voice.



4. Fa - thers to sons shall tell thy name, And chil - dren learn thy ways; A - ges to come thy truth pro - claim, And na - tions sound thy praise.

HOPE. C. M.

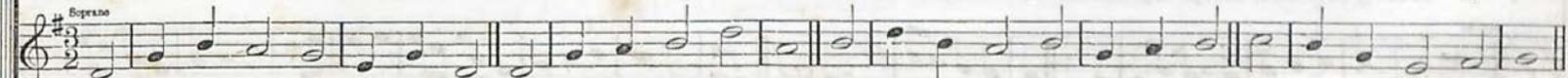
Moderato.



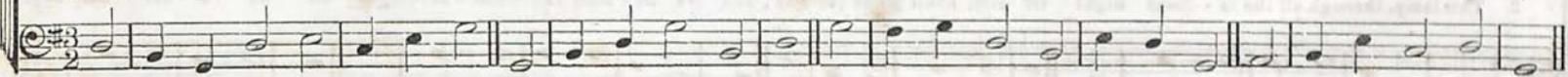
1. God, my sup - port - er, and my hope, My help for - ev - er near, Thine arm of mer - cy held me up, When sinking in des - pair.



2. Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet, Through this dark wil - der - ness; Thine hand con - duct me near thy seat, To dwell be - fore thy face.



3. Then to draw near to thee, my God, Shall be my sweet em - ploy; My tongue shall sound thy works a - broad, And tell the world my joy.



Allegretto.

MEMORY. C. M.

1. Sweet is the mem-'ry of thy grace, My God, my heaven-ly King; Let age to age thy righteousness In songs of glo-ry sing, In songs of glo-ry sing. In songs of glo-ry sing.

2. God reigns on high, but ne'er confines His good-ness to the skies; Through all the earth his bounty shines And ev-ery want supplies, And ev-ery want supplies.

Soprano

3. How kind are thy compassions, Lord! How slow thine an-ger moves! How soon he sends his pardoning word, To cheer the souls he loves, To cheer the souls he loves.

GUIDE. C. M.

H. W. J.

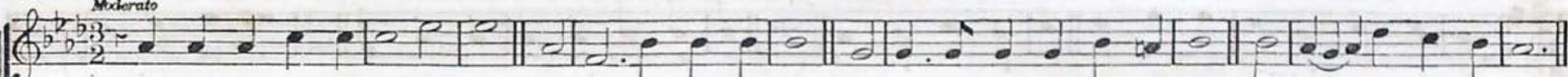
Moderato.

1. How pre-cious is the book di - vine, By in - spi - ra - tion given! Bright as a lamp its doc - trines shine, To guide our souls to heaven.

2. It sweet-ly cheers our droop - ing hearts, In this dark vale of tears; Life, light, and joy it still im - parts, And quells our ris - ing fears.

Soprano

3. This lamp, through all the te - dious night Of life shall guide our way; Till we be - hold the clear - er light Of an e - ter - nal day.

Moderato

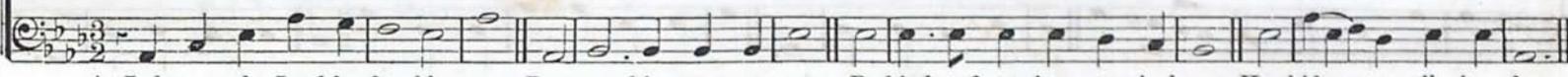
1. God moves in a mys-te-ri-ous way, His won-ders to per-form; He plants his foot-steps in the sea, And rides up-on the storm.



2. Deep in un-fath-om-a-ble mines Of nev-er fail-ing skill, He treas-ures up his bright de-sig-nis, And works his gra-cious will.

Soprano.

3. Ye fear-ful souls, fresh cour-age take; The clouds you so much dread Are big with mer-cy, and shall break In bless-ings on your head.



4. Judge not the Lord by fee-ble sense, But trust his con-stant grace: Be-hind a frown-ing prov-i-dence He hides a smil-ing face.

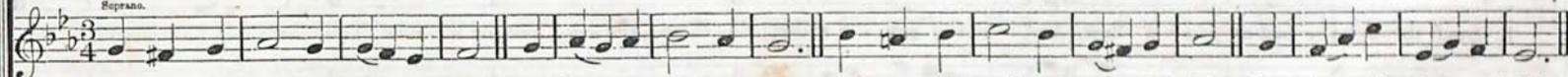
CALM. C. M.

Andante

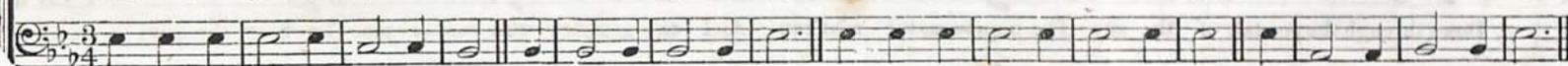
1. Calm on the list-'ning ear of night Come heav-en's me-lo-dious strains, Where wild Ju-de-a stretch-es far Her sil-ver man-tled plains.



2. Ce-les-tial choirs, from courts a-bove, Shed sa-cred glo-ries there; And an-gels, with their spark-ling lyres, Make mu-sic on the air.

Soprano.

3. The an-swering hills of Pal-es-tine Send back the glad re-ply; And greet, from all their sa-cred heights, The day-spring from on high.



Allegretto.

1. Sal - va - tion! O, the joy - ful sound! 'Tis pleasure to our ears; A sovereign balm for eve - ry wound, A cor - dial for our fears.

2. Bu - ried in sor - row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay; But we a - rise by grace di - vine, To see a heaven - ly day.

3. Sal - va - tion! — let the ech - o fly The spa - cious earth a - round; While all the ar - mies of the sky Con - spire to raise the sound.

JOY. C. M.

Moderato.

1. Mor - tals, a - wake, with an - gels join, And chant the sol - emn lay; Joy, love, and grat - i - tude, com - bine To hail th' auspicious day.

2. In heaven the rapturous song be - gan; And sweet ser - aph - ic fire Through all the shin - ing le - gions ran, And strung, and tuned the lyre.

3. Swift through the vast ex - pance it flew, And loud the ech - o rolled; The theme, the song, the joy was new, 'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4. Down through the por - tals of the sky The impetuous tor - rent ran; And an - gels flew, with eag - er joy, To bear the news to man.

Not too fast.

By permission.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign; E-ter-nal day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain.

2. There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er with'-ring flowers: Death, like a nar-row sea di-vides That heav-en-ly land from ours.

3. Sweet fields be-yond the swell-ing flood, Stand dressed in liv-ing green; So to the Jews their Ca-naan stood, While Jor-dan rolled be-tween.

4. For in thy pres-ence e'er a-bounds Full-ness of pur-est joy; At thy right hand un-coas-ing flow Pleas-ures with-out al-loy.

ROCKBRIDGE. C. M.

By permission.

1. E-ter-nal Source of life and light, Su-preme-ly good and wise, To thee we bring our grate-ful vows; Ac-cept our sac-ri-fice.

2. Our dark and'err-ing minds il-lume With truth's ce-les-tial rays: In-spire our hearts with heav-en-ly love, And tune our lips to praise.

3. Safe-ly con-duct us, by thy truth, Thro' life's per-plex-ing road; And bring us, when our jour-ney's o'er, Lord, to thine own a-bode.

4. For in thy pres-ence e'er a-bounds Full-ness of pur-est joy; At thy right hand un-coas-ing flow Pleas-ures with-out al-loy.

1. What glo - ry gilds the sa - cred page, Ma - jes - tic like the sun: It gives a light to ev - ery age; It gives, but borrows none.

2. The pow'r that gave it still sup - plies - The gracious light and heat: Its truths up - on the na - tions rise; They rise no more to set.
Soprano.

3. Let ev - er - last - ing thanks be thine For such a bright display, As makes a world of darkness shine With beams of heavenly day.

4. My soul re - joic - es to pur - sue The steps of him I love, Till glo - ry breaks up - on my view In brighter worlds a - bove.

DEDHAM. C. M.

1. How shall we cel - e - brate thy love, Thou ev - er bless - ed LORD, For all thy mercies from a - bove, But chief - ly for thy Word.

2. Goodness and truth are now display'd In their own heavenly light, Thy Ho - ly Word is o - pen laid To our as - tonish'd sight.
Soprano.

3. 'Tis ours to walk in light divine, Thro' all our hap - py road: The beams of truth around us shine, And lead to thine a - bode.

4. Blest day of heavenly light and heat, Of sacred truth and love! Now we may run, with cheerful feet, To realms of bliss a - bove

Moderato.

1. My soul, re - peat his praise, Whose mer - cies are so great; Whose an - ger is so slow to rise, So rea - dy to a - bate

2. His grace sub-dues our sins, And his for - giv - ing love, Far as the east is from the west, Doth all our guilt re - move.

3. High as the heavens are raised A - bove the ground we tread, So far the rich - es of his grace Our high - est tho'ts ex - ceed.

HOME. S. M.

Andante.

1. O cease, my wan-d'ring soul, On rest - less wing to roam; All this wide world, to ei - ther pole, Has not for thee a home.

2. Be - hold the ark of God; Be - hold the o - pen door: O, haste to gain that dear a - bode, And rove, my soul, no more.

3. There, safe thou shalt a - bide, There, sweet shall be thy rest; And ev - ery long - ing sat - is - fied, With full sal - va - tion blest.

Andantino.

1. The Lord my Shep-herd is; I shall be well sup-plied; Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want be-side?

2. He leads me to the place Where heavenly pas-ture grows, Where liv-ing wa-ters gent-ly pass, And full sal-va-tion flows.

Soprano

3. If e'er I go a-stray, He doth my soul re-claim, And guides me, in his own right way, For his most ho-ly name.

4. While he af-fords his aid, I-can-not yield to fear; Though I should walk through death's darkshade, My, Shep-herd's with me there.

TEMPLE. S. M.

Moderato.

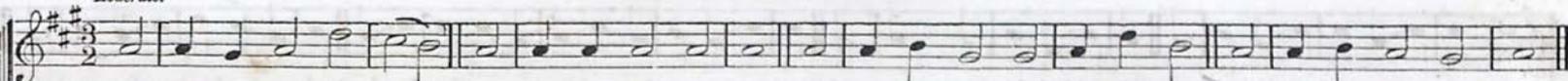
1. Lord, at thy sa-cred feet Joy-ful we now ap-pear; With-in thy earth-ly tem-ple meet, To see thy glo-ry here.

2. We come to wor-ship thee, For thou art God a-lone; In hum-ble prayer to bend the knee, Be-fore thy ho-ly throne.

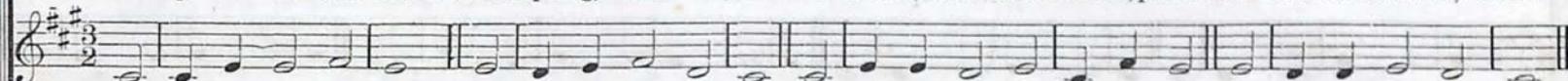
Soprano

3. Thy word is our de-light; Thy truth will make us free; 'Tis from thy-self, a heaven-ly light; It leads our souls to thee.

4. Thy good-ness we be-hold, While in thy presence, Lord, Thou dost thy truth and love un-fold, The treas-ures of thy Word.

Moderato.

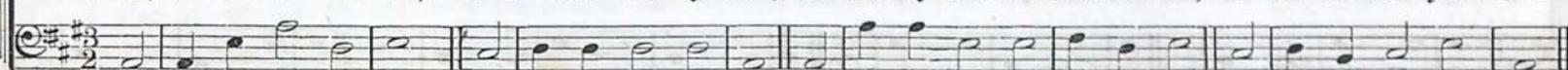
1. The Spir - it in our hearts Is whis-p'ring, "Wan-d'rer, come." The Bride, the church of Christ, pro-claims To all his chil-dren, "Come."



2. Let him that hear-eth say To all a - bout him, "Come." Let him that thirsts for right-eous-ness, To Christ, the foun - tain, come.

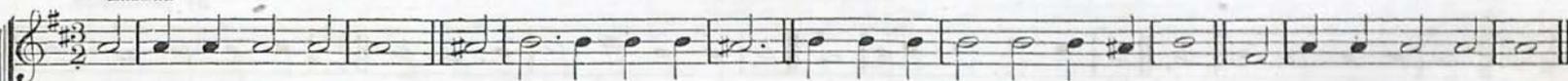
Soprano.

3. Yes, who - so - ev - er will, O let him free - ly come, And free - ly drink the stream of life; 'Tis Je - sus bids you come.

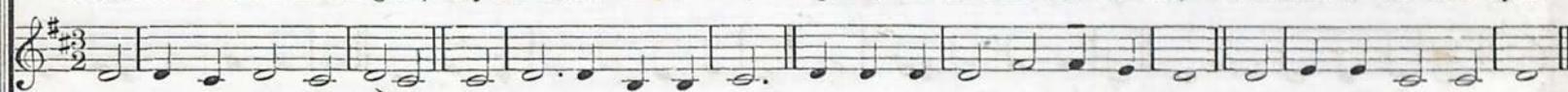


4. Lo, Je - sus, who in - vites, De - clares, "I quick-ly come." Lord, e - ven so; I wait thine hour; Je - sus, my Sa - vior, come.

HELP. S. M.

Andante.

1. When o-ver-whelmed with grief, My heart with - in me dies, Help-less, and far from all re - lief, To heaven I lift mine eyes.



2. O lead me to the Rock That's high a - bove my head; And make the cov - ert of thy wings My shel - ter and my shade

Soprano.

3. With-in thy pres-ence, Lord, For - ev - er I'll a - bide: Thou art the tower of my de - fence, The ref - uge where I hide.



By permission.

1. How gen - tle God's commands! How kind his pre - cepts are! Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust his con - stant care.

2. His boun - ty will provide; His peo - ple safe - ly dwell, That hand which bears cre - a - tion up, Shall guard his chil - dren well

Soprano.

3. Why should this anx - ious load Press down your wea - ry mind? O seek your heavenly Fath - er's throne, And peace and com - fort find.

4. His good - ness stands approv'd, Unchang'd from day to day; I'll drop my bur - den at his feet, And bear a song a - way.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

By permission.

1. While my Re-deem-er's near, My shep-herd and my guide, I bid fare-well to ev - ery fear: My wants are all sup - plied.

2. To ev - er fragrant meads, Where rich a-bun-dance grows, His gracious hand in - dul-gent leads, And guards my sweet re - pose.

Soprano.

3. Dear Shepherd, if I stray, My wand'ring feet re - store; And guard me with thy watchful eye, And let me rove no more.

Moderato.

1. High, in yond-er realms of light, Dwell the ransomed hosts a - bove, Far be - yond our fee - ble sight, Hap - py in Im - man - uel's love.

2. Pil - grims in this vale of tears, Once they knew, like us be - low, Gloom - y doubts, dis - tress - ing fears, Torturing pain, and heav - y woe.

3. Hap - py spi - rits, ye are fled Where no grief can en - trance find; Lulled to rest the ach - ing head, Soothed the anguish of the mind

4. 'Mid the cho - rus of the skies, 'Mid th' angel - ic lyres a - bove, Hark! their songs me - lo - dious rise, Songs of praise to Jes - us' love.

Moderato

BIGELOW. 7s. (6 lines by repeating first half of tune.) By permission.

1. Ang - els, roll the rock a - way; Death, yield up thy migh - ty prey; See, he ri - ses from the tomb, Ris - es with im - mor - tal bloom.

2. 'Tis the Sa - vior; an - gels, raise Your tri - umph - ant songs of praise; Let the earth's re - mo - test bound Hear the joy - in - spir - ing sound.

3. O ye peo - ple, lift your eyes; High in glo - ry see him rise; Hosts of ang - els on the road Hail and sing th' in - car - nate God.

4. Praise him, all ye heav - en - ly choirs, Praise, and sweep your gol - den lyres; Praise him in the no - blest songs, Praise him from ten thousand tongues.

1. Lord, what of-fering shall we bring At thine al - tars when we bow? Hearts, the pure, un-sul-lied spring, Whence the kind af - fec - tions flow.

2. Will - ing hands, to lead the blind, Heal the wound-ed, feed the poor; Love, em-brac-ing all our kind; Char - i - ty, with lib - eral store.

Basso.

3. Teach us, O thou Heaven-ly King, Thus to show our grate-ful mind, Thus th' ac-cept-ed of-f'ring bring, Love to thee and all man-kind.

NUREMBERG. 7s.

1. Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days: Boun-teous Source of ev - ery joy, Let thy praise our tongues em-ploy.

2. All that Spring with lav - ish hand, Seat - ters o'er the smil - ing land; All that lib - eral Au - tumn pours From her rich, o'er-flow - ing stores.

Basso.

3. These to thee, O Lord, we owe, Source whence all our bless-ings flow; And for these our souls shall raise Grate-ful vows and sol-emn praise.

4. But, if such thy will di - vine, All these gifts will we re - sign; And, when earth-ly hopes are flown, Love thee for thy - self a - lone.

REPOSE. 8s, & 7s.

275

Moderato

By permission.

1. Je - sus, Lord of all cre - a - tion, Pure, un-bound-ed love thou art: Vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev - ery wait - ing heart.

2. Breathe, O breathe thy Ho - ly Spir - it In - to ev - ery trou - bled breast: Let us all thy grace in - her - it; Let us find the prom - ised rest.

3. Fin - ish, now, thy new cre - a - tion; From our sins O set us free: May we find thy great sal - va - tion Come, with heal - ing pow'r, from thee.

SICILY. 8s, & 7s. (6 lines, by repeating last half of tune.)

1. Peace of God, which knows no meas - ure, Heav - en - ly sun - light of the soul, Peace be - yond all earth - ly treas - ure, Come, and all our hearts con - trol.

2. Come, al - might - y to de - liv - er! Nought shall make us then a - fraid; We will trust to thee for - ev - er, Thou on whom our hope is stayed.

GREENVILLE. 8s, & 7s. 6 lines.

(Or 8s, & 7s, double, by repeating the first half of tune; or 8s, & 7s, & 4s, by repeating the short line of words.)

D. C.

Lord, dis - miss us with thy bless - ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us each, thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace:

D. C. O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Travel - ing thro' this wil - der - ness.

Moderato.

1. Guide me, O thou great Jeh - o - vah, Pil - grim through this bar - ren land; I am weak, but thou art migh - ty;

2. O - pen, Lord, the crys - tal foun - tain, Whence the liv - ing wa - ters flow; Let the fi - ery, clou - dy pil - lar

Soprano

3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub - side; Bear me through the swell - ing cur - rent;

Hold me with thy power - ful hand; Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en Feed me now and ev - er more.

Guide me all my jour - ney through; Strong De - liver - er, Strong De - liver - er Be thou still my Strength and Shield.

Land me safe on Ca - naan's side; Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to thee.

Andante.

1. I love the vol-ume of thy Word; What life and joy those leaves af-ford To souls be-night-ed and distressed! Thy precepts guide my doubtful way;

2. Who knows the er-rors of his tho'ts? O Lord, for-give my se-cret faults, And from presumptuous sins restrain: Accept my words of prayer, O Lord,

SANFORD, H. M.

By permission.

Moderato.

Thy fear for-bids my feet to stray; Thy prom-ise leads my heart to rest.

My med-i-ta-tions on thy Word; Nor let me read its truths in vain.

1. Lord of the heavens a-bove, How pleas-ant and how fair

2. O hap-py souls that pray Where God ap-oints to hear!

The dwell-ings of thy love, Thine earth-ly tem-ples, are! To thine a-bode My heart as-pires, with warm de-sires To see my God.

O hap-py men that pay Their con-stant ser-vice there! They praise thee still: And hap-py they who find the way To Zi-on's hill.

Maestoso.

1. Be - gin, my soul, th'exalt - ed lay; Let each en - rap - tured thought obey, And praise th' Almighty's name; Lo, heaven, and earth, and seas, and

Soprano

2. Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast a - bode, Ye clouds, pro - claim your maker, God; Ye thunders, speak his power; Lo, on the lightning's fi - ery

LANDS. 11s, & 8s.

Andantino.

skies, In one me - lo - dious con - cert rise, To swell th'in - spir - ing theme, To swell th' inspiring theme.

wing, In triumph, walks the eter - nal King; Th'as - ton - ished worlds a - dore, Th'astonished worlds a - dore.

1. Be joy - ful in God, all ye

2. The Lord, he is God, and Je -

lands of the earth; O serve him with gladness and fear; Ex - ult in his presence with mu - sic and mirth, With love and de - vo - tion draw near.

ho - vah, a - lone: Cre - a - tor, and ru - ler o'er all; And we are his people, his scep - ter we own; His sheep, and we fol - low his call.

1. How pleas-ant 'tis to see Kin-dred and friends a - gree—Each in his pro - per sta - tion move, And each ful - fill his part, With

2. Like fruit-ful show'rs of rain, That wa - ter all the plain, De-scend-ing from the neigh-b'ring hills, Such streams of pleas-ure roll Through

AMERICA. 6s. & 4s.

sym - pa - thiz - ing heart, In all the cares of life and love!

ev - 'ry friend-ly soul, Where love, like heav-en-ly dew, dis - tills.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,

2. My na - tive coun - try! thee, Land of the no - ble free,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the pil - grim's pride; From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.

Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem-pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.

GOODWIN. 7s, & 6s.

G. J. W. By permission

1. To thee, my God, my Sa-vior, My soul, ex-ult-ing, sings, Re-joic-ing in thy fa-vor, Al-might-y King of kings! I'll cel-e-brate thy glo-ry, With

2. Soon as the morn with ros-es Be-decks the dew-y east, And when the sun re-pos-es Up-on the o-cean's breast, My voice in sup-pli-ca-tion, My

VARLEY. 10s, & 6s.

By permission.

all the saints a-bove, And tell the joy-ful sto-ry Of thy re-deem-ing love.

Sa-vior, thou shalt hear: Oh, grant me thy sal-va-tion, And to my soul draw near.

1. I love my God, but with no love of mine, For I have none to give;

2. Thou, Lord, alone art all thy children need, And there is none beside;

I love thee, Lord, but all the love is thine, For by thy life I live; I am as noth-ing, and re-joice to be Emptied, and lost, and swallowed up in thee.

From thee the streams of blessedness proceed, In thee the blest abide, Fountain of life and all abounding grace, Our Source, our Center and our Dwelling place

Moderato.

1. The Lord is in his ho - ly tem-ple, In his house of prayer be-low; There his faith-ful ones as-sem-ble, And be - fore his foot-stool bow.

2. The Lord is in his ho - ly tem-ple, In the church he calls his own, In the cit - y where as-sem-ble All who wor - ship him a - lone.

Soprano

3. The Lord is in his ho - ly tem-ple, In the heavenly world a-bove, Where the saints in light as-sem-ble, Who are per - fect - ed in love.

Be-hold, he's present with us ev - er, When as-sem-bled in his name, Aid-ing ev - ery good en-deav - or, Guid-ing ev - ery hum-ble aim.

The New Je - ru - sa - lem, all glo-rious, In the Cit - y of our God; There Im-man-uel reigns vic-torious, There he makes his loved a-bode.

And there e - ter - nal songs ascending From ce-les-tial voi - ces flow; Joys su-preme, and nev-er end-ing, Crown the toils endured be - low.

Moderato.

1. O Lord, my Fath-er, while I stray Far from my home on life's rough way, O teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will, O Lord, be done."

2. Though dark my path, and sad my lot, Let me be still, and murmur not, And breathe the prayer divinely taught, "Thy will, O Lord be done."

Refrain

3. Should pin - ing sick-ness waste a - way My life in pre - ma - ture de - cay, In life or death teach me to say, "Thy will, O Lord, be done."

4. Re - new my will from day to day, Blend it with thine, and take a-way What'er now makes it hard to say, "Thy will, O Lord, be done."

HELMER. 8s.

Moderato.

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That country so bright and so fair, And oft are its glo - ries confessed; But what must it be to be there!

2. We speak of its path-ways of gold, Its wall decked with jewels so rare, Its wonders and pleasures un - told; But what must it be to be there!

Refrain

3. We speak of its free-dom from sin, From sor-row, tempta-tion, and care, From tri-als with-out and with - in; But what must it be to be there!

4. We speak of its ser - vice of love, The robes which the glo-ri-fied wear, The church of the first born a - bove; But what must it be to be there!

"CAST THY BURDEN ON THE LORD."

283

G. F. R.

Moderate.

Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, And he will sus - tain thee; Cast thy bur - den on the Lord,

And he will sus - tain thee, And he will sus - tain thee, and com - fort thee:

He will com - fort thee, He will com - fort thee; Cast thy bur - den up - on the Lord,

Cast thy bur - den up - on the Lord, And he will sus - tain thee and com - fort thee.

"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD."

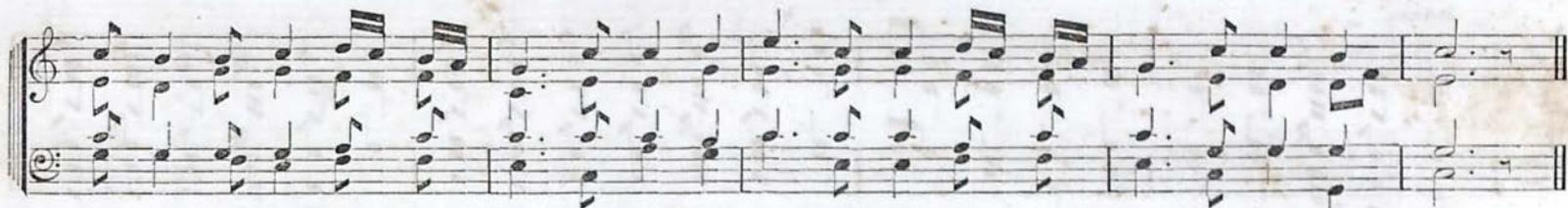
Andante.

The Lord is my Shep-herd, I shall not want. He mak-eth me to lie down in green pas-tures, He

lead-eth me be-side the still wa-ters, He re-stor-eth my soul, He re-stor-eth my soul; He

lead-eth me in the paths of right-eous-ness, the paths of right-eous-ness, for his name's sake, name's sake.

Yea, tho' I walk in the val-ley of the shad-ow of death. I will fear no e-vil. for thou art



with me; thy rod and thy staff, they com- fort me; thy rod and thy staff, they com- fort me.

"NOT UNTO US, O LORD."



Not un- to us, O Lord, not un- to us, but un- to thy name give glo- ry, For thy mer- cy, and for thy truth's

FINE.



sake, for thy mer- cy and thy truth's sake. O Is- rael, trust in the Lord; He is their Help and their Shield. O, house of Aa- ron,

D. C.



trust in the Lord; He is their Help and their Shield. Ye that fear the Lord, trust in the Lord; He is their Help and their Shield.

Yea, I sought him, and he could not be found. Mark the per - feet man, mark the per - feet

man, and be - hold the up - right, for the way of that man is peace, the way of that man is peace.

D. C.

The musical score consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The second system begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across bar lines. The piece concludes with the instruction 'D. C.' (Da Capo).

"HE THAT HATH AN EAR, LET HIM HEAR."

He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spir - it saith un - to the church-es. He that o - ver - com - eth shall not be

hurt of the sec - ond, the sec - ond death. He that hath an ear, let him hear; He that hath an ear, let him hear.

The musical score consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The second system begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across bar lines.

Andante

The Lord is nigh un - to them that are of a broken heart, And sav-eth such as be of a con - trite

spir - it. The Lord is nigh un - to them that are of a bro-ken heart, And sav-eth such as be of a

con - trite spir - it. Man - y are the af - fic - tions, the af - fic - tions, of the right-eous, But the

Lord de - liv-ereth them, the Lord de - liv - ereth them, out of them all. The Lord re - deem-eth the

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a common time signature. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a homophonic style with chords and moving lines.

soul of his ser - vants, and none of them that trust in him shall be des - o - late. The Lord de-

d. c.

The second system of musical notation continues from the first system, maintaining the same key signature and time signature. It features similar chordal and melodic structures.

liv - ereth the soul of his ser - vants, and none that trust in him shall be des - o - late.

"THOU WILT SHOW ME THE PATH OF LIFE."

The first system of musical notation for the second piece is in a different key signature of three flats (Bb, Eb, Ab) and a 3/4 time signature. It features a more rhythmic and melodic style with eighth and sixteenth notes.

Thou wilt show me the path of life. In thy pres - ence is ful - ness of joy, and at thy right hand there are pleas - ures for -

The second system of musical notation continues the piece, maintaining the 3/4 time signature and key signature. It concludes with a final cadence.

ev - er. there are pleas - ures for - ev - er, ev - er - more. Thou wilt show me the path of life, thou wilt show me the path of life.

"RETURN UNTO THY REST, O MY SOUL."

Andante.

Re - turn un - to thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt boun - ti - ful - ly with thee. What shall I ren - der un - to

him for all his ben - e - fits, for all his ben - e - fits to - wards me? I will take the cup of sal - va - tion, and

call up - on the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows un - to the Lord, now in the pres - ence of all his

Re - turn..... O my soul, O my soul.

peo - ple, now in the pres - ence of all his peo - ple; Un - to thy rest, O my soul.

'HOW EXCELLENT IS THY LOVING KINDNESS.'

Andantino.

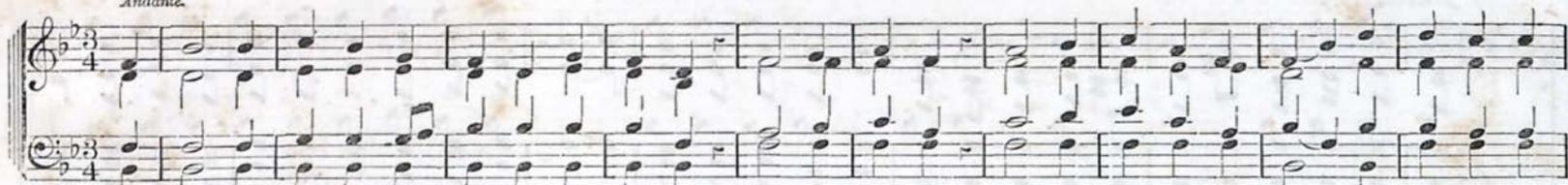
How ex - cel - lent is thy lov - ing kind - ness, thy lov - ing kind - ness, O God. There - fore the chil - dren of men put their trust

un - der the shad - ow of thy wings. For with thee is the foun - tain of life, for with thee is the foun - tain of life;

In thy light shall we see light, in thy light shall we see light. O con - tin - ue thy lov - ing kind - ness un - to

those that know thee, and thy right - eous - ness to the up - right in heart, thy right - eous - ness to the up - right in heart.

"THE LORD IS GRACIOUS."

Andante.

The Lord is gra - cious and full of com - pas - sion, slow to an - ger, slow to an - ger, and of great mer - cy. The



Lord is good to all, is good to all, and his ten - der mer - cies are o - ver all his works, his ten - der



mer - cies are o - ver all his works. All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord, and thy saints shall bless thee, thy saints shall



bless thee; they shall speak of the glo - ry of thy king - dom, and talk of thy power, and talk of thy power. Thy

"THE LORD IS GRACIOUS."--Concluded.

king - dom is an ev - er - last - ing king - dom, and thy dom - in - ion en - dur - eth through - out all gen - er - a - tions.

"O BLESS OUR GOD, YE PEOPLE."

Moderato.

O bless our God, ye peo - ple, and make the voice of his praise to be heard, and make the voice of his praise, of his praise to be

heard, which hold-eth our soul in life, which hold-eth our soul in life, and suf-fereth not our feet to be mov - ed. O

bless our God, ye peo - ple. and make the voice of his praise to be heard, and make the voice of his praise to be heard.

"THE EYES OF ALL WAIT UPON THEE."

Andante

The eyes of all wait up - on thee, and thou giv - est them their meat in due sea - son. Thou o - pen - est thine hand, thou

o - pen - est thine hand, and sat - is - fies the de - sires of ev - ery liv - ing thing. My mouth shall speak the praise of the

Lord, the praise, the praise of the Lord; and let all flesh bless his ho - ly name for - ev - er and ev - er, for - ev - er and

ev - er, for - ev - er and ev - er - more; and let all flesh bless his ho - ly name, for - ev - er and ev - er - more.



O come, let us sing un - to the Lord; let us make a joy - ful noise to the Rock of our sal - va - tion. Let us



come be - fore his pres - ence with thanks-giv - ing, and make a joy - ful noise to him with Psalms: For the Lord is a great



God, and a great King a - bove all gods. In his hands are the deep pla - ces of the earth; the strength of the hills is



his al - so. The sea is his, and he made it; and his hand pre - par - ed the dry land. O come, let us

wor - ship and bow down, let us kneel be - fore the Lord, our Ma - ker, for he is our God, for he is our

God, and we are the peo - ple of his pas - ture, and the sheep of his hand. A - men, A - men.

"THUS SAITH THE LORD."

Moderato.

Thus saith the Lord that cre - a - ted thee, O Ja - cob, and He that form - ed thee, O Is - ra - el: Fear not,

fear not, for I have re - deem - ed thee, I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine. When thou pass - est thro' the wa - ters,

I will be with thee, and thro' the riv - ers, they shall not o - ver - flow thee. When thou walk - est thro' the fire, thou shalt

not be burnt, nei - ther shall the flame kin - dle up - on thee. For I am the Lord thy God; and be - sides me there

is no Sa - vior. I am the Lord your Ho - ly One, the Cre - a - tor of Is - rael, your King. I, e - ven

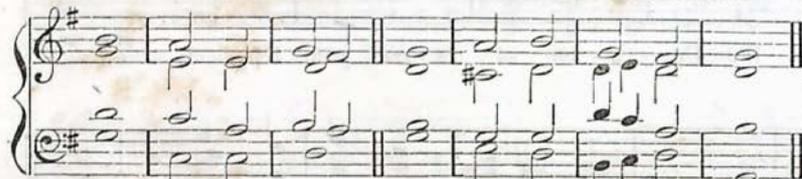
I am He that blot - teth out thy trans - gres - sions for mine own sake, and will not re - mem - ber thy sins.

"I WAS GLAD."



1. I was glad when they | said, unto | me,
Let us go into the | house — | of the | Lord.
2. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Je | rusa | lem.
Jerusalem is built as a city that | is com | pact to | gether.
3. Whither the tribes go up, the | tribes of the | Lord; [Lord.
Unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks un | to the | name of the |
4. For there are set | thrones of | judgment,
The | thrones of the | house of | David.
5. Pray for the peace of Je | rusa | lem :
They shall | pros — | per that | love thee.
5. Peace be with | in thy | walls,
Prosperity with | in thy | pala | ces.
7. For my brethren and com | panions' | sakes,
I will now say, | Peace — | be with | in thee.
8. For the sake of the house of the | Lord our | God,
I will | seek — | thy — | good.

"HOW AMIABLE ARE THY TABERNACLES."



1. How amiable are thy tabernacles, O | Lord of | hosts.
My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord; my
heart and my flesh crieth | out for the | living | God.
2. Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a | nest for
her | self; [King — | and my God.
Where she may lay her young; thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my |

3. Blessed are they that dwell in thy house : they will be still | praising |
thee. [the | ways.
- Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee, in whose | heart — | are
4. Who passing through the valley of Baca | make it a | well :
The rain | also | filleth the | pools.
5. They go from | strength to | strength;
Every one of them in Zion ap | peareth be | fore — | God.
6. O Lord, GOD of hosts, hear my prayer; give ear, O | GOD of | Jacob :
Behold, O God, our shield, and look upon the | face of | thine an |
7. For a day in thy courts is | better than a | thousand : [ointed.
I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to | dwell
in the | tents of | wickedness.
8. For the Lord GOD is a | sun and | shield :
The Lord will give | grace — | and — | glory.
9. No good will be withhold from them that | walk up | rightly.
O Lord of hosts, blessed is the | man that | trusteth in | thee.

"O COME, LET US SING."



1. O come, let us sing un | to the | Lord ;
Let us make a joyful noise to the | Rock of | our sal | vation.
2. Let us come before his presence with | thankgiv | ing,
And make a joyful | noise unto | him with | psalms.
3. For the Lord is a | great — | GOD,
And a great | King a | bove all | gods.
4. In his hand are the deep places | of the | earth ;
The strength of the | hills is | his — | also.
5. The sea is his, | and he | made it ;
And his hand | formed the | dry — | land.
6. O come, let us worship, | and bow | down ;
Let us kneel be | fore the | Lord our | Maker.
7. For he | is our | God ;
And we are the people of his pasture, | and the | sheep of his | hand

"THE LORD IS GRACIOUS."



1. The Lord is gracious, and | full of com | passion;
Slow to | anger, and | of great | mercy.
2. The Lord is | good to | all;
And his tender mercies are | over | all his | works.
3. All thy works shall | praise thee, O | Lord;
And thy | saints shall | bless — | thee.
4. They shall speak of the glory | of thy | kingdom;
And | talk — | of thy | power.
5. To make known to the sons of men his | mighty | acts;
And the glorious | majesty | of his | kingdom.
6. Thy kingdom is an ever | lasting | kingdom;
And thy domiuiou endureth through | out all | gener | ations.

"BLESSED IS THE MAN."



1. Blessed | is the | man
That walketh not in the | counsel | of the un | godly,
2. Nor standeth in the | way of | sinners,
Nor sitteth in the | seat — | of the | scornful.
3. But his delight is in the | law of the | Lord;
And in his law doth he | meditate | day and | night.
3. And he shall be like a tree planted by the | rivers of | water,
That bringeth forth his | fruit — | in his | season;

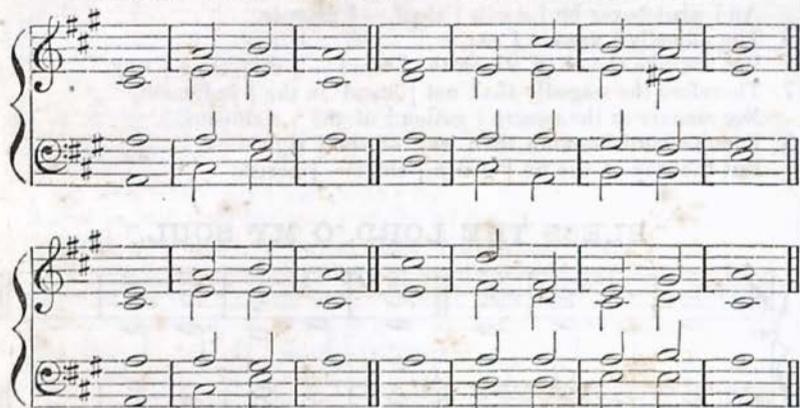
5. His leaf also | shall not | wither;
And whatsoever he | doeth | shall — | prosper.
6. The ungodly | are not | so:
But are like the chaff which the | wind — | driveth: a | way.
7. Therefore the ungodly shall not | stand: in the | judgment,
Nor sinners in the congre | gation | of the | righteous.
8. For the Lord knoweth the | way of the | righteous;
But the way of the un | godly | shall — | perish.

"BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL."



1. Bless the Lord, | O my | soul.
O Lord, my | God, thou art | very | great.
2. Thou art clothed with honor and | majes | ty:
Who coverest thyself with | light as | with a | garment:
3. Who stretchest out the heavens | like a | curtain:
Who layeth the beams of his | chambers | in the | waters:
4. Who maketh the | clouds his | chariot:
Who walketh upon the | wings — | of the | wind:
5. Who maketh his | angels | spirits,
His minis | ters a | flaming | fire:
6. Who laid the foundations | of the | earth,
That it should not | be re | moved for | ever.
7. Thou coveredst it with the deep as | with a | garment:
The waters | stood a | bove the | mountains.
8. At thy re | buke they | fled:
At the voice of thy thunder | did they | haste a | way.
9. They go up by the mountains, they go | down: by the | valleys,
Unto the place which | thou hast | founded | for them.
10. Thou hast set a bound that they | may not pass | over,
That they turn not a | gain to | cover the | earth.
11. Bless the Lord, | O my | soul:
Praise | ye — | — the | Lord.

"O THAT MEN WOULD PRAISE THE LORD."



1. O that men would praise the Lord | for his | goodness,
And for his wonderful | works to the | children of | men.
2. Let them exalt him, also, in the congregation | of the | people,
And praise him in the as | sembly | of the | elders.
3. He turneth rivers into a | wilder | ness,
And the | water-springs | into dry | ground;
4. A fruitful land into | barren | ness,
For the wickedness of | them that | dwell there | in.
5. He turneth the wilderness into a | standing | water,
And dry | ground into | water | springs:
6. And there he maketh the | hungry to | dwell,
That they may prepare a | city for | habi | tation;
7. And sow the fields, and | plant — | vineyards,
Which may | yield — | fruits of | increase.
8. He blesseth them, also, so that they are | multi | plied | greatly,
And suffereth not their | cattle to | de | crease.
9. Again, they are diminished | and brought | low,
Through op | pression, af | fliction and | sorrow.
10. He poureth con | tempt upon | princes,
And causeth them to wander in a wilderness | where there | is no | way.
11. Yet setteth he the poor on | high from af | fliction,
And maketh him | fami | lies | like a | flock.

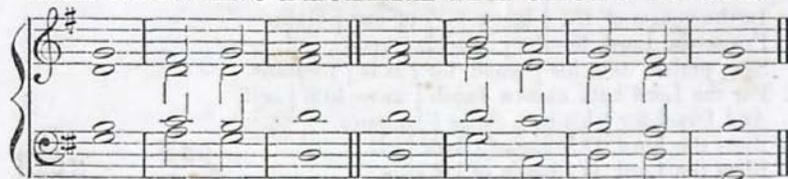
12. The righteous shall see it, | and re | joice;
And all iniqui | ty shall | stop her | mouth.
13. Whoso is wise, and will ob | serve these | things,
Even they shall understand the loving | kindness | of the | Lord.
14. O that men would praise the Lord | for his | goodness,
And his wonderful | works to the | children of | men.

"O GIVE THANKS UNTO THE LORD."



1. O give thanks unto the Lord; call up | on his | name:
Make known his | deeds a | mong the | people.
2. Sing unto him, sing | psalms unto | him:
Talk ye of | all his | wondrous | works.
3. Glory ye in his | holy | name:
Let the heart of them re | joice that | seek the | Lord.
4. Seek the Lord | and his | strength:
Seek his | face — | ever | more.
5. Remember his marvelous works that | he hath | done;
His wonders, and the | judgments | of his | mouth;
6. O ye seed of Abra | ham his | servant,
Ye children of | Jacob | his — | chosen.
7. He is the | Lord our | GOD:
His judgments | are in | all the | earth.
8. He hath remembered his cove | nant for | ever;
The word he commanded to a | thousand | gener | ations.

"THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY OF GOD."



1. The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handy work.
Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.
2. 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.
3. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which, as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.
His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it; and there is nothing hid from the heat there of.

WE HAVE THOUGHT OF THY KINDNESS, O GOD."

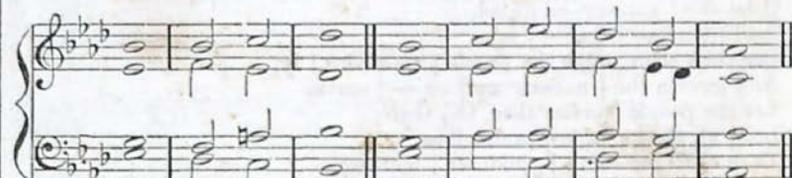
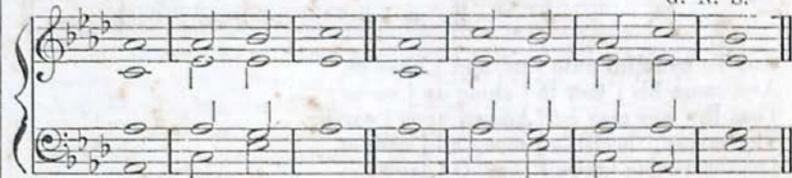


1. We have thought of thy kindness, O God,
In the midst — of thy temple.
2. According to thy name, O God,
So is thy praise unto the ends — of the earth.
3. Thy right hand is full of righteousness:
Mount Zion shall rejoice,
The daughters of Judah shall be glad,
Be cause — of thy judgments.
4. Walk about Zion, and go round about her:
Tell ye the towers there — of:
6. Mark ye well her bulwarks:
'Con sider her palaces:

7. That ye may tell it
To the generation follow ing:
8. For this God is our God for ever and ever:
He will be our guide — unto death.

"O SING UNTO THE LORD A NEW SONG."

G. N. S.



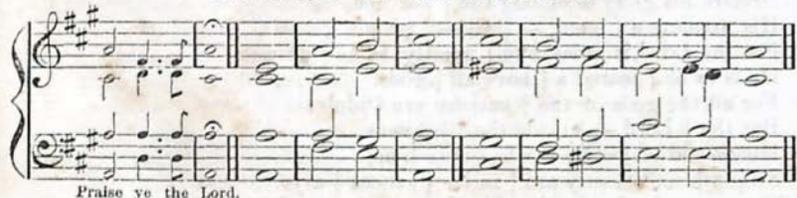
1. O sing unto the Lord a new — song:
Sing unto the Lord — all the earth.
2. Sing unto the Lord, bless his name;
Show forth his salvation from day to day.
3. Declare his glory among the heathen,
His wonders among — all — people.
4. For the Lord is great, and greatly to be praised;
He is to be feared above all gods.
5. For all the gods of the nations are idols:
But the Lord — made the heavens.
6. Honor and majesty are before him;
Strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.
7. Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people, give unto the Lord
glory and strength:
Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name,
8. Bring an offering, and come in to his courts.
O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness: fear before him, all
the earth.

"GOD BE MERCIFUL UNTO US."



1. GOD be merciful unto | us, and | bless us,
And cause his | face to | shine up | on us;
2. That thy way may be | known upon | earth,
Thy saving | health a | mong all | nations.
3. Let the people praise | thee, O | GOD;
- Let all the | people | praise — | thee.
4. O let the | nations' be | glad.
And | sing — | for — | joy:
5. For thou shalt judge the people | righteous | ly,
And govern the | nations' up | on — | earth.
6. Let the people | praise thee, O | GOD;
- Let | all the | people | praise thee.
7. Then shall the earth | yield her | increase,
And God, even | our own | God, shall | bless us.
8. God shall | bless — | us,
And all the ends of the | earth shall | fear — | him.

"PRAISE YE THE LORD."



Praise ye the Lord.

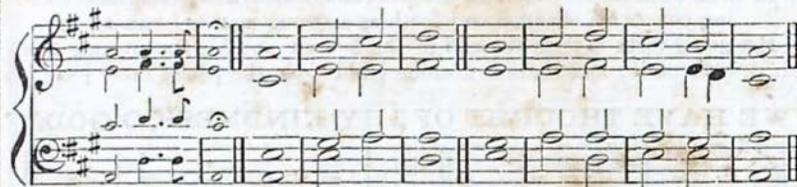
1. Praise ye the | Lord.
Praise ye the | name of the | Lord;
Praise him, O ye | servants | of the | Lord.

2. Ye that stand in the | house of the | Lord,
In the courts of the | house — | of our | God.
3. Praise the Lord, for the | Lord is | good:
Sing praises unto his | name, for | it is | pleasant.
4. For the Lord hath chosen Jacob | unto him | self,
And Israel for | his pe | culiar | treasure.
5. Bless the Lord, O house of | Isra | el:
Bless the Lord, O | house of | Aaron:
6. Bless the Lord, O | house of | Levi:
Ye that fear the Lord, | bless the | Lord.
7. Blessed be the Lord | out of | Zion,
Who dwelleth | at Je | rusa | lem.
Praise ye the | Lord.



Praise ye the Lord.

"PRAISE GOD IN HIS SANCTUARY."



Praise ye the Lord.

1. Praise ye the | Lord:
Praise God in his | sanctu | ary:
Praise him in the | firma | ment | of his | power.
2. Praise him for his | mighty | acts:
Praise him according | to his | excel | lent | greatness.
3. Praise him with the | sound of the | trumpet:
Praise him with the | psalte | ry | and the | harp.
4. Praise him with the | timbrel | and | dance:
Praise him with stringed | instru | ments and | or | gans.
5. Praise him up | on the | loud | cymbals:
Praise him upon the | high | sound | ing | cymbals.
6. Let | ev | ery | thing
That hath | breath — | praise the | Lord.
Praise ye the | Lord



Praise ye the Lord.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

Dr. Mason, by permission.



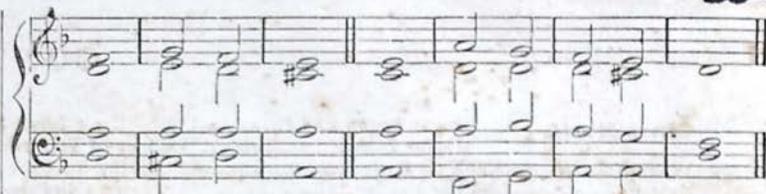
Close by repeating the first two measures—"Thy will be done."

1. "Thy will be | done!" | In devious way
The hurrying stream of | life may | run;
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say,
"Thy will be | done."
2. "Thy will be | done!" | If o'er us shine
A glad'ning and a | prosp'rous | sun,
This prayer will make it more divine—
"Thy will be | done."
3. "Thy will be | done!" | Though shrouded o'er
Our | path with | gloom, || one comfort, one
Is ours: to breathe, while we adore,
"Thy will be | done."

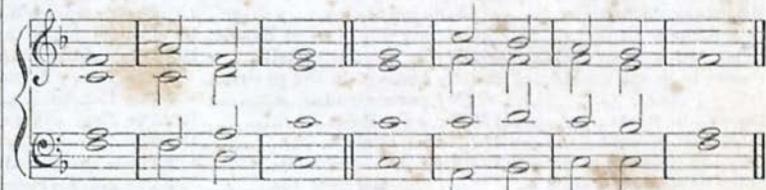
TE DOMINUM.



1. We praise thee, O Lord; we magnify thy | holy | name:
The heavens and earth praise thee, the sea and | all that | is there | in.
2. All thy works praise thee, and thy | saints — | bless thee;
Thy church doth worship and ac | knowledge | thee a | lone. [fort | er;
3. The Father eternal, the Word incarnate, the Holy Spirit, the | Com-
In essence and in person One; JE | HOVAH, | JESUS, | LORD.
4. To thee cherubim and | seraph | im,
Angels and blessed spirits lift | up their | voices, and | say,
5. Holy, holy, holy, LORD | GOD Al | mighty:
Heaven and earth are | full | of thy | glory.



6. Thou didst bow the heavens, and come down for | our sal | vation:
Thou didst clothe thyself with our nature, and be | camest | GOD
7. In thy love and in thy pity thou | didst re | deem us: [WITH | us.
And the chastisement of our | peace was up | on — | thee.
8. Thou didst pass through the bitterness of suffering | and temp | tation.
Thou didst humble thyself even to the | passion | of the | cross.



9. Thou didst burst asunder all the | bonds of | death:
Thou didst rise in Divine | majes | ty and | glory.
10. Thou didst ascend on high; thou didst lead cap | tivity | captive:
The everlasting doors were | opened | to re | ceive thee.
11. High above all the heavens didst thou | set thy | throne,
Clothed with light inaccessible, girt with om | nipo | tence and | love.
12. Thou art the | King of | glory:
Thou art JE | HO — | VAH OF | HOSTS.
13. Day unto day will we exalt thee, O | LORD our | God;
And worship at thy footstool, for | thou a | lone art | Holy.



Hal - lo - lu - jah: A - men.

CONTENTS.

Class Music.		Tunes.	
Along the river of time.....	186	Jenny Brown and I.....	116
April Showers.....	35	Joyful Echoes.....	172
Annie and her Canary.....	104	Kitty Ryder.....	140
A Song for New-Year.....	138	Lay him low.....	59
At my Mother's Grave.....	150	Leaning towards each other.....	126
Baby Sleeps.....	181	Let it pass.....	50
Beautiful Sea.....	119	Let us remember.....	33
Be sure you call as you pass.....	154	Liberty Bird.....	166
Bless you, Soldier.....	137	Lullaby.....	190
Blow! ye Breezes.....	35	Lulu Wilde.....	80
Breathing so Softly.....	42	March, the starry Flag.....	200
Christmas Bells.....	36	May.....	32
Come Music to my Heart.....	63	Millions of tiny rain drops.....	216
Comrade, I will guard.....	202	Mother sing to me of Heaven.....	100
Daisy Deane.....	60	My darling little Nell.....	108
Dare to be Right.....	175	My home is on the prairie.....	57
Dark below, but light above.....	152	My prairie land.....	130
Days and friends of the past.....	134	Nature's Music.....	160
Dear friends come again.....	143	Nearer Home.....	183
Dear native shore farewell.....	229	Night wind Serenade.....	112
Don't forget me.....	178	O Come you from the.....	94
Do something for each other.....	66	Ode to the Brave.....	135
Down where the blue bells.....	82	O haste on the battle.....	70
Dear friends we are going.....	34	Oh, are ye sleeping Maggie?.....	156
Eulalie.....	90	One star is trembling.....	242
Evening Star.....	96	Only a little child.....	165
Farewell Father, Friend.....	188	On the Forest.....	68
Forward, Boys.....	84	On the red field of blood.....	176
Glad we welcome Spring.....	206	O strike the chords.....	180
God made all nature free.....	168	Our Mother's voice.....	65
Gone to the war.....	172	Our President.....	105
Good-bye sweet Summer.....	43	Over the snow.....	54
Good-night.....	58	President's Grave.....	248
Hail America.....	238	Rain on the roof.....	52
Harvest Home.....	250	Remember our.....	122
Heaven bless our Boys.....	141	Richmond is taken.....	164
Home from the war.....	91	Ring, ring, the merry bells.....	212
If I were a sunbeam.....	49	Serenade.....	241
I love the sound.....	38	Sending them home.....	114
In again boys.....	67	Sheridan.....	218
In our Boat.....	113	She sleeps her last sleep.....	98
I shall be satisfied.....	204	Skater's Glee.....	37
		Sleighting with the Girls.....	148
		Soldier's Battle Song.....	88
		Soldier's Dream Song.....	198
		Sons of Freedom.....	187
		Spring has Come.....	29
		Stephen died upon the Field.....	99
		Streams in the Desert.....	196
		Summer Come.....	53
		Sunny Stream.....	192
		Take the tidings.....	185
		The Angel Stars.....	87
		The bark before the gale.....	222
		The beautiful Maiden.....	80
		The Betrothal.....	191
		The Campaign is o'er.....	221
		The coming of the mail.....	144
		The Guiding Star.....	78
		The happy Farmer.....	162
		The Lakelet.....	57
		The light at home.....	194
		The Mariner's Song.....	118
		These things shall never die.....	208
		The old, old home.....	146
		There is a voice.....	62
		The Skaters.....	151
		The Song of the Fair.....	92
		The Soldier's Boy.....	74
		The vale of Childhood.....	110
		The Welcome.....	193
		They all belong to Me.....	72
		Think gently of the erring.....	195
		Thinking of Home.....	142
		Thoughts of Home.....	56
		'Tis home where the heart is.....	30
		Toll the Bell.....	111
		Trip lightly.....	158
		Ulysses S. Grant.....	174
		Unfurl the Flag.....	226
		Union Battle March.....	232
		Vacant Chair.....	106
		Vicksburg is taken.....	76
		Victory.....	237
		Voice of the grass.....	39
		Voices that are gone.....	170
		Wake the sweet anthem.....	139
		Wake, wake the Song.....	123
		We are willing to wait.....	102
		Welcome to the Brave.....	128
		We think of them often.....	184
		We will not forget them.....	132
		What then?.....	136
		Where the warbling.....	161
		Work while it is day.....	31
		Would I were with thee.....	64
		Yes, the Boys are coming.....	210
		Zeline.....	120
		Anthems.	
		Cast thy burden.....	283
		He that hath an ear.....	287
		How excellent is Thy.....	291
		Not unto us.....	285
		O bless our God.....	293
		O come let us sing.....	295
		Return unto thy rest.....	290
		The eyes of all wait.....	294
		The Lord is my Shepherd.....	284
		The Lord is nigh.....	288
		The Lord is gracious.....	292
		Thou wilt show me the path.....	289
		Thus saith the Lord.....	296
		Wait on the Lord.....	286
		Chants.	
		Bless the Lord, O my soul.....	299
		Blessed is the Man.....	299
		God be merciful unto us.....	302
		How amiable are Thy.....	298
		I was glad.....	298
		O come let us sing.....	298
		O give thanks unto the Lord.....	300
		O that men would praise.....	300
		O sing unto the Lord.....	301
		Praise God in his Sanctuary.....	302
		Praise ye the Lord.....	302
		Te Dominum.....	303
		The heavens declare.....	301
		The Lord is gracious.....	299
		Thy will be done.....	303
		We have thought of Thy.....	301
		L. M.	
		Firmament.....	258
		Glade.....	259
		Gratitude.....	261
		Homage.....	260
		Old Hundreth.....	262
		Praise.....	257
		Rosedale.....	262
		Sabbath Eve.....	261
		Shelter.....	258
		C. M.	
		Blessing.....	263
		Calm.....	265
		Dedham.....	268
		Evan.....	268
		Guide.....	264
		Hope.....	263
		Joy.....	266
		Lakeland.....	267
		Memory.....	264
		Providence.....	265
		Rockbridge.....	267
		Salvation.....	266
		S. M.	
		Come.....	271
		Dennis.....	272
		Help.....	271
		Home.....	269
		Olumtz.....	272
		Shepherd.....	270
		Temple.....	270
		Woodward.....	269
		H. M.	
		Sanford.....	277
		L. P. M.	
		Volume.....	277
		C. P. M.	
		Theme.....	278
		7s & 6s.	
		Goodwin.....	280
		S. P. M.	
		Dalston.....	279
		10s & 6s.	
		Varley.....	280
		P. M.	
		Adoration.....	281
		Ss & 6s.	
		Resignation.....	282
		7s.	
		Bigelow.....	273
		Nuremberg.....	274
		Realms.....	273
		Seymour.....	274
		Ss & 7s.	
		Repose.....	275
		Sally.....	275
		G. & 4s.	
		America.....	270
		Ss & 7s, 6 lines	
		Greenville.....	275
		11s & 8s.	
		Lands.....	278
		Ss.	
		Helmer.....	282
		Ss, 7s & 4s.	
		Guido.....	276

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