

# *a community called ...*

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Let's Hear America Singing

LIBERTY  
EDITION  
100 SONGS

55

COMMUNITY SONGS

C. BIRCHARD & CO  
BOSTON, MASS.

## INTRODUCTORY NOTE

To the ORIGINAL EDITION (March, 1917)

This pamphlet appears in response to the demand for more Community Singing material. Since the appearance of the original collection of "18 Songs for Community Singing" which was issued by the National Conference of Music Supervisors in 1913, there has been such a remarkable development of group or community singing that the original eighteen songs are no longer adequate.

In making this expanded list, advice and criticism were sought principally from the officers and state representatives of the National Conference of Music Supervisors. Upwards of eighty persons representing all sections of the country and actively interested in the promotion of music as an educational and social force in American life have had a voice in the selection of the material here included. The final decision both as to selection and arrangement of material has rested with the committee named below.

To insure the widest use of this material, the Conference through the aid of the publishers, has arranged to have it appear in several convenient and low-priced forms, namely, (1) the pamphlet containing the vocal score only; (2) a pamphlet containing complete score for voice and piano; (3) lantern slides giving the vocal scores; (4) orchestra and (5) band parts in arrangements conforming to the vocal scores and suitable both for accompaniments and for independent playing.

The versions here printed have been prepared from a study of the most authentic scores, and also from the consideration of the effects possible with large groups of people whose singing is guided mainly by natural musical feeling and the endeavor to interpret the texts in a large way.

A systematic plan for the teaching of these songs should be in operation in every locality, not only at community gatherings but also in the schools, especially in upper grades and high schools.

Correspondence regarding the use of this material may be addressed to the several members of the committee or to the officers of the Music Supervisors' National Conference.

## PREFACE

To the SPECIAL PATRIOTIC EDITION (October, 1918)

The forming of Liberty Chorus by State and Local Councils of Defense to organize Community singing as a means of strengthening the morale of the Nation, and the recommendation by the Council of National Defense that such choruses be organized in every State has demonstrated the need of a special war edition of 55 Community Songs and in issuing this Revision the Committee has been animated by three purposes. First, to omit material that has not proved vital in the 18 months the book has been used. Second, to exclude all material of German origin. Third, to stimulate and advance the new, virile American spirit created by our part in the war. To that end the songs omitted have been replaced by various patriotic songs especially adapted to public use in war time.

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Public Schools, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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*This collection represents a movement toward deeper and truer brotherhood and spiritual awakening through mass singing in America — an effort to liberate the spirit of the people through self-expression in song, and add to growth in unity of thought and feeling, which is the foundation of individual and national strength.*

## COMMUNITY SONGS

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C. C. BIRCHARD & COMPANY : : BOSTON

Several nations have used this splendid dignified tune, either as a national anthem, or as a composition of the utmost importance. Parts of the melody have been traced back as far as Dr. John Bull (1563-1628), but the composer of the melody in its final form is still unknown, though many continue to credit it to Henry Carey, an Englishman (1690-1743). The words were written in 1832, by Rev. S. F. Smith, an American clergyman. The song was first sung publicly at a children's celebration of American Independence in the Park Street Church, Boston, July 4, of that year.

The stanza in italics is dedicated to our glorious Armies. The "International Anthem," written in England, expresses the sentiment of Brotherhood between that nation and our own, now imperishable.

## 1. America

S. F. Smith

(My Country, 'Tis of Thee)

Henry Carey (P)

*mf Andante con moto*

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,  
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees  
 4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,  
*God save our no - ble men, Send them safe home a - gain,*

*f*

Of thee I sing. Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the  
 Thy name I love. I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and  
 Sweet free - dom's song. Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that  
 To Thee we sing. Long may our land be bright With free - dom's  
*God save our men. Chiv - al - rous, glo - ri - ous, From work la -*

*ff*

Pil - grim's pride! From ev - ry moun - tain - side Let free - dom ring!  
 tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.  
 breathe par - take; Let rocks their si - lence break, — The sound pro - long.  
 ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!  
*bo - ri - ous Send them vic - to - ri - ous, God save our men.*

## International Anthem

Two Empires by the Sea,  
 Two Nations great and free,  
 One Anthem raise.  
 One race of ancient fame,  
 One tongue, one faith we claim,  
 One God, whose glorious name  
 We love and praise.

Now, may the God above  
 Guard the dear lands we love,  
 Both East and West.  
 Let love more fervent glow,  
 As peaceful ages go,  
 And strength yet stronger grow,  
 Blessing the blest.

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These words were written in 1814, while the author was detained on a British ship which was bombarding Fort McHenry. When morning came he saw that "our flag was still there" and it was then he wrote the lines of our national song.

## 2. The Star-Spangled Banner

Service Version

Prepared for the Army and Navy song and band books, and for School and Community singing, by a Committee of 12.\*

Francis Scott Key

John Stafford Smith

With spirit. (♩ = 104)

O say! can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hall'd at the  
On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread  
O say! can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hall'd at the  
On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread

twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per-ill-ous fight, O'er the  
silence re-poses, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing steep, As it  
war's des-o-la-tion! Blest with vic-t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the

ram-parts we watch'd, were so gal-lant-ly stream-ing? And the rock-et's red glare, the bombs  
fit-ful-ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis-clo-s-es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the  
Pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a na-tion! Then con-quer we must, when our

CHORUS. *f* (♩ = 96)  
burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. O say, does that  
morning's first beam, In full glo-ry re-lect-ed now shines on the stream; 'Tis the Star-span-gled  
cause it is just, And this be our mot-to: "In God is our trust!" And the Star-span-gled

*broaden ff*  
Star-span-gled Ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?  
Ban-ner, O long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!  
Ban-ner in tri-umph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

\* The constituency of the Committee and a record of its deliberations may be obtained through the publishers of this book.

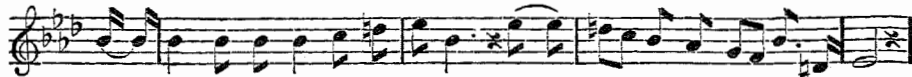
This song is of uncertain origin. In England it has been sung to the words "Britannia, the Pride of the Ocean," and the English claim that it originated in their country. In America the authorship has been claimed by both David T. Shaw and Thomas A. Becket.

### 3. Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean

*Unison*



1. O Co-lum-bia, the gem of the o-cean,      The home of the brave and the free,
2. When war winged its wide des-o-la-tion,      And threatened the land to de-form,
3. The star-span-gled ban-ner bring hith-er,      O'er Co-lum-bia's true sons let it wave;



The shrine of each pa-triot's de-vo-tion,      A . . world of-fers hom-age to thee.  
 The ark then of free-dom's founda-tion,      Co-lum-bia rode safe thro' the storm:  
 May the wreaths they have won never with-er,      Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave:



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

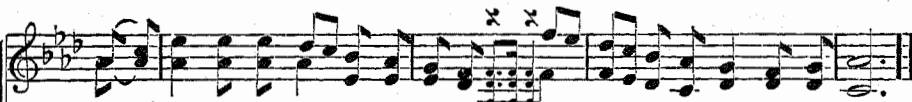


Thy ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem-ble,      When borne by the red, white, and blue!  
 With her flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her,      The boast of the red, white, and blue!  
 The ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er,      Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

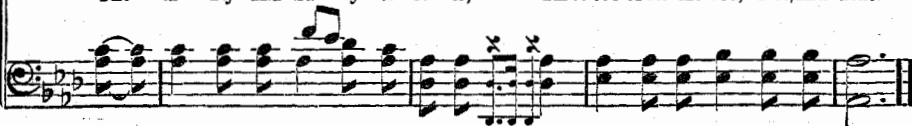
CHORUS.



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



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



This is a worthy addition to our patriotic songs. The author is professor of English in Wellesley College. The music, which is the well-known hymn-tune "Materna," was composed by an American, who died in 1903. This hymn to America should be sung with fervor and devotion, the refrain, "America, America," being especially marked.

## 4. America, the Beautiful

Katharine Lee Bates

Samuel A. Ward

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

maj-es-ties A-bove the fruit-ed plain. . . A-mer-i-cal A-mer-i-cal! God  
 free-dom beat A-cross the wil-der-ness. . . A-mer-i-cal A-mer-i-cal! God  
 coun-try loved, And mer-cy more than life. . . A-mer-i-cal A-mer-i-cal! May  
 cit-ies gleam Undimmed by hu-man tears. . . A-mer-i-cal A-mer-i-cal! God

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

Sing with marked rhythm, especially in the first and third parts. Close at a signal when all parts are singing, thus producing the full chord.

## 5. Round: Row, Row, Row Your Boat

American

1. Row, row, row your boat Gen-tly down the stream;  
 2. Hoe, hoe, hoe your row, Thro' the sum-mer heat;  
 3. Save, save, save the wheat, Meat and su-gar, too;  
 4. Buy, buy, buy a bond, One or two or three;

Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, Life is but a dream.  
 Mer-ri-ly, do your bit, Cheer-i-ly stick to it, Rais-ing beans and wheat.  
 Corn and po-ta-toes and rice and to-ma-toes are might-y good for you!  
 It isn't a gift, It is sen-si-ble thrift And a loan for lib-er-ty.



This tune, popular in the Civil war, has survived with a few contemporaneous songs, but the original words are no longer vital except the thrilling repetition that begins the chorus. In writing new words for present use, it has been the aim to retain the outstanding features of the chorus, and to relate them and the body of the text to the momentous war conditions that now prevail.

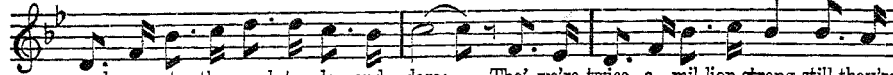
## 6. Tramp, Tramp, Tramp!

David Stevens

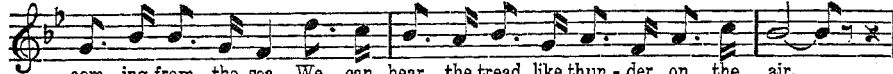
George F. Root



1. On the bat - tle front we stand, 'neath the flag that made us free, Ev - er
2. They are com - ing from the West, you can hear the might - y roar, As they
3. There's a God in glo - ry still and His Word is on the sky, Blaz - ing



read - y at the word to do and dare; Tho' we're twice a mil - lion strong, still they're  
tramp the earth and sing a bat - tle song; There are mil - lions in the fight, and as  
let - ters for the das - tard foe to read: Ye are trai - tors to the truth and as

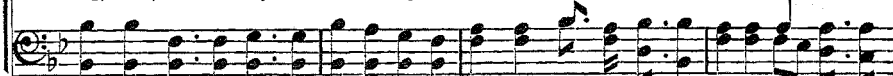


com - ing from the sea, We can hear the tread like thun - der on the air.  
man - y mil - lions more On - ly wait the Na - tion's call to come a - long.  
trai - tors ye shall die, Tho' a world be made to suf - fer and to bleed!

CHORUS



Tramp, tramp, tramp! the boys are march - ing! Cheer, brave com - rades, they will come; Ev - ry



Tramp, tramp, tramp! the boys are marching, marching! come, will come;



heart is in the fight For the cause of Truth and Right And the freedom of our own belov - ed land!



Another survival of the Civil war. The words of the chorus have been slightly altered; but it stands to-day as it has stood, practically unchanged, for more than half a century, a militant Song of Freedom.

## 7. Battle Cry of Freedom

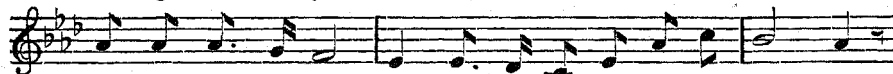
Words and Music by G. F. Root



1. Yes, we'll ral - ly round the flag, boys, we'll ral - ly once a - gain,
2. We are spring - ing to the call of our broth - ers gone be - fore,



Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom; We will ral - ly from the hill - side, we'll  
Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom; And we'll fill the va - cant ranks with a



gath - er from the plain, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom!  
mil - lion free - men more, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom!

It's Free-dom for-ev - er, Hur-rah, boys, Hur-rah! Down with the shackle and up with the star!

While we ral-ly round the flag, boys, we'll ral-ly once a-gain, Shout-ing the bat-tle-cry of Free-dom!

This song has an inspiring theme, rhythm and melody that make it unique in the group of great War Songs.

### 8. When Johnny Comes Marching Home

*Gaily*

Words and Music by Louis Lambert

1. When John-ny comes march-ing home a-gain, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! We'll give him a heart - y  
 2. The old church bell will peal with joy, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! To wel - come home our  
 3. Get read - y for the ju - bi-lee, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! We'll give the he - roes

wel - come then, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! The . men will cheer, the boys will shout, The  
 dar - ling boy, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! The . vil - lage lads and las - sies gay With  
 three times three, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! The . lau - rel wreath is read - y now To

la - dies they will all turn out, And we'll all feel gay When Johnny comes marching home!  
 ros - es they will strew the way, And we'll all feel gay When Johnny comes marching home!  
 place up-on his loy - al brow, And we'll all feel gay When Johnny comes marching home!

### 9. Round: Are You Sleeping? *Moderato* *French*

1. Are you sleep - ing, are you sleep - ing? Broth - er John, Broth - er John,  
 2. Are you sav - ing, are you sav - ing? Right a - long, right a - long,  
 3. Bells are ring - ing, bells are ring - ing, Buy a bond, buy a bond!

4. Morn-ing bells are ring - ing, Morn-ing bells are ring - ing: Ding, ding, dong, ding, ding, dong.  
 Sav-ings Stamps will help you Ring the bells for Free-dom Ding, ding, dong, ding, ding, dong.  
 Noth-ing could be wis - er, Help to beat the Kai - ser, Buy a bond, buy a bond!

This hymn, probably the most inspiring patriotic song the world has ever known, was written by a young French officer in April, 1792, for the soldiers of Luckner's army, who sang it as they marched on the Tuilleries, Aug. 10, 1792. From that day its place in the hearts of the French people has never been disputed.

## 10. The Marseillaise

(Arranged by N. Clifford Page from the Official French Version prescribed for the French Army)

*Allegro maestoso* *> Rouget de Lisle*

1. Ye sons of France, a-wake to glo-ry! Hark! hark! what my-riads bid you rise! Your  
 2. Now, now the dan-gerous storm is roll-ing, Which treach'-rous Kings con-fed-'rate, raise; The  
 3. O Lib-er-ty! can man re-sign thee, Once hav-ing felt thy gen'-rous flame? Can  
*Al-lons, en-fants de la pa-tri-e! Le jour de gloire est ar-ri-vé.*

chil-dren, wives and grand-sires hoar-y, Be-hold their tears and hear their  
 dogs of war, let loose, are howl-ing, And lo! our fields and cit-ies  
 dun-geons, bolts or bars con-fine thee, Or whips thy no-ble spir-it  
*Con-tre nous de la ty-ran-ni-e. — L'é-ten-dard san-glant est le-*

cries! Be-hold their tears and hear their cries! Shall hate-ful ty-rants, mis-chief  
 blaze; And lo! our fields and cit-ies blaze; And shall we base-ly view the  
 tame? Or whips thy no-ble spir-it tame? Too long the world has wept be-  
*vé, — L'é-ten-dard san-glant est le-vé! En-ten-dez-vous dans les cam-*

breed-ing, With hireling host, a ruf-fian band, Af-fright and des-o-late the land, While  
 ru-in, While law-less force with guilt-y stride Spreads des-o-la-tion far and wide, With  
 wall-ing That false-hood's dag-ger ty-rants wield, But free-dom is our sword and shield, And  
*pa-gnes Mu-gir ces fé-ro-cés sol-dats? Ils vien-nent jus-que dans vos bras E-gor-*

peace and lib-er-ty lie bleed-ing? To arms! To arms, ye brave! Th'a-  
 crime and blood his hands em-bru-ing? To arms! To arms, ye brave! Th'a-  
 all their arts are un-a-vail-ing. To arms! To arms, ye brave! Th'a-  
*ger vos fils, vos com-pa-gnes. Aux ar-mes, Ci-toy-ens! For-*

veng - ing sword unsheathe; March on! March on! All hearts resolv'd On vic - to - ry or death!  
 mez vos ba-tail-lons! Mar-chons! Mar-chons! Qu'un sang impur A breu - ve nos sil - lons!

These words, sung to the tune known in Civil War times as "John Brown's Body," were written in December, 1861. Impelled by the grim reality and significance of the war, she wrote the verses under the inspiration of intense patriotic feeling, and a great Battle Hymn was born, never to die.

## 11. Battle Hymn of the Republic

Julia Ward Howe

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord: He is  
 2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps, They have  
 3. I have read a fi - ery gos - pel writ in bur-nished rows of steel: "As ye  
 4. He has sound-ed forth the trump-et that shall nev - er call re-treat; He is  
 5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a

trampling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate-ful  
 build-ed Him an al - tar in the eve-ning dews and damps; I can read His righteous  
 deal with My con-tem-ners, so with you My grace shall deal: Let the He-ro born of  
 sift - ing out the hearts of men be-fore His judg-ment-seat. Oh, be swift, my soul, to  
 glo - ry in His bos - om that trans-fig - ures you and me: AS He died to make men

light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword: His truth is march - ing on.  
 sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps; His day is march - ing on.  
 wo - man crush the ser - pent with His heel, Since God is march - ing on.  
 an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march - ing on.  
 ho - ly let us die to make men free, While God is march - ing on.

CHORUS

Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah! Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah! His truth is marching on.

The theme of the Welsh poem was the siege of Harlech Castle in the reign of Edward IV. The music is very old but survives as the chief patriotic song of Wales. The supplementary text has a special meaning at this time.

## 12. Men of Harlech

(With an additional stanza from "The Flag" by GEORGE STERLING)

Trans. by Wm. Duthie

Old Welsh Air

Vigorously

1. Men of Har-lech, in the hol-low, Do ye hear like rush-ing bil-low,  
 'Tis the tramp of Sax-on foe-men, Sax-on spear-men, Sax-on bow-men,  
 2. Rock-y steeps and pass-es nar-row Flash with spear and flight of ar-row,  
 Hurl the reel-ing horse-men o-ver, Let the earth dead foe-men cov-er,  
 Flag of hon-or, flag of dar-ing, Flag of le-gions on-ward far-ing,  
 From the dyes of bat-tle gor-y, Foam and wave of o-cean's glo-ry,

Wave on wave that surg-ing fol-low Bat-tle's dis-tant sound? } Loose the folds a -  
 Be they knights or hinds or yeo-men, They shall bite the ground! }  
 Who would think of death or sor-row? Death is glo-ry new! } Strands of life are  
 Fate of friend or wife or lov-er Trem-bles on a blow! } Flag of love un-  
 And the stars that tell thy sto-ry, Free-men fash-ion'd thee. }

sun-der, Flag we con-quer un-der! The plac-id sky now bright on high Shall  
 riv-en, Blow for blow is giv-en In dead-ly lock or bat-tle shock, And  
 bound-ed! Flag of hopes un-sound-ed! How float thy bars, how gleam thy stars, By

launch its bolts in thun-der! On-ward, 'tis our Country needs us; He is brav-est,  
 mer-cy shrieks to heav-en! Men of Har-lech! young or hoar-y, Would you win a  
 heav-en's stars sur-round-ed! We, thy sons, shall fail thee nev-er, Time nor tide our

he who leads us, Hon-or's self now proud-ly leads us, Free-dom, God, and Right!  
 name in sto-ry, Strike for home, for life, for glo-ry, Free-dom, God, and Right!  
 faith shall sev-er, All for thee and thou for-ev-er, Flag of Vic-to-ry!  
 broaden

Both melody and words of this song, which is known and loved throughout the world, were written by Stephen C. Foster (1826-1864), an American of Irish descent. His songs have gained for him the title of the great American folk-song writer. Foster's words always came to him accompanied by melodies, so that when he had finished his verses the music also was completed.

### 13. Old Folks at Home

Foster

*Andante espressivo*

1. 'Way down up - on the Swa-nee Rib-ber, Far, far a - way, Dere's wha my heart is  
 2. All round de lit-tle farm I wander'd, When I was young, Den man-y hap-py  
 3. One lit-tle hut a-mong de bush-es, One dat I love, Still sad-ly to my

turn-ing eb-ber, Dere's wha de old folks stay. All up and down de  
 days I squander'd, Man - y de songs I sung. When I was play-ing  
 mem-'ry rush-es, No mat-ter wha I roam. When will I see de

whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam, Still lo-g-ing for the old plan-ta-tion,  
 wid my brud-der, Hap - py was I; Oh! take me to my kind old mud-der,  
 bees a - hum-ming All round de comb? When will I hear the ban - jo tum-ming

CHORUS.

And for the old folks at home.  
 Dere let me live and die. All de world am sad and drear-y, Eb-'ry-where I  
 Down in my good old home?

roam; Oh! dark-ies, how my heart grows wear-y, Far from the old folks at home.

This is one of the most graceful of the Stephen C. Foster melodies. It has the same simple harmonic structure which is characteristic of all his compositions. The words voice the love of the servants for the kind master.

## 14. Massa's in the Cold Ground

Stephen C. Foster

1. Round de mead-ows am a - ring - ing De dark-ey's mourn-ful song, —  
 2. When de au-tumn leaves were fall - ing, — When de days were cold, 'Twas  
 3. Mas - sa make de dark-ies love him, — Cayse he was so kind, —

While de mock-ing-bird am sing - ing, Hap - py as de day am long. — Where de  
 hard to hear old Mas - sa call - ing, Cayse he was so weak and old. — Now de  
 Now they sad - ly weep a - bove him, Mourning cayse he leave dem be - hind. I can - not

i - vy am a - creep - ing, O'er de grass - y mound, — Dere old Mas - sa am a -  
 or - ange trees am bloom - ing, On de sand - y shore, — Now de summer days am  
 work be - fore to - mor - row, Cayse de teardrops flow; I try to drive a - way my

### CHORUS.

sleep - ing, Sleep - ing in de cold, cold ground.  
 com - ing, Mas - sa neb - ber calls no more. Down in the corn - field Hear dat mournful  
 sor - row, Pick - ing on de old ban - jo.

sound; All de dark - ies am a - weep - ing, Mas - sa's in de cold, cold ground.

This song has always been a peculiar favorite with men and boys. Considerable freedom is allowed in the tempo of the chorus. The use of an echo choir in the singing of the chorus produces a verily lovely effect.

## 15. Old Black Joe

Stephen C. Foster

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my  
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I  
3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The chil - dren so

friends from the cot - ton - fields a - way; Gone from the earth to a  
sigh that my friends come not a - gain? Griev - ing for forms now de -  
dear that I held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my

bet - ter land I know, I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joel"  
part - ed long a - go, I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joel"  
soul has longed to go, I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joel"

### CHORUS.

I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my head is bend - ing low;

I hear those gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joel"

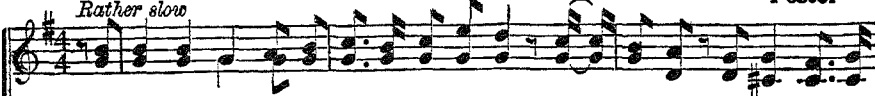


No author or composer of negro songs has touched the sympathetic chord of the home-love of the colored race so surely as Foster did in this song. It embodies some of the best characteristics of American negro music and is in truth fitted to rank with the best legendary folk-songs of any land.



## 16. My Old Kentucky Home

Foster



*Rather slow*





1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are
2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the mead-ow, the hill and the
3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher - ev - er the dark - y may


gay; The corn-top's ripe and the mead-ow's in the bloom, While the birds make shore; They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the go; A few more days, and the troub - le all will end, In the field where the


mu-sic all the day; The young folks roll on the lit - tle cab - in floor, All old cab - in door; The day goes by like a shad - ow o'er the heart, With sug - ar - canes grow; A few more days for to tote the wear - y load, No

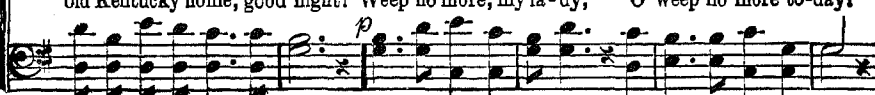
mer - ry, all hap - py and bright; By'n by hard times comes a - knocking at the door, Then my sor - row where all was de - light; The time has come when the darkies have to part, Then my mat - ter, 'twill nev - er be light; A few more days till we tot - ter on the road, Then my



### CHORUS.



old Kentucky home, good night! Weep no more, my la - dy, O weep no more to - day!



*rit.*

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

John Howard Payne, an American who spent most of his life as a wanderer over Europe, with no settled home, became famous as the author of this best known and loveliest home-song the world has ever sung. He was at various times, an actor, translator of plays, and finally U. S. Consul at Tunis, where he died in 1852. The music was probably composed by Henry R. Bishop, although he himself designated it as a "Sicilian air."

## 17. Home, Sweet Home

John Howard Payne

Henry R. Bishop

1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so  
2. An ex - ile from home, splen - dor daz - zles in vain; Oh, give me my

hum - ble, there's no place like home! A charm from the skies seems to  
low - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain! The birds sing - ing gai - ly that

hal - low us there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else - where.  
come at my call; Give me them with the peace of mind, dear - er than all.

CHORUS.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home! There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

In Tennyson's "Princess," whence these words are derived, are to be found numerous songs, most of them connected with childhood, which have found a permanent place in the hearts of the people. Sir Joseph Barnby, the composer (1866-1896), was an Englishman. Although the melody of this song is beautiful, it is essentially a part-song, and, for its full beauty, demands all of the four voices.

## 18. Sweet and Low

Alfred, Lord Tennyson  
*Larghetto pp*

Joseph Barnby

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

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

*mf* O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing  
Fa - ther will come to his babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all  
(Alto) O - ver the wa - ters go, (A.B.) Come from the  
Fa - ther will come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out

moon, and blow, Blow him a - gain to me,  
out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver moon,  
moon, and blow,  
of the west,

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

This "spiritual" is one of the best known of the Negro songs. It embodies in words and music the elemental fervor and emotion that characterize the religious manifestations of the African race. A wonderful and characteristic effect is produced, by having the chorus prolong each time the word *home* while the solo singer gives the succeeding phrase. Great freedom is permissible in the rhythm of the solo parts.

## 19. Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

*Negro Melody*

SOLO OR UNISON *mp* *mf* CHORUS *mp* SOLO

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com - in' for to car - ry me home! Swing low, sweet

*mf* CHORUS FINE *f* SOLO

char - i - ot, .. Com - in' for to car - ry me home! 1. I looked o - ver Jor - dan an' 2. If you get . . there be - 3. I'm some - times . up an' . .

*ff* CHORUS SOLO

what did I see, . Com - in' for to car - ry me home? A  
fore . . I do, Com - in' for to car - ry me home! Jess  
some - times down, Com - in' for to car - ry me home! But

*mf* *mp* CHORUS *rall.* . . . *al fine* D.C.

band of an - gels com - in' af - ter me, Com - in' for to car - ry me home!  
tell my frien's that I'm a - com - in' too, Com - in' for to car - ry me home!  
still my soul feels heav - en - ly . . boun', Com - in' for to car - ry me home!

On account of the wide range this Round is not adapted to young children. The words are found in Benjamin Franklin's Poor Richard's Almanac.

## 20. Early to Bed

1. 2. 3. *American*

1. Ear-ly to bed and early to rise, Makes a man healthy and wealthy and wise, Wise, healthy, and wealthy.
2. Ear-ly and late there's plenty to do; Work for the boys who are fighting for you. We're in it to win it!

Stephen Adams is the name under which Michael Maybrick published his popular songs of which "Nancy Lee" and "A Warrior Bold" are best known. He was born at Liverpool in 1844 and died only recently. The jolly character of the music and the simple story of domestic fidelity has kept it alive when most of the popular songs of its day are forgotten.

## 21. Nancy Lee

Frederick E. Weatherly

Stephen Adams



1. Of all the wives as e'er you know, . . . Yeo-ho! lads! ho! Yeo-ho! Yeo-ho! There's
2. The harbor's past, the breezes blow, . . . Yeo-ho! lads! ho! Yeo-ho! Yeo-ho! 'Tis
3. The bo'-s'n pipes the watch below, . . . Yeo-ho! lads! ho! Yeo-ho! Yeo-ho! Then



none like Nan-cy Lee, I trow, . . . Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho! See  
 long ere we come back, I know, . . . Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho! But  
 here's a health be-fore we go, . . . Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho! A



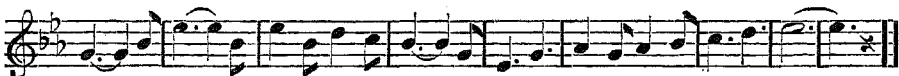
there she stands an' waves her hand up-on the quay, An' ev-'ry day when I'm a-way she'll watch for  
 true and bright from morn till night my home will be, An' all so neat an' snug an' sweet for Jack at  
 long, long life to my sweet wife an' mates at sea, An' keep my bones from Davy Jones where'er we



me, An' whisper low when tempests blow, for Jack at sea; Yeo - ho! lads! ho! Yeo - ho!  
 sea, An' Nancy's face to bless the place, an wel-come me; Yeo - ho! lads! ho! Yeo - ho!  
 be, An' may you meet a mate as sweet as Nan-cy Lee; Yeo - ho! lads! ho! Yeo - ho!



The sail - or's wife the sail-or's star shall be. Yeo - ho! we go a - cross the



sea; The sail - or's wife the sail-or's star shall be, The sail-or's wife his star shall be.

Another song of English origin, voicing the same spirit of steadfast devotion expressed in Nancy Lee.

## 22. Out on the Deep

*Allegro moderato*

Frederic N. Lohr



1. Out on the deep, when the sun is low, And the sea with splen-dor burns, With his
2. Out on the deep, when the sun is dead, And the first sweet star doth gleam, Of a



sea - ly spoil, from his eve-ning toil, The fish - er home-ward turns, And his  
 day that is dead, and a love that is fled, The fish - er oft will dream, And he



oars flash bright, in the o - cean light, And he knows that eyes on shore, Look  
 thinks, tho' far, like that first bright star, She is still be - side as of yore, And his

*f.* out on the deep, for his bright oar sweep, And he sings as he swings his oar: "A  
 oars gleam bright in its sweet pale light, And he sighs as he plies his oar: "A  
 long sweep, lads, and a strong sweep, boys, And a song as a-long we  
 slow sweep, lads, and a low sweep, boys, And a song as a-long we  
*cres.* go, . . . For the hearts that yearn for our home re - turn, When the eve - ning  
 go, . . . For the star of Love that is bright a - bove, And its gleam in the  
*molto rall.* sun is low, When the eve-ning sun is low." . . . . .  
 wave be - low, And its gleam in the wave be-low." . . . . .  
*mf a tempo*

This charming boat song has become known all over the world. It originated in Naples, but the Venetian gondoliers consider it as much their own as do the Neapolitan fishermen who sing it in time to the gentle swing of the oar. "Santa Lucia" is the tutelary saint of the Neapolitans. (c before t, in Italian, is pronounced like ch, so sing Lu-che-a.)

### 23. Santa Lucia

*Andantino* *Neapolitan Boat Song*

*p*  
 1. { Now 'neath the sil-ver moon o - cean is glow-ing, O'er the calm bil - low  
 Here balm - y breez-es blow, pure joys in - vite us, And as we gen - tly row,  
 2. { When o'er thy wa - ters light winds are play-ing, Thy spell can soothe us,  
 To thee, sweet Na - po - li, what charms are giv - en, Where smiles cre - a - tion,  
 soft winds are blow - ing;  
 all things de- (Omit.) light us. Hark, how the sail-or's cry Joy - ous - ly  
 all care al - lay - ing: Home of fair Po - e - sy, Realm of pure  
 toil blest by (Omit.) heav - en.  
 ech-oes nigh: San - ta Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a!  
 har-mo - ny, San - ta Lu - ci - a! (Omit. . . . .) San - ta Lu - ci - a!

One of the most beautiful of the poems of Robert Burns, often called "Afton Water." It is commemorative of his deep love for "Highland Mary." He wrote many poems adapted to well-known Scotch tunes, and in all his verses he was particularly happy in the expression of simple love and kindness. The smooth, flowing character of the music well brings out the spirit of Burns' text.

## 24. Flow Gently, Sweet Afton

Robert Burns

James E. Spillman

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

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

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

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


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

Thomas Moore (1779-1852), the Irish poet, made many contributions to modern song by taking old Irish folk-tunes which were not suitable for general use and writing new poems for them. This is one of the best of his songs. The melody is of exceptional charm and appeal and has long been a favorite, especially as the college song "Fair Harvard."



## 25. Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms

Thomas Moore  
*Andantino*

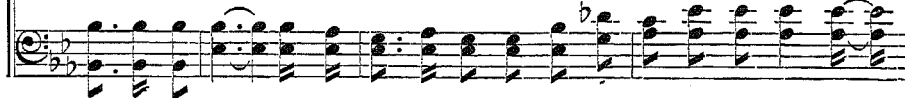

Irish Air: "My Lodging is in the Cold Ground"





1. Be - lieve me, if all those en - dear - ing young charms, Which I gaze on so  
2. It is not while beau - ty and youth are thine own, And thy cheeks un - pro -


fond - ly to - day, Were to change by to - mor - row, and fleet in my arms, Like  
famed by a tear, That the fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which


fair - y gifts, fad - ing a - way, . Thou wouldst still be a - dored as this  
time will but make thee more dear! No, the heart that has tru - ly loved

mo - ment thou art, Let thy love - li - ness fade as it will; And a - round the dear  
nev - er for - gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the close; As the sun - flow - er

ru - in, each wish of my heart Would en - twine it - self ver - dant - ly still! .  
turns on her god, when he sets, The same look which she turned when he rose! .





Although this composition was originally intended as a personal love-song, it has through common use come to express rather the general feeling of kindness and brotherhood which is the great element in a successful community song. The composer was an Irish barrister and musician; the author of the words, an English poet.

## 26. Love's Old Sweet Song

G. Clifton Bingham

J. L. Molloy

*p* *Quietly*

1. Once in the dear, dead days beyond re-call, When on the world the mists began to fall,  
2. E-ven to-day we hear Love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it dwells for-ev-er-more,

*cres.* *p*

Out of the dreams that rose in hap-py throng, Low to our hearts Love sang an old sweet song;  
Foot-steps may fal-ter, wear-y grow the way, Still we can hear it at the close of day;

*ritard.*

And in the dusk where fell the fire-light gleam, Soft-ly it wove it - self in - to our dream.  
So till the end when life's dim shad-ows fall, Love will be found the sweet-est song of all.

*Molto moderato* *I*

Just a song at twi-light, when the lights are low, And the flick'-ring shad-ows  
Tho' the heart be wear - y, sad the day and long, (*Omit.* . . . . .)

*dim.* *2 f* *p*

soft-ly come and go; . Still to us at twi-light Comes Love's old song, Comes Love's old sweet song.

This, the most rollicking of our National Songs, was written and composed for a negro minstrel show, by Daniel Decatur Emmett. Only two of the many verses are here given. Another version, "The U. S. A. Forever," written by Angus S. Hibbard, is included. The song, as originally written, was instantaneously successful and became a Confederate war-song. Since then it has become a favorite throughout this country and as a band composition is played all over the world.

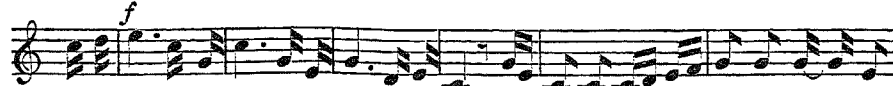
## 27. Dixie

Words and Music by Dan Emmett

*mf Allegro*



1. I wish I was in de land ob cot-ton, Old times dar am not for-got-ten,  
2. Dars buckwheat cakes an' In - gen bat - ter, Makes you fat, or a lit - tie fat - ter,

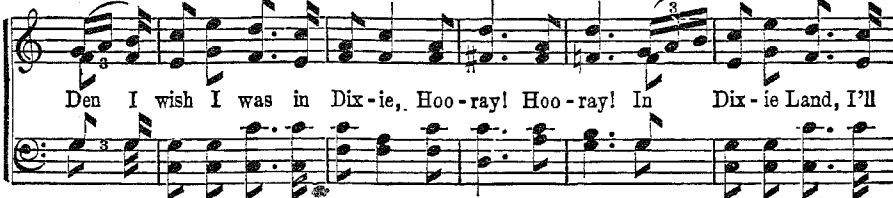


Look away! Look away! Look away! Dix-ie Land. In Dix-ie Land whar I was born in,  
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dix-ie Land. Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble, To



Ear-ly on one frost - ymorn-in', Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix - ie Land.  
Dix - ie Land I'm bound to trab-ble, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix - ie Land.

CHORUS.



Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! In Dix - ie Land, I'll



take my stand To lib and die in Dix - ie; A - way, A - way, A -



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

## The U. S. A. Forever

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1. Come, all who live in the U. S. A.,<br>Join in our song and sing today,<br>Work away, work away, for the land of the free;<br>United, firm, with every state,<br>To make a nation good and great,<br>Work away, work away, for the land of the free. | 2. The North and South, the East and West,<br>We love them all, for all are best,<br>Work away, work away, for the land of the free;<br>United States and hearts and hands<br>Will make the greatest of all lands,<br>Work away, work away, for the land of the free. |
|---|---|

CHORUS:— The U. S. A. forever, hurray! hurray!  
The Stars and Stripes shall wave above  
The U. S. A. forever.  
Hurrray! hurrray! the U. S. A. forever!  
Hurrray! hurrray! the Stars and Stripes forever.

This is an American song of unusual beauty. The words occur in Longfellow's "Spanish Student," in the form of a serenade. The music, by I. B. Woodbury (1819-1858), has long been a favorite with college students everywhere. It is most effective when sung in parts unaccompanied.

## 28. Stars of the Summer Night

Longfellow

I. B. Woodbury

1. Stars of the sum-mer night, Far in yon az-ure deep, Hide, hide your gold-en light,  
 2. Moon of the sum-mer night, Far down yon western steeps, Sink, sink in sil-ver light,  
 3. Dreams of the sum-mer night, Tell her, her lov-er keeps Watch, while, in slumber light,

She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps, She sleeps, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

This southern melody of unknown Spanish origin has, through its appropriate words written by Mrs. Caroline Norton, become one of the most widely used songs for out-of-door singing. The simple three-part structure of this song is particularly worthy of note. (The Spanish pronunciation, *Wa-net-tah*, is to be used.)

## 29. Juanita

Mrs. Caroline Norton

Spanish Melody

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

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

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

Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni-tal! Jua - ni - tal! Lean thou on my heart.  
 Let me lin-ger by thy side! Ni-tal! Jua - ni - tal! Be my own Fair Bride.

This song of which neither the author nor the composer is known, is one of the few compositions which can be sung with enjoyment by both young children and by adults. It is certainly one of the first songs that can be sung by the entire family, as its widespread use testifies.

### 30. My Bonnie

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

My Bon-nie lies o-ver the o-cean,      Oh, bring back my Bon-nie to me.  
 Last night as I lay on my pil-low,      I dreamt that my Bon-nie was dead.  
 Oh, blow, ye winds, o-ver the o-cean,      And bring back my Bon-nie to me.  
 The winds have blown o-ver the o-cean,      And bro't back my Bon-nie to me.

CHORUS.

Bring back, bring back, Bring back my Bon-nie to me, to me;

Bring back, bring back, Oh, bring back my Bon-nie to me.

Like that other great community hymn, *Nearer, My God, to Thee*, this song appeals because it voices a universal cry of the human heart. The composer, who also wrote the words of the chorus, was an American clergyman.

### 31. I Need Thee Every Hour

Mrs. A. S. Hawkes

Robert Lowry, D.D.

1. I need Thee ev-ery hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No ten-der voice like  
 2. I need Thee ev-ery hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta-tions lose their  
 3. I need Thee ev-ery hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a-  
 4. I need Thee ev-ery hour, Teach me Thy will, And Thy rich prom-is-  
 5. I need Thee ev-ery hour, Most Ho-ly One; Oh make me Thine in-

#### CHORUS

Thine Can peace af-ford.  
 pow'r When Thou art nigh.  
 bide, Or life is vain. I need Thee, oh I need Thee, Ev-ery hour I  
 es In me ful-fil.  
 deed, Thou bless-ed Son.

need Thee; Oh bless me now, my Sav-iour, I come to Thee!

This poem was written by Ben Jonson, the great dramatist of England in Shakespeare's time. He called his poem "To Celia" and wrote it in the style of the Elizabethan period. The composer is unknown. The words in italics, written by Jane Crewdson about 1860, are here given in order that this beautiful melody may be made available for a religious purpose.

### 32. Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes

Ben Jonson (1573-1637)

Old English Air

*mf* Rather slowly

1. Drink to me on-ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine, Or leave a kiss with-  
 2. I sent thee late a ro-sy wreath, Not so much hon-ring thee, As giv-ing it a  
*There's not a grief, how-ev-er light, Too light for sym-pa-thy; There's not a care, how-*  
*There's not a se-cret sigh we breathe But meets Thine ear di-vine, And ev-ery cross grows*

in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine; The thirst that from the soul doth rise Doth  
 hope that there It could not with-ered be; But thou there-on didst on - ly breathe And  
 ev - er slight, Too slight to bring to Thee. Thou who hast trod the thorn-y road Will  
 light be-neath The shad - ow, Lord, of Thine. Life's woes with-out, sin's strife with-in, The

ask a drink di - vine; . . . But might I of Jove's nec-tar sup I would not change for thine.  
 send'st it back to me; . . . Since when it grows and smells I swear, Not of it-self but thee.  
 share each small dis-tress; . . . For He who bore the great-er load Will not re - fuse the less.  
 heart would o - ver-flow, . . . But for that love which died for sin, That love which wept with woe.

These words, written about 1850, find an echo in the hearts of all civilized people of the earth. "Thrones and crowns" are no longer significant, and the fervent appeal to save "not kings and lords, but men," might have been uttered by an author of today.

### 33. When Wilt Thou Save the People?

Ebenezer Elliott

Josiah Booth

1. When wilt Thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy, when? Not kings and lords, but  
 2. Shall crime bring crime for - ev - er, Strength aid-ing still the strong? Is it Thy will, O  
 3. When wilt Thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy, when? The peo - ple, Lord, the

na - tions, Not crowns and thrones, but men! Flow'rs of Thy heart, O God, are they;  
 Fa - ther, That man shall toil for wrong? "No," say Thy moun-tains; "No," Thy skies;  
 peo - ple; Not crowns and thrones, but men! God save the peo - ple; Thine they are,

Let them not pass like weeds away, Their her-i-tage a sunless day, God save the peo - ple!  
 Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise, And songs be heard instead of sighs, God save the peo - ple!  
 Thy children, as Thy angels fair; Save them from bondage and despair, God save the peo - ple!

The origin of this song is uncertain; probably it came from the South. Many versions of text have been printed, but the first verse and chorus here given have the authority of usage, while the other verses seem to be sufficiently characteristic. In keeping with the original character of the song it is effective to have the first phrase sung by a single voice or the men in unison, all the voices entering with the harmony of the second phrase.

### 34. Levee Song

*American Melody*

*Single voice or all voices in unison.*

*All voices in harmony.*

1. { Oh, I was bo'n in Mo - bile town, I'm wuk - kin' on de lev - ee.  
 All day I roll de cot - ton down, A - wuk - kin' on de lev - ee.  
 2. { I use' to have a dawg name' Bill, A - wuk - kin' on de lev - ee;  
 He run a - way but I'm here still A - wuk - kin' on de lev - ee.  
 3. { Dat li' ole dawg set up an' beg, A - wuk - kin' on de lev - ee,  
 Till I done give him chick - en leg, A - wuk - kin' on de lev - ee.

CHORUS.

I've been wuk - kin' on de rail - road All de live - long day; . .

I've been wuk - kin' on de rail - road, To pass de time a - way. . .

Doan' yo' hyar de whis - tle blow - in', Rise up so ear - ly in de mawn;

Doan' yo' hyar de cap - 'n shout - in': "Di - nah, blow yo' hawn!"

A round which by its words and its bugle-like music recalls hunting scenes in England.

### 35. Merrily, Merrily

*English*

1. 2.

Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly greet the morn: Cheer-i - ly, cheer-i - ly sound the horn.

3. 4.

Hark! to the ech - oes, hear them play, O'er hill and dale, and far a - way.

This is a Neapolitan song known in Italy as "Funiculi-Funicula," so called because it was written to celebrate the opening of the funicular railroad (cars drawn by cable), up Mt. Vesuvius. It became a popular street-song in Naples and has spread to all parts of the world. It portrays the care-free life of the Italian idler.

### 36. A Merry Life

*From the Italian* *Denza*

*Solo* *Chorus*

1. Some think the world is made for fun and frolic, And so do I! And so do I!  
2. Ah, me, 'tis strange that some should take to sighing, And like it well! And like it well!

*Solo* *Chorus* *Solo*

Some think it well to be all mel-an-chol-ic, To pine and sigh; To pine and sigh; But  
For me, I have not tho't it worth the trying, So can-not tell! So can-not tell! With

*Chorus* *Solo*

I, I love to spend my time in singing, Some joy-ous song, Some joy-ous song; To  
laugh and dance and song the day soon passes, Full soon is gone, Full soon is gone; For

*Chorus*

set the air with mu-sic bravely ring-ing Is far from wrong! Is far from wrong!  
mirth was made for joyous lads and lasses To call their own! To call their own!

*f* *1st time Solo* *p*

Hark-en! Hark-en! Music sounds a-far! Hark-en! Hark-en! Music sounds a-far! Tra-la-la

*mf* *f*

la, tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la - la! Joy is ev'rywhere, Tra-la-la - la, tra-la-la-la!

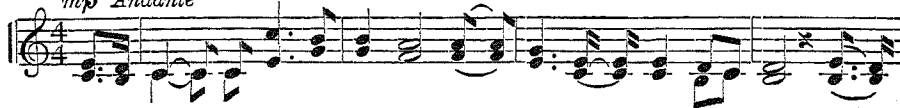


"Annie Laurie" was a real person, born in 1682, daughter of Sir Robert Laurie. The words were written by William Douglass as a tribute to Annie's beauty and an expression of his devotion to her. His original words, for the first two stanzas only, were in Scotch dialect, which have been rendered in the common version here printed. The music was written in 1847 by Lady John Scott who it is said, but not authoritatively, also wrote the words for the third stanza.

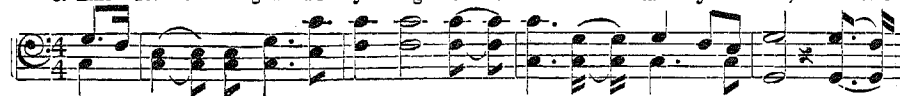
### 37. Annie Laurie

Douglass of Fingland  
*mp Andante*

Scotch Tune



1. Max - well - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly . . fa's the dew, And it's
2. Her brow is like the snow-drift, Her thro'at is . . like the swan, Her
3. Like dew on the gow - an ly - ing Is the fa' o' her fair - y feet, And like



there that An - nie Lau - rie Gave me her prom - ise true. Gave me her prom - ise true,  
 face it is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on. That e'er the sun shone on,  
 winds in sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is soft and sweet. Her voice is soft and sweet,



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

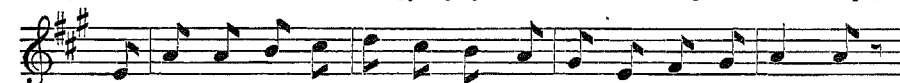


The oldest of our National Songs, whose origin has never been traced. Many sets of words have been associated with it, because during the Revolutionary war, it was used both by the British and Americans as a means of ridiculing the other. The text here printed is suggestive of a boy's point of view regarding the Continental army.

### 38. Yankee Doodle



1. Fath'r and I went down to camp, A - long with Cap - tain Good - 'in,
2. And there we saw a thou - sand men, As rich as Squire Da - vid;
3. And there was Cap - tain Wash - ing - ton Up - on a slap - ping stal - lion,
4. And there I saw a swamp - ing gun, Big as a log of ma - ple,



And there we saw the men and boys As thick as has - ty pud - din'.

And what they wast - ed ev - 'ry day, I wish it could be sav - ed.

A - giv - ing or - ders to his men; I guess there was a mil - lion.

Up - on a might - y lit - tle cart; A load for fa - ther's cat - tle.

CHORUS

Yan - kee Doo - die keep it up, Yan - kee Doo - die dan - dy,  
Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be hand - y.

This merry traditional Welsh tune sets forth more clearly than many pages of discourse the jollity of the old Yuletide celebrations which prevailed for many years in England and many other sections of the British Isles. The fa-la-la chorus, abandoning words for the jollier neutral syllables, is characteristic of many songs of this nature.

### 39. Deck the Hall

*Old Welsh Air*

1. { Deck the halls with boughs of hol - ly, Fa la la la la la la la la. }  
 'Tis the sea - son to be jol - ly, Fa la la la la la la la la. }  
 2. { See the blaz - ing Yule be - fore us, Fa la la la la la la la la. }  
 Strike the harp and join the cho - rus, Fa la la la la la la la la. }  
 3. { Fast a - way the old year pass - es, Fa la la la la la la la la. }  
 Hail the new, ye lads and lass - es, Fa la la la la la la la la. }

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

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

This is a very old Scotch folk-song, built on the pentatonic, or five-toned scale. Burns revised it and added the second and other stanzas, but the original words and tune go much farther back into old Scotch legend. It is sung throughout the English-speaking world especially at social gatherings.

*Robert Burns* **40. Auld Lang Syne** *Scotch Air*  
*mf*

1. Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And nev - er bro't to mind? Should auld acquaintance  
 2. And here's a hand, my trust-y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll tak' a cup o'

REFRAIN.

be for-got, And days of auld lang syne? For auld lang syne, my dear, For  
 kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

auld lang syne; We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.

This is another of those college songs whose authorship has been forgotten and which has been sung not only by college boys but by almost every group of people, young and old, in times of merriment.

*Sostenuto.* **41. Good-Night, Ladies**

1. Good-night, la-dies! Good-night, la-dies! Good-night, la-dies! We're  
 2. Fare-well, la-dies! Fare-well, la-dies! Fare-well, la-dies! We're  
 3. Sweet dreams, la-dies! Sweet dreams, la-dies! Sweet dreams, la-dies! We're

*Allegro.*

*Ritard molto. Repeat pp*

going to leave you now. Mer-ri-ly we roll along, roll along, roll along, O'er the dark blue sea.

This stirring composition, called "Italian Hymn," was written by Giardini Felice (1716-1796), and with these words has become one of the most widely used hymns. The words, generally attributed to Charles Wesley, appeared in 1766. The hymn has been translated into several languages and is sung by many nations.

C. Wesley **42. Come, Thou Almighty King** F. De Giardini

1. Come, Thou al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Fa-ther all-  
 2. Come, Thou in-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword, Our prayer at-tend! Come, and Thy  
 3. Come, Ho - ly Com-fort - er, Thy sa-cred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour! Thou, who al-  
 glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An-cient of days!  
 peo-ple bless, And give Thy word suc-cess: Spir-it of ho - li-ness, On us de-scend!  
 might-y art, Now rule in ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us, de-part, Spir-it of pow'r!

The "First Nowell" is one of the four oldest English Christmas carols adapted from old mediaval Nowells. The French word Noel is not only used to name Christmas day but also as a greeting, much as we say "Merry Christmas."

Words traditional **43. The First Nowell** Traditional

1. The first Now-ell the an-gel did say Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay,  
 2. They look-ed up and saw a star Shining in the East be - yond them far,  
 3. This star drew nigh to the North-west, O'er Beth - le - hem it took its rest,  
 4. Then en - tered in those wise-men three, Full rev - 'rent - ly up - on their knee,  
 In fields where they lay keeping their sheep, On a cold winter's night that was so deep.  
 And to the earth it gave great light, And so it continued both day and night.  
 And there it did both stop and stay Right o - ver the place where Je - sus lay.  
 And of - fered there in His pres-ence, Their gold and myrrh and frank-in-cense.

**CHORUS.**  
 Now-ell, Now-ell, Now-ell, Now-ell, Born is the King of Is - ra - el.

The words of this famous hymn were written by an English woman who died in 1848. Probably no hymn is more deeply loved by the people. The words were written in 1840, but it was not until 1860, when Dr. Lowell Mason's setting was composed, that the hymn attained its wide-spread popularity in this country.

**Sarah F. Adams** 44. **Nearer, My God, to Thee** **Lowell Mason**

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross  
 2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o - ver me,  
 3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou send-est me  
 4. Or if on joy - ful wing Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for - got,

Fine. D. S.—Near - er, my God, to Thee, D. S.

That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,  
 My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,  
 In mer - cy given; An - gels to beck - on me, Near - er, my God, to Thee,  
 Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,

Near - er to Thee.

When the Parliament of Religions met during the Columbian Exposition, the singing of "Lead, Kindly Light," and the repeating of the Lord's Prayer, were the two exercises in which the representatives of every Creed known to man could join. The author, Cardinal Newman (1801-1890), wrote the words in illness and under great mental strain. Dr. Dykes (1823-1876), was a famous English hymn composer.

**John Henry Newman** 45. **Lead, Kindly Light** **John B. Dykes**

1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is  
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to  
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I  
 choose and see my path: but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish  
 fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And, with the morn, those

do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.  
 day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; re-mem-ber not past years!  
 an - gel fa - ces smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

The tune is called Aurelia. Samuel S. Wesley (1810-1878), was a nephew of John and Charles Wesley, the great preachers and hymn writers. The most commonly used words for this hymn begin "The Church's one foundation." Dr. Patten, author of the words printed here, has endeavored to supply a number of the old hymn-tunes with texts which voice the new spirit of Democracy in America.

*Simon N. Patten*      **46. To-morrow**      *Samuel S. Wesley*

1. O God, of all the Mak - er, Thy gift as seer dis - play, Re - veal to us the  
 2. May all that now di - vides us Re - solve and pass a - far Like shad - ows flee with  
 3. To - mor - row, O, to - mor - row, What hope we have in thee To gain the crowning  
 4. To - mor - row, O, to - mor - row Re - plete with wholesome joy, No more shall pain and

glo - ry Of Thy long - prom - ised day. Is not the time ap - proach - ing, By  
 dark - ness Be - fore the morn - ing star. May faith in man grow strong - er, May  
 beau - ty Of what is yet to be. When all the world a - bout us Shall  
 sor - row Hu - man - i - ty an - noy. In sweet an - tic - i - pa - tion We

proph - ets long fore - told, When all shall dwell to - geth - er, One Shep - herd and one fold?  
 strife and discord cease, The scar of war ef - fac - ing Thro' har - mo - ny and peace.  
 ev - er - more improve, When high and low com - bin - ing As broth - ers on - ward move.  
 bear the hard de - lay To share with all cre - a - tion Thy long, long - promised day.

This sturdy old English hymn is a favorite one with our soldiers and sailors.

**47. O God, Our Help in Ages Past**

*I. Watts*

*W. Croft*

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,  
 2. With - in the shad - ow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se - cure;  
 3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,  
 4. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast. And our e - ter - nal home!  
 Suf - fi - cient is thine arm a - lone, And our de - fence is sure.  
 From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.  
 Be Thou our Guide while life shall last, And our e - ter - nal home.

This is a processional hymn written in 1865 by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, the music by Sir Arthur Sullivan, for an English School Festival. It has become the marching song for the church militant. The alternative text, written by an American clergyman, was inspired by the War and is one of the most thrilling contributions to its literature.

## 48. Onward, Christian Soldiers

Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865

Arthur S. Sullivan, 1871

1. On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, March - ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus  
2. Like a might-y ar - my, Moves the Church of God: Broth-ers, we are tread - ing  
3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, King-doms rise-and wane, But the Church of Je - sus  
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voic - es

Go - ing on be - fore! Christ the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe:  
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,  
Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church pre - vail;  
In the tri-umph-song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King!

CHORUS.

For-ward in - to bat - tle See His ban - ners go.  
One in hope, in doc - trine, One in char - i - ty. On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers,  
We have Christ's own prom-ise, And that can-not fail. \* For-ward, broth-ers, for - ward,  
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an-gels sing.

March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.  
O - ver land and sea; On to glo - rious bat - tle; On to vic - to - ry.

### Forward, Brothers, Forward!

- |   |  |   |
|---|--|---|
| <p>1 March together, brothers,<br/>Step with purpose high,<br/>In the world's great conflict<br/>Dare to do and die;<br/>Pledge your sacred honor<br/>To avenge the wrong;<br/>Stand beside each other,<br/>Brave and true and strong.</p>  | <p>3 Rally, loyal freemen,<br/>Stand at England's side;<br/>Shall our sons of valor<br/>All in vain have died?<br/>Forward, brothers, forward,<br/>We are Britain's kin;<br/>Hands across the ocean!<br/>Hands that help to win!</p>             | <p>5 Where Italian sunshine<br/>Warms Venetian plain,<br/>Where thy fertile valleys<br/>Wave with golden grain,<br/>God defend thee, Italy;<br/>God maintain thy right,<br/>God uphold thy freedom<br/>With His holy might!</p>                     |
| <p>2 Twine the flag of Britain<br/>With our banner true,<br/>France, our ancient friendship<br/>Once again renew;<br/>Three-fold flags of freedom<br/>Wave in freedom's flight,<br/>This for aye our battle-cry,<br/>God defend the Right!<br/><i>* Chorus of alternative text.</i></p> | <p>4 France, can we forget thee,<br/>In thine hour of need?<br/>Shall we, unresponding,<br/>Hear thee vainly plead?<br/>Forward, brothers, forward,<br/>Calls our ancient friend,<br/>God, her armies strengthen;<br/>God, her cause defend!</p> | <p>6 Forward, glorious banners!<br/>Neath your guiding star<br/>Lead our armies onward,<br/>Marching forth to war.<br/>Brave the foe's defiance<br/>Over land and sea;<br/>Press to glorious battle —<br/>Press to victory!<br/>B. W. K. TAYLER</p> |

"Send Out Thy Light" is one of a number of exceptionally effective anthems composed by Gounod. This celebrated French composer had deep religious convictions, and wrote a large number of sacred compositions which are almost as well known as his famous masterpiece, the opera, "Faust." The anthem is simplified and abbreviated in this edition.

## 49. Send Out Thy Light

Charles Gounod (Abr.)

*Adagio mollo* *Moderato*

*f* Send out Thy light, send out Thy light! *pp* Send out Thy light and Thy truth, let them lead me,

*cres.* *dim.* *p* *cres.*  
 O, let them bring me to Thy ho - ly hill; Send out Thy light and Thy truth, let them lead me,

*f* *dim.* *p* *cres.*  
 O, let them bring me to Thy ho - ly hill, un-to Thy ho - ly hill, let them  
 O let them lead me,

*cres.* *f* *dim.* *p* *pp*  
 O let them lead me; lead, let them lead me; O, let them bring me to Thy ho - ly hill. Lord, we will praise Thee,  
 (Omit 2nd time)

*cres.* *f* *ff* *ff*  
 Lord, we will praise Thee, praise Thee, praise Thee on the harp, O our God! on the

*ff* *pp adagio.*  
 harp, O our God! on the harp, O our God! Send out Thy light, O Lord our God!



The origin of this grand old hymn is unknown, but the words come from an old Italian hymn of the 18th century. It is supposed to have been first sung in England about 1797, in the Chapel of the Portuguese Embassy. The tune has been variously attributed to John Reading, Thurlley, and to the Cisterian monks. More than thirty-eight translations from the Latin words are known, but the one here used has been generally adopted.

## 50. O Come, All Ye Faithful

Anon. (Latin, 17th Cent.)  
Tr. F. Oakeley, 1841

John Reading

1. O come, all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful and tri-um-phiant, O come ye, O come ye to  
2. Sing, choirs of An-gels, Sing in ex-ul-ta-tion, Sing, all ye cit-i-zens of

*After each verse,*

Beth-le-hem; Come and be-hold Him Born the King of An-gels: O come, let us a-heav'n a-bove: Glo-ry to God... In the high-est:

dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, Christ the Lord.

This hymn, always an inspiring one, has become peculiarly so since the beginning of our War, chiefly because of the opening phrase. It is fervently sung by our soldiers and sailors.

## 51. The Son of God Goes Forth to War

R. Heber

H. S. Cutler

1. The son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain; His blood-red ban-ner  
2. A no-ble band, the chos-en few, On whom the Spir-it came, Twelve val-iant saints, their  
3. A no-ble ar-my, men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid, A-round the throne of

streams a-far: Who fol-lows in His train? Who best can drink His cup of woe, Tri-  
hope they knew And mocked the torch of flame; They met the ty-rant's brand-ish'd steel, The  
God re-joice, In robes of light ar-rayed. They climbed the steep as-cent of heav'n Thro'

um-phant o - ver pain, Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in His train.  
 li - on's go - ry mane, They bow'd their necks the stroke to feel: Who follows in their train?  
 per - il, toil, and pain; O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol - low in their train.

This stirring chorus is arranged from the composition for men's voices in the opera "Faust" by Charles Gounod, the French composer (1818-1893). Accompanied by a great orchestra in the pit and full military band on the stage, this composition forms one of the great climaxes of the opera.

## 52. Soldiers' Chorus

*Tempo marziale*  
*Unison*

(From "Faust")

Charles Gounod (Arr.)

Glo - ry and love to the men of old, — Their sons may cop - y their vir - tues bold;

Cour - age in heart and a sword in hand, Both read - y to fight and read - y to die for

Fa - ther-land! Who needs bid - ding to dare . . . by a trum - pet blown?

Who lacks pit - y to spare when the field is won? Who would fly from the foe in the

bat - tle's blast, And boast he was true, as cow - ard might do when per - il is past?

Glo - ry and love to the men of old! Their sons may cop - y their vir - tues hold,

*f* *cres. motio.* *ff*

Cour-age in heart and a sword in hand, All read-y to fight for Fa - ther-land.

*p*

Now to home a - gain we come, the long and fier-y strife of bat-tle o - ver;

Rest is pleasant aft - ertoil as hard as ours beneath a stranger sun.....

hard,..... as hard as ours beneath a stranger sun, And

*p*

Man - y a maiden fair is waiting here to greet her truant soldier lov - er, And man-y a

*cres.*

heart..... will fail and brow..... grow pale to hear,..... to hear the

will fall..... and brow grow pale..... to hear, to hear..... the

*dim.* *p* *cres.*

tale of cru - el per - il he has run..... And man-y a heart,..... and man-y a

And man - y a heart will fail, will fail,

heart will fail, and brow grow pale to hear the tale of per - il he has run.

*cres. molto.*

We are at home, we are at home, we are at home, we are at home.

*ff*

Glo - ry and love to the men of old; Their sons may cop-y their virtues bold!

Cour - age in heart and a sword in hand, All read-y to fight for Fa - ther-

land! All read-y to fight, or read-y to die for Fa - ther-land! All read-y to

*rit.*

fight, or read-y to die, or read-y to die, for Fa - ther - land!

*f* *poco rall.* *dim.* SOP. AND ALTO UNISON.

men, Like the sound of a great A - men. It flooded the crimson twilight, Like the

close of an An - gel's Psalm, And it lay on my fe-vered spir - it, With a touch of in - fi-nite

*cres.* *dim.*

calm; It qui-et-ed pain and sor-row, Like love o-ver-com-ing strife; It seemed the harmonious

*tranquillo sempre.* BASS AND TENOR UNISON.

ech - o From our dis-cor-dant life; It linked all per-plex-ed meanings In-to one per-fect peace,

*f agitato.*

And trembled a-way in-to si-lence, As if it were loath to cease. I have sought, but I seek it

*poco a poco piu animato.*

vainly, That one lost chord divine, Which came from the soul of the or - gan, And en-tered in-to mine.

UNISON. *f grandioso.*

It may be that Death's bright Angel Will speak in that chord again, It may be that on - ly in

Heav'n I shall hear that grand A - men; It may be that Death's bright Angel' Will speak in that chord a-

*ff rit.*

gain, It may be that on - ly in Heav'n I shall hear that grand A - men. .

height till ye stand at the crest! Fight on, un-der the glo-ri-ous Flag, ban-ner of  
 Fight on,  
 Vic-to-ry, Stay on the field till the Earth and its chil-dren are free! Hark to the  
*rall. . . Tempo D.S.*  
 trum-pet call Sound-ing for free-men all, Gird thine ar-mor bright, Go forth to war! March

This is the most famous of the songs composed by the late Sir Arthur Sullivan, and in the light of its present popularity it is interesting to recall that Sullivan first offered the song to the great publishing house of Chappell in London, and when they refused it, the composer took it to Boosey & Company who have sold probably a million copies. The version printed here is arranged from the original solo.

### 54. The Lost Chord

Adelaide A. Procter

Sir Arthur Sullivan  
(Arranged)

*Andante moderato.*

Seat-ed one day at the or-gan, I was wea-ry and ill at ease, And my  
*cres.*  
 fin-gers wan-dered i-dly O-ver the nois-y keys; I know not what I was playing, Or  
*dim.* *cres.*  
 what I was dream-ing then, But I struck one chord of mu-sic, Like the sound of a great A-

*f* *poco rall.* *dim.* SOP. AND ALTO UNISON.

men, Like the sound of a great A - men. It flooded the crimson twilight, Like the

*dim.*

close of an An - gel's Psalm, And it lay on my fe-vered spir - it, With a touch of in - finite

*cres.* *dim.*

calm; It qui-et-ed pain and sor-row, Like love o-ver-com-ing strife; It seemed the harmonious

*tranquillo sempre.* BASS AND TENOR UNISON.

ech - o From our dis-cor-dant life; It linked all per-plex-ed meanings In-to one per-fect peace,

*f agitato.*

And trembled a-way in-to si-lence, As if it were loath to cease. I have sought, but I seek it

*poco a poco piu animato.*

vainly, That one lost chord divine, Which came from the soul of the or - gan, And en-tered in-to mine.

UNISON. *f grandioso.*

It may be that Death's bright Angel Will speak in that chord again, It may be that on - ly in

Heav'n I shall hear that grand A - men; It may be that Death's bright Angel Will speak in that chord a -

*ff rit.*

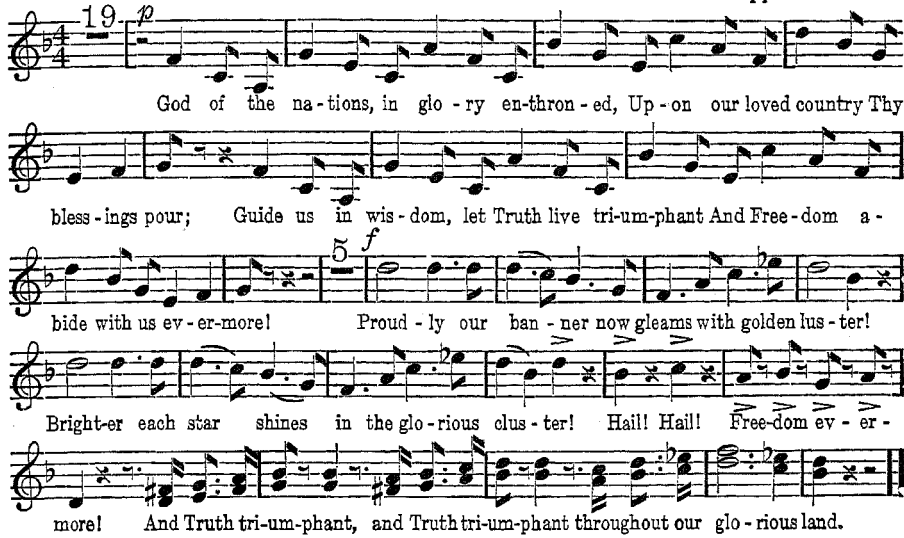
gain, It may be that on - ly in Heav'n I shall hear that grand A - men. .

This music occurs in the second act of Verdi's "Il-Trovatore" (The Troubadour). The scene shows a gypsy camp in the Biscay mountains at early morning. The text (God of All Nations) was first used by Patrick S. Gilmore at the Peace Jubilee at Boston in 1872.

## 55. Anvil Chorus

(From "Il Trovatore")

Giuseppe Verdi

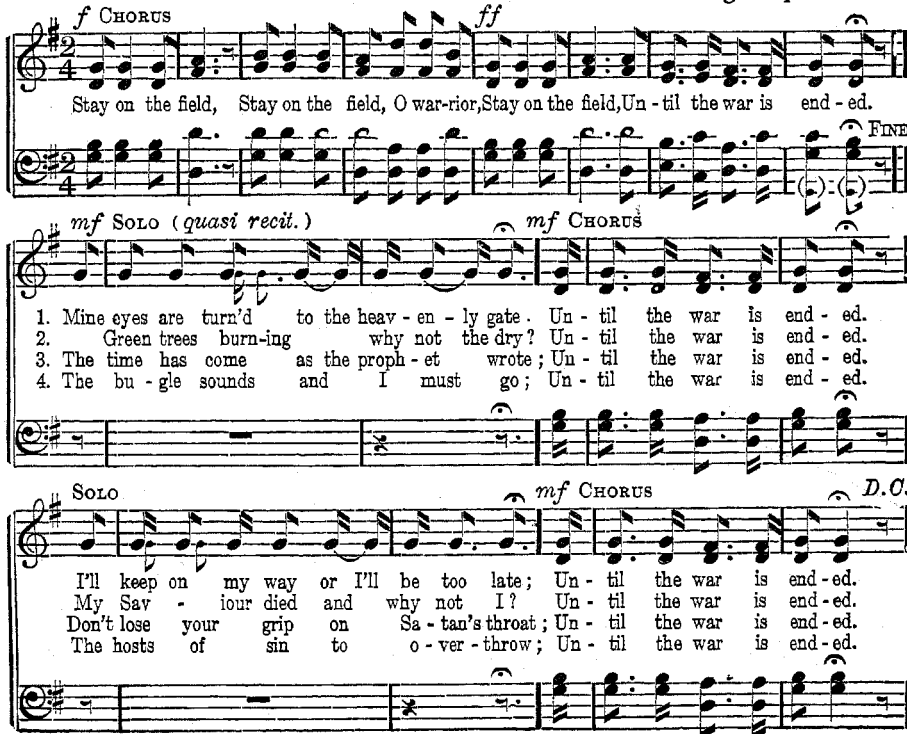


19 *p*

God of the na-tions, in glo-ry en-thron-ed, Up-on our loved country Thy  
bless-ings pour; Guide us in wis-dom, let Truth live tri-um-phant And Free-dom a-  
bide with us ev-er-more! Proud-ly our ban-ner now gleams with golden lus-ter!  
Bright-er each star shines in the glo-rious clus-ter! Hail! Hail! Free-dom ev-er-  
more! And Truth tri-um-phant, and Truth tri-um-phant throughout our glo-rious land.

## 56. Stay on the Field

Negro Spiritual



*f* CHORUS *ff*

Stay on the field, Stay on the field, O war-rior, Stay on the field, Un-til the war is end-ed.

*mf* SOLO (*quasi recit.*) *mf* CHORUS

- Mine eyes are turn'd to the heav-en-ly gate. Un-til the war is end-ed.
- Green trees burn-ing why not the dry? Un-til the war is end-ed.
- The time has come as the proph-et wrote; Un-til the war is end-ed.
- The bu-gle sounds and I must go; Un-til the war is end-ed.

Solo *mf* CHORUS *D.C.*

I'll keep on my way or I'll be too late; Un-til the war is end-ed.  
My Sav-iour died and why not I? Un-til the war is end-ed.  
Don't lose your grip on Sa-tan's throat; Un-til the war is end-ed.  
The hosts of sin to o-ver-throw; Un-til the war is end-ed.



Strictly speaking Italy has no National Anthem, but this war hymn is widely used in Italy and America as an Italian patriotic song and the spirit of both words and music appeals to every instinct of patriotism and love of liberty.

## 57. Italian War Hymn

*ff* *Martial* Olivieri

A - rouse ye! A - rouse ye!

1. For - ward to bat - tle! the trum - pets are cry - ing,  
Lib - er - ty calls us, we lin - ger no long - er.  
2. For - ward to con - quer! where free hearts are beating,  
Lib - er - ty calls us from mountain and val - ley,

For - ward, all for - ward! the old flag is fly - ing; When  
Ty - rants, come on - tho' a (Omit . . . . .) thou - sand to one!  
Death to the cow - ard who dreams of re - treat - ing; When  
Wav - ing her ban - ner, she (Omit . . . . .) leads to the fight.

{ Free - dom, O Free - dom, thou death - less and glo - rious, Un - der thy ban - ner thy  
Free souls are val - iant and strong arms are stron - ger, (Omit . . . . .)  
{ For - ward! all for - ward! the trum - pets are cry - ing, Drums beat to arms and our  
{ Stout hearts and strong hands a - round it shall ral - ly, (Omit . . . . .)

sons are vic - to - rious; God shall be with us and bat - tle be won! } Hur - rah for the  
old flag is fly - ing; For - ward to bat - tle for God and the Right! }

ban - ner! Hur - rah for the ban - ner! Hur - rah for the ban - ner, the flag of the free!

The music of England's great song was composed by Dr. Arne and was first performed on Aug. 1, 1740. There is something invincible in the tune that completely expresses the courage and grim determination of the race.

## 58. Rule, Britannia

James Thomson

Dr. Thomas Arne

1. When Bri-tain first, at Heav'n's com-mand, A-rose . . . from out the  
2. The mus-es, still with free-dom found, Shall to . . . thy hap-py  
az-ure main, A-rose from out . . . the az-ure main,  
coast . . . re-pair, Shall to thy hap-py coast re-pair;  
This was the char-ter, the char-ter of the land, And guardian an-gels sang this strain:  
Blest Isle of free-dom, with matchless beauty crown'd, And man-ly hearts . . . to guard the fair.  
nev-er, nev-er, nev-er  
Rule, Bri-tan-nia, Britannia rule the waves! Britons nev-er shall be slaves! shall be slaves!

## 59. Blow the Man Down

Chanty

*mf* With swinging motion *ff*  
1. Come all ye young fel-lows that fol-low the sea, With a yeo-ho! we'll blow the man down! And  
2. On . . board the Black Ball-er I first served my time, With a yeo-ho! we'll blow the man down! And  
3. There were tinkers and tail-ors and sail-ors and all, With a yeo-ho! we'll blow the man down! That  
4. 'Tis lar-board and star-board, you jump to the call, With a yeo-ho! we'll blow the man down! When  
*mf* *f*  
please pay at-ten-tion and lis-ten to me, Give us some time to blow the man down!  
in the Black Ball-er I wast-ed my time, Give us some time to blow the man down!  
shipped for good sea-men on board the Black Ball, Give us some time to blow the man down!  
Kick-ing Jack Wil-liams commands the Black Ball, Give us some time to blow the man down!

This music was adopted by the Belgians about 1830, as their national song. Two poems have been used, but the one here given is considered the more suitable in its application at this time.

## 60. La Brabançonne

*F. van Campenhout*

1. Re-joice, O Bel-gium, thou land be - lov - ed, Now the years of thy bond - age are o'er.  
 2. To thee, O land of our heart's de - vo - tion, All our faith and af - fec - tion we give.

Claim with a cour-age high and ho - ly, Thy proud and sov'reign rights of yore. Once a -  
 Ev - er we sing thy praise and glo - ry, Re - joice! for King and na - tion live! Glo-rious

gain there floats thine ancient ban-ner, Uns'ain'd it waves a-bove the free, Its glorious folds the message pro-  
 land of freemen's love and hom-age, U - nit - ed we shall ev - er be, Thy han-ner fair the message out-

claim - ing: For King, for Right and Lib-er-ty! Its glorious folds the message proclaim - ing: For  
 fling - ing: For King, for Right and Lib-er-ty! Thy ban-ner fair its message out-fling - ing: For

King, for Right and Liberty! For King, for Right and Lib-er - ty! For King, for Right and Liberty! . .  
 King, for Right and Liberty! For King, for Right and Lib-er - ty! For King, for Right and Liberty! . .

# 61. The Maple Leaf Forever

Alexander Muir

*With spirit*

1. In days of yore, from Bri-tain's shore, Wolfe, the daunt-less he-ro came, And  
 2. At Queens-ton Heights and Lun-dy's Lane, Our brave fa-thers, side by side, For  
 3. On mer-ry Eng-land's far famed land May kind heav-en sweet-ly smile; God

plant-ed firm Bri-tan-nia's flag On... Can-a-da's fair... do-main. Here  
 free-dom, homes, and loved ones dear, Firm-ly stood and no-bly died; And  
 bless old Scot-land ev-er-more, And Ire-land's em-'rald isle! Then

may it wave, our boast, our pride, And joined in love to-geth-er, The Li-ly, This-tle,  
 those dear rights which they maintained, We swear to yield them nev-er! Our watch-word ev-er  
 swell the song, both loud and long, 'Till rocks and for-ests quiv-er, God save our King, and

Sham-rock, Rose, and Ma-ple Leaf for-ev-er! The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The  
 more shall be, the Ma-ple Leaf for-ev-er! The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The  
 Heav-en bless the Ma-ple Leaf for-ev-er! The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The

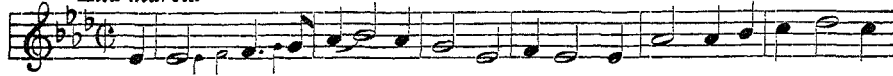
Ma-ple Leaf for-ev-er! God save our King, and Heaven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for-ev-er!

## 62. The Fighting Men

M. A. de Wolfe Howe

G. W. Chadwick

*Alla marcia*



1. A - way to the front, in France or Flan-ders, Or far to the east-ward or
2. The front is the na - tion's line of hon-or—They've crossed it and trampled it
3. Brave Tom-my and Poi-lu and all ye oth - ers Now fight - ing for free-dom where



near at hand—The front is wher - ev - er the win - the - war com - mand - ers Bid  
far too long; No more shall our moth - er be left with shame up - on her, While  
hosts have died, We'll stand as your com - rades and fall as bleed - ing broth - ers In



us, ea - ger fight - ing men all, to stand. *ff* A - way to the front we must  
sons by the mil - lion may right the wrong. A - way to the front we must  
hearts and in con - qu'ring arms close al - lied. A - way to the front we must



up and go, For the Fighting Men would have it so. A mil - lion strong we come To the



rum - ble of the drum, The rum - ble, rum - ble, rum - ble of the drum, boys! A - drum, boys!

Published separately for voice and piano. Band parts.

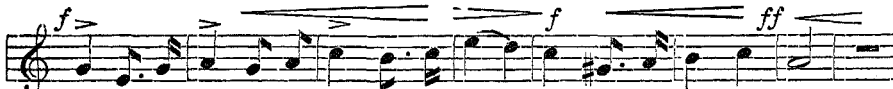
## 63. Under the Stars and Stripes

Madison Cawein

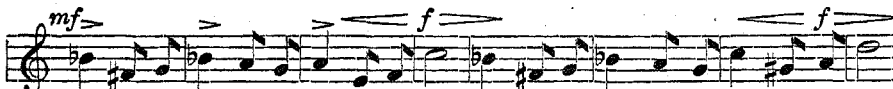
Frederick S. Converse



1. High on the world did our fa - thers of old, Un - der the Stars and Stripes,
2. We in whose bod - ies the blood of them runs, Un - der the Stars and Stripes,



Bla - zon the name that we now must up - hold, Un - der the Stars and Stripes.  
We will ac - quit us as sons of their sons, Un - der the Stars and Stripes.



Vast in the past they have build - ed an arch O - ver which Free - dom has light - ed her torch,  
Ev - er for jus - tice, our heel up - on wrong, We in the light of our ven - geance thrice strong,

Published separately for voice and piano; and in octavo for mixed voices. Band parts.

*cres.* *ff*

Fol-low it, fol-low it! Come let us march Un-der the Stars and Stripes!  
 Ral-ly to-geth-er! Come tramp-ing a-long, Un-der the Stars and Stripes!

CHORUS *ff* *fff* *ff* *fff*

Un-der the Stars and Stripes! Un-der the Stars and Stripes!

*f* *ff*

Fol-low it, fol-low it, Come, let us march Un-der the Stars and Stripes!

*f* *fff* *fff*

Fol-low it, fol-low it, Come, let us march Un-der the Stars and Stripes!

The "Great Argyle" of this song, was John Campbell, Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, celebrated by Sir Walter Scott in "The Heart of Mid Lothian." The martial air is very old and has led many a Scottish regiment into battle.

### 64. The Campbells are Coming

*S:* *Scotch*

The Campbells are coming, O ho! O ho! The Campbells are coming, O ho! O ho! The  
 (*Nasal tone in imitation of Bagpipes*)

*FINE.*

Campbells are com-ing to bon-nie Loch Lo-mond, The Campbells are coming, O ho! O ho!

1. The great Ar-gyle he goes be-fore, He makes the guns and can-nons roar; With  
 2. With bon-nie blue, auld Sco-tia's pride, And broad clay-more hung at their side, With  
 3. Hark! Hark! the Pi-broch's sound I hear, Now, bon-nie las-sie, din-na fear; 'Tis  
*D.S. al Fine.*

sound of trum-pet, pipe and drum, And ban-ners wav-ing in the sun. The  
 plumes all nod-ding in the wind, They have not left a man be-hind. The  
 hon-or calls, I must a-way, Ar-gyle's the word and ours the day. The

## 65. Bohemian National Hymn

Tr. by M. L. Baum

Harmonized by N. Clifford Page

*f*

1. Where is my home? Where is my home? Where the mead-ows laugh with  
 2. Where is my home? Where is my home? Where the peo-ple all are

flow-ers, Where the snow-clad moun-tain tow-ers; Where the woods are dark with  
 broth-ers, Lov-ing hearts that strive for oth-ers, Loft-y souls of pur-pose

*cres.*

pine, 'Tis a par-a-dise, and mine. Lit-tle land, so great in  
 pure, Firm and con-stant to en-dure. Land be-lov'd, I sing thy

*f*

sto-ry, Where the Chekhs are is my home, Fair Bo-he-mia is my home!  
 glo-ry, Fair Bo-he-mia is my home, Fair Bo-he-mia is my home!

## 66. Serbian National Hymn

*Allegro maestoso*

1. God of Jus-tice; Thou who saved us When in deep-est bond-age cast, Hear Thy Ser-bian  
 2. Bind in clos-est links our kin-dred, Teach the love that will not fail; May the loath-ed  
 3. Lord, a-vert from us Thy venge-ance, Thunder of Thy dreaded ire; Bless each Ser-bian  
 4. Be our sep-ul-chre of ag-es, Breaks the re-sur-rec-tion morn; From the slough of

children's voices, Be our help as in the past. With Thy mighty hand sustain us, Still our rugged  
fiend of discord Nev-er in our ranks prevail. Let the gold-en fruits of un-ion Our young tree of  
town and hamlet, Mountain, meadow, hearth and spire. When our host goes forth to battle, Death or vict'ry  
dir-est slav-'ry Serbia's soul a - new is born. Thro' five hundred years of durance We have knelt be-

path - way trace; God, our hope, protect and cher - ish Ser-bian crown and Ser - bian race!  
free - dom grace; God, our Mas-ter, guide and pros - per Ser-bian crown and Ser - bian race!  
to em - brace, God of ar-mies, be our lead - er, Strengthen Thou the Ser - bian race!  
fore Thy face; All our kin, O God, de - liv - er, Thus en - treats the Ser - bian race!

God, our hope, protect and cherish Serbian crown and Serbian race! Serbian crown and Ser-bian race!  
God, our Master, guide and prosper Serbian crown and Serbian race! Serbian crown and Ser-bian race!  
God of ar-mies, be our lead-er, Strengthen Thou the Serbian race! Strengthen Thou the Serbian race!  
All our kin, O God, de-liv-er, Thus entreats the Serbian race! Thus entreats the Ser-bian race!

## 67. Poland Fair

Adapted by Sidney Rowe

A. Sowinski

1. Po-land fair, thou bright and love-ly land, Ne'er to be for-sak-en; Loy-al sons o-
2. Po-land fair, for thee our voic-es ring, Naught thy ties shall sev-er; While thy sons have

bey thy proud command: Ev-'ry soul a-wak-en! Sa-cred land, we love thee well, Our  
heart and hand to bring, Thine they are for-ev-er.

hearts u-nite beneath thy spell, Take, O Country, all thy sons can give, Poland fair, thy name shall live!



# 68. The Regiment of Sambre and Meuse

Paul Cézano

Robert Planquette

Trans. by Cordella Brooks Fenno  
*Marzial*



1. Bold-ly marched the gallant men of sun-ny France, No thought of ease For men like these.
2. Rank on rank the swarming foe up - on them set, Their kings in lead To do the deed.
3. Loud the storm like thunder round them fiercely raged, In gi-ant strife They fought for life.
4. Soon remained of all the brave and loy-al band, But one to fall, The last of all.



Fight - ing men with pride in ev - 'ry fearless glance And cour-age high To do or die.  
 Small their troop, their leader old but val - iant yet, To turn the tide In vain he tried.  
 Wild with joy of bat - tle still the fight they waged, Like wall of rock They stood the shock.  
 Fight - ing like a fiend he made his lona - ly stand, But cap - tive fast Be - came at last.



Bright glo - ry was the food they fed on, And neither bread nor shoes had they; A  
 At last, their mournful fate com - plet - ing, He gave the word for drums to sound: Out  
 And 'neath the rain of cease - less shell - ing, There came the bold, un - daunt - ed cry, To  
 He seized his gun with cour - age stead - y, "O friend - ly ri - fle, play your part! To



knap - sack hard to rest the head on, Up - on the cold, bare ground they lay. . .  
 rolled the sig - nal for re - treat - ing, But not a man of them gave ground!  
 all their brave de - vo - tion tell - ing: "We conquer here - or here we die!"  
 join my com - rades I am read - y!" Then sped the bul - let thro' his heart!



Up - on the cold bare ground they lay.  
 But not a man of them gave ground!  
 "We conquer here - or here we die!"  
 Then sped the bul - let thro' his heart!



Hail to the men of Sambre and Meuse! The men who died to make France free. . .



Theirs is a tale that mem-ry stirs, . And tells of im-mor - tal - i - ty! .

## 69. Cantique de Noël

Adolphe Adam

*Andante maestoso*

1. O Ho - ly Night! the stars are bright - ly shin - ing, It is the  
2. Led by the light of faith se - rene - ly beam - ing, With glow - ing

night of the dear Sav - iour's birth. Long lay the world in sin and er - ror  
hearts by His era - die we stand. O'er all the world a star is sweet - ly

pin - ing, Till He ap - peared and the spir - it felt its worth. A thrill of hope the  
gleam - ing, Now come the wise - men from out the o - rient land. Sweet hymns of joy in

wea - ry world re - joic - es, For yon - der breaks a new and glo - rious morn.  
grate - ful cho - rus raise we, With all our hearts we praise His ho - ly name.

Fall on your knees! . . . Oh, hear the an - gel voic - es! O night di - vine, the  
Christ is the Lord! . . . Then ev - er, ev - er praise we, His pow'r and glo - ry

night our Lord was born; O night di - vine, O night, O night di - vine!  
ev - er - more pro - claim! His pow'r and glo - ry ev - er - more pro - claim!

## 70. Palm Branches

English Version by Sidney Rowe  
*Maestoso*

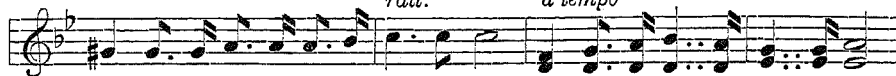
J. Faure



1. O'er all the way are palms and blos - soms gay,      Strewn on this day in fes - tal  
2. Thou, too, re - joice, oh, blest Je - ru - sa - lem!      Let all thy chil - dren sing the



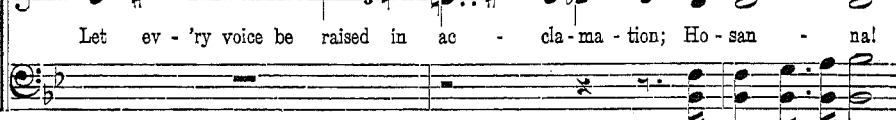
prep - a - ra - tion; Com - eth our Lord to take our grief a - way,  
lib - er - a - tion; By grace di - vine the God of Beth - le - hem  
*rall.*      *a tempo*



Lo! now the throngs approach and hom - age pay. Sing and re - joice! All peo - ple sing!  
Crown - eth our hope with faith, its di - a - dem. Sing and re - joice! All peo - ple sing!



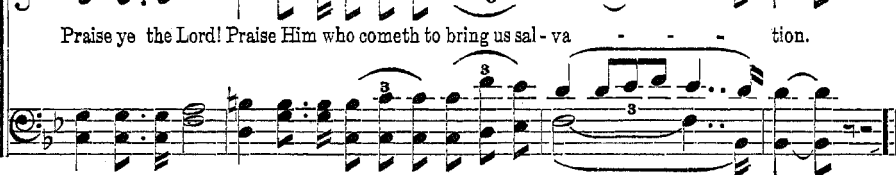
Let ev - 'ry voice be raised in ac - cla - ma - tion; Ho - san - na!



O, sing and re - joice!



Praise ye the Lord! Praise Him who cometh to bring us sal - va - tion.



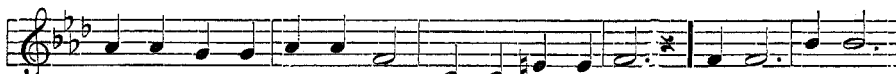
## 71. Go Down, Moses

*Unison*

*Negro Spiritual*



1. When Is - rael was in E - gypt's land, Let my peo - ple go; . . . Op -  
2. No more in bond - age shall they toil, Let my peo - ple go; . . . Let  
3. When they had reached the oth - er shore, Let my peo - ple go; . . . They



pressed so hard they could not stand, Let my peo - ple go. Go down, Mo - ses,  
them come out with E - gypt's spoil, Let my peo - ple go.  
sang a song of tri - umph o'er, Let my peo - ple go.



'Way down in E - gypt's land; Tell ole Pha - raoh Let my peo - ple go . . .

## 72. Gaily the Troubadour

Thomas H. Bayly  
*Lightly*

Thomas H. Bayly

1. Gai - ly the Trou - ba - dour touch'd his gui - tar, When he was  
 2. She for the Trou - ba - dour hope - less - ly wept; Sad - ly she  
 3. Hark! 'twas the Trou - ba - dour breath - ing her name, Un - der the

has - ten - ing home from the war. Sing - ing: "From Pal - es - tine  
 thought of him when oth - ers slept. Sing - ing: "In search of thee  
 bat - tle - ment soft - ly he came; Sing - ing: "From Pal - es - tine

hith - er I come, La - dy love, la - dy love, wel - come me home!"  
 would I might roam, Trou - ba - dour, trou - ba - dour, come to thy home!"  
 hith - er I come, La - dy love, la - dy love, wel - come me home!"

## 73. I Saw Three Kings

Words adapted by Stephen Fay  
*March time. Well marked*

1. I saw three kings up-on the break of day Come rid-ing proud-ly with a train in  
 2. I saw three kings up-on the break of day Come rid-ing fast and straight with men in

brave ar-ray; And as they rode I marked the ar-mor bright That shone like sil-ver in the ear - ly  
 brave ar-ray; And as they came, of court-iers rode a score, With pre-cious of-fer-ings in gold-en

light. And o'er these kings, as they took their way, There beam'd a Star that was bright as the  
 store. And o'er them all, as they took their way, There beam'd a Star that was bright as the

morning; And rid-ing fast from the east-ern way, I saw three kings at the break of day.

# 74. Massa Dear

(From the "New World Symphony")

Frederic Manley  
Andante molto

Antonin Dvorak

1. Mas - sa dear, mas - sa dear, O look down a - while, Winds am still, heav'n am clear,  
2. There's no song from the corn, And the nights are sad; Ban - jo strings dumb and torn  
Day is done, here's the moon, Pal - in' ev - 'ry star; Don't you hear Mam - my's croon

You can hear dis chile. All the homefolks is gone, And I'm lone-some here; Work is o -  
That were once so glad, When some old neigh-bor's tune On the winds was borne; And the clear,  
Sound-in' ev - 'ry whar? There's a bird in the sky, Sweet an' low he sings; Chil-dren's voic-

ver and done, Take me, mas-sa dear; Take me home, for de light Went a-way with you;  
shin-ing moon Made the night the dawn! Take me home, joy and light Went a-way with you;  
es are nigh, How the ban-jo rings! Voic - es all lift a tune, Clear as sum-mer air,

1-2. Call me home from the night, As you used to do, As you used to do, As you used to do.  
Tho' the Lord's above the moon, He can hear your pray'r, He can hear your pray'r, He can hear your pray'r.

# 75. Taps

U. S. Army Bugle Call

Slow

1. Fad - ing light Dims the sight, And a star gems the sky, gleam - ing  
2. Dear one, rest! In the west Sa - ble night lulls the day on her  
3. Love, sweet dreams! Lo, the beams Of the light fai - ry moon kiss the

bright, From a - far draw - ing nigh, Falls the night.  
breast; Sweet, good - night! Now a - way To thy rest.  
streams; Love, good - night! Ah, too soon! Peace - ful dreams!

The theme of this music is a Serbian Folk-Song, employed by Tschaikowski in his Slav March. The text expresses the hope and longing of all oppressed peoples.

## 76. On, O Thou Soul

Frederic Manley  
*f* Moderato

Serbian Folk-Song  
Adapted by P. I. Tschaikowski

1. On, on, O thou soul! Tho' the way be star-less and steep; On-ward still thro'  
2. Rise, rise, O thou soul! Thou hast dwelt too long in the night; Like the sun our

*cres.*

night and tem-pest, Thro' the dread gloom of the deep. Soon o-ver the  
God is ris-ing, All the world glows with the light. Now af-ter long

tem-pest and the dark-ness, Like gold-en ea-gles, Ex-ult-ing  
years of sin and ha-tred, A-ges of sor-row, Man doth a-

in their blue do-min-ion, Sun and star shall rise and sweep.  
rise in joy and beau-ty, Like the sun in love and light.

*ff*

On, on to thy goal, Where the hills in glo-ry sleep, On-ward tow'rds the  
Rise, rise, O thou soul, Thou hast dwelt too long in the night; Like the sun our

por-tals of morn-ing, Up-ward still out of the deep. deep.  
God is ris-ing, All the world glows with the light. light.

This melody originated with the *Burlaks*, a tribe of Russian peasants, who sing it in their work of drawing grain boats up the river Volga. Bands of men walk on the shore in a steady gait, and pull on a rope to which the boat is tied.

## 77. The Volga Boatmen

Text by A. Bode

Russian Melody

*Slowly. pp Very softly. Slightly increasing.*

1. Pull, boys, pull, Pull, boys, pull, Toil on, toil on, Pull, boys, pull.  
2. Pull, boys, pull, Pull, boys, pull, Toil on, toil on, Pull, boys, pull.

*Still moderately soft, but with firmness. gradually louder.*

Heav'n has pit-y for the poor man's need; Soon the end shall come to crown our deed.  
Trust in our Al-might-y Fa-ther's care, He can make the hard-est la-bor fair;  
*strongly and sonorously. slightly diminishing.*

Pull, broth-ers, pull, Pull on, . pull. Pull, broth-ers, pull, Pull on, . pull,  
Pray, broth-ers, pray, Pray on, . pray. Pray, broth-ers, pray, Pray on, . pray,  
*constantly softer to the end. ppp*

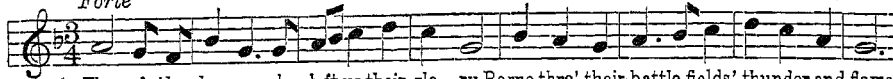
Pull, boys, pull, Pull, boys, pull, Far on winds the shore, Pull on ev-er-more. . . .  
Pull, boys, pull, Pull, boys, pull, Hold out till we sight Heav'n's e-ter-nal Light. . . .

## 78. Union and Liberty

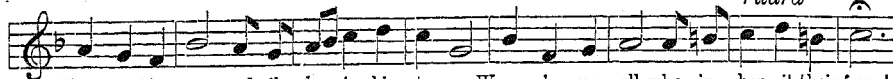
*Oliver Wendell Holmes*

*Frederick A. Stock*

*Forte*

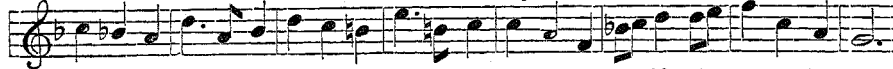


1. Flag of the he-roes who left us their glo - ry, Borne thro' their battle fields' thunder and flame,
2. Em-pire un-sceptered! what foe shall as-sail thee, Bear-ing the stan-dard of Lib - er - ty's van?
3. Yet if by mad-ness and treach-ery blighted, Dawns the dark hour when our sword thou must draw,

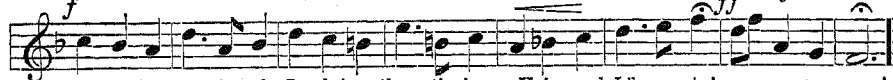


Bla-zoned in song and il - lu-mined in sto-ry, Wave o'er us all who in - her - it their fame!  
Think not the God of thy fa - thers shall fail thee, Striving with men for the birthright of man!  
Then with the arms of thy mil-lions u - nit - ed, Smite the bold trai-tors to freedom and law!

REFRAIN



Up with our banner bright, Sprinkled with starry light; Spread its fair emblem from mountain to shore;



While thro' the sounding sky Loud rings the nation's cry: Union and Lib - er - ty! one ev - er - more!  
Published separately for mixed or unchanged voices and piano accompaniment.

This is a representative type of early Folk-song. It is very ancient and originated in Wales where it was sometimes known as "Poor Mary Ann."

## 79. All Through the Night

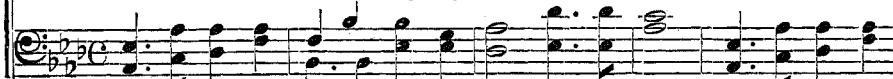
*Old Welsh*

*David Owen*

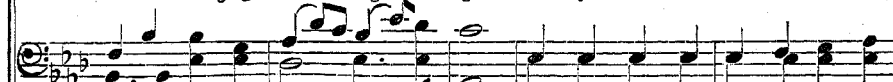
*Quietly. mp*



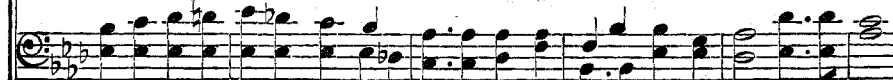
1. Sleep, my child, and peace at - tend thee All through the night; Guard - ian an - gels
2. While the moon her watch is keep - ing All through the night; While the wea - ry
3. Hark! a sol - emn bell is ring - ing Clear through the night; Thou, my love, art



God will send thee, All - through the night. Soft the drow - sy hours are creep - ing,  
world is sleep - ing All through the night, O'er thy spir - it gen - tly steal - ing,  
heav'nward winging Home through the night. Earth - ly dust from off thee shak - en,



Hill and vale in slum - ber steep - ing, I my lov - ing vig - il keep - ing All through the night.  
Vi - sions of de - light re - veal - ing, Breathes a pure and ho - ly feel - ing, All through the night.  
By good an - gels art thou tak - en, Soul im - mor - tal shalt thou waken Home through the night.



Many consider this the greatest song of the Belgian people. The words express not only the indomitable spirit of Belgium, but one of the great purposes that animate America and her Allies in this War. The "Cry of Little Peoples" has not been uttered in vain. On Aug. 17, 1914, while the Belgian troops were assembling in the Square at Mechlin, Josef Denyn, the famous Carillonneur, mounted the 360 steps of the Cathedral tower and played this tune, among others, on the carillon for what proved to be the last time, as the 45 bells were subsequently used by the Germans for cannon metal.

## 80. The Flemish Lion

H. Van Peene

K. Miry

1. They nev - er will sub - due him, the Flem-ish Li - on proud. Think they by sav - age  
 2. The cry of lit - tle peo - ples shall rise to pierce the sky, And God shall keep our  
 3. Then hail the Flan-ders Li - on! let cov - ert foe be - ware! For thrones are not un-

on - slaught, to find his spir - it cowed? No, nev - er will they crush him so  
 na - tion, and ruth - less might shall die. Too long has slav - ish ter - ror kept  
 shak - en - a na - tion proud and fair Shall is - sue forth in splen - dor, sur-

long as Right is Right, So long as Flem-ish hon - or Un-stained shall flourish bright!  
 down the souls of men; Thus spake the Flem-ish Li - on When beard-ed in his den!  
 viv - ing pain and loss; For Flan-ders lives for - ev - er And tri-umphs on the cross!

No, nev - er will they crush him so long as Right is Right, So long as Flem-ish hon - or Un-  
 Too long has slav-ish ter - ror kept down the souls of men; Thus spake the Flemish Li - on When  
 Shall is - sue forth in splen - dor, sur - viv-ing pain and loss; For Flan-ders lives for - ev - er And

stained shall flour-ish bright! So long as Flem-ish hon - or Un-stained shall flourish bright!  
 beard-ed in his den, Thus spake the Flemish Li - on When beard-ed in his den.  
 tri-umphs on the cross! For Bel-gium lives for-ev - er And tri-umphs on the cross!



## 81. Our Boys Will Shine To-night

(Sing this when Our Boys come marching home)

Our boys will shine to-night, Our boys will shine; They'll shine in beau - ty bright  
All down the line; They're all dressed up to - night, Don't they look  
fine! When the sun goes down and the moon comes up, Our boys will shine!

## 82. Red, White and Blue

Stephen Fay

Arthur Bergh

Red, White and Blue! The Col - ors for me and for you. . On land or sea, where  
(Football Words) Down, roll them down! The short and tall, Roll them all down! If you should meet your  
men go . . free, They love our ban - ner true. . Red, White and Blue! There's a message in  
friends on the street, Just say you saw us in town. Down, roll them down! Don't be po - lite,  
ev - 'ry hue: They call us to fight For Freedom and Right With the Red and White and Blue!  
Roll them right down, Don't mind what we say, It's on - ly our way, But still we'll roll them all down!

## 83. Reuben and Rachel

This may be sung as a canon by dividing the chorus into two sections. The first section, (women's voices,) begins; when they have sung the first measure the second section, (men's voices,) begins and continues one measure behind the others, using the second line of text.

1. Reu - ben, Reu - ben, I've been think - ing What a queer world this would be,  
2. Ra - chel, Ra - chel, I've been think - ing What a queer world this would be,  
If the men were all trans - port - ed Far be - yond the North - ern Sea!  
If the girls were all trans - port - ed Far be - yond the North - ern Sea!

### 84. SAILING

Y'heave ho! my lads, the wind blows free,  
A pleasant gale is on our lee:  
And soon across the ocean clear  
Our gallant bark shall bravely steer.  
But ere we part from Freedom's shores to -  
night,  
A song we'll sing for home and beauty  
bright.  
Then here's to the sailor, and here's to the  
soldier too,  
Hearts will beat for him upon the waters  
blue.

#### CHORUS:

Sailing, sailing over the bounding main,  
For many a stormy wind shall blow ere  
they come home again!  
Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main:  
For many a stormy wind shall blow ere  
they come home again.

### 85. THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL

Nights are growing very lonely,  
Days are very long;  
I'm a-growing weary only  
List'ning for your song.  
Old remembrances are thronging  
Through my memory  
Till it seems the world is full of dreams  
Just to call you back to me.

There's a long, long trail a-winding  
Into the land of my dreams,  
Where the nightingales are singing  
And the white moon beams:  
There's a long, long night of waiting  
Until my dreams all come true,  
Till the day when I'll be going down  
That long, long trail with you.

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### 86. LONG, LONG AGO

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,  
Long, long ago, long, long ago;  
Sing me the songs I delighted to hear,  
Long, long ago, long ago;  
Now you are come, all my grief is removed,  
Let me forget that so long you have roved,  
Let me believe that you love as you loved,  
Long, long ago, long ago.

### 87. IN THE GLOAMING

In the gloaming, O my darling!  
When the lights are dim and low,  
And the quiet shadows falling,  
Softly come and softly go.  
When the winds are sobbing faintly,  
With a gentle, unknown woe,  
Will you think of me and love me,  
As you did once long ago?

### 88. DEAR EVELINA

'Way down in the meadow  
Where the lily first blows,  
Where the wind from the mountains  
Ne'er ruffles the rose,  
Lives fond Evelina, the sweet little dove,  
The pride of the valley,  
The girl that I love.

#### CHORUS:

Dear Evelina, sweet Evelina,  
My love for thee shall never, never die.

### 89. LOCH LOMOND

By yon bonnie banks, and by yon bonnie  
braes,  
Where the sun shines bright on Loch  
Lomon',  
Where me and my true love were ever  
wont to gae,  
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch  
Lomon',  
Oh! ye'll tak' the high road and I'll tak'  
the low road,  
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,  
But me and my true love will never meet  
again  
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch  
Lomon'.

### 90. DARLING NELLY GRAY

There's a low green valley on the old Ken-  
tucky shore,  
There I've whiled many happy hours  
away,  
A-sitting and a-singing by the little cot-  
tage door,  
Where lived my darling Nelly Gray.

#### CHORUS:

Oh! my darling Nelly Gray, they have tak-  
en you away,  
And I'll never see my darling any more;  
I'm sitting by the river and I'm weeping  
all the day,  
For you've gone from the old Kentucky  
shore.

### 91. THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

How dear to this heart are the scenes of  
my childhood,  
When fond recollection presents them to  
view,  
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tan-  
gled wildwood,  
And ev'ry lov'd spot which my infancy  
knew.

The wide spreading stream, the mill that  
stood by it,  
The bridge and the rock where the cata-  
ract fell;  
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh  
it,  
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the  
well.

#### CHORUS:

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound  
bucket,  
The moss-cover'd bucket that hung in the  
well.

### 92. SWEET GENEVIEVE

O Genevieve, I'll cross the world  
To live again the lovely past.  
The Rose of Love is dew-impearl'd  
And so it shall be to the last.  
I see thy face in every dream,  
My waking thoughts are full of thee;  
Thy glance is in the starry beam  
That falls along the summer sea.

#### CHORUS:

O Genevieve, sweet Genevieve,  
Tho' mem'ry brings her dearest pain,  
We'll never let our fond hearts grieve—  
Those blissful days will come again.

### 93. CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

Carry me back to old Virginny,  
There's where the cotton and the corn  
and tatoes grow;  
There's where the birds warble sweet in  
the springtime,  
There's where the old darkey's heart has  
long'd to go.  
There's where I labored so hard for old  
Massa  
Day after day in the fields of yellow  
No place on earth do I love more sin-  
cerely  
Than old Virginny, the State where I  
[corn.  
[was born.]

#### CHORUS: (Repeat first four lines.)

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### 94. LAST NIGHT

Last night the nightingale woke me,  
Last night when all was still,  
It sang in the golden moonlight,  
From out the woodland hill.  
I opened my window so gently;  
I looked on the dreaming dew,  
And oh! the bird, my darling,  
Was singing, singing of you, of you.

I think of you in the daytime,  
I dream of you by night,  
I wake and I would you were here, love,  
And tears are blinding my sight.  
I hear a low breath in the lime trees;  
A wind is floating through,  
And oh! the night, my darling,  
Is sighing, sighing of you, of you.

### 95. A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE

A life on the ocean wave!  
A home on the rolling deep!  
Where the scatter'd waters rave,  
And the winds their revels keep.  
Like an eagle caged I pine  
On this dull, unchanging shore,  
Oh, give me the fashing brine,  
The spray and the tempest's roar!

# Lorraine March

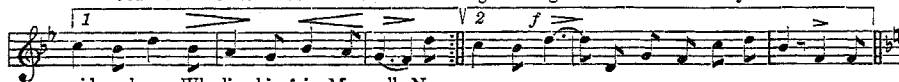
Tr. by Cordelia Brooks Fenno

Louis Ganne

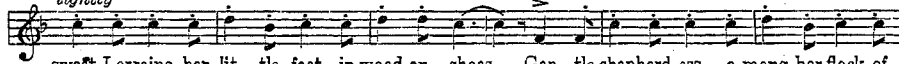
*mf* In march time



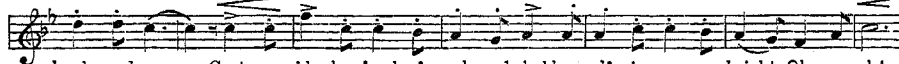
1. Oh, hap-py sons of bright Lor-raine, Sing the strain Once a-gain, The tale of the won-der-ful sing un-til the ech-oes thrill Vale and hill, Ring-ing still In tell-ing the sto-ry our
- 2.' Twas thus our sol-diers fought the fight, Brought the light After night, And thus was re-kin-dled the thus our men with heart and hand Made their stand, Gallant band! All singing the praise of the
3. Lor-raine, no foe shall thee de-spoil, Sa-cred soil! Hallowed soil! In man-y a bat-tle the Joan we'll die for fair Lorraine! Once a-gain Sing the strain! Still led by the sword of the



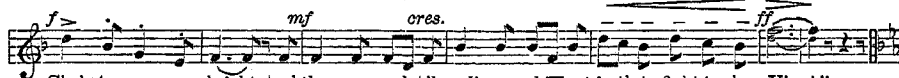
maid-en brave, Who lived in fair Mo-selle. Now  
(Omit) spark of hope In our sweet land of France. And  
(Omit) foe has learned that still we fight for thee! Like  
(Omit) shepherd maid In bright ar-mor arrayed. "Joan of  
shepherd maid In bright ar-mor arrayed. "Joan of



sweet Lorraine, her lit-tle feet in wood-en shoes, Gen-tle shepherd-ess a-mong her flock of



lambs and ewes, Cast a-side her flock of wool, and clad her-self in ar-mor bright, Oh, -o-oh!

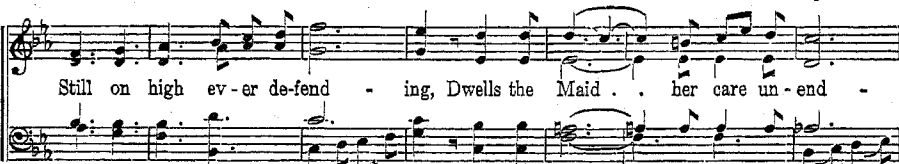


Clad in ar-mor bright, And thus arrayed, All undismayed, Went forth to fight for her King!"



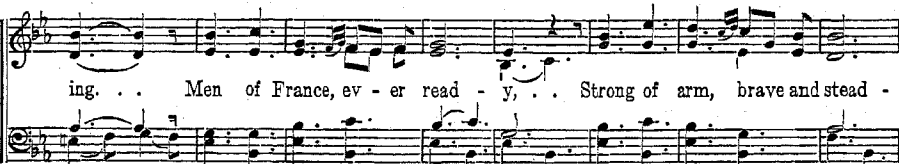
Proud are we, sons of Lor-raine . . . From the hill or the plain;

Proud the sons of fair Lor-raine From the field or from the plain;



Still on high ev-er de-fend-ing, Dwells the Maid . . her care un-end-

Still on high de-fend-ing, her care un-



ing. . . Men of France, ev-er read-y, . . Strong of arm, brave and stead-

end-ing. Men of France are ev-er read-y, Strong of arm and ev-er



y, Tho' the foe come by mil-lions, Thy sons will nev-er yield, O fair Lor-raine!

stead-y,

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