THE
CHORUS BOOK
FOR BOYS

A Selection of
FAVORITE COMPOSITIONS
Compiled and Arranged or Composed
By
ELLA M. PROBST
and
J. VICTOR BERGQUIST

With Foreword by
T. P. GIDDINGS

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Printed in the U. S. A.
To the Boys' Glee Club of Longfellow School, Minneapolis,
whose interest in music and joy in singing
encouraged the preparation of this work,
this Chorus Book for Boys
is affectionately
dedicated.
FOREWORD

This book is especially designed for boys. Boys are capable of doing beautiful concerted singing during the adolescent period. The number of boys' classes in junior high schools, and the popularity of boys' glee clubs in the seventh, eighth and ninth grades, have created a demand for music to fit the boy voice at this age.

The safe and easy compass of the boy voice in these grades is very limited and the music in this book has been especially arranged with this fact in mind.

Boys' voices in these grades fall into six divisions;—first and second sopranos, first and second altos, first and second basses. Very rarely will there be found a tenor, as this voice usually develops later.

Very few first and comparatively few second sopranos will be found, for the voices of nearly all the boys have begun to change, and this means that only the middle and lower parts of the voices should be used, no matter how big and brilliant the upper tones may be.

All the selections in this book are arranged for four parts: first and second tenor, first and second bass. (It is understood that the usual tenor notation indicates tones an octave below the written notes; whereas the notes here given for the first and second tenors are to be sung at the actual pitch as written.) The first tenor ranges from e to c \(\begin{bmatrix} 4 \\ 3 \\ 2 \\ 1 \end{bmatrix} \); the second tenor, from b♭ to a#: \(\begin{bmatrix} 4 \\ 3 \\ 2 \\ 1 \end{bmatrix} \); the first bass, from e to d \(\begin{bmatrix} 4 \\ 3 \\ 2 \\ 1 \end{bmatrix} \) and the second bass, from b♭ to b#: \(\begin{bmatrix} 4 \\ 3 \\ 2 \\ 1 \end{bmatrix} \).

This is the general range, but occasionally there are a very few notes a degree or two beyond these. The best tones of the boys' voices will be found to lie in this limited compass if the voices, tested as above, are assigned to the different parts as follows:

The first and second sopranos and part of the first altos will sing the first tenor part; the lower first altos and the second altos that have good higher tones will sing the second tenor part; the occasional rare tenors,
a few of the basses with a high range and those of the second altos that have a lower range will sing the first bass part; the rest of the basses will sing the second bass part. Every boy should be told that when the part to which he is assigned goes beyond his easy range he is to leave out those particular tones and let the others sing them, as his voice is of more importance than the music. Very few notes will have to be omitted by any of the boys if their voices are tested and the parts assigned as directed.

Particular attention has been given to arranging the selections so that the melody appears in different parts. This makes the music more interesting and gives a pleasing variety to the work. In all cases where the melody is in any part but the first tenor, it is plainly marked. This melody should always be brought out clearly. To do this without straining any of the voices, certain voices should be selected to follow the melody in an adjoining part when necessary. This will make the part stand out by having more voices sing it, and will give a far more musical effect than to have the voices on the leading part sing more loudly. Loud singing is apt to destroy the beauty of tone. It must be kept in mind that the power of the pleasing tone of the voices at this age is very limited, that the changed voices are more capable of singing loudly and still sounding well than are the unchanged voices, and that the numbers of singers on each part should be in proportion.

Most groups of boys will be able to sing the selections in the key given, but occasionally the piece will sound better in a key a step higher or lower. As nearly all the selections have been arranged to sound well without accompaniment, this transposition will present no difficulties.

This book contains a great variety of material and every selection has proved very popular with the boys' clubs and with the public in Minneapolis. It is a distinct contribution to an almost unoccupied field, and I recommend it to those supervisors who are looking for material for boys' glee clubs and choruses.

T. P. GIDDINGS,
Supervisor of Music,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.
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THE
CHORUS BOOK
FOR BOYS
America, the Beautiful

Katherine Lee Bates

Samuel A. Ward
(Arranged by E.M.P.)

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thee, And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shining sea.

fine Till all success be nobleness, And every gain divine.

thee, And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shining sea.

fine Till all success be nobleness, And every gain divine.

3. O beautiful for patriots' dream
   That sees beyond the years,
   Thine alabaster cities gleam,
   Undimmed by human tears.
   America! America!
   God shed His grace on thee,
   And crown thy good with brotherhood
   From sea to shining sea!

When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again

Words and music by
Louis Lambert
(Arranged by E.M.F.)

Gaily

1. Hur-rah! Hur-rah!
2. Hur-rah! Hur-rah!

1. When Johnny comes marching home again, Hur-rah! Hur-rah!
2. The old church bell will peal with joy, Hur-rah! Hur-rah!

The The

rah! We'll give him a hearty welcome, Hur-rah! Hur-rah!
rah! To welcome home our darling boy, Hur-rah! Hur-rah!

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men will cheer, and the boys will shout, The ladies they will all turn out,
village lads and lassies gay, With roses they will strew the way,

Refrain

1-3. And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home!

3. Get ready for the Jubilee, Hurrah! Hurrah! We'll give the hero three times three, Hurrah! Hurrah!
The laurel wreath is ready now To place upon his loyal brow And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

There Were Three Crows
(Tune: "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again")

1. ll: There were three crows sat on a tree, O Billy McGee, McGaw, ill There were three crows sat on a tree, And they were black as crows could be, Refrain: And they all flapped their wings and cried: (Spoken: Caw! Caw! Caw!) Billy McGee, McGaw.

2. ll: Said one old crow unto his mate, O Billy McGee, McGaw, ill Said one old crow unto his mate, "What shall we do for grub to ate?" Refrain

3. ll: There lies a horse on yonder plain, O Billy McGee, McGaw, ill There lies a horse on yonder plain, Who's by some cruel butcher slain. Refrain

4. ll: We'll perch upon his bare backbone, O Billy McGee, McGaw, ill We'll perch upon his bare backbone, And pick his eyes out, one by one. Refrain
Comrades, Good-night

J.E. Rankin, D.D., L.L.D.

J. F. Reichardt
(Arranged by E. M. P.)

1. Comrades, good-night! Comrades, good-night! Noise-less the years past
2. Ros-es of May on you shall fall; Each year shall bring the

1. Comrades, good-night! Comrades, good-night! Noise-less the years past
2. Ros-es of May on you shall fall; Each year shall bring the

take their flight; In slumbers blest, on earth's kind breast, Sweet be your rest.
rob-in's call; A-bove each grave of he-ro brave A flag shall wave.

take their flight; In slumbers blest, on earth's kind breast, Sweet be your rest.
rob-in's call; A-bove each grave of he-ro brave A flag shall wave.

No foes a-round the hallowed ground; God's angels keep your last, long sleep.
A comrade's tread shall bless each bed; God's angels keep your last, long sleep.

3. Comrades, good-night! We write each name
   High on the scroll of earthly fame:
   In clusters there, forever fair,
   Give each his share.
   Absolve the debt, nor we'll forget:
   God's angels keep your last, long sleep.

4. Comrades, 'tis dawn! The night is gone!
   Graced with new stars, our flag floats on,
   Unchallenged flies in all earth's skies,
   All wrong defies,
   Your blood's indeed Truth's martyr seed!
   God's angels keep your last, long sleep.
Our Boys Will Shine To-night

(Arranged by E.M.P.)

1. Our boys will shine to-night, Our boys will shine, They'll shine in beauty bright, All down the line. They're all dressed up to-night, Don't they look fighters back, Home from the fray. Give them the best there is In U. S.

2. Cheer for our heroes all, Sing and be gay, Welcome the

beauty bright, All down the line. They're all dressed up to-night, Don't they look fighters back, Home from the fray. Give them the best there is In U. S.

fine! When the sun goes down and the moon comes up Our boys will shine. A., Give fifteen big ones for the brave: Hip, hip, hooray!

A., Give fifteen big ones for the brave: Hip, hip, hooray!

Tenting To-night

Walter Kittredge

Tempo di marcia

1. We're tenting to-night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to

Give us a song to

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Cheer

Our weary hearts, a song of home And friends we love so dear.

Chorus

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night Wishing for the war to cease; Many are the hearts looking for the right, To see the dawn of peace.

Tenting to-night, Tenting to-night, Tenting on the old camp ground.
2. We've been tenting to-night on the old camp ground
   Thinking of days gone by,
   Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand,
   And the tears that said good-bye.

Chorus. Many are the ---
   Tenting to-night, tening to-night, tenting on the old camp ground.

3. We're tired of war on the old camp ground,
   Many are dead and gone
   Of the brave and true who've left their homes,
   Others been wounded long.

Chorus. Many are the ---
   Tenting to-night, tening to-night, tenting on the old camp ground.

4. We've been fighting to-day on the old camp ground,
   Many are lying near,
   Some are dead and some are dying—
   Many are in tears.

Chorus. Many are the ---
   Dying to-night, dying to-night, dying on the old camp ground.

---

Friendship

Allen Batsford.

W. E. Haesche

(Arranged by E. M. P.)

1. O sweet'er than the hon-ey well, Deep in the sweet-est
2. And he who wears it sa-cred-ly, Be swarted as the

Melody

1. O sweet'er than the hon-ey well, Deep in the sweet-est
2. And he who wears it sa-cred-ly, Be swarted as the
flow's of June, And all sweet things that tongue can tell On
raft ers are That cov er him; e ter ni ty Can

flow's of June, And all sweet things that tongue can tell On
raft ers are That cov er him; e ter ni ty Can

clo ver-scent ed af ter-noon is friend-ship that has
find few jew els half so rare; And God will find for
clo ver-scent ed af ter-noon is friend-ship that has
find few jew els half so rare; And God will find for

lived for years, Thro' for tun e, fail ure, and thro' tears, Is
such a friend Some sweet er slum ber in the end, And

lived for years, Thro' for tun e, fail ure, and thro' tears, Is
such a friend Some sweet er slum ber in the end, And

friend-ship that has lived for years, Thro' for tun e, fail ure, and thro' tears.
God will find for such a friend Some sweet er slum ber in the end.

friend-ship that has lived for years, Thro' for tun e, fail ure, and thro' tears.
God will find for such a friend Some sweet er slum ber in the end.
We Meet Again To-night, Boys

Con anima

1. We meet a-again to-night, boys, with mirth and song;
2. Where hand to hand its greet-ing so kindly gives,

Let mel-o-dy flow, wherever we go,
Let mel-o-dy flow, wherever we go,

We dwell in friend-ship, ev-er so
Where hope is nev-er dy-ing, and

true and strong, And sor row nev-er know.
friend-ship lives, True hearts will ev-er know.

1-2. We'll

true and strong, And sor row nev-er know.
friend-ship lives, True hearts will ev-er know.

Melody
1-2. We'll
laugh and sing, and merry be, and merry be tonight, my boys, we'll

laugh and sing, and merry be tonight, with

laugh and sing, and merry be, and merry be tonight; We'll

never a sorrow near, boys, never a falling tear; We'll

laugh and sing, and merry be, and merry be tonight, my boys, and

laugh and sing, and merry be tonight, with

merry be, and merry be, and merry be.

never a sorrow near, boys, merry be.

f after second stanza

Welcome the time, my boys, we meet again.

f after second stanza

Welcome the time, my boys, we meet again.
Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes

Ben Jonson
(1573-1637)

Rather slowly

Or leave a kiss within the cup, And I'll not ask for wine;
As giving it a hope that there it could not with-er'd be.

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

But might I of Jove's nectar sup, I would not change for thine.
Since when it grows and smells, I swear, Not of it-self, but thee.
Love's Old, Sweet Song

G. Clifton Phipham

J. L. Molley
(Arranged by E. M. P.)

1. Once in the dear, dead days beyond recall, When on the world the mists began to fall,
   Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng,
   Dwell for evermore; Footsteps may falter, weary grow the way.

2. Even today we hear love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it mists began to fall,
   Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng,
   Dwell for evermore; Footsteps may falter, weary grow the way.

Low to our hearts Love sang an old, sweet song;
   And in the dusk where still we can hear it at the close of day;
   So to the end, when fell the fire-light gleam,
   Softly it wove itself into our dream, our dream.

   Life's dim shadows fall, Love will be found the sweetest song of all, of all.

   Life's dim shadows fall, Love will be found the sweetest song of all, of all.
Chorus
Molto moderato

TENOR II

1-2. Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,

TENOR I

1-2. Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,

And the flick'ring shadows softly come and go,

And the evening shadows softly come and go,

Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long,

Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long,

Still to us at twilight comes Love's old song, comes Love's old, sweet song.

Still to us at twilight comes Love's old song, comes Love's old, sweet song.
Stars of the Summer Night

I. B. Woodbury

(Arranged by E. M. P)

1. Stars of the summer night, Far in yon azure deeps, Hide, hide your
2. Moon of the summer night, Far down yon western steep, Sink, sink in

1. Stars of the summer night, Far in yon azure deeps, Hide, hide your
2. Moon of the summer night, Far down yon western steep, Sink, sink in

golden light: She sleeps, my lady sleeps, she sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps.
silver light: She sleeps, my lady sleeps, she sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps.

3. Dreams of the summer night,
Tell her her lover keeps
Watch, while in slumbers light
She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

Old Black Joe

Stephen C. Foster

(Arranged by J. V. B.)

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay;
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay;
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
Gone are my friends from the cotton-fields away; Gone from the earth to a better land, I know, I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!" I parted long a-go? I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!" I'm coming, I'm coming, For my head is bending low; I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

3. Where are the hearts once so happy and so free? The children so dear that I held upon my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go, I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

Refrain
Old Folks at Home

Andante espressivo

Stephen C. Foster
(Arranged by J.V.B.)

1. Way down up-on de Swanee Rib-ber, Far, far a-way,
2. All round de lit-tle farm I wandered When I was young,

1. Way down up-on the Swanee Rib-ber, Far, far a-way,
2. All round de lit-tle farm I wandered When I was young,

Dere's wha my heart is turn-ing eb-ber, Dere's wha de old folks stay.
Den man-y hap-py days I squan-dered, Man-y de songs I sung.

Dere's wha my heart is turn-ing eb-ber, Dere's wha de old folks stay.
Den man-y hap-py days I squan-dered, Man-y de songs I sung.

All up and down de whole cre-a-tion Sad-ly I roam;
When I was play-ing wid my brudder, Hap-py was I;

All up and down de whole cre-a-tion Sad-ly I roam;
When I was play-ing wid my brudder, Hap-py was I;

Still long-ing for the old planta-tion, And for the old folks at home.
Oh! take me to my kind old mudder, Dere let me live an' die.

Still long-ing for the old planta-tion, And for the old folks at home.
Oh! take me to my kind old mudder, Dere let me live an' die.
Chorus

1-3. All de world am sad and dreary, Eb-ry-where I roam;

Oh! dark-ies, how my heart grows weary, Far from de old folks at home.

3. One little hut among de bushes,
   One dat I love,
   Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
   No matter whar I rove.
   When will I see de bees a-humming
   All round de comb?
   When will I hear de banjo hummin'
   Down in my good old home?

Chorus

Juanita

Mrs. Caroline Norton

Spanish Melody
(Arranged by E.M.P.)

1. Soft o'er the fountain
   Ling'ring falls the southern moon; Far o'er the

2. When in thy dreaming
   Moons like these shall shine again, And day-light

1. Soft o'er the fountain
   Ling'ring falls the southern moon; Far o'er the

2. When in thy dreaming
   Moons like these shall shine again, And day-light
mountain, Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eyes' splendor,
beaming Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, relent-ing,

Where the warm light loves to dwell, Wear-y looks, yet tender,
For thy absent lover sigh? In thy heart consent-ing

Speak their fond farewell. Ni- ta! Jua- ni-ta! Ask thy soul if
To a prayer gone by? Ni- ta! Jua- ni-ta! Let me linger

we should part, Ni- ta! Jua- ni-ta! Lean thou on my heart.
by thy side, Ni- ta! Jua- ni-ta! Be my own fair bride!

20680
Good-Night, Ladies

Sostenuto

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

Allegro

1. la-dies! We're going to leave you now! 1-3. Mer-ri-ly we roll a-long
la-dies! We're going to leave you now!
la-dies! We're going to leave you now!

2. la-dies! We're going to leave you now! 1-3. Mer-ri-ly we
la-dies! We're going to leave you now!
la-dies! We're going to leave you now!

3. roll a-long, roll a-long, Mer-ri-ly we roll a-long o'er the dark blue sea.

roll a-long, mer-ri-ly o'er the dark blue sea.
All Through the Night

Old Welsh

Quietly

Sleep, my child, and peace attend thee
While the moon her watch is keeping

All thro' the night, Guardian angels
All thro' the night, While the weary

God will send thee
world is sleeping

All thro' the night, Soft the drowsy
All thro' the night, O'er thy spir-it

Soft the drowsy
O'er thy spir-it

Hill and vale in slumber steeping,
I am loving vi-gil keeping

Visions of de-light re-vealing, Breathes a pure and ho-ly feeling

Hill and vale in slumber steeping, I am loving vi-gil keeping All thro' the night.
Visions of de-light re-vealing, Breathes a pure and ho-ly feeling All thro' the night.

3. Hush! a solemn bell is ringing
Clear through the night,
Thou, my love, art hear'nward winging
Home through the night.
Earthly dust from off thee shaken,
By good angels art thou taken:
Soul immortal shalt thou waken
Home through the night.
Sweet Genevieve
Geo. Cooper

Henry Tucker
(Arranged by E.M.P)

1. O Gen-evie, I'd give the world To live a-gain the lovely past, The
2. Fair Gen-evie, my ear-ly love, The years but make thee dearer far, My
rose of youth is dew-im-pearled, But now it with-ers in the blast. I
heart shall nev-er, nev-er rove, Thou art my on-ly guiding-star. For
see thy face in ev-ry dream, My wak-ing thoughts are full of thee, Thy
me the past has no re-gret, What-e'er the years may bring to me, I
glance is in the star-ry beam, That falls a-long the summer sea.
bless the hour when first we met, The hour that gave me love and thee.

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30680
Believe Me,
If All Those Endearing Young Charms

Thomas Moore

Irish Air: "My Lodging is in the Cold Ground"
(Arranged by E.M.P.)

Andantino

1. Believe me, if all those endear-ing young charms, Which I
2. It is not while beau-ty and youth are thine own, And thy

1. Believe me, if all those endear-ing young charms, Which I
2. It is not while beau-ty and youth are thine own, And thy
gaze on so fondly today, Were to change by to-mor-row and 
cheeks un-pro-faned by a tear, That the fer-vor and faith of a

flees in my arms, Like fair-y gifts, fade-ing a-way. Thou wouldst 
soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more dear. No, the

still be adored as this moment thou art, Let thy loveli-ness fade as it will; And a 
heart that hastru-ly loved nev-er forgets, But as tru-ly loves on to the close; As the

round the dearru-in each wish of my heart Would en-twine it-self ar-dent-ly 
sun-flowerturn on her god as he sets The same look which she turned when he still, 
rose.
When You and I Were Young, Maggie

Geo. W. Johnson

J. A. Butterfield

(Arranged by E.M.P.)

Melody

1. I wandered away o'er the hills, Maggie, To watch the scene be-
2. They say I am feeble with age, Maggie, My steps are less sprightly than

low, The creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie, As we used to, long a-
then, My face is a well-written page, Maggie, But time a-lone was the

low, The creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie, As we used to, long a-
then, My face is a well-written page, Maggie, But time a-lone was the

Melody

go. The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie, Where first the dais-
pen. They say we are aged and gray, Maggie, As spray by the whitebreakers

go. The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie, Where first the dais-
pen. They say we are aged and gray, Maggie, As spray by the whitebreakers

sprung, The creaking old mill is still, Maggie, Since you and I were young.
flung, But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie, When you and I were young.

sprung, The creaking old mill is still, Maggie, Since you and I were young.
flung, But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie, When you and I were young.
Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

Negro Melody
(Arranged by E.M.P.)

1. I looked o- ver Jor- dan and what did I see?
2. If you get there be- fore I do,
3. I'm some- times up an' some- times down,

1. A band of an- gels
2. Jes' tell my friends that
3. But still my soul feels

1-3. Com-in' for to car- ry me home,

1-3. Com-in' for to car- ry me home,
Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground

Stephen C. Foster
(Arranged by E.M.P.)

1. Round de meadow am a-ring-ing De dark-ies mourn-ful song,
2. When de au-tumn leaves were fall-ing, When de days were cold, 'Twas

While de mock-ing-birds am sing-ing, Happy as de day am long,

hard to hear old mas-sa call-ing, 'Cayse he was so weak an' old.

Where de i-vy am a-creep-ing o'er de grass-y mound,
Now de or-a-nge trees are bloom-ing on de sand-y shore,
Dere old massa am asleep, Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.
Now de summer days are coming, Mas-sa nee-ber calls no more.

Dere old massa am asleep, Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.
Now de summer days are coming, Mas-sa nee-ber calls no more.

Chorus

1-3. Down in de corn-field Hear dat mournful sound;

All de dark-ies am a-weeping, Mas-sa's in de cold, cold ground.

3. Massa make de darkies love him,
’Cayse he was so kind,
Now they sadly weep above him,
Mournin’ cayse he leave dem behind.
I cannot work before to-morrow
Cayse de teardrops flow,
I try to drive away my sorrow,
Pickin’ on de old banjo.

Chorus
My Old Kentucky Home

Rather slow

Stephen C. Foster
(Arranged by J.V.B.)

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis

2. They hunt no more for the 'pos-sum and the coon On the

sum-mer, the dark - ies are gay; The corn-top's ripe and the
mead-ow, the hill and the shore, They sing no more by the

mead-ow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the day;
glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in door;
The young-folks roll on the little cabin floor, All
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart, With

merry, all happy and bright; By'm by hard times comes a
sorrow where all was delight; The time has come when the

knocking at the door, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!
dark-ies have to part, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!
We will sing one song for the

Chorus

1-3. Weep no more, my lady, O weep no more to-day!

1-3. Weep no more, my lady, O weep no more to-day!

old Kentucky home, For the old Kentucky home, far away.

3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend,
   Wherever the darky may go;
   A few more days, and the trouble all will end
   In the field where the sugar-canies grow;
   A few more days to tote the weary load,
   No matter, 'twill never be light;
   A few more days till we totter on the road;
   Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

Chorus
The Campbells Are Coming

Scotch
(Arranged by E.M.P)

1-3. The Camp-bells are com-ing, O - ho! o - ho! The

Nasal tone in imitation of bagpipes.
Can be produced by holding nose while singing.

Camp-bells are com-ing, O - ho! o - ho! The Camp-bells are com-ing to

bon-nie Loch Lo-mond, The Camp-bells are com-ing, O - ho! o - ho!

1. The great Ar-gyle he goes be-fore, He makes the guns and
2. With bon-nie blue, and Sco-tia's pride, And broad clay-more hung
3. Hark, hark! the pi-broch sound I hear, Now, bon-nie las-sie,
canzons roar; With sound of trumpet, pipe and drum, And
at their side, With plumes all nodding in the wind. They
din-na fear: 'Tis honour calls, I must away. Ar-

ban-ners wav-ing in the sun.
have not left a man be-hind. The Camp-bells are com-ing, O-
gyle's the word, and ours the day!

ho! o-ho! The Camp-bells are com-ing, O-ho! o-ho! The

D.S. at Fine

Camp-bells are com-ing to bonnie Loch Lo-mond, The Camp-bells are com-ing, O-ho! o-ho! The
Levee Song

American Melody
(Arranged by E.M.P.)

Chorus

I've been wukkin' on de rail-road All de live-long day;
I've been wukkin' on de rail-road To pass de time away;
Doan' ya' hyar de whistle blow-in'?

Rise up so early in de mawn! Doan' yahar de cap'n shout-in', Di-nah, blow yo' hawn!

2. Bass I used to have a dog named Bill,
Chorus A-wukkin' on de Levee,
Bass He run away, but I'm here still,
Chorus A-wukkin' on de Levee.

3. Bass Dat li'l ol' dog set up an' beg,
Chorus A-wukkin' on de Levee,
Bass Till I done give him chicken-leg,
Chorus A-wukkin' on de Levee.
There's Music in the Air

Cantabile

Melody

1. There's music in the air, When the infant morn is nigh, And
faint its blush is seen On the bright and laughing sky;

2. There's music in the air, When the noon-tide's sultry beam Reflects a golden light On the distant mountain stream;

Manya harp's ecstatic sound Thrills us with its joy profound,

When beneath some grateful shade Sorrow's aching head is laid,

While we list, enchanted, there To the music in the air.
Sweetly to the spirit there Comes the music in the air.

3. There's music in the air
When the twilight's gentle sigh
Is lost on evening's breast,
As its pensive beauties die.
Then, O then the loved ones gone
Wake the pure, celestial song,
Angel-voices greet us there
In the music in the air.

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A Freckled Frog

Sat on a log
Up-on his tail

1. A freckled frog Sat on a log, Com-
2. A languid whale Up-on his tail Was

muning with his soul; He winked his eye, Then nabbed a sunflower And pale lily
sitting in the sand; A sunflower

muning with his soul, with his soul, He winked his eye, sitting in the sand, in the sand, A sunflower

Then nabbed a fly, And pale lily,

fly And plunged into his hole, into his hole.
y He held within his hand, within his hand.

Then nabbed a fly, And plunged into his hole.
And pale lily He held within his hand.

3. A straddle-bug a turtle loved,
And courted every glance,
Till she uncouth upset the soup
And spoiled his Sunday pants.

4. On pleasure bent, a winkle went
Once sailing in a clam,
He said, says he, The world I'll see,
How very brave I am!

5. The whale he sighed, the frog he "flyed,"
The turtle's eye grew dim,
The winkle slept, the log it tipped,
Great Scott! All tumbled in.
Indian Song

Ella M. Probst

Dakota Tribe
(Arranged by E.M.P.)

With barbaric energy

Ha-ha! Ee-a-ha-ha! Dance we

Huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh

now while the moon hangs low.

Ha-ha! Ee-a-ha-ha! Shad-ows

huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh

leap in the fire-light's glow.

Ha-ha! Ee-a-ha-

huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh

ha! Dusk-y brave, shout your bat-tle-cry.

Ha-ha! Ee-a-ha-

huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh

ha! Fear-less all forth to fight or die!

huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh
John Brown's Baby

(Arranged by E.M.P)

John Brown's baby had a cold upon his chest,

John Brown's baby had a cold upon his chest,

John Brown's baby had a cold upon his chest, John Brown's baby had a cold upon his chest, And they're rubbing it with camphorated oil.

John Brown's baby had a cold upon his chest, John Brown's baby had a cold upon his chest, And they're rubbing it with camphorated oil.

Sing thru five times as directed

Sing first time thru as written; second time cough instead of singing the word "cold," third time, sing like second time but omit the word "chest," and slap the chest with the right hand when the word occurs, fourth time sing like third time but omit the word "baby," and rock a baby in the arms in pantomine. The fifth time is sung like the fourth time, but the words "rubbing it" are omitted and the act is gestured.

Piano accompaniment is desirable for this selection.
A Little Farm Well Tilled

1st part sings words, parts 2 and 3 hum; 2nd part sings words, parts 1 and 3 hum; 3rd part sings words, parts 1 and 2 hum; then follows the chorus as given.

Giffe
(Arranged by E.M.P.)

1st Part

A little farm well tilled, A little cot well filled, A

2nd Part

A larger farm well tilled, A bigger house well filled, A

3rd Part

I like a farm well tilled, and I like a house well filled, but

Chorus

lit-tle wife well willed, Give me, give me. A short wife, a
tall-er wife well willed, Give me, give me. A tall wife,
no wife at all, Give me, give me.

No short wife, a short wife, a short wife give me, give me,
a tall wife, a tall wife, a tall wife give me, give me,
wife at all give me, give me, no wife at all give me, give me,
a short wife,  
a short wife, a short wife, 
a tall wife,  
a tall wife, a tall wife, a 
no wife at all give me, give me,  
No wife at short wife give me, give me.  
A little farm well tilled, A 
tall wife give me, give me.  
A larger farm well tilled, A 
all give me, give me.  
I like a farm well tilled, And I 
little cot well filled, A little wife well willed, Give me, give me. 
big-ger house well filled, A tall-er wife well willed, Give me, give me. 
like a house well filled, But no wife at all, Give me, give me.
There Was a Bee

College Song
(Arranged by E.M.P.)

There was a bee-i-ee-i-ee Sat on a wall-ee-all-ee-

bee-i-ee-i-ee wall-ee-all-ee-

all, And he did buzz-ee-uzz-ee-uzz, And that was all-ee-all-ee-all.

all, buzz-ee-uzz-ee-uzz, all-ee-all-ee-all.

And then the bee-i-ee-i-ee Sat on a boy-ee-oy-ee-

bee-i-ee-i-ee boy-ee-oy-ee-

oy, And he did yell-ee-ell-ee-ell, But not for joy-ee-oy-ee-oy!

oy, yell-ee-ell-ee-ell, joy-ee-oy-ee-oy!

Note: In the "Repeat? whisper all the words except "yell," which is yelled vociferously, Piano accompaniment is needed for this number.
Vocal Contest

Solomon Levi

My name is Solomon Levi, I've a store on Salem Street.
That's where you'll buy your coats and vests
And everything else that's neat.
Second-hand ulsterettes
And everything else that's fine,
For all the boys they trade with me.
At a hundred and forty-nine.

Spanish Cavalier

(My name is Solomon Levi, I've a store on Salem Street.
That's where you'll buy your coats and vests
And everything else that's neat.
Second-hand ulsterettes
And everything else that's fine,
For all the boys they trade with me.
At a hundred and forty-nine.)

(Arranged by E.M.P)
O, Sol-o-mon Le- vi, Le- vi tra-la-la-la! Poor shee-ny Le- vi,

O, Sol-o-men Le- vi, Le- vi tra-la-la-la! Poor shee-ny Le- vi,

Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la! My name is Sol-o-mon

Tra-la-la-la-la! My name is Sol-o-mon

Le- vi, I've a store on Sa-le-m Street, That's where you'll buy your coats and vests And

Le- vi, I've a store on Sa-le-m Street, That's where you'll buy your coats and vests And

ev-ry-thing else that's neat; Sec-on-d-hand-ed ul-ster-ettes And ev-ry-thing else that's
ev-ry-thing else that's neat; Sec-on-d-hand-ed ul-ster-ettes And ev-ry-thing else that's

fine, For all the boys they trade with me At a hun-dred and for-ty-nine.

fine, For all the boys they trade with me At a hun-dred and for-ty-nine.
A Spanish Cavalier stood in his retreat,
And on his guitar played a tune, dear,
That music so sweet I oft-times repeat,
The blessing of my heart be with you, dear. Say, darling, say, when I'm far away,
Sometimes you may think of me, dear, For bright, sunny days will
soon pass a-way; Remember what I say, and be true, dear...

My name is Solomon Levi, I've a store on Salem Street, That's

A Spanish Cavalier stood in his retreat And

where you buy your coats and vests And every-things else that's neat;

on his guitar played a tune, dear, That

Second-hand-ed ulster-ettes And every-things else that's fine, For

music so sweet I oftentimes repeat, The

all the boys they trade with me At a hundred and forty-nine.

blessing of my heart be with you, dear.
My name is Sol-o-mon Le-vi, I've a store on Sa-lem Street, That's
Say, dar-ling, say, when I'm far a-way,

where you buy your coats and vests And ev-ry-thing else that's neat;

Some-times you may think of me, dear, For

Sec-ond-hand-ed ul-ster-ettes And ev-ry-thing else that's fine, For

bright, sun-ny days will soon pass a-way; Re-

all the boys they trade with me At a hun-dred and for-ty-nine,

mem-ber what I say, and be true, dear.
Nearer, My God, to Thee

Lowell Mason
(Arranged by E.M.P.)

1. Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee, Even tho' it
2. Though like a wanderer, Wear-y and lone, Darkness comes

be a cross That raiseth me;— Still all my song shall be,
over me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be

be a cross That raiseth me;— Still all my song shall be,
over me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be

Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee.
Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee.

3. There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given:
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4. Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.
Integer Vitae

Flemming
(Arranged by F.M.P.)

1. Night's shadows falling, Men to rest are calling;

2. Thou ever livest, Endless life Thou givest;

Rest we, possessing Heavenly peace and blessing; This we im-
Thou watch art keeping 'O'er Thy faithiful sleeping; In Thy clear

3. O Lord of glory,
Praise we and adore Thee,
Thee for us given,
Our true rest in heaven!
Rest, peace and blessing
We are now possessing,
Thy name confessing.
Naomi

1. Father, what e'er of earthly bliss Thy
   sov'reign will desires, Accepted
   every murmur free; The blessings

2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From
   sov'reign will desires, Accepted
   every murmur free; The blessings

3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
   at Thy throne of grace, Let this petition rise.
   My path of life attend,
   of Thy grace impart, And make me live to Thee.

   Thy presence through my journey shine,
   And crown my journey's end.

Anna Steele

Hans G. Nägeli

(Arranged by E.M.P.)
O Come, All Ye Faithful

Anon.

John Reading
(Arranged by E.M.P.)

1. O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant, Oh
2. Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,

1. O come, ye, oh come ye to Bethlehem; Come and be
2. Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above, Glory to

hold Him, born the King of angels: 1-2. Oh come, let us adore Him, Oh

come, let us adore Him, Oh come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.
Abide with Me

H. F. Lyte

W. H. Monk
(Arranged by J. V. B.)

1. Abide with me: fast falls the even-tide; The darkness deep-ens; Lord, with me abide; When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, abide with me.

2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a-way; Change and de-cay in all a-round I see: O Thou who chan-gest not, abide with me.

3. Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes:
   Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
   Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
   In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.
Now the Day Is Over

S. Baring-Gould  J. Barnby
(Arranged by E.M.P.)

1. Now the day is over, Night is drawing sigh,
   Shadows of the evening Steal across the sky.

2. Jesus, give the weary Calm and sweet repose,
   With Thy tender blessing May our eyelids close.

3. When the morning wakens,
   Then may we arise,
   Pure and fresh and sinless
   In Thy holy eyes.

Hark! the Herald Angels Sing

Charles Wesley  Felix Mendelssohn
(Arranged by E.M.P.)

1. Hark! the herald angels sing Glory to the new-born King!

2. Christ, by highest heaven adored; Christ, the ever-last-ling Lord;

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Peace on earth, and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled!
Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them second birth.

Joyful, all ye nations, rise, Join the triumph of the skies;
Risen with healing in His wings, Light and life to all He brings;

With th'angelic host proclaim, Christ is born in Bethlehem!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness! Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!

1-2. Hark! the herald angels sing—Glory to the new-born King!
Silent Night! Holy Night!

Franz Gruber
(Arranged by J. V. B.)

Melody

1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright

Round yon vir - gin moth - er and child; Ho - ly in - fant so ten - der and mild,

Sleep in hea - ven - ly peace,

in peace,

(3d stanza)

2. Silent night! Holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight:
Glories stream from heaven afar;
Heavenly hosts sing alleluia,
Christ, the Savior, is born!

3. Silent night! Holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

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O Little Town of Bethlehem

Phillips Brooks

Lewis H. Redner
(Arranged by J. V. B.)

1. O little town of Bethlehem! How still we see thee lie;
   A-bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The silent stars go
   by: Yet in thy dark streets shin-eth The ever-last-ing
   Light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night.
   3. How silently, how silently
      The wondrous gift is given!
      So God imparts to human hearts
      The blessings of His heavens.
      No ear may hear His coming,
      But in this world of sin,
      Where meek souls will receive Him still,
      The dear Christ enters in.

2. For Christ is born of Mary, And gathered all a-
   bove, While mortals sleep, the angels keep Their watch of won-dring
   by: Yet in thy dark streets shin-eth The ever-last-ing
   Light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night.
   4. Oh holy Child of Bethlehem!
      Descend to us, we pray;
      Cast out our sin and enter in,
      Be born in us to-day.
      We hear the Christmas angels
      The great glad tidings tell.
      Oh, come to us, abide with us,
      Our Lord Immanuel!
The Year in Song

I. January
A.M. Lord

Slowly and with feeling

How calm and sweet this winter day
Of pure white earth and stainless sky,
Life's cares like cloud-wreaths fade away,
In God's own hand I seem to lie.

J. Victor Bergquist

II. February
Bryant

Not too fast, but with vigor

Come when the rains have glazed the snow and clothed the trees with ice,
While the slant sun of February pours into the bow's a flood of light.

slower and broader
III. March
H. H. Jackson

With a smile

Oh! March! we know thou art kind-hearted, Spite of ugly looks and threats, And out of sight, art nursing April's violets.

IV. April
Z. B. Gustafson

Questioningly

My name is April, Sir, and I As often laugh as cry, And I cannot tell you why.
V. May
Alfred Tennyson  J. Victor Bergquist

TENOR I  A slow balmy breeze

TENOR II  Ah

Ah

Ah

Ah

Now rings the wood - land

BASS I  Ding dong, ding dong,

BASS II  Ding dong, ding dong,

load and long. The distance takes a lone - lier line, And
ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,

ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
VI. June
James Russell Lowell

With life

The bob-o-link has come, and, like the soul Of the sweet

The bob-o-link has come, and, like the soul Of the sweet

season vocal in a bird, Gurgles in ecstasy, we know not

season vocal in a bird, Gurgles in ecstasy, we know not

what, Save June! dear June! Now God be praised for June!

what, Save June! dear June! Now God be praised for June!
VII. July
O. W. Holmes

With tenderness

Nature, bare thy loving breast, And give thy child one hour of rest, One

little hour to lie unseen Beneath thy scarf of leafy green!

VIII. August
W. D. Howells

Dreamy

All the long August afternoon The
d

lit-tle drow-sy stream—Whispers a mel-an-cho-ly tune, As if it
dreamed of June,

And whis-pered in its dream. Mm mm

And whis-pered in its dream. Mm mm

IX. September
T. W. Parsons

With vigor

J. Victor Bergquist

September shows the wood-land o'er With man-y a bril-liant

September shows the wood-land o'er With man-y a bril-liant

col-or; The world is bright-er than be-fore, Why should our hearts be
col-or; The world is bright-er than be-fore, Why should our hearts be
dull-er? The world is bright-er than be-fore, Why should our hearts be dull-er.
dull-er? The world is bright-er than be-fore, Why should our hearts be dull-er.
**X. October**

*Robert Burns*  

J. Victor Bergquist

*Strong and marked*

All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing hair,

Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn.

**XI. November**

*Thomas Hood*  

J. Victor Bergquist

*Forlorn*

No sua, no moon, No morn, no noon! No sun, no moor, No morn, no noon! No
fruits, no flow'rs, No leaves, no birds: November.

fruits, no flow'rs, No leaves, no birds: November.

XII. December
Emily Huntington Miller

Bright and cheerful

J. Victor Bergquist

Then sing, young hearts that are full of cheer, With

Then sing, young hearts that are full of cheer, With

never a thought of sorrow; The old goes out, but the

never a thought of sorrow; The old goes out, but the

glad young year Comes merrily in to-morrow!

glad young year Comes merrily in to-morrow!
The Lost Chord

Adelaide Procter

Andante moderato

Arthur Sullivan
(Arranged by J. V. B.)

Piano

Seat-ed one day at the or-gan, I was

Seat-ed one day at the or-gan, I was
weary and ill at ease, And my fingers wandered idly

weary and ill at ease, And my fingers wandered idly

O - ver the nois - y keys; I know not what I was

I know not what I was

playing, Or what I was dream - ing then; But I

playing, Or what I was dream - ing then; But I
struck one chord of music Like the sound of a great A-
men, Like the sound of a great Amen.

TENOR II
flood-ed the crim-son twi-light Like the close of an an-gel's Psalm, And it
lay on my fe-ver'd spir-it With a touch of in-fi-nite calm. It
qui-et-ed pain and sor-row, Like love o-ver-com-ing strife, It
qui-et-ed pain and sor-row, Like love o-ver-com-ing strife, it
seem'd the harmonious echo From our discordant life. It

seem'd the harmonious echo From our discordant life.

tranquillo sempre

link'd all perplexed meanings Into one perfect peace, And

Into one perfect peace,

tranquillo sempre

As if it were loth to cease. I have

As if it were loth to cease. I have
sought, but I seek it vainly, That one lost chord di-

vine, Which came from the soul of the Organ, And

entered into mine. It

cresc. molto rit.
may be that Death's bright angel Will speak in that chord again; It
may be that Death's bright angel Will speak in that chord again; It

may be that only in Heaven I shall hear that grand Amen.
may be that only in Heaven I shall hear that grand Amen.

It may be that Death's bright angel Will speak in that chord again; Amen. It may be that Death's bright angel Will speak in that chord again; Amen.

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gain, It may be that only in Heavn I shall
colle voe
con gran forza

hear that grand Amen.
colle voe

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