

A Golden Collection of
Best Old Songs

for Home, School and Community Singing

It's the songs ye sing an' the smiles ye wear
That's a makin' the sunshine everywhere.—*Riley*



THE MUTUAL HOME AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION

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OUR LEADING PATRIOTIC SONGS

America was written in Boston, in Feb. 1832, by Samuel F. Smith, a baptist minister, who had graduated from Harvard and was then a divinity student at Andover. He was born Oct. 21, 1808, and died Nov. 16, 1895. When glancing through some German music books, given him by his friend Lowell Mason, an eminent musician, he discovered the music which he found to be "God Save the King." He was much impressed with the patriotic words, but without endeavoring to translate or imitate them, he was led, under the inspiration of the moment, to write the hymn which is national enough to be called "America." The young student had no idea at that time how much he had done for his country. This hymn, which was to become the most popular song in America, was first sung in public at a Fourth of July children's celebration in Park Street Church, Boston, in 1832. It did not gain great popularity until the Civil War. Since that time, it has become the best known of our national songs, and has been sung in every country in the world.

The Star Spangled Banner was written Sept. 14, 1814, by Francis Scott Key, a lawyer of Baltimore, son of John Ross Key, an officer in the Revolutionary army. He was born Aug. 1, 1779, and died Jan. 11, 1843. After the burning of Washington, the British advanced toward Baltimore and captured a number of Americans, among them a Dr. Beanes, an intimate friend of Mr. Key. The prisoners were taken to the British fleet, then preparing to attack Fort McHenry. Authorized by President Madison, Mr. Key went under a flag of truce, to the vessel of Admiral Cockburn and secured his friend's release; but before he could return, the bombardment of the fort had started and he was detained over night on board the Admiral's flag ship. All night long he watched the bombardment of the fort. By the flash of the guns, he could see the Stars and Stripes proudly waving over it and, at early dawn to his great joy, he found that "our flag was still there." His feelings of delight and thankfulness found expression in the song, which he wrote on the back of a letter and which has immortalized his name. It was first printed in the "Baltimore Patriot" Sept. 20, 1814, adopted to an old French air long known in England as "Anacreon in Heaven." Soon the original title gave way to "The Star Spangled Banner" which gradually gained its position as the leading National Anthem of the United States. A number of monuments have been erected to the memory of Francis Scott Key, and every day in the year the American flag floats over his grave at Frederick, Md.

Battle Hymn of The Republic was written by Julia Ward Howe, who was born in New York, May 27, 1819, and Died Oct. 17, 1910. It was inspired by the tremendous issues of the Civil War, as they were brought vividly to the author's mind by the sight of the Union Army, on her visit to the National Capital in 1861. The Confederate Army was not far away, and the Army of the Potomac lay like a steel girdle around Washington for its protection. The poem was written under the inspiration of intense patriotic feeling and a great Battle Hymn was born, never to die. It brought its author name and fame throughout the civilized world, in addition to the love and honor of her countrymen which, as she grew older, deepened into a feeling of veneration. No hymn has ever stirred the Nation's heart like the Battle Hymn of the Republic. Although written in the midst of a great Civil War, there is no word of North or South, no appeal to local pride or patriotism, no word of sectional strife or bitterness. It did more to awaken the spirit of patriotism, and to inspire heroism than any other event of the Civil War.

Dixie Land or Dixie, the most popular song of the South, was written in New York in 1859 by Danial Decatur Emmet, then a member of Bryant's Minstrels. He was born at Mt. Vernon, Ohio, in 1815, and died in 1904. At the request of his employer for a good negro "walk around," Mr. Emmet wrote the words and music of the song which soon became a favorite all over the land, and as a band composition is played all over the world. In 1860 it was sung at an entertainment given in New Orleans, after which it was taken up by the people, sung upon the streets and soon carried to the Battlefields, where it became the great inspirational song of the Southern Army. Beginning about 1900, Mr. Emmet toured the country with Field's Minstrels and was introduced everywhere by Mr. Field as the author of Dixie.

SING AND SMILE

Memories

Key of F

Round me at twilight come stealing,
Shadows of days that are gone,
Dreams of the old days revealing,
Mem'ries of Love's golden dawn.

Chorus

Memories, memories, dreams of love so true,
O'er the sea of memory I'm drifting back to you.
Childhood days, wildwood days, among the birds and bees,
You left me alone, but still you're my own!
In my beautiful memories.

Sunlight may teach me forgetting,
Noonlight bring thoughts that are new,
Twilight brings sighs and regretting,
Moonlight means sweet dreams of you.

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Smiles

Key of A flat

Dearie, now I know just what makes me love you so,
Just what holds me and enfolds me in its golden glow.
Dearie, now I see 'tis each smile so bright and free,
For life's sadness turns to gladness when you smile on me.

Chorus

There are smiles that make us happy,
There are smiles that make us blue,
There are smiles that steal away the tear drops
As the sunbeams steal away the dew;
There are smiles that have a tender meaning
That the eyes of love alone may see,
And the smiles that fill my life with sunshine
Are the smiles that you give to me.

Dearie, when you smile ev'ry thing in life's worth while,
Love grows fonder as we wander down each magic mile;
Cheery melodies seem to float upon the breeze,
Doves are cooing while they're wooing in the leafy trees.

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Till We Meet Again

Key of A flat

There's a song in the land of the lily,
Each sweetheart has heard with a sigh;
Over high garden walls this sweet echo falls,
As a soldier boy whispers good-bye.

Chorus

Smile the while you kiss me sad adieu,
When the clouds roll by I'll come to you;
Then the skies will seem more blue,
Down in lovers' lane, my dearie;
Wedding bells will ring so merrily,
Ev'ry tear will be a memory;
So wait and pray each night for me,
Till we meet again.

Tho' good-bye means the birth of a tear drop,
Hello means the birth of a smile,
And the smile will erase the blighting trace,
When we meet in the afterawhile.

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JEROME H. REMICK & CO., New York and Detroit

SING AND SMILE

Let The Rest of The World Go By

Key of A flat

Is the struggle and strife we find in this life
Really worth while, after all?
I've been wishing today I could just run away,
Out where the west winds call.

Chorus

With someone like you, a pal good and true,
I'd like to leave it all behind, and go and find
Some place that's known to God alone
Just a spot to call our own.
We'll find perfect peace, where joys never cease,
Out there beneath a kindly sky,
We'll build a sweet little nest somewhere in
the West,
And let the rest of the world go by.

Is the future to hold just struggles for gold
While the real world waits outside,
Away out on the breast of the wonderful West,
Across the great Divide?

You're The Flower of My Heart, Sweet Adeline

Key of B flat

In the evening when I sit alone a-dreaming
Of days gone by, love, to me so dear,
There's a picture that in fancy oft appearing;
Brings back the time, love, when you were
near;
It is then I wonder where you are, my darling,
And if your heart to me is still the same,
For the sighing wind and nightingale a-singing,
Are breathing only your own sweet name.

Chorus

Sweet Adeline, My Adeline,
At night, dear heart, for you I pine.
In all my dreams your fair face beams;
You're the flower of my heart, Sweet Adeline.

I can see your smiling face as when we wand-
ered
Down the brook side just you and I,
And it seems so real at times, till I awaken
To find all vanished, a dream gone by;
If we meet some time in after years, my dar-
ling,
I trust that I will find your love still mine;
Tho' my heart is sad and clouds above are
hov'ring
The sun again, love, for me would shine.

There's a Long, Long Trail

Key of A flat

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.

Chorus

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.

All night long I hear you calling,
Calling sweet and low;
Seem to hear your footsteps falling,
Ev'ry where I go.
The road between us stretches
Many a weary mile,
I forget that you're not with me yet,
When I think I see you smile.

Where The River Shannon Flows

Key of C

There's a pretty spot in Ireland,
I always claim for my land,
Where the fairies and the blarney
Will never, never die;
It's the land of the shellalab,
My heart goes back there daily,
To the girl I left behind me,
When we kissed and said goodbye.

Chorus

Where the dear old Shannon's flowing,
Where the three-leaved Shamrock grows,
Where my heart is I am going,
To my little Irish rose;
And the moment that I meet her,
With a hug and kiss I'll greet her,
For there's not a colleen sweeter,
Where the River Shannon flows.

Sure, no letter I'll be mailing,
For soon will I be sailing,
And I'll bless the ship that takes me
To my dear old Erin's shore;
There I'll settle down forever,
I'll leave the old sod never,
And I'll whisper to my sweetheart,
"Come and take my name, Asthore."

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SING AND SMILE

Silver Threads Among The Gold

Key of B flat

Darling, I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold,
Shine upon my brow today,
Life is fading fast away;
But, my darling you will be, will be,
Always young and fair to me;
Yes! my darling, you will be
Always young and fair to me.

Chorus

Darling I am growing, growing old,
Silver threads among the gold,
Shine upon my brow today,
Life is fading fast away.

When your hair is silver white,
And your cheeks no longer bright,
With the roses of the May,
I will kiss your lips and say:
Oh, my darling, mine alone, alone,
You have never older grown;
Yes! my darling, mine alone,
You have never older grown.

Love can never more grow old,
Locks may lose their brown and gold,
Cheeks may fade and hollow grow,
But the hearts that love, will know
Never, never winter's frost and chill,
Summer warmth is in them still;
Never winter's frost and chill,
Summer warmth is in them still.

Love is always young and fair,
What to us is silver hair,
Faded cheeks or steps grown slow
To the hearts that beat below?
Since I kissed you, mine alone, alone,
You have never older grown;
Since I kissed you, mine alone,
You have never older grown.

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Sweet Genevieve

Key of G

O Genevieve, I'd give the world,
To live again the lovely past!
The rose of youth was dew-impearled,
But now it weathers in the blast.
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,
The days may come, the days may go;
But still the hands of mem'ry weave,
The blissful dreams of long ago, O Genevieve!

Fair Genevieve, my early love,
The years but make thee dearer far!
My heart shall never, never rove,
Thou art my only guiding star.
For me the past has no regret,
What e'er the years may bring to me;
I bless the hour when first we met,
The hour that gave me love and thee.

Carry Me Back To Old Virginny

Key of A flat

Carry me back to Old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn and
taters grow;
There's where the birds warble sweet in the
springtime;
There's where the old darkey's heart am long'd
to go.
There's where I labor'd so hard for old Massa;
Day after day in the field of yellow corn;
No place on earth do I love more sincerely,
Than old Virginny, the state where I was born.

Chorus

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn and
taters grow;
There's where the birds warble sweet in the
springtime;
There's where this old darkey's heart am
long'd to go.

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The Sweetest Story Ever Told

Key of A flat

Oh, answer me a question, love, I pray,
My heart for thee is pining day by day;
Oh, answer me, my dearest, answer true;
Hold me close as you were wont to do,
Whisper once again the story old,
The dearest, sweetest story ever told;
Whisper once again the story old,
The dearest sweetest story ever told.

Chorus

Tell me, do you love me?
Tell me softly sweetly, as of old!
Tell me, that you love me,
For that's the sweetest story ever told.
Tell me, do you love me?
Whisper softly, sweetly, as of old,
Tell me, that you love me,
For that's the sweetest story ever told.

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Those Endearing Young Charms

Key of E flat

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly today,
Were to change by tomorrow and fleet in my
arms,
Like fairy gifts, fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment
thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
And around the dear ruin, each wish of my
heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still!

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be
known,
To which time will but make thee more dear!
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he
sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose!

SING AND SMILE

Flag Song

Tune—"Marching Through Georgia"—Key of A
Bring the good old banner, boys, the emblem of
the free!
Fling its starry folds abroad that all the world
may see!
So it floated proudly o'er the sons of liberty,
When they were fighting for freedom.

Chorus

Behold! Behold! the flag that floats above!
And cheer! and cheer! the stars and stripes we
love,
How the Revolutionary soldiers won the day,
When they were fighting for freedom.

Blue the skies above us, and gemmed with
starry light,
Blue for truth to God and man, triumphant for
the right,
Red and white and blue they chose, these heroes
of the fight,
Chose for the badge of a freeman.

Good Old Melodies

Key of G

In the evening by the moonlight,
You can hear those darkies singing;
In the evening by the moonlight,
You can hear those banjos ringing;
How the old folks would enjoy it,
They would sit all night and listen,
As we sang in the evening by the moonlight.

Hear dem bells,
Don't you hear dem bells,
De's a-ringing out de glory ob de Lamb;
Hear dem bells,
Don't you hear dem bells,
De's a-ringing out de glory ob de Lamb.

Weep no more, my lady, Oh, weep no more
today,
For we'll sing one song for my Old Kentucky
Home,
For my Old Kentucky Home, good night.

Picture tonight a field of snowy white,
Hear the darkies singing soft and low;
I long there to be,
For some one waits for me,
Down where the cotton blossoms grow.

In The Gloaming

Key of F

In the gloaming, oh, 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?

In the gloaming oh, my darling!
Think not bitterly of me!
Though I passed away in silence,
Left you lonely, set you free;
For my heart was crushed with longing;
What had been could never be.
It was best to leave you thus, dear,
Best for you and best for me.

It was best to leave you thus,
Best for you and best for me.

The U. S. A. Forever

Tune—"Dixie"—Key of C

Come, all who live in the U. S. A.,
Join in our song and sing today;
Work away, work away, for the land of the free,
United, firm, with every state
To make a nation good and great;
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.
Hurra! hurra! the U. S. A. forever!
Hurra! hurra! the Stars and Stripes forever!

The North and South, the East and West,
We love them all, for all are best;
Work away, work away, for the land of the free,
United States and hearts and hands
Will make the greatest of all lands;
Work away, work away, for the land of the free.

The Quilting Party

"Seeing Nellie Home"—Key of C

In the sky the bright stars glittered,
On the bank the pale moon shone;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

Chorus

I was seeing Nellie home,
I was seeing Nellie home,
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

On my arm a soft hand rested,
Resting light as ocean foam;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

The Mummy Song

Key of A flat

Tune—"The Long, Long Trail"

It's a short, short life we live here,
So let us live while we may,
With a song for every moment
Of the whole bright day;
What's the use of looking gloomy,
Or what's the use of our tears,
When we know a mummy's had no fun
For about three thousand years.

Smile, Smile, Smile

Tune—"Merry Widow Waltz"

As you wander to and fro,
Smile, smile, smile!
Spread good cheer where'er you go,
Smile, smile, smile!
Keep your heart all free from guile,
Scatter sunshine all the while,
BE AN OIL-CUP, NOT A FILE—
Smile, smile, smile!

Hail, Hail!

Key of G

Hail, hail, the gang's all here!
Never mind the weather,
Here we are together:
Hail, hail, the gang's all here!
Let the trouble start RIGHT NOW!

SING AND SMILE

Darling Nelly Gray

Key of E flat

There's a low green valley on the old Kentucky shore,

There I've whiled many happy hours away,
A-sitting and a-singing by the little cottage door.

Where lived my darling Nelly Gray.

Chorus

Oh, my poor Nelly Gray, they have taken 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.

My eyes are getting blinded, and I cannot see my way;

Hark! there's somebody knocking at the door.
Oh! I hear the angels calling, and I see my Nelly Gray.

Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

Chorus

Oh! my darling Nelly Gray, up in heaven there they say,

That they'll never take you from me any more;

I'm a-coming—coming—coming, as the angels clear the way.

Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

Wait Till The Clouds Roll By

Key of E flat

Jenny, my own true loved one,

I'm going far from thee;

Out on the bounding billows,

Out on the dark blue sea.

How I will miss you, my darling,

There when the storm is raging high;

Jenny, my own true lov'd one,

Wait till the clouds roll by.

Chorus

Wait till the clouds roll by, Jenny,

Wait till the clouds roll by;

Jenny, my own true loved one,

Wait till the clouds roll by.

Jenny, when far from thee, love,

I'm on the ocean deep;

Will you then dream of me, love?

Will you your promise keep?

And will I come to you, darling?

Take courage, dear, and never sigh;

Gladness will follow sorrow,

Wait till the clouds roll by.

My Bonnie

Key of C

My Bonnie is over the ocean,

My Bonnie is over the sea,

My Bonnie is over the ocean,

Oh! bring back my Bonnie to me.

Chorus

Bring back, bring back,

Bring back my Bonnie to me;

Bring back, bring back,

Oh! bring back my Bonnie to me.

Last night as I lay on my pillow,

Last night as I lay on my bed,

Last night as I lay on my pillow,

I dreamt that my Bonnie was dead.

Sailing

Key of E flat

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 tonight,

A song we'll sing for home and beauty bright;

Then here's to the sailor, and here's to the

hearts so true,

Who will think of him upon the waters blue!

Chorus

Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main,

For many a stormy wind shall blow ere Jack comes home again!

Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main,

For many a stormy wind shall blow ere Jack comes home again!

The tide is flowing with the gale,

Y'heave ho! my lads, set ev'ry sail;

The harbor bar we soon shall clear,

Farewell once more to home so dear;

For when the tempest rages loud and long,

That home shall be our guiding star and song;

Then here's to the sailor, and here's to the

hearts so true,

Who will think of him upon the waters blue!

A Life On The Ocean Wave

Key of G

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 flashing brine,

The spray and the tempest's roar!

Chorus—Repeat first four lines.

A Motion Song

Tune—"Till We Meet Again"—Key of A flat

Smile awhile and give your face a rest,

(All smile)

Stretch awhile and ease your manly chest;

(Arms to side)

Reach your hands up toward the sky,

(Hands up)

While you watch them with your eye.

(Heads up)

Jump awhile, and shake a leg there, sir!

(Jump lively)

Now step forward, backward, as you were;

(Step back and forth)

Then reach right out to someone near

(Shake hands with neighbor)

Shake his (her) hand and smile.

(All smile)

It Isn't Any Trouble

Tune—"Battle Hymn of the Republic"

Key of B flat

It isn't any trouble just to s-m-i-l-e,

It isn't any trouble just to s-m-i-l-e,

So smile when you're in trouble,

It will vanish like a bubble.

If you'll only take the trouble

Just to s-m-i-l-e.

Second Verse—L-a-u-g-h

Third Verse—G-r-i-n, Grin

Fourth Verse—Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha

SING AND REJOICE

Onward, Christian Soldiers

Key of F

Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before;
Christ the royal Master, leads against the foe;
Forward into battle see His banners go.

Chorus

Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before.

Like a mighty army moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading where the saints
have trod;

We are not divided, all one body we,
One in hope, in doctrine, one in charity.

Onward, then, ye people, join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices in the triumph-song;
Glory, laud and honor unto Christ the King;
This thro' countless ages men and angels sing.

Holy Night

Key of C

Silent night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright;
Round yon virgin, mother and Child,
Holy Infant, so tender and mild;
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night! Holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight!
Glories stream from Heaven afar,
Heav'nly hosts sing Alleluia;
Christ, the Saviour, is born!
Christ, the Saviour, is born!

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,
Jesus, Lord at Thy birth.

All Through The Night

Key of C

While the moon her watch is keeping,
All thro' the night;
Guardian Angels God will send thee
All thro' the night.
Soft the drowsy hours are creeping,
Hill and vale in slumber steeping,
I my loving vigil keeping,
All thro' the night.

While the moon her watch is keeping,
All thro' the night;
While the weary world is sleeping,
All thro' the night.
O'er thy spirit gently steaming,
Visions of delight revealing,
Breathes a pure and holy feeling,
All thro' the night.

Safely Through Another Week

Key of G

Safely through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts today.
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest,
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

Shall We Gather?

Key of E flat

Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing from the throne of God?

Chorus

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows from the throne of God.

On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We shall walk and worship ever
All the happy, golden day.

Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

I Think, When I Read That Sweet Story

Key of E flat

I think, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men;
How He called little children like lambs to His
fold,
I should like to have been with Him then.

I wish that His hands had been placed on my
head,
That His arms had been thrown around me.
That I might have seen His kind look when He
said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above.

Abide With Me

Key of E flat

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
Oh, Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence ev'ry passing hour,
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

Blest Be The Tie

Key of F flat

Blest be the tie that binds,
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds,
Is like to that above.

When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

BEST OLD SONGS

WORDS AND MUSIC—MIXED VOICES

A GOLDEN COLLECTION OF PATRIOTIC, HOME *and* SCHOOL SONGS

*It's the songs ye sing an' the smiles ye wear,
That's a makin' the sunshine everywhere---Riley.*

Music is more than entertainment. It begets culture and refinement and builds character. It awakens the very depths of love, sympathy and harmony. It makes home happier and life sweeter.

CONTENTS

America	5	Lead, Kindly Light	30
America, The Beautiful	13	Little Maggie May	17
Annie Laurie	24	Long, Long Ago	11
Battle Hymn of the Republic	14	Love's Old Sweet Song	9
Beautiful Bells	23	Marseillaise, The	26
Blue Bells of Scotland	25	Maryland! My Maryland!	29
Bull-Dog, The	32	My Old Kentucky Home	7
Can a Little Child, Like Me?	25	Old Black Joe	16
Church in the Wildwood, The	18	Old Folks at Home	22
Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean	3	Old Oaken Bucket, The	19
Come Back to Erin	10	Robin Adair	31
Comin' Thro' the Rye	24	Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep	28
Dearest Spot is Home, The	5	Soldier's Farewell, The	16
Dixie's Land	8	Song to the Flag	4
God Save America	22	Speed Our Republic	27
Good-Night, Ladies	23	Stars of the Summer Night	11
Home, Sweet Home	20	Star-Spangled Banner, The	2
How Can I Leave Thee	14	Sweet and Low	20
Jingle, Bells	18	Tenting on the Old Camp Ground	12
Juanita	21	Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!	23
Just Before the Battle, Mother	15	Vacant Chair, The	12
Kind Words Can Never Die	31	When You and I Were Young	6
		Work, For the Night is Coming	30

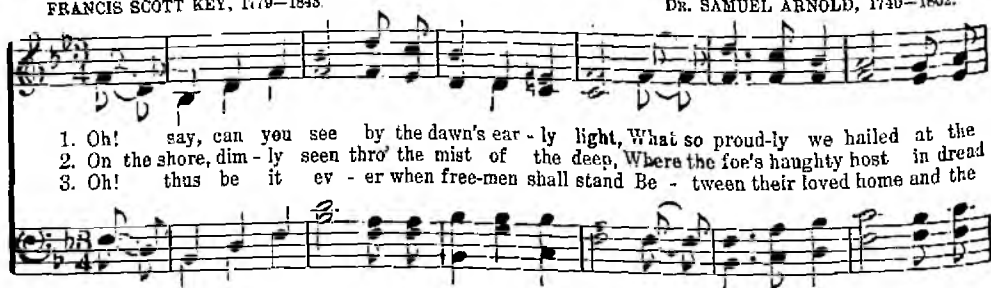
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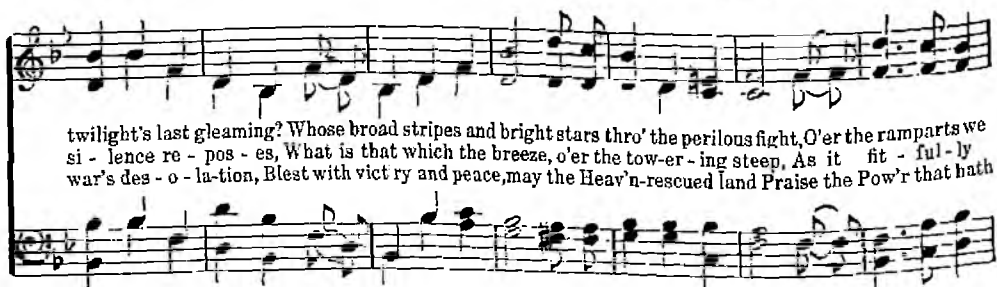
THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, 1779-1843.

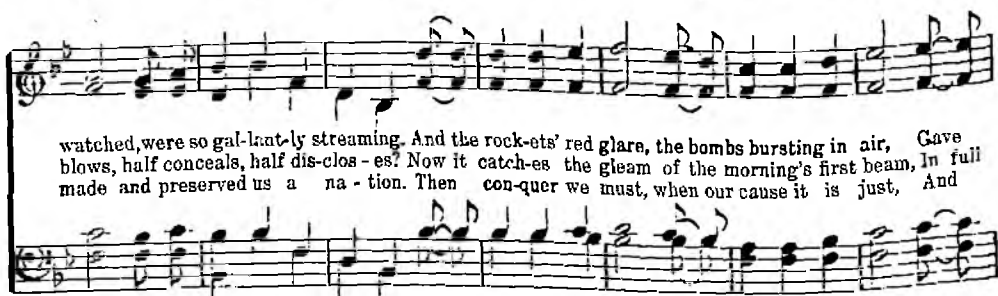
DR. SAMUEL ARNOLD, 1740-1802.



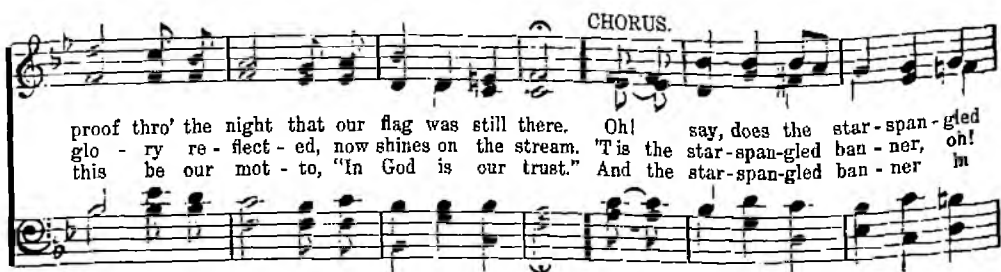
1. Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud - ly we hailed at the
2. On the shore, dim - ly seen thro' the mist of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
3. Oh! thus be it ev - er when free-men shall stand Be - tween their loved home and the



twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight, O'er the ramparts we
si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly
war's des - o - la - tion, Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the Heav'n-rescued land Praise the Pow'r that hath



watched, were so gal - lant - ly streaming. And the rock - ets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave
blows, half conceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch - es the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full
made and preserved us a na - tion. Then con - quer we must, when our cause it is just, And



CHORUS.
proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh! say, does the star-span-gled
glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines on the stream. 'Tis the star-span-gled ban - ner, oh!
this be our mot - to, "In God is our trust." And the star-span-gled ban - ner in



ban - ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
tri - umph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

3

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. 1752-1817.

DAVID T. SHAW.

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

shrine of each pa-triot's de-vo-tion, A world of-fers hom-age to thee. Thy
 ark then of free-dom's foun-da-tion, Co-lum-bia, rode safe thro' the storm; With the
 wreaths they have won nev-er with-er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave; May the

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

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

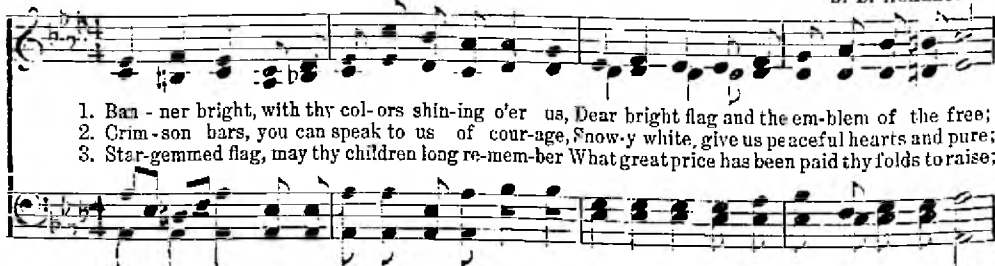
borne by the red, white, and blue, When borne by the red, white, and blue, Thy
 boast of the red, white, and blue, The boast of the red, white, and blue, With her
 cheers for the red, white, and blue, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue, The

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

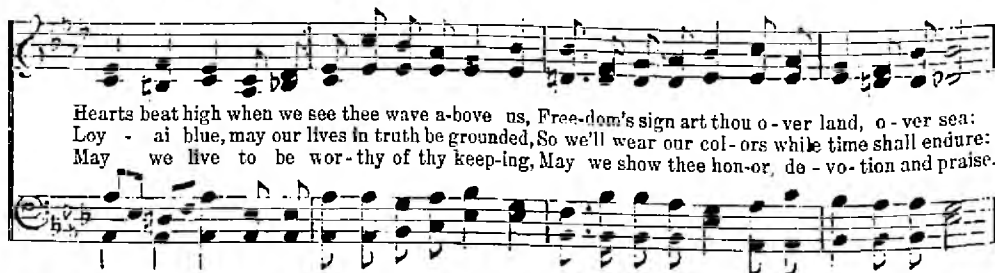
SONG TO THE FLAG.

EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON.

B. D. ACKLEY.

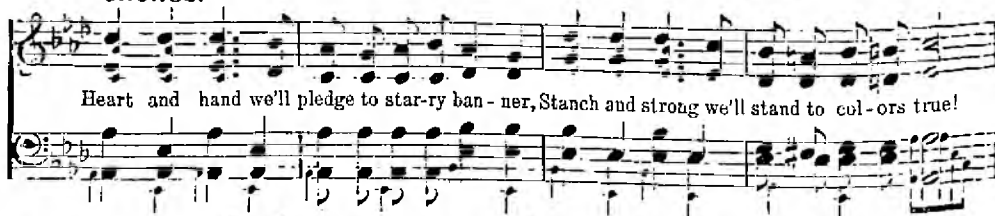


1. Ban - ner bright, with thy col - ors shin - ing o'er us, Dear bright flag and the em - blem of the free;
 2. Crim - son bars, you can speak to us of cour - age, Snow - y white, give us peaceful hearts and pure;
 3. Star - gemmed flag, may thy children long re - mem - ber What great price has been paid thy folds to raise;

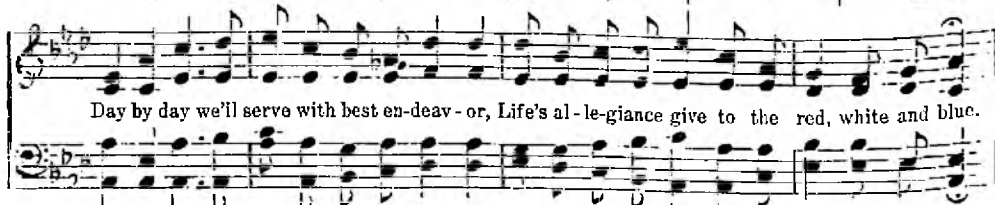


Hearts beat high when we see thee wave a - bove us, Free - dom's sign art thou o - ver land, o - ver sea:
 Loy - al blue, may our lives in truth be ground - ed, So we'll wear our col - ors while time shall endure:
 May we live to be wor - thy of thy keep - ing, May we show thee hon - or, de - vo - tion and praise.

CHORUS.

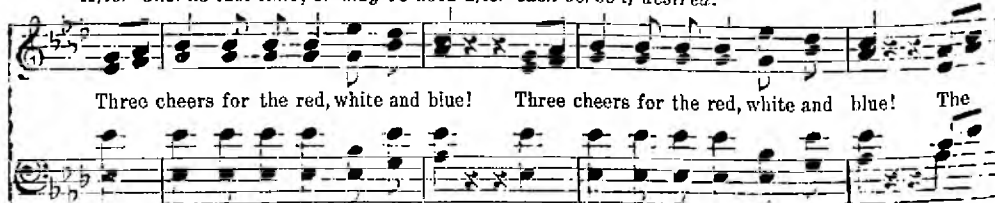


Heart and hand we'll pledge to star - ry ban - ner, Stanch and strong we'll stand to col - ors true!



Day by day we'll serve with best en - deav - or, Life's al - le - giance give to the red, white and blue.

After Chorus last time, or may be used after each verse if desired.



Three cheers for the red, white and blue! Three cheers for the red, white and blue! The



ar - my and na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue!

AMERICA.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, 1808-1855.

HENRY CABEY? 1690-1714.

5

1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
 2. My na - tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal
 4. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our
 fa - thers died! Land of the Pil-grims' pride! From ev - 'ry moun-tain side Let free-dom ring.
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem-pled hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a - bove.
 tongues a-woke; Let all that breathe par-take; Let rocks their si-lence break. The sound pro-long.
 land be bright With free-dom's ho - ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

THE DEAREST SPOT IS HOME.

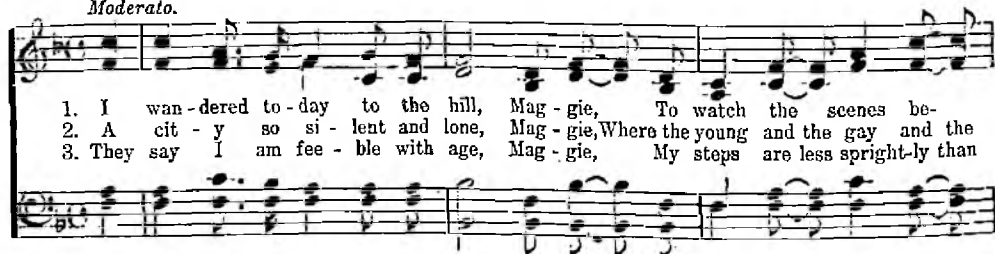
W. T. WRIGHTON.

1. The dear - est spot on earth to me Is home, sweet home; The fair - y - land I've
 2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home; I've learned to look with
 longed to see Is home, sweet home. There how charmed the sense of hearing, There where hearts are
 lov - er's eyes On home, sweet home. There where vows are tru - ly plight-ed, There where hearts are
 so en-dear-ing, All the world is not so cheer-ing, As home, sweet home. The dearest spot on
 so u - nit - ed, All the world besides I've slight-ed, For home, sweet home. The dearest spot on
 earth to me, Is home, sweet home; The fair - y - land I've longed to see Is home, sweet home.

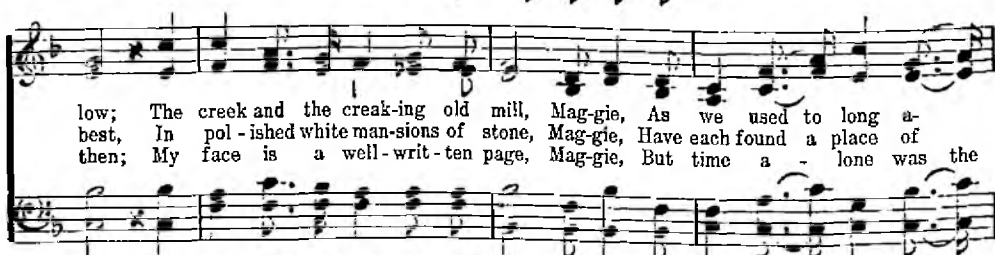
WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG.

GEORGE W. JOHNSON.

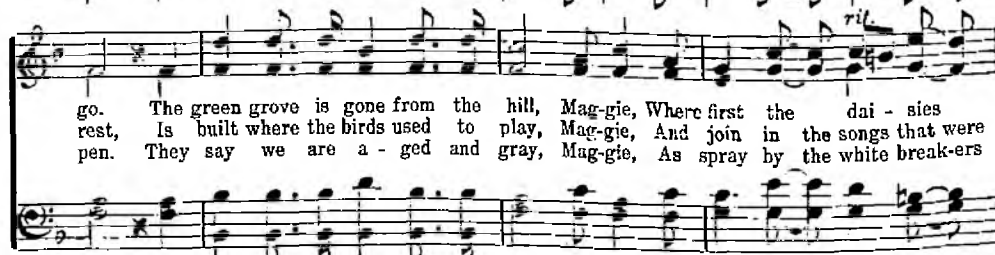
J. A. BUTTERFIELD.

Moderato.


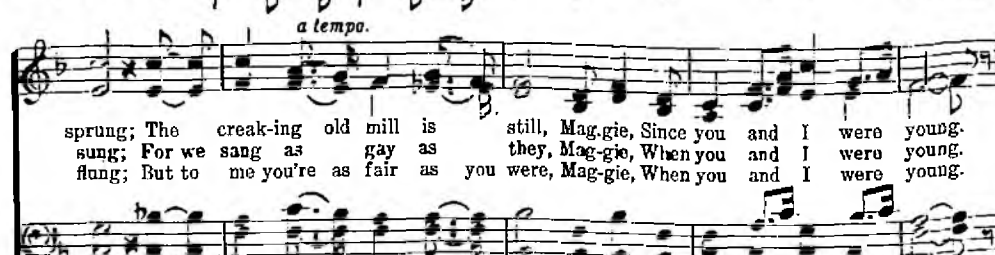
1. I wan-dered to-day to the hill, Mag-gie, To watch the scenes be-
 2. A cit-y so si-lent and lone, Mag-gie, Where the young and the gay and the
 3. They say I am fee-ble with age, Mag-gie, My steps are less spright-ly than



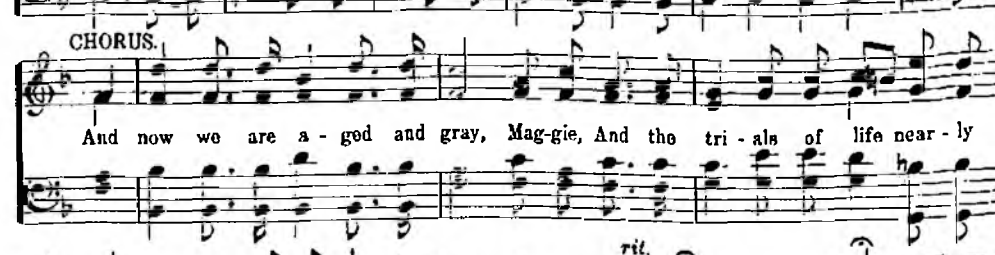
low; The creek and the creak-ing old mill, Mag-gie, As we used to long a-
 best, In pol-ished white man-sions of stone, Mag-gie, Have each found a place of
 then; My face is a well-writ-ten page, Mag-gie, But time a-lone was the



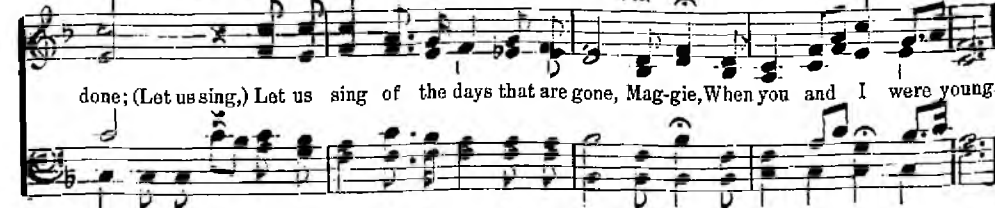
go. The green grove is gone from the hill, Mag-gie, Where first the dai-sies
 rest, Is built where the birds used to play, Mag-gie, And join in the songs that were
 pen. They say we are a-ged and gray, Mag-gie, As spray by the white break-ers



a tempo.
 sprung; The creak-ing old mill is still, Mag-gie, Since you and I were young-
 sung; For we sang as gay as they, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.
 flung; But to me you're as fair as you were, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.



CHORUS.
 And now we are a-god and gray, Mag-gie, And the tri-als of life near-ly



rit.
 done; (Let us sing,) Let us sing of the days that are gone, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

7

S. FOSTER.

Rather slow.

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

The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the day.
They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in door.
A few more days and the tron-ble all will end, In the field where the su-gar - canes grow;

The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright;
The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor-row, where all was de-light;
A few more days for to tote the wea-ry load, No mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light;

By'm-by hard times comes a-knock-ing at the door, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!
The time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!
A few more days till we tot-ter on the road, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!

CHORUS.

Weep no more, my la - dy, O weep no more to - day! We will sing one song for the

rit.
old Ken - tuck - y home, For the old Ken - tuck - y home, far a - way.

DIXIE'S LAND.

DAN D. EMMETT.

mf Allegro.

1. I wish I was in de land ob cot - ton, Old times dar am not for - got - ten,
 2. Old Mis - sus mar - ry "Will - de - wea - her," Wil - lum was a gay de - ceab - er;
 3. His face was sharp as a butch - er's clea - ber, But dat did not seem to greab 'er;
 4. Now here's a health to the next old Mis - sus, And all de girls dat want to kiss us;
 5. Dar's buck - wheat cakes an' In - gen' bat - ter, Makes you fat or a lit - tle fat - ter;

Look a - way, Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land. In Dix - ie Land whar
 Look a - way, Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land. But when he put his
 Look a - way, Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land. Old Mis - sus act - ed de
 Look a - way, Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land. But if you want to
 Look a - way, Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land. Den hoe it down an'

I was born in, Ear - ly on one frost - y morn - in'. Look a -
 arm a - round 'er, He smiled as fierce as a for - ty - pound - er, Look a -
 fool - ish part, And died for a man dat broke her heart, Look a -
 drive 'way sor - row, Come an' hear dis song to - mor - row, Look a -
 scratch your grab - ble, To Dix - ie's Land I'm bound to trab - ble, Look a -

CHORUS.

way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land. 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!

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG.

9

C. CLIFTON BINGHAM.

J. L. MOLLOY.

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

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, wea-ry grow the way, Still we can hear it at the close of day;

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 shadows fall, Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

REFRAIN.

Just a song at twi-light, when the lights are low, And the flick-'ring shad-ows

rit. *a tempo.*
soft-ly come and go;..... Tho' the heart be wea-ry, sad the day and long,

Still to us at twi-light Comes love's old song, Comes love's old sweet song.

COME BACK TO ERIN.

Moderato. mp

MRS. C. BARNARD (CLARIBEL).

1. Come back to E - rin, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, Come back, A-roon, to the land of thy birth,
2. O - ver the green sea, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, Long shone the white sail that bore thee a - way,
3. Oh, may the an - gels o' wak - in' and sleep - in' Watch o'er my bird in the land far a - way,

Come with the shamrocks and springtime, Ma-vour-neen, And its Kil - lar - ney shall ring with our mirth.
 Rid - ing the white waves that fair sum-mer morn-in', Just like a May-flow'r a - float on the bay.
 And it's my prayers will con - sign to their keep - in', Care of my jew - el by night and by day.

Sure, when we lent ye to beau - ti - ful Eng-land, Lit - tle we tho't of the lone win-ter days,
 Oh, but my heart sank when clouds came be-tween us, Like a grey cur-tain, the rain fall-ing down,
 When by the fire-side I watch the bright em-bers, Then all my heart flies to Eng-land and thee,

Lit - tle we tho't of the hush of the star-shine O - ver the mountain, the bluffs and the brays! Then
 Hid from my sad eyes the path o'er the o - cean, Far, far a - way, where my Col - leen had flown. Then
 Grav - in' to know if my dar - lin' re-mem-bers, Or if her tho'ts may be cross - in' to me. Then

Animato.

come back to E - rin, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, Come back a-gain to the land of thy birth,

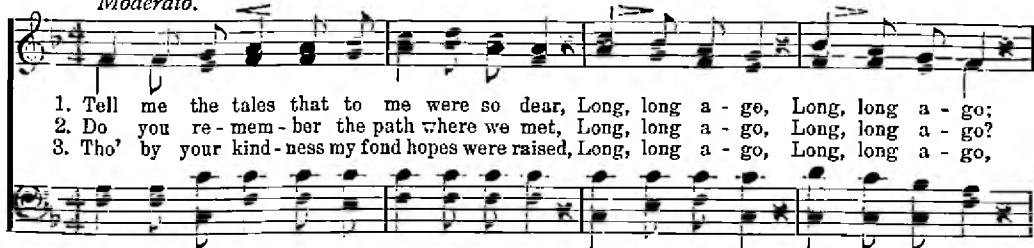
*cres.**molto cres.**f*

come back to E - rin, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, And its Kil - lar - ney shall ring with our mirth.

LONG, LONG AGO.

11

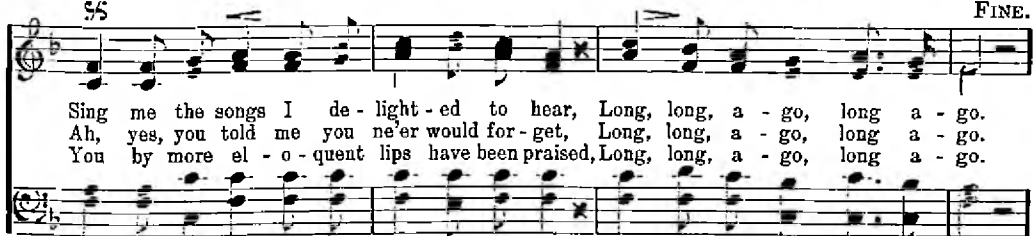
THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY.

Moderato.


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

SS

FINE.

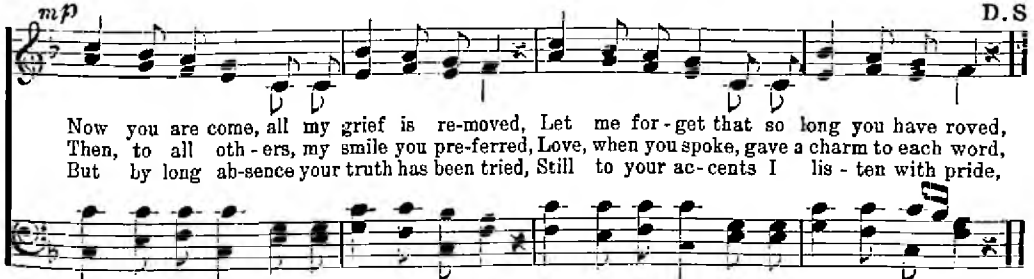


Sing me the songs I de-light-ed to hear, Long, long, a - go, long a - go.
 Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would for-get, Long, long, a - go, long a - go.
 You by more el-o-quent lips have been praised, Long, long, a - go, long a - go.

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

mp

D.S



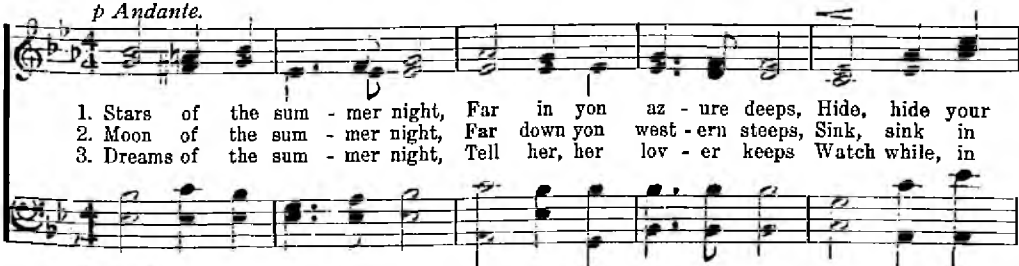
Now you are come, all my grief is re-moved, Let me for-get that so long you have roved,
 Then, to all oth-ers, my smile you pre-ferred, Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,
 But by long ab-sence your truth has been tried, Still to your ac-cents I lis-ten with pride,

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

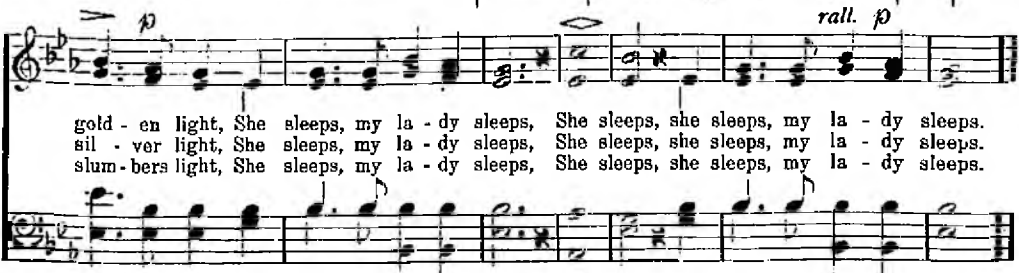
LONGFELLOW.

(SERENADE.)

J. B. WOODBURY.

p Andante.


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

p
rall. p


gold-en light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.
 sil-ver light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.
 slum-bers light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

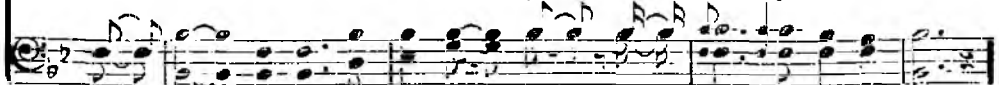
mf Moderato.

WALTER KITTREDGE.

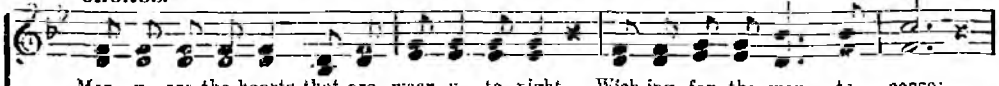
- 
1. We're tent-ing to-night on the old Camp ground, Give us a song to cheer
 2. We've been tent-ing to-night on the old Camp ground, Think-ing of days gone by,
 3. We are tired of war on the old Camp ground, Man-y are dead and gone,
 4. We've been fight-ing to-day on the old Camp ground, Man-y are ly-ing near;
- 



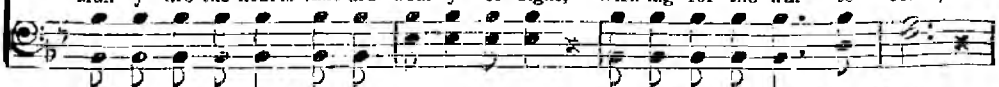
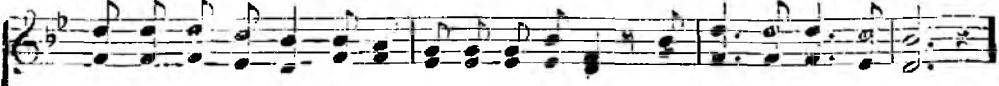
Our wear-y hearts, a song of home And friends we love so dear.
Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tears that said "Good-bye!"
Of the brave and true who've left their homes, Oth-ers been wound-ed long.
Some are dead and some are dy-ing, Man-y are in tears.



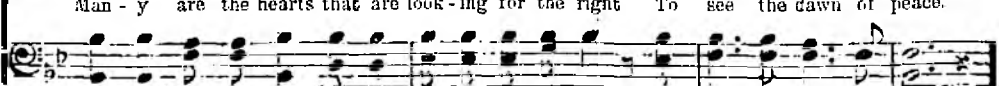
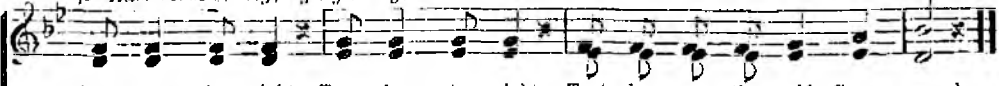
CHORUS.



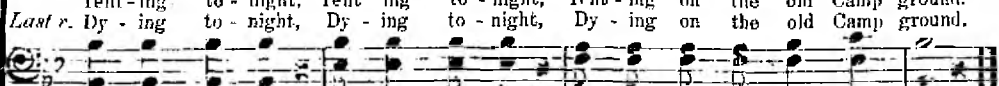
Man-y are the hearts that are wear-y to-night, Wish-ing for the war to cease;

Man-y are the hearts that are look-ing for the right To see the dawn of peace.


p Last verse slowly, dying away.


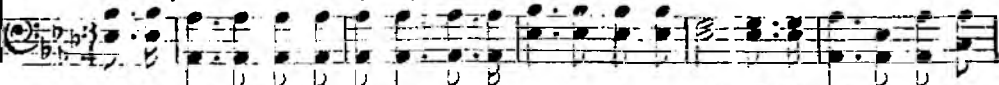
Tent-ing to-night, Tent-ing to-night, Tent-ing on the old Camp ground.
Last v. Dy-ing to-night, Dy-ing to-night, Dy-ing on the old Camp ground.



THE VACANT CHAIR.

GEO. F. ROOT.

Moderato con espress.

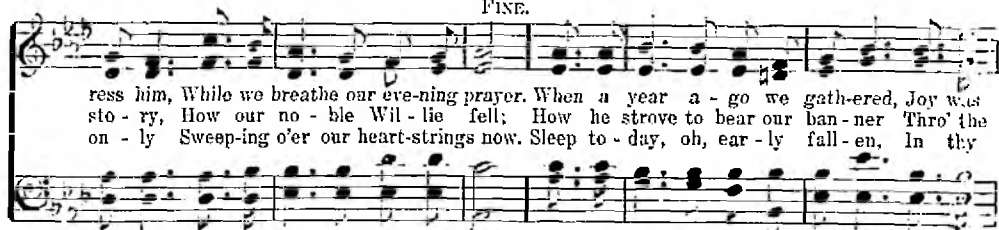
- 
1. We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va-cant chair; We shall lin-ger to ca-
 2. At our fire-side, sad and lone-ly, Oft-en will the bos-om swell At re-mem-brance of the
 3. True, they tell us wreaths of glo-ry Ev-er-more will deck his brow, But this soothes the anguish
- 

D. C.—We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one vacant chair; We shall lin-ger to ca-

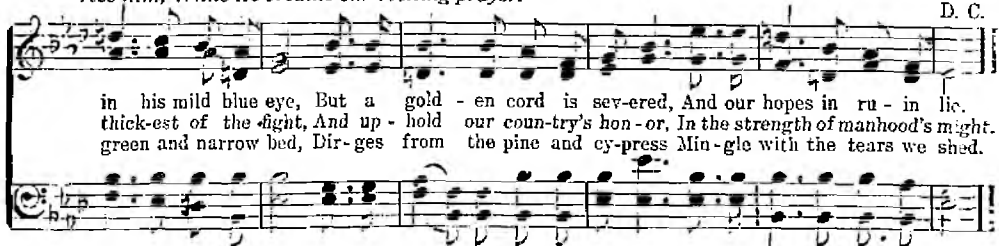
THE VACANT CHAIR.

13

FINE.



ress him, While we breathe our evening prayer.

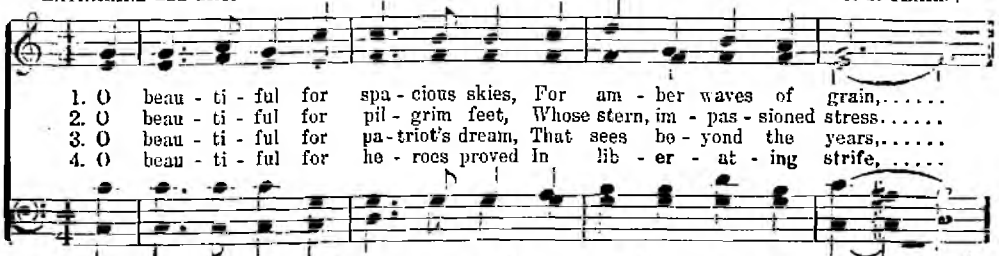


D. C.

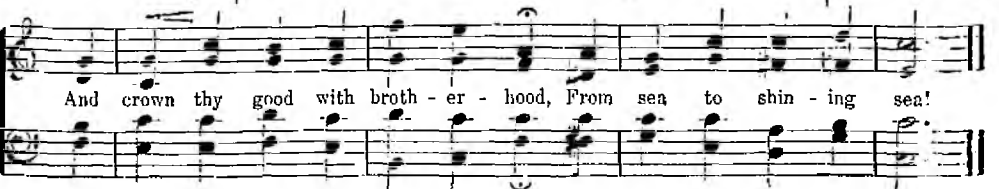
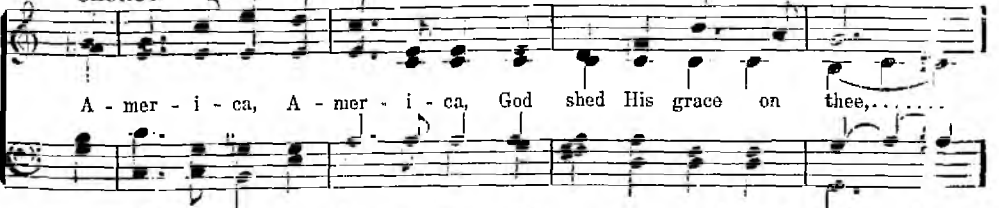
KATHARINE LEE BATES.

AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL.

J. S. FEARIS.



CHORUS.



BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

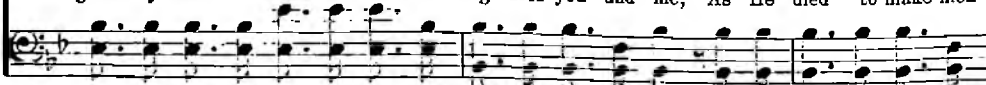
JULIA WARD HOWE.

Air: "JOHN BROWN'S BODY."

- 
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 fier - y 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

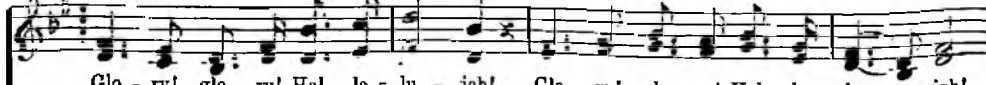


tram - pling out the vint - age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate - ful
 build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can read His right - eous
 deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you My grace shall deal." Let the He - ro, born of
 sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment - seat; O 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.
 wom - an, 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!



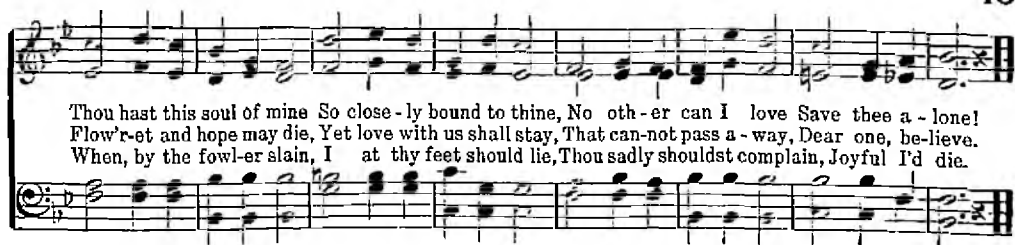
Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE.

- 
1. How can I leave thee! How can I from thee part! Thou on - ly hast my heart, Dear one, be - lieve.
 2. Blue is a flow'r - et Called the for - get - me - not; Wear it up - on thy heart, And think of me!
 3. Would I a bird were! Soon at thy side to be, Fal - coner hawk would fear, Speeding to thee.

HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE.

15

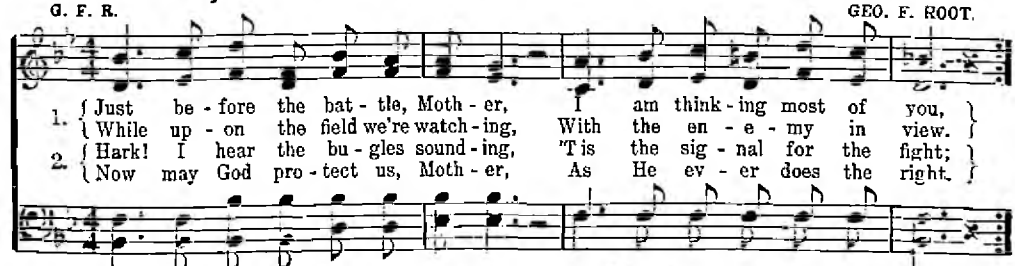


Thou hast this soul of mine So close-ly bound to thine, No oth-er can I love Save thee a - lone!
 Flow'r-et and hope may die, Yet love with us shall stay, That can-not pass a - way, Dear one, be-lieve.
 When, by the fowl-er slain, I at thy feet should lie, Thou sadly shouldst complain, Joyful I'd die.

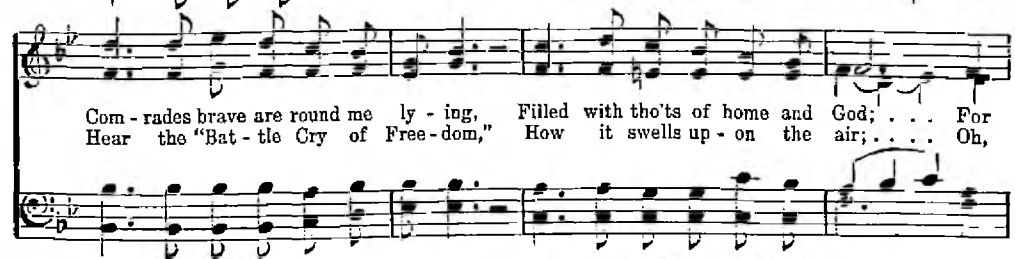
JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.

G. F. R.

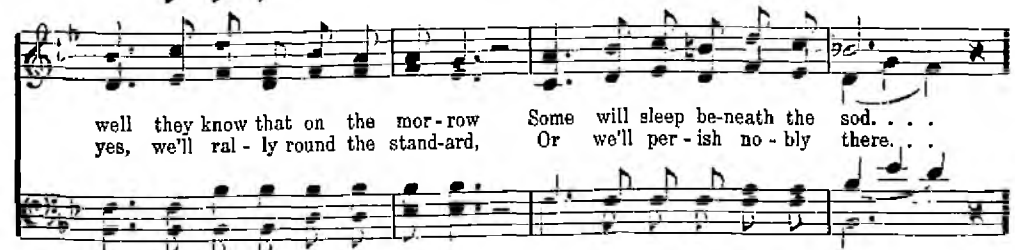
GEO. F. ROOT.



1. { Just be - fore the bat - tle, Moth - er, I am think - ing most of you, }
 { While up - on the field we're watch - ing, With the en - e - my in view. }
 2. { Hark! I hear the bu - gles sound - ing, 'Tis the sig - nal for the fight; }
 { Now may God pro - tect us, Moth - er, As He ev - er does the right. }

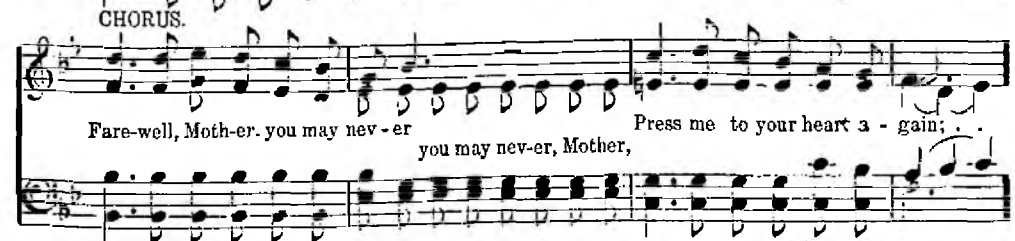


Com - rades brave are round me ly - ing, Filled with tho'ts of home and God; . . . For
 Hear the "Bat - tle Cry of Free - dom," How it swells up - on the air; . . . Oh,

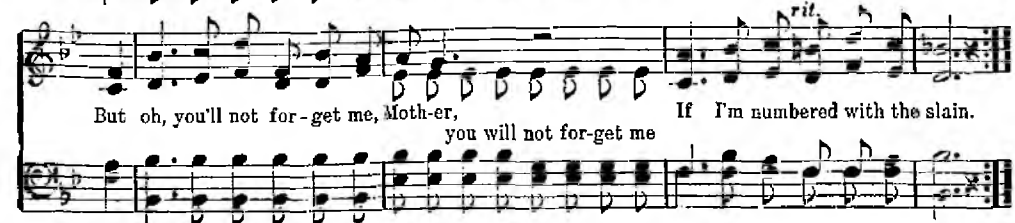


well they know that on the mor - row Some will sleep be-neath the sod. . . .
 yes, we'll ral - ly round the stand - ard, Or we'll per - ish no - bly there. . .

CHORUS.



Fare-well, Moth-er. you may nev-er Press me to your heart a - gain; . .
 you may nev-er, Mother,



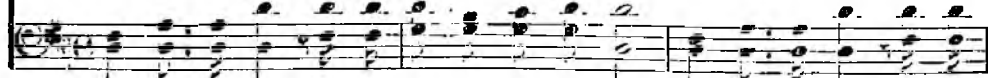
But oh, you'll not for-get me, Moth-er, If I'm numbered with the slain.
 you will not for-get me

OLD BLACK JOE.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.



1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay: Gone are my friends from the
 2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my
 3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free! Chil - dren so dear, that I




cot - ton - fields a - way; Gone from this earth to a bet - ter land, I know;
 friends come not a - gain, Griev - ing for forms now do - part - ed long a - go;
 held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go;



CHORUS.



I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing "Old Black Joe." I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing,




rit.
 For my head is bend - ing low; I hear those gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe."



THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

JOAHANNA KINKEL, 1810-1858



1. Ah, love, how can I leave thee? The sad tho't deep doth grieve me;
 2. No more shall I be - hold thee, Or to my heart en - fold thee;
 3. I'll think of thee with long - ing, When tho'ts with tears come thron - ing;




But know, what - e'er be - falls me, I go where hon - or calls me.
 In war's ar - ray ap - pear - ing, The foe's stern hosts are near - ing.
 And on the field, if ly - ing, I'll breathe thy dear name, dy - ing.

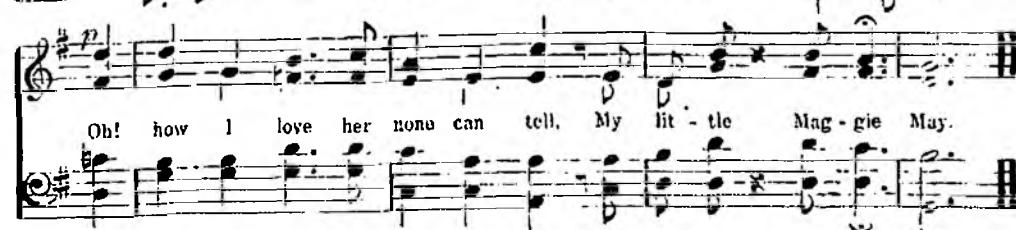
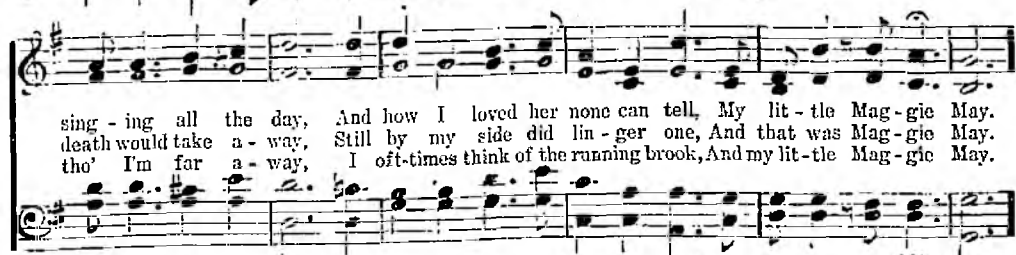
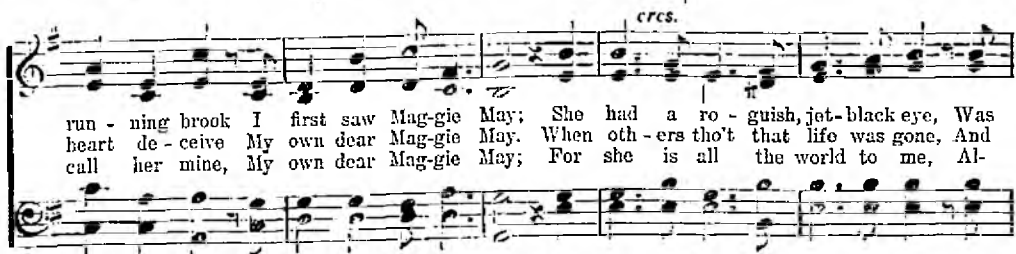
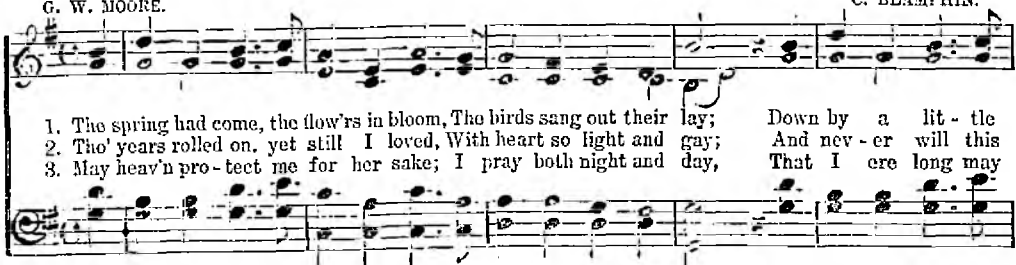


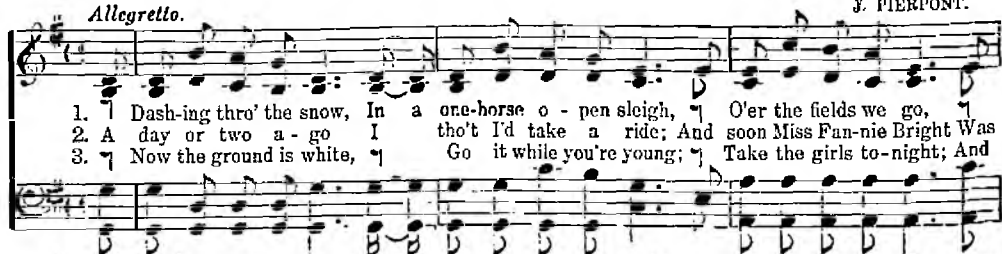


LITTLE MAGGIE MAY.

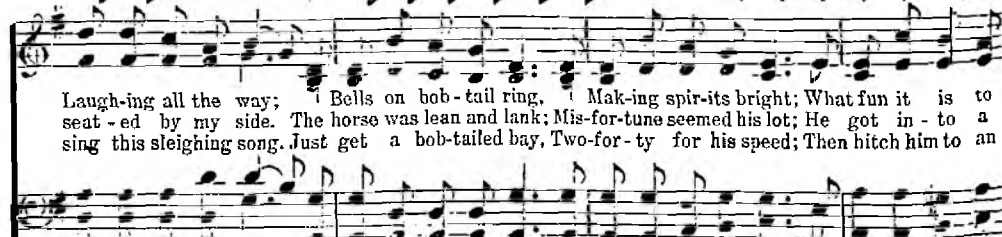
G. W. MOORE.

C. BLAMPHIN.

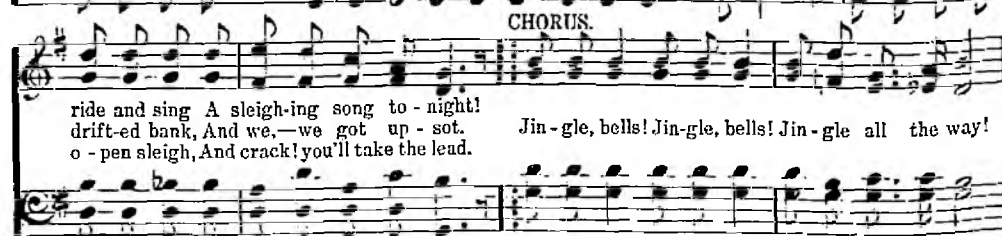


Allegretto.


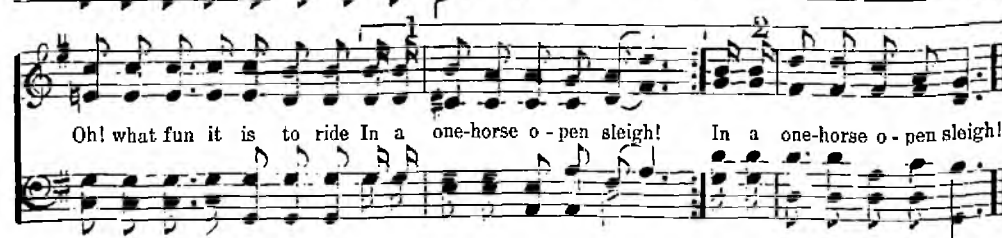
1. Dash-ing thro' the snow, In a one-horse o - pen sleigh, O'er the fields we go,
2. A day or two a - go I tho't I'd take a ride; And soon Miss Fan-nie Bright Was
3. Now the ground is white, Go it while you're young; Take the girls to-night; And



Laugh-ing all the way; Bells on bob-tail ring, Mak-ing spir-its bright; What fun it is to
seat-ed by my side. The horse was lean and lank; Mis-for-tune seemed his lot; He got in - to a
sing this sleighing song. Just get a bob-tailed bay, Two-for-ty for his speed; Then hitch him to an



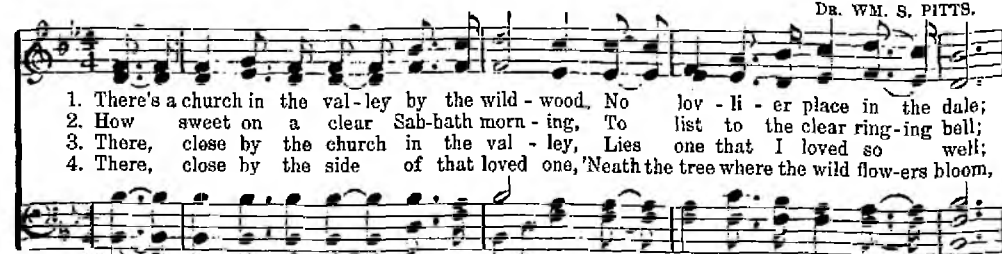
CHORUS.
ride and sing A sleigh-ing song to - night!
drift-ed bank, And we,—we got up - sot. Jin - gle, bells! Jin - gle, bells! Jin - gle all the way!
o - pen sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead.



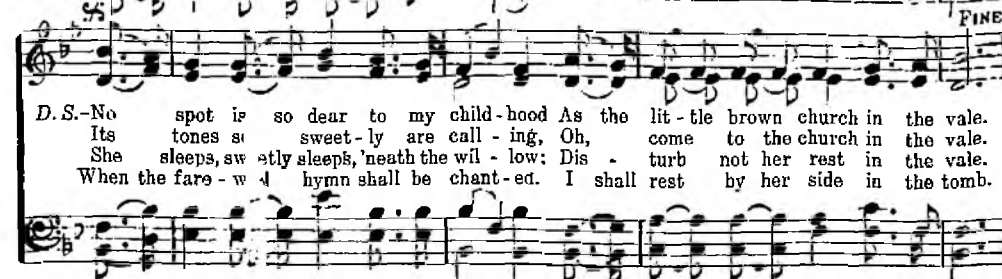
Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse o - pen sleigh! In a one-horse o - pen sleigh!

THE CHURCH IN THE WILDWOOD.

DR. WM. S. PITTS.



1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild - wood, No lov - li - er place in the dale;
2. How sweet on a clear Sab-bath morn - ing, To list to the clear ring-ing bell;
3. There, close by the church in the val - ley, Lies one that I loved so well;
4. There, close by the side of that loved one, 'Neath the tree where the wild flow-ers bloom,



D. S.—No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the lit-tle brown church in the vale.
Its tones so sweet-ly are call-ing, Oh, come to the church in the vale.
She sleeps, sweetly sleeps, 'neath the wil - low; Dis - turb not her rest in the vale.
When the fare - w'd hymn shall be chant-ed. I shall rest by her side in the tomb.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

SIR HENRY R. BISHOP.

1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces tho' we may roam, Be it ev - er so
 2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my
 3. An ex - ile from home, splen - dor daz - zles in vain; O give me my

hum - ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the sky seems to
 moth - er now thinks of her child; As she looks on that moon from our
 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.
 own cot - tage door, Thro' the wood - bine whose fra-grance shall cheer me no more.
 came at my call; Give me them, and that peace of mind, dear - er than all.

REFRAIN.

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

ALFRED TENNYSON.
pp Larghetto.

SWEET AND LOW.

BARNBY.

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

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; O - ver the roll - - ing
 moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; O - ver the
 Fa - - - ther will

SWEET AND LOW.

21

pp

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
 wa - ters go, Come . . . from the moon and blow,
 babe in the nest, Sil - - ver sails all out of the west. Un - der the sil - ver
 come to his babe, Sil - - ver sails out of . . the west,

p *rall. e dim.* *pp*

me. . . While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps. . . .
 moon. . . Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep. . . .

Mrs. NORTON.

JUANITA.

SPANISH MELODY.

1. Soft o'er the foun - tain, Ling'ring falls the south - ern 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' splen - dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
 Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re - lent - ing, For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh?

Wea - ry looks, yet ten - der, Speak their fond fare - well. Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta!
 In thy heart con - sent - ing To a prayer gone by? Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta!

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

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

(S'WANEE RIVER.)

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Con espressione.

1. 'Way down up - on de Swa - nee riv - er, Far, far a - way, Dere's wha my heart is
 2. All roun' de lit - tle farm I wan - dered When I was young, Den man - y hap - py
 3. One lit - tie hut a - mong de bush - es, One that I love, Still sad - ly to my

turn - ing ev - er, Dere's wha de old folks stay. All up and down de whole cre - a - tion,
 days I squandered, Man - y de songs I sung. When I was play - ing with my broth - er,
 mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove. When will I see de bees a - hum - ming,

Sad - ly I roam, Still long - ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.
 Hap - py was I; Oh! take me to my kind old moth - er, There let me live and die.
 All roun' de comb? When will I hear de ban - jo tum - ming, Down in my good old home?

CHORUS.

All de world am sad and drear - y, Eb - 'ry - where I roam,

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

GOD SAVE AMERICA. (ROUND.)

1 God save A - mer - i - ca! Bless the U - nit - ed States! Con -

3 tin - ue the Un - ion for - ev - er, and ev - er, A - men.

Sostenuto.

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

*Allegro.**Ritard molto. Repeat pp*

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

BEAUTIFUL BELLS.

Moderato.

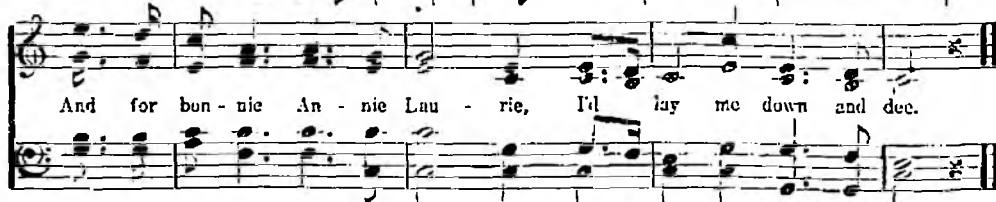
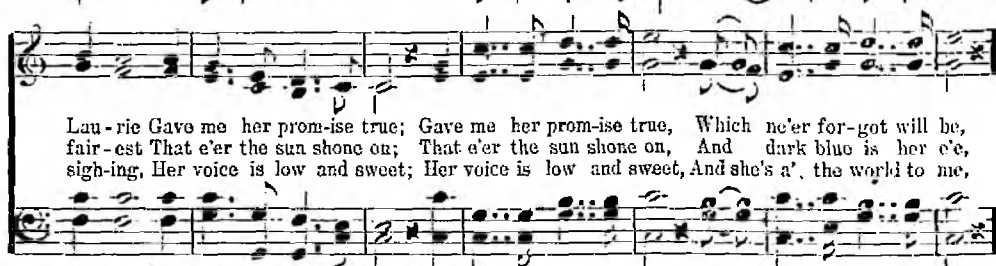
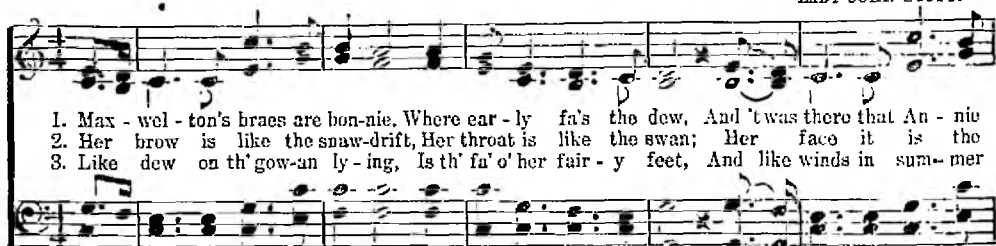
E. O. LYTE.

1. 2. Ring a-gain, Ring a-gain, Beau-ti-ful bells, beau-ti-ful bells;
 Ring-ing, Ring-ing, Ring-ing, Ring-ing,

Ring a-gain, Ring a-gain, Beau-ti-ful bells, beau-ti-ful bells.
 Ring-ing, Ring-ing, Ring-ing, Ring-ing.

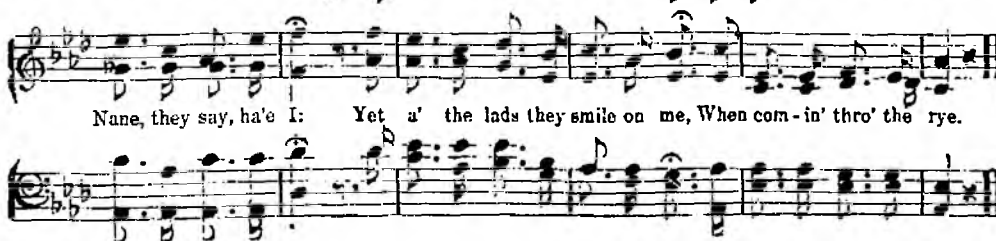
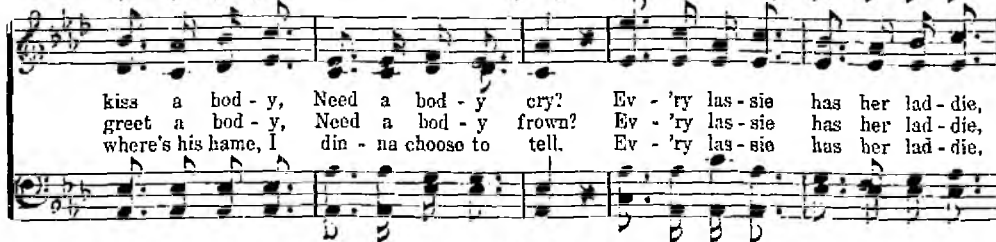
1. On the breeze of eve-ning steal-ing, Hark! the bells are slow-ly peal-ing, Wak-ing
 2. As the toil of day is end-ing, Thro' the vales the bells are send-ing Tones with

ev - 'ry ten-der feel-ing, Beau-ti-ful bells, beau-ti-ful bells, bells, beau-ti-ful bells.
 ev - 'ry mur-mur blend-ing, Beau-ti-ful bells, beau-ti-ful bells, bells, beau-ti-ful bells.



COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

ROBERT BURNS.

Lively.

CAN A LITTLE CHILD, LIKE ME?

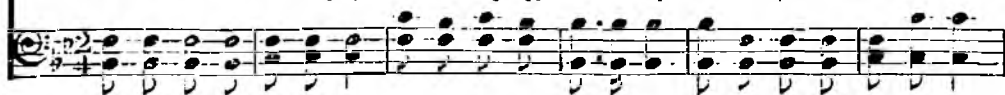
25

MARY MAPES DODGE.

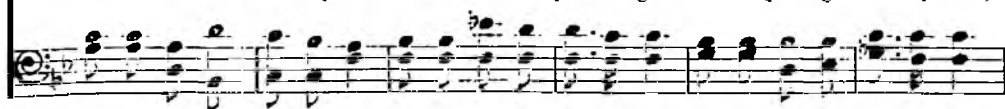
W. R. BASSFORD.



1. Can a lit-tle child, like me, Thank the Fa-ther fit-ting-ly? Yes, oh, yes! be good and true,
2. For the fruit up - on the tree, For the birds that sing of Thee, For the earth in beau-ty drest,
3. For the sunshine warm and bright, For the day and for the night; For the les-sons of our youth,
4. For our comrades and our plays, And our hap-py hol-i-days; For the joy-ful work and true



rit.
 Pa-tient, kind in all you do; Love the Lord, and do your part; Learn to say with all your heart:
 Fa-ther, moth-er, and the rest; For Thy pre-cious, lov-ing care, For Thy boun-ty ev'-ry-where,
 Hon-or, grat-i-tude and truth; For the love that met us here, For the home and for the cheer,
 That a lit-tle child may do; For our lives but just be-gun; For the great gift of Thy Son,



Fa-ther, we thank Thee! Fa-ther, we thank Thee! Fa-ther in heav-en, we thank Thee!



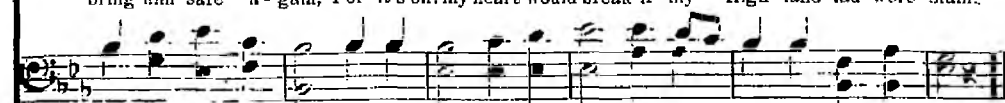
BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.



1. Oh! where, tell me where is your High-land lad-die gone? He's gone with streaming banners where
2. Oh! where, tell me where did your High-land lad-die dwell? He dwelt in bon-nie Scot-land, where
3. Oh! what, tell me what does your High-land lad-die wear? A bon-net with a lofty plume and
4. Oh! what, tell me what if your High-land lad be slain? Oh! no! true love will guard him and



no-ble deeds are done, And it's oh! in my heart now I wish him safe at home.
 blooms the sweet blue bell, And it's oh! in my heart that I lo'e my lad-die well.
 on his breast a plaid, And it's oh! in my heart that I lo'e my High-land lad.
 bring him safe a-gain, For it's oh! my heart would break if my High-land lad were slain.



THE MARSEILLAISE.

(National Song of France.)

ROUGET DE LISLE.

mf Allegro marziale.

1. Ye sons of Free-dom, wake to glo - ry! Hark! hark! what myr-iads bid you
 2. With lux - u - ry and pride sur - round - ed, The vile, in - sa - tiate des - pots
 3. O Lib - er - ty! can man re - sign thee? Once hav - ing felt thy gen -'rous

cres.

rise! Your chil-dren, wives, and grand-sires hoar - y, Be-hold their tears, and hear their
 dare, Their thirst for gold and pow'r un - bound - ed, To mete and vend the light and
 flame, Can dun-geon bolts and bars con - fine thee, Or whips thy no - ble spir - it

mp

cries! Be-hold their tears, and hear their cries! Shall hate-ful ty - rants, mis - chief
 air! To mete and vend the light and air! Like beasts of bur - den would they
 tame? Or whips thy no - ble spir - it tame? Too long the world has wept, be-

cres.

breed-ing, With hire-ling hosts, a ruf - fian band, Af-fright and des - o - late the land, When
 lead us, Like gods would bid their slaves a - dore; But man is man, and who is more? Then
 wail-ing The blood-stained sword our conq'rors wield; But free - dom is our sword and shield, And

peace and lib - er - ty lie bleed-ing? To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'a - veng - ing sword un-
 shall they lon - ger lash and goad us? To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'a - veng - ing sword un-
 all their arts are un - a - vail - ing! To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'a - veng - ing sword un-

THE MARSEILLAISE.

27

pp cres. poco a poco.

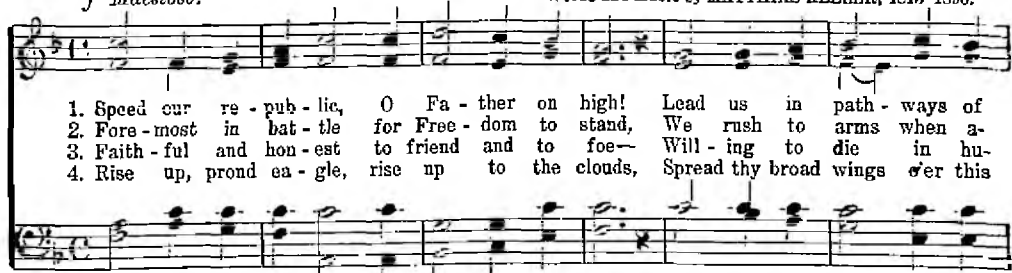


sheathe! March on, march on, all hearts re - solved On lib - er - ty or death!

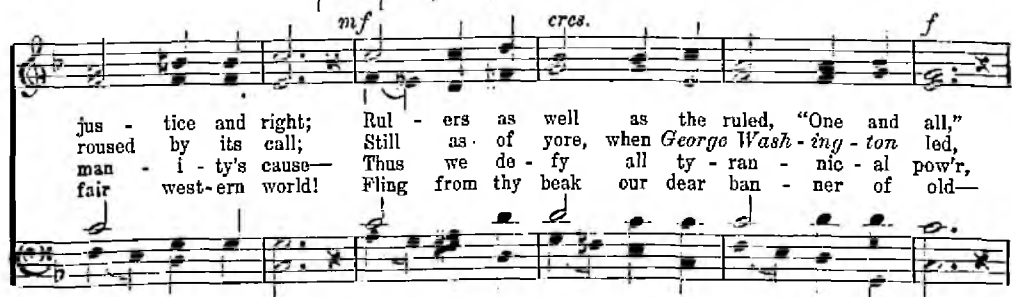
SPEED OUR REPUBLIC.

f Maestoso.

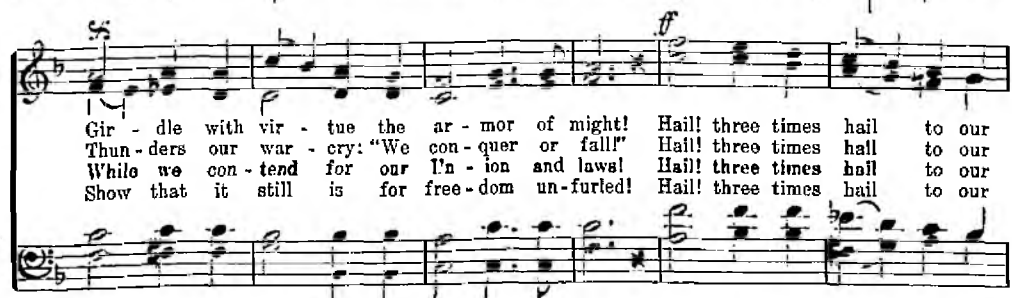
Words and Music by MATTHIAS KELLER, 1818-1890.



1. Speed our re - pub - lic, O Fa - ther on high! Lead us in path - ways of
2. For - most in bat - tle for Free - dom to stand, We rush to arms when a -
3. Faith - ful and hon - est to friend and to foe - Will - ing to die in hu -
4. Rise up, prond ea - gle, rise up to the clouds, Spread thy broad wings o'er this



mf *cres.* *f*
jus - tice and right; Rul - ers as well as the ruled, "One and all,"
roused by its call; Still as of yore, when George Wash - ing - ton led,
man - i - ty's cause - Thus we de - fy all ty - ran - nic - al pow'r,
fair west - ern world! Fling from thy beak our dear ban - ner of old -



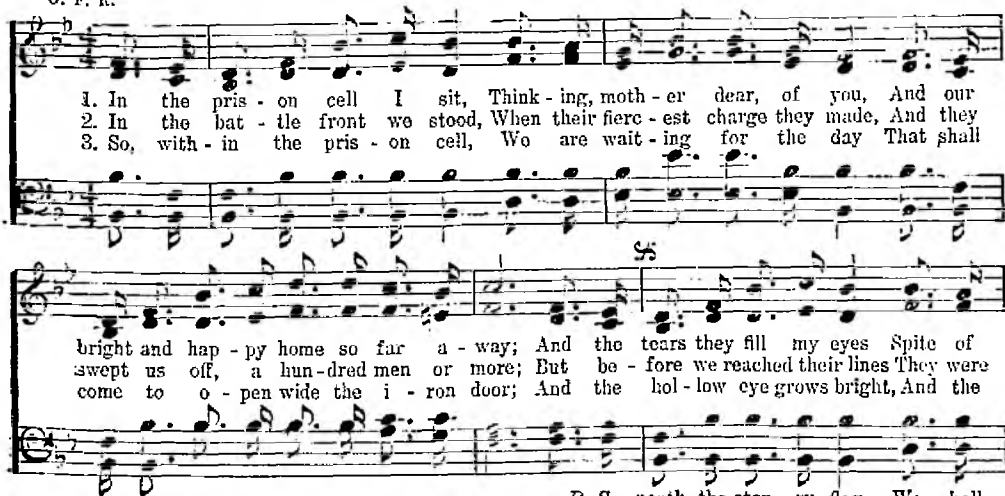
f
Gir - dle with vir - tue the ar - mor of night! Hail! three times hail to our
Thun - ders our war - cry: "We con - quer or fall!" Hail! three times hail to our
While we con - tend for our l'n - ion and laws! Hail! three times hail to our
Show that it still is for free - dom un - furled! Hail! three times hail to our



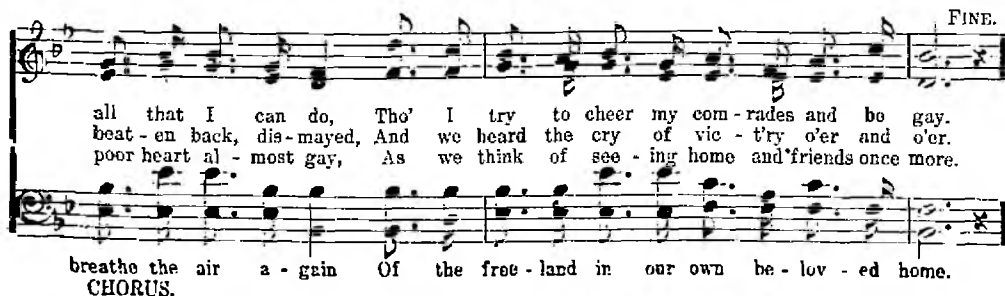
FINE. mf CHORUS. *cres.* *f D. S.*
coun - try and flag! Rul - ers as well as the ruled, "One and all,"
coun - try and flag! Still as of yore, when George Wash - ing - ton led,
coun - try and flag! Thus we de - fy all ty - ran - nic - al pow'r,
conn - try and flag! Fling from thy beak our dear ban - ner of old,

G. F. R.

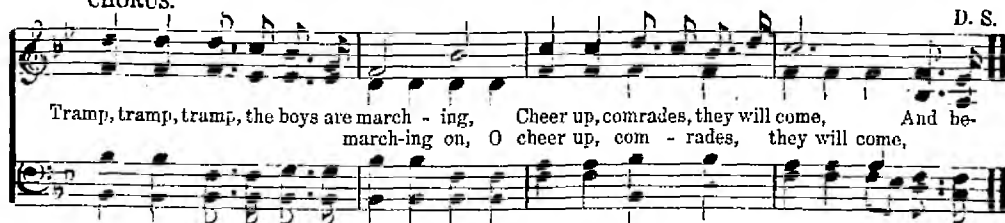
GEO. F. ROOT.



1. In the pris-on cell I sit, Think-ing, moth-er dear, of you, And our
2. In the bat-tle front we stood, When their fierc-est charge they made, And they
3. So, with-in the pris-on cell, We are wait-ing for the day That shall
bright and hap-py home so far a-way; And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of
swept us off, a hun-dred men or more; But be-fore we reached their lines They were
come to o-pen wide the i-ron door; And the hol-low eye grows bright, And the
D. S.—neath the star-ry flag We shall



all that I can do, Tho' I try to cheer my com-rades and be gay.
beat-en back, dis-mayed, And we heard the cry of vic-t'ry o'er and o'er.
poor heart al-most gay, As we think of see-ing home and friends once more.
breathe the air a-gain Of the free-land in our own be-lov-ed home.
CHORUS.

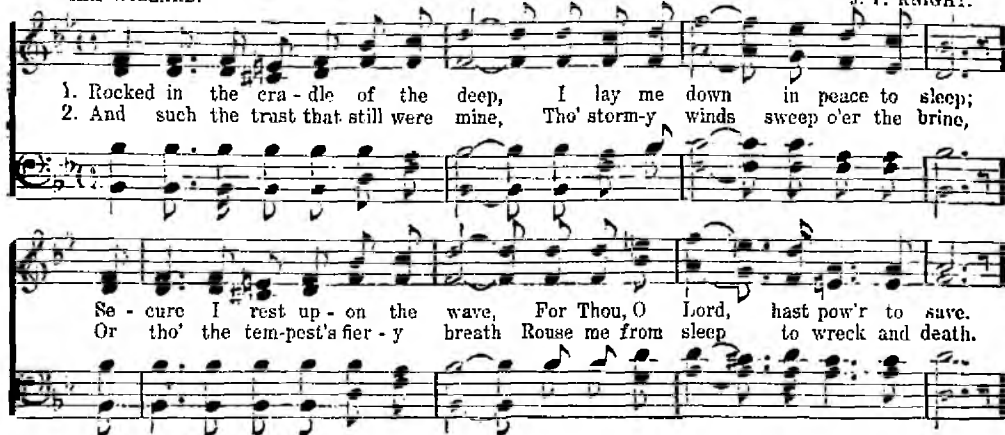


Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march-ing, Cheer up, comrades, they will come, And be-
march-ing on, O cheer up, com-rades, they will come, D. S.

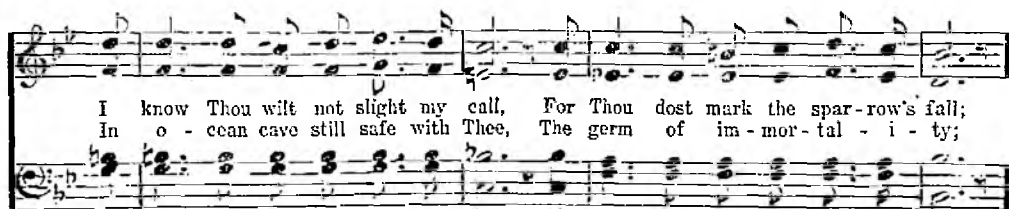
ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

EMMA WILLARD.

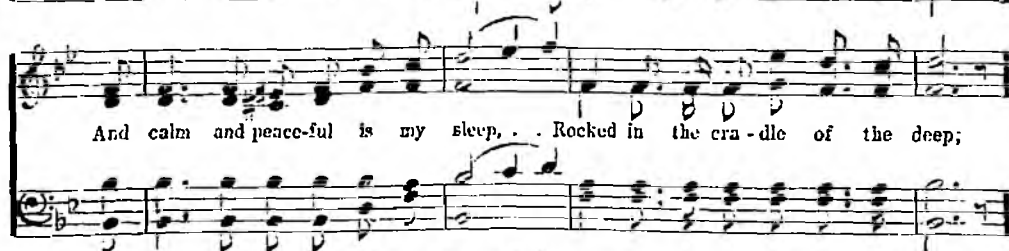
J. P. KNIGHT.



1. Rocked in the cra-dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep;
2. And such the trast that still were mine, The storm-y winds sweep o'er the brine,
Se-cure I rest up-on the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save.
Or tho' the tem-pest's fier-y breath Rouse me from sleep to wreck and death.



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



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



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

MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND!

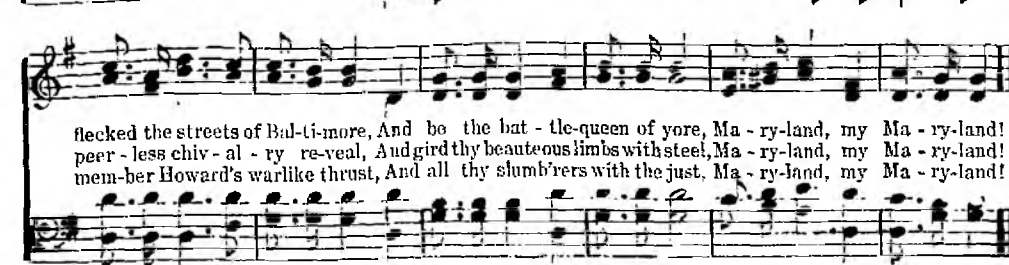
JAS. R. RANDALL.



1. The des-pot's heel is on thy shore, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land! His torch is at thy
2. Hark to an ex - iled son's ap - peal, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land! My Moth - er State, to
3. Thou wilt not cow - er in the dust, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land! Thy gleam-ing sword shall



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

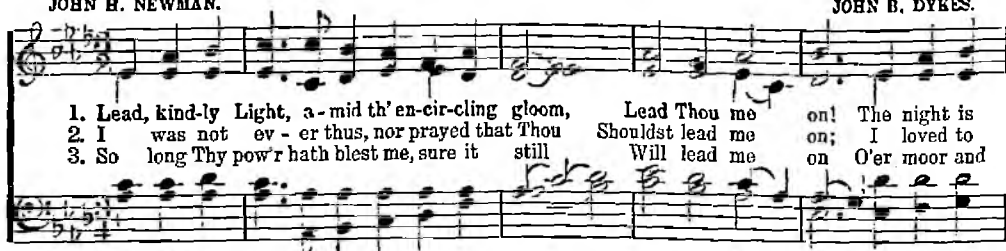


flecked the streets of Bal-ti-more, And be the bat - tle-queen of yore, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land!
peer - less chiv - al - ry re-veal, And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land!
mem-ber Howard's warlike thrust, And all thy slum-b'ers with the just, Ma - ry-land, my Ma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

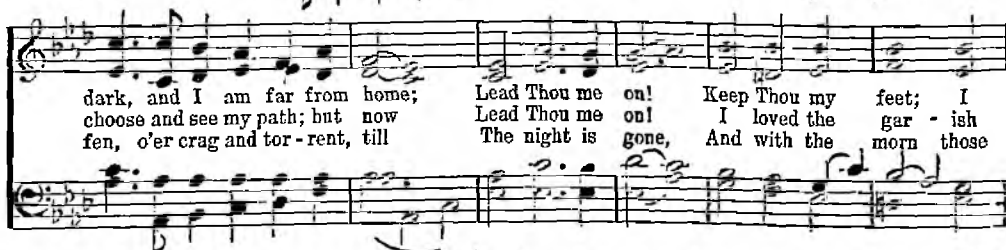
LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

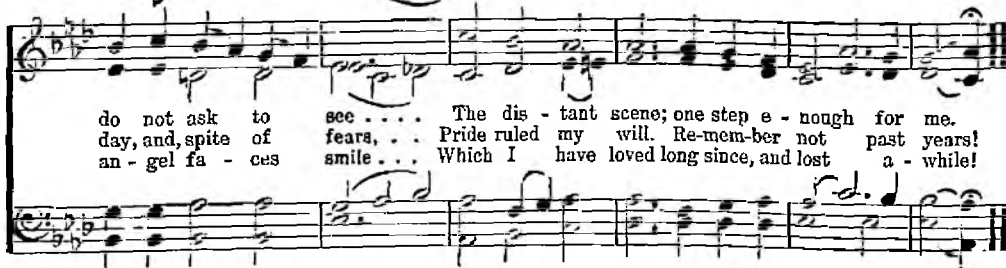
JOHN B. DYKES.



1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-cir-ling 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

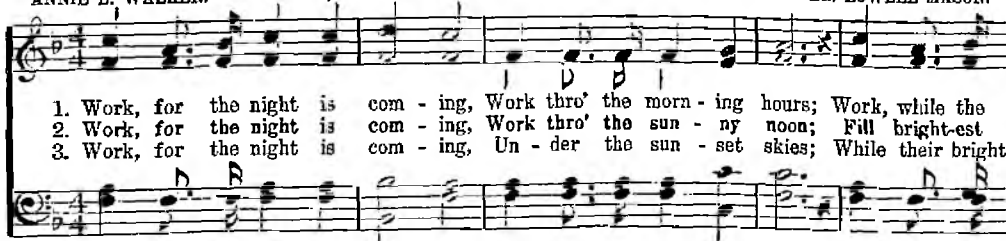


dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar-ish
fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

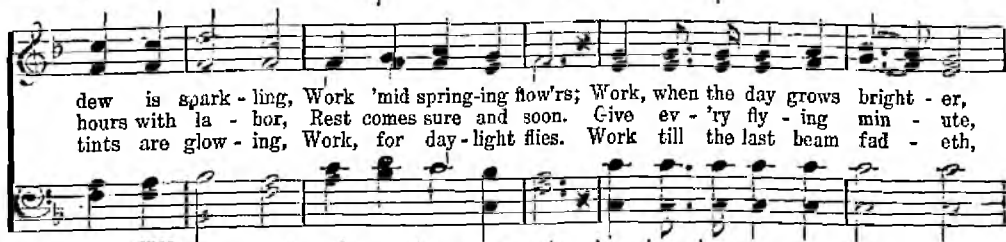


do not ask to see . . . The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me.
day, and, spite of fears, . . . Pride ruled my will. Re-mem-ber not past years!
an-gel fa-ces smile . . . Which I have loved long since, and lost a-while!

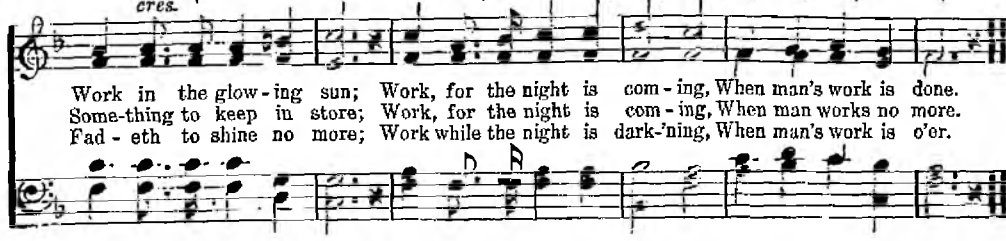
ANNIE L. WALKER. WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING. DR. LOWELL MASON.



1. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morn-ing hours; Work, while the
2. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the sun-ny noon; Fill bright-est
3. Work, for the night is com-ing, Un-der the sun-set skies; While their bright



dew is spark-ling, Work 'mid spring-ing flow'rs; Work, when the day grows bright-er,
hours with la-bor, Rest comes sure and soon. Give ev-'ry fly-ing min-ute,
tints are glow-ing, Work, for day-light flies. Work till the last beam fad-eth,



Work in the glow-ing sun; Work, for the night is com-ing, When man's work is done.
Some-thing to keep in store; Work, for the night is com-ing, When man works no more.
Fad-eth to shine no more; Work while the night is dark-ning, When man's work is o'er.

MRS. ABBY HUTCHINSON PATTON.

1. Kind words can never die, Cher-ished and blest, God knows how deep they lie, Lodged in the breast;
 2. Child-hood can never die, Wrecks of the past float o'er the mem-o-ry, Eright to the last.
 3. Sweet tho'ts can never die, Tho', like the flow'rs, Their brightest hues may fly In win-try hours.
 4. Our souls can never die, Tho' in the tomb We may all have to lie, Wrapt in its gloom.

rall. *a tempo.*
 Like childhood's simple rhymes Said o'er a thousand times, Go thro' all years and climes, The heart to cheer.
 Man - y a hap-py thing, Man - y a dai-sy spring, Floats on time's ceaseless wing, Far, far a-way.
 But when a gen-tle dew Gives them their charms anew, With many an added hue, They bloom a-gain.
 What tho' the flesh de-cay, Souls pass in peace a - way, Live thro' e - ter-nal day With Christ a-bove.

CHORUS.

Kind words can never die, nev-er die, nev-er die, Kind words can never die, no, nev-er die.
 Child-hood can never die, nev-er die, nev-er die, Child-hood can never die, no, nev-er die.
 Sweet tho'ts can never die, nev-er die, nev-er die, Sweet tho'ts can never die, no, nev-er die.
 Our souls can never die, nev-er die, nev-er die, Our souls can never die, no, nev-er die.

ROBIN ADAIR.

CAROLINE KEPPEL, 1750.

SCOTCH MELODY.

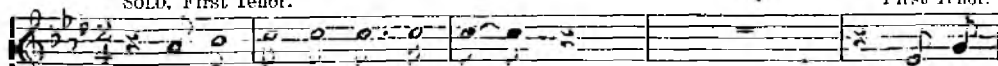
1. { What's this dull town to me? Rob - in's not near; } Where's all the joy and mirth
 { What was't I wished to see, What wished to hear? }
 2. { What made th'as-sem-bly shine? Rob - in A - dair; } What, when the play was o'er,
 { What made the ball so fine? Rob - in was there; }
 3. { But now thou'rt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

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

THE BULL-DOG.

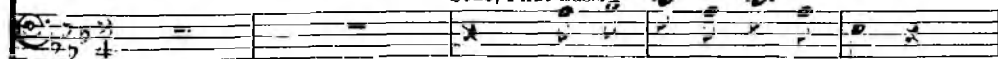
Moderato. mf
SOLO, First Tenor.

SOLO,
First Tenor.

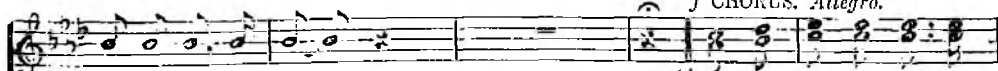


1. Oh! the bull-dog on the bank, And the bull-frog in the pool, Oh! the
2. Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him, And the snap-per caught his paw, Oh! the

SOLO, First Bass.

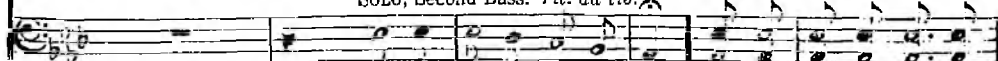


attacca il chor.
f CHORUS. *Allegro.*



Air.
bull-dog on the bank, And the bull-frog in the pool, Oh! the bull-dog on the
bull-dog stooped to catch him, And the snap-per caught his paw, Oh! the bull-dog stooped to

SOLO, Second Bass. *rit. ad lib.*



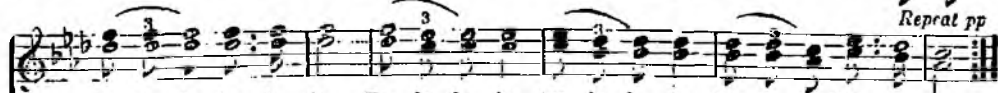
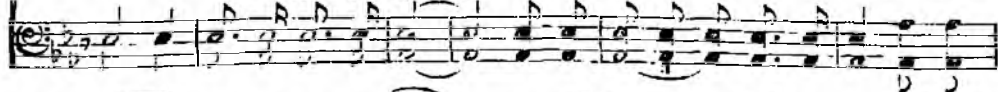
bank, And the bull-frog in the pool, The bull-dog called the bull-frog
catch him, And the snap-per caught his paw, The pol-ly-wog died a-laugh-ing



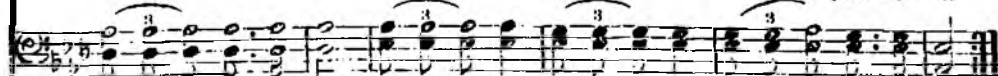
A green old wa-ter-fool. Sing-ing tra la la la la la la, . . . Sing-ing
To see him wag his jaw. leil-i-o.



tra la la la la la la, . . . Sing-ing tra la la la la la, Sing-ing
leil-i-o.



tra la la la la la, Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la la la.
leil-i-o.



3 Says the monkey to the owl:
"Oh! what'll you have to drink?"
"Why, since you are so very kind,
I'll take a bottle of ink."

4 Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,
Little Moses in the pool.
She fished him out with a telegraph pole,
And sent him off to school.

IN THE STARLIGHT.

STEPHEN GLOVER.

J. E. CARPENTER. C. MATZ, ARR.

1. In the star-light, in the star-light, let us wan-der gay and free, For there's nothing in the
2. In the star-light, in the star-light, at the day-light's dew-y close, When the night-in-gale is

day-light half so dear to you and me. Like the fair-ies in the shad-ow of the
sing-ing his last love-song to the rose; In the calm, clear night of sum-mer, when the

dim.
woods we'll steal a - long, And our sweet-est lays we'll war-ble, for the night was made for
breez-es soft-ly play, From the glit-ter of our dwell-ing we will gen-tly steal a-

rit. *a tempo.* *cres.*
song; When none are by to lis-ten, or to chide us in our glee, In the
way Where the sil-v'ry wa-ters mur-mur, by the mar-gin of the sea, In the

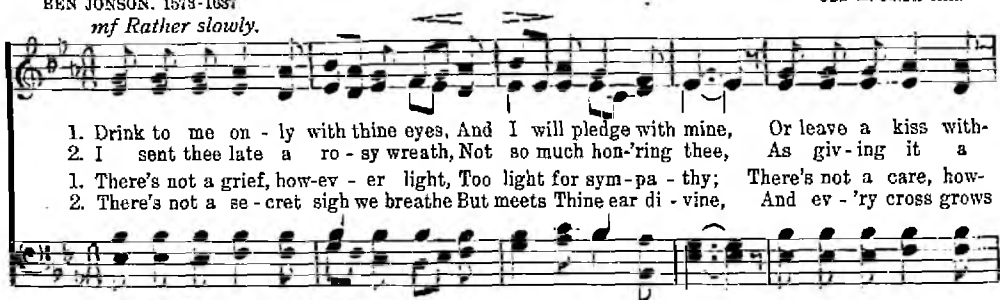
star-light, in the starlight, let us wander gay and free, In the starlight, in the starlight, let us
star-light, in the starlight, we will wander gay and free, In the starlight, in the starlight, we will

cres. *a tempo*
wan-der, let us wan-der, In the star-light, in the starlight, let us wan-der gay and free.
wan-der, we will wander, In the star-light, in the starlight, we will wan-der gay and free.

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

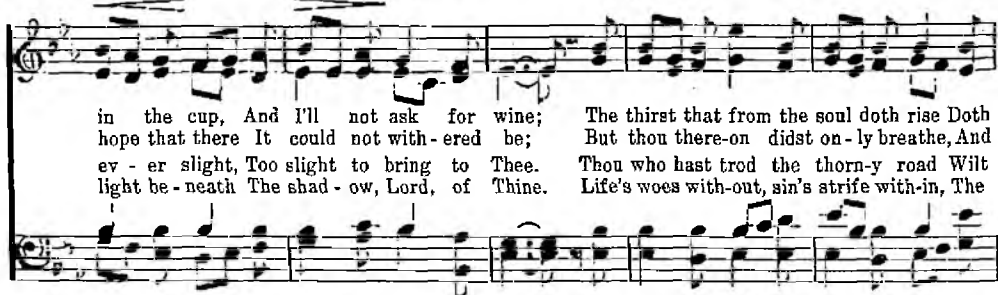
BEN JONSON. 1573-1637
mf Rather slowly.

OLD ENGLISH AIR.

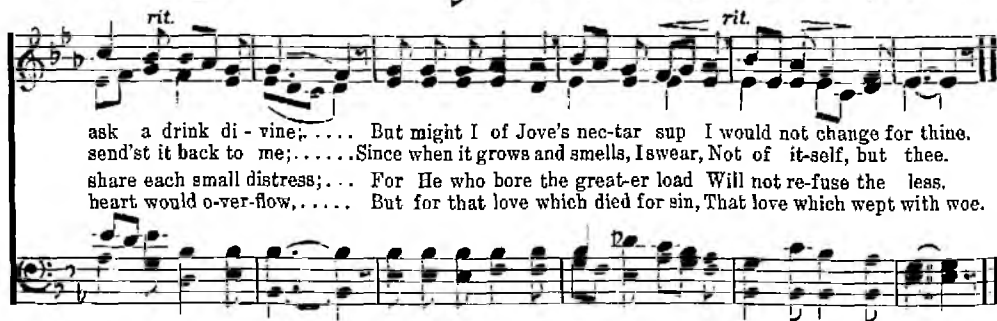


1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine, Or leave a kiss with-
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much hon-'ring thee, As giv-ing it a

1. There's not a grief, how-ev - er light, Too light for sym-pa - thy; There's not a care, how-
2. There's not a se - cret sigh we breathe But meets Thine ear di - vine, And ev - 'ry 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 Wilt
light be - neath The shad - ow, Lord, of Thine. Life's woes with-out, sin's strife with-in, The

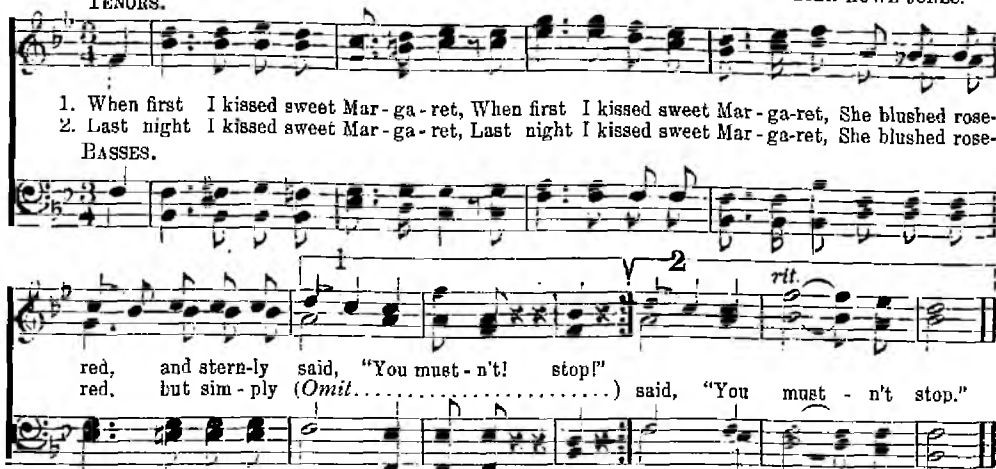


ask a drink di - vine; . . . But might I of Jove's nec-tar sup I would not change for thine.
send'st it back to me; . . . Since when it grows and smells, I swear, Not of it-self, but thee.
share each small distress; . . . For He who bore the great-er load Will not re-fuse the leas.
heart would o-ver-flow,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

WHEN FIRST I KISSED SWEET MARGARET.

TENORS.

WALTER HOWE JONES.



1. When first I kissed sweet Mar - ga - ret, When first I kissed sweet Mar - ga - ret, She blushed rose-
2. Last night I kissed sweet Mar - ga - ret, Last night I kissed sweet Mar - ga - ret, She blushed rose-

BASSES.

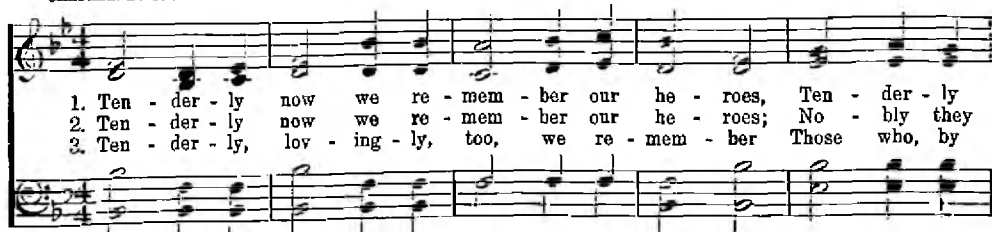
red, and stern-ly said, "You must - n't! stop"
red, but sim - ply (Omit.) said, "You must - n't stop."

TENDERLY NOW WE REMEMBER OUR HEROES.

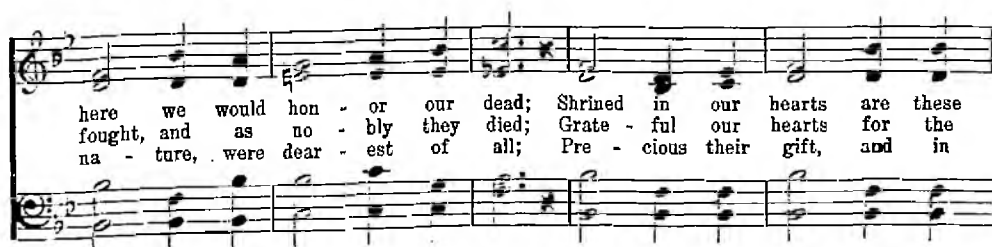
CHAPLAIN F. C. H.

Sacred to our honored dead.

CHAPLAIN FRANK C. HUSTON.



1. Ten - der - ly now we re - mem - ber our he - roes, Ten - der - ly
 2. Ten - der - ly now we re - mem - ber our he - roes; No - bly they
 3. Ten - der - ly, lov - ing - ly, too, we re - mem - ber Those who, by



here we would hon - or our dead; Shrined in our hearts are these
 fought, and as no - bly they died; Grate - ful our hearts for the
 na - ture, were dear - est of all; Pre - cious their gift, and in

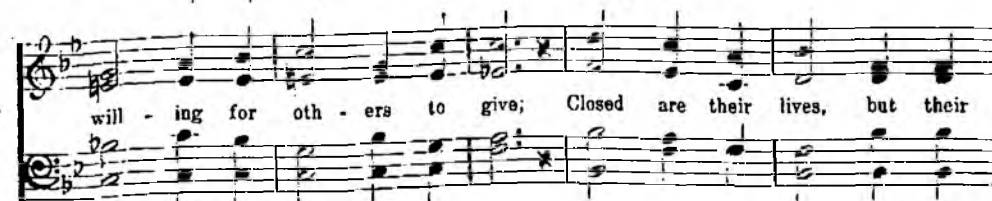


he - roes of Free - dom; For them each tear - drop is lov - ing - ly shed.
 serv - ice they ren - dered, Ours is a love that could not be de - nied.
 grate - ful re - mem - brance, Min - gle we, with them, the tears that must fall.

CHORUS.



Ten - der - ly now we re - mem - ber our he - roes, Ho - roes so



will - ing for oth - ers to give; Closed are their lives, but their



deeds ne'er for - got - ten, Fresh in our mem - 'ries for - ev - er shall live.

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In Octavo form at dealers, or Frank C. Huston, Indianapolis, Ind.

THE AMERICAN'S CREED

I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign states; a perfect union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

I, therefore, believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies.

William Tyler Page.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

The stars upon it were like the bright morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it were beams of morning light. As at the early dawn the stars shine forth even while it grows light, and then, as the sun advances, that light breaks into banks and streaming lines of color, glowing red and intense white striving together and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent; so, on the American Flag, stars and beams of many colored light shine out together.

It is the banner of dawn. How glorious has been its origin! How glorious has been its history! How divine its meaning! In all the world there is no other banner that carries such hope, such grandeur of spirit, such soul inspiring truth, as our dear old American flag. Made by liberty, made for liberty, nourished in its spirit, carried in its service, and never once, in all the earth made to stoop to despotism!

Our flag carries American ideas, American history, and American feelings. It is a whole National history. It is the Constitution. It is the Government. It is the free people that stand in the government on the Constitution.

Henry Ward Beecher.

It speaks sublimity, and every part has a voice. Its stripes of alternate red and white proclaim the original union of thirteen states to maintain the declaration of independence. White is purity; red, for valor; blue, for justice.

Charles Sumner.

WHAT OUR FLAG STANDS FOR

Our flag stands for freedom and equality. It is the banner of a people who still cheerfully lay down their lives in the defense of right, justice and freedom. It is the emblem by which we proclaim to the world that this is "The home of the brave and the land of the free."

Our flag is an emblem of true patriotism, the patriotism of deeds, the patriotism of courage, of loyalty, of devotion to freedom, justice and humanity; the patriotism of men who have lived and died—not for themselves but for the glory of their Country.

When we look at our flag, its stars and stripes, its red, white and blue, and read its story and hear its message; when we contemplate what it means and stands for, and think at what cost of life and sacrifice our flag flies over us today, it mutely entreats us to cherish it, to protect and defend it.

THE PLEDGE TO THE FLAG

Flag of our Great Republic! Hallowed by noblest deeds and loving sacrifice; Guardian of our honor; an inspiration in every battle for the right; whose stars and stripes stand for Beauty, Purity, Truth, Patriotism and the Union. WE SALUTE THEE and for thy defense, the protection of our Country and the conservation of the liberty of the American people, we pledge our hearts, our lives and our sacred honor.

THE VOW OF ALLEGIANCE

I pledge allegiance to my Flag, and the Republic for which it stands; one Nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF OUR COLORS

America's most gifted poets and orators have vied with one another in setting forth the significance of the red, the white, and the blue of the Star Spangled Banner. "A thoughtful mind, when it sees the nation's flag, sees not only the flag, but the nation itself. We read in the flag the government, the principles, the truths, the history, that belongs to the nation which the flag represents."

THE STRIPES—Standing side by side, as they do, the thirteen stripes recall to us the struggle of the thirteen Colonies for independence, and exemplify the principle that "In union there is strength." They are a permanent tribute to the brave founders and defenders of our Republic.

THE STARS—Each star is an emblem recording a great event in the history of the Country. The first thirteen stars represent the original thirteen states and stand for the work of our Forefathers. Each added star tells a story of struggle, of danger, of hardship, of suffering and privation to transplant a state from the wilderness to the Union. What a record is contained in this field of blue with its forty-eight stars! A record of growth and achievement unsurpassed by any people in the world.

THE RED—Red proclaims courage, zeal and fervency. The courage which men of our country have always shown. The courage that inspires men to face danger and to do the right. There is scarcely a place in our land which does not record some courageous deed done under our flag. There is hardly a sea on the globe on which our Glorious Banner has not been unfurled, ready to give aid and protection where honor and duty called.

As civilization progressed westward, year by year, each step marked a struggle, a battle for victories on the part of toiling men and women bearing the Flag—victories of peace often greater than those of war.

THE WHITE—White is for purity, correction of life and rectitude of conduct. The white stripes in our Flag are emblematic of the "Land of the Free," the country to which the oppressed of all the world may come to enjoy equality and liberty. Washington once said: "We take the star from Heaven, the red from the Mother Country, separating it by white stripes, thus showing that we have separated from her, and the white stripes shall go down to posterity, representing liberty."

THE BLUE—Blue signifies loyalty, devotion, friendship, justice and truth. The blue is the blue of the Heavens, the *true blue*. It tells the story of thousands of men and women who have been loyal to their country through suffering and hardship; who have not hesitated at any sacrifice, even their own lives, to obey their country's command.

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS—NOV. 19, 1863

Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new Nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that Nation, or any Nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come here to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that Nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, or long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they *did* here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have, thus far, so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this Nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ETIQUETTE OF THE FLAG

The American Flag is the oldest modern National Flag in the world. However, the flag of Switzerland dates back to 1339 and the flag of Turkey to 1453.

The national salute is one gun for every state. The international salute is, under the law of nations, twenty-one guns.

Always stand when the Star Spangled Banner is being played, excepting when played in a medley.

When the flag is passing in parade or in review, the spectators should, if walking, halt, and, if sitting, arise and stand at "attention."

When two American Flags are crossed, the blue fields should face each other.

When carried in parade or when crossed with other flags, the Stars and Stripes should always be at the right.

In draping the flag against the side of a room or building, the proper position for the blue field is toward the north or toward the east.

As an altar covering, the Union should be at the right as you face the altar and nothing should be placed upon the flag except the Holy Bible.

When the flag is placed over a casket, the starry field should be at the head.

The flag should never be worn as the whole or part of a costume. As a badge it should be worn over the left breast.

From private flag poles, the Secretary of War advises that the flag may fly at all hours, day and night, with due respect to the colors.

Old government flags are sent by the Quartermaster's Department to Philadelphia, where they are shredded.

There are three standard sizes for the flag provided by the War Department regulations: Garrison flag, 38x20 feet; Post flag, 19x10 feet, and Storm flag, 9½x5 feet.

Hail Columbia was sung at the ceremony of lowering the flag at sunset, until 1904, when Secretary Moody ordered that the Star Spangled Banner be substituted.

In handling the flag, it should not be allowed to touch the ground, and never allowed to lie upon the ground as means of decoration—nor should it be laid flat with anything placed upon it.

The arrangement of the stars on the flag is regulated by law and executive order. An executive order, issued Oct. 26, 1912, provided for forty-eight stars to be arranged in six horizontal rows of eight stars each.

Whenever our flag and any other are hoisted on the same staff, the Star Spangled Banner must float from the top. In the heart of every American citizen, the American Flag must have the first and highest place—must be supreme.

If a foreigner wishes to raise the flag of his nationality in this country, he must raise the flag of the United States above it, not below it. If for decoration, the Stars and Stripes must be at the right.

When the flag is flown at half staff as a sign of mourning, it should be hoisted to full staff at the conclusion of the funeral. In placing the flag at half staff, it should first be hoisted to the top of the staff and then lowered to position.

When the flag is shown *horizontally*, the blue field should be at the upper corner to the left of the person facing the flag, when *vertically*, the blue field should be at the upper corner to the right of a person facing the flag.

The *field* of the flag is the stripes, the *union* is the blue and the stars. The flag is known as Old Glory, Stars and Stripes, Star Spangled Banner, and the Red, White and Blue.

HISTORY OF OUR FLAG

From the maze of uncertainty which obscures the origin of our flag, it is possible to see in the various theories advanced that the emblem we love and honor most today is the result of a development covering a rather long period, beginning before the Revolution and continuing down to 1818. Indeed, one scholar asserts that our flag goes back to the coat of arms of the Washington family, appearing on the monument of Lawrence Washington and dating back to 1564. This coat of arms was used by George Washington and consisted of vertical red and white stripes with a row of red stars across the white band at the top. Whether or not this statement be true, the flag of our country, one of the youngest of great nations, is one of the oldest national emblems.

We might naturally assume that in pre-Revolutionary days the flag used by the colonies was that of Great Britain, but such was not the case. This was especially true in the decade just preceding the battle of Lexington. In that period a number of colonial ensigns were to be seen and, while they varied greatly in design, the word "Liberty" appeared frequently.

The opening months of the Revolution saw a marked development in our flag. While there were still various colonial devices, of which the best known were the Pine-tree Flag of New England and the Rattlesnake Flag, we see a decided trend toward our emblem of today. The most notable example of this is the common use of red and white stripes.

At the same time, however, the early Revolutionary flags often showed the attachment felt by the colonists for Great Britain, while the war was still one not for independence but rather for the maintenance of the "rights of Englishmen." Thus the British field of red was retained, altho it was striped with white to indicate the grievances of the colonies toward the mother country. In others the Cross of St. George and of St. Andrew were retained. This was especially illustrated by the flag recommended by a committee appointed in 1775. This flag was to consist of 13 alternating red and white stripes with the canton of the British flag in the upper left hand corner. It was first used by John Paul Jones, Dec. 3, 1775, and by Washington, Jan. 2, 1776, at Cambridge as the standard of the Continental army.

After July the 4th, 1776, a change became highly desirable, and on June 14, 1777, Congress adopted the resolution of John Adams that the flag consist of 13 alternating red and white stripes, representing the thirteen colonies and a union of 13 stars emblematic of a new constellation of 13 states. June 14 is known as Flag Day and was first observed in 1893.

A congressional committee consisting of Washington, Major Ross, and Robert Morris shortly afterward waited upon Mrs. Betsy Ross in Philadelphia to engage her to make a flag. This she agreed to do after persuading the committee to have a five rather than a six-pointed star. Washington is credited with having roughly sketched the design to be followed. The stars were originally arranged in a circle but this was necessarily changed with the growth in the number of states. The new flag was unfurled for the first time at the battle of Brandywine, Sept. 11, 1777, and shortly after witnessed the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga.

In January, 1794, after the admission of Vermont and Kentucky, Congress ordered two more stars and stripes added to the flag. It was this flag with its fifteen stripes that inspired Francis Scott Key to write the song which sends a thrill to the heart of every American—The Star Spangled Banner. No further change was made until 1818 when Congress enacted a law providing that the number of stripes should be fixed at thirteen, representing the original states and a new star added for each of the five states admitted since 1795. Thereafter, when a new state was admitted an additional Star was to be added on the following Fourth of July.

This is the flag which calls to our minds the heroic work of Washington, the courage of John Paul Jones and Commodore Perry, the victories of Taylor and Scott, the determination of Grant and Sherman, the humanitarian motives of McKinley thru Dewey and Schley, the indomitable purpose of Pershing to destroy autocracy and to establish democracy, justice, brotherhood and universal peace in the great cause of humanity.

Such is the history of our flag, an emblem which has grown with our country, a standard of liberty, a beacon to the oppressed, a rainbow of hope to the champions of democracy, a token of divine wrath to the oppressors of mankind!

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