

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP-GROUND.

We're tenting to-night on the old camp-ground,
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home
And friends we love so dear!

CHORUS.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace:
Tenting to-night, tenting to-night,
Tenting on the old camp-ground.

We've been tenting, to-night, on the old camp-ground,
Thinking of the days gone by:
Of the loved ones at home, that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said, Good-bye!—*Chorus.*

We are tired of war on the old camp-ground;
Many are dead and gone,
Of the brave and true, who've left their homes:
Others have been wounded long.—*Chorus.*

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

CHORUS.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace:
Dying to-night, dying to-night,
Dying on the old camp-ground.

LISTEN TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

THE MUSIC WILL BE SENT, POSTPAID, ON RECEIPT OF 35 CENTS.
ADDRESS THE FIRM YOU RECEIVE THIS FROM.

I'm dreaming now of Hally, sweet Hally,
I'm dreaming now of Hally;
For the thought of her is one that never dies;
She's sleeping in the valley, the valley, the valley,
She's sleeping in the valley,
And the mocking-bird is singing where she lies,

CHORUS.

Listen to the mocking-bird,
Listen to the mocking-bird,
The mocking-bird is singing o'er her grave,
Listen to the mocking-bird,
Listen to the mocking-bird,
Still singing where the weeping willows wave.

Ah! well I yet remember, remember, remember,
Ah! well I yet remember,
When we gathered in the cotton, side by side;
'Twas in the mild September, September,
'Twas in the mild September, [September,
And the mocking-bird was singing far and wide.
Listen to the mocking-bird, &c.

When the charms of Spring awaken, awaken,
When the charms of Spring awaken, [awaken,
And the mocking-bird is singing on the bough,
I feel like one forsaken, forsaken, forsaken,
I feel like one forsaken,
Since Hally is no longer with me now.
Listen to the mocking-bird, &c.

BEN BOLT.

THE MUSIC WILL BE SENT, POSTPAID, ON RECEIPT OF 35 CENTS
THE FIRM THAT SENT YOU THIS.

Don't you remember, sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?
Sweet Alice, with hair so brown,
Who blushed with delight if you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old church-yard, in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and lone,
They have fitted a slab of granite so gray,
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
That stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noonday shade,
And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet that crawls round the wall as you gaze,
Takes the place of the olden din.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
That stood in the pathless wood?
And the button-ball tree, with its motley boughs,
That nigh by the door-step stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
You would look for the tree in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest stood,
Grows grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
And the master so cruel and grim?
And the shady nook in the running brook,
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who were schoolmates then,
There are only you and I!

There's a change in the things I love, Ben Bolt:
They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the core of my spirit the truth,
There never was a change in you.
Twelvemonths twenty have passed, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends, yet I hail
Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt of the salt sea gale!

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

THE MUSIC SENT TO ANY ADDRESS, ON RECEIPT OF 10 CENTS
BY THE FIRM THAT SENT YOU THIS.

This life is but a difficult riddle,
For how many people we see
With faces as long as a fiddle
That ought to look shining with glee!
I am sure in this world there are plenty
Of good things enough for us all,
And yet there's not one out of twenty
But thinks that his share is too small.

CHORUS.

Then what is the use of repining?
For where there's a will there's a way,
And to-morrow the sun may be shining,
Although it is cloudy to-day.

Did you never hear tell of the spider
That tried up the wall hard to climb?
If not, just take that as a guider—
You'll find it will serve you in time;
Nine times it tried hard to be mounting,
And every time it stuck fast,
But it tried hard again, without counting,
And, of course, it succeeded at last.—*Chorus.*

Some grumble because they're not married,
And cannot procure a good wife,
Whilst others they wish they had tarried,
And long for a bachelor's life.
To me it is very bewilderin';
Some grumble, it must be in fun,
Because they have too many children,
And others because they have none.—*Chorus.*

Do you think that by sitting and sighing,
You'll ever obtain what you want?
It's cowards alone that are crying,
And foolishly saying, "I can't!"
It's only by plodding and striving,
And laboring up the steep hill
Of life, that you'll ever be thriving,
Which you'll do, if you've only the will.—*Chorus.*