


**HOURS**  
OF  
**SINGING.**

FOR  
**THE SCHOOL ROOM.**

BY  
*A. J. SHOWALTER and A. S. KIEFFER.*



**RUEBUSH, KIEFFER & CO.,**  
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Tenney

29 April 1965



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Standard 7-shape notes

*pt 7  
over*

Tenney

29 April 1965



# HOURS OF SINGING:

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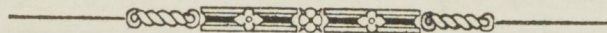
COLLECTION OF NEW MUSIC

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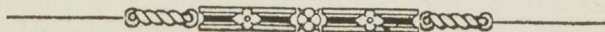
AND THE

HOME CIRCLE.



EDITED BY

A. J. SHOWALTER *and* A. S. KIEFFER.



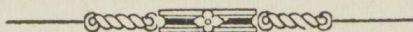
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1882.



# PREFACE.



A character note music book for the school room has long been needed by the children of America. To meet this want we present "HOURS OF SINGING" to the public in the hope that it may lead thousands of the children into Happy Songland.

The notation is so simple that any child can, in a few hours, learn to read music in any key. Each note of the scale has a distinct shape, like each letter of the alphabet, thus:

▲ Doe,    ♣ Ray,    ◆ Mee,    ♠ Faw,    ● Sole,    ■ La,    ◊ See,    ▲ Doe.

## THE SCALE IN F.



Doe, Ray, Mee, Faw, Sole, Law, See, Doe.    Doe, See, Law, Sole, Faw, Mee, Ray, Doe.

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J. M. ARMSTRONG & CO., MUSIC TYPOGRAPHERS, Philadelphia.



# HOURS OF SINGING.

## HOURS OF SINGING.

A. S. KIEFFER.



- 1 { How we love these hours of sing-ing, How we prize each mo-ment bright!  
Pure en-joy-ment ev - er bring-ing, Yet we now must say good night!
- 2 { Sing we songs of cheer-ful meas-ure, While in cho - rus we u-nite,  
Fain would we pro-long our pleas-ure, Ling'ring, while we say good night.



Mu - sic soothes us when in sad - ness, Gilds the dark-est cloud with light!  
Oh, sweet mu - sic! love in-spir - ing, May we ne'er her teach-ings slight.



Joy en-hanc-ing in our glad-ness, Must we part and say good night!  
Ev - er on-ward, still un - tir - ing, Ev - er up-ward now good night!





# SPRING SONG.

FRANCIS ANSON EVANS.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1 There are grass-es green-ly grow-ing On the dis-tant slop-ing hill;  
 2 Vi-o-lets! how they are stand-ing As I count them in the dell;  
 3 Oh, how rare it is to ram-ble In those fair e-lys-ian days!



D.C. Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la,



There are brooklets laugh-ing, flow-ing, Downward to the old, old mill.  
 Ros-es! pet-als wide ex-pand-ing, Make my bo-som glad-ly swell;  
 Oh, how sweet it is to scam-ble O-ver banks and rug-ged ways;



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



Far a-way I hear the sing-ing Of the shy, light-hearted birds,  
 Mer-ri-ly the bees are sail-ing O'er the soft-ly sigh-ing breeze,  
 Cull-ing flow'rs by brook and riv-er, Un-der bon-ny skies of blue,



D.C.



Far a-way I hear the ring-ing Of the bells up-on the herds.  
 Lis-ten to the notes pre-vail-ing, As they dart a-mong the trees.  
 O dear Spring! thou grand old giv-er, How we al-ways welcome you.





# O'ER THE SEA.

W. T. GIFFE.



1 O'er the sea, o'er the sea, Swells the sound of mel - o - dy;  
2 Soft and low, soft and low, From a - far the voic - es flow;  
3 From the main, safe a - gain, Wel - come to the fish - er - men;



When the lay floats a - way, Fair - y ech - oes play.  
Now more near, loud and clear, Swell - ing on the ear.  
Friends most dear, ban - ish fear, When their barques are near.



'Tis the fish - ers of the main, Sail - ing to their homes a - gain;  
While a - cross the wave they sweep, Bear - ing treasures from the deep,  
Pray'r went with them o'er the brine, Grate - ful tho'ts with tears en - twine,



Hope and cheer wait them here, Welcome warm and dear.  
Joy - ous - ly shout re - ply O'er the swell - ing sea.  
Cease to roam, cease to roam, Welcome, wel - come home.





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# WORK WHILE THE DAY LASTS.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

*Earnestly.*

1 A - ny - where, ev' - ry - where, Some - thing to do,  
2 Ev' - ry day as it dawns Brings its own task,

Something of work for me and something for you ; Work for the hands, aye, and  
What on - ly is for you and me but to ask ; Some are to sweep, oth - ers

work for the head, All of us must work if we would win our dai - ly bread.  
cho - sen to spin, Some to do the sewing, oth - ers reap and gather in.

CHORUS.

Work while the day lasts, Work with a will ; Soon will the night come, When



## WORK WHILE THE DAY LASTS.—Concluded.

all will be still, Sweet will it be at the set of the sun,

Hear - ing from our Mas - ter's lips the words "Well done."

## SUPPLICATION. 7s.

W. T. GIFFE.

1 For thy mer - cy and thy grace, Faith-ful thro' an - oth - er year,  
2 In our weakness and dis - tress, Rock of strength ! be thou our stay;  
3 Keep us faith - ful, keep us pure, Keep us ev - er - more thine own ;

Hear our song of thank - ful - ness, Fa - ther, and Redeem - er ! hear.  
In the path - less wil - der - ness, Be our true and liv - ing way.  
Help, oh, help us to en - dure ; Fit us for the promised crown.



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# SUN SHOWER.

Second verse and Chorus by T. W. D.

T. W. DENNINGTON, by per.

1 Spark - ling in the sun - light, Danc - ing on the hills,  
2 Clouds are fly - ing swift - ly, Sun - light break - ing thro',

Tap - ping at my win - dow, Sing - ing in the rills;  
Ev' - ry thing is shin - ing, As with morn - ing dew;

Comes the pleas - ant sun - show'r Like a glad sur - prise,  
Fall - ing on the moun - tain, In the fer - tile plain,

While I gaze with won - der At the change - ful skies.  
Giv - ing joy and glad - ness, Comes the gen - tle rain.



# SUN SHOWER.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

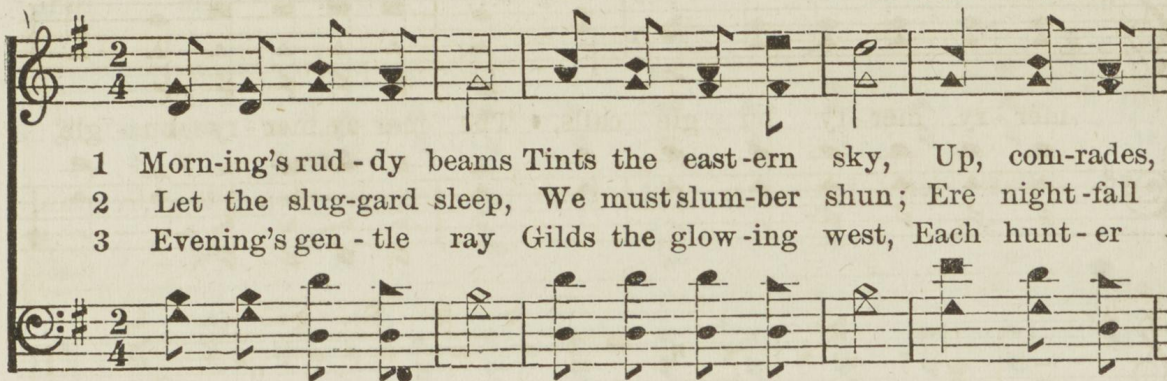
Pat - - ter, pat - - ter, hear the rain,  
Pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, Lis - ten to the rain,  
Gen - - tle spring has come a - - gain ;  
Pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, Spring has come a - gain ;  
Pat - - ter, pat - - ter, soft re - frain,  
Pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, Hear the soft re - frain,  
Tap - - ping on the win - dow pane.  
Tap - ping, tap - ping, tap - ping, tap - ping, On the win - dow pane.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of four systems, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line of each system.

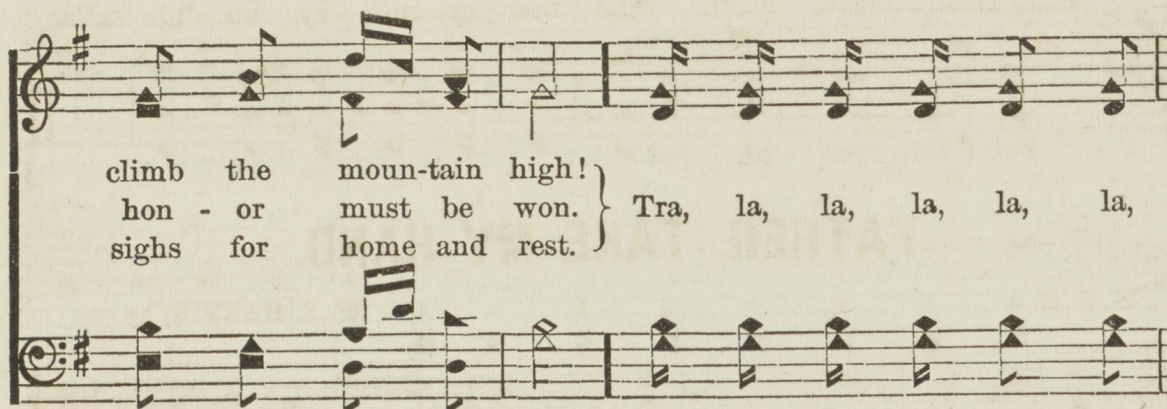


# THE MERRY BUGLE CALLS.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1 Morn-ing's rud - dy beams Tints the east-ern sky, Up, com-rades,  
 2 Let the slug-gard sleep, We must slum-ber shun; Ere night-fall  
 3 Evening's gen - tle ray Gilds the glow-ing west, Each hunt - er



climb the moun-tain high!  
 hon - or must be won. } Tra, la, la, la, la, la,  
 sighs for home and rest.



la, la, la, Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la,



la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la. Haste, haste, haste! the



## THE MERRY BUGLE CALLS.—Concluded.

mer - ry, mer - ry bu - gle calls, The mer - ry, mer - ry bu - gle

calls, Haste, haste, haste, The mer - ry, mer - ry bu - gle calls.

## FATHER, TAKE MY HAND.

W. S. M.

W. S. MARTIN, by per.

1 Fa - ther, take my hand, Lead me through the land;  
 2 Ho - ly Spir - - it, come, Lead me to my home,  
 3 When my work is done, When the vict' - ry's won,

*cres - - - - cen - - do. di - - min - - u - - en - - do.*

Guide my footsteps all the way To the grand e - ter - nal day.  
 Safe - ly sheltered at thy side, Ev - er be my guard and guide.  
 May I with the ran - somed throng, Sing redemption's glo - rious song.



# SOWING THE SNOW.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1 In the bright red of the sun - set glow, O'er the cold, the cold, bleak world,  
 2 Deadens and dies the sunset glow, And the white, the white, pure night, A  
 3 Strange such seeds to the winds to throw, Yet the spring, the spring would bring



Moves the good Angel whom none may know, Sowing the snow, Sowing the snow.  
 pres-ence is fill-ing to o - verflow, Sowing the snow, Sowing the snow.  
 Lit-tle of bloom did no spir - it go, Sowing the snow, Sowing the snow.



Sowing the snow, sowing the snow, Sowing the pure, white snow, . . . .



beau-ti - ful snow,



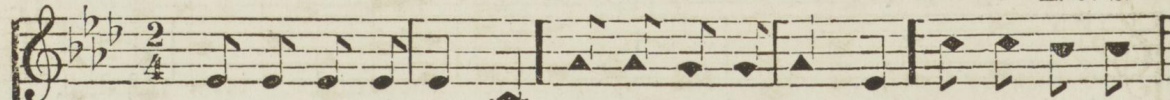
Sowing the snow, sow-ing the snow, Sowing the pure, white snow. . . .

beau-ti - ful snow.

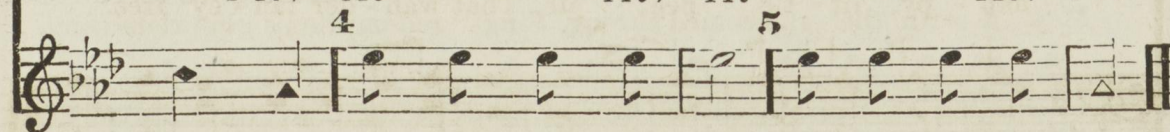


# HAPPY NEW YEAR. (Round in Five Parts.)

1 2 3 A. J. S.



Hap-py, happy New Year! Happy, happy New Year! Happy, hap-py



New Year! Hear the mer - ry bells! Hear the mer - ry bells!



# THE FAIRIES.

MARGUERITE HARP.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

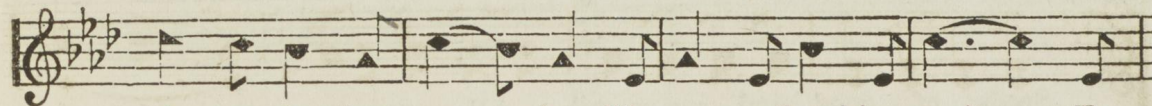
SOLO.



1 Oh, where are all the fair-ies, That once in joy-ous mirth, With  
2 I've sought their ti-ny footprints Be-side the crys-tal spring, And  
3 I see their air-y garments In ev'-ry moonbeam pale, In



sounds of elf-in rev-el Made mu-sic on the earth? I  
thought the vel-vet grass-es But hid their fair-y wing. I  
winds that whisper soft-ly I hear them in the vale. I've



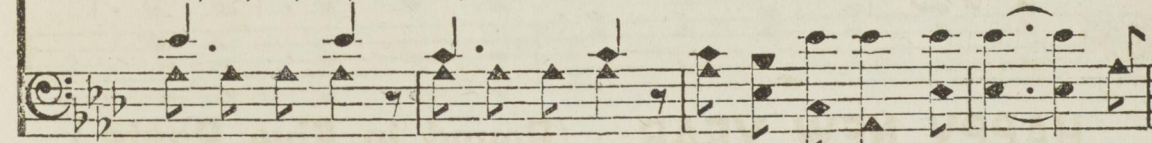
lis-ten for their com-ing, The mer-ry, laughing sprites, To  
hear their elf-in mu-sic In wa-ter bab-bling low; I  
sought them in the ros-es, And tho't to find them there, But



dance up-on the green-wood On star-ry sum-mer nights.  
feel their view-less pres-ence Where starry lil-ies grow.  
with a burst of fra-grance They fluttered in the air.



Fair - - ies, fair - - ies, } Mer-ri-ly light and free, Oh,  
Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la. }



hap-py, lit-tle peo-ple, That wan-der fan-cy free.





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# WE ARE LITTLE SOWERS.

G. W. L.

G. W. LYON.

1 We are lit - tle sow - ers, Sow - ing ev' - ry day,  
 2 We are lit - tle sow - ers, In the field of sin  
 3 We are lit - tle sow - ers, — Let us strive to sow

Seeds of good and e - vil, All a - long our way;  
 May we sow for Je - sus, And some broth - er win  
 Seeds of love and kind - ness Ev' - ry where we go!

Sow - ing on the moun - tains, In the fer - tile plain,  
 From the fields of dark - ness, Back in - to the light,  
 If we are but faith - ful In the work we do,

Sow - ing by the way - side, Good and e - vil grain.  
 Ere the shad - ows com - eth That be - tok - en night.  
 Christ, at last, will crown us With the good and true.



## WE ARE LITTLE SOWERS.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Sow - ing, sow - ing,

Sow-ing, sow-ing, yes, we're sow-ing, Sow-ing ev' - ry day,

The first system of musical notation for the chorus, consisting of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in 7/8 time. The lyrics are: "Sow - ing, sow - ing, yes, we're sow - ing, Sow - ing ev' - ry day,"

Seeds of good and e - vil, All a - long our way.

Seeds of good and e - vil, All a - long our way.

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are: "Seeds of good and e - vil, All a - long our way."

## OLD WINTER.

*Vigorously.*

W. T. GIFFE.

1 Oh, nev-er fear old winter's cheer, Tho' rude and sharp his greeting ; His  
2 He wears no smile, and for a-while He'll seem to hide our treasures ; But

The first system of musical notation for 'Old Winter', in 3/4 time. The melody is in G major. The lyrics are: "1 Oh, nev-er fear old winter's cheer, Tho' rude and sharp his greeting ; His 2 He wears no smile, and for a-while He'll seem to hide our treasures ; But"

coat is rough, His voice is gruff, But warm his heart is beat-ing.  
in the end He'll prove a friend, And bring us back spring pleasures.

coat is rough, His voice is gruff, But warm his heart is beat-ing.  
in the end He'll prove a friend, And bring us back spring pleasures.

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "coat is rough, His voice is gruff, But warm his heart is beat-ing. in the end He'll prove a friend, And bring us back spring pleasures."



# COME, LET US SING.

(Anniversary Hymn.)

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.



1 Once more we meet, our friends to greet, With songs of joyful meas - ure; Come  
2 A year has fled, and blessings shed, Are more than we can num - ber; Fruit  
3 Time moveth on, our work well done, We soon will pass the riv - er, In

*Inst.*



join our lays in hymns of praise, For Christ, our gos - pel treas - ure.  
must be found, and should a-bound, Or we the ground en - cum - ber.  
joy - ful lays we then will praise, For ev' - ry gift, the giv - er.



CHORUS.



Come, let us sing, Come, let us sing, Let ev' - ry voice a-loud rejoice, And



sweet - est off' rings bring : Come, let us sing, Come, let us



Sing un-to the Lord, Come, let us



## COME, LET US SING.—Concluded.

Two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The lyrics are: "sing, And sweet-est off'rings bring, And sweetest off'-rings bring." The word "sing," is written below the first note of both staves.

## THE HARVEST MOON.

W. T. GIFFE.

Two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature and a key signature of two sharps. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same time signature and key signature. The lyrics are: "1 Slow - ly where the winds are swelling, Where the sunshine fell at noon, 2 And the light for - ev - er fall - ing, Is a ne'er for - got - ten boon; Ris - es o'er the tree-top's dwelling, Full and fair the har - vest moon. Of the an - gels thou art tell - ing, Har-vest moon, O har - vest moon." The first two lines of lyrics are aligned with the first staff, and the last two lines are aligned with the second staff.

## WORK WHILE 'TIS DAY.

G. W. L.

G. W. LYON.

Three staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a 4/4 time signature and a key signature of two sharps. The middle staff is in bass clef with the same time signature and key signature. The bottom staff is in treble clef with the same time signature and key signature. The lyrics are: "1 Up with the morning, Work while 'tis day; Time, like a summer cloud, Passeth away; 2 The Master calls you, Hear and obey; The grain is bending low, Go work to-day; 3 Soon the glad reapers All, all shall come Bearing the golden sheaves Joyfully home; The reapers are afield, Help them with willing zeal, Go forth and never yield, Work while 'tis day. The sun is sinking fast, The daylight cannot last, Harvest will soon be past, Work while 'tis day. Ye who are toiling hard, Hear now the Master's word, Ye shall have your reward, Well done, well done!" The first three lines of lyrics are aligned with the top staff, and the last three lines are aligned with the bottom staff.

A







## MERRY SINGS THE LARK.—Concluded.

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass clef. The melody consists of eighth notes with triplets. The lyrics are: Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la. The piece concludes with a *D.C.* (Da Capo) instruction.

## WITH JOY WE MEET.

Musical notation for the second system, in 6/8 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 1 With joy we meet, With smiles we greet Our schoolmates bright and gay ; 2 A mer - ry sound Now rings around, And brightens ev' - ry ray ; 3 We all will sing Till ech - oes ring An an - swer to our lay ;

Musical notation for the third system, starting with a *F.* (Forte) dynamic marking. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: Be dry each tear Of sor - row here, In school, this joy - ous day. Our ban - ner floats 'Mid happy notes, In school, this joy - ous day. Oh, who from home Would fail to come To school this joy - ous day. The piece concludes with a *FINE.* instruction.


Musical notation for the fourth system, starting with a *D.S.* (Da Capo) instruction. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: In school, this joy - ous day, In school, this joy - ous day. In school, this joy - ous day, In school, this joy - ous day. To school, this joy - ous day, To school, this joy - ous day.





# OUR OLD HOMESTEAD.

PHEBE CAREY.


A. J. SHOWALTER.




1 Our old, brown homestead reared its walls From the wayside dust a -  
2 We had a well, a deep, old well, Where the spring was nev-er  
3 Our home-stead had an am - ple hearth, Where at night we love to




loof, Where the ap - ple boughs could al - most cast Their  
dry, And cool drops down from the moss - y stones Were  
meet, Where my moth - er's voice was al - ways kind, And her



fruit-age on the roof; . . . . And the cher - ry trees so  
fall - ing con - stant - ly; . . . . And there ne'er was wa - ter  
smile was al - ways sweet; . . . . And there I've sat on



near it grew, That when awake I've lain, In the lonesome night I've  
half so sweet As that in my lit - tle cup, Drawn from the curb by the  
father's knee And watch'd his thoughtful brow, With my childish hand in his





## OUR OLD HOMESTEAD.—Concluded.

heard the winds As they creak'd against the pane ; And the or - chard  
 rude old sweep Which my father's hand set up ; And the deep, old  
 rav - en hair,—That hair is sil - ver now ; But the broad hearth's

trees, Oh! the or - chard trees, I have  
 orchard trees, orchard trees,  
 well, Oh! the deep, old well, I re -  
 deep, old well, deep, old well,  
 light, Oh! the broad hearth's light, And my  
 broad hearth's light, broad hearth's light,

*Repeat pp.*

seen my lit - tle broth - ers rock'd In their tops by the summer breeze.  
 mem - ber yet the plash - ing sound Of the buck - et as it fell.  
 father's look and my mother's smile, They are in my heart to - night.

## EVENING BELLS. (Round in Four Parts.)

W. T. GIFFE.

1 2

Hark ! bim, bome, hark ! bim, bome. Hear the ringing, merry ringing Of the joyous,  
 3 4

happy bells ; Bim, bome, bim, bome, Bim, bome, bim, bome, Bim, bome, evening bells.



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# PICNIC SONG.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1 To the woods, to the woods, to the woods we will go, To the  
 2 And at eve we will leave, to our homes we will go, To our

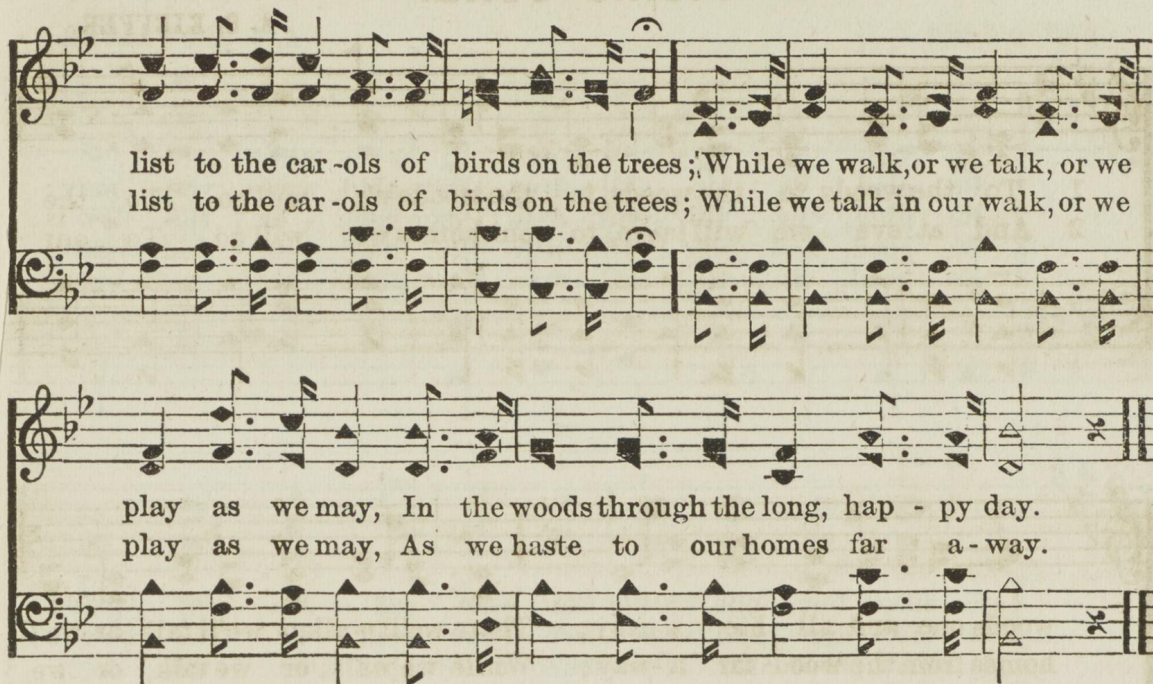
woods one and all hie a-way; There we'll walk, or we'll talk, or we'll  
 homes from the woods far a-way; While we walk, or we talk, or we

play as we may, In the woods we will stay all the day.  
 play as we may, As we leave at the close of the day.

We will breathe in the fra-grance that floats on the breeze, We will  
 We will breathe in the fra-grance that floats on the breeze, We will



## PICNIC SONG.—Concluded.



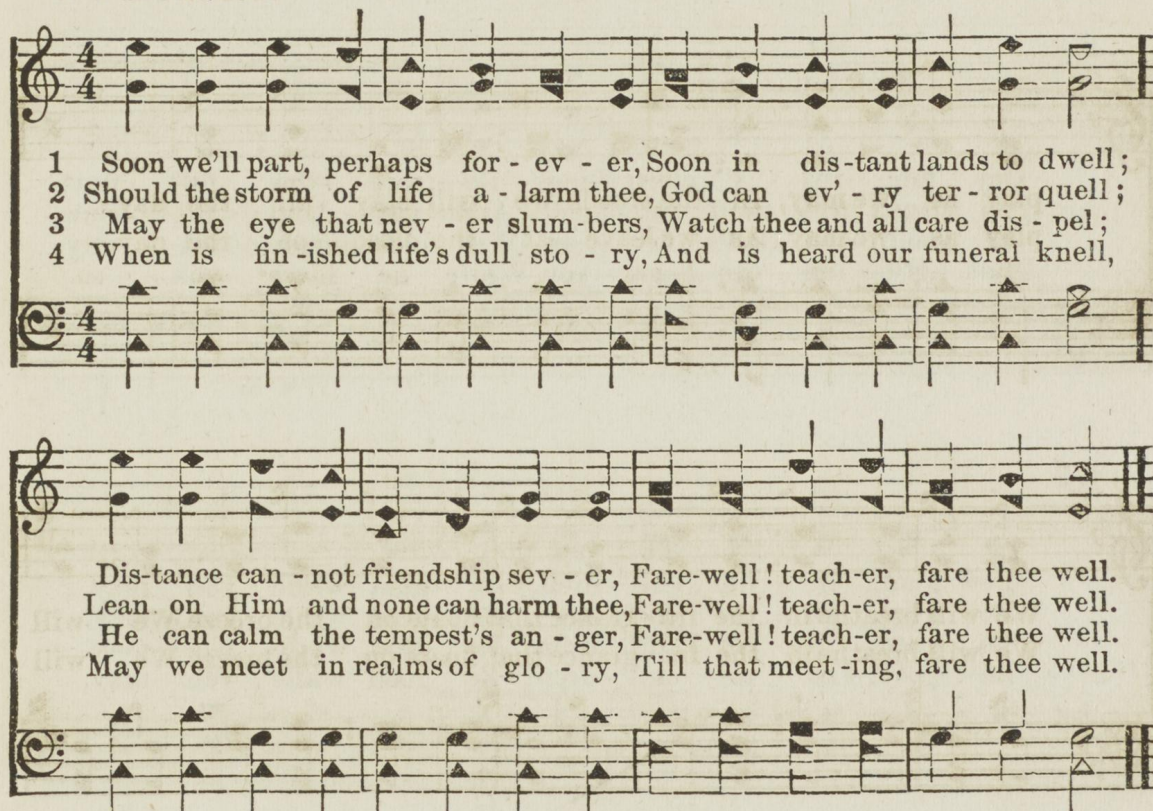
list to the car-ols of birds on the trees; While we walk, or we talk, or we  
list to the car-ols of birds on the trees; While we talk in our walk, or we

play as we may, In the woods through the long, hap - py day.  
play as we may, As we haste to our homes far a - way.

## PARTING.

J. O. SPURGEON.

B. BLAKE.



1 Soon we'll part, perhaps for - ev - er, Soon in dis-tant lands to dwell;  
2 Should the storm of life a - larm thee, God can ev' - ry ter - ror quell;  
3 May the eye that nev - er slum - bers, Watch thee and all care dis - pel;  
4 When is fin - ished life's dull sto - ry, And is heard our funeral knell,

Dis-tance can - not friendship sev - er, Fare-well! teach-er, fare thee well.  
Lean on Him and none can harm thee, Fare-well! teach-er, fare thee well.  
He can calm the tempest's an - ger, Fare-well! teach-er, fare thee well.  
May we meet in realms of glo - ry, Till that meet-ing, fare thee well.



# BE GLAD WHILE YOU MAY.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 Be glad, lit - tle chil - dren, Be glad while you may;  
2 Be glad, lit - tle chil - dren; Come gath - er the flow'rs;  
3 Be good, and your hearts will Be mer - ry and gay;  
4 Be good, lit - tle chil - dren, How pleas - ant to know

Life has but one spring-time, One sea - son of play;  
The fair - est and sweet - est That bloom in the bow'rs;  
A sweet, peace - ful conscience Will bright - en each day;  
That God smiles up - on you Wher - ev - er you go!

One fair, ros - y morn - ing, Be - fore the full day,  
To wreath the swift mo - ments, And gar - land the hours.  
Be good, and God's fav - or Will bless you al - way.  
That noth - ing can harm you While he loves you so.

Be glad, lit - tle chil - dren, Be glad while you may.  
Be glad, lit - tle chil - dren, Be glad while you may.  
Be good, lit - tle chil - dren, Be good while you may.  
Be good, lit - tle chil - dren, Be good while you may.



OUR PARTING SONG.

B. F. SHOWALTER.



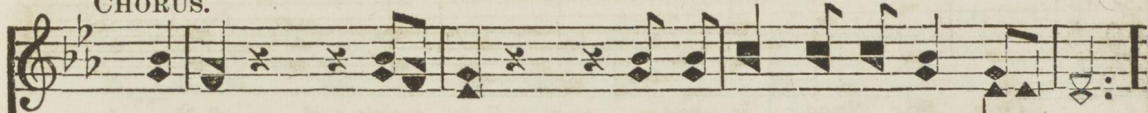
1 We now must sing our parting song, And bid each oth - er good night ;  
2 Then let us sing our part - ing song, Perhaps we'll meet nev - er more ;



We'll seek to reach our quiet home : Dear friends, we now bid you good night.  
Some one may go be - fore the morn To sing on the bright, happy shore.



CHORUS.



Good night, good night, May we all meet a - gain, good night ;  
Come again, come again,



Good night, good night, May we all meet again, good night. . . . .  
good night, good night, good night, good night.





# SING US A SONG, BIRDIE.\*

E. B. LATTA.

J. H. FILLMORE.



1 Sing us a song, bird - ie, Sing us a song of glee;  
 2 Sing us a song, bird - ie, Sing us a song of cheer!  
 3 Sing us a song, bird - ie, Sing us a song so sweet!



Sing us a song, bird - ie, Out of the leaf - y tree!  
 Sing us a song, bird - ie, While we are wait - ing here!  
 Sing us a song, bird - ie, Out of thy cool re - treat!



Sing of thy home, bird - ie, Un - der the Southern skies!  
 Sing of thy flight, bird - ie, O - ver the wood and plain!  
 Sing of thy mate, bird - ie, Out of thy cov - ert high!



Where thou dost go, bird - ie, When the bleak storms a - rise!  
 Beau - ti - ful, bright bird - ie, Sing us a mer - ry strain!  
 Sing as we wait, bird - ie, Do not our wish de - ny!

REFRAIN.



Sing, bird - ie, sing, bird - ie, Sing from the swing - ing bough!



Sing, bird - ie, sing, bird - ie, We are wait - ing now!

\* From "SONGS FOR THE WEE ONES," by per.

# SNOW-FLAKES NOW ARE FALLING. (Round.)



Snow - flakes now are fall - ing, Snow - flakes now are fall - ing,



Soon we'll take a ride, Soon we'll take a ride!



# LITTLE CHILDREN'S SONG.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 Lit - tle beams of bright - ness, Lit - tle gems of love,  
2 So may lit - tle chil - dren, As a lit - tle band,  
3 Learn - ing of the Sav - iour Is the heav'n - ly way,

Make the bliss - ful E - den Of the realms a - bove.  
Bright - en ev' - ry foot - step To the heav'n - ly land.  
Lead - ing on to glo - ry, And e - ter - nal day.

And the lit - tle an - gels, Sing - ing as they roam,  
Lit - tle pray'rs de - vot - ed, Lit - tle songs of praise,  
There we'll meet the chil - dren That have gone be - fore,

Make that land delight - ful For a heav'n - ly home.  
To our bless - ed Fa - ther Bright - en all our days.  
And we'll find our lov'd ones Hap - py ev - er - more.



# LO! THE GLAD MAY MORN.

German.

1 Lo! the glad May morn, With her ros - y light is breaking O'er the  
2 O'er the rus - tic wild, When the i - dle winds are blow - ing, We will  
3 Oh, the glad May morn, Like a child she comes to meet us, With her

hills so love - ly and fair; And the pure young buds From their  
roam with pleas - ure to - day; On the moss - y bank, Where the  
brow all cov - er'd with flow'rs; And she calls the birds, All the

dew - y sleep a - wak - ing, Mirth and mu - sic float in the air.  
crys - tal brook is flow - ing, We will crown our queen of the May.  
mer - ry birds to greet us, And the laugh - ing, bright sum - mer hours.

CHORUS.

Then away, away, away, Then away, away, away, And a Maying we will go.



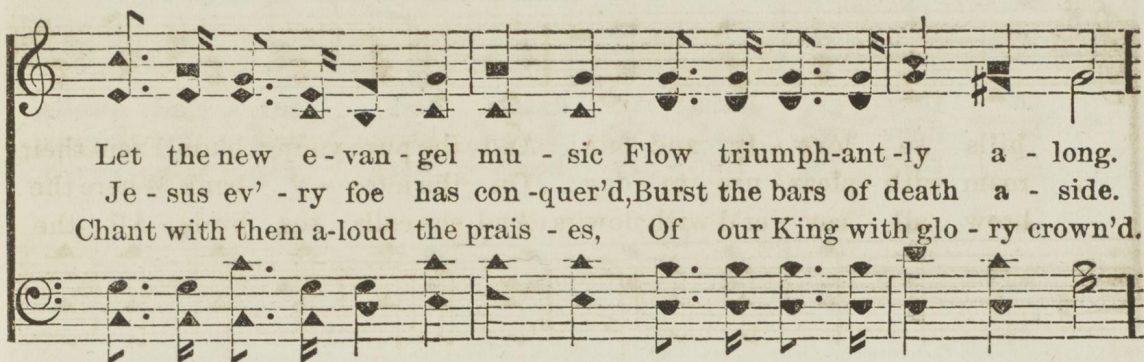
# RING THE BELLS.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

W. S. MARTIN, by per.

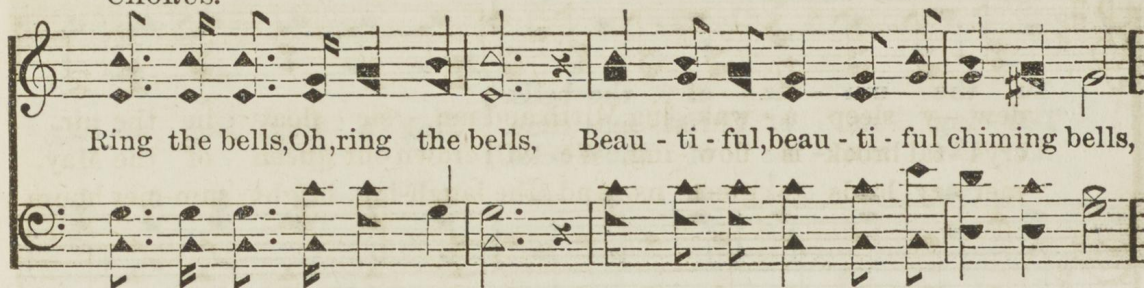


1 Ring the bells, the Lord has ris - en, Sing a glad and hap - py song ;  
2 Let the morning breez - es car - ry Glo - rious tid - ings far and wide ;  
3 Ring the bells, the Lord has ris - en, Let the joy - ous chimes re - sound ;

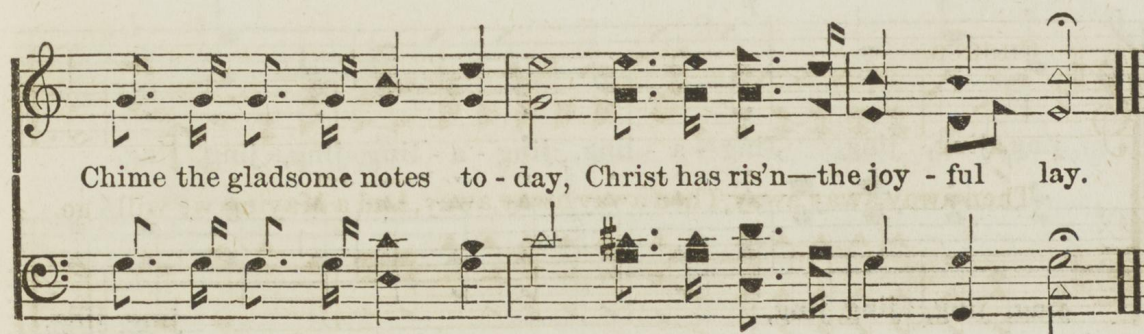


Let the new e - van - gel mu - sic Flow triumph - ant - ly a - long.  
Je - sus ev' - ry foe has con - quer'd, Burst the bars of death a - side.  
Chant with them a - loud the prais - es, Of our King with glo - ry crown'd.

## CHORUS.



Ring the bells, Oh, ring the bells, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful chiming bells,



Chime the gladsome notes to - day, Christ has ris'n—the joy - ful lay.



# MUSIC OF THE SLEIGH BELLS.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

*Allegro.*

1 Brisk - ly o'er the froz - en snow, Ring - ing, jing - ling,  
 2 Sleigh bells have a cheer - y tone, And a mag - ic  
 3 Shoot - ing o'er the spot - less snow, Ring - ing, jing - ling,

on they go, Dain - ty dames and fur - clad swells,  
 all their own, And we love their mer - ry chime,  
 on they go, Ev' - ry heart with rap - ture swells,

## CHORUS.

To the mu - sic of the bells. }  
 Tell - ing us of Christ - mas time. } Jing - a - ling, jing - a - ling,  
 At the mu - sic of those bells. }

jing, jing, jing, Jing - a - ling, jing - a - ling, jing, jing, jing,  
 jing, jing, jing, jing, jing, jing,



# MUSIC OF THE SLEIGH BELLS.—Concluded.

*cres.*

Mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry jing - ling bells,

Detailed description: This system features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, starting with a 'cres.' (crescendo) marking. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The lyrics 'Mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry jing - ling bells,' are written below the treble staff.

*pp* *p*

Jing - a - ling, jing - a - ling, jing, jing, jing, Jing - a - ling, jing - a - ling,

Jing, jing,

Detailed description: This system continues the melody. It starts with a 'pp' (pianissimo) marking and ends with a 'p' (piano) marking. The treble staff has a melody of eighth notes, and the bass staff has a steady accompaniment. The lyrics 'Jing - a - ling, jing - a - ling, jing, jing, jing, Jing - a - ling, jing - a - ling,' are written below the treble staff, and 'Jing, jing,' is written below the bass staff.

*cres.*

Jing, jing, jing, Mer - ry, mer - ry, jing - ling bells.

Jing, jing,

Detailed description: This system concludes the piece. It begins with a 'cres.' marking. The treble staff melody leads to a final cadence. The bass staff accompaniment also concludes. The lyrics 'Jing, jing, jing, Mer - ry, mer - ry, jing - ling bells.' are written below the treble staff, and 'Jing, jing,' is written below the bass staff.

# OVER HILL. (Round in Four Parts.)

W. T. GIFFE.

1 2

O - ver hill, o - ver dale, O - ver park, o - ver pale;

3 4

Thro' the bush, thro' the briar, Thro' the flood, thro' the fire.

Detailed description: This block shows the first two parts of a four-part round. Part 1 (top staff) starts with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a 2/4 time signature. It contains the melody for the first two lines of lyrics. Part 2 (bottom staff) contains the melody for the last two lines of lyrics. The lyrics are: 'O - ver hill, o - ver dale, O - ver park, o - ver pale;' and 'Thro' the bush, thro' the briar, Thro' the flood, thro' the fire.'



# THE OLD BLACK CAT.

R. L.

R. L., by per.

1 Who so full of fun and glee, Hap - py as a cat can be?  
2 Some will choose the tor - toise shell, Oth - ers love the white so well,  
3 When the boys, to make her run, Call the dogs and set them on,

The first system of music features a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. It includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment line.

Pol-ished sides so nice and fat,—Oh, how I love the old black cat.  
Let them choose of this or that, But give to me the old black cat.  
Quick - ly I put on my hat, And fly to save the old black cat.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system, maintaining the same musical notation.

DUET. *Pityingly.*

Poor kit - ty! Oh, poor kit - ty! Sit - ting so co - sy, Close by the fire.

The duet section is written for two voices, indicated by two treble clefs. The tempo is marked as 'Pityingly'.

CHORUS. *Briskly.*

Pleas - ant, purr - ing, pret - ty puss - y, Frisk - y, full of fun and fuss - y ;

The chorus is written for a single voice with a treble clef. The tempo is marked as 'Briskly'.



## THE OLD BLACK CAT.—Concluded.

Mor-tal foe of mouse and rat, Oh, I love the old black cat, yes, I do.

## TENNYSON'S CRADLE SONG.

TENNYSON.

A. J. S.

- 1 What does lit - tle bird - ie say, In her nest at peep of day?
- 2 Bird - ie, rest a lit - tle long - er, Till the lit - tle wings are stronger;
- 3 What does lit - tle ba - by say, In her bed at peep of day?
- 4 Ba - by, sleep a lit - tle long - er, Till the lit - tle wings are stronger;

Let me fly, says lit - tle bird - ie, Moth - er, let me fly away.  
 So she rests a lit - tle long - er, Then she flies, she flies away.  
 Ba - by says, like lit - tle bird - ie, Let me rise and fly away.  
 If she sleeps a lit - tle long - er, Ba - by, too, shall fly away.

## ROAMING OVER MEADOWS. (Round in Four Parts.)

A. J.

1 2

Roam - ing o - ver mead - ows,, Sing - ing all so gai - - - ly;

3 4

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



# ONWARD, LITTLE SOLDIERS.

HORACE E. KIMBALL.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1 On - ward, lit - tle sol - diers, On - ward to the fight,  
2 Je - sus Christ, your Sav - iour, Says that you must win,  
3 Then when war - fare's o - ver, When the fight is done,

Hold the ban - ner firm - ly, Bat - tle for the right!  
If ye do his bid - ding, Look for strength to him:  
When all foes are van - quished, When the vict' - ry's won,

Hold the cross of Je - sus, As your ban - ner, high,  
Clad in heav'n - ly ar - mor, You'll o'er - come the foe,  
Lay - ing down your ar - mor, Clad in snow - y white,

Nev - er must you fal - ter, Nev - er must you fly.  
Tri - umph o'er the tempt - er, Je - sus tells me so.  
You shall reign with Je - sus, In e - ter - nal light.



# ONWARD, LITTLE SOLDIERS.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

On - ward, lit - tle sol - diers, On - ward to the fight,

Hold the ban - ner firm - ly, Bat - tle for the right:

Hold the ban - ner firm - ly, Hold the ban - ner firm - ly,

Hold the ban - ner firm - ly, Bat - tle for the right.



# SPARKLING WATER.

W. T. GIFFE, by per.

1 Come, let us sing of fount and spring, Of brook-let, stream, and  
 2 Down fall the show'rs to feed the flow'rs, And in the sum-mer  
 3 Each lit-tle bird whose song is heard Thro' grove and mead-ow

riv-er; And tune our praise to him al-ways, The  
 night-ly, The blos-soms sip with ros-y lips The  
 ring-ing, At stream-let's brink will blithe-ly drink, To

## CHORUS.

No drink can  
 good and gra-cious giv-er.)  
 dew-drops gleam-ing bright-ly. } No drink can e'er with  
 tune its voice for sing-ing.)

e'er with this com- pare, To  
 this compare, No drink can e'er with this com- pare, For



## SPARKLING WATER.—Concluded.

ev' - ry son and daugh-ter; The sweet - - - est draught that  
 ev' - ry son and daughter; The sweetest draught that can be quaffed, The  
 can be quaffed Is wa - ter, spark - ling wa - ter.  
 sweetest draught that can be quaffed Is wa - ter, spark - ling wa - ter.

The musical score for 'Sparkling Water' is written in a two-staff system (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, while the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

## TRIUMPH. C. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth;  
 2 It tells me of a Sav-iour's love, Who died to set me free;  
 3 This name shall shed its fragrance still A-long this thorn - y road,

It sounds like mu - sic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth.  
 It tells me of his pre - cious blood, The sin - ner's per - fect plea.  
 Shall sweetly smooth the rug - ged hill That leads me up to God.

The musical score for 'Triumph' is written in a two-staff system (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/3 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line.



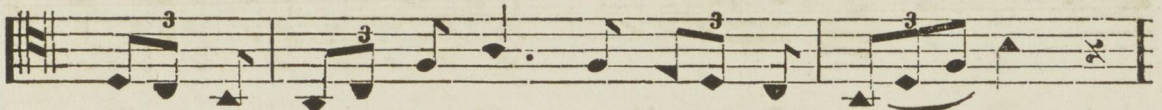
# WE ARE HAPPY AND FREE.

Alpine Melody.

## TENOR SOLO.



1 We are hap - py and free, as a crew can be, . . . .  
 2 Come a - way, then with me, o'er the dark, blue sea, . . .  
 3 On our ves - sel we'll ride with the wind and tide, . . .

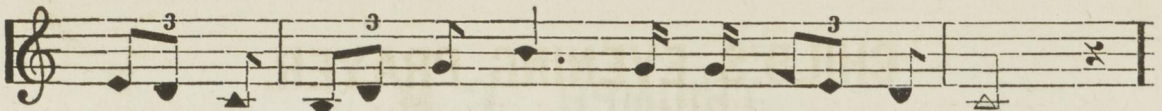


While our bark is sail - ing o'er the sea; . . . .  
 And a gal - lant sail - or you shall be; . . . .  
 O'er the heav - ing o - cean swift - ly glide; . . . .

## SOPRANO SOLO.



Our sails we heave at the call of the brave,  
 I'll leave my home on the wa - ters to roam,  
 Should wild winds roar, with each man to his oar,

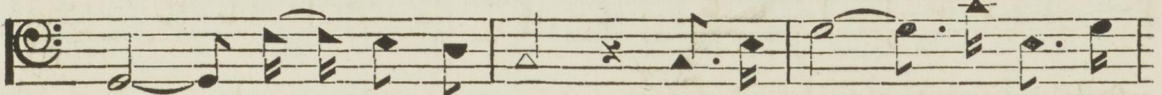


For we love the home of the o - cean wave.  
 For I love to bound o'er the spark - ling foam.  
 We will safe - ly land on our des - tined shore.

## BASS SOLO.



Oh, our hearts . . do burn with glee, As we  
 Oh, what joy . . . it is to me, Thus to  
 Then from toils . . and per - ils free, And the



sail . . o'er the roll - ing sea; Let us all u - nite in  
 sail . . o'er the roll - ing sea; Loud we'll raise the mer - ry  
 dan - - - gers of the sea; We will all u - nite in



love, Trust - ing in . . . . the God a - bove.  
 strain, As we sail . . . . o'er the foam - ing main.  
 love, Prais - ing him . . . . who rules a - bove.



## WE ARE HAPPY AND FREE.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Mer - ri - ly now we row a - long, row a - long, row a - long,

Mer - ri - ly now we row a - long, o - ver the dark, blue sea. *Repeat pp.*

## CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

A. J. S.

1 Je - sus, ten - der Shepherd, hear me; Bless thy lit - tle lamb to - night;  
 2 All this day thy hand has led me, And I thank thee for thy care;  
 3 May my sins be all for - giv - en; Bless the friends I love so well;

Through the darkness be thou near me, Keep me safe till morn - ing light.  
 Thou hast clothed me, warmed me, fed me, Lis - ten to my eve - ning prayer.  
 Take me, when I die, to heav - en, Hap - py, there with thee to dwell.



# A LITTLE LIGHT.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 God make my life a lit - tle light, Within the world to glow ;  
 2 God make my life a lit - tle flow'r, That giv-eth joy to all ;  
 3 God make my life a lit - tle song, That com-fort-eth the sad ;

A lit - tle flame that burn-eth bright, Wherev - er I may go.  
 Con - tent to bloom in na - tive bow'r, Although its place be small.  
 That help - eth oth - ers to be strong, And makes the sing - er glad.

## CHORUS.

Lit-tle light, lit - tle light, With-in the world to glow,  
 lit-tle light, lit-tle light, to glow ;  
 Lit-tle flow'r, lit - tle flow'r, That giveth joy to all,  
 lit-tle flow'r, lit-tle flow'r, to all ;  
 Lit-tle song, lit - tle song, That com-forteth the sad,  
 lit-tle song, lit-tle song, the sad ;

Lit - tle light, lit - tle light, Wherev - er I may go.  
 lit - tle light, lit - tle light,  
 Lit - tle flow'r, lit - tle flow'r, That giv - eth joy to all.  
 lit - tle flow'r, lit - tle flow'r,  
 Lit - tle song, lit - tle song, That makes the sing - er glad.  
 lit - tle song, lit - tle song,



# CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

W. S. MARTIN.

1 Cast thy bread up-on the wa - ters, Sow the seeds of ho - ly truth ;  
2 Cast thy bread up-on the wa - ters, None shall sink beneath the wave ;  
3 Cast thy bread up-on the wa - ters, Soothe the weary heart in pain,

Ere the crimes of earth shall harden Plas - tic minds of ten - der youth.  
But in God's good time and manner, Thou the bread shalt find and save.  
Crumbs of com-fort wide-ly scat - ter O'er the rest-less, seething main.

## CHORUS.

Cast thy bread up-on the wa - ters, Give to those who are in need ;

Thou a - gain shalt surely find it, God him - self hath so de - creed.



# HAPPY ARE WE.

FANNIE M. CHADWICK.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR, by per.



1 Hap-py, young fac-es here we bring, Happy, sweet songs in concert sing,  
2 Hap-py are all who Je - sus trust, Happy tho' death dissolve their dust,



Hap-py the hour that here we spend, Happy for Je - sus is our friend.  
Hap-py he makes the hum-ble soul, Hap-py as long as time shall roll.



## CHORUS.



Hap-py are we! hap-py are we! Je - sus Christ hath made us free!



Hap-py are we! hap-py are we! Come and with us hap - py be.





# ANGEL VOICES.

EMMA PITT.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 Hark! I hear the an - gel voic - es, Sweetly sing - ing thro' the sky,  
2 List! how sweet the an - gel voic - es, Chant it thro' the si - lent air,  
3 Sing, oh, sing like an - gel voic - es, Thrilling notes of love to swell,  
4 Christ is born, our might-y Sav-iour, Oh! proclaim the news a - far ;

Peal - ing forth the roy - al cho - rus, "Glo-ry be to God on high."  
Christ is born, the King of glo - ry, Born that we his love might share.  
Her - ald forth the glad-some morning, Tidings full of joy to all.  
Still it shines with beams of glo - ry, Bethl'hem's bright and cheering star.

## CHORUS.

Sing ho - san - na, glad ho - san - na! Join with them this Christmas morn ;

Heav'n and earth re - peat the sto - ry, Christ, the Lord, to - day is born !



# CHICKADEDE.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 The ground was all cov - ered with snow one day, And  
2 He had not been sing - ing that tune ver - y long, Ere  
3 Poor fel - low! he walks in the snow and the sleet, And

two lit - tle sis - ters were bus - y at play, When a  
Em - i - ly heard him, so loud was his song; "O . .  
has neith - er stock - ings or shoes to his feet; I . . .

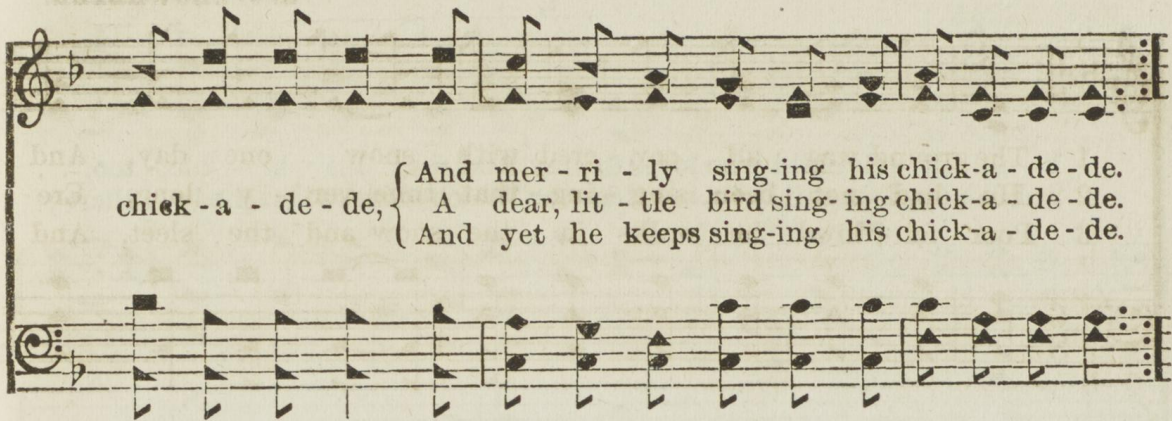
snow - bird was sit - ting close by on a tree, And  
sis - ter, look out of the win - dow," said she, Here's a  
pit - y him so! oh, how cold he must be! And

## CHORUS.

mer - ri - ly sing - ing his chick - a - de - de.  
dear, lit - tle bird sing - ing chick - a - de - de. } Chick - a - de - de,  
yet he keeps sing - ing his chick - a - de - de.



## CHICKADEDE.—Concluded.



chick - a - de - de, { And mer - ri - ly sing - ing his chick - a - de - de.  
A dear, lit - tle bird sing - ing chick - a - de - de.  
And yet he keeps sing - ing his chick - a - de - de.

If I were a barefooted snowbird, I know  
I would not stay out in the cold and the snow;  
I wonder what makes him so full of his glee,  
He's all the time singing that chickadee, etc.,  
He's all the time singing that chickadee.

- 5 O mother! do get him some stockings and shoes,  
A frock, with a cloak and a hat, if he choose;  
I wish he'd come into the parlor, and see  
How warm we would make him, poor chickadee, etc.,  
How warm we would make him, poor chickadee.
- 6 The bird had flown down for some pieces of bread,  
And heard every word little Emily said;  
"What a figure I'd make in that dress!" thought he,  
And he laughed as he warbled his chickadee, etc.,  
And he laughed as he warbled his chickadee.
- 7 "I'm grateful," he said "for the wish you express,  
But I've no occasion for such a fine dress;  
I'd rather remain with my limbs all free,  
Than hobble about singing chickadee, etc.,  
Than hobble about singing chickadee.
- 8 "There's One, dear child, though I cannot tell who,  
Has clothed me already, and warm enough, too:  
Good morning! oh, who are so happy as we!"  
And away he went, singing his chickadee, etc.,  
And away he went, singing his chickadee.



## MILLEY.

A. S. KIEFFER.



- 1 A lit - tle child who loves to pray, And read his bi - ble, too, . .
- 2 Look up, dear chil-dren, see that star Which shines so bright-ly there ;



Shall rise a - bove the sky one day, And sing as an - gels do ; . .  
But you shall brighter shine by far, When in that world so fair ; .

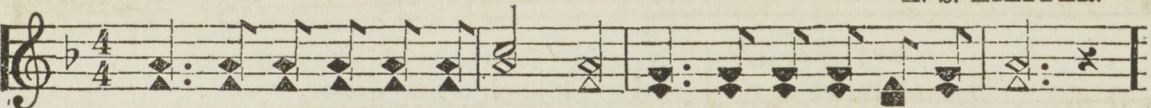


Shall live in heav'n, that world above, Where all is joy and peace and love.  
A harp of gold you each shall have, And sing the pow'r of Christ to save.



## EVENING HYMN.

A. S. KIEFFER.



- 1 Sav - iour, tender Shepherd, hear me ; Bless thy lit - tle lamb to - night ;
- 2 All this day thy hand has led me, And I thank thee for thy care ;
- 3 Let my sins be all for - giv - en, Bless the friends I love so well ;



Thro' the darkness be thou near me, Watch my sleep till morning light.  
Thou hast clothed me, warmed me, fed me, Lis - ten to my eve - ning prayer.  
Take me, when I die, to heav - en, Hap - py there with thee to dwell.



# EVERY DAY HATH TOIL AND TROUBLE.

BEETHOVEN.



1 Ev'-ry day hath toil and trou-ble, Ev' - ry heart hath care;  
2 Pa-tient-ly en-dur-ing ev - er Let thy spir-it be  
3 Labor! wait! tho' midnight shadows Gather round thee here,



Meek-ly bear thine own full bur - den, And thy broth-er's share.  
Bound by links that can-not sev - er, To hu - man - i - ty.  
And the storm a - bove thee low'-ring Fills thy heart with gloom.



Fear not, shrink not, tho' the bur-den Heav-y to thy heart may prove;  
La-bor! wait! thy crown is read - y When thy wea - ry task is done;  
Wait in hope, the morning dawn-eth, When the gloom-y night is gone;



God shall fill thy mouth with gladness, And thy heart with love.  
Count not lost the fleet - ing moments Life has but be - gun.  
And a peace-ful rest a-waits thee, When thy work is done.





# BE KIND.

Old Melody.

1 Be kind to thy fa - ther— for when thou wast young, Who  
 2 Be kind to thy moth - er— for lo! on her brow May  
 3 Be kind to thy broth - er— his heart may have dearth, If the  
 4 Be kind to thy sis - ter— not ma - ny may know The

loved thee so fond - ly as he! He caught the first ac - cents that  
 tra - ces of sor - row be seen; Oh! well may'st thou cherish and  
 smile of thy joy be withdrawn; The flow - ers of feel - ing will  
 depths of true sis - ter - ly love; The wealth of the o - cean lies

fell from thy tongue, And joined in thy in - no - cent glee.  
 com - fort her now, For lov - ing and kind hath she been.  
 fade at their birth, If the love of af - fec - tion be gone.  
 fath - oms be - low The sur - face that spar - kles a - bove.

Be kind to thy fa - ther, for now he is old, His  
 Re - mem - ber thy moth - er, for thee will she pray, As  
 Be kind to thy broth - er— wher - ev - er you are, The  
 Be kind to thy fa - ther— once fear - less and bold, Be



## BE KIND.—Concluded.

locks in - ter - min - gled with grey; His foot - steps are fee - ble—once  
 long as God giv - eth her breath; With ac - cents of kindness then  
 love of a broth - er shall be An or - na - ment pur - er and  
 kind to thy moth - er so near; Be kind to thy brother, nor

fear - less and bold,—Thy fa - ther is pass - ing a - way.  
 cheer her lone way, E'en to the dark val - ley of death.  
 rich - er by far, Than pearls from the depths of the sea.  
 show thy heart cold, Be kind to thy sis - ter so dear.

## GOD IS EVER GOOD.

Mrs. CALLIE W. SHOWALTER.

1 See the shin - ing dew - drops On the flow - ers strewed,  
 2 See the morn - ing sun - beams Light - ing up the wood,  
 3 In the leaf - y tree - tops, Where no fears in - trude,  
 4 Bring, my heart, thy trib - ute, Songs of grat - i - tude,

Prov - ing, as they spar - kle, God is ev - er good, God is ev - er good.  
 Si - lent - ly proclaiming, God is ev - er good, God is ev - er good.  
 Mer - ry birds are sing - ing, God is ev - er good, God is ev - er good.  
 While all na - ture ut - ters, God is ev - er good, God is ev - er good.



# THE OLD CLOCK.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

Tick - tock! tick - tock! tick-tock!

1 Lis - ten to the  
 2 'Tis a prompt, but  
 3 'Tis an hon - est,  
 4 'Tis an ac - tive,  
 5 'Tis a kind, good-

old - en clock:  
 pa - tient clock!  
 truth - ful clock!  
 work - ing clock!  
 na - tured clock!

Tick - tock! tick - tock! tick-tock!

To it - self it  
 Ne - ver moved by  
 Peo - ple say a -  
 Thro' the night and  
 If we wish to

ev - er talks,  
 hope nor fear,  
 bout the place,  
 while we sleep,  
 hear it strike,

Tick - tock! tick - tock! tick-tock!

From its place it  
 Then it stands from  
 Truth is writ - ten  
 Though we never  
 We may do so

nev - er walks;  
 year to year;  
 on its face;  
 take a peep;  
 when we like;

Tick - tock! tick - tock! tick - tock!



## THE OLD CLOCK.—Concluded.

Old and faith - ful clock, Old and faith - ful clock.  
 Prompt, but pa - tient clock, Prompt, but pa - tient clock.  
 Hon - est, truth - ful clock, Hon - est, truth - ful clock.  
 Ac - tive, work - ing clock, Ac - tive, work - ing clock.  
 Kind, good - na - tured clock, Kind, good - na - tured clock.

## HAPPY HOME.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

Sing we now of home, hap - py, hap - py home, Sing we now of  
 hap - py home, of hap - py, hap - py home. { Yes, with heart and voice untiring,  
 Love that brightens ev'ry pleasure,  
 Blessings ev - er new in - vite us,  
 We will join the strain inspiring, } Singing now of home, happy, happy home.  
 Bring us more than golden treasure,  
 Joy and social mirth delight us, }



# THE LARK AT MORN IS SOARING HIGH.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

R. A. KINZIE.

1 The lark at morn is soar - ing high, On pin - ions glad and free,  
2 It breaks the hush of ear - ly dawn, It bids the earth re - joice,  
3 From dew - gem'd flow'rs, that grace the bow'rs, O - dors like in - cense rise ;

And as it mounts to yon - der sky, Its song comes back to me.  
The mists that veiled the woods are gone, All na - ture finds a voice.  
And beau - ty, with her fair - est tints, A - dorns the east - ern skies.

## CHORUS.

An - gel - ic strains I seem to hear, Its mu - sic falls up - on my ear

So sweet and clear, I now can hear An ech - o from the up - per sphere.



# GOLDEN SUNBEAMS.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1 Peeping o'er the hilltops, Ushering in the day, Drinking silvery dewdrops,  
 2 Darkened homes they brighten With a gladsome ray, Hearts of sorrow lighten  
 3 Speed you on your mis-sion, Blessed rays of gold, Till in full fru-i - tion

Chasing shades away, Now a-while they lin - ger On the earth's fair face,  
 Bringing joy to-day, Like a paint-er blend-ing Roseates hues of light,  
 Glory we behold, Till in realms of brightness, Beams of love di- vine

CHORUS.

And with magic finger Lines of beauty trace.  
 Thro' the spirit sending Calm and pure delight. Golden sunbeams! Golden sunbeams!  
 Fill all heav'n with lightness, Purer far than thine.

Ushering in the day, Golden sunbeams! Golden sunbeams! Speed you on your way.



# GLORY TO THE NEW-BORN KING.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1 Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King;  
2 Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Son of Right-eous-ness!



Peace on earth and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con-ciled;"  
Light and life to all he brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in his wings;



Joy - ful all ye na - tions rise, Join the tri-umphs of the skies,  
Let us, then, with an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King;



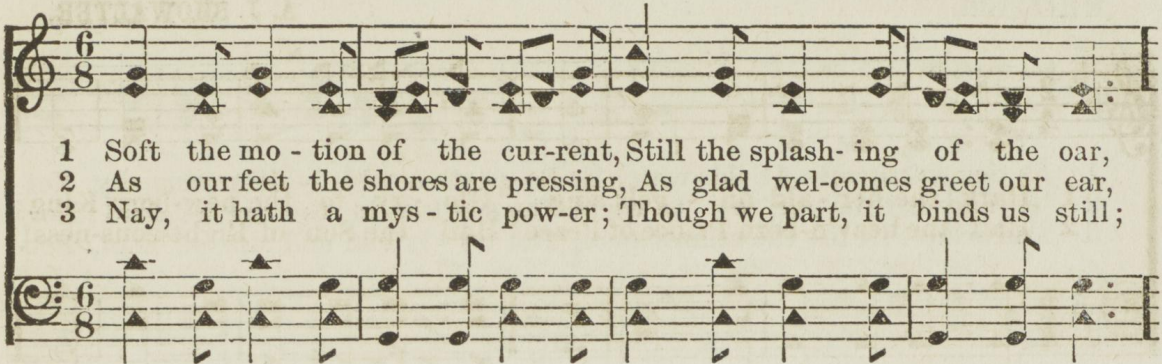
With th' an - gel - ic host pro-claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."  
Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, "God and sin - ners re - con-ciled."



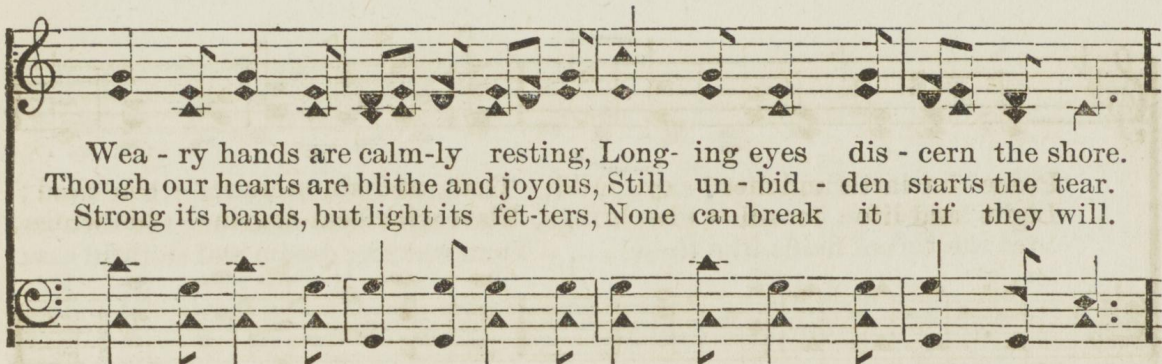


# PARTING SONG. \*

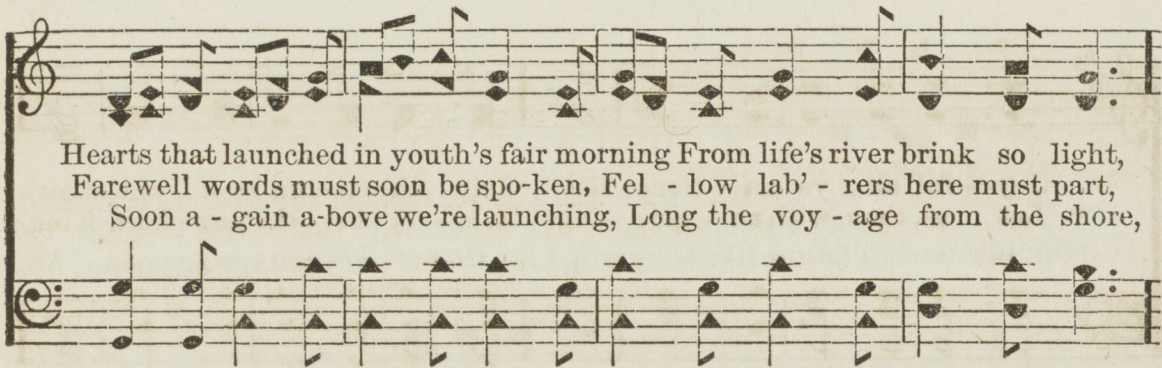
F. M. LOOMIS.



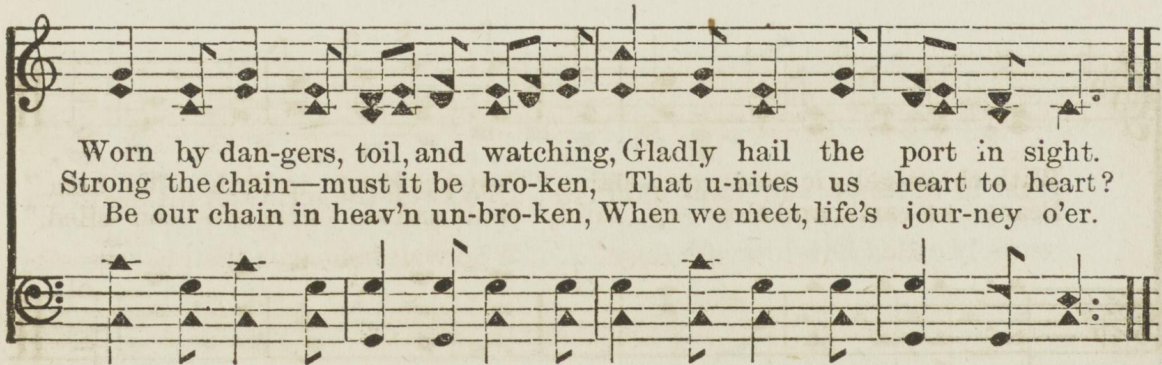
1 Soft the mo - tion of the cur - rent, Still the splash - ing of the oar,  
2 As our feet the shores are pressing, As glad wel - comes greet our ear,  
3 Nay, it hath a mys - tic pow - er; Though we part, it binds us still;



Wea - ry hands are calm - ly resting, Long - ing eyes dis - cern the shore.  
Though our hearts are blithe and joyous, Still un - bid - den starts the tear.  
Strong its bands, but light its fet - ters, None can break it if they will.



Hearts that launched in youth's fair morning From life's river brink so light,  
Farewell words must soon be spo - ken, Fel - low lab' - rers here must part,  
Soon a - gain a - bove we're launching, Long the voy - age from the shore,



Worn by dan - gers, toil, and watching, Gladly hail the port in sight.  
Strong the chain—must it be bro - ken, That u - nites us heart to heart?  
Be our chain in heav'n un - bro - ken, When we meet, life's jour - ney o'er.

\* From "FIRST STEPS IN MUSIC." By per.




# SEEDTIME AND HARVEST.


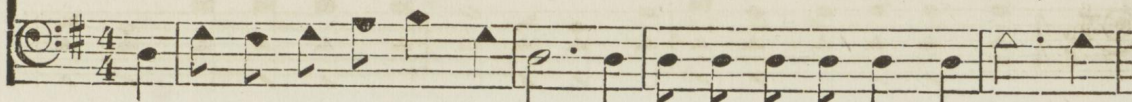
WHITTIER.

(For celebration of WHITTIER'S birthday.)


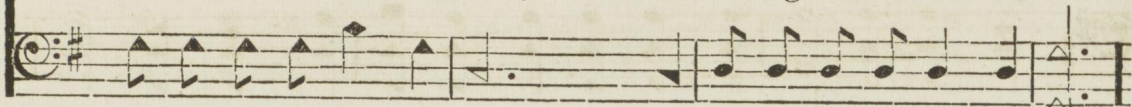
W. T. GIFFE.





1 As o'er his furrowed fields which lie Be-neath a cold-ly drop-ping sky, Yet  
2 It may not be our lot to wield The sic-kle in the ripened field; Nor  
3 And were this life the utmost span, The on-ly end and aim of man, Bet-



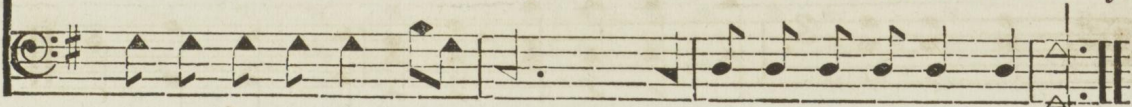
chill with win-ter's melt-ed snow, . . . The husbandman goes forth to sow :  
ours to hear on sum-mer eves, . . . The reap-er's song among the sheaves.  
ter the toil of fields like these, . . . Than wak-ing dream and slothful ease.



Thus free-dom on the bit-ter blast The ventures of thy seed we cast, And  
Yet where our duty's task is wrought, In unison with God's great thought, The  
Our life, though falling like our grain, Like that revives and springs again; And



trust to warm-er sun and rain . . . To swell the germ and fill the grain.  
near and fu-ture blend in one, . . . And whatso-e'er is willed is done.  
ear-ly called how blest are they . . . Who wait in heaven their harvest day.





# DAYS OF MY YOUTH.

G. R. STREET.

1 Days of my youth, ye have glid-ed a-way; Hairs of my youth, ye are  
 2 Days of my youth, I wish not your re-call; Hairs of my youth, I'm con-  
 3 Days of my age, ye will short-ly be past; Pains of my age, yet a-

frost - ed and grey; Eyes of my youth, your keen sight is no more;  
 tent ye should fall; Eyes of my youth, ye much ev - il hath seen;  
 while ye can last; Joys of my age, in true wis - dom de - light;

Cheeks of my youth, ye are furrowed all o'er; Strength of my youth, all your  
 Cheeks of my youth, bathed in tears ye have been; Tho'ts of my youth, ye have  
 Eyes of my age, be re - lig - ion your light; Tho'ts of my age, dread ye

vig - or is gone; Thoughts of my youth, your gay vis - ions have flown.  
 led me a-stray; Strength of my youth, why la-ment your de - cay?  
 not the cold sod; Hopes of my age, be ye fixed on your God.



# NEW YEAR'S SONG.\*

Rev. W. O. CUSHING.

E. J. ROBBINS.

1 Wake, O wake the bells of morn - ing! Joy to  
 2 Wake, O wake the bells of morn - ing! Send the  
 3 Wake, ye chil - dren, lift your voic - es! Praise the

those who love the Lord! Now the glad New Year is dawning, Let us  
 tid - ings all a - broad! Hap - py days for you are dawning, Christian,  
 Lord who loved you so, Give this whole glad year to Je - sus; All his

rise and praise the Lord. }  
 wake, and praise the Lord. } Let us rise and praise the Lord,  
 gra - cious will to know. }

Lord, . . . . Praise the Lord, Let us rise and praise the Lord.

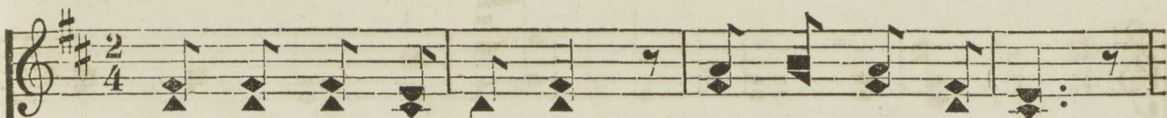
From "LITTLE LIGHT," by per.



# WHAT IS BIRDIE DOING?

Mrs. EMMA PITT.

W. A. OGDEN.



1 What is bird - ie do - ing, As he hops a - round?  
 2 What is bird - ie say - ing, As he flies a - bove?  
 3 Bird - ie says: "God loves me, Made my wings to fly,  
 4 Yes, God loves the bird - ies, Loves the chil - dren, too,



Chirp - ing while he's eat - ing Crumbs from off the ground.  
 Oh, he's sing - ing sweet - ly His bright song of love.  
 Gave me strength to help me, Soar so near the sky."  
 Gives us food and rai - ment, Par - ents kind and true.



## CHORUS.



Bird - ie's sing - ing prais - es, So will I, yes, I;



Bird - ie's sing - ing prais - es To his God on high.



\* From "INFANT SONGS," by permission of W. A. OGDEN.

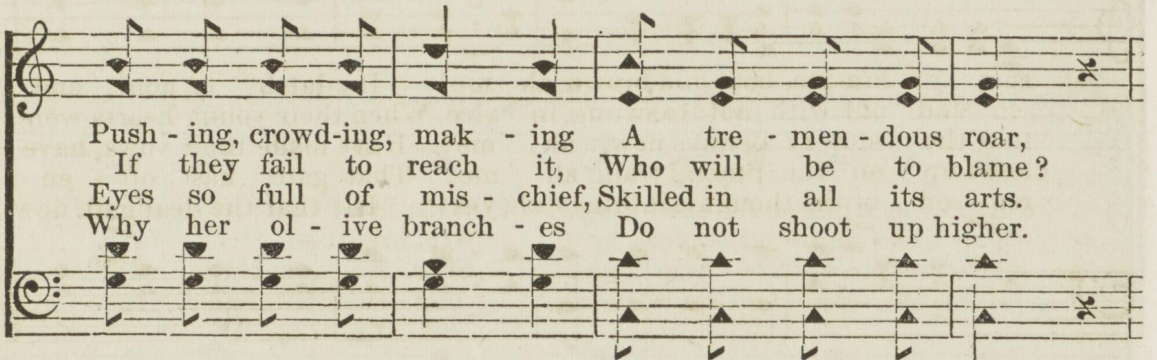


# TEACHING PUBLIC SCHOOL.

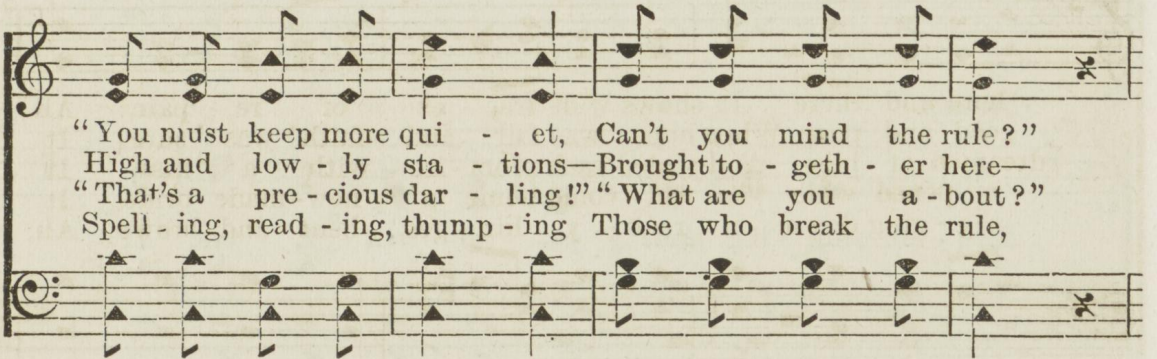
H. R. PALMER, by .



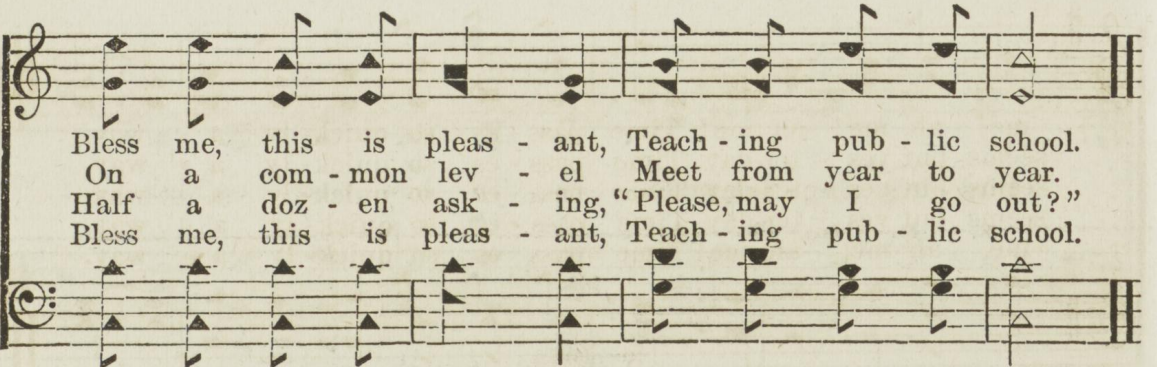
1 For - ty lit - tle ur - chins Com - ing through the door,  
2 For - ty lit - tle pil - grims On their road to fame!  
3 Dir - ty lit - tle fac - es, Lov - ing lit - tle hearts,  
4 Anx - ious par - ent drops in Mere - ly to in - quire,



Push - ing, crowd - ing, mak - ing A tre - men - dous roar,  
If they fail to reach it, Who will be to blame?  
Eyes so full of mis - chief, Skilled in all its arts.  
Why her ol - ive branch - es Do not shoot up higher.



"You must keep more qui - et, Can't you mind the rule?"  
High and low - ly sta - tions—Brought to - geth - er here—  
"That's a pre - cious dar - ling!" "What are you a - bout?"  
Spell - ing, read - ing, thump - ing Those who break the rule,



Bless me, this is pleas - ant, Teach - ing pub - lic school.  
On a com - mon lev - el Meet from year to year.  
Half a doz - en ask - ing, "Please, may I go out?"  
Bless me, this is pleas - ant, Teach - ing pub - lic school.



# THE OLD FARM GATE.

Arr. by FLORENCE LE CLAIRE.

Arr. by H. R. PALMER.

1 The old farm gate hangs sag - ging down, ah me! On  
 2 The chil - dren have up - on it clung with me, And  
 3 Be - side that gate have lov - ers true, ah me! Oft  
 4 That gate with rust - y weight and chain, ah me! Has  
 5 But dear to me a - bove all things, oh, yes! By

rust - y hin - ges, bent and brown, ah me! Its latch is gone, and  
 in and out with rapture swung, in glee, When their young hearts were  
 told the sto - ry al - ways new, ah me! Have made their vows, have  
 closed up - on the funeral train, ah me! That gate has oft - en  
 rea - son of the thoughts it brings, oh, yes! Is that the dear gate now

here and there It shows wide trac - es of re - pair, Ah  
 good and pure, When hope was fair and faith was sure, It  
 dreamed of bliss, And sealed each prom - ise with a kiss, It  
 o - pened wide To wel - come home a new - made bride, It  
 sag - ging down, on rust - y hin - ges, bent and brown, Ah

me! ah me! ah me! Time pass - es so quick - ly a - way.  
 seems but yes - ter - day, Time pass - es so quick - ly a - way.  
 seems but yes - ter - day, Time pass - es so quick - ly a - way.  
 seems but yes - ter - day, Time pass - es so quick - ly a - way.  
 me, ah me, ah me! Time pass - es so quick - ly a - way.



# IT IS BETTER TO WHISTLE THAN WHINE.

T. W. DENNINGTON, by per.

*Allegretto.*

1 It is bet-ter to whistle than whine; It is bet-ter to laugh than to cry ;  
2 It is bet-ter to whistle than whine; O man with thy sorrowful brow,  
3 It is bet-ter to whistle than whine; Poor mother, so weary with care,

For tho' it be cloudy, the sun will soon shine Across the blue, beautiful sky.  
Let the words of the child scatter murmurs of thine, And gather his cheerfulness now.  
Thank God for the love and the peace that are thine, And the joys of the little ones share.

Whistling Duet with whistling accompaniment.

Then (*whistle.*)

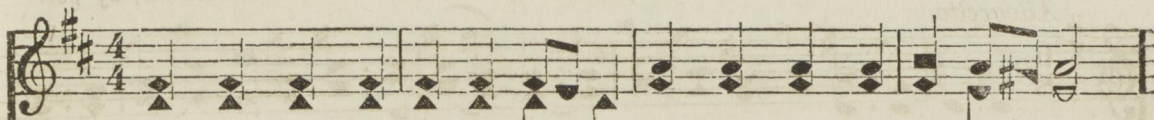
It is bet-ter to whistle than whine.





# LITTLE TOT.

HELEN A. RAINS.


J. H. ROSECRANS.




1 Lit - tle feet in mo - tion ev - er, Up and down the par - lor floor!  
2 Ac - tive brain and bus - y fin - gers, Finding treas - ures ev' - ry - where;  
3 Lit - tle one, whose pres - ence on - ly Mak - eth all a - round thee glad;  
4 Fair - er than earth's fairest to - ken, Is thy lit - tle face to me;




Lit - tle hands with vain en - deav - or, Reaching at the out - side door.  
Lit - tle form that oft - en lin - gers, Thoughtfully by "Mamma's chair."  
Bright'ning homes that would be lone - ly, Cheering hearts that would be sad.  
El - o - quent with words un - spo - ken, Which my eyes can on - ly see.



## CHORUS.



And I pray that an - gels o'er thee, Blessings on thy path - way pour;



Smooth each rug - ged way be - fore thee, Keep thee pure for - ev - er more.





# BOAT SONG.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

*Allegro.*

1 Our boat is off, Our boat is off, See how she floats the  
2 We'll speed a - way Thro' lash - ing spray, O'er waves of ev' - ry  
3 As safe are we, As proud - ly free As birds that cleave the

wave, As if on wing, The fair - y thing, Skims o'er the wa - ters  
hue; And bound a - long With cur - rent strong Up - on the wa - ters  
air, On wings as white, As swift our flight As sea - gulls dart - ing

brave; . . . }  
blue; . . . } With laugh and song We glide a - long Up -  
there; . . . }

on the rip - pling sea, All fac - es bright with pure de - light, Oh,



## BOAT SONG.—Concluded.

who are so mer-ry as we, Ha! Ha! Oh, who are so mer - ry as

we, Ha! Ha! Oh, who are so mer - ry as we!

## WILLIE LOW. S. M.

(CLOSING PIECE.)

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 Lord, at this clos - ing hour, Es - tab - lish ev' - ry heart;  
 2 Thro' changes bright or drear, We would thy will pur - sue;  
 3 To God, the on - ly wise, In ev' - ry age a - dored

Up - on thy word of truth and power, To keep us when we part.  
 And toil to spread thy kingdom here, Till we its glo - ry view.  
 Let glo - ry from our work a - rise, Thro' Je - sus Christ, our Lord.



# THE DREAM OF HOME.

WYATT MINSHALL,



1 Who has not felt how sad-ly sweet The dream of home, the dream of home,  
2 Ask of the sail-or youth when far His light bark bounds o'er o - cean foam,



Steal o'er the heart too soon to fleet, When o'er the sea or land we roam?  
What charms him most when evening's star Smiles o'er the wave? to dream of home.



Sunlight more soft o'er us may fall, To greener shores our bark may come;  
Fond tho'ts of absent friends and loves, At that sweet hour around him come;



But far more bright, more dear to all, That dream of home, that dream of home.  
His heart's best joy when'er he roves, That dream of home, that dream of home.





# RETURN TO SCHOOL.

Old Melody.

To school and its pleas - ures a - gain we re - turn,  
A - gain we as - sem - ble, our les - sons to learn,

Sing with a mer - ry cheer!  
Sing with a mer - ry cheer! Hap - py va - ca - tion, how

quick - ly it passed! Hol - i - day rambles are o - ver at last;

Welcome to all! Welcome to all! Sing with a mer - ry cheer.



# GOD BLESS THE OLD HEARTHSTONE.

FRANCIS ANSON EVANS.

QUARTETTE.

W. A. OGDEN.



1 God bless the old hearthstone to night, The chil-dren that sur-round it ;  
2 God bless the old hearthstone to night, With all its gay hopes glow-ing ;



May peace and com-fort give it light, And love for - ev - er bound it.  
May sweet content and trust u-nite To keep af - fec - tion flow - ing.



May dis-cord nev - er en - ter here To steal our heart's fond treas-ure—  
God bless it! and in oth - er years—For time is sli - ly schem-ing—



Nor winds that blow from mountains bare, Congeal our so - cial pleas-ure.  
From mem'ry's hill thro' smiles and tears We'll see it bright-ly gleaming!





# TOUCH US GENTLY, TIME.

ROSE LYON.



1 In the spring of ear - ly years, Touch us gen - tly, gen - tly, Time ;  
2 In the autumn's lone - ly grief, Touch us gen - tly, gen - tly, Time ;  
3 Twi-light shad - ows o'er us creep ; Touch us gen - tly, gen - tly, Time ;



With its bud - ding hopes and fears, Touch us gen - tly, Time.  
Fad - ing light and fall - ing leaves, Touch us gen - tly, Time.  
We are wea - ry, let us sleep ; Touch us gen - tly, Time.



## REFRAIN.



Gen - tly, gen - tly ; Touch us gen - tly, gen - - - tly, Time ;  
Touch us gently, gently, Time ; Touch us gently, Touch us gently, Time ;



Gen - tly, gen - tly ; Touch us gen - tly, Time.  
Touch us gently, gently, Time ; Touch us gen - tly, gen - tly, Time.



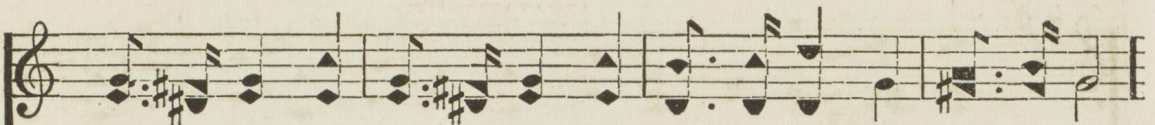


# LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

W. A. OGDEN.



1 Live for some-thing, be not i - dle, Look a-bout thee for em-ploy ;  
2 Scat - ter bless - ings in thy path-way, Gen - tle words and cheering smiles  
3 Hearts there are op-pressed and wea - ry, Drop the tear of sym - pa - thy ;



Sit not down to use - less dream - ing, La - bor is the sweet - est joy.  
Bet - ter are than gold and sil - ver, With their grief dis - pell - ing wiles ;  
Whis - per words of hope and com - fort, Give, and thy re - ward shall be



Fold - ed hands are ev - er wea - ry, Sel - fish hearts are nev - er gay,  
As the pleas - ant sun - shine fall - eth Ev - er on the grate - ful earth,  
Joy un - to thy soul re - turn - ing From the per - fect foun - tain head,



Life for thee hath ma - ny du - ties, Ac - tive be, then, while you may.  
So let sym - pa - thy and kind - ness Glad - den well the dark - ened earth.  
Free - ly as thou free - ly giv - est, Shall the grate - ful light be shed.

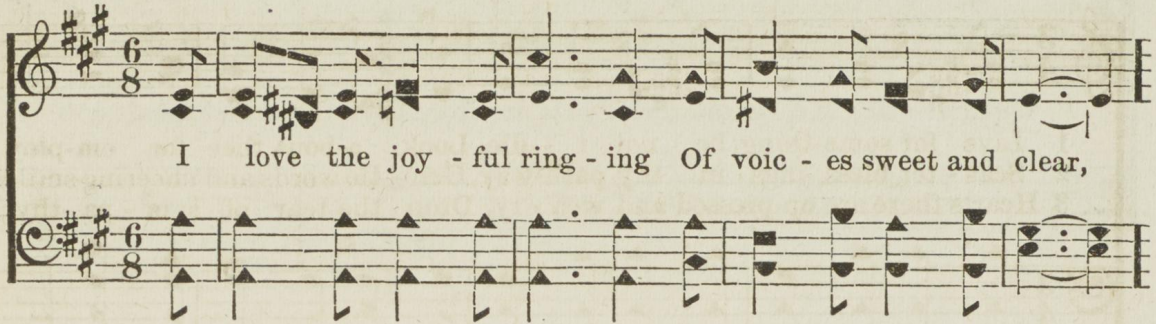




# BRIGHT MUSIC FOR ME.

Mrs. EMMA PITT.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



I love the joy - ful ring - ing Of voic - es sweet and clear,



I love the joy - ful ring - ing, The mer - ry, mer - ry cheer.



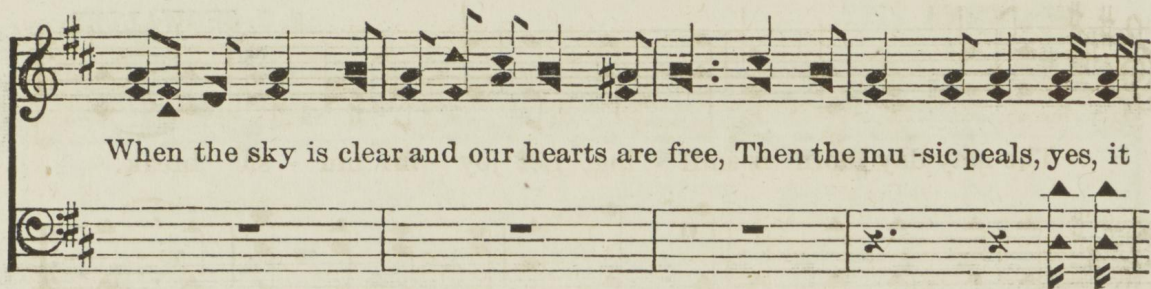
Then sing, . . . oh, sing . . . . . With hearts so full of glee,  
oh, sing, Then sing, oh, sing



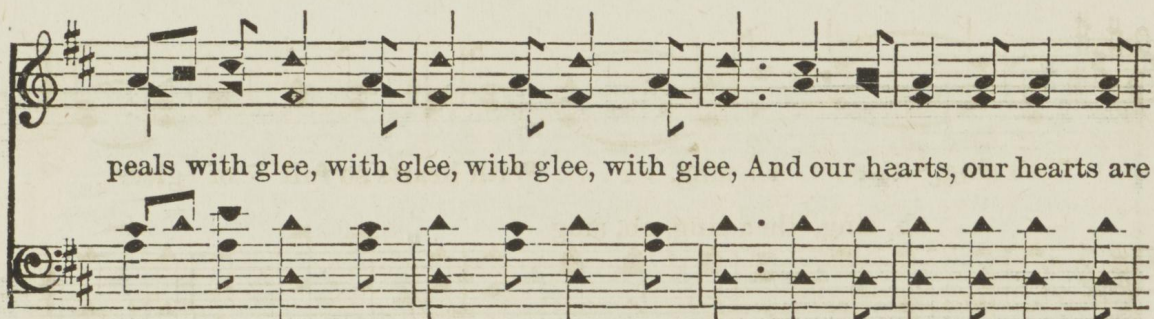
Sweet strains, . . . sweet strains, . Bright mu - sic then for me.  
then sing, then sing,



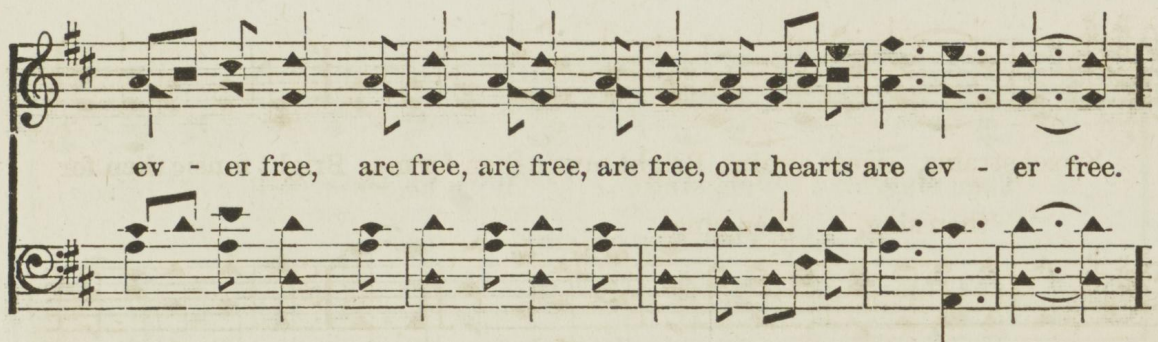
## BRIGHT MUSIC FOR ME.—Continued.



When the sky is clear and our hearts are free, Then the mu - sic peals, yes, it

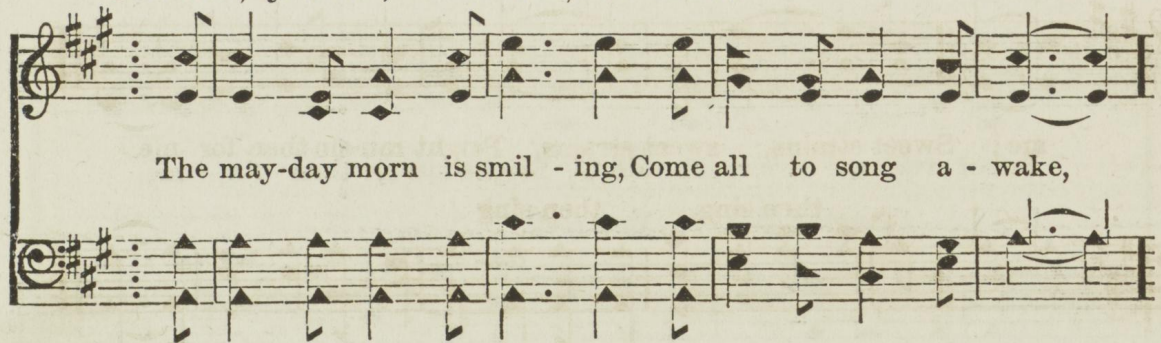


peals with glee, with glee, with glee, with glee, And our hearts, our hearts are



ev - er free, are free, are free, are free, our hearts are ev - er free.

*First time, Quartette; Second time, Full Chorus.*



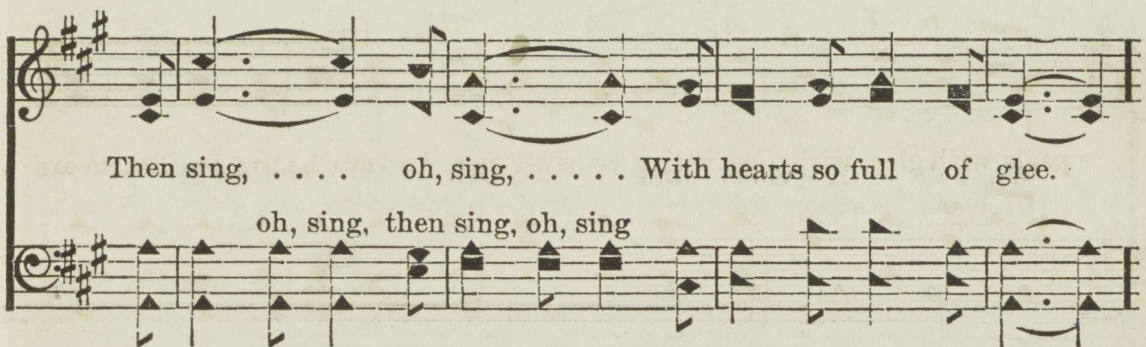
The may-day morn is smil - ing, Come all to song a - wake,



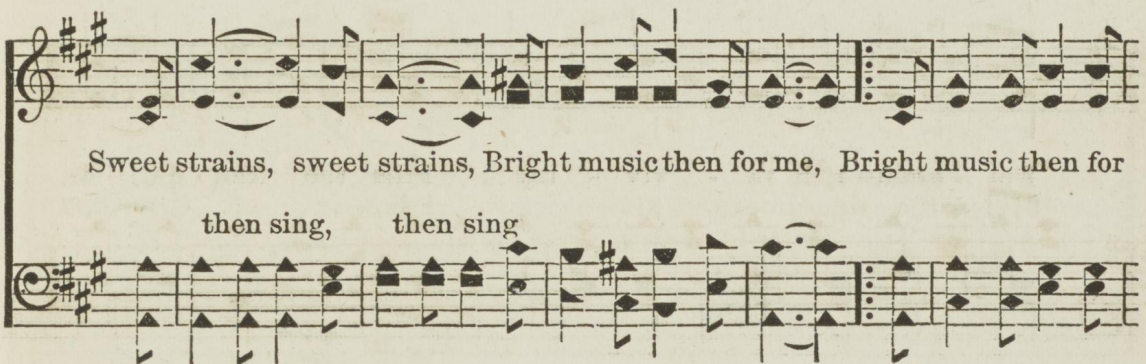
# BRIGHT MUSIC FOR ME.—Concluded.



The may-day morn is smil - ing, Let joy - ful mu - sic break.



Then sing, . . . . oh, sing, . . . . With hearts so full of glee.  
oh, sing, then sing, oh, sing



Sweet strains, sweet strains, Bright music then for me, Bright music then for  
then sing, then sing



me; Sweet strains, sweet strains, Bright mu-sic then for me.  
then sing, then sing

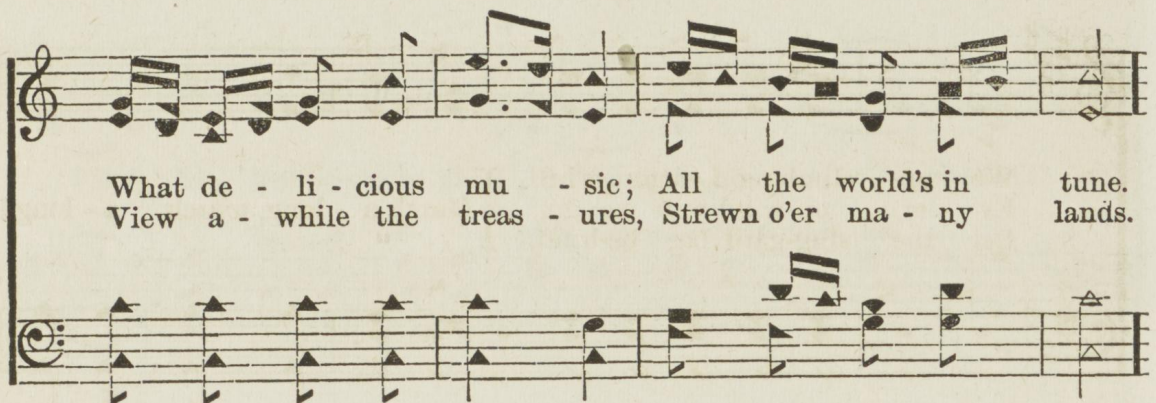


# JUNE.

T. W. DENNINGTON, by per.



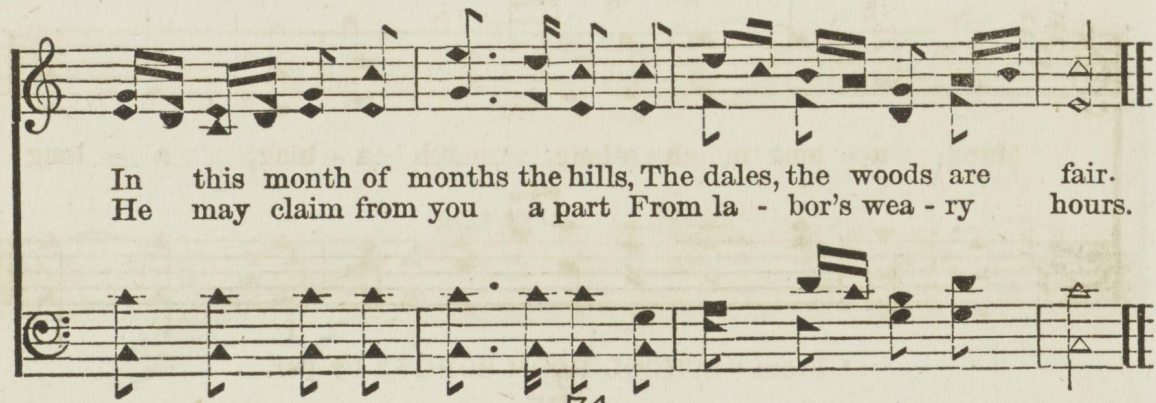
1 What a wealth of           ros - es;       Fair, and leaf - y       June!  
2 From your toil re -   pos - ing,       Ye of bus - y       hands,



What de - li - cious mu - sic; All the world's in       tune.  
View a - while the   treas - ures,   Strewn o'er ma - ny       lands.



Fra - grance rich re - viv - ing       Fills the tran - quil air,  
He, the won - drous   art - ist,       Paint - er of these flow'rs,



In this month of months the hills, The dales, the woods are       fair.  
He may claim from you a part From la - bor's wea - ry       hours.



# MARCH ALONG. \*

*Allegro.*



1 We are climbing Learning's hill,  
 2 Ev - er up-ward will we go, } March a - long, march a-long!  
 3 Let the sluggard lag be-hind,



We are climbing Learning's hill,  
 Ev - er up-ward will we go, } March a - long, march a - long!  
 Let the slug-gard lag be-hind,



We are climbing Learning's hill, And we climb it with a will;  
 Ev - er up-ward will we go, Tho' our prog-ress may be slow;  
 Let the slug-gard lag be-hind, Plea-sure we shall al-ways find;



March a - long, march a-long, march a - long, a - long!



\* From "SCHOOL ROOM SONGS," by per.



# SWEET SUMMER RAIN.

EMMA PITT.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1 The leaf - y branch bends to the breeze, The sunlight gilds the plain,  
2 A wel - come bless - ing for mankind, It woos and not in vain ;  
3 How soft it rests up - on the flow'r, And wakes to life a - gain ;



D. C. La, la, la, la, la, la, etc.



FINE.

A gen - tle whis - per now I hear, Ah ! yes, 'tis sum - mer rain.  
We love to hear your com - ing now, Sweet, quiet sum - mer rain.  
The sunparch'd plants may lift their heads As falls the sum - mer rain.



Sweet sum - mer rain, sweet summer rain, Your perfume is for all :



D. C.

What ten - der long - ing in my heart Is stirred by your light fall.





# BYE-LO-LAND.

GEO. COOPER.

A. J. Van FLEET, by per.



1 Ba-by is go-ing to Bye - lo - land, Go-ing to see the sights so grand;  
 2 Oh, the bright dreams in Bye - lo - land, All by the lov-ing angels planned!  
 3 Sweet is the way to Bye - lo - land, Guided by mother's gentle hand;



Out of the sky the wee stars peep, Watching to see her fast a - sleep.  
 Soft, little lashes downward close, Just like the pe-tals of a rose.  
 Lit-tle lambs now are in the fold, Lit-tle birds nestle from the cold.



Swing so, Bye - lo! { O - ver the hills to Bye - lo - land,  
 Pret-ti - est eyes in Bye - lo - land,  
 Ba - by is safe in Bye - lo - land,



*After last verse repeat with lips closed.*



Swing so, Bye - lo! { O - ver the hills to Bye - lo - land.  
 Pret-ti - est eyes in Bye - lo - land.  
 Ba - by is safe in Bye - lo - land.






# MORNING HYMN.

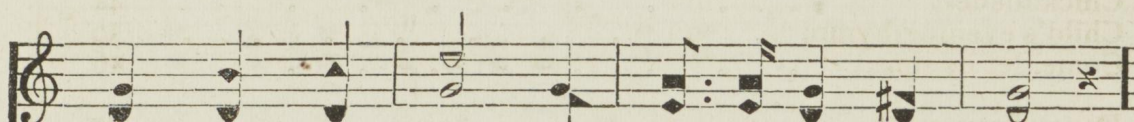

W. F. COSNER.

(For opening school.)



A. J. SHOWALTER.



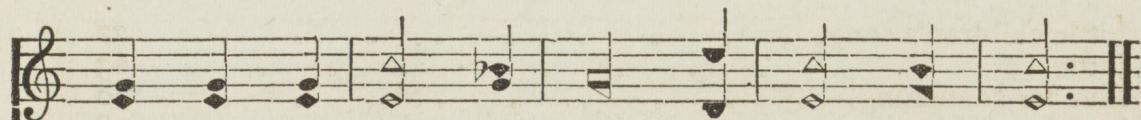

1 'Tis sweet, blest Lord, when breaks the ro - sy morn - ing,  
2 A - bide with me to cheer me and to strengthen,  
3 Still, still with thee, when pur - ple morn is break - ing,



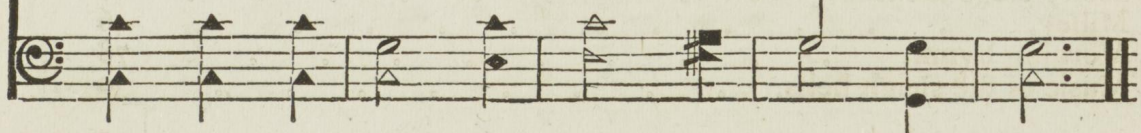
Wak - ing, to feel that I am still with thee;  
Sus - tain me, for I am so weak and faint:  
'Tis sweet, blest Sav - ior, to a - bide with thee:



Each hour to thee my wea - ry heart is turn - ing;  
Should'st thou for - sake me ere the shad - ows length - en,  
Be with me, Lord, through all my hours of wak - ing,



Oh, let thy pres - ence still a - bide with me.  
Ah! whith - er should I go with my com - plaint?  
And when the night comes, still a - bide with me.





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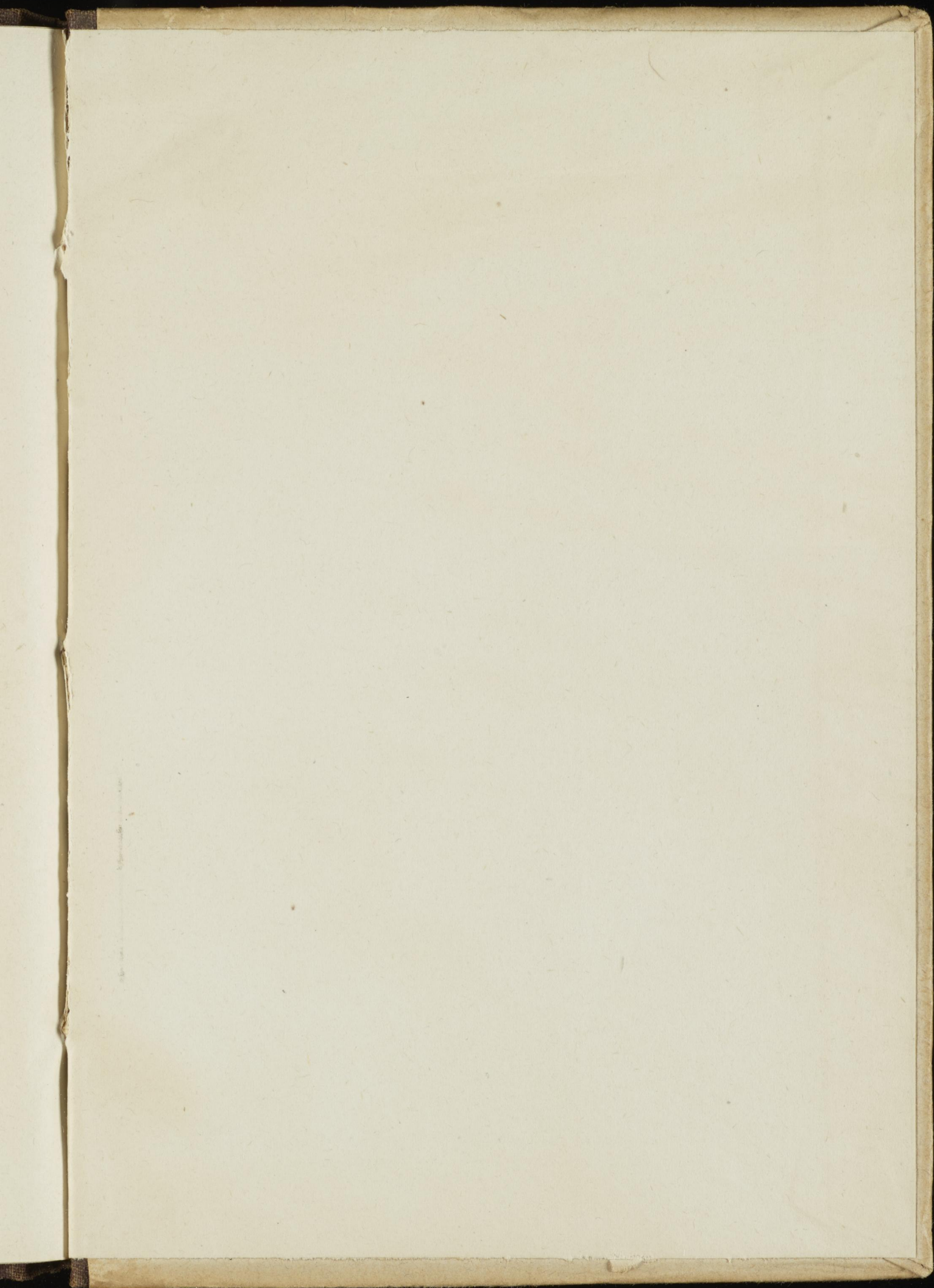
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