

MALE QUARTETTES.

SACRED AND SECULAR.

A CHOICE COLLECTION

OF THE

MOST POPULAR SACRED AND SECULAR

MALE QUARTETTES.

BY

J. H. HALL,

W. H. RUEBUSH,

and J. H. RUEBUSH.

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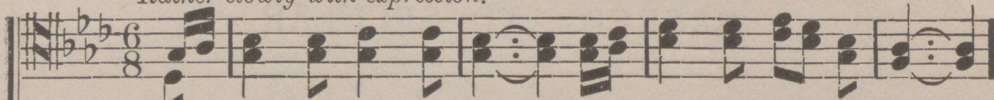
PREFACE.

Nearer My Home.

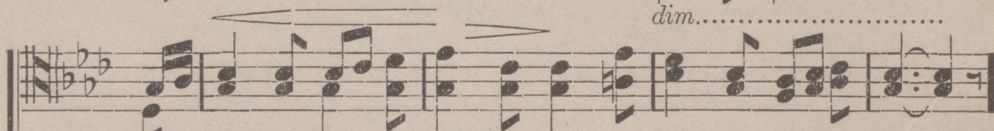
PHOEBE CARY.

J. H. HALL.

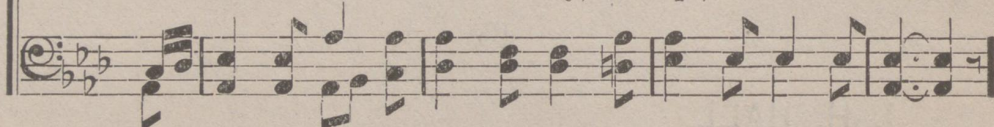
Rather slowly with expression.



1. One sweet-ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er ;
2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where man - y mansions be ;
3. Near - er the bound of life, Where bur - dens are laid down ;
4. Be near me when my feet Are slip - ping o'er the brink ;



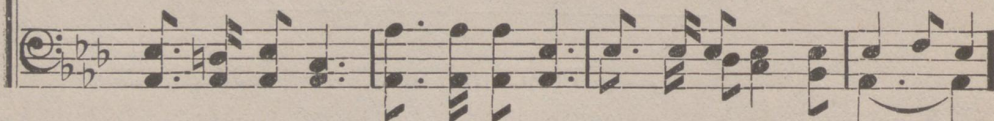
I'm near - er home to - day, to - day, Than e'er I've been be - fore.
Near - er the great white throne to - day, Nearer the crys - tal sea.
Near - er to leave the cross to - day, And near - er to the crown.
For I am near - er home to - day, Perhaps, than now I think.



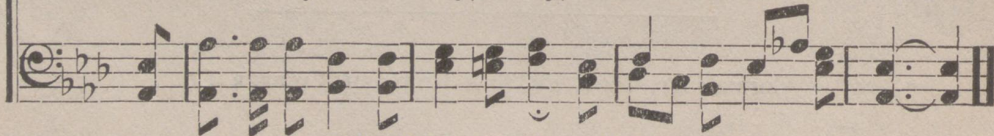
CHORUS.



Near - er my home, near - er my home, Near - er my home to - day, to - day ;



I'm near - er my home to - day, to - day, Than e'er I've been be - fore.



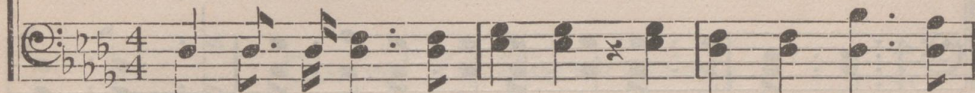
Remember Me, O Mighty One!

ANON.

JOANNA KINKEL.



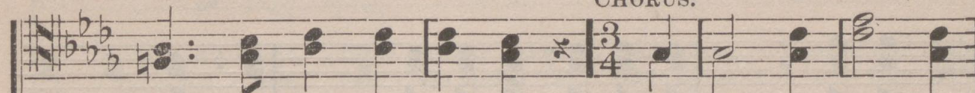
1. When storms a-round are sweep-ing, When lone my watch I'm
2. When walk-ing on life's o - cean, Con - trol its rag - ing
3. When weight of sin op - pres - es, When dark de - spair dis -



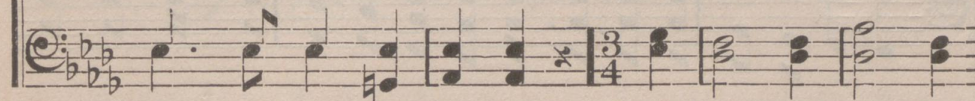
keep - ing, 'Mid fires of e - vil fall - ing, 'Mid
 mo - tion; When from its dan - gers shrink - ing, When
 tress - es, All through the life that's mor - tal, And



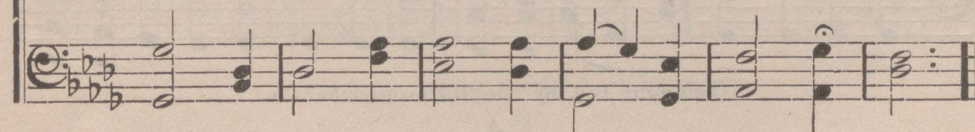
CHORUS.



tempt - ers' voi - ces call - ing, } Re - mem - ber me, O
 in its dread deeps sink - ing, }
 when I pass death's por - tal, }



Might - y One! Re - mem - ber me, O Might - y One!



I Am With Thee.

Arr. W. H. R.

1. { I am with thee ev - 'ry hour, O ran-somed one, For too
 { I am with thee ev - 'ry hour, trust thou in Me, For my
 2. { I am with thee ev - 'ry hour, I know thy care, I will
 { I am with thee ev - 'ry hour, My strength is thine, Thou the
 3. { I am with thee ev - 'ry hour, Till life's work done, I shall
 { I am with thee ev - 'ry hour, And heav - en waits, To throw

CHORUS.

long the way, and dark, for thee a - lone. } I am with thee, yes, I'm
 love un-chang-a - ble is pledged to thee. }
 cheer thy troubled heart, thy bur-dens bear. } I am with thee, yes, I'm
 ten-der branch, and I the liv - ing vine. }
 bear thee hence to stand be - fore the throne. } I am with thee, yes, I'm
 o - pen wide for thee its pearl - y gates. }

with thee, Ev-'ry hour I'm with thee, Thou art mine, for
 with thee, with thee, with thee,

thee my life I gave! I am with thee, yes, I'm with thee,
 with thee,

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I Am With Thee.

Ev-'ry hour I'm with thee, With my love I'll guard and guide and save.

Come, Ye Disconsolate.

THOS. MOORE.

J. H. HALL.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late! wher - e'er ye lan - guish, Come to the
 2. Joy of the des - o - late! light of the stray - ing, Hope of the
 3. Here see the bread of life; see wa - ters flow - ing, Forth from the

mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts,
 pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure! Here speaks the com - fort - er,
 throne of God, pure from a - bove; Come to the feast of love;

here tell your anguish; Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal.
 ten - der - ly say - ing, Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not cure.
 come, ev - er know - ing, Earth has no sor - rows but heav'n can re - move.

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Rock of Ages.

Dedicated to the Morehead City, N. C., Male Quartet.

TOPLADY.

Arr. by J. H. RUEBUSH.

1ST AND 2D TENOR.

Musical notation for the Tenors, showing a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody consists of a series of chords and single notes.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for, cleft for me,
 2. Could my tears for - ev - er, ev - er flow,
 3. While I draw this fleet-ing, fleet-ing breath,

1ST BASS.

Musical notation for the 1st Bass, showing a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody consists of a series of chords and single notes.

1. Rock of A - ges cleft for me, Oh, let me
 2. Could my tears for-ev - er flow; Oh, could my
 3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, Yes, when my

2D BASS.

Musical notation for the 2nd Bass, showing a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody consists of a series of chords and single notes.

Musical notation for the Soprano part, showing a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody consists of a series of chords and single notes.

Let me hide my - self, my-self in Thee; Let the wa - ter,
 Could my zeal no languor, languor know; These for sin could
 When my eyes shall close, shall close in death, When I rise to

Musical notation for the Alto part, showing a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody consists of a series of chords and single notes.

hide myself in Thee; Let the wa-ter and the
 zeal . no languor know; These for sin could not a -
 eyes . shall close in death, When I rise to worlds un-

Musical notation for the Tenors, showing a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody consists of a series of chords and single notes.

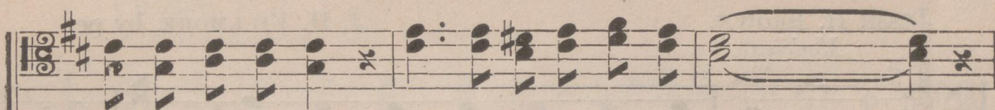
wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed,
 not, could not a - tone, Thou must save and
 worlds, to worlds un - known, And be - hold Thee

Musical notation for the Basses, showing a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody consists of a series of chords and single notes.

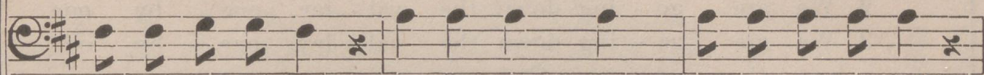
blood, Yes, from Thy wound - ed side which
 tone, Lord. Thou must save and Thou a -
 known, Lord, and be - hold Thee on Thy

Musical notation for the Tenors, showing a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody consists of a series of chords and single notes.

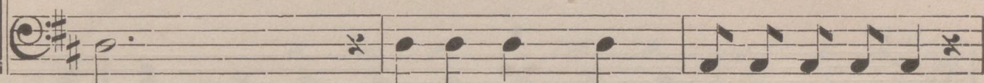
Rock of Ages.



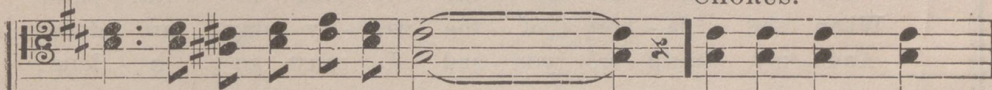
wounded side which flowed, Be of sin the double cure,
 Thou, and Thou alone. In my hands no price I bring,
 on Thy, on Thy throne, Rock of A-ges, cleft for me,



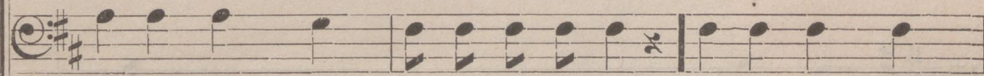
flowed, Be of sin the dou-ble, dou-ble cure,
 lone. In my hand no price, no price I bring,
 throne, Rock of A - ges cleft for, cleft for me,



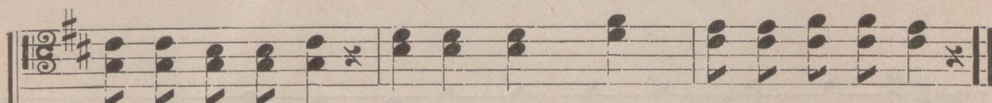
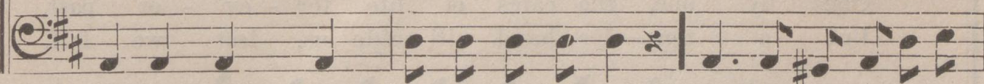
CHORUS.



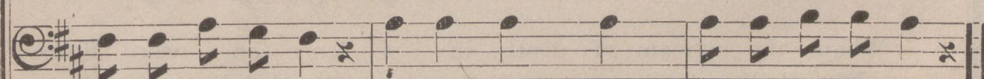
Save from wrath and make me pure. Rock of A - ges
 Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
 Let me hide myself in Thee.



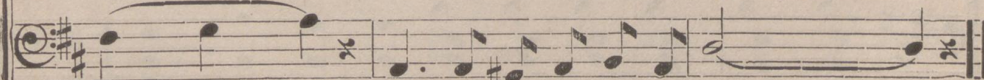
Save from wrath and make, oh, make me pure. Rock of A-ges cleft for
 Sim - ply to Thy cross, Thy cross I cling.
 Let me hide my - self, myself in Thee.



cleft for, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self, my-self in Thee.



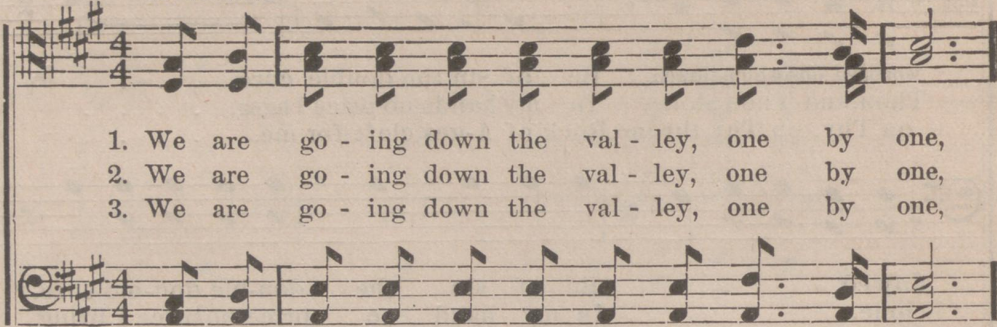
me, Let me hide myself in Thee.



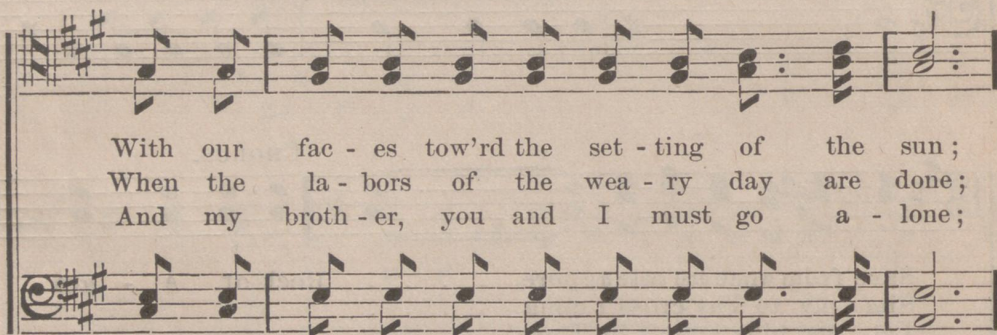
We are Going Down the Valley.

JESSE H. BROWN.
Moderato.

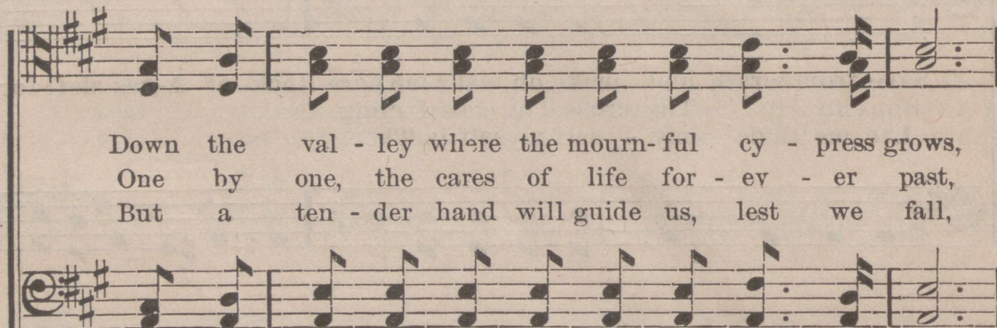
J. H. FILLMORE, by per.



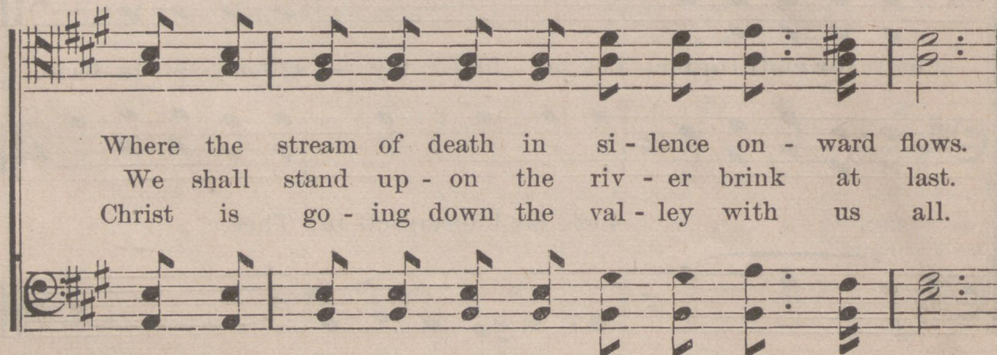
1. We are go - ing down the val - ley, one by one,
2. We are go - ing down the val - ley, one by one,
3. We are go - ing down the val - ley, one by one,



With our fac - es tow'rd the set - ting of the sun ;
When the la - bors of the wea - ry day are done ;
And my broth - er, you and I must go a - lone ;



Down the val - ley where the mourn - ful cy - press grows,
One by one, the cares of life for - ev - er past,
But a ten - der hand will guide us, lest we fall,



Where the stream of death in si - lence on - ward flows.
We shall stand up - on the riv - er brink at last.
Christ is go - ing down the val - ley with us all.

We are Going Down the Valley.

CHORUS.

Repeat Chorus pp after last stanza.

We are go - ing down the val - ley, Go - ing down the
of the sun;
- ing down the
one.

Handwritten on blue sticky note:
W. K. K.
Hall, J. H., et al. Male Quartettes. Sacred and
Secular. Dayton, Va.: Ruebush-Kieffer, 1901.
8/26/1967

9

We are Going Down the Valley.

CHORUS.

Repeat Chorus pp after last stanza.

We are go - ing down the val - ley, Go - ing down the

val - ley, Go - ing tow'rd the set - ting of the sun ;

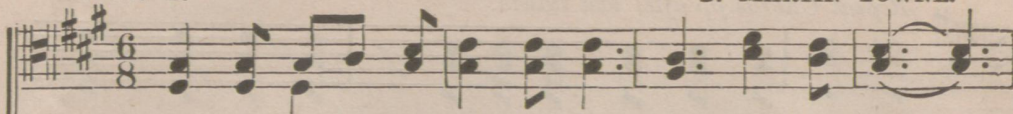
We are go - ing down the val - ley, Go - ing down the

ad lib. val - ley, *Rit.* Go - ing down the val - ley, one by one.

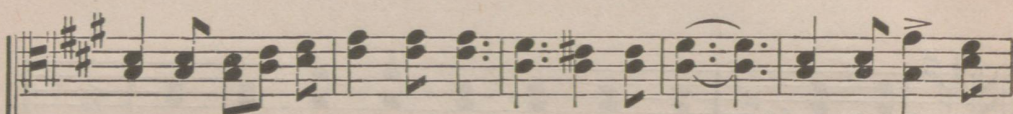
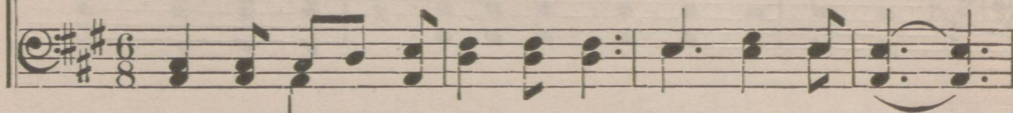
Jesus, My Lord.

T. M. T.

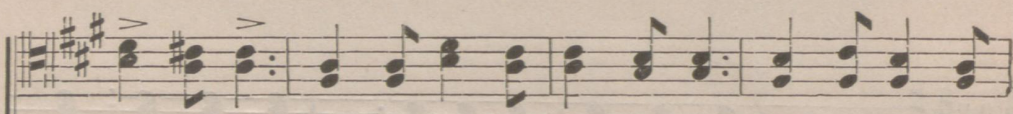
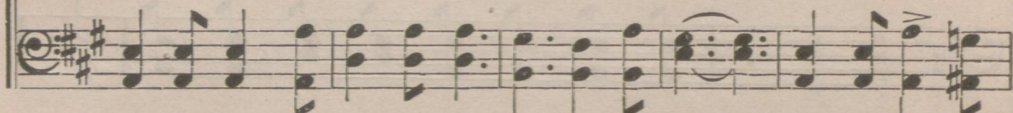
T. MARTIN TOWNE.



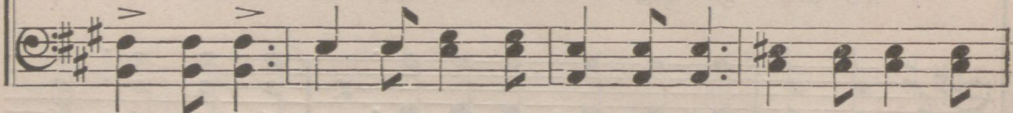
1. When I know that He is *near*, Je - sus, my Lord;
2. When I know that Je - sus *lives*, Je - sus, my Lord;
3. When I know that Je - sus *speaks*, Je - sus, my Lord;



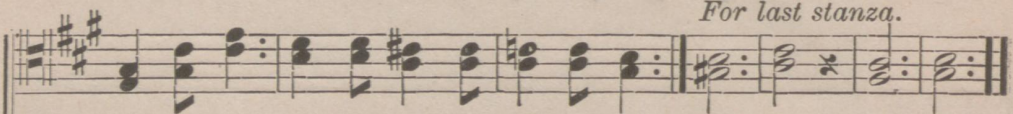
I have not a thought of fear, Je - sus, my Lord; He's my peace, my
And to me His mer - cy gives, Je - sus, my Lord; How can I His
That my love He ev - er seeks, Je - sus, my Lord; Can I turn from



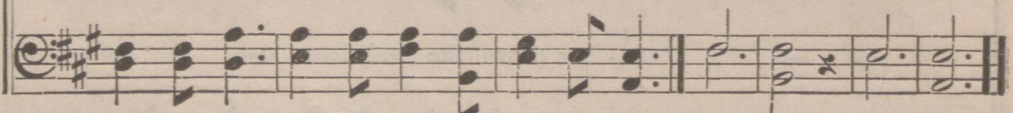
joy, my life; Though the world is full of strife, Still my heart flows
Spir - it grieve? O my heart, be - lieve, be - lieve, Taste the sweetness
Him a - way? Nay, I yield, His call o - bey, Gaze with won - der



For last stanza.



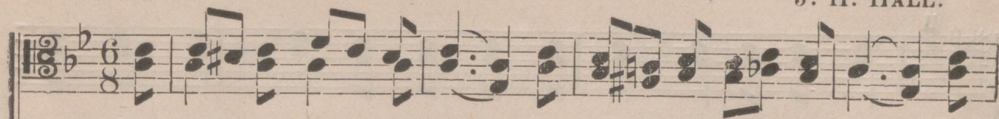
out in cheer, As I feel His presence here.
of - fered you, Be thou to His lessons true.
on His face, Take His proffered love and grace. A - MEN, A - MEN.



Keep Praying at the Gate.

ANON.

J. H. HALL.



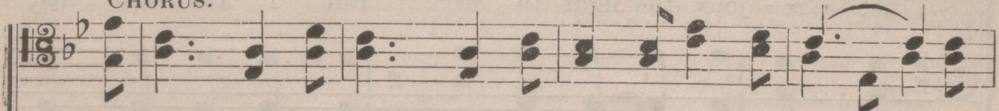
1. Keep pray-ing at the gate, And kneel-ing while you pray; Nor
2. The Lord will sure-ly come, His prom-ise can-not fail; O
3. The gate will o-pen wide, And thou shalt en-ter in, And



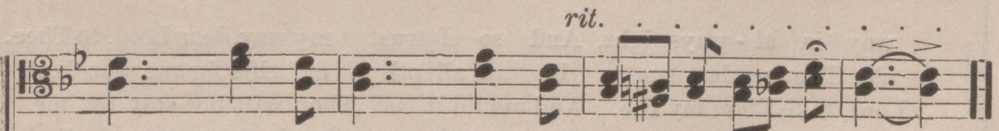
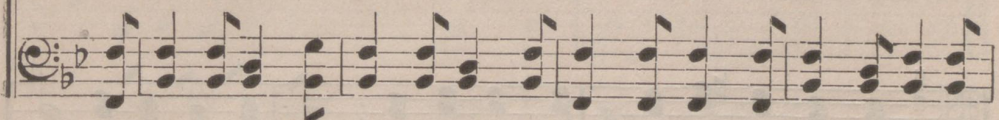
trembling tho' the tempter's voice Would fright your soul a-way.
knock, and pray, and plead, and call, Thy prayer will yet pre-vail.
from the ho-ly One re-ceive A par-don for thy sin.



CHORUS.



Keep pray-ing, keep pray-ing, Still praying at the gate, the gate, Keep
Keep pray-ing at the gate, the gate, Still pray-ing at the gate, the gate, Tho'



pray-ing, keep pray-ing, Keep pray-ing at the gate.
long the an-swer be de-layed, Keep pray-ing at the gate.

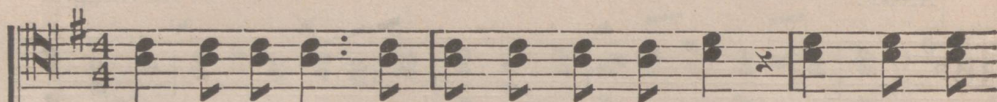


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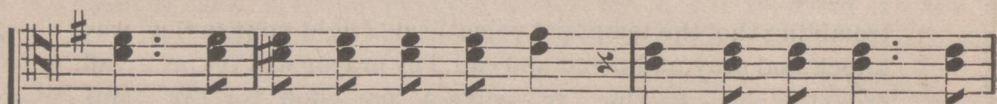
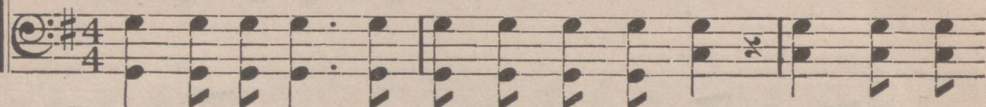
I Can Trust.

ANNIE D. BRADLEY.

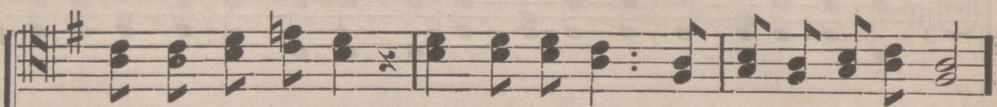
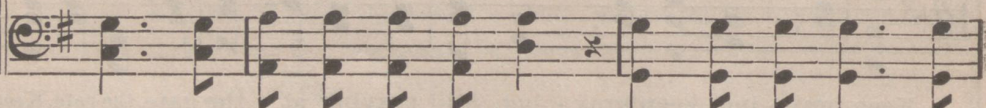
J. H. ROSECRANS, by per.



1. I can - not see, be - cause my sight is dim, Why God should
2. I can - not say, while wea - ry with life's cares, That I would
3. I can - not say, while trembling 'neath the rod, That I am
4. I can - not say, while tears are in mine eyes, That I re -
5. I can - not say, while bend - ing o'er the grave, That I am
6. I can - not say, while journeying thro' the dark, That I would



e'en per - mit some things to be; But I can say— Thy
 not re - joice to be at rest: But I can say, What
 glad that Thou dost chas - tise me; But I can say, Dear
 joyce to walk this rug - ged road; But I can say, What
 glad from friends to part - ed be; But I can say, Oh,
 not re - joice the light to see; But I can say that



way is al - ways right, And so I trust my way, dear Lord, to Thee.
 e'er Thou sendest me Is of all oth - er gifts for me the best.
 Lord, take Thou my life, And mould it as Thou wilt but stay by me.
 e'er the path may be, I want the one that leads to thee, oh, God.
 God, Thy name is Love, And I can trust, my loved and dead to Thee.
 dark - ness by Thy side Is saf - er that the light a - way from Thee.



I Can Trust.

(By careful attention, each part can apply the words of each stanza.)

1. Guide Thou me, Guide Thou
2. Guard Thou me, Guard Thou

3. Stay by me, Stay by
4. Choose for me, Choose for

5. Safe with thee Safe with,
6. Stay by me, Stay by

me. Guide Thou me, Guide Thou me.
me. Guard Thou me, Guard Thou me.

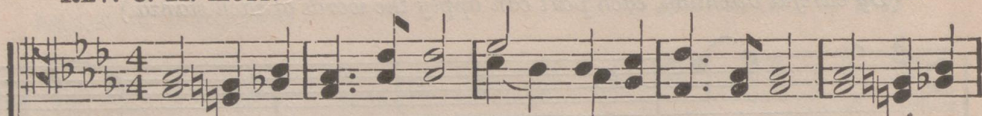
stay by me. Stay by me, Stay by me.
choose for me. Choose for me, Choose for me.

safe with Thee. Safe with Thee, Safe with Thee.
me, stay by me. Stay by me, Stay by me.

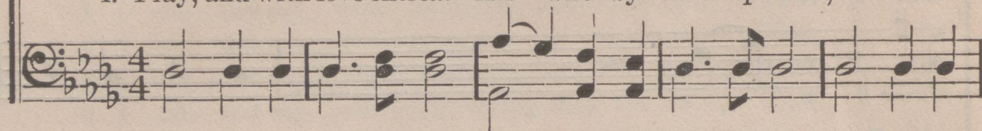
Pray for the Wanderer.

REV. C. M. HOTT.

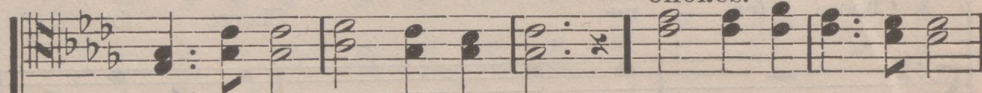
A. S. KIEFFER.



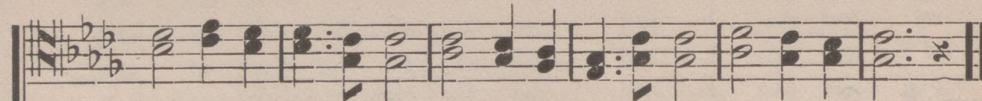
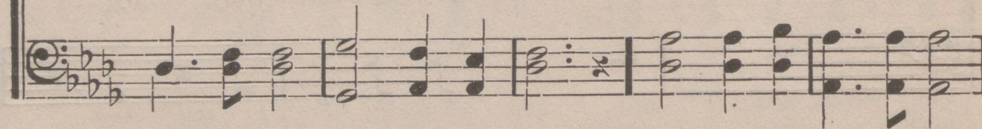
1. Far in the des-ert wild, Walk-ing a drear-y way; Suff'ring and
2. Ten-der-ly bid them come Back from sin's wilderness; Come to our
3. Plead now at mer-cy's gate For each poor wand'ring one; Soon it will
4. Pray, and with love entreat All who by sin are press'd; Bid them at



CHORUS.



- | | | |
|--|---|------------------------------|
| sin - de - filed, Go - ing a - stray.
Fa - ther's home Sav'd by His grace.
be too late, Life will be gone.
Je - sus' feet Find end - less rest. | } | Pray for the wan - der - er, |
|--|---|------------------------------|



Pray for the wander-er, Pray for the wander-er, Go-ing a-stray.



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It Is Not Death.

J. H. RUEBUSH.



- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. It is not death to die, | To leave this wea - ry road ; |
| 2. It is not death to close | The eye long dimm'd by tears ; |
| 3. It is not death to fling | A - side this sin - ful dust, |
| 4. Je - sus, Thou Prince of life, | Thy chos - en can - not die ; |



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It is Not Death.

And 'mid the broth-er-hood on high To be at home with God.
 And wake in glo-ri-ous re- pose To spend e-ter-nal years.
 And rise on strong ex-ult-ing wing, To live a-mong the just.
 Like Thee they conquer in the strife, To reign with Thee on high.

Nearer.

May be sung in key of Bb.

WILL. H. RUEBUSH.

1. Near - er, yet near - er, My God to Thee, Dear - er, yet
 2. Pur - er, yet pur - er, I long to be, Sur - er, yet
 3. High - er, yet high - er, Out of the night, Near - er, yet

Thou art to me,
 My God, of Thee;
 The throne of white,

dear - er, Thou art to me, Still hop - ing, trust-ing,
 sur - er, My God, of Thee; Still hop - ing, pray-ing,
 near - er The throne of white, Still ris - ing high - er,

Thou art to me,
 My God, of Thee;
 The throne of white,

Ev - er to be, Near - er, my Sav-iour, Near - er to Thee.
 Ev - er to be Near - er, still near - er, My God, to Thee.
 Near - er the light, Near - er, still near - er The throne of white.

When the Mists Have Cleared Away.

ANNA HERBERT.

Composed by W. T. GIFFE, by per.

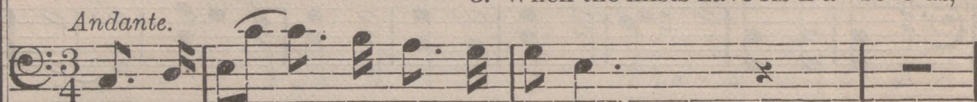
With a familiar air in the first Bass.

p *Andante.*



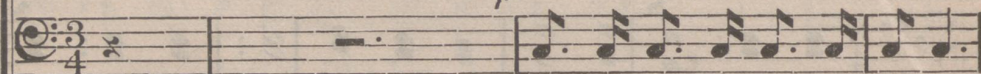
1. When the mists have rolled in splendor,
2. If we err in hu - man blindness,
3. When the mists have ris'n a - bove us,

Andante.

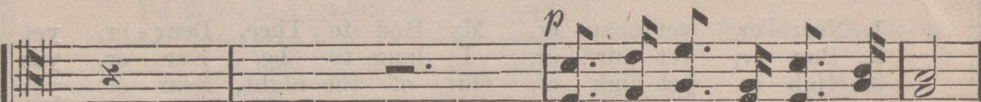


1. When the mists have rolled in splendor,
2. If we err in hu - man blindness,
3. When the mists have ris'n a - bove us,

p

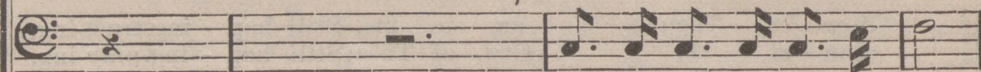


From the beau - ty of the hills,
And for - get that we are dust,
As our Fa - ther knows His own,

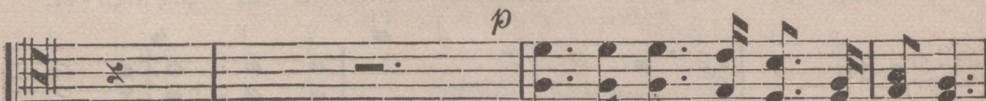


From the beau - ty of the hills,
And for - get that we are dust,
As our Fa - ther knows His own,

p

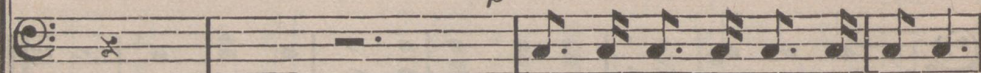


And the sun - shine warm and ten - der,
If we miss the law of kindness,
Face to face with those who lov'd us.



And the sun - shine warm and ten - der,
If we miss the law of kindness,
Face to face with those who lov'd us,

p



NOTE.—This piece may be rendered with touching effect if sung with feeling and expression by all the parts.

When the Mists Have Cleared Away.

Falls in kiss - es on the rills.
When we strug - gle to be just.
We shall know as we are known.

Falls in kiss - es on the rills,
When we strug - gle to be just,
We shall know as we are known,

We may read love's shin - ing let - ter,
Show - y wings of peace shall cov - er
Lo! be - yond the or - ient meadows

We may read love's shin - ing let - ter
Snow - y wings of peace may cov - er
Lo! be - yond the or - ient meadows

In the rain - bow of the spray,
All the pain that hides a - way,
Floats the gold - en fringe of day,

In the rain - bow of the spray,.....
All the pain that hides a - way,.....
Floats the gold - en fringe of day,.....

Steal Away.

J. H. HALL.

p Steal a-way, steal a-way, Steal a-way to Je-sus!

Steal a-way, steal a-way home, I aint got long to stay here. FINE.

f

1. My Lord calls me,—He calls me by the thun-der; The
2. Green trees are bend-ing, Poor sin - ners stand trembling; The
3. My Lord calls me,—He calls me by the light-ning; The
4. Tomb-stones are burst-ing—Poor sin - ners stand trembling; The

dim...... *D. C.*

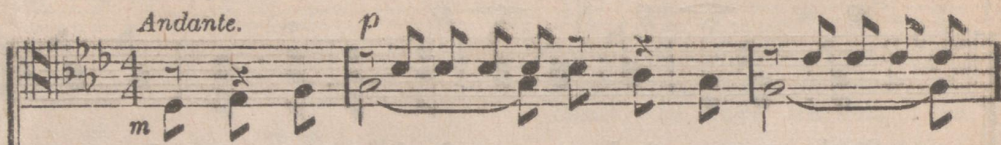
trumpet sounds it in my soul,— I aint got long to stay here.
 trumpet sounds it in my soul,— I aint got long to stay here.
 trumpet sounds it in my soul,— I aint got long to stay here.
 trumpetsounds it in my soul,— I aint got long to stay here.

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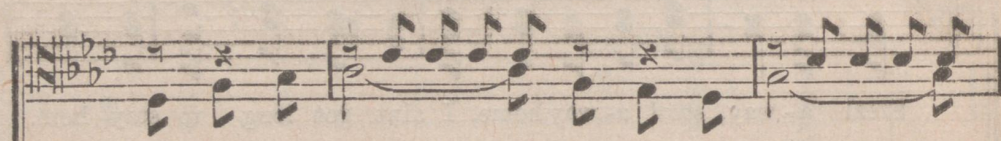

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

J. F. KING.


Andante. *p*



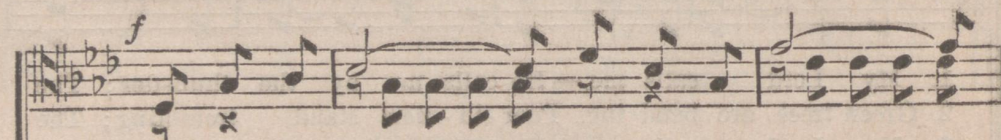
1. Sweet hour of prayer,..... sweet hour of prayer,.....
2. Sweet hour of prayer,..... sweet hour of prayer,.....



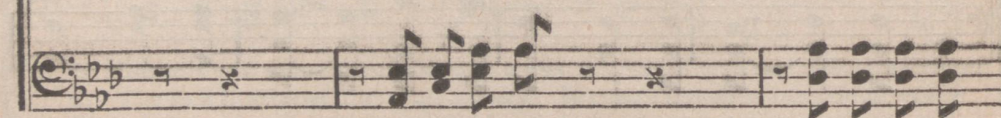
That calls me from..... a world of care,.....
Thy wings shall my..... pe - ti - tion bear,.....



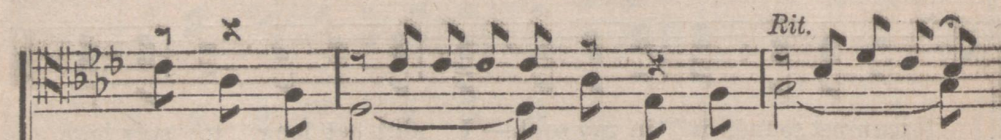
f



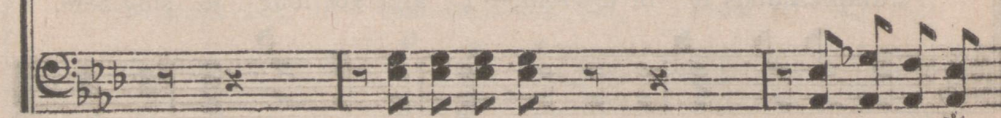
And bids me at..... my Fa - ther's throne,.....
To Him whose truth..... and faith - ful - ness.....



Rit.



Make all my wants..... and wish - es known;.....
En - gage the wait - - - - ing soul to bless;.....



By per. of author.

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

a tempo.

p

In sea - sons of..... dis - tress and grief,.....
 And since He bids..... me seek His face.....

My soul has of - - - - ten found re - lief,.....
 Be - lieve His word,..... and trust His grace,.....

And oft es - caped..... the tempter's snare,.....
 I'll cast on Him..... my ev - 'ry care,.....

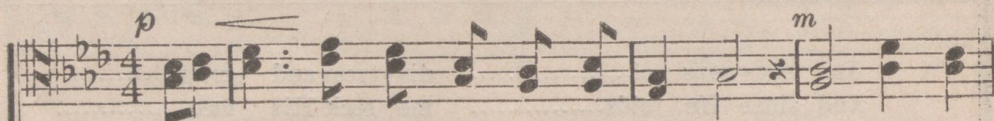
Rit.

By thy re - turn,..... sweet hour of prayer.....
 And wait for thee,..... sweet hour of prayer.....

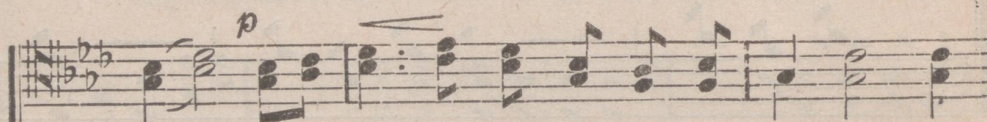
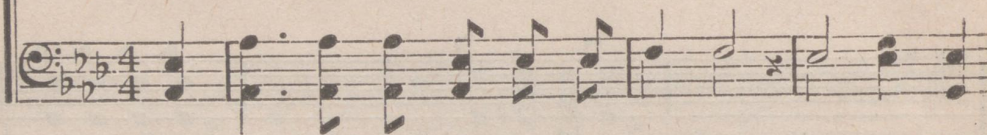
Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.

T. J. BONAR, D. D.

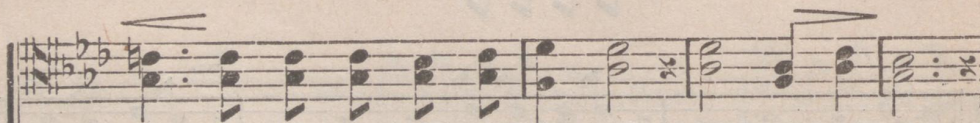
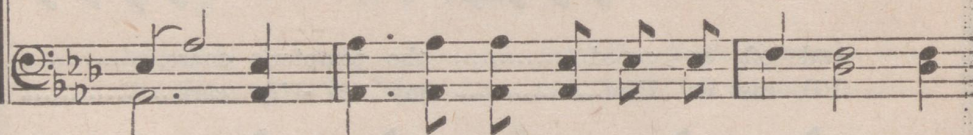
W. H. PONTIUS, by per.



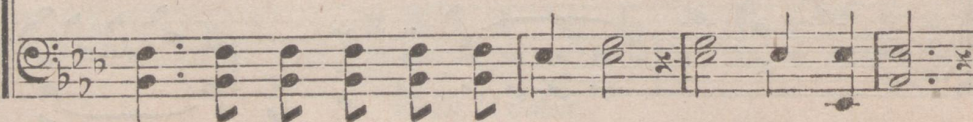
1. Be - yond the smil - ing and the weep - ing, I shall be
2. Be - yond the ris - ing and the set - ting, I shall be
3. Be - yond the part - ing and the meet - ing, I shall be
4. Be - yond the frost - chain and the fev - er, I shall be



- soon ; Be - yond the wak - ing and the sleep - ing, Be -
 soon ; Be - yond the calm - ing and the fret - ting, Be -
 soon ; Be - yond the fare - well and the greet - ing, Be -
 soon ; Be - yond the rock - waste and the riv - er, Be -

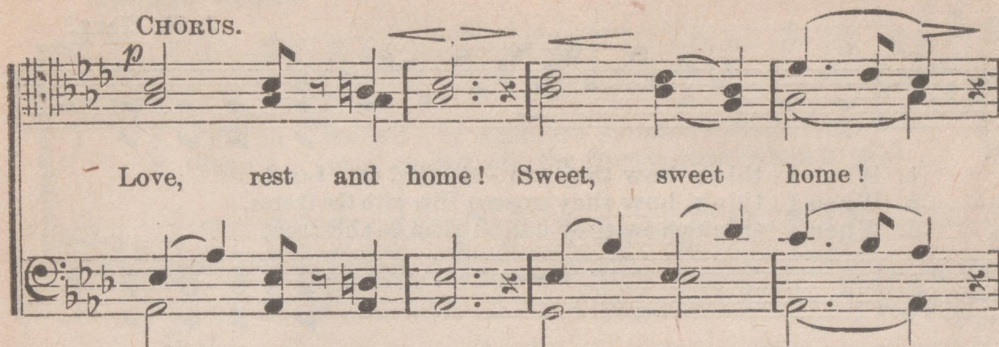


- yond the sow - ing and the reap - ing, I shall be soon.
 yond re - memb'ring and for - get - ting, I shall be soon.
 yond the pul - se's fe - ver beat - ing, I shall be soon.
 yond the ev - er and the nev - er, I shall be soon.

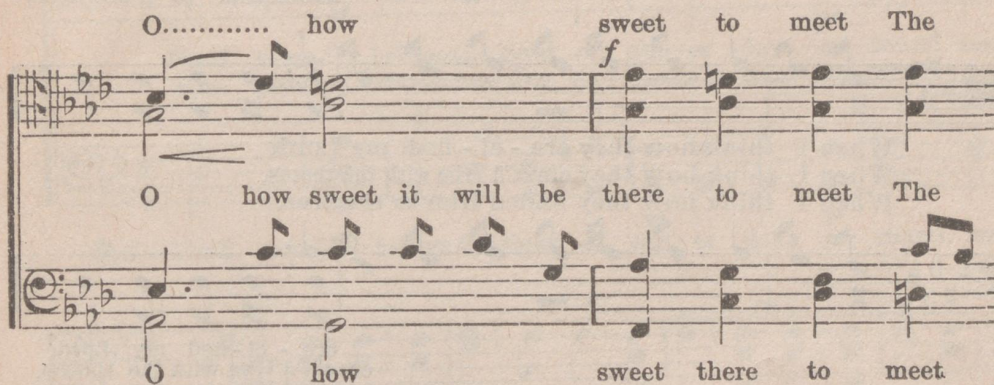


Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.

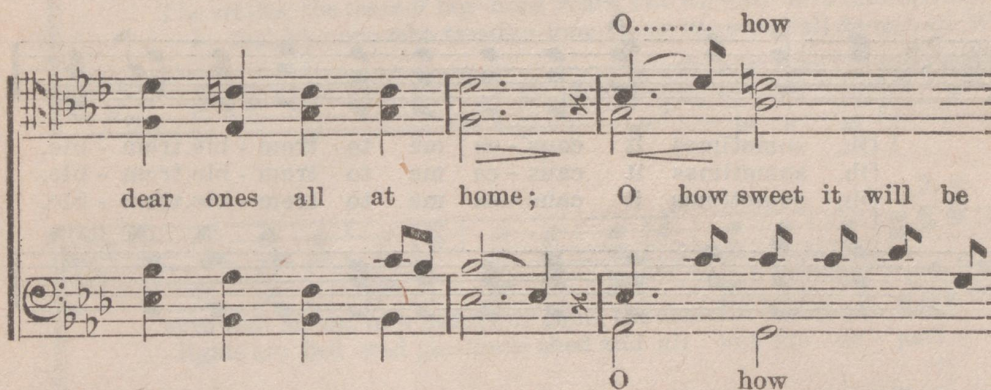
CHORUS.



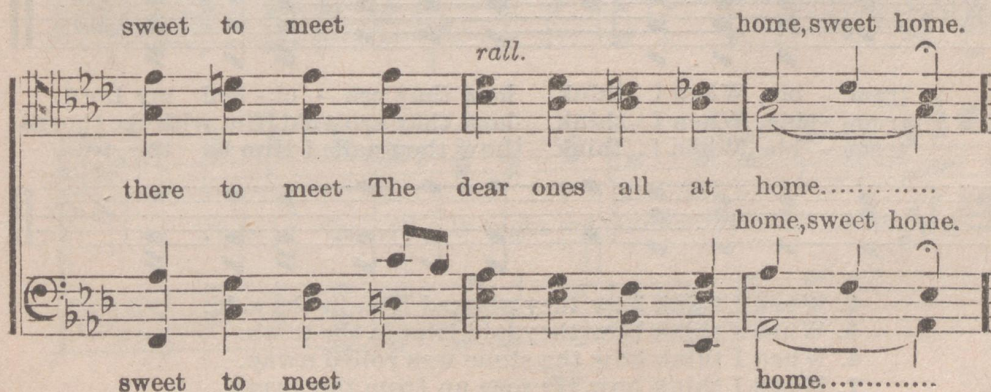
Love, rest and home! Sweet, sweet home!



O..... how sweet to meet The
O how sweet it will be there to meet The
O how sweet there to meet



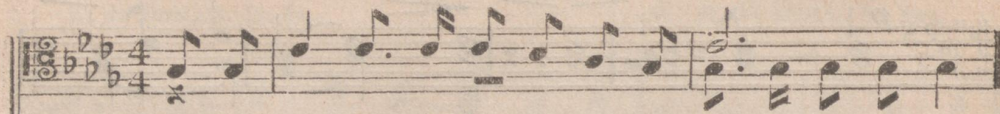
O..... how
dear ones all at home; O how sweet it will be
O how



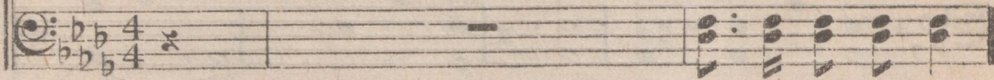
sweet to meet home, sweet home.
rall.
there to meet The dear ones all at home..... home, sweet home.
sweet to meet home.....

They Crucified My Lord.

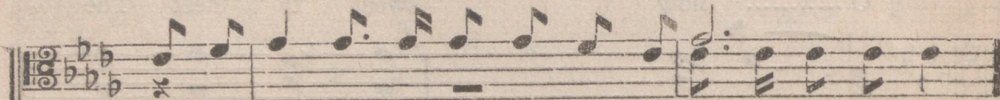
J. H. HALL.



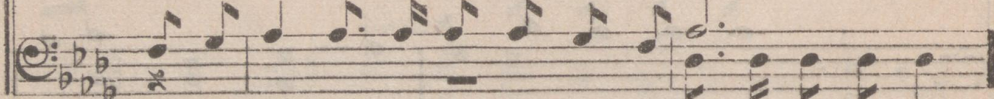
1. When I think how they cru - ci - fied my Lord,
2. When I think how they crown'd Him with the thorns,
3. When I think how they nailed Him to the tree,



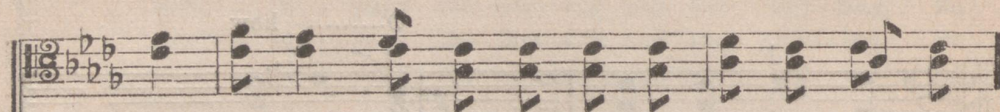
cru - ci - fied my Lord,
crown'd Him with the thorns,
nailed Him to the tree,



- When I think how they cru - ci - fied my Lord,
When I think how they crown'd Him with the thorns,
When I think how they nailed Him to the tree,



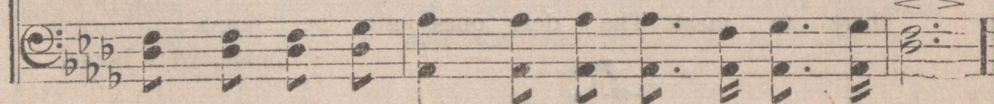
cru - ci - fied my Lord,
crown'd Him with the thorns,
nailed Him to the tree,



- Oh, sometimes it caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble,
Oh, sometimes it caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble,
Oh, sometimes it caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble,



- trem - ble, When I think how they cru - ci - fied my Lord.
trem - ble, When I think how they crown'd Him with the thorns.
trem - ble, When I think how they nailed Him to the tree.



4. When I think how they pierced Him in the side.
5. When I think how they laid Him in the tomb.
6. When I think how the stone was rolled away.
7. When I think how He rose up from the grave.

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Oft in the Stilly Night.

THOMAS MOORE.

Arr. by J. M. NORTH.

1. Oft in the stil - ly night ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
2. When I re-mem-ber all the friends once linked to-geth - er

S: Fond mem-'ry brings the light of oth - er days a - round me!
I've seen a - round me fall like leaves in win - try weath - er;

D.S.—Fond mem-'ry brings the light of oth - er days a - round me!

The smiles, the tears of boy-hood years, The words of love then spoken. The
I feel like one who treads a-lone, Some banquet hall de-sert-ed, Whose

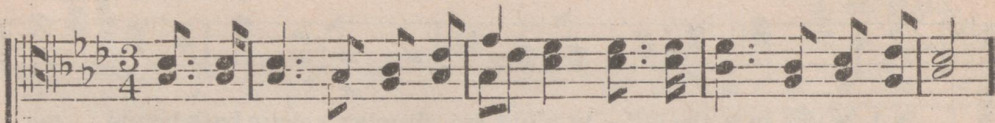
eyes that shone, now dimmed and gone, the cheerful hearts now brok - en,
lights are fled and gar-lands shed and all but me de - part - ed,

D. S.
Thus in the stil - ly night ere slumber's chain hath bound me,

Brightly Now the Moon is Beaming.

A. S. KIEFFER.

B. C. UNSELD.



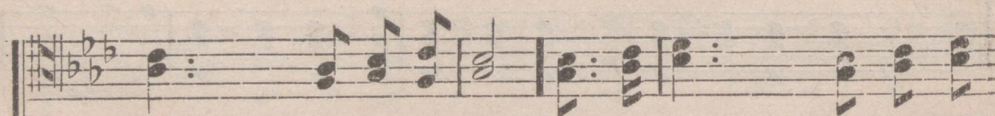
1. Bright-ly now the moon is beam-ing, O - ver mountain, tow'r and tree;
2. They have gone beyond earth's weeping, They have fled from sin and care;
3. Far a - way, and yet so near us, An - gel bands of light and love;
4. Beams the moonlight on the mountain, Gleams the starlight on the sea;



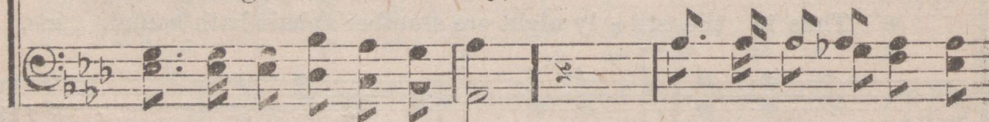
And the lights of heav'n are streaming Lines of gold up - on the sea;
They are safe in an-gels' keep-ing, Where the skies are ev - er fair;
They can watch and they can hear us, As thro' earth's dark vales we rove;
And the wil - low shades the fountain, And the zeph-yr woos the lea;



All the night is hushed and ho - ly, Round a -
I shall meet them at the por - tal, In that
Oft they come on snow-y pin - ions,
But my wea - ry spir - it pon - ders



bout earth's mor-tal shore; And my spir - - it bend-ing
glo - - rious by - and - by, Meet and greet each bright im -
Breathing words that faith can hear; Tell-ing of those bright do -
On the glo - ries far a - way, And on Faith's white pinions



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Brightly Now the Moon is Beaming.

low - ly Dreams of hap - py days of yore; Dreams of
 mor - tal, In that glo - ry land on high, Greet them
 min - ions, Free from care or doubt or fear;
 wan - ders To the realms of end - less day,

fa - - - ces fair and ho - ly I shall see on earth no more.
 at the shin - ing por - tals, Where no joy can ev - er die.
 Ev - en now I hear their pin - ions, In the still - ness rust - ling near.
 Sad - ly dreams and mutely ponders On the land so far a - way.

Stars of the Summer Night.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

I. B. WOODBURY.

Slow and gentle.

1. Stars of the summer night! Far in yon azure deeps, Hide, hide your golden light;
2. Moon of the summer night! Far down yon west-ern steeps, Sink, sink in si - lent light;
3. Wind of the summer night! Where yonder wood-bine creeps, Fold, fold your pin - ions light;
4. Dreams of the summer night! Tell her, her lover keeps Watch, while in slum - bers light;

pp rit. molto.

She sleeps! my la - dy sleeps! She sleeps! she sleeps! my la - dy sleeps!

Love.

Arr.

Arr. by J. H. HALL.

1. The heart's true aim is love; It com-eth from a - bove; De-
 2. But some it nev - er hits, With-out it gives them "fits," Or
 3. The rea - son of it is, I've such an ug - ly "phiz," I
 4. But methinks that I could love One sing-ing lit - tle dove, "An
 5. But what a woe - ful fate, To have a home-ly pate, And

FINE.

scendeth like a dove On some, on some, on some, on some, on some, on some.
 shatters them to bits With rum, with rum, with rum, with rum, with rum, with rum.
 dare not try the "biz," With some, with some, with some, with some, with some, with some,
 an-gel from a - bove," Yessome, yessome, yessome, yes some, yes some, yes some.
 go without a mate, Oh! hum, oh! hum, oh! hum, oh! hum, oh! hum, oh! hum.

CHORUS.

But I was nev-er hit, not hit, Or shattered "na-ry a bit," a bit.

D. C. with first stanza.

Nor nev - er had a fit, Like some, With rum, oh! hum, oh! hum, oh! hum.

The Cobbler and the Crow.

ANON.

Allegro moderato.

1. There was a mer - ry cob - bler, bus - y as a bee.
2. Now wife you go and fetch my good old blun - der - bus,
3. The cob - bler could not shoot, no, not to save his life,
4. Now hav - ing shot his wife, it filled his heart with woe.

Li - ly, li - ly, li - ly, li - ly li - do,

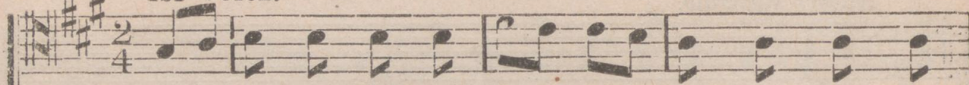
When an old black crow came and perch'd up-on the tree, With his
And I'll shoot you crow for so much an-oy-ing us, With his
So he missed the crow and he shot his dar-ling wife, With a
So the cob - bler shot himself be - cause he missed the crow, With a

* qua! qua! qua! qua! Li - ly, li - ly, li - ly, li - ly li - do.

* Qua is better spoken in imitation of a crow.

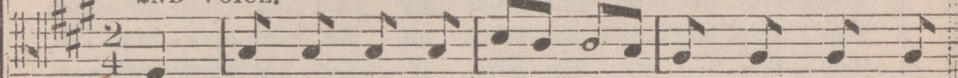
A Little Farm Well Tilled.

1ST VOICE.



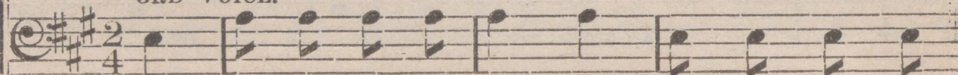
1. A lit - tle farm well tilled, A lit - tle cot well

2ND VOICE.

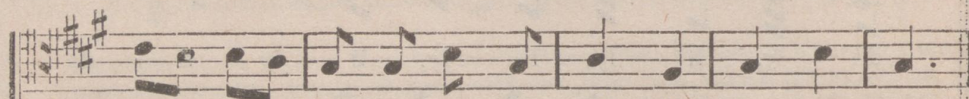


2. A larg - er farm well tilled, A big - ger house well

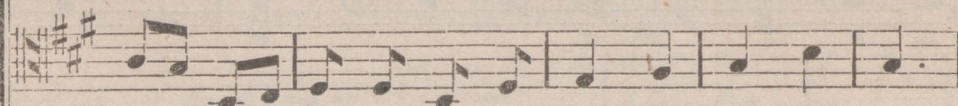
3RD VOICE.



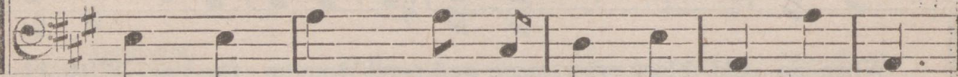
3. I like the farm well tilled, I like a house well



filled, A lit - tle wife well willed give me, give me.

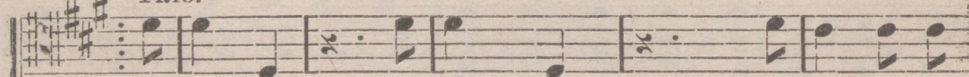


filled, A tall - er wife well willed give me, give me.

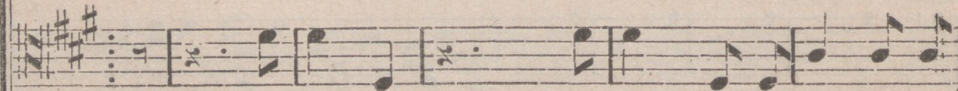


filled, But no wife at all give me, give me.

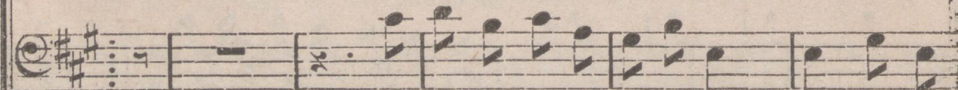
TRIO.



A short wife, a short wife, A short wife, a



A tall wife, a tall wife, A tall wife, a



No wife at all give me, give me, No wife at

A Little Farm Well Tilled.

short wife give me, give me. A short wife,
 tall wife give me, give me, A tall wife, a
 all give me, give me, No wife at all, no

After this repeat, sing the first, second and third voices in unison for the ending of the tune.

a short wife, a short wife, a short wife give me, give me.
 tall wife, a tall wife, a tall wife give me, give me.
 wife at all give me, give me, No wife at all give me, give me.

Three Crows.

Largo.

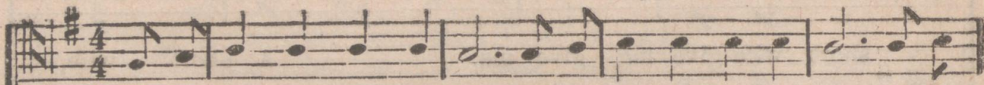
1. There were three crows sat on a tree,
 2. Said one old crow un - to his mate,
 3. "There lies a horse on yon - der plain,
 4. "We'll perch up - on his bare back - bone,

And they were black as crows could be.
 "What shall we do for grub to eat."
 Who's by some cru - el butch - er slain."
 And pick his eyes out one by one."

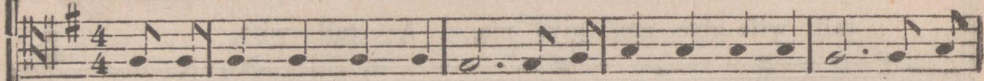
NOTE.—It is the custom for some one to line each stanza before it is sung.

Poor Old Joe.

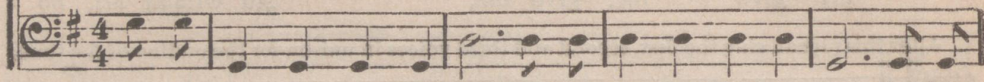
Arr. from P. P. Bliss.



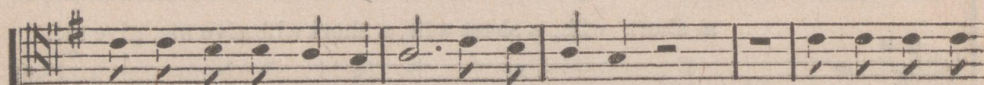
1. We will sing a sweet sad song, Tho' 'tis mournful, 'tis not long, But 'tis



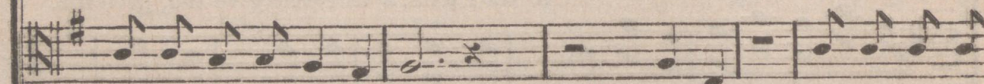
2. We will sing an - oth - er song, Tho' 'tis mournful, 'tis not long, But 'tis



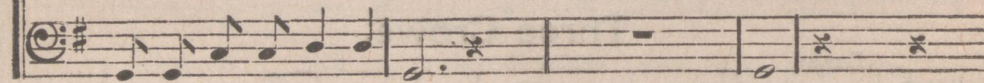
3. We will sing just one more song, Tho' 'tis mournful, 'tis not long, But 'tis



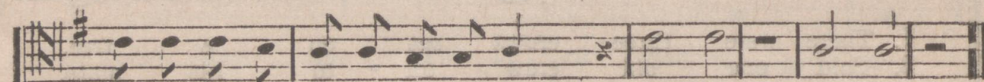
ver - y gen - tle, soft and low. For the sake of Nev - er quite ex -



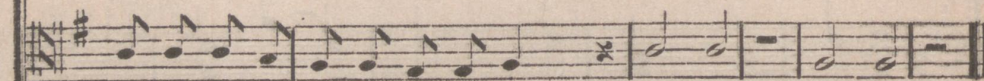
ver - y gen - tle, soft and low. Poor old Nev - er quite ex -



ver - y gen - tle soft and low. * Joe,



act - ly right, But just a lit - tle slow, Poor old, Poor old



act - ly right, But just a lit - tle slow, Poor old, Poor old



A lit - tle slow, Joe, Joe.

By permission of S. S. Myers.

* Joe shou'd always fail to come in on time with his part, making it necessary for one of the other members of the trio, nearest to him, to nudge him gently and call his attention to the music which should be placed upon a stand or music rack, all singing from one book. When arriving at the last measure the third time, the other members of the trio upon discovering that Joe has gone to sleep, will quietly steal away leaving him standing alone, Joe, upon waking up, after a few moments, and finding himself all alone will step up to the music, sing the last word, JOE and then walk off the stage. The effect is very amusing.

Sleep on Thy Pillow.

W. T. GIFFE.

p Andante. *cres.*

1. Sleep on thy pil-low, hap-py and bright As the moon on a
 2. Wake on the mor-row, love-ly and meek, And the morn-ing shall

p

bil-low re-pos-es at night; Soft be thy slum-bers that
 bor-row its blush from thy cheek; Fresh-er that ros-es thy

cres. *dim.*

cra-dle thy heart, As the ho-li-est num-bers love can im-part,
 lips balm-y gale, There zeph-yrs re-pos-ing, new sweets in-hale,

Soft be thy slum - - - bers, sweet be thy dreams.
 Soft be thy slum - bers, sweet be thy dreams.

Soft be thy slumbers, Sweet be thy dreams.

Used by per. of W. F. Shaw.

O, I am a Merry Sailor Lad.

Arr. by J. H. HALL.

1. O, I am a mer-ry sail - or lad, With heart both light and free ;
 2. Where bounding bil-low rears its head To play with tem-pest cloud ;
 3. I look to tread the ves-sel's deck, A - mid the howl-ing gale,
 4. O, see the viv-id light-ning play, A-round me bold and free;

I high - ly prize my gal - lant ship, I love the deep blue sea.
 Where storm's deep voice comes o'er the main, In murmurs hoarse and loud.
 And lis - ten to the sea-gull's scream, And to the thunder's rail.
 Yet some will love the dull, tame shore, But an o - cean life for me.

Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah!

Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! I love, I love, I
 I love, I love,

rit.

love the dark, blue sea, I love, I love, I love the dark blue sea.
 I love, I love,

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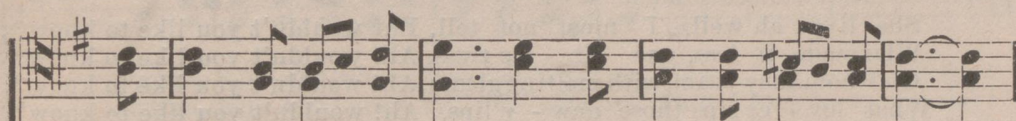
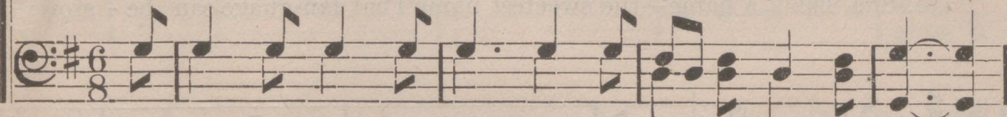
Night Wind.

(SERENADE.)

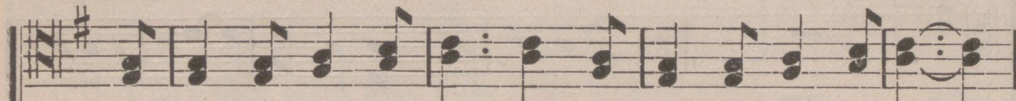
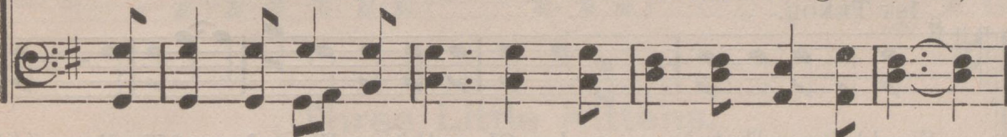
R. S. TAYLOR.



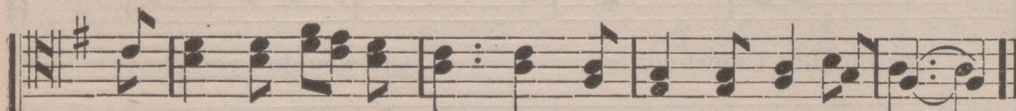
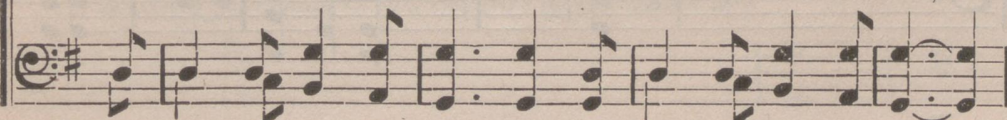
1. O night-wind, be my ser - vant, And do an er - rand rare ;
2. Go load your wings with fragrance, Where freshest ro - ses bloom,
3. With pray'rs and blessings la - den, O night wind, haste thee hence,



Go seek yon peaceful cham - ber Where sleeps my la - dy fair ;
And quick-ly to her win - dow Trans- port the rich per - fume ;
En - trance my la - dy's slum - ber, And charm each lan - guid sense ;



Her dis - tant cur - tains gleam - ing, Shall guide you where she sleeps,
Go where the wild bird's sing - ing, En - liv - ens all the night,
Then kiss her brow that's fair - er Than snow blown o'er the lea,



Un - con - scious that her lov - er, His faith - ful vig - il keeps.
And waft his sweet - est mu - sic, To soothe her slum - ber light.
And whis - per soft - ly to her, A dream of love and me.

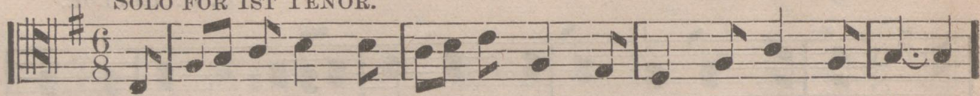


Used by per. of W. F. Shaw.

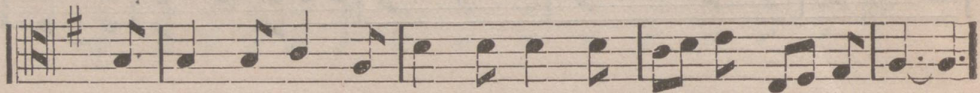
Wouldn't You Like to Know.

J. WM. SUFFERN.

SOLO FOR 1ST TENOR.



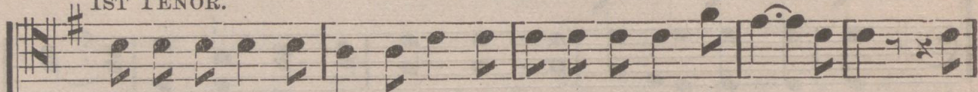
1. I know a girl with teeth of pearl, And shoulders white as snow;
2. Her sun - ny hair is wond'rous fair, And wa - vy in its flow;
3. Her eyes are blue, (ce - les - tial hue,) And daz - zling in their glow;
4. Her lips are red and fine - ly wed—Like ros - es red they glow;
5. She has a name—the sweetest name That lan - guage can be - stow;



She lives, ah well, I must not tell, But wouldn't you like to know?
 Who made it less, one lit - tle tress, Ah! wouldn't you like to know?
 On whom they beam, with melting gleam, Ah! wouldn't you like to know?
 What lov - er sips those dew - y lips, Ah! wouldn't you like to know?
 'Twould break the spell, if I should tell, But wouldn't you like to know?

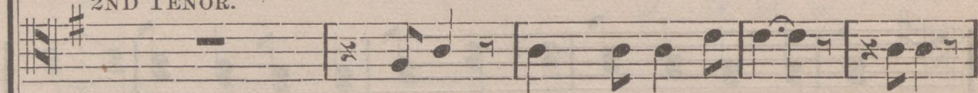
CHORUS.

1ST TENOR.



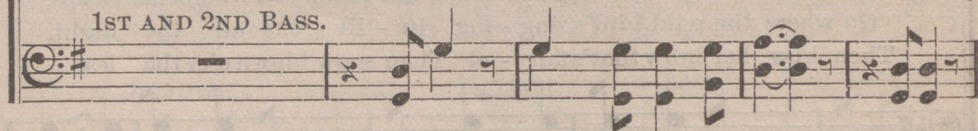
Wouldn't you like to know, my boys, Oh, wouldn't you like to know? She lives, Ah!

2ND TENOR.

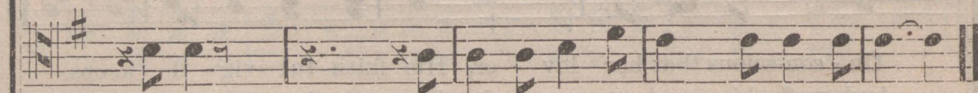


Oh yes, yes, we'd like to know. She lives,

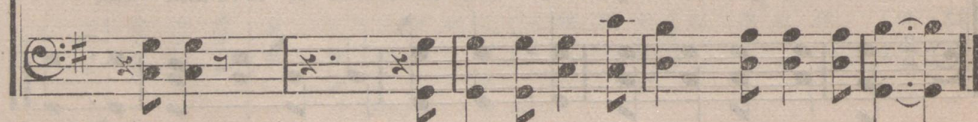
1ST AND 2ND BASS.



well, But I must not tell, Oh, wouldn't you like to know?



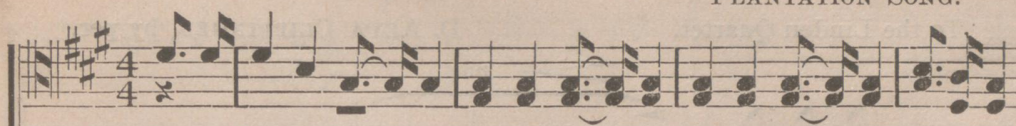
Well where? Now tell us pray, For we would like to know.



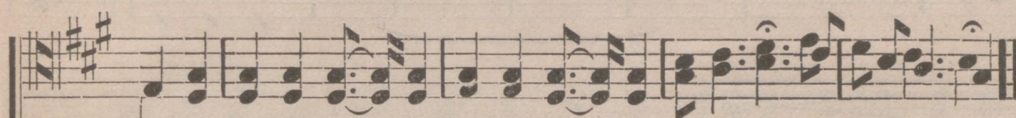
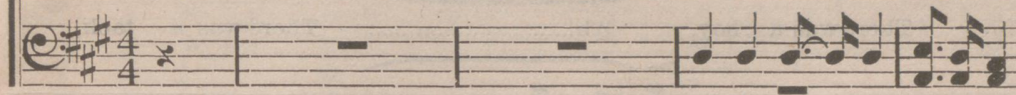
By permission.

Gideon's Band.

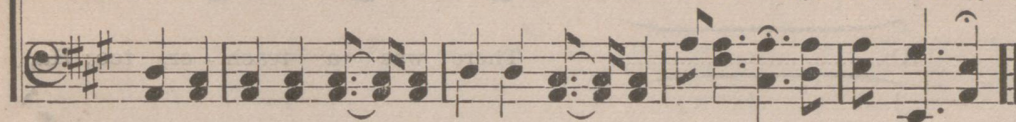
PLANTATION SONG.



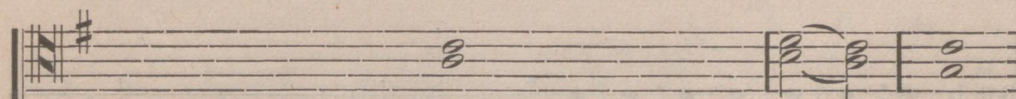
1. Oh, de band ob Gid-e-on, band ob Gid-e-on, band ob Gid-e-on, O-ber in
2. Oh, de milk-white horses, milk-white horses, milk-white horses, Ober in
3. Oh, hitch em to de chariot, hitch em to de chariot, hitch em to de chariot, O-ber in



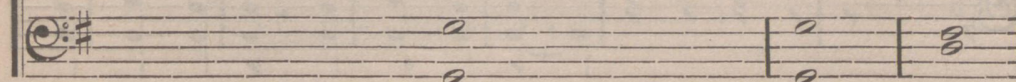
- Jordan, Band ob Gide-on, band ob Gid-e-on, How I long to see dat day!
 Jordan, Milk-white horses, milk-white horses, How I long to see dat day!
 Jordan, Hitch em to de chariot, hitch em to de chariot, How I long to see dat day!



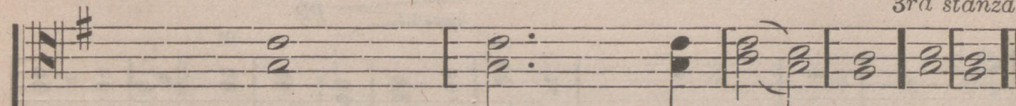
Three Little Kittens.



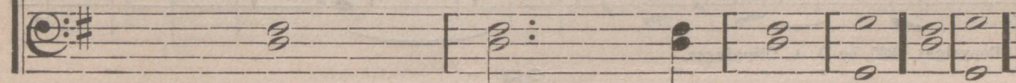
- | | | | | |
|--|---|-----|---|-------|
| 1. Once on a time there were three little kittens, who lived together in a basket of | } | saw | - | dust; |
| 2. Now these three little kittens (pretty ones) lived together in the basket of | | | | |
| 3. Still, these three little kittens (such was their imperturbability) continued to live together in the basket of | } | saw | - | dust; |
| | | | | |



After
3rd stanza.



- | | | | | |
|---|---|--------------------------------|---|----------------------------------|
| Said the first little kitten unto the two other little cats, | } | "If you don't get out of this, | } | Why, I must!" |
| Said the second little kitten unto the two other little cats, | | | | |
| Said the third little kitten unto the two other little cats, | } | "If you don't get out of this, | } | Why, I shall BUST!!" That's so.* |
| | | | | |



* With a vigorous nod of affirmation.

The Tack.

To the Linden Quartet.

D. ALVA CLIPPINGER, by per.

There was a boy, Ah..... There was a tack,

Ah..... There was a teach - er, too; Ha,

ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, There was a boy, There was a tack,

There was..... a teach-er too, Ah..... The tack sat down up-

Copyright, 1895, by D. A. Clippinger.

The Tack.

on its head, the teach - er sat there too— Ah! He sat there too.

energico.
The teach - er rose and smote, smote, smote, smote, smote, that boy till he

shook in ev - 'ry joint. The teach - er said "if that's a

joke," the teach - er said "if that's a joke, I fail to see the point."

Call John.

Arr. by J. H. R.

Musical score for "Call John." in 4/4 time, G major. It consists of three staves: a treble staff with a treble clef, a bass staff with a bass clef, and a middle staff with a common time signature. The lyrics are: "Call John, John, John, John, Louder, louder, louder, louder, John, John, John, John, John, John, John, John, John."

SOLO.

Musical score for the solo section "Well, well what dy'e want of John?" in 4/4 time, G major. It consists of three staves: a treble staff with a treble clef, a bass staff with a bass clef, and a middle staff with a common time signature. The lyrics are: "Well, well what dy'e want of John? John, John, John, John, John, O John, O John, John,".

Musical score for the final section of the piece in 4/4 time, G major. It consists of three staves: a treble staff with a treble clef, a bass staff with a bass clef, and a middle staff with a common time signature. The lyrics are: "Tell you what, Well John, John, John, John can you tell us, O John, O John, O John can you".

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Call John.

Tell you what? Tell you what? Tell you what?
tell us, Can you tell us, Can you tell us, Tell us

How to what? Sing what? How to sing this song, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes,
how, How to sing this song.

Mi, re, do, mi, re, do, Sol, mi, do, re, Mi, re, do, mi, re,
No, no, no, No, no, no, no, no,

Call John.

do, Sol, mi, do, re, re, do. No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

No, no, no, no, no, no, no. John - ny, John-ny,

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major with lyrics: "do, Sol, mi, do, re, re, do. No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,". The middle staff is a piano accompaniment with lyrics: "No, no, no, no, no, no, no. John - ny, John-ny,". The bottom staff is a bass line.

no, no, no, no; Never will I teach you how to sing, No,

John-ny tell us, Tell us how to sing this song, ha, ha, ha, ha,
John, John, John, John,

The second system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics: "no, no, no, no; Never will I teach you how to sing, No,". The middle staff is a piano accompaniment with lyrics: "John-ny tell us, Tell us how to sing this song, ha, ha, ha, ha, John, John, John, John,". The bottom staff is a bass line.

no, Such a set of blunder heads, such a set of blunder heads, never learn to sing.

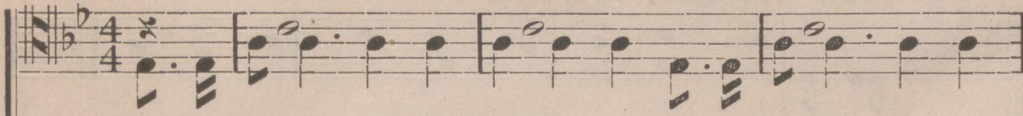
ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, John, John, John we have learned this song.
ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

The third system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics: "no, Such a set of blunder heads, such a set of blunder heads, never learn to sing." The middle staff is a piano accompaniment with lyrics: "ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, John, John, John we have learned this song. ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,". The bottom staff is a bass line.

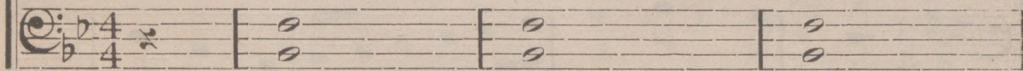
Who Built the Ark?

Arr. W. H. R.

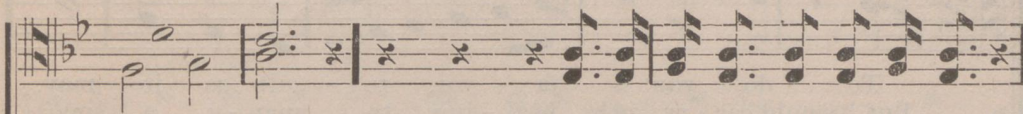
Hum......



1. Oh de sun am got so scorch-in' hot Dat its burnt up ev - 'ry
2. Oh its burnt the sheep an' ox - en brown And its burnt up ev - 'ry
3. Doan you see them heav'nly gates stan' wide, Dey's op'n for you to

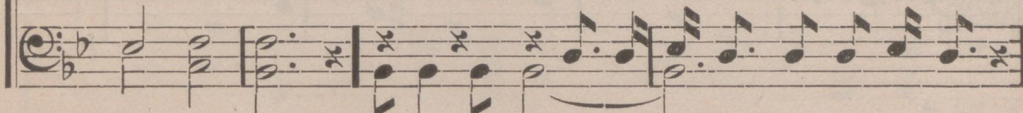


Hum......

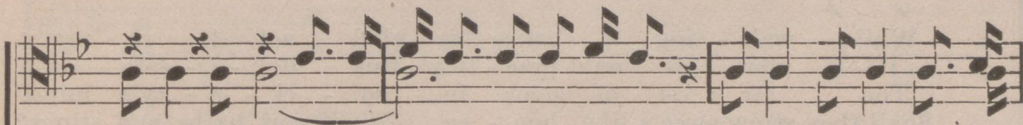


thing we got.
thing a - roun'.
come in - side.

Brother No-ah, broth-er No-ah,
Brother No-ah, broth-er No-ah,
Brother No-ah, broth-er No-ah,



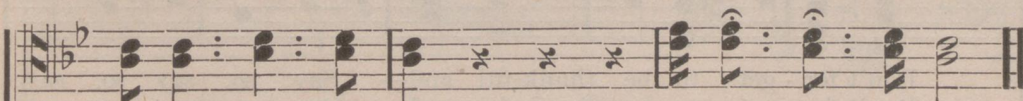
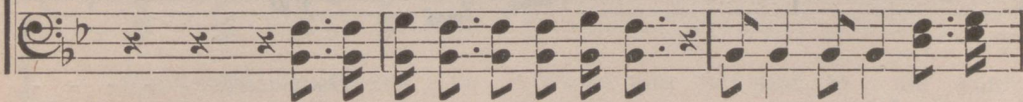
Who built de ark?.....



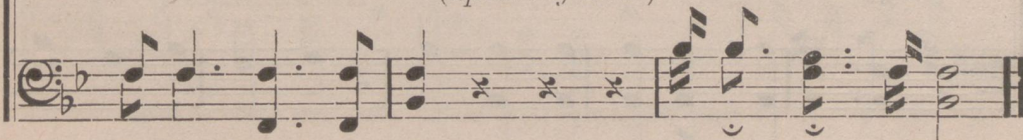
Who built de ark?.....

Who built de ark? Brother

Brother No-ah, broth-er No-ah,



No-ah built de ark (Who built dat ark?) No-ah built de ark.
(Spoken by Bass.)



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Say So.

Words from "Western Rural."

J. B. HERBERT.

DUET. TENOR AND BARITONE.

1. If an - y one kind - ly goes out of his way
 2. 'Tis a small thing to ut - ter the thanks of the heart,
 3. Kind words, how we prize them! like sum - mer sun - shine,
 4. Words tru - ly are small, but oft - times won-drous things,

To do you a fa - vor, re - sult as it may,
 But 'twould car - ry such heal - ing to man - y a smart,
 They strength-en and bless us, sup - port and re - fine.
 Un - locked from the lips they do take them-selves wings;

While wait - ing a chance this kind act to re - pay.
 If more we would prac - tice this del - i - cate art.
 The rar - est of gems in so - ci - e - ty's mine.
 Shall they strew sweets like hon - ey or sow barbs and stings?

f QUARTET. *cres. e accel.*

Don't for - get to be thank-ful and— Say so, say so, say
 Don't for - get to be thank-ful and— Say so, say so, say
 Is to feel ver - y thank-ful and— Say so, say so, say
 Pray be thank-ful for fa - vors and— Say so, say so, say

Copyright, 1892, by J. B. Herbert. Used by per.

Say So.

ff *a tempo.*
mf

so, say so, say so! Don't for-get to be thankful and say so!

The School Master.

Arr. by J. H. HALL.

BASS SOLO.

1. Come, come my pu - pils now let me see How well you know your
A B C, Go get your books and hith - er come to me,
And I will hear your E F G. Hold up your heads and
fright-en'd don't you be While you re - peat to me your
L M N O P,..... Come, come my pu - pils
now let me see How well you know your U X Y & Z.

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The School Master.

The 1st and 2nd Tenors sing the A, B, C, etc. The Bass sing the Stanzas. May be used as Soprano and Alto by ladies.

TRIO.

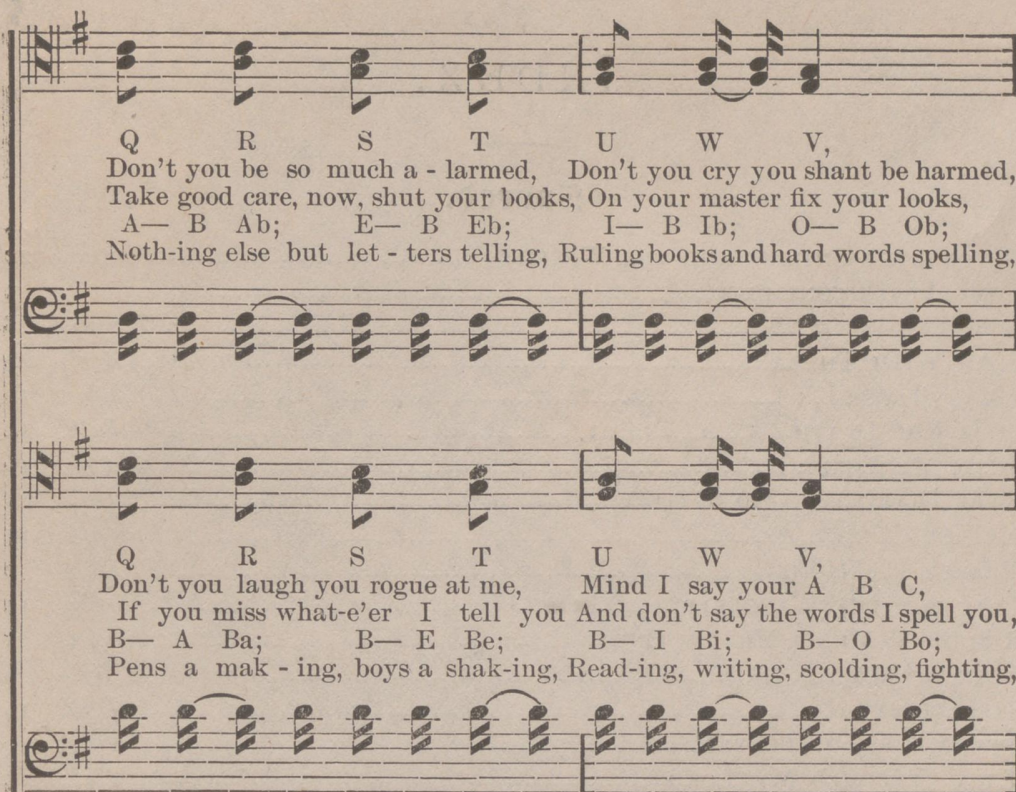
TENORS. A B C D E F G,
 BASS. 2. A B C D E F G,
 3. Not so, not so, no not so,
 4. B— A— B Bab; B— E— B Beb: Ba be bi bo bu,
 5. Is it not a cru - el fate a mas - ter thus to be,

H I J K L M N O P.
 H I J K L M N O P.
 Bra - vo, bra - vo, bra - vo, boy how well your task you know.
 Ra re ri ro ru, C— A Ca and C— U Cu.
 Doomed to teach such naughty boys, such blun-der heads as these;

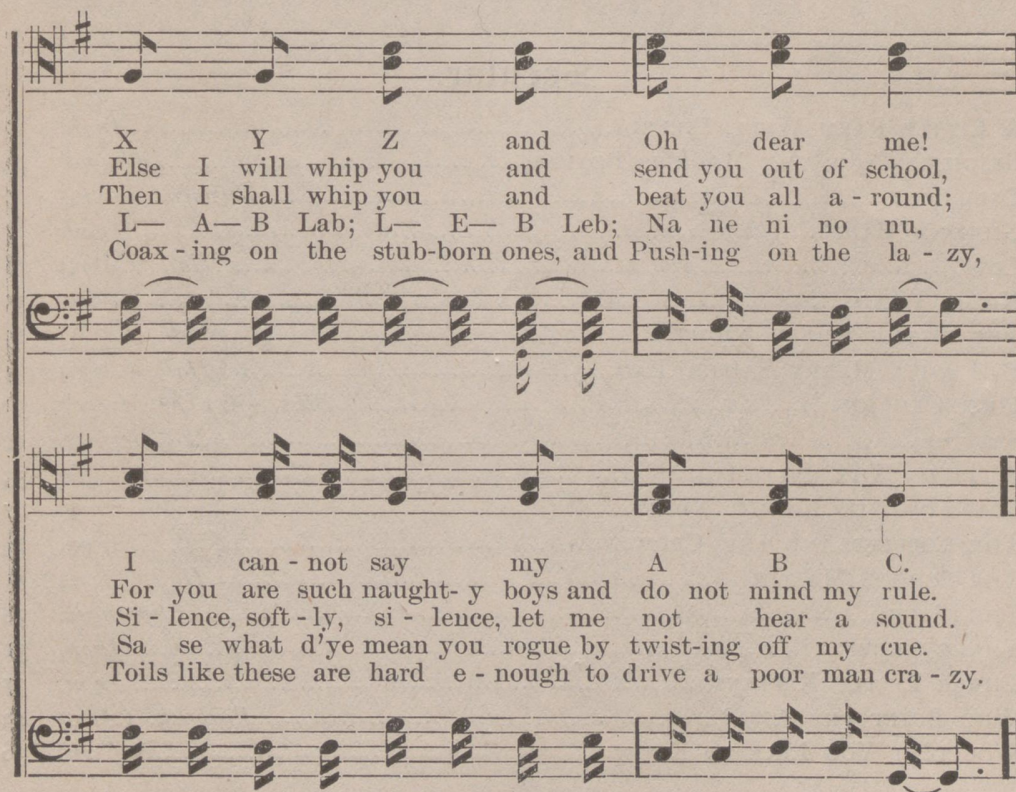
A B C D E F G,
 A B C D E F G,
 Not so, not so, not so stu - pid boy,
 B— A— B Bab; B— E— B Beb; Ba be bi bo bu,
 Ah! who knows my mis - er - y, or half the pains en - dur'd,

H I J K L M N O P,
 H I J K L M N O P,
 That's right, ah! my dear - est child you are your Mas - ter's joy.
 Ra re ri ro ru, C— A Ca and C— U Cu.
 While my griefs, my trou-bles dire, I know can - not be cured;

The School Master.



Q R S T U W V,
 Don't you be so much a - larmed, Don't you cry you shant be harmed,
 Take good care, now, shut your books, On your master fix your looks,
 A— B Ab; E— B Eb; I— B Ib; O— B Ob;
 Noth-ing else but let - ters telling, Ruling books and hard words spelling,



X Y Z and Oh dear me!
 Else I will whip you and send you out of school,
 Then I shall whip you and beat you all a - round;
 L— A— B Lab; L— E— B Leb; Na ne ni no nu,
 Coax - ing on the stub-born ones, and Push-ing on the la - zy,

I can - not say my A B C.
 For you are such naught-y boys and do not mind my rule.
 Si - lence, soft - ly, si - lence, let me not hear a sound.
 Sa se what d'ye mean you rogue by twist-ing off my cue.
 Toils like these are hard e - nough to drive a poor man cra - zy.

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