

SCHOOL SONGS.

THE EVENING BELL.

The musical score is written on two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in 2/2 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with the bass clef providing a simple accompaniment. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

1. Hark! the pealing, Softly stealing, Evening bell, Sweetly echoed down the dell.

2.

Welcome, welcome
Is thy music,
Silvery bell!
Sweetly telling
Day's farewell.

3.

Day is sleeping,
Flowers are weeping
Tears of dew;
Stars are peeping,
Ever true.

4.

Grove and mountain,
Field and fountain,
Faintly gleam
In the ruddy
Sunset beam.

5.

Happy hour,
May thy power
Fill my breast,
Each wild passion
Soothe to rest.

"BRIGHT SMILES THE MORN."

WORDS BY A. FITZ.

MUSIC FROM THE GERMAN.

1. { Bright smiles the morn when flowers are blooming, Sing tra la la la la la la la; } Come! schoolmates, let us haste away, And
 When skies are clear, and birds are singing, Sing tra la la la la la la la; }

join the pleasures of this day, Sing tra la la la la la la, Sing tra la la la la la la, Sing tra la la la la la la.

2.

Hail, happy day, each other greeting,
 Sing tra la la la la la la;
 May all enjoy a happy meeting,
 Sing tra la la la la la la;
 O'er hill and dale our footsteps roam,
 Or by the ocean's briny foam.
 ||: Sing tra la la la la la la. :||

3.

Sweet fields of green, with waving splendor,
 Sing tra la la la la la la;
 Sweet flowers, your silent tribute render,
 Sing tra la la la la la la,
 To Him who made you thus so blest,
 And in a robe of beauty dressed.
 ||: Sing tra la la la la la la. :||

4.

Sweet birds, your bowers are ever vernal,
 Sing tra la la la la la la;
 To us you're given by the Eternal;
 Sing tra la la la la la la;
 Like your sweet day may ours appear,
 When evening shades approach more near.
 ||: Sing tra la la la la la la. :||

GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

3

WORDS BY A. FITZ.

MUSIC FROM THE GERMAN.

1. { Brothers, sing with voice u - nit - ed, " God speed the right ! " } Lo ! the winds in silence bearing,
 { Sisters, join with hearts de-light-ed, " God speed the right ! " }

Lo ! all nature's voice proclaiming, " God speed the right ! " " God speed the right ! "

2.

Be ye firm and be enduring,
 " God speed the right ! "
 Always in the right pursuing,
 " God speed the right ! "
 When all obstacles impede thee,
 Trust in Heaven for strength to aid thee.
 " God speed the right ! "

3.

When life's conflicts all are over,
 " God speed the right ! "
 May we ne'er prove faithless, never,
 " God speed the right ! "
 When all earthly ties are Sundered,
 When our days on earth are numbered,
 " God speed the right ! "

THE SUMMER MORNING.

WORDS BY A. FITZ.

MUSIC, "THE POACHERS."

1. How beautiful the morning, When summer days are long, When merry birds are singing Their light and blithesome song. Then

in the morning early, A-wake to nature's voice; O, take delight, with thy heart aright, For the blessings of the morn.

2.

Up in the morning early,
By daylight's earliest ray;
Up in the morning early,
Nor spend a slothful day;
Then call thy slumbering comrades,
To bless, and praise, and pray;
||: Then take delight, with thy heart aright,
For the blessings of the day.:||

3.

Up in the morning early;
'Tis nature's gayest hour;
And seek the tints so pearly,
On every opening flower;
And gather, like the humblebee,
Fresh sweets from every bower;
||: Then take delight, with thy heart aright,
For the blessings of the day.:||

4.

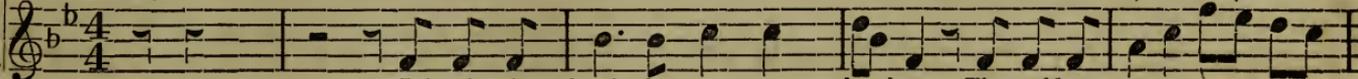
The dewy grass all waving
Beneath a vernal sky,
The flowers their tribute bringing,
Proclaim that God is nigh.
And nature smiles on every thing,
Without one cheerless sigh.
||: Then take delight, with thy heart aright,
For the blessings of the day.:||

Con Spirito.
1st Treble.

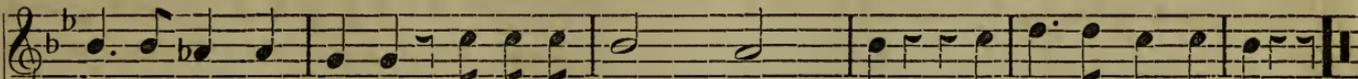


1. It breaks! it breaks from eastern chambers, The golden morn - - ing ray! All hail! thou
2. It bursts! it bursts from eastern chambers, A flood of glo - - rious light! He comes! he
3. I welcome thee, O lovely morning! And thank the kind - - ly power, Whose smile of

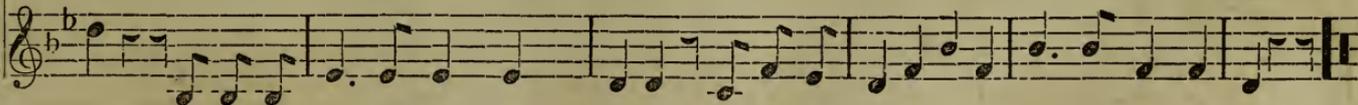
2d Treble.



1. It breaks! it breaks from eastern chambers, The golden morn - - ing
2. It bursts! it bursts from eastern chambers, A flood of glo - - rious
3. I welcome thee, O lovely morning! And thank the kind - - ly



bright and blessed morning, All hail! thou new - born day, All hail! thou new-born day.
comes! the sun in splendor, Victorious o'er the night, Vic - to - rious o'er the night.
love bids darkness vanish, And wakes the morn - ing hour, And wakes the morning hour.



ray! All hail! thou bright and bless - ed morning, All hail! thou new-born day, All hail! thou new-born day.
light! He comes! he comes! the sun in splendor, Victorious o'er the night, Victorious o'er the night.
power, Whose smile of love bids darkness vanish, And wakes the morning hour, And wakes the morning hour.

WELCOME TO SCHOOL.

1. Come, where joy and glad - ness Make each youthful stranger a welcome guest; Come, where grief and
 2. Thus our days em - ploy - ing, We are always learning some useful thing; These pursuits en -

Fine.

sad - ness Will not find a dwelling in your breast. Time with us will pass a - way, With
 joy - ing, Mer - ri - ly to - geth - er we will sing. Though in sports we take de - light, We

D. C.

books, or work, or healthful play; Sometimes with a cheerful song, The happy hours will glide along.
 al - so love to read and write; Those who teach us, too, we prize, Who strive to make us good and wise.

COLD THE BLAST MAY BLOW.

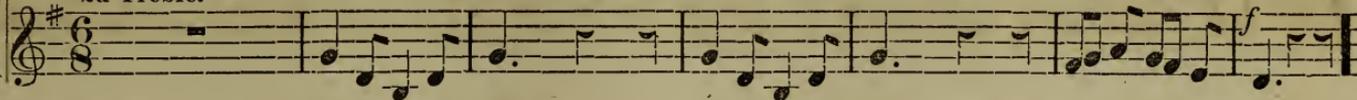
FROM SCHADE.

1st Treble.

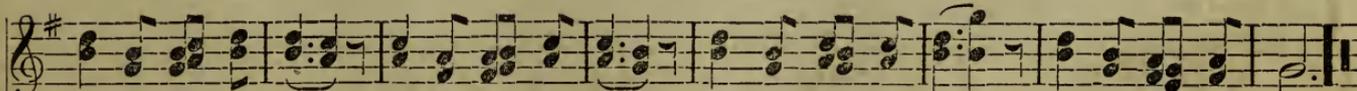


1. Cold the blast may blow,	Heaping high the snow;	Winds may loudly	roar;.....
2. Bosoms firm and bold	Fear not storms or cold,	Fear not ice or	snow;.....
3. When in school we meet,	Looks of welcome sweet,	Sent from smiling	eyes,.....

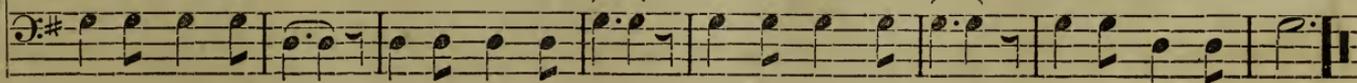
2d Treble.



1. Cold the blast may blow,	Heaping high the snow;	Winds may loudly roar;
2. Bosoms firm and bold	Fear not storm or cold,	Fear not ice or snow;
3. When in school we meet,	Looks of welcome sweet,	Sent from smiling eyes,



Trees all brown and bare,	Sad, may wave in air,	Decked with leaves no more,	Decked with leaves no more.
Fiercely, through the gale,	Drift the snow and hail;	Hearts may warmly glow,	Hearts may warmly glow.
When our teachers dear	Give us words of cheer,	What are wintry skies?	What are wintry skies?



THERE IS NO HOME LIKE MY OWN.

MOSCHELES.

Duet.

1. Why, ah, why, my heart, this sadness? Why, 'mid scenes like these, decline? Where all, though strange, is joy and

gladness; Say, what wish can yet be thine?..... O, say, what wish can yet be thine?

2.

All that's dear to me is wanting;
 Lone and cheerless, here I roam;
 The stranger's joys, how'er enchanting,
 To me can never be like home,
 To me can never be like home.

3.

Give me those,— I ask no other,—
 Those that bless the humble dome
 Where dwell my father and my mother;
 Give, O give me back my home,
 My own, my own dear native home.

PROCRASTINATION.

FROM THE GERMAN.

1. La - zy peo - ple say, "To-morrow;" So they al - ways, al - ways borrow, But they nev - er, nev - er pay;

All that's good to - mor-row do - ing, All that's ill they're then eschewing; Great things do, but not to - day.

2.

Being's stream is ever rolling;
 Present time alone controlling
 Can we make a source of good.
 Present time's a golden treasure;
 But the future — who can measure?
 That belongs alone to God.

3.

Every day we're vainly spending
 Tells, upon its woful ending,
 Loss that never can be paid;
 Let us, then, to action moving,
 Every passing hour improving,
 Live for good till life shall fade.

THE PILOT.

Slow and Expressive.

1. O, Pilot, 'tis a fearful night; There's danger on the deep; I'll come and pace the

deck with thee; I do not dare to sleep. "Go down," the sail - or cried, "go down; This

is no place for thee; Fear not, but trust in Providence, Wherev - er thou may'st be."

2.

Ah! Pilot, dangers often met
 We all are apt to slight;
 And thou hast known these raging waves
 But to subdue their might.
 "O! 'tis not apathy," he cried,
 "That gives this strength to me;
 Fear not, but trust in Providence,
 Wherever thou may'st be.

3.

"On such a night the sea engulfed
 My father's lifeless form;
 My only brother's boat went down
 In just so wild a storm.
 And such, perhaps, may be my fate;
 But still I say to thee,
 Fear not, but trust in Providence,
 Wherever thou may'st be."

HOW MERRILY LOOKETH THE MAN.

Round for Three Voices.

J. PLAYFORD.

1. How mer-ri-ly looketh the man that hath gold! He seemeth but twenty, though threescore years old;

2. How merry the bee, that flyeth a-bout, and gath-er-eth honey with-in and without!

3. But men without money, and bees without honey, are nothing bet-ter than drones, drones.

BEGONE, DULL SLOTH.

Popular Melody.

1. Be - gone, dull sloth; I pray thee be - gone from me; Be - gone, dull sloth; You and
Sloth and waste Debts never are able to pay; Sloth and waste Can

Fine.

I can never a - gree; For I will work, and I will learn, And use - ful - ly pass the
never be happy and gay.

D. C. Sign.

day, And I think it one of the wisest things To drive dull sloth a - way.

2.

Go, vile deceit;
 You never shall live with me;
 Go, vile deceit;
 You and I shall never agree;
 For I will faithful pray to be,
 In all I do or say,
 And always speak the honest truth,
 Whether at work or play.
 Vile deceit
 With me shall never stay;
 Vile deceit
 Can never be happy and gay.

3.

Bad temper, go;
 You never shall stay with me;
 Bad temper, go;
 You and I shall never agree;
 For I will always kind, and mild,
 And gentle, pray to be,
 And do to others as I wish
 That they should do to me.
 Temper bad
 With me shall never stay;
 Temper bad
 Can never be happy and gay.

THE BELLS.

Round for Three Voices.

HILTON.

1. Hark ye now! how mer-ri - ly, mer-ri-ly, Hark! how

2. mer-ri - ly, mer - ri-ly, mer - ri - ly, mer-ri - ly; Hark! they ring, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Ding

3. dong bell, ding dong.

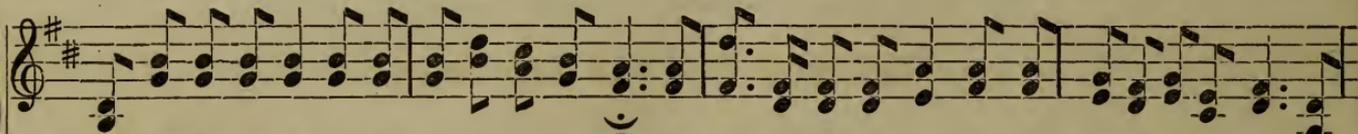
THE NIGHT WAS DARK AND FEARFUL.

POETRY BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

MUSIC BY DR. LARDNER.



1. The night was dark and fearful, The blast swept wailing by; A watcher, pale and tearful, Looked forth with anxious eye; How



wist - ful - ly she gazeth! No gleam of morn is there; Her eyes to heaven she raiseth, In agony of prayer; How



wist - ful - ly she gazeth! No gleam of morn is there; Her eyes to heaven she raiseth, In agony of prayer.

2.

Within that dwelling lonely,
Where want and darkness reign,
Her precious child, her only,
Lay moaning in his pain;
And death alone can free him —
She feels that this must be;
“But O, for morn, to see him
Smile once again on me!
And death alone, &c.

3.

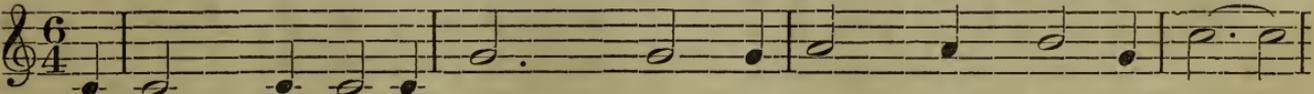
“A hundred lights are glancing
In yonder mansion fair;
And merry feet are dancing;
They heed not morning there;
O young and joyous creatures,
One lamp from out your store
Would give that poor boy's features
To his mother's gaze once more.
O young and joyous,” &c.

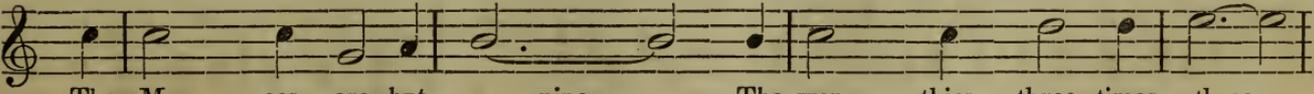
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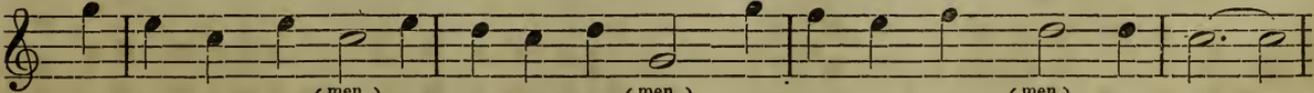
The morning sun is shining;
She heedeth not its ray;
Beside her babe reclining,
The pale, dead mother lay;
A smile her lips were wreathing,
A smile of hope and love,
As though she still were breathing
There's light for us above.
A smile her lips, &c.

THE WISE MEN ARE BUT SEVEN.

*Round for Three Voices.*WILLIAM LAWES.
Musical Companion, 1667.

1.  2.
The wise men are but seven, nor more shall be for me;

2.  3.
The Mu - ses are but nine, The wor - thies three times three;

3.  1.
And three mer - ry {men, boys, girls,} and three merry {men, boys, girls,} and three mer - ry {men, boys, girls,} are we.

GO WHEN THE MORNING SHINETH.

1. Go when the morning shineth; Go when the moon is bright; Go when the eve de-

The first system of music features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is primarily composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords. The lyrics are positioned below the treble staff.

clin - eth; Go in the hush of night; Go with a ho - ly feel - ing; Fling

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'clin - eth; Go in the hush of night; Go with a ho - ly feel - ing; Fling' are placed under the treble staff. The musical notation includes various rests and note values.

earthly thought a - way; And in thy chamber kneeling, Do thou in se - cret pray.

The third system concludes the piece. The lyrics 'earthly thought a - way; And in thy chamber kneeling, Do thou in se - cret pray.' are placed under the treble staff. The system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

2.

Call those to mind who love thee,
 All who are loved by thee;
 Pray, too, for those that hate thee,
 If any such there be;
 Then for thyself, in meekness,
 Humbly a blessing claim,
 Joining with each petition
 Thy great Redeemer's name.

3.

Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
 In solitude to pray, —
 Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
 When friends are round thy way, —
 E'en there the silent breathing,
 Thy spirit raised above,
 Will reach his throne of glory,
 Where he presides with love.

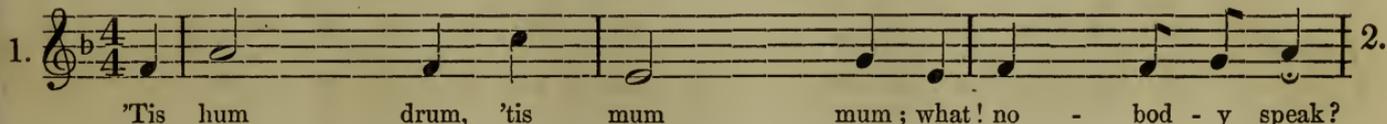
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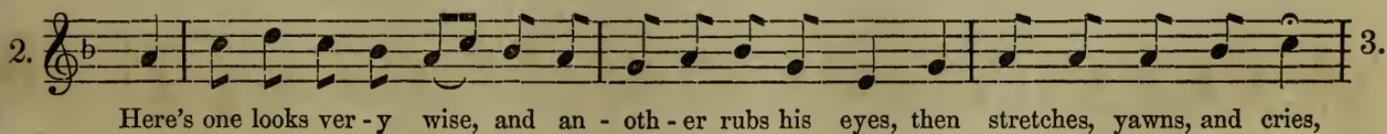
O, not a joy or blessing
 With this can we compare;
 He gave the power within us,
 That we might live with prayer.
 Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
 Down at his footstool fall;
 Call to thy mind, with gladness,
 His love who gave thee all.

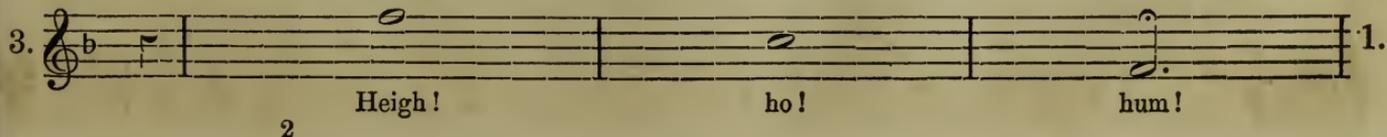
A YAWNING CATCH.

For Three Voices.

DR. HARRINGTON.

1.  2.

2.  3.

3.  1.

2

THE DRUNKARD'S BOWL.

Andantino.

1. The drink that's in the drunkard's bowl Is not the drink for me; It kills his body and his soul; How sad a sight is

he! But there's a drink which God has given, Dis - til - ling in the showers of heaven, In measures large and

free; O, that's the drink for me, O, that's the drink for me, O, that's the drink for me.

2.

The stream that many prize so high
 Is not the stream for me;
 For he who drinks it still is dry,—
 Forever dry he'll be!
 But there's a stream so cool and clear,
 The thirsty traveller lingers near;
 Refreshed and glad is he;
 O, that's the stream for me.

3.

The wine cup, that so many prize,
 Is not the cup for me;
 The aching head, the bloated face,
 In its sad train I see.
 But there's a cup of water pure,
 And he who drinks it may be sure
 Of health and length of days;
 O, that's the cup for me.

COME HITHER, MY MERRY FOLKS.

Round for Three Voices.

J. HILTON.

1. Come hither, my merry folks, all in a ring; Let us play and let us sing;

2. To our game, to our game! Now, then, all join their hands, and we'll make up the ring;

3. Then a - way we go mer - ri - ly, all in a ring, all in a ring, all in a ring.

TYROLESE EVENING HYMN.

f *p*

1. Come, come, come! Come to the sunset tree; The day is past and gone; The woodman's axe lies free, And the
 Come, come, come! Come to the sunset tree; The day is past and gone; The woodman's axe lies free, Omit....

Fine. f

reaper's work is done. Omit 1st time..... The twilight star to heaven, And the
 And the reaper's work is done.

p *D. C.*

summer dew to flowers, And rest to us is given, By the soft evening hours.

2.

Sweet, sweet, sweet.
 Sweet is the hour of rest,
 Pleasant the wood's low sigh,
 And the gleaming of the west,
 And the turf whereon we lie ;
 When the burden and the heat
 Of the laborer's task is o'er,
 And kindly voices greet
 The tired one at his door.
 Sweet, &c.

3.

Yes, yes, yes.
 Yes, tuneful is the sound
 That dwells in whispering boughs ;
 Welcome the freshness round,
 And the gale that fans our brows ;
 But rest more sweet and still
 Than ever the nightfall gave,
 Our yearning hearts shall fill
 In the world beyond the grave.
 Yes, &c.

4.

There, there, there.
 There shall no tempests blow,
 No scorching noontide heat ;
 There shall be no more snow,
 No weary, wandering feet.
 So we lift our trusting eyes
 From the hills our fathers trod,
 To the quiet of the skies,
 To the Sabbath of our God.
 There, &c.

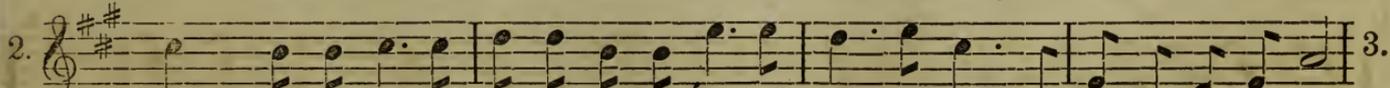
GOOSE LAW'D WITH GOOSE.

Round for Three Voices.

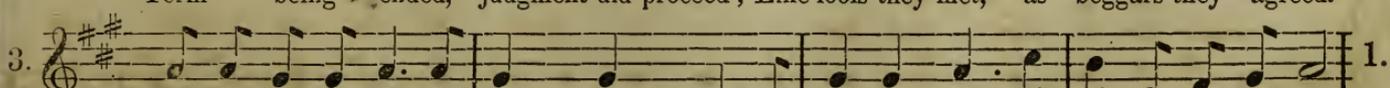
H. LAWES.

1.  2.

Goose law'd with Goose for cousin Gander's land, And Fox, the lawyer, took the case in hand.

2.  3.

Term being ended, judgment did proceed ; Like fools they met, as beggars they agreed.

3.  1.

Then to dig and delve, and plough both went, To get by pain what they had idly spent.

SUMMER NOW IS SMILING.

Round for Three Voices.

Summer now is smiling here; Sing then gayly, tral la la; Tral la ra la ral la;

Summer now is smiling here; Sing then gayly,

Sum - mer now is

tral la ra la ra; Sum - mer now is smiling here; Sing then gayly, tra la la;

tral la la; Tral la ra la ral la; tral la ra la ra; Summer now is smiling here;

smil - ing here; Sing then gayly, Tral la la; Tra la ra la ra la; tra la ra la ra;

MALTESE BOATMAN'S SONG.

1. See, brothers, see, how the night comes on; Slowly sinks the setting sun; Hark! how the solemn

Chorus.
ves - pers' sound Sweetly falls up - on the ear! Then haste; let us work till the

day - light is o'er, And fold our nets as we row to the shore; Our toil of la - bor

be - ing done, How sweet the boatman's welcome home! Home, home, home, The boatman's welcome home,

Sweet, O, sweet the boatman's welcome home; Welcome home; Welcome home; Wel - come home.

2.

See how the tints of daylight die ;
 Soon we'll hear the tender sigh ;
 For when the toil of labor's o'er,
 We shall meet our friends on shore.
 Then haste ; let us work till the daylight is o'er,
 And fold our nets as we row to the shore ;
 For fame or gold, howe'er we roam,
 No sound so sweet as welcome home !
 Home, home, home, &c.

PILGRIMS AND WANDERERS.*

1. O - ver the mountain wave, See where they come! Storm cloud and wintry wind Welcome them home;

The first system of the musical score is for a piano accompaniment. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with the bass clef providing harmonic support through chords and bass lines.

Yet where the sounding gale Howls to the sea, There the song peals along, Deep-toned and free.

The second system continues the piano accompaniment. The treble clef part has some notes with repeat signs, indicating a melodic motif. The bass clef part continues with a steady accompaniment.

Pilgrims and wanderers, Hither we come; Where the free dare to be, — This is our home.

The third system concludes the piano accompaniment. It features a final cadence in both the treble and bass clefs, marked with a double bar line and repeat dots.

* Written by George Lunt, Esq.; sung at the second centennial anniversary of the settlement of the ancient town of Newbury.

2.

England hath sunny dales,
Dearly they bloom;
Scotia hath heather hills,
Sweet their perfume;
Yet through the wilderness
Cheerful we stray;
Native land, native land,
Home far away.
Pilgrims, &c.

3.

Dim grew the forest path;
Onward they trod;
Firm beat their noble hearts,
Trusting in God!
Gray men and blooming maids,
High rose their song;
Hear it sweep, clear and deep,
Ever along.
Pilgrims, &c.

4.

Not theirs the glory wreath,
Torn by the blast;
Heavenward their holy steps,
Heavenward they passed;
Green be their mossy graves;
Ours be their fame;
While their song peals along,
Ever the same.
Pilgrims, &c.

COME, FOLLOW ME MERRILY.

Round for Three Voices.

MR. ED. NELHAM, 1667.

1. Come, follow me mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, friends, Come follow me mer - ri - ly O!

2. And we will sing re sol do do sol do fa do sol sol do.

3. Put sol before la, and do after si, sol la si do si la si do.

STAR OF THE EAST.

POETRY BY BISHOP HEBER.

SCOTCH AIR.

1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and
2. Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining; Low lies his head with the

lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing,
beasts of the stall; An - gels a - dore him in slumber re - clin - ing,

Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid, Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
Ma - ker. and Monarch, and Savior of all, Ma - ker, and Monarch, and Savior of all.

3.

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings divine;
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4.

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

FAR FROM THE TUMULT.

p

Far from the tu - - mult of am - bi - tious strife, Ea - sy, con -

of am - bi - tious strife,

Fine.

tented, may we glide through life; Time can im - pair the lustre of our

may we glide through life; Time can im - pair,

D. C.

youth, But not of friend - ship, love, nor sa - cred truth.

But not of friend - ship, love, nor sa - cred truth.

THE PRAISE OF SPRING.

WORDS BY W. E. HICKSON.

MUSIC BY ROSSINI.

1. In cheerful lays your voices raise; Let none refuse to sing; Let

Piano Forte or Violoncello.

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 6/8. The lower staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, rhythmic style characteristic of Rossini's early works. The lyrics are printed below the upper staff.

all unite who love the bright and cheerful days of spring. To spring belong the

Fine.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also consists of two staves in the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are printed below the upper staff. The system concludes with a double bar line and the word "Fine." written above the staff.

birds of song, To summer fruits and flowers, When woodbine and the eg-lan-tine Per-

The third system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. It consists of two staves in the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are printed below the upper staff. The system concludes with a double bar line.

fume the shady bowers. With autumn comes the golden grain; Then winter follows

fast; But soon the spring re - turns a - gain, And we forget the past. D. C.

2.

Each season in the circling year
 Has charms unlike the rest;
 But those of spring to me appear
 The fairest and the best.
 I love to feel a summer breeze
 In shady bowers at noon;

I love autumnal tints on trees,
 I love the harvest moon.
 And winter brings us social joys,
 Though verdure quits the plain,
 Till lovely spring his power destroys,
 And smiles on earth again.

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night; good night; May peace and rest dwell in your breast, May peace and

Good night; May peace and rest dwell in your breast, May peace and

Good night; May peace and rest dwell in your breast, and

Detailed description: This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/8. The music consists of four measures. The first measure has a fermata over the first note. The lyrics are: 'Good night; good night; May peace and rest dwell in your breast, May peace and' for the top staff; 'Good night; May peace and rest dwell in your breast, May peace and' for the middle staff; and 'Good night; May peace and rest dwell in your breast, and' for the bottom staff.

rest dwell in your breast; good night; good night; good night.

rest dwell in your breast; good night; good night; good night.

rest dwell in your breast; good night; good night.

Detailed description: This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/8. The music consists of four measures. The first measure has a fermata over the first note. The lyrics are: 'rest dwell in your breast; good night; good night; good night.' for the top staff; 'rest dwell in your breast; good night; good night; good night.' for the middle staff; and 'rest dwell in your breast; good night; good night.' for the bottom staff. The system ends with a double bar line.

THE HOUR IS COME OF TWILIGHT GRAY.

33

A Canon for Four Voices.

The first voice commences, and when it reaches the first double bar, the second voice commences; when the second voice reaches the first double bar, the third voice commences; the fourth voice commences when the third voice reaches the first double bar.

The hour is come of twilight gray, And evening veils the face of day;
The shades of night be - gin to fall, And darkness soon will cov - er all.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a canon in G major, 6/4 time. It consists of two staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 6/4 time signature. The melody starts on a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The second staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 6/4 time signature. The melody starts on a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, and C4. Both staves end with a double bar line and repeat dots. The lyrics are written below the notes.

CANON.—TIME AND TIDE.

Time and tide will wait for no man, time and tide will

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a canon in D major, 4/4 time. It consists of two staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (D major), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody starts on a half note D4, followed by quarter notes E4, F#4, and G4. The second staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of two sharps, and a 4/4 time signature. The melody starts on a half note D3, followed by quarter notes E3, F#3, and G3. Both staves end with a double bar line and repeat dots. The lyrics are written below the notes.

This canon is sometimes sung to the following couplet, adapted for young children:—

“Idle folks, who spare their trouble,
Always make their labor double.”

Time and tide will wait for no man.

CANON.—LOVE OF TRUTH.

Love of truth, guide my youth; From my heart ne'er de - part, Love of truth.

3 Love of truth, guide my youth; From my heart ne'er de - part.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a canon in D major, 4/4 time. It consists of two staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (D major), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody starts on a half note D4, followed by quarter notes E4, F#4, and G4. The second staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of two sharps, and a 4/4 time signature. The melody starts on a half note D3, followed by quarter notes E3, F#3, and G3. Both staves end with a double bar line and repeat dots. The lyrics are written below the notes.

SEASON OF MY PUREST PLEASURE.

Trio, for Treble Voices.

WORDS BY COWPER.

Season of my purest pleasure, Seal-er of ob - serv - ing eyes; When in larger,
 Season of my purest pleasure, Seal - er of ob - serv - ing eyes; When in larger,
 of ob - serv - ing eyes;

freer measure, I can commune with the skies. While beneath thy shade ex - tend - ed,
 freer measure, I can commune with the skies. While beneath thy

be - neath thy shade ex - tend - ed, Wea - ry man for - gets his woes, I, my dai - ly

shade, beneath thy shade ex - tend - ed, Wea - ry man for - gets his woes, I, my dai - ly

While beneath, &c.

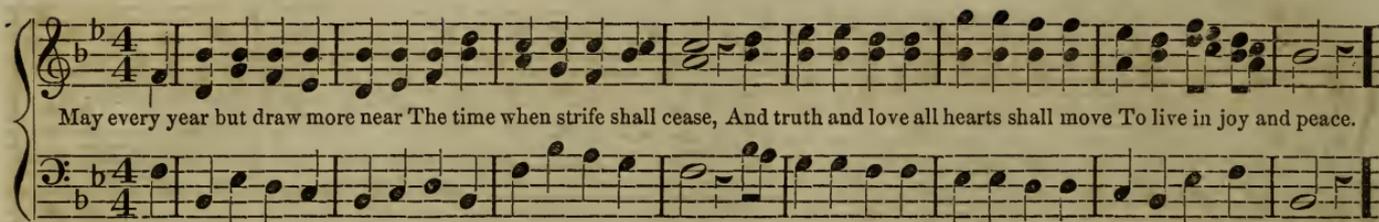
trouble end - ed, Find in watching my re - pose, Find in watching my re - pose.

trouble end - ed, Find in watching my re - pose, Find in watching my re - pose.

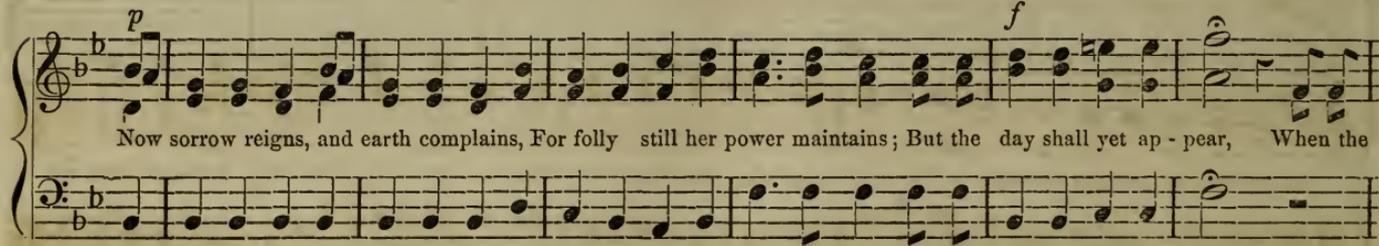
THE MIGHT WITH THE RIGHT.

WORDS BY W. E. HICKSON.

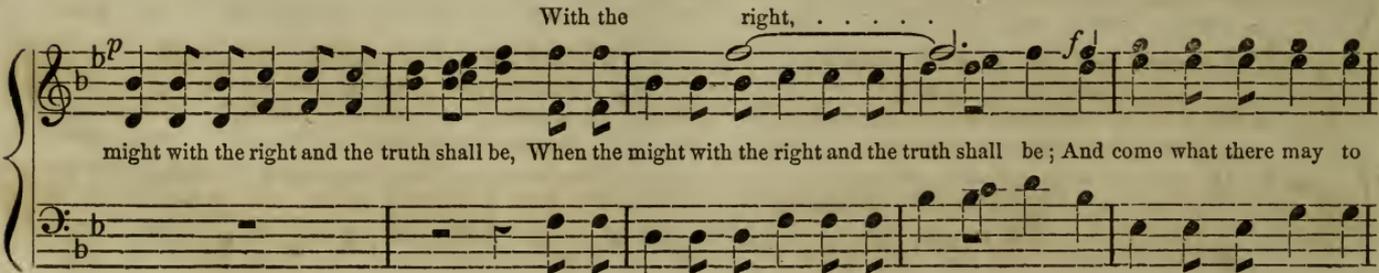
MUSIC BY CALLCOTT.



May every year but draw more near The time when strife shall cease, And truth and love all hearts shall move To live in joy and peace.



p Now sorrow reigns, and earth complains, For folly still her power maintains; But the day shall yet ap - pear, *f* When the



With the right, *f*
 might with the right and the truth shall be, When the might with the right and the truth shall be; And come what there may to

stand in the way, That day the world shall see; When the might with the right and the truth shall be, When the

right,
might with the right and the truth shall be; And come what there may to stand in the way, That day the world shall see.

2.

Let good men ne'er of truth despair,
 Though humble efforts fail;
 O, give not o'er until once more
 The righteous cause prevail.
 In vain and long enduring wrong,
 The weak may strive against the strong;
 But the day shall yet appear,
 When the might with the right, &c.

3.

Though interest pleads that noble deeds
 The world will not regard,
 To noble minds, that duty binds,
 No sacrifice is hard.
 The brave and true may seem but few,
 But hope has better things in view;
 And the day will yet appear,
 When the might with the right, &c.

DUET.—SWEET DOETH BLUSH THE ROSY MORNING.

DR. HARRINGTON.

Amoroso.

Sweet doth blush the ro - sy morn - ing, Sweet doth beam the glistening dew; Sweet - er still the

Sweet doth beam, &c.

day a - dorn - ing, Thy dear smiles trans - port my view. 'Midst the blos - soms' fragrance flow - ing,

'Midst the

Why de - lights the hon - eyed bee? Sweet - er breaths thy - self be - stow - ing,

Why delights Sweeteter

One kind kiss on me, on me, One kind kiss on me.

This musical score is for a simple song. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

CANON.—YOUR PATIENCE AND PRUDENCE.

Your pa - tience and pru - dence will not be in vain; They'll help you to

Your pa - tience and pru - dence will not be in

con - quer a - gain and a - gain; your pa - tience and prudence will

vain; They'll help you to con - quer a - gain and a - gain; your

This musical score is for a canon. It consists of three systems, each with a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

LET THE SMILES OF YOUTH APPEARING.

Let the smiles of youth ap - pear - ing, Let the voice of du - ty cheer - ing; Let the smiles of youth ap -

pear - ing, Let the voice of du - ty cheer - ing, Drive the gloom of care a - way, Drive the

gloom of care a - way. Thus in strains.....

Thus in strains of live - ly measure, We would

Lengthen out each hap - py day. Thus in strains
still with joy and pleasure Lengthen out each hap - py day. of live - ly

We would still Thus in strains of live - ly measure, We would
measure, with joy and pleasure,

still with joy and pleasure, Lengthen out each hap - py day, Lengthen out each hap - py day.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

SAMUEL WEBBE, Prize, 1774.

1. To the old, to the old, long life and treas - ure, to the

2. long life and treasure, To the young, to the young all health, all health and

3. To the young all health, all health and pleas - ure, To the fair, their face with e-

old long life and treasure, to the old long life, to the old long life and

pleas - ure, to the young all health and pleas - ure, to the young all health and pleasure, to the young

ternal grace, And the rest to be loved at lei - sure, To the fair,..... To the

treasure, to the old, long life, long life and treasure. 2.

all health to the young, all health and pleas - ure, to the young all health and pleasure. 3.

fair, to the fair, their face with e - ter - nal grace, And the rest to be loved at leisure. 1.

THE MILL.

Round for Three Voices.

1. O, the pret - ty lit - tle mill, it goes tic a tic, a 2.

2. tic, a tic, tac, tic, tac, night and day. 3.

3. It goes tic, a tic, a tic, a tic, a tic, tac, night and day. 1.

THE LABORER'S SONG.

WORDS BY W. E. HICKSON.

MUSIC BY A. MARAST.

Let none but these who live in vain The useful arts of life dis - dain ; While we an hon - est

The first system of music is in 4/4 time, key of B-flat. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Let none but these who live in vain The useful arts of life dis - dain ; While we an hon - est".

liv - ing gain, Of la - bor we will not complain. Though some for rich - es daily mourn, As if their lot could

The second system of music continues the melody in 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "liv - ing gain, Of la - bor we will not complain. Though some for rich - es daily mourn, As if their lot could".

not be borne, With honest pride from them we turn ; No bread's so sweet as that we earn. Bright shines the

The third system of music concludes the piece, with a time signature change to 2/4 at the end. The lyrics are: "not be borne, With honest pride from them we turn ; No bread's so sweet as that we earn. Bright shines the".

sun to cheer the sons of la - bor; Through the field and workshop let your voi - ces - ring;

Night, when we've done, will bring a friend and neighbor Who will join the chorus; so, re - joice and sing.

2.

With food by our own hands supplied
 We'll be content, whate'er's denied;
 The world could not improve the store
 Of him who feels he wants no more.
 Among the rich, among the great,
 For all their wealth, and all their state,
 There's many a heart not half so free
 From care, as humble honesty.

Bright shines the sun, &c.

GLEE, FOR THREE VOICES.

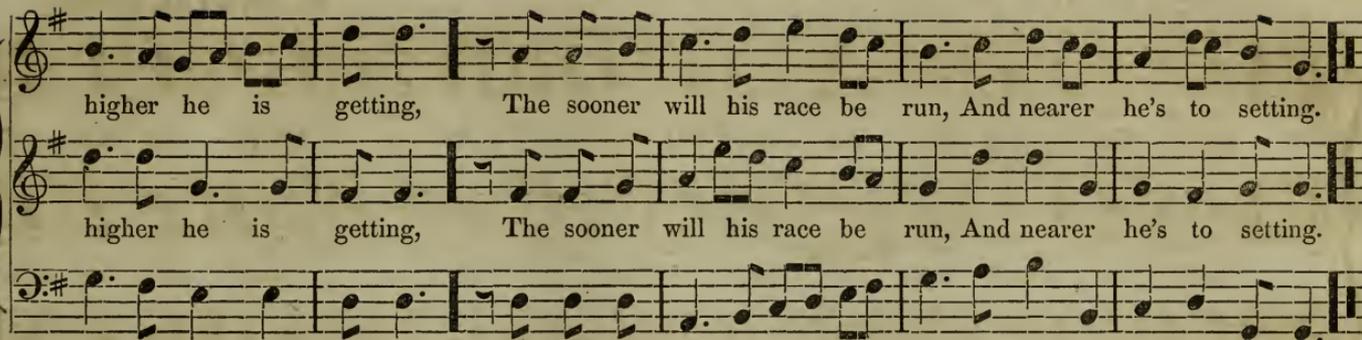
WILLIAM LAWES, 1699.

Gather your rosebuds while you may; Old Time is still a flying, And that same

Gather your rosebuds while you may; Old Time is still a flying, And that same

flower that smiles to-day, To-morrow may be dying. See the bright lamp of heaven, the sun! The

flower that smiles to-day, To-morrow may be dying. See the bright lamp of heaven, the sun! The



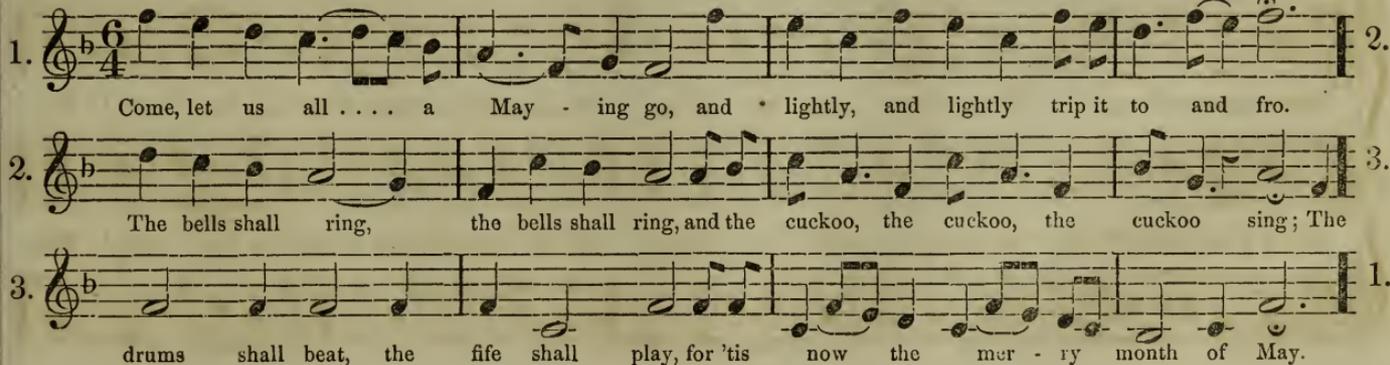
higher he is getting, The sooner will his race be run, And nearer he's to setting.

higher he is getting, The sooner will his race be run, And nearer he's to setting.

COME, LET US ALL A MAYING GO.

Round for Three Voices.

J. HILTON.



1. Come, let us all . . . a May - ing go, and lightly, and lightly trip it to and fro.

2. The bells shall ring, the bells shall ring, and the cuckoo, the cuckoo, the cuckoo sing; The

3. drums shall beat, the fife shall play, for 'tis now the mer - ry month of May.

HUMBLE FARE.

WORDS BY W. E. HICKSON.

MUSIC BY HOOK.

Here, broth - ers, here, Here, broth - ers, here Shall joy at - tend, our

Piano-Forte or Violoncello.

constant guest, Though hum - ble our fare; Spirits and wine, and vi - ands rare,

Who would with health and peace compare? The crystal stream will best insure The head that's clear, the

heart that's pure. And thus, whate'er kind Heaven has sent, Through life we'll always live content, Dis-

charge our du - ty, Discharge our du - ty, Nor think our lot is

hard. A life well spent needs no reward, A life well spent needs no reward.

CATCH, FOR THREE VOICES.

V. MARTINI.

1. Quick, a - rise ; the day is breaking ; O'er the hills the sun doth

2. Quick, a - rise ; the day is breaking ; O'er the hills the sun doth

3. No, no, no, no : Why, ah, why will you an - noy me ? No, no, no,

peep, And the joc - und birds, a - waking, Now their mer - ry mat - in

peep, the birds, a - waking, their mat - in

no : why an - noy me ? Prithee

keep, And the joc - und birds, a - wak - ing, Now their mer - ry mat - in

keep, And the joc - und birds, a - wak - ing, Now their mer - ry mat - in

peace; I'd rather sleep; Why, ah, why will you annoy me? Peace; I'd rath - er

keep, now their mer - ry mat - in keep, now their mer - ry mat - in keep. 2.

keep, their mer - ry mat - in keep, their mer - ry mat - in keep. 3.

sleep, I'd rather sleep, I'd rather sleep, I'd rath - er sleep. 1.

HARK, THE LARK.

DR. COOKE.

Hark! hark! the lark we hear on high. Hark! hark! the lark we hear on high. With

songs he hails the dawn, he hails the dawn; The sun be-gins to gild the sky, And gloomy night is gone; And gloomy night is gone;

And now the flowers and buds appear; With varied tints they greet our eyes; And now the flowers appear; With
Now flowers ap-pear, And now they greet our eyes; Now flowers ap-

va - ried tints they greet our eyes. A - wake, and lend a listening ear, And with the sun a - rise, And
 pear, they greet our eyes; And with the sun a - rise,

with the sun a - rise, And with the sun a - rise, Awake, and lend a listening ear, And
 a - rise, a - rise,

with the sun a - rise, a - rise, a - rise, And with the sun a - rise, a - rise.

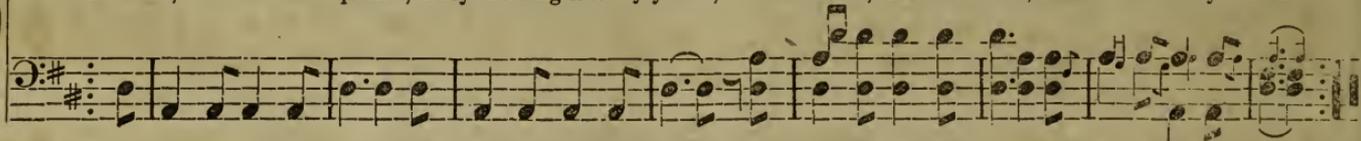
BLUE-EYED MARY.



1. "Come, tell me, blue-eyed stranger, Say, whither dost thou roam, O'er this wide world a ranger? Hast thou no friends nor home?"
 2. "Come here; I'll buy thy flowers, And ease thy hapless lot; Still wet with morning showers,—I'll buy 'forget-me-not;'"



- "They called me Blue-eyed Mary, When friends and fortune smiled; But ah, how fortunes vary! I now am sorrow's child."
 "Kind sir, then take these posies; They're fading like my youth; But never, like these roses, Shall wither Mary's truth."



Roll on, thou Temperance River.

1.
 Roll on, thou temperance river;
 A branch we are of thee;
 Our land we must deliver;
 From Bacchus wash her free.
 Cold water is our motto,
 From purest fountain's flow,
 Distilled from deepest grottos,
 And from the sparkling snow.

2.
 A small and noiseless streamlet,
 We're winding towards that shore
 Where temperance's sparkling sea yet
 Will a broad ocean roar.
 Cold water, &c.

3.
 Come, all ye smiling beauties;
 Ye matrons, too, appear;
 Come, now perform your duties;
 Come, pledge to water clear.
 Cold water, &c.

ROUND, FOR THREE VOICES.

BONONCINI.

1. Sweet is the breath of morn - ing; The mer - ry lark is sing - ing,
 2. Sweet is the breath of morn - ing; The mer - ry lark is sing - ing,
 3. For - est and hill a - dorn - ing, The sun his rays is fling - ing,

2. And through the woods is ring - - ing His ear - ly mat - in song.
 3. And through the woods is ring - - ing His ear - ly mat - in song.
 1. While fra - grant flowers are spring - - ing The ver - dant fields a - mong.

THE SCHOLAR'S LAMENT.

A scholar speaks or sings the recitative part on the stage, while the whole school will join in chorus. The chorus to each verse is the same, commencing, "O, dear."

O, dear, what can the matter be? Dear, dear, what can the matter be? Dear, dear, what can the matter be?

Parents don't vis - it the school: **Recitative.** They vis - it the circus, they visit their neighbors, They visit their flocks, and the

servant who la - bors, They vis - it the soldiers with murderous sabres: Now, why don't they vis - it the school?

2.
They care for their horses, they care for their dollars,
They care for their ladies, and fancy fine collars;
But little, we think, do they care for their scholars,
Because they don't visit the school.

3.
We know we from hunger and cold are protected;
In knowledge and virtue our minds are directed;
But still we do think we are sadly neglected,
Because they don't visit the school.

4.
Now, if they will come, they'll find all in their places,
With nicely-combed hair, with clean hands and clean faces,
All pleasant and happy, with nought that disgraces :
O, why don't they visit the school ?
O, dear, &c.

SWIFTLY FLIES OUR TIME AWAY.

Swiftly flies our time a - - way; Youth, im - prove it while you may.

Swiftly, swiftly flies our time a - way, O swiftly; Youth im - prove the moments while you may.

CANON.—LET YOUR PLEASURE.

Let your pleasure wait your leisure, But your work do not de - lay; Let your pleasure wait your leisure,

Let your pleasure wait your leisure, But your work do not de - lay.

SHIP AHOY.

p

1. When o'er the si - lent seas a - lone, For days and nights we've cheer - less gone, O,
 2. When o'er the o - cean's drea - ry plain, With toil her des - tined port to gain, Our

they who've felt it know how sweet Some sun - ny morn a sail to meet, Some sun - ny morn a
 gal - lant ship has neared the strand, We claim our own, our na - tive land, We claim our own, our

*f**ff**mp*

sail to meet; Sparkling on deck is every eye; "Ship a - hoy! ship a-hoy!" our joy - ful cry; When
 na - tive land; Sweet is the seaman's joyous shout: "Land a - head! land a - head! look out! look out!" A -

*pp**mf*

answering back we faintly hear, "Ship 'a - hoy! ship ahoy! what cheer? what cheer?" Now, sails a - back, we
 round on deck we gayly fly; "Land a - head! land ahead!" with joy we cry; Yon bea - con light di -

nearer come; Kind words are said of friends and home; But soon, too soon, we part in pain, To
 re - cts our way, While grate - ful vows to Heaven we pay; And soon our long - lost joys re - new, And

sail o'er si - lent seas a - gain, To sail o'er si - lent seas a - gain.
 bid the boisterous main a - dieu, And bid the boisterous main a - dieu.

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

1. Faintly as tolls the evening chime, Our voi - ces keep tune and our oars keep time, Our
 2. Why should we yet our sail un - furl? There is not a breath the blue wave to curl, There

voi - ces keep tune and our oars keep time; Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll
 is not a breath the blue wave to curl; But when the wind blows off the shore, O,

cheer - ful - ly sing our part - ing hymn. Row, brothers, row; the stream runs fast, The
 sweet - ly we'll rest our wea - ry oar. Blow, breezes, blow; the stream runs fast, The

rap - ids are near, and the daylight's past, The rap - ids are near, and the day - light's past.
rap - ids, &c.

The image shows a musical score for a song. It consists of two staves, a treble clef on top and a bass clef on the bottom. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

FATHER, WE THANK THEE.

Fa - ther, we thank thee; These are thy mer - cies, And thus thy goodness pro -
longs our days; All - bounteous Fa - ther, thy name we praise.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'FATHER, WE THANK THEE.' It consists of two staves, a treble clef on top and a bass clef on the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The music features a mix of quarter and eighth notes. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

THE FARMER'S BOY.

1. The sun had sunk behind the hill, Across you dreary moor, When, wet and cold, there came a boy Up to the farmer's
2. "My father's dead; my mother's left With four poor children small, And what is worse for my mother still, I'm the eldest of them

door. "Can you tell me," said he, "if a - ny there be, Who would like to give em - ploy, For to plough and to sow, to
all; But though little, I'll work as hard as I can, If I can get em - ploy, For to plough, &c.

reap and to mow, To be a farmer's boy, For to be a farmer's boy.

3.
"But if no boy you chance to want,
One favor I've to ask —
To shelter me till dawn of day
From the cold and wintry blast;
And at break of day I will trudge away,
Elsewhere to seek employ,
For to plough," &c.

4.

The farmer's wife cries, Try the lad;
 Let him no further seek;
 O, do, papa! the daughter cries,
 While tears run down her cheek;
 For those that will work, 'tis hard to want,
 Or to wander for employ,
 For to plough and to sow, &c.

5.

The farmer's boy he grew a man;
 The good old farmer died;
 He left the lad with all he had,
 And his daughter for his bride.
 The boy that was, now a farmer is,
 And he thinks and smiles with joy,
 On the break of day when he passed that way,
 To be a farmer's boy, for to be a farmer's boy.

THE COTTAGER'S SONG.

D. C.

1. { In the cottage near the wood, Health and happiness combine, }
 { Me to bless with every good That can render life divine. } Though but lowly be my state, I'll not envy all the great;
 Thus contented with my lot, Happy in my humble cot.

2.

There, beneath my humble cot,
 Tranquil peace and pleasure dwell;
 Sweet contentment still my lot,
 Smiling joy can grace a cell.
 Nature's wants are all supplied,
 Food and raiment, house and fire;
 Wealth may swell in courts of pride;
 This is all that I desire.

WE ROAM THROUGH FOREST SHADES.

ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN.

Allegro. Solo.

1. We roam through for - est shades, We clam - ber o'er the mount, We come through summer

f Chorus.

glades, To rest beside the fount. Boldly we roam all day the moun - - tain;

p

Fearless we wander where the gla - ciers shine; Joy - ous at eve we seek the foun -

p

p

tain, Maids of the val - ley, there with you to re - cline.

5

2. The rays of sunset gild
The lakelet's glassy breast;
The purple air is stilled;
All things invite to rest.
CHORUS. — Boldly, &c.
3. On glancing, gorgeous wings,
The swallows sweeping glide;
Each bright bird sweetly sings
His gentle eventide.
CHORUS. — Boldly, &c.
4. All day upon the hills
We've chased the chamois far;
But deeper joy now thrills
Beneath the evening star.
CHORUS. — Boldly, &c.

LAND OF OUR FATHERS.

WEBBE.

Allegro.

1. Land of our Fathers! Where-so-e'er we roam, Land of our birth! to us thou still art home;
 2. Though oth-er climes may brighter hopes ful - fil, Land of our birth! we ev - er love thee still.

Peace and pros-per-i-ty on thy sons at-tend; Down to pos-ter-i-ty their influence descends;
 Heaven shield our happy home from each hostile band; Freedom and plenty ev-er crown our native land;

All then in-vit-ing, hearts and voices join-ing, Sing we in har-mo-ny our na-tive land, Our
 All then, &c.

na - tive land, our na - tive land, our na - tive land, our na - tive land.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature. The lower staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

Fine. D. C.

1. 'Tis the last rose of summer, Left blooming a - lone; }
 All her lovely companions Are faded and gone; } No flower of her kindred, No rosebud is nigh,
 To re - flect back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh.

The musical score is in 3/4 time with a key signature of two sharps. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The first line of music ends with a double bar line and the word 'Fine.' The second line of music begins with a double bar line and the initials 'D. C.' (Da Capo).

2

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
 To pine on the stem;
 Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go, sleep thou with them;
 Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy leaves o'er the bed,
 Where thy mates of the garden
 Lie scentless and dead.

3.

So soon may I follow,
 When friendships decay,
 And from love's shining circle
 The gems drop away.
 When true hearts lie withered,
 And fond ones are flown,
 O, who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone?

TRIO.—CALL OF THE BELL.

Andantino.

1. Hark! the deep-toned bell is call - ing! Come! O, come! Weary ones, where-

1. Hark! the deep-toned bell is call - ing! Come! O, come!

The first system consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one flat) and 6/8 time, with lyrics: "1. Hark! the deep-toned bell is call - ing! Come! O, come! Weary ones, where-". The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in the same key and time, with lyrics: "1. Hark! the deep-toned bell is call - ing! Come! O, come!". The bottom staff is a bass line in the same key and time, providing harmonic support.

e'er you wan - der, Hith - er come! Louder now, and loud - er pealing, On the heart that

Weary ones, where'er you wan - der, Hith - er come! Louder now, and loud - er pealing,

The second system continues the piece with three staves. The top staff has lyrics: "e'er you wan - der, Hith - er come! Louder now, and loud - er pealing, On the heart that". The middle staff has lyrics: "Weary ones, where'er you wan - der, Hith - er come! Louder now, and loud - er pealing,". The bottom staff continues the piano accompaniment.

voice is steal - ing, Come, nor lon - ger roam; Come, nor lon - ger roam.

On the heart that voice is steal - ing, Come, come, come, nor long - er roam.

2.

Now again its tones are pealing,
 Come, O, come!
 In the sacred temple kneeling,
 Seek thy home!
 Come, and round the altar bending,
 Love the place where God, descending,
 Calls the spirit home.

3.

Still the echoed voice is ringing,
 Come, O, come!
 Every heart pure incense bringing,
 Hither come!
 Father, round thy footstool bending,
 May our souls, to heaven ascending,
 Find in thee their home.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

1. To do to oth-ers as I would That they should do to me, Will make me honest, kind, and good, As
 2. I know I should not steal, or use The smallest thing I see, Which I should never like to lose, If

children ought to be; We nev-er should be-have a-miss, nor need be doubtful long, As
 it be-longed to me; Nor oth-ers should I tfeat with spite, Or strike an angry blow; Be-

we may al-ways tell by this If we are right or wrong.
 cause I should not think it right If they should treat me so.

3.
 But any kindness they may need
 I'll do, whate'er it be;
 As I am very glad indeed
 When they are kind to me.
 Then let me ne'er at home or school,
 In action or in word,
 Appear not to have learned this rule
 Of Jesus Christ our Lord.

HARK, HARK, WHAT IS THAT MUSIC I HEAR.

Hark! hark! what is that mu - sic I hear? Full, sweet, 'tis re - sounding; O, hear! hear!

Hark! hark! what is that mu - sic I hear? Full, sweet, 'tis re - sounding; O, hear! hear!

Echoes, light echoes from hill side are bounding. Tral la la la la la la la la la la.

Echoes, light echoes from hill side are bounding. Tral la la la la la la la la la la.

1. We have come to our school room, We have come to our school room, We have come to our school room, With spirits light and

gay; And in search of knowledge, And in search of knowledge, And in search of knowledge, We will pass our time a - way.

2.
 ||: We are an association, :||
 Convened for learning's sake;
 For without an education
 We can fill no useful station
 'Mid the rising generation
 In the old Bay State.

3.
 ||: Try again is our motto, :||
 If in our tasks we fail;
 ||: For we know that perseverance :||
 Will o'er obstacles prevail.

4.
 Now the air around is ringing
 With our wild and joyous singing,
 And the echoes back are bringing
 Our notes of merry glee.
 ||: We are all the village pupils, :||
 And our several names are these: —

5.
 Harriet, Mary, Ann, Joanna,
 Lizzy, Phebe, Georgianna,
 Mira, Sarah, Caro, Hannah,
 And Pamela are our names;
 ||: We're a band of sisters, :||
 And may we thus remain.

6.
 Herbert, Joseph, Lucius, William,
 Caleb, John, George, and Clinton,
 Benja, Foster, Charles, and Calvin,
 And Nathaniel are our names;
 ||: We're a band of brothers, :||
 And in union may we live.

7.
 Now, three cheers altogether,
 Shout for common schools forever,
 Shout for blessings on the giver,
 Till we make the air resound;
 And for those who labor for us,
 And whose guardian care is o'er us,
 We will swell the grateful chorus
 Till the echoes back rebound.

1. Give me a draught from the crystal spring When the burning sun is high ; Where the rocks and the woods their

shadows fling, And the pearls and the pebbles lie, And the pearls and the pebbles lie.

2.

Give me a draught from the crystal spring
When the cooling breezes blow ;
When the leaves of the trees are withering
From the frost, or the fleecy snow.

3.

Give me a draught from the crystal spring
When the wintry winds are gone ;
When the flowers are in bloom, and the echoes ring
From the woods, o'er the verdant lawn.

4.

Give me a draught from the crystal spring
When the ripening fruits appear ;
When the reapers the song of harvest sing,
And plenty has crowned the year.

5.

Give me a draught of the crystal spring,
And the same from day to day ;
But if aught from the worm of the still you bring,
I will pour every drop away.

WITHIN THE SHADY VALLEY.

Allegro.

1. With - in the shady valley, Where ear - ly vio - lets grow, Where late the sunbeams tarry, And

*Fine. Duet.**D. C.*

sweetest ro - ses glow, Here do we bloom like flowerets fair, And quaff, like them, the morning air.

*Fine.**D. C.*

2.

Where bright the brooklet bubbles,
 Where sips the little bird,
 Where, over sand and pebbles
 The murmuring stream is heard,
 Do we too seek, through moss and sand,
 To quench our thirst with eager hand.

3.

Within this pretty bower,
 Where many songsters sing,
 Where, at the moonlight hour,
 So sweet their carols ring,
 Do we with them our hearts unite,
 And sing our hymns of praise by night.

4.

All is with beauty beaming,
 The vale, the brook, the grove,
 The hill in sunlight gleaming,
 The deep blue sky we love;
 For all, by our fond Father's hand,
 Were placed within our pleasant land.

GO, FORGET ME, WHY SHOULD SORROW.

Affet.

1. Go, forget me; why should sorrow O'er that brow a shadow fling? Go, forget me; and to-mor-row

Brightly smile and sweetly sing. Smile though I may not be near thee; Smile though I should nev-er see thee;

May thy soul with pleasure shine, Lasting as the gloom of mine.

2.

Like the sun, thy presence, glowing,
 Clothes the meanest thing in light;
 And when thou, like him, art going,
 Loveliest objects fade in night;
 All things looked so bright about thee,
 That they nothing seem without thee;
 By that pure and lucid mind
 Early visions are refined.

CHEER UP, MY SCHOOLMATES DEAR.

Solo. 1st Voice. 2d Voice.

1. O, what can make this glorious land The land of peace and beauty ? 'Tis freedom's children well attuned To sing the song of liberty.

Chorus.

Then cheer up, my schoolmates dear, Put forth your utmost powers ; Then cheer up, my schoolmates dear, Fair freedom will be ours.

2.

1st Voice. O, what can make New England's sons
The rightful heirs of freedom ?
2d Voice. 'Tis science' altars, glowing ones,
Lit up by truth and purity.
Chorus. Then cheer up, &c.

3.

1st Voice. O, what can make our native state
The state where virtue loves to dwell ?
2d Voice. 'Tis freedom's children, taught to hate
The ways the wicked love so well.
Then cheer up, &c.

4.

1st Voice. O, what can make our native town
Do honor to our sires ?
2d Voice. Those holy fires, which on them shone,
Reflected, still be ours.
Then cheer up, &c.

5.

1st Voice. O, what can make this treasured spot
The place where all the virtues dwell ?
2d Voice. 'Tis each with each to take our lot,
And practise all the virtues well.
Then cheer up, &c.

6.

1st Voice. Then let us all in concert join,
To swell the song of liberty ;
2d Voice. Yes, let us all the sound prolong,
And echo back its melody.
Then cheer up, &c.



1. Sparkling and bright, in its li - quid light, Is the wa - ter in our glass - - es; 'Twill



give you health, 'twill give you wealth, Ye lads and ro - sy lass - es. O, then re - sign the



ruby wine, each smiling son and daugh - ter; There's nothing so good for the youthful blood, Or sweet, as the sparkling water.

2.

Better than gold is the water cold,
From the crystal fountains flowing,
A calm delight, both day and night,
To happy homes bestowing.

3.

Sorrow has fled from the heart that bled
Of the weeping wife and mother;
They've given up the poisoned cup,
Son, husband, daughter, brother.

GO TO THY REST.

1. Go to thy rest, my child, Go to thy dreamless bed, Gentle and undefiled, With blessings on thy head ;
 2. Before thy heart might learn In waywardness to stray, Before thy feet could turn The dark and downward way,
 3. Because thy smile was fair, Thy lips and eyes so bright, Because thy cradle care Was such a fond de - light,

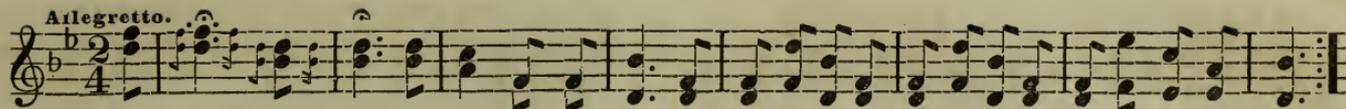
Fresh roses in thy hand, Buds on thy pillow laid, Hasten from this fearful land, Where flowers so quickly fade.
 Ere sin might wound thy heart, Or sorrow wake the tear, Rise to thy home of rest In yon ce - les - tial sphere.
 Shall love, with weak embrace, Thy heavenward flight detain ? No ; angel, seek thy place A - mid yon cherub train.

Far, far o'er Hill and Dell.

1.
 Far, far o'er hill and dell,
 On the winds stealing ;
 List to the tolling bell,
 Mournfully pealing.
 Hark ! hark ! it seems to say,
 As melt the sounds away,
 So earth's best joys decay,
 Whilst new their feeling.

2.
 Now, through the charmed air
 Slowly ascending,
 List to the mourner's prayer,
 Solemnly bending.
 Hark ! hark ! it seems to say,
 Turn from those joys away,
 To those which ne'er decay,
 For life is ending.

3.
 Here o'er a father's tomb
 See the orphan bending,
 And from the churchyard's gloom
 Hear the dirge ascending.
 Hark ! hark ! it seems to say,
 How short ambition's sway,
 Life's joys and friendship's ray,
 In the grave ending.



1. { What ho! what ho! the cry wakes the land! E - leu - re - lu, E - leu - re - lu, Ye temperance men y'ho;
Our men are ready now, with pledge in the hand! E - leu - re - lu, &c.



THE HARVARD SCHOOL.

WORDS BY P. H. SWEETSER,
Principal of the Harvard School, Charlestown.



1. We greet with joy this happy day, And we will drive dull care away ; Hearts full of cheer, We'll never fear, While we in wisdom's



ways appear. Then shout aloud ! shout aloud ! shout aloud ! Swell the chorus ! Happy days are yet before us.

2.
O, we will love (our happy*) school,
And never play the "idle fool ;"
United all in heart and hand,
O, are we not a happy band ?

CHORUS. — Then shout, &c.

3.
From morn to noon, from noon to night,
Let peace and love our hearts unite ;
And when our daily task is o'er,
We sing the song we sung before.

CHORUS. — Then shout, &c.

4.
Here science fair and learning bright
Shall shed a pure and holy light ;
And knowledge, truth, and liberty,
Our watchwords evermore shall be.

CHORUS. — Then shout, &c.

5.
We bless the land that gave us birth,
The dearest spot of all the earth ;
New England is our glorious home,
And we will never wish to roam.

CHORUS. — Then shout, &c.

6.
Here Freedom's star is rising high ;
It shines in splendor from the sky ;
Its beams shall light the bondman's cot,
And pierce the darkness of his lot.

CHORUS. — Then shout, &c.

* Instead of these words may be inserted the name of the school.

LOVELY SONG.

WORDS BY A. FITZ.

81

1. Come, bless this evening's closing hour, Lovely song; At - tune our hearts to sing thy power, Lovely song; Now

bless our weary soul; Sweetly, by thy soothing power, Brighten every gloomy hour With soft con - trol.

2.

Here's nought to mar our pleasures,
 Lovely song;
 We'll yield thee richest treasures,
 Lovely song;
 Now pour thy sweetest lay,
 Stirring all our hearts to gladness,
 Driving care and gloomy sadness
 Far away.

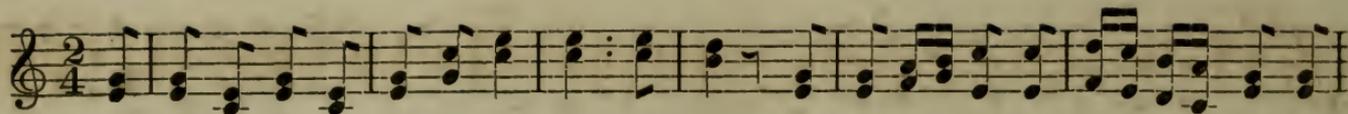
3.

This evening's sun's declining rays,
 Lovely song,
 Shall witness thy reviving lays,
 Lovely song;
 Soon we shall leave this place
 For our homes and happy firesides,
 And for sleep, that gently glides
 O'er all our race.

4.

May morning wake thy slumbers,
 Lovely song;
 And may to-morrow's numbers,
 Lovely song,
 Be like the siren's strain,
 Gently soothing all our troubles,
 Guiding us beyond life's bubbles
 Pure bliss to gain.

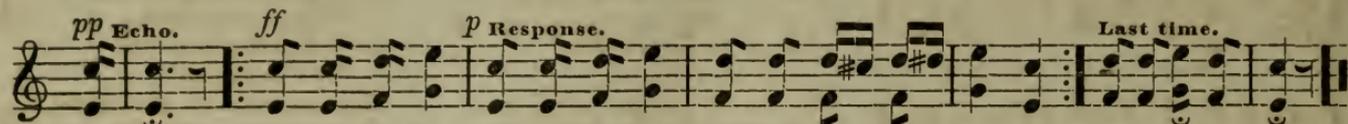
THE SCHOOLBOY'S CAROL.



1. Come now, my mer-ry, happy boy, hap-py boy, Take thy books and leave thy play, And



to the school room lie a-way. Who so hap-py, who so free! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah!



hur-rah! { Come, let us sing; List to the song, Marked with gay-est measure. La la la la la.
 Come, let us sing; List to the song, Yielding sweet-est pleasure.
 pp La la la, &c.
 ppp La la la, &c.
 Echo.

2.

Though howling winds and tempests come,
 The schoolboy's courage never fails;
 For ardent hopes and favoring gales,
 All propelling, urge him on.
 Hurrah, &c.

3.

O, come then to the schoolboy's home,
 Where science' votaries ever dwell;
 Let love and truth the chorus swell,
 For the joyous and the free.
 Hurrah, &c.

EVENING SONG.

WORDS BY A. FITZ.

1. { Lightly be our evening song As we re - tire;
Sweetly now the strain prolong With holy fire. Hark! then hush the parting sigh; Gently lay thy

D. C.

labors by, thy la - bors by.

2.
Pray for peace to dwell with thee
While nature sleeps;
May thy slumbers ever be
Like balmy sweets;
He who has a watchful eye
Guards thee with his angels nigh.

3.
Thus may his almighty hand,
Whose power defends,
Lead us to that better land
Where sorrow ends;
Thus may hope, our guiding star,
Point us to that world afar.

LOST TIME.

Lost time is nev - er found a - gain, Lost time is nev - er found a - gain.

THE KIND SHEPHERD.

FROM THE GERMAN.

1. Close by a brooklet's margin stood A linden full of grace, And Col - in chose be -

neath its shade His hum - ble rest - ing place. 2. The lin - den fanned him in his sleep, And

qui - et mu - sic made; And o'er his low - ly roof it spread A shelter and a shade.

3.
But, rushing from the wintry hills
Of ice and melting snow,
A raging torrent tore the bank,
And laid the linden low.

4.
Soon as the angry flood retired,
Poor Colin sought the place,
And raised and stayed the linden there
With many a thong and brace.

5.
While thus he toiled, a beauteous face
Beamed on him from the tree;
A voice cried, "Thou hast saved my life;
What can I do for thee?"

6.
"Kind angel, I have nought to ask;
Heaven sends me all I need;
But Damon, good and kind, is ill;
Grant him thy healing aid."

7.
The wish was granted; Damon soon
Was cheerful, bright, and sound;
And Colin in his neighbor's good
His own enjoyment found.

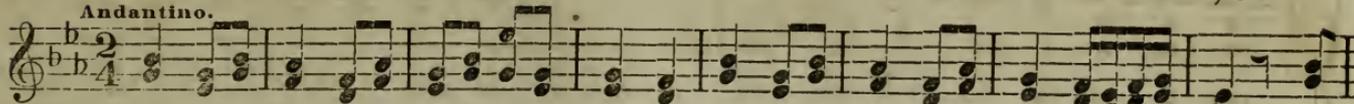
Sing the last verse twice.

DUET, FOR AN EXHIBITION AT A FEMALE SCHOOL.

FROM KINGSLEY'S SOCIAL CHOIR.

WORDS BY I. C. PRAY, JR.

Andantino.



1. Mark, O, mark, sweet friends, the morning; See how fair the sun now shines; How
2. Then, ah, then, the night ad - vancing, With its shades will dark - en all; No



bright each thing, with its a - dorning, Will seem un - til each ray de - clines.
more will light for us be glancing, Ex-cept from stars in night's dark pall.

3.
Thus, O, thus the sun of learning
Will for us its beams display,
And cheer our minds, our footsteps turning
Into its steep but flowery way.

4.
Still, O, still, as time is flying,
Death, like night, will shade our eyes;
But thoughts, like stars, when we are dying,
Shall cheer us, as to heaven we rise.

ZEPHYR OF NIGHTFALL.

1. Lo! while the zephyr of nightfall Balm-i - ly wanders a - round, Bells from yon village are
 2. Heard ye the voices of nature, From the green meadows that come? Voices that sing at the
 3. Neighbors a welcome now give us; Day and its labors are done; Gayly the joy bells in -

chim - ing, Sweetly, how sweetly they sound! Dear is your music, ye clear ring - ing bells,
 twi - light, Pleasant - ly calling us home. Dear is this music, from moun - tain and dell,
 vite us, Pealing at set of the sun. Dear is your music, ye clear ring - ing bells,

Dear is your music, ye clear ringing bells; Passion to quiet pro - found Sinks at your soothing spell.
 Dear is your music, from mountain and dell; Hearts that could restlessly roam Yield to their mag - ic spell.
 Dear is your music, ye clear ringing bells; Love by your magic is won, Bound by your soothing spell.

1. The sickle's edge is sharpened; The reaping men are come, So gay and frolicsome; The

morning birds are waking; The yellow ears are shaking; For now is the harvest time, Now, now is the harvest time.

2.

Up, while the morning breezes
 So fresh around us blow;
 To the fields away we'll go;
 The lark is homeward springing;
 Our merry songs are ringing;
 For now is the harvest time,
 Now, now is the harvest time.

3.

We'll work till evening's glimmer
 Shall on the steeple play;
 And then the moonlight ray
 Our homeward path shall lighten,
 And round our garners brighten;
 For now is the harvest time,
 Now, now is the harvest time.

THE LITTLE CHURCH.

FROM THE GERMAN.

1. O, see how pleasant, fair, and bright, Our lit - tle church is showing, While, gild - ed by the

morning light, Each win - dow pane is glow - ing. All gentle, sweet, and qui - et round, No

such a church is elsewhere found.

2.

No costly arts our church array,
That bride so meek and lowly;
But there, each welcome Sabbath day,
The very air is holy;
And there the pastor leads his flock
To water from the living rock.

3.

Then, when the organ lifts its voice
In sounds so sweetly given,
And when its tones press through the heart,
And open it to heaven, —
Then may the heart, thus open laid,
Hear more than organ ever said.

THE MOUNTAIN HERDBOY.

89

FROM THE GERMAN.

1. I tend the wandering mountain flock; My cas - tle is the cav - ernal rock; Here morning's earliest

beam is cast, And evening's blush here lin - gers last. I am the mountain herd - boy.

2.

Here is the mountain torrent's head ;
I drink it from its rocky bed ;
Ere leaps it forth with thundering sound,
I clasp it with my arms around.
I am the mountain herdboy.

3.

The hill-top is my citadel ;
And storms around it harmless swell ;
The north and south winds howl amain,
But cannot drown my merry strain.
I am the mountain herdboy.

4.

When sounds my country's tocsin cry,
When flame her beacon fires on high,
I join the ranks and rush along,
And swing my sword, and shout my song.
I am the mountain herdboy.

1. { Old school house! a - dieu to your rusty doors! A - dieu! } Our parents dear we haste to meet, Our
 { E - nough, for the present, of learning's stores! A - dieu! }

homes and our gardens a - gain to greet. A - dieu! a - dieu! a - dieu! No sorrow in parting from you.

2.

Old books! we have hastily thrown ye by;
 Adieu!
 On shelves, unmolested, again to lie;
 Adieu!
 O, brighter leaves adorn the tree;
 The woods and the fields shall our lessons be.
 Adieu! adieu! adieu!
 No sorrow in parting from you.

3.

Dear master! thy voice we shall hear no more;
 Adieu!
 Till days of vacation have glided o'er,
 Adieu!
 Yet well we know thy pleasant smile
 Can never depart from our hearts the while.
 Adieu! adieu! adieu!
 A blessing we'll ask, then, on you.

1. How bright was the spring, gushing out of the mountain! How sweet and how cool! I re - member it well, As I

stopped there at noonday, to taste from its fountain The drink I loved best, from a co - coa - nut shell.

2.

How white and how clear were the sands of its basin!
 How soothing and soft was the music it made,
 When, vexed with my playmates, or tired, I would hasten
 To rest on its bank, in the elder tree's shade.

3.

And then from the school room how eagerly rushing,
 (E'er ceased the last notes of the noon-recess bell,)
 I quaffed of that spring, from the mountain side gushing,
 The drink I loved best, from a cocoa-nut shell.

4.

Talk not of Tokay, of Champagne or Madeira,
 As glowing like rubies, as topaz so bright;
 No wine is more sparkling, no jewel is clearer,
 Than the clear, sparkling spring, welling up to the light.

5.

Go ask the poor soul who with fever is glowing,
 Or the traveller, 'mid sands without river or well,
 To choose the gold cup with rich wine overflowing,
 Or the cool, gushing spring and a cocoa-nut shell.

FAREWELL.

MUSIC BY HAYDN.

WORDS BY W. E. HICKSON.

1. Farewell, friends! a time³ of sor - row Is the moment when we part; But, though

A time of sor - row Is the moment when we part; But, though

ab - sent on the mor - row, You'll be pres - ent to my heart. There your im - age

ab - sent on the mor - row, You'll be pres - ent to my heart. There your im - age

I will cher - ish, And where'er my feet may stray, Nev - er, nev - er shall it

I will cher - ish, And where'er my feet may stray, Nev - er, nev - er shall it

per - ish, Or my love for you de - cay.

per - ish, Or my love for you de - cay.

2.

Farewell! and when thoughts depressing
 Rise for you within my breast,
 May my prayers bring down a blessing,
 Which on you and yours may rest.
 May another happy meeting
 All those doubts and fears dispel;
 Joyful, then, will be our greeting;
 And till then, dear friends, farewell.

REJOICE, REJOICE.

A CHORUS FROM "MACBETH."

Re - joice, rejoice, re - joice, rejoice, re - joice, rejoice, the hour at length will come; And

Re - joice, &c.

The first system of music is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff contains the vocal melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Re - joice, rejoice, re - joice, rejoice, re - joice, rejoice, the hour at length will come; And Re - joice, &c."

soon a dear and well-known voice Will bid us wel - come home; Dear - ly loved home,

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "soon a dear and well-known voice Will bid us wel - come home; Dear - ly loved home,"

Dear - ly loved home; Yes, we re - joice at thoughts of home.

The third system concludes the piece. The lyrics are: "Dear - ly loved home; Yes, we re - joice at thoughts of home."

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