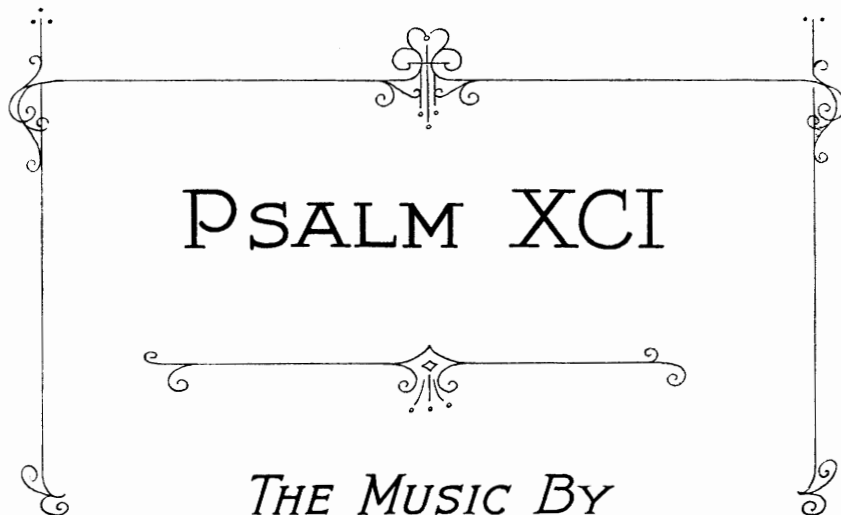


W.H. Neidlinger



HE THAT DWELLETH IN THE SECRET PLACE



PSALM XCI



THE MUSIC BY

W.H. NEIDLINGER

High Voice

Low Voice

PRICE 60 CENTS

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY
CINCINNATI NEW YORK LONDON
"THE HOUSE DEVOTED TO THE PROGRESS OF AMERICAN MUSIC"

He that Dwelleth in the Secret Place

The Text from
Psalm XCI

The Music by
W. H. NEIDLINGE

Largo

Largo (♩ = 50)

mp *p* *loco*

p

He that dwell - eth in the se - cret place of the Most

High ——— Shall a - bide un - der the

mp *rit.* *3*

mp *rit.* *3*

shad - ow of the Al - might - y. Be-cause thou hast

mf *mp*

mf

made the Lord, which is my ref - uge, ev - en the Most High

f *mp* *f*

thy hab - i - ta - tion; There shall no e - vil be - fall thee,

rit. *a tempo* *p* *rit.* *p a tempo*

mp accel. *rit.* *pp piu lento*

There shall no e - vil be - fall thee. For He shall give His

mp accel. *rit.* *pp piu lento*

an - gels charge ov - er thee, — to keep thee in all thy ways. —

mp

mf (♩ = 126)

Be - cause he hath set his love up - on me,

mf (♩ = 126)

f *molto rit.*

I will — hon - or him, and de - liv - er him. —

f *molto rit.*

(♩ = 56) *accel.*

With long life will I sat-is-fy him, and show him my sal-

(♩ = 56) *accel.*

rit.

va-tion: With long life will I sat-is-fy him, and

rit.

accel. *Tempo I.*

show him my sal-va-tion, my sal-va-tion.

accel. *Tempo I.*

loco

mf *mp* *p* *pp*

Two Impressive, Tender Songs.

by

W. H. NEIDLINGER



My Mammy.

:-:

Oh, The Little Rose That Died.

Each Song in Two Keys

PRICE 50c EACH

MY MAMMY

No song of sentiment is more universally a favorite than is the true "Mammy" song.

This one by W. H. Neidlinger (whose Southern dialect songs have for years been representative of the type) is bound to make a wide appeal.

It illumines, by fascinating rhythm and delightful melody, those characteristics which, to our minds, Mammy alone represents.

"My Mammy done teach me, long ago,
Mos' gentle an' lovin', all she know."

Who but Mammy could suggest these lines? And in the end—

"Dat angel come back an' say—
Kaint be real bad if she love him dat way."

brings strange comfort to our common consciousness of failure to "do like we should."

We may disagree as to what a love song should be, but about a Mammy song there is no question. Any song which touches the common consciousness is a good recital song, or a good song to sing for one's own pleasure—and "My Mammy" peculiarly fits this definition.

OH, THE LITTLE ROSE THAT DIED

There is one great asset in a song—the unity of melody and accompaniment. Such songs are "artist's" songs in the truest sense, lending themselves to the highest form of the finished artistry of a fine recitalist.

The simple verses about the little rose and its strivings are, of course, not at all about the rose, but about a bigger thing, and thereby enters the drama.

With the accompaniment producing the proper mental atmosphere, the melody lures one to plumb the full depth of the seriousness underlying the charming verses, and thus the singer's task is made easy, or rather, the possibilities of the singer's opportunity are enhanced.

The song is equally effective for either high or low voice and in neither key is the range a difficult one.

The John Church Company

Cincinnati

New York

London

"The House devoted to the Progress of American Music"