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THE POCKET SING-SONG BOOK is designed to provide in a portable volume a collection of unison songs of the best type that will, it is hoped, be found welcome in camps, ships, clubs, class-rooms, and wherever "sing-song" gatherings are popular. A number of the songs will serve as marching tunes.

Simple accompaniments are given, except in the case of a few Folk-songs, where such aids are dispensable. If, however, accompaniments to these songs are desired, they are to be found in Novello's School Series, at 1½d. each song. Any of the other songs in the collection can also be obtained separately at 1d. or 1½d. each. The songs are generally printed in low keys, in order, as far as possible, to suit all voices. A competent pianist can, if necessary, easily transpose to other keys.

W. G. McN.

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National Hymns

God save the King.

Composed by Dr. JOHN BULL.
Harmonized by VINCENT NOVELLO.

1. God save our gra - cious King, Long live our no - ble King, God save the

Doh
is G. { | d : d : r | t, : - d : r | m : m : f | m : - r : d | r : d : t, | }

King! Send him vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and glo - - ri - ous,

{ | d : - : || s : s : s | s : - f : m | f : f : f | f : - m : r | }

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Long to . . reign o - - ver us, God . . save the King!

{ | m : f . m : r . d | m : - f : s | l . s, f : m : r | d : - : || }

1 God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King!

2 O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall:
Confound their politics;
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On Thee our hopes we fix;
God save us all.

3 Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign!
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King!

Words by THOMSON.

Rule, Britannia.

Composed by Dr. ARNE (1710—1778).

1. When Bri - tain first . . . at Heav'n's com-mand, A - rose from out the

This system contains the first line of the vocal melody and the first two staves of the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand treble staff and a left-hand bass staff.

a - - zure main, a - rose, a - rose, a - rose from out the a - zure.. main,

This system contains the second line of the vocal melody and the second two staves of the piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment continues with a right-hand treble staff and a left-hand bass staff.

This was the charter, the char-ter of the land, And guar - dian an - - gels sang the strain,

This system contains the third line of the vocal melody and the third two staves of the piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment continues with a right-hand treble staff and a left-hand bass staff.

Rule, Bri-tan-nia! Bri - tannia rule the waves, Bri - tons never, never, nev-er shall be slaves.

col Sve to the end.

This system contains the fourth line of the vocal melody and the fourth two staves of the piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment continues with a right-hand treble staff and a left-hand bass staff. The system concludes with the instruction 'col Sve to the end.'

Rule, Britannia.

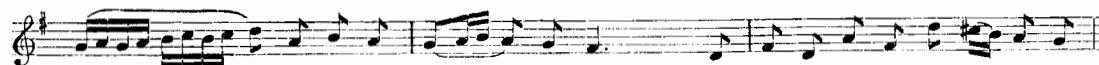
Words by THOMSON.

Composed by DR. ARNE (1710—1778).



1. When Bri - tain first at Heav'n's com-mand, A -
 2. The na - tions not so blest as.. thee, Must
 3. Still more ma - - jes - - - tie shalt thou rise, More
 4. The mu - - ses still with free . - - - dom found, Shall

Doh is { .s₁ | d :d | d ,r .m ,f :s .d | r :- .m ,f | m :- .s₁ }



- rose from out the a - - zure main, a - rose, a - rose, a - rose from out the
 in their turn to ty - - rants fall, must in their turn, must in their turn to
 dread - - - - ful from each fo - - reign stroke, more dread-ful, dread-ful, dread-ful . from each
 to thy hap-py coast . . . re - pair, shall to thy hap-py coast, thy hap-py

{ | d ,r ,d ,r :m ,f ,m ,f | s .r :m .r | ^{D.t.} d^f .s ,l :s .f | m :- .d | m .d :s .m | d¹ .t ,l :s .f }



- a - zure . . main, This was the char-ter, the char-ter of the land, And
 ty - rants fall. While thou shalt flou-rish, shalt flou-rish great and free, The
 fo - reign stroke, As the loud blast.. the blast that rends the sky, Serves
 coast re - pair, Blest Isle with beau-ty, with matchless beau-ty crown'd, And

{ | m :r .,d | d^s , : | d :d .,s | l₁ .f₁ : .d | f .m :r .d | t₁ :- .r }



- guar - dian an - - gels sang this strain.
 dread and en - - vy of them all.
 but to root . . . thy na - tive oak.
 man - ly hearts . . to guard the fair.

Rule, Bri-tan-nia! Bri -

{ | s :f | m ,d ,f ,r :s .f | m :r | d :- || m :- .m | f .f : .m }



- tan-nia rule the waves, Bri - tons never, never, nev-er shall be slaves.

{ | f .m :r .d | t₁ :- | s :f | m ,d ,f ,r :s .f | m :r | d :- ||

The Marseillaise.

English Words by W. G. ROTHERY.

Vigorously. Alla marcia.

The Original Words and Music by ROUGET DE LISLE.

1. Yesons of
2. O, hallow'd

Doh is G.

Vigorously. Alla marcia.

France a - rise un - - daunt - - ed, The glorious day flames in the sky, Ty-rant
 love of home and coun - - try Sus-tain and guide us in the fray, Sa-cred

{ | d : d | r : r | s : - m | d . , d : m , d | l : f | - : r , t | d : - | : d , r }

8ve

THE MARSEILLAISE.

hordes with fu - ry as-sail you, See their blood-stained ban - ners are nigh, See their
 Lib - er - ty our . . watch - word, Lends us aid in com - bat to - day, Lends us

{ | m : m | m : f , m | m : r | : r , m | f : f | f : s , f | m : - | : s , s }

8ve.

blood - stained ban - ners are nigh! With-in your vales foe - men are stri - ding, Hark!
 aid in . . com - bat to - day, Beneath our flag, vic - t'ry se - cu - ring, Proud

{ | s : m , d | s : m , d | s : - | : , s : s : s | r : - | f : r , t | d : d | t a : - }

mf

THE MARSEILLAISE.

mf

hark to their shouts o'er the lands, They come to slay with ruth-less
 foe - men in death hear the call, And know that vanquished ye must

{ | 1, :d „d | d :t, „d | r :— | :r t, | d :— .d | t, .d :r .d }

mf

Ped. * *Ped.* *

hands, fall, Sons be-lov'd and com - rades con - fi - ding. To
 For our faith and might are en - dur - ing. 3.G.

{ | t, :— | — :d „t, | 1, :— .1, | d :t, „1, | 1, :se, | : „m s }

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

THE MARSEILLAISE.

Firmly.

arms, . . . to arms, ye brave! . . . Our fa - - - ther-land to save! March

{ | s :— | — „s :m „d | r :— | — . : „s | s :— | — „s :m „d | r :— | — :s }

f

on, march on, all hearts re - solved . . . on

{ | d :— | — :r | m :— | — : | f :— | s :1 | r :— | — . :1 }

Marcato.

Sve

THE MARSEILLAISE.

Optional Three-part arrangement, see next page.

lib - er - ty or death, march on, march on,

{ | s : - | - „m:f „r | d : - | || s₁ | d : - | - :r | m : - | - : - }

cres. ff

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

all hearts re - solved on lib - er - ty or death.

{ | f : - | s : l | r : - | - : l | s : - | - „m:f „r | d : - | - ||

ff

Ped. * Ped. *

THE MARSEILLAISE.

Optional Three-part Chorus, S.S.A.

March on, march on, all hearts re -

March on, . . . march on, . . . all . . . hearts re -

- solved on lib - er - ty or death.

- solved . . . on lib - er - ty or death.

f Doh is G.

{ | s₁ | d : - | - :r | m : - | - : - | f : - | s : l |

March on, march on, all hearts re -

{ | s₁ | s₁ : - | d : t₁ | d : - | ta₁ : - | l₁ : - | d : d |

{ | s₁ | m₁ : - | - :s₁ | s₁ : - | - : - | f₁ : r₁ | m₁ : f₁ |

{ | r : - | - : l | s : - | - „m:f „r | d : - | -

solved on lib - er - ty or death.

{ | t₁ : - | d : r | m : - | - „d : r „t₁ | d₁ : - | -

{ | s₁ : - | l₁ : t₁ | d : - | - „d : s₁ „f₁ | m₁ : - | -

The Russian National Hymn.

Words adapted by H. F. CHORLEY.

Composed by Lvov.

1. God the all - ter - ri - ble! King, Who or - dain - - est
 2. God the Om - ni - po - tent! Might - - y A - ven - - ger,
 3. God the all - mer - ci - ful! earth has for - sa - ken
 4. So shall Thy chil - dren, in thank - ful de - vo - tion,

Doh is E♭. { s :— | l :l | s :— m | d :— | d' :— | t :l | s :— | l :— }

Thun - - der Thy clar - - ion, the light - - ning Thy sword;
 Watch - - ing in - vis - - i - ble, judg - - ing un - heard;
 Thy ways of bless - - ed - ness - slight - - ed Thy word;
 Laud Him who saved them from pe - - ril ab - horr'd,

{ f :— | s :s | m :— | m' | :t, | d :— | t, :t, | m :— | — :— }

THE RUSSIAN NATIONAL HYMN.

mp Show forth Thy pi - - ty on high . . where Thou reign - - est;
mp Doom us not Thy now in the hour . . rors of a dan - - ger;
mp Bid not Thy wrath in its ter - - o - - rors a - - wa - - ken;
f Sing ing in cho - rus from o - - cean to o - - cean,

{ | f :— | m :r | m :— | m :m | d' :— t | l :se | l :— | s :— }

p Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
p Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
p Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
f Peace to the na - tions and praise to the Lord.

{ | d' :— | t :l | s :— | s :f | m :— | r :— | d :— | — :— || d :— | — :— || }

D.C. for Verses 2, 3, 4. Last Verse.

The Belgian National Song.

French words by JENNEVAL.

English words by W. G. ROTHERY.

Composed by F. CAMPENHOUT.

The wea-ry years of . . . thrall are . . . end - - - ed, And . . . Bel - gium is free as of
A - près des siè - cles . . . d'es - cla - va - - - ge, Le . . . Bel - ge, sor-tant du tom -

Doh
is C. | „s:m „f | s : l „t | d' „t : d' „m' | s :- „l | s : t „d' | r' : r' „r' | r' : d' „t |

old, Saved by her sons' he-ro - ic va - - - lour, Her name, her flag she will up -
beau, A re-con-quis par son cou-ra - - - ge, Son nom. ses droits et son dra -

| d' :- | - : | s : l „t | d' „t : d' „r' | t :- „r' d' | t : „s | s :- „t | r' „r' : d' „l |

THE BELGIAN NATIONAL SONG.

- hold. In her might, new - ly born, re - joice - - - ing, Her
- peau. Et ta main sou - veraine et . . . fiè - - - re, Peu -

{ | s : - | : s „s | s : s „s | s : l „t | r' : - | d' : „d' |

peo - ple, u - ni - ted and free, Em - blaz - - on on her an - cient
- ple dé - sorm-ais . . in - domp - té Gra - va sur ta vieil-le ban -

{ | t : t „t | d' „t : d' „m' | r' : - | : s „t | d' : - „d' | d' „d' : r' „d' |

ban - - ner, For King, for Law, for Lib - er - ty, Em -
 - nië - - re Le Roi, la Loi, la Lib - er - té! Gra -

{ | t : - „d' | r' : „r' | d' : - .d' | d' „r' : r' .d' | t : - | : t „r' }

REFRAIN.

- blaz - on on her an-cient ban - - ner, For King, for Law, for Lib-er - ty, For ..
 - va sur ta vieil-le ban-nië - - re Le Roi, la Loi, la Lib-er - té! Le ..

{ | d' : - „s | m' „r' : d' „t | l : - | l : „r' | d' : - „d' | t „l : t „r' | d' : - | : s „r' }

King, for Law, for Lib - er - ty, for .. King, for Law, for Lib - er - ty.
 Roi, la Loi, la Lib - er - té! le .. Roi, la Loi, la Lib - er - té!

{ | m' : - „d' | t „s : l „s | s : - | : s „m' | m' : - „d' | t „l : t „r' | d' : - || }

Verse II.

Within the | ranks we fold our | brothers,
 So | long from our side kept a- | part,
 | Belgians, Batavians, now u- | nited
 In | peace and friendship, heart to | heart.
 Neer a- | gain shall the bond be | severed,
 That | holds us where'er we may | be,
 With | heart and voice the cry re- | peating,
 For | King, for Law, for Liber- | ty. } twice.
 (Refrain as before.)

Ouvrons nos | rangs à d'anciens | frères,
 De | nous trop longtemps désu- | nis,
 | Belges, Bataves plus de | guer-res,
 Les | peuples libres sont a- | mis.
 A ja- | mais resserrons en- | sem-ble,
 Les | liens de fraterni- | té,
 Et qu'un | même cri nous ra- | ssem-ble } bis.
 Le | Roi, la Loi, la Liber- | té! }
 (Refrain as before.)

Verse III.

To thee, dear | Belgium our Mother so | cherished,
 Our | hearts and our arms thee we | give,
 | Freely for thee, beloved | country,
 Our | blood shall flow that thou mayst | live.
 Ever | strong in honour and | freedom,
 Side by | side shall thy sons fight for | thee,
 And | gain thro' thee immortal | glory, } twice.
 For | King, for Law, for Liber- | ty. }
 (Refrain as before.)

O | Belgique, O Mère ché- | ri-e
 A | toi nos cœurs à toi nos | bras,
 A | toi notre sang ô Pa- | tri-e
 Nous | le jurons tous, tu viv- | ras!
 Tu viv- | ras toujours grande et | bel-le
 Et ton in- | vincible u - ni- | té,
 Au- | ra pour devise immor- | tel-le, } bis
 Le | Roi, la Loi, la Liber- | té! }
 (Refrain as before.)

Kimi-ga-yo (Reign of my Sovereign).

NATIONAL ANTHEM OF JAPAN.

Words adapted by W. G. ROTHERY.

Arranged by JOHN E. WEST.

Lento e sostenuto. *sempre legato.*

1. May the might - y Em - peror reign, While on high the ..
 2. Till the my - riad grains of sand In - to high moss - grown

In the "Ray" mode.
Doh is { | r : d | r : m | s : m | r : — | m : s | l : s . l }

Lento e sostenuto. ♩ - 66.

pp *p*

sun en - dur - eth, Throned in might, Truth and right,
 rock are weld - ed, May he rest, Loved and blest,

{ | r' : t | l : s | m : s | l : — | r' : d' | r' : — }

mf

KIMI-GA-YO.

Lord of all on land and main, A - ges long
 Mon - arch of our na - tive land; Strong and sure

{ | m : s | l : s | m : — . s | r : — | l : d' | r' : — }

pp rit.

May the might - y Em - peror reign.
 May the Em - peror's reign en - dure.

{ | d' : r' | l : s | l : s . m | r : — }

pp rit.

This is the official Air of Japan. The words were written by an Empress and the tune composed by an Emperor in the 17th Century.

The Maple Leaf for ever.

(CANADIAN NATIONAL SONG.)

Composed by ALEXANDER MUIR.

Con spirito.

1. In days of yore, from Brit-ain's shore, Wolfe the daunt-less he-ro came, And
 2. At Queens-ton Heights and Lun-dy's Lane, Our brave fa-thers, side by side, For
 3. Our fair Do-min-ion now ex-tends From Cape Race to Noot-ka Sound; May
 4. On mer-ry Eng-land's far-famed land May kind Hea-ven sweet-ly smile; God

Doh is B7. { :s₁ | m₁ :s₁ | m :- d | l₁ :d | s₁ :- | t₁ :- d | r :d | t₁ :l₁ | s₁ :- f₁ }

Con spirito.

plant-ed firm Brit-an-nia's flag On Can-a-da's fair... do-main. Here
 free-dom, homes, and loved ones dear, Firm-ly stood and no-bly died; And
 peace for ev-er be our lot, And plen-teous store... a-bound; And
 bless Old Scot-land ev-er-more, And Ire-land's Em-er-ald Isle! Then

{ | m₁ :s₁ | d :d | m :d | l₁ :t₁ d | r r :d | t₁ :l₁ s₁ | s₁ :- | :s₁ }

may it wave, our boast, our pride, And joined in love to-ge-ther, The
 those dear rights which they main-tained, We swear to yield them nev-er! Our
 may those ties of love be ours Which dis-cord can-not sev-er, And
 swell the song, both loud and long, Till rocks and for-est quiv-er. God

{ | l₁ :s₁ | d :- s₁ | l₁ :d | s₁ :- s₁ | l₁ :l₁ | f :- m | m r :- | :s₁ }

THE MAPLE LEAF FOR EVER.

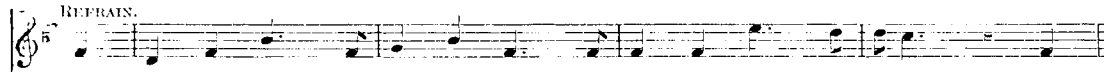
This-tle, Sham-rock, Rose en-twine The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 watch-word ev-er-more shall be The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 flour-ish green o'er Free-dom's home The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!

{ | s :m | d :t₁ | l₁ :d | s₁ :- s₁ | l₁ :f | m :- r | r d :- | ||

plant-ed firm Brit-an-nia's flag On Can-a-da's fair... do-main. Here
 free-dom, homes, and loved ones dear, Firm-ly stood and no-bly died; And
 peace for ev-er be our lot, And plen-teous store... a-bound; And
 bless Old Scot-land ev-er-more, And Ire-land's Em-er-ald Isle! Then

{ | m₁ :s₁ | d :d | m :d | l₁ :t₁ d | r r :d | t₁ :l₁ s₁ | s₁ :- | :s₁ }

REFRAIN.

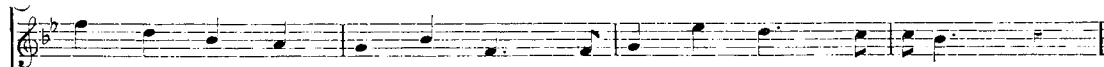


The Ma - ple Leaf, our em - blem dear, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er! God
3rd V. And

{ :s₁ | m₁ :s₁ | d :- s₁ | l₁ :d | s₁ :- s₁ | s₁ :s₁ | f :- m | m .r :- | :s₁ }



Sua.....



save our King, and Hea - ven bless The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er!
flour - ish green o'er Free - dom's home,

{ | s :m | d :t₁ | l₁ :d | s₁ :- s₁ | l₁ :f | m :- r | r .d :- : ||



Sua.....

Marching Songs

The British Grenadiers.

Old English.

Quickly, in quick step time.

1. Some talk of Al - ex - an - - der, and some of Her - cu - les; Of

Doh is { :s₁ | d :s₁ | d :r | m :— | r :m .f | s :d | m .r :d .t₁ | d :— | — :s₁ }

F.

Quickly, in quick step time.

Hec - tor and Ly - san - - der and such great names as . . these.

{ | d :s₁ | d :r | m :— | r :m .f | s :d | m .r :d .t₁ | d :— | — ||

Hec - tor and Ly - san - - der and such great names as . . these.

{ | d :s₁ | d :r | m :— | r :m .f | s :d | m .r :d .t₁ | d :— | — ||

Hec - tor and Ly - san - - der and such great names as . . these.

{ | d :s₁ | d :r | m :— | r :m .f | s :d | m .r :d .t₁ | d :— | — ||

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS.

SOLO, then CHORUS.

But of all the world's brave he - - roes, there's none that can com - pare,

{ :m .f | s :— .l | s :f | m :— .f | s :d | l :l | s .f :m .r | d :— | t₁ ||

With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, to the Brit - ish Gren - a - diers.

{ :s₁ .s₁ | d :s₁ | d :r | m :— | r :m .f | s :d | m .r :d .t₁ | d :— | — ||

After every verse.

With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, to the Brit - ish Gren - a - diers.

{ :s₁ .s₁ | d :s₁ | d :r | m :— | r :m .f | s :d | m .r :d .t₁ | d :— | — ||

With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, to the Brit - ish Gren - a - diers.

{ :s₁ .s₁ | d :s₁ | d :r | m :— | r :m .f | s :d | m .r :d .t₁ | d :— | — ||

2 Those heroes of antiquity ne'er saw a cannon-ball,
Or knew the force of powder to slay their foes withal;
But our brave boys do know it, and banish all their
fears; &c.

3 Where'er we are commanded to storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fusees, and we with hand-grenades;
We throw them from the glacis, about the enemies'
ears; &c.

4 And when the siege is over, we to the town repair,
The townsmen cry, "Hurra, boys here comes a Grenadier,
Here come the Grenadiers, my boys, who know no doubts
or fears!" &c.

5 Then let us fill a bumper and drink a health to those
Who carry caps and pouches, and wear the loupèd clothes;
May they and their commanders live happy all their
years, &c.

The Mermaid.

Old English.

1. One . . Fri - - - day morn, . . . when we . . . set . . . sail, And our

Doh is :m .f | s :s .m | s :s .l | s .f :m .r | d :s .s }

D. { :m .f | s :s .m | s :s .l | s .f :m .r | d :s .s }

ship not far from . . land, We . . there did es-py . . a . .

{ | l :f | d' :t .l | s :— | — :l .t | d' :d' .d' | d' .t :s .m }

THE MERMAID.

fair . . pret - ty maid, With a comb and a glass . . in her hand, her hand, her hand, with a

{ | f .m :f .s | l :t .d' | s :s .m | s .f :r .m | d .r :m .f | s :d' .l }

CHORUS.

comb and a glass . . in her hand. v. 1. While the } ra - ging seas . . did . .
v. 2, 3, 4. For the }

{ | s :s .m | s .f :r .m | d :— | — || m .f | s :m | s .f :r .t }

c

roar, And the storm-y winds did . . blow, And . .

{ | d :— |— : d „d | l : f | d' : t „l | s :— |— : l „t }

we, jol-ly sail-or boys, were up, . . up a-loft And the land lub-bers ly-ing down be-

{ | d' : d' „d' | d' „t : s „m | f „m : f „s | l : t „d' | s : s „m | s „f : r „m }

. low, be-low, be-low, And the land lub-bers ly-ing down be-low.

{ | d „r : m „f | s : d' „l | s : s „m | s „f : r „m | d :— |— ||

col Sea

2 Then up spoke the Captain of our gallant ship,
Who at once our peril did see,
"I have married a wife in fair London town,
And this night she a widow will be."
For the raging seas, &c.

3 And then up spoke the little cabin boy,
And a fair hair'd boy was he,
"I've a father and mother in fair Portsmouth town,
And this night they will weep for me."
For the raging seas, &c.

4 Then three times round went our gallant ship,
And three times round went she ;
For the want of a lifeboat they all went down,
As she sunk to the bottom of the sea.
For the raging seas, &c.

March of the Men of Harlech.

Words by WILLIAM DUTHIE.

Welsh Air.

Allegro marziale.

mf

1. Men of Har-lech! in the hol-low, Do ye hear, like rush-ing bil-low, Wave on wave that
 2. Rock-y steep-s and pass-es nar-row Flash with spear and flight of ar-row, Who would think of

Doh is
F. { d : -, t₁ | l₁ : -, t₁ | d : r | m : d | f : m | r : d | t₁ : l₁ | t₁ : s₁ | d : -, t₁ | l₁ : -, t₁ }

Allegro marziale. ♩ = 120.

surg-ing fol-low, Bat-tle's dis-tant sound? 'Tis the tramp of Sax-on foe-men,
 death or sor-row? Glo-ry crowns us now! Hurl the reel-ing horse-men o-ver!

{ d : r | m : l | s, m. : - | r : -, m | d : - | - : | d : -, t₁ | l₁ : -, t₁ | d : r | m : d }

MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH.

cres.

Sax-on spear-men, Sax-on bow-men— Be they knights, or hinds, or yoc-men, They shall bite the
 Let the earth dead foe-men cov-er! Fate of friend, of wife, of lov-er, Trem-bles on a

{ f : m | r : d | t₁ : l₁ | t₁ : s₁ | d : -, t₁ | l₁ : -, t₁ | d : r | m : l | s : -, m | r : -, m }

cres.

mf

ground! Loose the folds a-sun-der, Flag we con-quer un-der; The
 blow! Strands of life are riv-en; Blow for blow is giv-en. In

{ d : | : | r : -, d | t₁ : -, d | r : r | : | s : -, f | m : -, f | s : s | : -, s }

mf

cres. *f*

pla - cid sky, now bright on high, Shall launch its bolts in thun-der!
 dead - ly lock, or bat - tle shock, And mer-cy shrieks to hea-ven!

On-ward! 'tis our coun-try needs us!
 Men of Har-lech, young and hoar-y,

{ | s : -, f | m : -, f | s : -, f | m : -, f | s, l : s, f | m, r : m, f | s : s | : | l : l | s : s | f : f | m : m }

cres. *f*

The musical score for 'March of the Men of Harlech' is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in G major, 4/4 time, and features a melody with various dynamics including crescendo and forte. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and arpeggiated figures. The lyrics are printed below the voice staff, and a rhythmic notation is provided for the first line of the lyrics.

ff

He is bra-vest, he who leads us! Hon-our's self now proud-ly heads us! Cambria, God, and Right!
 Would you win a name in sto-ry! Strike for home, for life, for glo-ry! Cambria, God, and Right!

{ | r, m : f, m | r : d | t, : l, | t, : s, | d : -, t, | l, : -, t, | d : r | m : l | s, m, : - | r : -, m | d : - | - : || }

The musical score continues with a second system. The voice part features a melody with a forte dynamic. The piano accompaniment includes chords and arpeggiated figures. The lyrics are printed below the voice staff, and a rhythmic notation is provided for the first line of the lyrics.

English March Tune, "Brighton Camp." 18th Century.

Date of words, about 1759.

p

1. I'm lone - some since I cross'd the hill, And o'er the moor and val - - ley,
 Doh is E? { : d' . t | l : f | m : r | m : d | l, : - . t, | d : d | d, r : m, f | s : - | m || }

The musical score for 'The girl I left behind me' is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in G major, 4/4 time, and features a melody with various dynamics including piano. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and arpeggiated figures. The lyrics are printed below the voice staff, and a rhythmic notation is provided for the first line of the lyrics.

Such hea - vy . . thoughts my heart do fill, Since part-ing with my Sal - - ly.
 { : d' . t | l : s, f | m : r | m : d | l, : d | t, d : r | s, : t, | d : - . r | d || }

The musical score continues with a second system. The voice part features a melody with a piano dynamic. The piano accompaniment includes chords and arpeggiated figures. The lyrics are printed below the voice staff, and a rhythmic notation is provided for the first line of the lyrics.

I . . seek no more the fine or gay, For each does but re - mind me

cres. *f*

How swift - ly . . pass'd the hours a - way With the girl I left be - hind . . me.

f *p*

1. I'm lone - some since I cross'd the hill, And o'er the moor and val - - ley, me,
2. Oh, ne'er shall I for - get the night, The stars were bright a - bove shi - - ning,
3. Her gol - den hair in ring - lets fair, Her eyes like dia - monds rang - - er,
4. The bee shall hon - ey taste no more, The dove be - come a . . rang - - er,
Doh is Eb. { :d'.t | l :s.f | m :r | m :d | l, :- .t, | d :d | d.r :m.f | s :- | m ||

Such hea - vy thoughts my heart do fill, Since part - ing with my Sal - - ly.
And gen - tly lent their sil - v'ry light, When first she vow'd to love . . me.
Her slen - der waist, with car - riage chaste, May leave the swan re - pi - - ning.
The fall - ing wa - ters cease to roar, Ere I . . shall seek to change . . her.

I . . seek no more the fine or gay, For each does but re - mind me
But now I'm bound to Bright - on * camp, Kind hea - ven, then pray, guide me,
Ye gods a - bove, O hear my prayer, To my beau - teous fair bind me,
The vows we reg - is - ter'd a - bove Shall ev - er cheer and bind me,

How swift - ly pass'd the hours a - way With the girl I've left be - hind . . me.
And send me safe - ly back a - gain To the girl I've left be - hind . . me.
And send me safe - ly back a - gain To the girl I've left be - hind . . me.
In con - stan - cy to her I love, The girl I've left be - hind . . me.

* Or other camp.

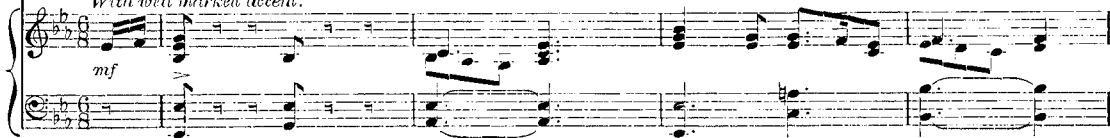
Wi' a hundred Pipers.

Scotch Air.

With well marked accent.

1. Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an' a', an' a', Wi' a hun dred pi - pers an' a', an' a',
 2. Oh! our sod - ger lads... look'd braw, look'd braw, Wi' their tar - tan, kilt, .. an' a', an' a'.
 3. O... wha is fore - most o' a', o' a'? O wha does fol - low the blaw, the blaw?

Doh is { :d .r | n :— :s, | s, :— :l, :s, | l, :— :d | d :— :l, l | s :— :m | m :— :r :d | r :— :r | r :— ||
Et.

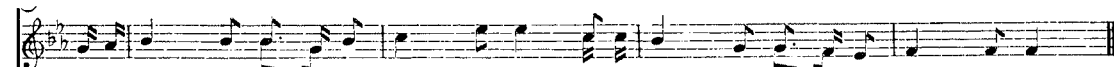
With well marked accent.

We'll up .. an' gie them a blaw, a blaw, Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an' a', an' a'!
 Wi' bon - nets, fea - thers, an' glitt'r in' gear, An' pi - brochs sound - in' sweet and clear.
 Bon-nie Char-lie, the Prince o' us a', hur-rah! Wi' his hun - dred pi - pers an' a', an' a'.

{ :d .r | n :m :s, | s, :— :l, :s, | l, :— :d | d :— :l, l | s :— :m | r :— :m :r | d :— :d | d :— ||

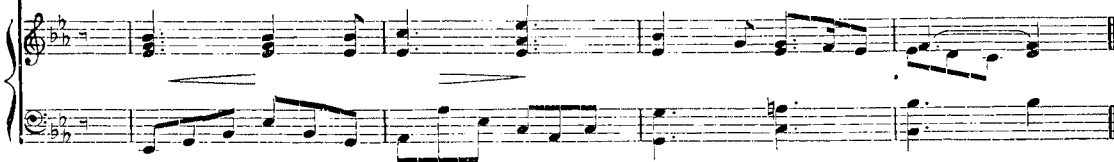


WI' A HUNDRED PIPERS.



O, it's owre the Bor-der, a - wa', a - wa', It's owre the Bor-der, a - wa', a - wa',
 Will they a' re - turn to their ain dearglen? Will they a' re - turn, .. oor Hie - land men?
 His bonnet an' fea - ther he's wa - vin' high, His pranc - in' steed just seems to fly;

{ :m .f | s :— :s | s :— :m :s | l :— :d' | d' :— :l, l | s :— :m | m :— :r :d | r :— :r | r :— ||



We'll on and we'll march to Car - lisle ha', Wi' its yetts, its cas - tle, an' a', an' a'.
 Second-sicht - ed San - dy look'd fu' wae, An' mi - thers grat when they march'd a - way.
 The nor' wind sweeps thro' his gold - en hair, An' the pi - brochs blaw wi' an un - co flare.

{ :m .f | s :— :s :s | s :l :t | d' :— :d' | d' :— :t, l | s :— :m | r :— :m :r | d :— :d | d :— ||



CHORUS. After every verse.

Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an' a', an' a, Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an' a, an' a!

{ :d.r | m :— :s, | s, :— .l, :s, | l, :— :d | d :— :l.l | s :— :m | m :— .r :d | r :— :r | r :— ||

We'll up an' gie them a blaw, a blaw, Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an' a', an' a!

{ :d.r | m :— :s, | s, :— .l, :s, | l, :— :d | d :— :l.l | s :— :m | r :— .m :r | d :— :d | d :— ||

Old Air.

With great spirit. Quickly.

1. D'ye ken John Peel, with his coat so gay? D'ye ken John Peel at the break of day? D'ye

Doh is { :m .m | s :s | m :m .m | s :s | m :m .m | f :f | r :r .r | f :f | r :r .r }

D. { :m .m | s :s | m :m .m | s :s | m :m .m | f :f | r :r .r | f :f | r :r .r }

With great spirit. Quickly.

ken John Peel when he's far, far a - way, With his hounds and his horn in the morn - - ing?

{ | d :d | d' :d' .t | t :l .l | s :f .m | l :f .r | d :t, t, | r :— | d ||

CHORUS.

For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed, And the cry of his hounds, which he oft - times led,

{ :m .m | s :s .s | m :m | s :s .s | m :m .m | f :f .f | r :r .r | f :f | r :— }



Peel's "View halloo" would a - wa - ken the dead, Or a fox from his lair in the morn - - ing.

{ |d :d „d|d' :d' .t | t :l .l | s :f .m | l :f .r | d :t, .t, | r :— | d : || }



With great spirit. Quickly.

mf

2. Yes, I ken John Peel, and Ru - by too, Let's Ran - ter and Ring - wood,
 3. Then here's to John Peel, from my heart and soul, Let's drink to his health, let's
 4. D'y'e ken John Peel, with his coat so gay? He lived at Trout - beck

Doh is
D. { :m .m | s :s | m :m .m | s :s | m :m | f :f .f | r :r }

Bell - man and True, From a find to a check, from a check to a view, From a
 finish once the on a bowl, We'll follow John Peel thro' fair and thro' foul, If we
 Now day, day, Now he has gone far, far a - way, We shall

{ |f :f | r :r .r | d :d | d' :d' .t | t :l .l | s :f .m }

{ d d .d | d' :— .t | }

CHORUS.

view to a death in the morn - - ing.
 want a good hunt in the morn - - ing.
 ne'er hear his voice in the morn - - ing.

{ |l :f .r | d :t, .t, | r :— | d : || }

For the sound of his horn brought

{ ||m .m | s :s .s | m :m }

me from my bed, And the cry of his hounds, which he oft - times led,

{ |s :s .s | m :m .m | f :f .f | r :r .r | f :f | r :— }

Peel's "View halloo" would a - wa - ken the dead, Or a fox from his lair in the morn - - ing.

{ |d :d „d|d' :d' .t | t :l .l | s :f .m | l :d .r | d :t, .t, | r :— | d : || }

Charlie is my darling.

Words by Lady NAIRNE.

Allegro.

Scotch.

*mf**S*

Lah is C. Doh is E2.

Oh! Char-lie is my dar-ling, my

*Allegro.**f**ff**mf*

FINE after last verse.

dar-ling, my dar-ling, Oh! Char-lie is my dar-ling, The young Che-va-lier.

{ | f :l „f | m :l „m | l „t :d „r | m :l „t | d' :t „l | l :- . || }

f

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

1. 'Twas on a Mon-day morn-ing, Right ear-ly in the year, When
 2. As he cam' march-in' up the street, The pipes play'd loud and clear, And
 3. Wi' Hie-land bon-nets on their heads, And clay-mores bright and clear; They
 4. They've left their bon-nie Hie-land hills, Their wives and bairn-ies dear, To
- { . l | se „m :ba „se | l „t :d' „l | se „m :ba „se | l :- .t }

Char-lie came to our town, The young Che-va-lier.
 a' the folk cam' rin-nin' out To meet the Che-va-lier.
 cam' to fight for Scot-land's right And the young Che-va-lier. Oh!
 draw the sword for Scot-land's lord, The young Che-va-lier.

{ | d' „t :d' „l | s „m :d „r | m f „r :m .d | t „m || }

Begone! dull care.

English Air, 17th Century.

Allegretto.

1. Be - gone! dull care, I pri- thee, be - gone from me, Be -
 2. Too much care Will make a young man turn grey, And

Doh is { :s₁ | d : - : - | r : - : - | m : - : - | - : - : f | s : l : s | f : m : f | m : - : - | - : - : s₁ }

F.

Allegretto. ♩ = 88.

f *mp*

mp

- gone! dull care, You and I . . shall ne - ver a - gree, Long
 too much care, Will turn an old man to clay, My

{ | d : - : - | r : - : - | m : - : - | f : - : f | m : f : m | r : d : r | d : - : - | - : - : m.f }

f *mp*

BEGONE! DULL CARE.

time hast thou been tar - rying here, And fain . . thou wouldst me kill, But i'
 wife shall dance and I will sing, So mer - ri - ly pass the day, For I

{ | s : - : s | s : - : m | f : - : f | f : - : r | m : f : s | s : f : m | m : - : - | r : - : s₁, s₁ }

f

faith, dull care, Thou nev - er shall have thy will,
 hold it one of the wi - sest things To drive dull care a - way,

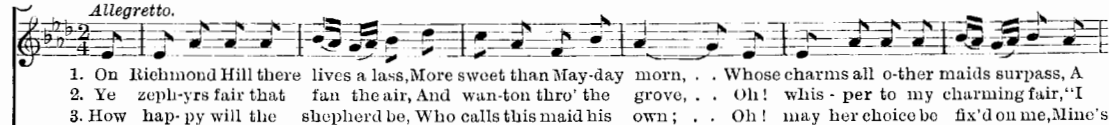
{ | d : - : d | r : r : r | m : - : m | m : - : f | m : f : m | r : d : r | d : - : - | - : - : || }

f

The Lass of Richmond Hill.

Words by LEONARD McNALLY.

Composed by JAMES HOOK, (1746—1829.)

Allegretto.


1. On Richmond Hill there lives a lass, More sweet than May-day morn, . . . Whose charms all o-ther maids surpass, A
 2. Ye zeph-yrs fair that fan the air, And wan-ton thro' the grove, . . . Oh! whis-per to my charming fair, "I
 3. How hap-py will the shepherd be, Who calls this maid his own; . . . Oh! may her choice be fix'd on me, Mine's

Doh is { .s₁ | s₁ .d :d .d | r,d,t₁,d:r .f | m .d :l₁ .r | d :t₁ .s₁ | s₁ .d :d .d | r,d,t₁,d:r .d }

Allegretto.

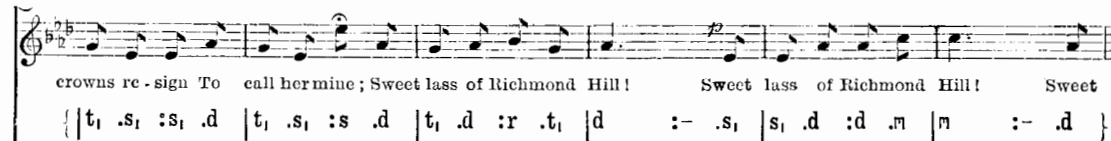

rose with-out a thorn.
 die for her I love." }
 fix'd on her a-lone.

This lass so neat, With smile so sweet, Has won my right good will, . . . I'd

{ | t₁ .s :l₁ .fe₁ | s₁ : .d | t₁ .s₁ :s₁ .d | t₁ .s₁ :s₁ .d | t₁ .r :f .m | m :r .d }



THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL. ;



crowns re-sign To call her mine; Sweet lass of Richmond Hill! Sweet lass of Richmond Hill! Sweet

{ | t₁ .s₁ :s₁ .d | t₁ .s₁ :s₁ .d | t₁ .d :r .t₁ | d :- .s₁ | s₁ .d :d .m | m :- .d }




lass of Richmond Hill! I'd crowns re-sign To call her mine; Sweet lass of Richmond Hill!

{ | t₁ .r :r .f | f :- .r | m .r:d .t₁ | d .l₁ :s₁ .f₁ | m₁ .s₁ :r₁ .t₁ | d :- .||



cres. *f*

ban - - ner, For King, for Law, for Lib - er - ty, Em -
 nù - - re Le Roi, la Loi, la Lib - er - té! Gra -

{ | t :- „d' | r' : „r' | d' :- „d' | d' „m' : r' „d' | t :- | : t „r' }

REFRAIN.

- blaz - on on her an-cient ban - - ner, For King, for Law, for Lib-er - ty, For ..
 - va sur ta vieil-le ban-niè - - re Le Roi, la Loi, la Lib-er - té! Le ...

{ | d' :- „s | m' „r' : d' „t | l :- | l : „r' | d' :- „d' | t „l : t „r' | d' :- | : s „m' }

King, for Law, for Lib - er - ty, for . . King, for Law, for Lib - er - ty.
 Roi, la Loi, la Lib - er - té! le . . Roi, la Loi, la Lib - er - té!

{ | m' :- „d' | t „s : l „s | s :- | : s „m' | m' :- „d' | t „l : t „r' | d' :- | }

Verse II.

Within the | ranks we fold our | brothers,
 So | long from our side kept a- | part,
 | Belgians, Batavians, now u- | nited
 In | peace and friendship, heart to | heart.
 Ne'er a- | gain shall the bond be | severed,
 That | holds us where'er we may | be,
 With | heart and voice the cry re- | peating, } twice.
 For | King, for Law, for Liber- | ty.
 (Refrain as before.)

Ouvrons nos | rangs à d'anciens | frères,
 De | nous trop longtemps désu- | nis,
 | Belges, Bataves plus de | quer-res,
 Les | peuples libres sont a- | mis.
 A ja- | mais resserrons en- | sem-ble,
 Les | liens de fraterni- | té,
 Et qu'un | même cri nous ra- | ssem-ble } bis.
 Le | Roi, la Loi, la Liber- | té!
 (Refrain as before.)

Verse III.

To thee, dear | Belgium our Mother so | cherished,
 Our | hearts and our arms thee we | give,
 | Freely for thee, beloved | country,
 Our | blood shall flow that thou mayst | live.
 Ever | strong in honour and | freedom,
 Side by | side shall thy sons fight for | thee,
 And | gain thro' thee immortal | glory, } twice.
 For | King, for Law, for Liber- | ty.
 (Refrain as before.)

O | Belgique, O Mère ché- | ri-e
 A | toi nos cœurs à toi nos | bras,
 A | toi notre sang ô Pa- | tri-e
 Nous | le jurons tous, tu viv- | ras!
 Tu viv- | ras toujours grande et | bel-le
 Et ton in- | vincible u - ni- | té,
 Au- | ra pour devise immor- | tel-le, } bis
 Le | Roi, la Loi, la Liber- | té!
 (Refrain as before.)

Kimi-ga-yo (Reign of my Sovereign).

NATIONAL ANTHEM OF JAPAN.

Words adapted by W. G. ROTHERY.

Arranged by JOHN E. WEST.

Lento e sostenuto. *sempre legato.*

1. May the might - y Em - peror reign, While on high the ..
 2. Till the my - riad grains of sand In - to high moss - grown

In the "Ray" mode.
Doh is { | r : d | r : m | s : m | r : — | m : s | l : s . l }

Lento e sostenuto. ♩ - 66.

pp *p*

sun en - dur - eth, Throned in might, Truth and right,
 rock are weld - ed, May he rest, Loved and blest,

{ | r' : t | l : s | m : s | l : — | r' : d' | r' : — }

mf

KIMI-GA-YO.

Lord of all on land and main, A - ges long
 Mon - arch of our na - tive land; Strong and sure

{ | m : s | l : s | m : — . s | r : — | l : d' | r' : — }

pp rit.

May the might - y Em - peror reign.
 May the Em - peror's reign en - dure.

{ | d' : r' | l : s | l : s . m | r : — }

pp rit.

This is the official Air of Japan. The words were written by an Empress and the tune composed by an Emperor in the 17th Century.

The Maple Leaf for ever.

(CANADIAN NATIONAL SONG.)

Composed by ALEXANDER MUIR.

Con spirito.

1. In days of yore, from Brit-ain's shore, Wolfe the daunt-less he-ro came, And
 2. At Queens-ton Heights and Lun-dy's Lane, Our brave fa-thers, side by side, For
 3. Our fair Do-min-ion now ex-tends From Cape Race to Noot-ka Sound; May
 4. On mer-ry Eng-land's far-famed land May kind Hea-ven sweet-ly smile; God

Doh is B7. { :s₁ | m₁ :s₁ | m :- d | l₁ :d | s₁ :- | t₁ :- d | r :d | t₁ :l₁ | s₁ :- f₁ }

Con spirito.

plant-ed firm Brit-an-nia's flag On Can-a-da's fair... do-main. Here
 free-dom, homes, and loved ones dear, Firm-ly stood and no-bly died; And
 peace for ev-er be our lot, And plen-teous store... a-bound; And
 bless Old Scot-land ev-er-more, And Ire-land's Em-er-ald Isle! Then

{ | m₁ :s₁ | d :d | m :d | l₁ :t₁ d | r r :d | t₁ :l₁ s₁ | s₁ :- | :s₁ }

may it wave, our boast, our pride, And joined in love to-ge-ther, The
 those dear rights which they main-tained, We swear to yield them nev-er! Our
 may those ties of love be ours Which dis-cord can-not sev-er, And
 swell the song, both loud and long, Till rocks and for-est quiv-er. God

{ | l₁ :s₁ | d :- s₁ | l₁ :d | s₁ :- s₁ | l₁ :l₁ | f :- m | m r :- | :s₁ }

THE MAPLE LEAF FOR EVER.

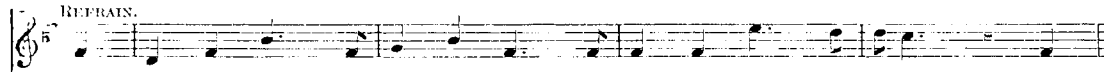
This-tle, Sham-rock, Rose en-twine The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 watch-word ev-er-more shall be The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 flour-ish green o'er Free-dom's home The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!

{ | s :m | d :t₁ | l₁ :d | s₁ :- s₁ | l₁ :f | m :- r | r d :- | }

plant-ed firm Brit-an-nia's flag On Can-a-da's fair... do-main. Here
 free-dom, homes, and loved ones dear, Firm-ly stood and no-bly died; And
 peace for ev-er be our lot, And plen-teous store... a-bound; And
 bless Old Scot-land ev-er-more, And Ire-land's Em-er-ald Isle! Then

{ | m₁ :s₁ | d :d | m :d | l₁ :t₁ d | r r :d | t₁ :l₁ s₁ | s₁ :- | :s₁ }

REFRAIN.

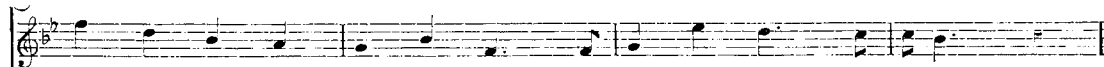


The Ma - ple Leaf, our em - blem dear, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er! God
3rd V. And

{ :s₁ | m₁ :s₁ | d :- s₁ | l₁ :d | s₁ :- s₁ | s₁ :s₁ | f :- m | m .r :— | :s₁ }



Sua.....



save our King, and Hea - ven bless The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er!
flour - ish green o'er Free - dom's home,

{ | s :m | d :t₁ | l₁ :d | s₁ :- s₁ | l₁ :f | m :- r | r .d :— : ||



Sua.....

Marching Songs

The British Grenadiers.

Old English.

Quickly, in quick step time.

1. Some talk of Al - ex - an - - der, and some of Her - cu - les; Of

Doh is { :s₁ | d :s₁ | d :r | m :— | r :m .f | s :d | m .r :d .t₁ | d :— | — :s₁ }

F.

Quickly, in quick step time.

Hec - tor and Ly - san - - der and such great names as . . these.

{ | d :s₁ | d :r | m :— | r :m .f | s :d | m .r :d .t₁ | d :— | — ||

Hec - tor and Ly - san - - der and such great names as . . these.

{ | d :s₁ | d :r | m :— | r :m .f | s :d | m .r :d .t₁ | d :— | — ||

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS.

SOLO, then CHORUS.

But of all the world's brave he - - roes, there's none that can com - pare,

{ :m .f | s :— .l | s :f | m :— .f | s :d | l :l | s .f :m .r | d :— | t₁ ||

After every verse.

With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, to the Brit - ish Gren - a - diers.

{ :s₁ .s₁ | d :s₁ | d :r | m :— | r :m .f | s :d | m .r :d .t₁ | d :— | — ||

2 Those heroes of antiquity ne'er saw a cannon-ball,
Or knew the force of powder to slay their foes withal;
But our brave boys do know it, and banish all their
fears; &c.

3 Where'er we are commanded to storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fusees, and we with hand-grenades;
We throw them from the glacis, about the enemies'
ears; &c.

4 And when the siege is over, we to the town repair,
The townsmen cry, "Hurra, boys here comes a Grenadier,
Here come the Grenadiers, my boys, who know no doubts
or fears!" &c.

5 Then let us fill a bumper and drink a health to those
Who carry caps and pouches, and wear the loupèd clothes;
May they and their commanders live happy all their
years, &c.

The Mermaid.

Old English.

1. One . . Fri - - - day morn, . . . when we . . . set . . . sail, And our

Doh is :m .f | s :s .m | s :s .l | s .f :m .r | d :s .s }

D. { :m .f | s :s .m | s :s .l | s .f :m .r | d :s .s }

ship not far from . . land, We . . there did es-py . . a . .

{ | l :f | d' :t .l | s :— | — :l .t | d' :d' .d' | d' .t :s .m }

THE MERMAID.

fair . . pret - ty maid, With a comb and a glass . . in her hand, her hand, her hand, with a

{ | f .m :f .s | l :t .d' | s :s .m | s .f :r .m | d .r :m .f | s :d' .l }

CHORUS.

comb and a glass . . in her hand. v. 1. While the } ra - ging seas . . did . .
v. 2, 3, 4. For the } ra - ging seas . . did . .

{ | s :s .m | s .f :r .m | d :— | — || m .f | s :m | s .f :r .t }

c

roar, And the storm-y winds did . . blow, And . .

{ | d :— |— : d „d | l : f | d' : t „l | s :— |— : l „t }

we, jol-ly sail-or boys, were up, . . up a-loft And the land lub-bers ly-ing down be-

{ | d' : d' „d' | d' „t : s „m | f „m : f „s | l : t „d' | s : s „m | s „f : r „m }

. low, be-low, be-low, And the land lub-bers ly-ing down be-low.

{ | d „r : m „f | s : d' „l | s : s „m | s „f : r „m | d :— |— ||

col Sea.....

2 Then up spoke the Captain of our gallant ship,
Who at once our peril did see,
"I have married a wife in fair London town,
And this night she a widow will be."
For the raging seas, &c.

3 And then up spoke the little cabin boy,
And a fair hair'd boy was he,
"I've a father and mother in fair Portsmouth town,
And this night they will weep for me."
For the raging seas, &c.

4 Then three times round went our gallant ship,
And three times round went she ;
For the want of a lifeboat they all went down,
As she sunk to the bottom of the sea.
For the raging seas, &c.

March of the Men of Harlech.

Words by WILLIAM DUTHIE.

Welsh Air.

Allegro marziale.

mf

1. Men of Har-lech! in the hol-low, Do ye hear, like rush-ing bil-low, Wave on wave that
 2. Rock-y steeps and pass-es nar-row Flash with spear and flight of ar-row, Who would think of

Doh is
F. { d : -, t₁ | l₁ : -, t₁ | d : r | m : d | f : m | r : d | t₁ : l₁ | t₁ : s₁ | d : -, t₁ | l₁ : -, t₁ }

Allegro marziale. ♩ = 120.

surg-ing fol-low, Bat-tle's dis-tant sound? 'Tis the tramp of Sax-on foe-men,
 death or sor-row? Glo-ry crowns us now! Hurl the reel-ing horse-men o-ver!

{ d : r | m : l | s, m. : - | r : -, m | d : - | - : | d : -, t₁ | l₁ : -, t₁ | d : r | m : d }

MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH.

cres.

Sax-on spear-men, Sax-on bow-men— Be they knights, or hinds, or yoc-men, They shall bite the
 Let the earth dead foe-men cov-er! Fate of friend, of wife, of lov-er, Trem-bles on a

{ f : m | r : d | t₁ : l₁ | t₁ : s₁ | d : -, t₁ | l₁ : -, t₁ | d : r | m : l | s : -, m | r : -, m }

cres.

mf

ground! Loose the folds a-sun-der, Flag we con-quer un-der; The
 blow! Strands of life are riv-en; Blow for blow is giv-en. In

{ d : | : | r : -, d | t₁ : -, d | r : r | : | s : -, f | m : -, f | s : s | : -, s }

mf

cres. *f*

pla - cid sky, now bright on high, Shall launch its bolts in thun-der!
 dead - ly lock, or bat - tle shock, And mer-cy shrieks to hea-ven!

On-ward! 'tis our coun-try needs us!
 Men of Har-lech, young and hoar-y,

{ | s : -, f | m : -, f | s : -, f | m : -, f | s, l : s, f | m, r : m, f | s : s | : | l : l | s : s | f : f | m : m }

cres. *f*

ff

He is bra-vest, he who leads us! Hon-our's self now proud-ly heads us! Cambria, God, and Right!
 Would you win a name in sto-ry! Strike for home, for life, for glo-ry! Cambria, God, and Right!

{ | r, m : f, m | r : d | t, : l, | t, : s, | d : -, t, | l, : -, t, | d : r | m : l | s, m, : - | r : -, m | d : - | - : ||

English March Tune, "Brighton Camp." 18th Century.

Date of words, about 1759.

1. I'm lone - some since I cross'd the hill, And o'er the moor and val - - ley,

Doh is { : d' . t | l : f | m : r | m : d | l, : - . t, | d : d | d, r : m, f | s : - | m ||

Ez.

p

Such hea - vy . . thoughts my heart do fill, Since part-ing with my Sal - - ly.

{ : d' . t | l : s, f | m : r | m : d | l, : d | t, d : r | s, : t, | d : - . r | d ||

I . . seek no more the fine or gay, For each does but re - mind me

How swift - ly . . pass'd the hours a - way With the girl I left be - hind . . me.

1. I'm lone - some since I cross'd the hill, And o'er the moor and val - ley, me,
 2. Oh, ne'er shall I for - get the night, The stars were bright a - bove me, me,
 3. Her gol - den hair in ring - lets fair, Her eyes like dia - monds shi - ning, me,
 4. The bee shall hon - ey taste no more, The dove be - come a . . rang - er, me,

Doh is { :d'.t | l :f | m :r | m :d | l, :- .t, | d :d | d r :m .f | s :- | m ||

Such hea - vy thoughts my heart do fill, Since part - ing with my Sal - ly.
 And gen - tly lent their sil - v'ry light, When first she vow'd to love . . me.
 Her slen - der waist, with car - riage chaste, May leave the swan re - pi - ning.
 The fall - ing wa - ters cease to roar, Ere I . . shall seek to change . . her.

I . . seek no more the fine or gay, For each does but re - mind me
 But now I'm bound to Bright - on * camp, Kind hea - ven, then pray, guide me,
 Ye gods a - bove, O hear my prayer, To my beau - teous fair bind me, me,
 The vows we reg - is - ter'd a - bove Shall ev - er cheer and bind me, me,

How swift - ly pass'd the hours a - way With the girl I've left be - hind . . me.
 And send me safe - ly back a - gain To the girl I've left be - hind . . me.
 And send me safe - ly back a - gain To the girl I've left be - hind . . me.
 In con - stan - cy to her I love, The girl I've left be - hind . . me.

* Or other camp.

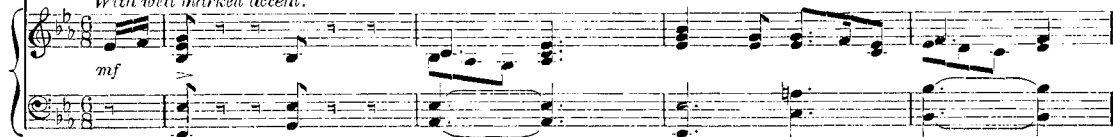
Wi' a hundred Pipers.

Scotch Air.

With well marked accent.

1. Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an' a', an' a', Wi' a hun dred pi - pers an' a', an' a',
 2. Oh! our sod - ger lads... look'd braw, look'd braw, Wi' their tar - tan, kilt, ... an' a', an' a'.
 3. O... wha is fore - most o' a', o' a'? O wha does fol - low the blaw, the blaw?

Doh is { :d r | n : - :s | s : - :l :s | l : - :d | d : - :l :l | s : - :m | m : - :r :d | r : - :r | r : - : ||
Et.

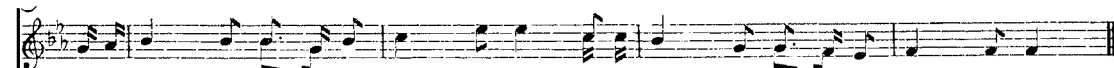
With well marked accent.

We'll up... an' gie them a blaw, a blaw, Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an' a', an' a'!
 Wi' bon - nets, fea - thers, an' glitt'r in' gear, An' pi - brochs sound - in' sweet and clear.
 Bon-nie Char-lie, the Prince o' us a', hur-rah! Wi' his hun - dred pi - pers an' a', an' a'.

{ :d r | n :m :s | s : - :l :s | l : - :d | d : - :l :l | s : - :m | r : - :m :r | d : - :d | d : - : ||

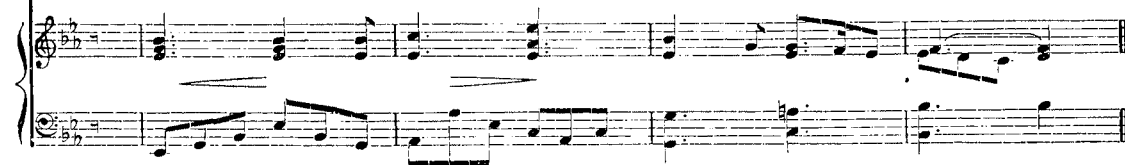


WI' A HUNDRED PIPERS.



O, it's owre the Bor-der, a - wa', a - wa', It's owre the Bor-der, a - wa', a - wa',
 Will they a' re - turn to their ain dearglen? Will they a' re - turn, ... oor Hie - land men?
 His bonnet an' fea - ther he's wa - vin' high, His pranc - in' steed just seems to fly;

{ :m.f | s : - :s | s : - :m :s | l : - :d' | d' : - :l :l | s : - :m | m : - :r :d | r : - :r | r : - : ||



We'll on and we'll march to Car - lisle ha', Wi' its yetts, its cas - tle, an' a', an' a'.
 Second-sicht - ed San - dy look'd fu' wae, An' mi - thers grat when they march'd a - way.
 The nor' wind sweeps thro' his gold - en hair, An' the pi - brochs blaw wi' an un - co flare.

{ :m.f | s : - :s :s | s :l :t | d' : - :d' | d' : - :t :l | s : - :m | r : - :m :r | d : - :d | d : - : ||



CHORUS. After every verse.

Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an' a', an' a, Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an' a, an' a!

{ :d.r | m :— :s, | s, :— .l, :s, | l, :— :d | d :— :l.l | s :— :m | m :— .r :d | r :— :r | r :— ||

We'll up an' gie them a blaw, a blaw, Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an' a', an' a!

{ :d.r | m :— :s, | s, :— .l, :s, | l, :— :d | d :— :l.l | s :— :m | r :— .m :r | d :— :d | d :— ||

Old Air.

With great spirit. Quickly.

1. D'ye ken John Peel, with his coat so gay? D'ye ken John Peel at the break of day? D'ye

Doh is { :m .m | s :s | m :m .m | s :s | m :m .m | f :f | r :r .r | f :f | r :r .r }

D. { :m .m | s :s | m :m .m | s :s | m :m .m | f :f | r :r .r | f :f | r :r .r }

With great spirit. Quickly.

ken John Peel when he's far, far a - way, With his hounds and his horn in the morn - - ing?

{ | d :d | d' :d' .t | t :l .l | s :f .m | l :f .r | d :t, t, | r :— | d ||

CHORUS.

For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed, And the cry of his hounds, which he oft - times led,

{ :m .m | s :s .s | m :m | s :s .s | m :m .m | f :f .f | r :r .r | f :f | r :— }



Peel's "View halloo" would a - wa - ken the dead, Or a fox from his lair in the morn - - ing.

{ |d :d .,d|d' :d' .t | t :l .l | s :f .m | l :f .r | d :t, .t, | r :— | d : || }



With great spirit. Quickly.

mf

2. Yes, I ken John Peel, and Ru - by too, Let's Ran - ter and Ring - wood,
 3. Then here's to John Peel, from my heart and soul, Let's drink to his health, let's
 4. D'y'e ken John Peel, with his coat so gay? He lived at Trout - beck

Doh is
D. { :m .m | s :s | m :m .m | s :s | m :m | f :f .f | r :r }

Bell - man and True, From a find to a check, from a check to a view, From a
 finish once the on a bowl, We'll follow John Peel thro' fair and thro' foul, If we
 Now day, day, Now he has gone far, far a - way, We shall

{ |f :f | r :r .r | d :d | d' :d' .t | t :l .l | s :f .m }

{ d d .d |d' :— .t | }

CHORUS.

view to a death in the morn - - ing.
 want a good hunt in the morn - - ing.
 ne'er hear his voice in the morn - - ing.

{ |l :f .r | d :t, .t, | r :— | d : || }

For the sound of his horn brought

{ ||m .m | s :s .s | m :m }

me from my bed, And the cry of his hounds, which he oft - times led,

{ |s :s .s | m :m .m | f :f .f | r :r .r | f :f | r :— }

Peel's "View halloo" would a - wa - ken the dead, Or a fox from his lair in the morn - - ing.

{ |d :d .,d|d' :d' .t | t :l .l | s :f .m | l :d .r | d :t, .t, | r :— | d : || }

Charlie is my darling.

Words by Lady NAIRNE.

Allegro.

Scotch.

*mf**S*

Lah is C. Doh is E2.

Oh! Char-lie is my dar-ling, my

*Allegro.**f**ff**mf*

FINE after last verse.

dar-ling, my dar-ling, Oh! Char-lie is my dar-ling, The young Che-va-lier.

{ | f :l „f | m :l „m | l „t :d „r | m :l „t | d' :t „l | l :- . || }

f

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

1. 'Twas on a Mon-day morn-ing, Right ear-ly in the year, When
 2. As he cam' march-in' up the street, The pipes play'd loud and clear, And
 3. Wi' Hie-land bon-nets on their heads, And clay-mores bright and clear; They
 4. They've left their bon-nie Hie-land hills, Their wives and bairn-ies dear, To
- { . l | se „m :ba „se | l „t :d' „l | se „m :ba „se | l :- .t }

Char-lie came to our town, The young Che-va-lier.
 a' the folk cam' rin-nin' out To meet the Che-va-lier.
 cam' to fight for Scot-land's right And the young Che-va-lier. Oh!
 draw the sword for Scot-land's lord, The young Che-va-lier.

{ | d' „t :d' „l | s „m :d „r | m f „r :m .d | t „m || }

Begone! dull care.

English Air, 17th Century.

Allegretto.

1. Be - gone! dull care, I pri- thee, be - gone from me, Be -
 2. Too much care Will make a young man turn grey, And

Doh is { :s₁ | d : - : - | r : - : - | m : - : - | - : - : f | s : l : s | f : m : f | m : - : - | - : - : s₁ }

F.

Allegretto. ♩ = 88.

f *mp*

mp

- gone! dull care, You and I . . shall ne - ver a - gree, Long
 too much care, Will turn an old man to clay, My

{ | d : - : - | r : - : - | m : - : - | f : - : f | m : f : m | r : d : r | d : - : - | - : - : m.f }

f *mp*

BEGONE! DULL CARE.

time hast thou been tar - rying here, And fain . . thou wouldst me kill, But i'
 wife shall dance and I will sing, So mer - ri - ly pass the day, For I

{ | s : - : s | s : - : m | f : - : f | f : - : r | m : f : s | s : f : m | m : - : - | r : - : s₁, s₁ }

f

faith, dull care, Thou nev - er shall have thy will,
 hold it one of the wi - sest things To drive dull care a - way,

{ | d : - : d | r : r : r | m : - : m | m : - : f | m : f : m | r : d : r | d : - : - | - : - : || }

f

The Lass of Richmond Hill.

Words by LEONARD McNALLY.

Composed by JAMES HOOK, (1746—1829.)

Allegretto.

1. On Richmond Hill there lives a lass, More sweet than May-day morn, . . . Whose charms all o-ther maids surpass, A
 2. Ye zeph-yrs fair that fan the air, And wan-ton thro' the grove, . . . Oh! whis-per to my charming fair, "I
 3. How hap-py will the shepherd be, Who calls this maid his own; . . . Oh! may her choice be fix'd on me, Mine's

Doh is { .s₁ | s₁ .d :d .d | r,d,t₁,d:r .f | m .d :l₁ .r | d :t₁ .s₁ | s₁ .d :d .d | r,d,t₁,d:r .d }

Allegretto.

rose with-out a thorn.
 die for her I love." } This lass so neat, With smile so sweet, Has won my right good will, . . . I'd
 fix'd on her a-lone. }

{ | t₁ .s :l₁ .fe | s₁ : .d | t₁ .s₁ :s₁ .d | t₁ .s₁ :s₁ .d | t₁ .r :f .m | m :r .d }



THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL. ;



crowns re-sign To call her mine; Sweet lass of Richmond Hill! Sweet lass of Richmond Hill! Sweet

{ | t₁ .s₁ :s₁ .d | t₁ .s₁ :s₁ .d | t₁ .d :r .t₁ | d :- .s₁ | s₁ .d :d .m | m :- .d }



lass of Richmond Hill! I'd crowns re-sign To call her mine; Sweet lass of Richmond Hill!

{ | t₁ .r :r .f | f :- .r | m .r:d .t₁ | d .l₁ :s₁ .f₁ | m₁ .s₁ :r₁ .t₁ | d :- .||



The Flight of the Earls.

(MY NATIVE LAND.)

Words by W. G. ROTHERY.

Old Irish Air.

$\text{♩} = \text{about } 108.$

First system of musical notation for 'The Flight of the Earls'. It features a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is marked *mf* and the accompaniment is marked *p*.

Second system of musical notation for 'The Flight of the Earls'. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system.

1. Be - side the camp fire's fit - ful blaze, A - mid the for - est drear, I pic - ture in the
 2. To my green isle my thoughts re - turn, Sweet E - rin ev - er blest, For thy deep val - leys
 3. The lov - ing hearts I've left be - hind With mine in ex - ile beat, A joy - ful wel - come

Doh is F. { s₁ | d :- r | d . t . l . s₁ | s :- l | s : f | m : d | m . r : d . t . l . s₁ | l₁ :- | - : t₁ | d :- r | d . t . l . s₁ }

THE FLIGHT OF THE EARLS.

Third system of musical notation for 'The Flight of the Earls'. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The melody is marked *dolce.* and the accompaniment is marked *p*.

dy - ing rays, The home to me so dear; The low - ly cot, the leap - ing stream, The
 oft I yearn, Where - in my kin - dred rest, The sham - rock springs with - in my heart When
 sure I'll find When there some day we meet; O haste ye wea - ry lag - gard years, O

{ s :- l | s : f | m : r | d . r : m . f e | s :- | - : s | l :- f | d¹ : l | s :- f | m : s }

Fourth system of musical notation for 'The Flight of the Earls'. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The melody is marked *slight rall.* and the accompaniment is marked *p*.

spire up on the hill, I see them as I . . lie and dream, My heart is with them still.
 Pat - rick's day is nigh, For though from home and friends a - part, To them fond mem - 'ries fly.
 speed me o'er the foam, To greet a - gain, 'mid hap - py tears, My na - tive land! my home!

{ f : m | r : d | l₁ :- | - : t₁ | d :- r | d . t . l . s₁ | s :- l | s : f | m : d | m . r : d . t . l . s₁ | d :- | - ||

ool 8va

" The young May Moon.

Words by THOMAS MOORE.

Irish Air—"The Dandy O!"

1. The young May moon is beam - ing, love, The glow - worm's lamp is gleam - ing, love, How
 2. Now all the world is sleep - ing, love, But the sage, his star - watch keep - ing, love, And

Doh is
B7. { :s₁ | d :— :d | d :— :s₁ | l₁ :— :s₁ | s₁ :— :s₁ s₁ | d :— :d | r :d :r | m :— :d | d :— :m }

sweet to rove Through Mor - na's grove, While the drow - sy world is dream - ing, love! Then a -
 I, whose star, More glo - rious far, Is the eye from that case - ment peep - ing, love! Then a -

{ | f :— :f | m :— :m | r :m :d | t₁ : : l₁ s₁ | l₁ : s₁ : f₁ | m₁ : f₁ : s₁ | l₁ :— :s₁ | s₁ :— : l₁ t₁ }

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

- wake! the heav'ns look bright, my dear! 'Tis nev - er too late for de - light, my dear! And the
 - wake! till rise of sun, my dear! The sage - 's glass we'll shun, my dear! For, in

{ | d :— :s₁ | d :— :s₁ | l₁ :— :s₁ | s₁ :— :s₁ | d :d :d | r :m :f | m :— :d | d :— :r m }

rall. *ad lib.* *a tempo.*
 best of all ways To length-en our days Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!
 watch - ing the flight Of bod - ies of light, Hemight happen to take thee for one, my dear!

{ | f :— :f :f | m :— :m | r :m :d | t₁ : : l₁ s₁ | l₁ : s₁ : f₁ | m₁ : f₁ : s₁ | l₁ :— :s₁ | s₁ :— : }

rall. *p a tempo.*

A Soldier's Life.

MARCHING SONG.

Words and Music by J. STAINER.

Quickly, two in a bar.



Oh, a sol - dier's life is a mer - ry life, As he march - es a - long to the drum and fife, With a
Doh is G.
 { :s, .s, | ḍ :d .r | m :r .d | r :s | s :s .f | m :m .r | ḍ .r :m .d | r :s, | s, || m .f }

CHORUS.

The chorus musical notation is in 2/4 time, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It ends with a double bar line.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. It includes the following lyrics and musical notation:

rat-tle, rat-tle, bang, bang, rum-ty tum-ty bang, A . . rat-tle, rat-tle, rum-ty tum-ty bang, bang, bang.
 { | s .f :m .s | f :f | m .r :d .m | r :s .f | m .r :d .m | r .d :t, .r | d :s, | d || }

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 Oh, a soldier's life is a merry life,
As he marches along to the drum and fife, | 4 When he's sent on the sea to a distant foe,
The ship goes up and down just so. |
| * With a rattle, rattle, bang, bang, rumty tumty bang,
A rattle, rattle, rumty tumty bang, bang, bang. | 5 When the waves run high and the rough winds blow
He feels rather ill and he goes down below. |
| 2 When he first enlists his head hangs low,
And he walks very queer, and he stoops just so. | 6 But as soon as he lands and meets the foe,
They all shake in their shoes, and their backs they show. |
| 3 But he soon stands straight and his chest grows broad,
As he handles his rifle or swings his sword. | 7 He's as bold as a lion, and he knows no fear,
Though he thinks of the dear ones at home with a tear. |
| 8 At last he comes home to all those loved best,
With a sash across his shoulder and a medal on his breast. | |

If sung as a Solo and Chorus the Soloist can add to the effect by making appropriate Actions.

* After every verse.

We be three poor Mariners.

Old English, from "Deuteromelia."

Boldly.

1. We be three poor mar - in - ers, Just come from off the
 2. We care not for those mar - tial men, That do our states dis -

Doh is Eb. { : | : | : | : | : (d) | d : - r | m : f | s : - l | t : s | l . t : d' | t : l | }

Boldly. ♩ = 100.
f

seas; We spend our lives in jeo - pard - y, . . While o - thers live in ease.
 - dain, But we care for the mer - chant men, Who do our states main - tain.

{ | s : - | - : s | f : m | r : t, | d : - r | m . f : s | f : m | r : r | d : - | - : - }

WE BE THREE POOR MARINERS.

CHORUS.

Shall we go dance the round, the round, the round, Shall we . . go dance } the round, the round, the round, And
 To them we dance the round, the round, the round, To them we dance }

{ | d : d . r | m : f | s : , f : s : , l | s : s | l . t : d' | t : l | s : , f : s : , l | s : s | }

f

col 8va to the end.

he that is a bul - ly* boy, Come pledge me on . . this ground, a ground, a ground.

{ | f : m | r : t, | d : - r | m . f : s | f : m | r . d : r | d : , t, : d : , r | d || }

* Implying friendly admiration; good friend, fine fellow. *Murray's English Dictionary.*

The loud Tattoo.

(THE SOLDIER'S LIFE.)

Written and Composed by C. DIBDIN.

Smartly.

1. This, this, my... lad's a... sol-dier's life; He march-es to the spright-ly fife, And
 2. Can't out to... face his... coun-try's foes; The tears of fond do-mes-tic woes He
 3. And if... at... last, in... hon-our's wars, He earns his share of dan-ger's scars, Still

Doh is { s f | m s : f m | r f : r t, | d : d | d r : m f | s : d | d : l | s : d | d f s : l t }

Smartly.

to his land, . . and to his land in all its strife, Swears
 kiss - es feels off . . . he kiss - es off, and bold - ly goes To
 he feels bold, . . still he feels bold, and thanks his stars He's

{ d' : - | m : - | r : l | - : s f | m : f | s : l | t : d' | r' : m' }

he'll be ev - er true: He's here— he's there— where is he not? Va -
 earn of fame his due. Re - - li - gion, lib - er - ty, and laws, Both
 no worse fate to rue: At Chel - sea, free from toil and pain, He..

{ | l : r' | d' : t | d' s : - | - : s | s . l : s f | m f : m r | d : d | d r : m f }

- ri - e - ty's his en - vied lot, — his.. en - - vied lot, — He..
 his are, and his coun - try's cause— his.. coun - - try's cause— For..
 wields his crutch, points out the slain, points out the slain, And,

{ | s : d | d : l | s : d | d : m s | f : - | f : - | f, : - | - : l, s, f }

eats, drinks, sleeps, and pays no shot, And
these, through dan-ger with-out pause, He } fol-lows the loud tat - too, the loud tat - too, the loud tat -
in fond fan-cy, once a - gain He

{ m : f | s : l | t : d | r : m | l . se : l , r | d : t | d . r : m . f | s : l | s . f : m . f | s : l }

CHORUS. *ad lib.*

- too, fol - lows the loud tat - too, He fol - lows the loud tat - too.

{ s : - | : | s : d . r : m : r | d : - | l : - | s : d . r | m : r | d : - | - }

f

(SOMERSET VERSION.)

Collected and Arranged by CECIL J. SHARP.

Moderato. $\text{♩} = 88.$

1. Come all you sea-men bold and draw near, and draw near, . . Come all you sea-men
2. Brave Ben-bow he set sail, for to fight, for to fight, . . Brave Ben-bow he set

Doh is { s : | d : d | r : t | d : - | m : f | s : - | f : m | r : f | m : r | d : d | r : t | }

G.

bold . . and draw near. It's of an ad-miral's fame, O brave Ben-bow was his
sail, . . for to fight. Brave Ben-bow he set sail, With a fine and plea-sant

{ d : s | l : l | s : - | - : f . f | m : r | m : f | s : - | f : m | r : d | t : l | }

name, How he fought all on the main, you shall hear, you shall hear.
gale, But his Cap-tains they turned tail, in a fright, in a fright.

{ s : - | s : s | d : d | d : l | f : - | m : f | s : - | l : t | d : - | - }

3. Says Kirby unto Wade: we will run, we will run,
Says Kirby unto Wade: we will run.
For I value no disgrace, nor the losing of my place,
But the enemy I won't face, nor his guns, nor his guns.

4. The Ruby and Ben-bow fought the foe, fought the foe
The Ruby and Ben-bow fought the foe,
They fought them up and down, till the blood came trick-
ling down, they lay.
Till the blood came trickling down, where they lay, where

5. Brave Benbow lost his legs by chain shot, by chain shot,
Brave Benbow lost his legs by chain shot.
Brave Benbow lost his legs, and all on his stumps he begs:
Fight on my English lads, 'tis our lot, 'tis our lot.

6. The surgeon dressed his wounds, cries Ben-bow, cries
Ben-bow—
The surgeon dressed his wounds, cries Ben-bow:
Let a cradle now in haste on the quarter deck be placed,
That the enemy I may face, till I die, till I die.

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Let the hills resound.

Section I.

Words by L. H. F. DU TERREAUX.

Composed by BRINLEY RICHARDS.

Animato.

Let the hills re-sound with song, . . . As we proud - ly march a - long, . . . For,

Do h is { s : l : t | d' : - : s | l : - : s | d' : - : - | - : t : l | s : - : m | d : - : l | s : - : - | - : - : m }

Ed.

Animato. ♩ = 108.

as of old our sires were bold, Stout hearts have we; . . . While

{ r : - : de | r : - : s | m : - : s | d' : - : - | t : - : - | l : - : s | s : - : - | - : l : t }

as of old our sires were bold, Stout hearts have we; . . . While

{ r : - : de | r : - : s | m : - : s | d' : - : - | t : - : - | l : - : s | s : - : - | - : l : t }

LET THE HILLS RESOUND.

Cam - bria's moun - tains stand . . . Like the ram - parts of the land, . . . Un -

{ d' : - : s | l : - : s | d' : - : - | - : t : l | s : - : m | d : - : l | s : - : - | - : - : s }

After first repeat go to Section III.

- fet - ter'd as the winds are her chil - - dren free. . . .

{ l : - : t | d' : - : l | s : - : - | s : - : f | m : - : - | r : - : - | d : - : - | - : - : }

End here after last repeat.

Section II.

War . . . we wage . . . For free - dom's her - it - age, . . . Our

B⁷.t.

{ | r : - : - | - : - : m | d : - : - | - : - : s, | r : - : de | r : - : s, | m : - : - | - : - : s }

cause is true that ur - ges to the con - - flict's close, . . . And

{ | f : - : m | r : - : f | m : - : r | d : - : m | r : - : | s, : - : | m : - : - | - : - : s, }

p

peace . . . shall crown . . . the war - rior's bright re - nown, . . . The

{ | r : - : - | - : - : m | d : - : - | - : - : s, | r : - : de | r : - : re | m : - : - | - : - : s }

Repeat Section I.

fame of him who bore him well in front of foes.

f. E⁷.

{ | f : - : m | r : - : f | m : - : r | d : - : m | r : - : | s, : - : | d s : - : - || }

Section III.

Andante.

1. Land of my home, Tender thoughts will come, When thy hap-py val - leys in dreams I see, And thy
 2. Fair flow thy streams, And in sun - lit gleams, Bleak up - on the stones of a milk - white strand; And, as
 f. *A. 2.*

{ | d₁ : d ., r | m : — | m . r : d ., m | s : — | l . s : m ., d | r : r ., m | r : d | t₁ : l₁ ., s₁ }

D.S. and then repeat Section I.

hearth - fires rise, And, blue as skies, Eys of the dear ones are turn'd on me.
 soft haze fills the range of hills, Fond pray'rs a-rise for my own loved land.

{ | d : r | m : . s | d : r | m : — | f : s ., l | s : d ., f | m : r | d : — (r s) || }

The Greenland Fishery.

(SOMERSET.)

Collected and Arranged by CECIL J. SHARP.

Allegro moderato. ♩ = 126, or ♩ = 92, for marching.

1. 'Twas in eigh - teen hun - dred and six - ty - one, On .. March the eigh - teenth
 2. Our .. Cap - tain on the .. deck did stand, With a spy glass in his

Doh is G. { | : s₁ . s₁ | d : . r | m : m . r | d . t₁ : s₁ | s₁ : m . f | s : s | f : s }

day, That we hoist - ed our co - lours to the top .. of the mast And from
 hand: There's a whale and a whale and a whale fish, he cried; For he

{ | r : — | — : d . m | s : s . s | f . m : r . m | f . m : r . d | t₁ : d . r }

Eng - land bore a - - way, brave boys, And from Eng - land bore a - - way.
 blows at ev - 'ry span, brave boys, For he blows at ev - 'ry span.

{ | m : m | f . m : r . d | r : s₁ | s₁ : d . r | m . f : s | m : r | d : — || }

3 Now the | boat was launched and the | men got in,
 With the | whale fish well in | view;
 And | well prepared were | our shipmates
 For to | strike where the whale fish | blew, brave boys,
 For to | strike where the whale fish | blew.

5 O | then the loss of | that whale fish
 It | grieved our hearts full | sore;
 But | O the loss of | five jolly tars,
 That | grieved us ten times | more, brave boys,
 That | grieved us ten times | more.

4 Now the | lines played out and the | fish was struck,
 And she | gave such a flourish with her | tail,
 She cap - | sized the boat and we | lost five men;
 And we | did not catch that | whale, brave boys,
 And we | did not catch that | whale.

6 Up | anchor, up anchor, our | Captain cried,
 For the | winter's star doth ap - | pear,
 It is | time to leave this | cold countrie
 So to | England back we'll | steer, brave boys,
 So to | England back we'll | steer.

Good morrow, Gossip Joan.

Old English.

Briskly.

1. Good mor - row, Gos - sip Joan, Where have you been a - walk - ing? I

Doh is :s | d¹ :d | m :f | s :— | — :f m | f :r | s₁ :f | f :m | :s }

Briskly. ♩ = 160, or ♩ = 80.

have for you at... home... I... have for you at... home... A

{ | l :l | l :s f | s f :s l | s :f m | f :f | f :m r | m r :m f | m :d¹ }

f

* If the Song is sung as a Solo this passage may be repeated in Chorus.

GOOD-MORROW, GOSSIP JOAN.

bud - get full of talk - - - ing, Gos - - - sip Joan!

{ | s :d¹ | s :d¹ | r¹ d¹ :t l | s :f | m :— | r :— | d :— | }

M.

2 My sparrow's flown away,
And will no more come to me ;
I've broke a glass to-day,
The price will quite undo me,
Gossip Joan !

3 I've lost a Harry groat
Was left me by my granny ;
I cannot find it out,
I've search'd in every cranny,
Gossip Joan !

4 I've lost my wedding ring,
That was made of silver gilded ;
I'd drink would please a king,
But that my cat has spilled it,
Gossip Joan !

5 My pocket is cut off,
That was full of sugar-candy ;
I cannot stop my cough
Without some cherry brandy,
Gossip Joan !

Widdicombe Fair.

Devonshire Folk Song.

Melody and Words from "Songs of the West,"
collected by Rev. S. BARING-GOULD.*

Tom Pearse, Tom Pearse, lend me your grey mare, All a-long, down a-long

Doh is
G. { :s₁ | d :— :d | m :— :d | t₁ :— .l₁ :s₁ | d :— : | d :— .d :d | m :— .x :d }

out a-long lee, For I want for to go . . to Wid - di-combe Fair With Bill

{ | t₁ :— .t₁ :d | r :— :s₁ .s₁ | d :— .d :d | m :r :d | t₁ :— .l₁ :s₁ | l₁ :— :s₁ .s₁ }

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WIDDICOMBE FAIR.

Brew - er, Jan Stew - er, Pe-ter Gur - ney, Pe-ter Da - vy, Dan'l Whid - don, Har-ry Hawk, Old

{ | l₁ :l₁ :s₁ | l₁ :l₁ :s₁ .s₁ | l₁ :l₁ :s₁ .s₁ | l₁ :l₁ :s₁ | l₁ :l₁ :s₁ .s₁ | l₁ :— :s₁ }

Un - cle Tom Cob - leigh and all, . . . Old Un - cle Tom Cob - leigh and all. . .

{ | s₁ :— .f :m | r :— .d :t₁ | s :— :— | — :— :f | m :— .f :m | r :— .d :t₁ | d :— :— | — :— : }



1. Tom Pearse, Tom Pearse, lend me your grey mare, All a-long, down a-long,

Deh is { :s₁ | d :— :d | m :— :d | t₁ :— .l₁ :s₁ | d :— : || d :— .d :d | m :— .r :d }



out a-long lee. For I want for to go . . to Wid - di-combe Fair

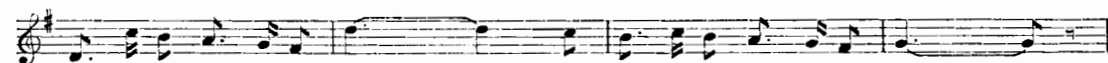
{ | t₁ :— .t₁ :d | r :— || s₁ .s₁ | d :— .d :d | m :r :d | t₁ :— .l₁ :s₁ | l₁ :— || }

REFRAIN *after each verse.*



With Bill Brew - er, Jan Stew - er, Pe - ter Gur - ney, Pe - ter Da - vy, Dan'l Whid - don, Har - ry Hawk, Old

{ :s₁ .s₁ | l₁ :l₁ :s₁ | l₁ :l₁ :s₁ .s₁ | l₁ :l₁ :s₁ .s₁ | l₁ :l₁ :s₁ | l₁ :l₁ :s₁ .s₁ | l₁ :— :s₁ }



Un - cle Tom Cob - leigh and all, . . . Old Un - cle Tom Cob - leigh and all, . . .

{ | s₁ :— .f :m | r :— .d :t₁ | s :— :— | — :— :f | m :— .f :m | r :— .d :t₁ | d :— :— | — :— || }

2 And | when shall I see a -|-gain my grey | mare?

All along, down along, out along lee.

By | Friday soon, or | Saturday noon,

3 Then | Friday came and | Saturday noon,

All along, down along, out along lee.

But Tom | Pearse's old mare have | not trotted home,

4 So Tom | Pearse he got up to the | top of the hill,

All along, down along, out along lee.

And he | seed his old mare down a -|-making her will,

5 So Tom | Pearse's old mare her | took sick and died,

All along, down along, out along lee.

And | Tom he sat down on a | stone and he cried,

6 But this | isn't the end of this | shocking affair,

All along, down along, out along lee.

Nor | though they be dead of the | horrid career,

7 When the | wind whistles cold on the | moor of a night,

All along, down along, out along lee.

Tom | Pearse's old mare doth ap -|-pear ghastly white,

8 And | all the long night be heard | skirling and groans,

All along, down along, out along lee.

From Tom | Pearse's old mare and a | rattling of bones.

Dashing away with the smoothing iron.

SOMERSET.

Collected and Arranged by CECIL J. SHARP.

Moderato. ♩ = 100.

1. 'Twas on a Mon - day morn - ing When I be-held my dar - ling; She

Doh is { s₁ | d :—:d | d :—:d | d :—:t₁ | s₁ :—:s₁ | d :—:d | d :—:d | d :—:t₁ | s₁ :—:s₁ }

G.

looked so neat and charm - ing In ev - 'ry high de - gree; . . . She

{ | d :—:d | d :—:d | d :—:r | n :—:f | s :—:s | l :—:f | s :—:— | —:—:s }

looked so neat and nim - ble, O, A - wash - ing of her lin - en, O,

{ | l :—:l | f :—:l | s :—:f | r :—:t₁ | d :—:n | r :—:d | d :—:t₁ | s₁ :—:— || }

CHORUS.

Dash - ing a - way with the smooth - ing iron, Dash - ing a - way with the

{ | d :d :d | d :d :d | d :—:t₁ | s₁ :—:— | d :d :d | d :d :d }

smooth - ing iron, She stole my heart a - way. . . .

{ | d :—:r | n :—:f | s :—:s | f :n :r | d :—:— | —:—:— || }

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DASHING AWAY WITH THE SMOOTHING IRON.

2.

'Twas | on a Tuesday | morning,
When | I beheld my | darling ;
She | looked so neat and | charming
In | every high de-|-gree ;
She look so neat and | nimble, O,
A-|-hanging out her | linen, O, |
Dashing away with the | smoothing iron, |
Dashing away with the | smoothing iron,
She | stole my heart a-|-way.

(The lines in Italics are repeated in every verse.)

3.

'Twas | on a Wednesday | morning, &c.
 A |-starching of her | linen, O, | &c.

4.

'Twas | on a Thursday | morning, &c.
 A-|-ironing of her | linen, O, | &c.

5.

'Twas | on a Friday | morning, &c.
 A-|-folding of her | linen, O, | &c.

6.

'Twas | on a Saturday | morning, &c.
 A-|-airing of her | linen, O, | &c.

7.

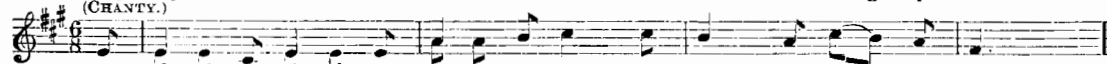
'Twas | on a Sunday | morning, &c.
 A-|-wearing of her | linen, O, | &c.

Heave away, my Johnny.

SOMERSET.

Collected and Arranged by CECIL J. SHARP.

Allegretto grazioso. ♩ = 76.
(CHANTY.)



1. As I walked out one fine morn-ing All in the month of May.
2. O where are you go-ing to, my pret-ty maid? I un-to her did say.

Doh is { :s₁ | s₁ :— :m₁ | s₁ :— :s₁ | d :— :r | m :— :m | r :— :d | m :r :d | l₁ :— :— ||
A. { :s₁ | s₁ :s₁ :m₁ | s₁ :s₁ :s₁ | d :d :r



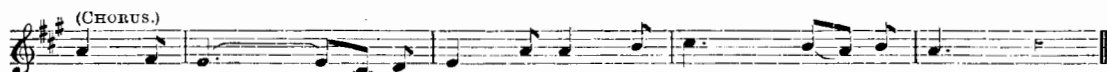
Heave a-way, . . . my John-ny, Heave a-way.

{ | d :— :r | m :— :— | — :r :d | s₁ :— :d | m :r :d | r :— :— | — :d :t₁ | d :— :— | : ||



{ I o-ver-took a fair pret-ty maid, And un-to her.. did say.
{ I'm go-ing a milk-ing, sir, . . she said, All in the month of May. }

{ :d | m :m :m | s :— :m | r :d :r | m :— :r | s₁ :— :m | r :d :l₁ | s₁ :— :— |



Heave a-way, . . . my jol-ly boys, We're all bound a-way.

{ | d :— :l₁ | s₁ :— :— | — :m₁ :f₁ | s₁ :— :d | d :— :r | m :— :— | r :d :r | d :— :— | : ||

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HEAVE AWAY, MY JOHNNY.

VERSES 3 AND 4.

3 Chanty. Shall | I go with you, my | fair pretty maid?

I | unto her did | say.

Chorus. Heave a-|way, my | Johnny,

Heave a-|way.

Chanty. O | yes, if you please, kind | sir, she said,

All | in the month of | May.

Chorus. Heave a-|way, my | jolly boys,

We're | all bound a-|way.

4 Chanty. O | what is your father, | my pretty maid?

I | unto her did | say.

Chorus (as before).

Chanty. My | father's a farmer, kind | sir, she said,

All | in the month of | May.

Chorus (as before).

VERSES 5 AND 6.

5 Chanty. O | what is your fortune, my | fair pretty maid?

I | unto her did | say.

Chorus (as before).

Chanty. My | face is my fortune, | sir, she said,

All | in the month of | May.

Chorus (as before).

6 Chanty. Then | I cannot marry you, | my pretty maid,

I | unto her did | say.

Chorus (as before).



Chanty. | No-bo-dy asked you, | sir, she said,

All | in the month of | May.

Chorus (as before).

The Coasts of High Barbary.

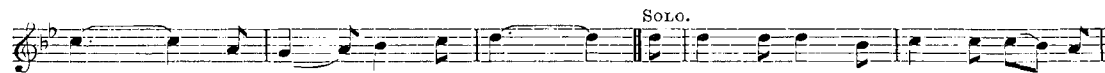
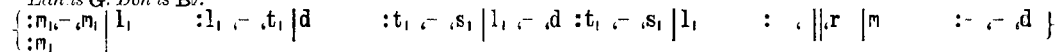
(SOMERSET.)

Collected and Arranged by CECIL J. SHARP.

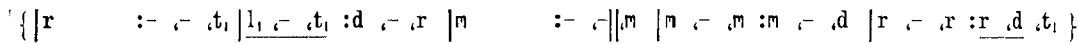


1. Look a-head, look a-starn, look the wea-ther and the lee. Blow high! . . . blow
 2. O are you a pi-rate or man o'-war, cried we? Blow high! . . . blow

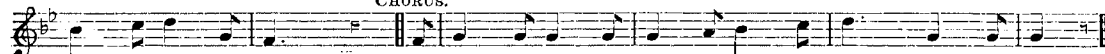
Lah is G. Doh is B7.



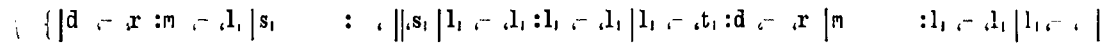
low! . . . and so . . . sail-ed we. . . . I see a wreck to wind-ward and a
 low! . . . and so . . . sail-ed we. . . . O no! I'm not a pi-rate, but a



Chorus.



lof-ty ship to lee, } A-sail-ing down all on the coasts of High Bar-ba-ry.
 man-o'-war cried he, }



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THE COASTS OF HIGH BARBARY.

3.

Then | back up your | topsails and | heave your vessel | to,
 Blow | high! blow | low! and | so sail-ed | we.
 For | we have got some | letters to be | carried home by | you,
 A-|sailing down all | on the coasts of | High Barba-ry.

4.

We'll | back up our | topsails and | heave our vessel | to;
 Blow | high! blow | low! and | so sail-ed | we.
 But | only in some | harbour and a-|long the side of | you.
 A-|sailing down all | on the coasts of | High Barba-ry.

5.

For | broadside, for | broadside, they | fought all on the | main;
 Blow | high! blow | low! and | so sail-ed | we.
 Un-|til at last the | frigate shot the | pirate's mast a-|way.
 A-|sailing down all | on the coasts of | High Barba-ry.

6.

For | quarters! for | quarters! the | saucy pirate | cried.
 Blow | high! blow | low! and | so sail-ed | we.
 The | quarters that we | showed them was to | sink them in the | tide.
 A-|sailing down all | on the coasts of | High Barba-ry.

7.

With | cutlass and | gun O we | fought for hours | three;
 Blow | high! blow | low! and | so sail-ed | we.
 The | ship it was their | coffin, and their | grave it was the | sea.
 A-|sailing down all | on the coasts of | High Barba-ry.

8.

But | O! it was a | cruel sight, and | griev-ed us full | sore,
 Blow | high! blow | low! and | so sail-ed | we.
 To | see them all a-|drowning as they | tried to swim to | shore.
 A-|sailing down all | on the coasts of | High Barba-ry.

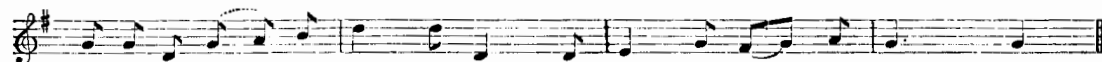
Nuts in May.

Collected and Arranged by CECIL J. SHARP.



1. Here we come ga-ther-ing nuts in May, Nuts in May, . . . nuts in May,
 2. Pray, who will you have for nuts in May, Nuts in May, . . . nuts in May, (Pray.)

Doh is { :s₁ | d :d :s₁ | d :r :m | s :— :s | s₁ :— :— | l₁ :— :d | t₁ :— :r | d :— :d | s₁ :— :s₁ }



Here we come ga-ther-ing nuts in May, So ear-ly in . . . the morn- - ing.
 who will you have for nuts in May, So ear-ly in . . . the morn- - ing.

{ | d :d :s₁ | d :r :m | s :— :s | s₁ :— :s₁ | l₁ :— :d | t₁ :d :r | d :— :— | d :— :— ||

1. We will have ——— for | nuts in May,
 | Nuts in May, | nuts in May,
 We will have ——— for nuts in May,
 So early in the morning.

| Who will you have to | take her away,
 | Take her away, | take her away,
 | Who will you have to | take her away,
 So | early in the | morning?

5.
 | We will have ——— to | take her away,
 To | take her away, to | take her away,
 | We will have ——— to | take her away,
 So | early in the | morning.

This old Song has found favour as a Marching Tune. The blanks in the words can be filled in according to fancy and circumstances.

National Airs and Folk Songs

Auld Lang Syne.

Words by BURAS.

Scotch Air.

Firmly. Moderato.

1st. v.

1. Should auld acquaint-ance be for-got, And never brought to mind; Should
 2. We twa hae run a bout the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans fine, But we've
 3. We twa hae paid - It i' the burn, From morn - in sun till dine; But
 4. And here's a hand my trust - y friend, And gie's a hand o' thine; And we'll

Doh is { :s | d :- d | d :m | r :- d | r :m | d :- d | m :s | l :- | - :d' }
E7. 1st. v. d .d :- |

Moderato.

f

auld ac-quaint - ance be for - got, And days of auld lang syne;)
 wan - der'd no-my a wea - ry foot Sin auld lang syne.)
 seas be-tween us brai'd hae roar'd Sin auld lang syne.)
 tak a right guid wil lie-waught, For auld lang syne.)

{ | s :- m | m :d | r :- d | r :m | d :- l, | l, :s, | d :- | - ||

AULD LANG SYNE.

CHORUS. After every verse.

f

For auld lang . . syne, my dear, for auld lang . . syne, We'll

{ :l | s .m :- | m :d | r :- d | r :l | s .m :- | m :s | l :- | - :d' }

take a cup of kind - ness yet, For auld lang . . syne.

{ | s . :- m | m :d | r :- d | r :m | d .l, :- | l, :s, | d :- | - ||

Words by DAVID GARRICK.

Composed by Dr. W.M. BOYCE.

Allegro maestoso.

1. Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glo - ry we steer, To add something more to this
 2. We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay, They nev - er see us but they
 3. Still Brit - ain shall tri - umph, her ships plough the sea, Her stand - ard be jus - tice, her

Doh is { : s₁ | d : d „d | d : m „r | d : t₁ „l₁ | s₁ : - s₁ | l₁ : l₁ „t₁ | d : d „r }

Ab.

Allegro maestoso. = 100.

mf

won - der - ful year; To . . hon - our we call you, not press you like slaves, For who are so free as the
 wish us a - way; If they run, why we fol - low, and run them a - shore, And if they won't fight us, we
 watch-word "be free," Then cheer up, my lads, with one heart let us sing, Our sol - diers, our sail - ors, our

{ | m : f „r | m : m „r | d : m₁ „f₁ | s₁ : m „r | d : m₁ „f₁ | s₁ : . r | m : r „d | s : t₁ „d }

CHORUS.

sons of the waves, } Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are our men, We al - ways are ready;
 can - not do more. } states - men and King.

{ | r : r „r | s₁ || r „r | r : t₁ „d | r : m „m | m : d „r | m : . m | r . d : t₁ . m | d₁ . : }

f *mf*

col 8va *col 8va*

rit. *a tempo.* *ff poco rall.*

Stead-y, boys, stead-y! We'll fight . . and we'll con - quer a - gain and a - gain.

{ | d₁ . d₁ : s₁ | m₁ . d₁ : . s₁ | l₁ „t₁ : d „r | m : r „d | s : s₁ „s₁ | d || }

f = rit. *f a tempo.* *ff poco rall.*

col 8va

Blow, blow, thou winter wind.

Words from SHAKESPEARE. ("As you like it.")

Composed by Dr. ARNE.

Andante con moto.

1. Blow, blow, thou win-ter wind, Thou art no: so un-kind As
2. Freeze, freeze, thou bit-ter sky, Thou dost not bite so nigh, Thou

Doh is E7. *Andante con moto.* *B7.t.*
 { : : : : : s | f.m:r.d | l : d | d : t, | - : d | r.m:f.r | s, : f | f : m | - : r s, }

cres.
 man's in-gra-ti-tude, as man's in-gra-ti-tude; Thy tooth is not so keen, . . . Be-
 dost not bite so nigh, as be-ne-fits for-got: Though thou the wa-ters warp, . . . Thy
2. A7.
 { | f, : -f, | f, : f, | t, : - | - : t, | d.s:r:l,f | m.s:f,r | d, : - | - : d r | r : m, | s,e:t, | r : -m,f | m : -r }

cres.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

- cause thou art not seen, . . . Thy tooth is not so keen, . . . Because thou art not seen, Al - -
 sting is not so sharp, . . . Thy sting is not so sharp . . . As friends remembered not, Thy
E7.t.
 { | r.d:t,l | d.t:l,s,e | l r.m:f | - :m,r | f.m:r.d | s.f:m,r | s : - | l : d | t, : d | s f : m | m : r | s : - }

- though thy breath be rude, al-though thy breath be rude, . . . al-though thy breath be rude.
 sting is not so sharp as friends re-mem-bered not, . . . as friends re-mem-bered not.
 { | f.m:r.d | s : ta, | l, : l | s,m:-r,f,- | d : - | r : - | m.d't:l | s.f:m,r | m.d:-l,f,- | m.s:-t,r,- | d : - | - }

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.

Words by BURNS, written Aug. 1, 1793.

Grandly.

Air: "Hey, tutti tattie."

1. Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wal-lace bled! Scots, wham Bruce has af-ten led! . . .
 2. Wha will be a trai-tor knave? Wha can fill a cow-ard's grave? . . .
 3. By op-pres-sion's woes an' pains! By your sons in ser-vile chains! . . .

Doh is
 A. { | s₁ „s₁ : s₁ „m₁ | s₁ „l₁ : d | l₁ „l₁ : l₁ „s₁ | l₁ „t₁ : d „r }

Wel-come to your go-ry bed, Or to vic-to-rie! . . .
 Wha sae base as be a slave? Let him turn and flee! . . .
 We will draht our dear-est veins, But they shall be free! . . .

{ | m „m : r „d | d „r : m | d „l₁ : l₁ „s₁ | s₁ :- }

SCOTS WHA HAE WI' WALLACE BLED.

Now's the day, an' now's the hour; See the front o' bat-tle lour,
 Wha for Scot-land's King and law, Free-dom's sword will strong-ly draw,
 Lay the proud u-sur-pers low! Ty-rant's fall in ev-'ry foe!

{ | m „m : m „r | m „f : s | r „r : r „d | r „m : f }

See ap-proach proud Ed-ward's pow'r, Chains an' sla-ve-rie!
 Free-man stand, or free-man fa', Let him fol-low me!
 Li-ber-ty's in ev-'ry blow! Let us do or die! (dee!)

{ | s „m : r „d | d „r : m | d „l₁ : l₁ „s₁ | s₁ :- ||

The Blue Bell of Scotland.

Scotch.

Moderato.

1. Oh where and oh where is your High-land lad - die gone?
 2. Oh where and oh where did your High-land lad - die dwell?

Doh is Eb. { :s | d' :— | t :l | s :— | l :t .d' | m :m | f :r | d :— | } ||

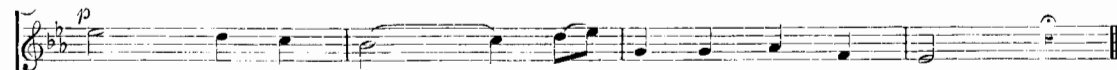
Moderato.

He's gone to fight the foe for King George on the throne, And it's
 He dwelt in mer-ry Scot-land at the Sign of the Blue Bell, And it's

{ :s | m :d | m :s | d' :— | l :t .d' | t :s | l :fe | s :— | l :t } ||



THE BLUE BELL OF SCOTLAND.



oh in my heart . . . I . . . wish him safe at home!
 oh in my heart . . . I . . . love my lad - die well!

{ | d' :— | t :l | s :— | l :t .d' | m :m | f :r | d :— | } ||



3.

Oh how, tell me how, is your Highland laddie clad?
 Oh how, tell me how, is your Highland laddie clad?
 His bonnet's of the Saxon green, his waistcoat of the plaid;
 And it's oh! in my heart that I love my Highland lad.

4.

Suppose, oh suppose that your Highland lad should die!
 Suppose, oh suppose that your Highland lad should die!
 The bagpipes should play o'er him, and I'd lay me down and cry;
 But it's oh! in my heart that I feel he will not die.

The Minstrel Boy.

Words by THOMAS MOORE.

Irish Air—"The Moreen."

Andante.

1. The Min - strel Boy to the
2. The Min - strel fell! but the

Doh is
E♭.

Andante.

mf

p

war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll find . . . him; His fa - ther's sword he has gird - ed on, And his
foeman's chain Could not bring that proud soul un - der; The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke a - gain, For he

cres. *p* *cres.* *p*

THE MINSTREL BOY.

wild harp slung be - hind . . . him; "Land of song!" said the war - rior bard, "Tho' all the world be -
tore its chords a - sun - der; And said "No chain shall sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and

{ | : s | m . f : s . m | r : - . d | d : s | d' : t | l : . t . d' | t : l | s : . se | l : - . m | m : se }

f *p*

- trays . . thee, One sword at least, thy rights shall guard, One faith - ful harp . . shall praise . . thee!"
bra - ve - ry! Thy songs were made for the pure and free, They shall nev - er sound in sla - ve - ry!

{ | l : - . t | d' : d' | d : - . r | f . m : r . d | m : s | d' : t . d' | l : - . s | m . f : s . m | r : - . d | d || }

f *a tempo.* *p a tempo.* *cres.* *p*

There's a health unto His Majesty.

First verse, Traditional ;
Second and Third verses by CONSTANCE M. LOWE.

Composed by JOHN SAVILE.
(17th Century.)

SOLO (OR UNISON). *Vigorously.*

CHORUS.

Verses 1, 2 and 3.
Here's a health un - to His Ma - jes - ty, With a fal la! la! la la la la, la,
Doh { :d .r | m :m | m :m | r :m | d || d .r | m :m | m :r .d | r :— | d ||
is G. }

f

SOLO.

CHORUS.

SOLO.

Con - fu - sion to His en - e - mies,
All hon - our to His Ma - jes - ty, } With a fal la! la! la la la la, la, { And
Long life un - to His Ma - jes - ty, } Al
Through- }
{ :d .r | m :m | m :m | r :m | d || d .r | m :m | m :r .d | r :— | d || m }

HERE'S A HEALTH UNTO HIS MAJESTY.

he that will not pledge his health, I wish him nei - ther wit nor wealth, Nor yet a rope to
- le - giance un - to him we swear, So let his en - e - mies beware, For him we'll ev - er
- out King George's vast do - main, His loy - al sub - jects raise this strain, God save the King, long
{ | m :— f | s :m | l :l | s :m | m :— f | s :m | r :— d | t, :d .r | m :m | m :m }

CHORUS.

hang him - self ;
do and dare ; } With a fal la! la! la la la la la la, fal la! la! la la la la la, }
may he reign ! }
{ | r :m | s | || d .r | m :m | m :r .d | r .d :r .m | f :m .r | m :m | m :r .d | r :— | d ||

Sua

A Man's a Man for a' that.

Words by Burns.

Spirited.

Old Scotch Melody.

1. Is there for hon-est pov-er-ty That hangs his head, an' a' that? The
2. What though on hame-ly fare we dine, Wear hod-den grey, an' a' that? Gie
3. A king can make a belt-ed knight, A mar-quis, duke, an' a' that; An
4. Then let us pray that come it may, As come it will for a' that, That

Doh is { :s, | d : - r | d : s, | l, : d | r : f | m : - r | d : s, | l, : - | l, : s, }

cow-ard-slave! we pass him by, We dare be poor for a' that! For
fools their silks, and knaves their wine, A man's a man for a' that! For
hon-est man's a-boon his might, Guid faith, he man-na fa' that! For
sense an' worth, o'er a' the earth, May bear the gree,* an' a' that! For

{ | d : - r | d : s, | l, : d | r : f | m : - r | d : l, | s, : - | s, : f }

* Gree = Pre-eminence.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

a' . . that, an' a' . . that, Our toils ob-scure, an' a' that, The
a' . . that, an' a' . . that, Their tin-sel show, an' a' that, The
a' . . that, an' a' . . that, Their dig-ni-ties, an' a' that, The
a' . . that, an' a' . . that, It's com-in' yet, for a' that, That

{ | m : - f | s : m | f : - m | r : f | m : - f | s : d | l, : - | l, : f }

rank is but the guin-ea stamp, The man's the gowd* for a' that.
hon-est man, though e'er sac poor, Is king o' men for a' that.
pith o' sense, and pride o' worth, Are high-er ranks than a' that.
man to man, the whole world o'er, Shall bro-thers be for a' that.

{ | m : - f | s : m | l : r | r : f | m : - r | d : l, | s, : - | s, : f || }

* Gowd = Gold.

The Golden Vanity.

Words compiled from several versions.

Old English.

Briskly.

Doh is { : | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | } s | d' : d' . d' | d' : m . f }

Briskly. ♩ = 108.

f

North coun - tree, And she goes . . by the name of the Gold - en Van - i - ty; I'm a -

{ | s . l : s . m | d : r . m | f . m : f . s | l . t : r' . d' | t . s : s . s | s : s . s }

There are many versions of the tune and words of this old song. The tune as given here is from two versions sung to Mr. Cecil Sharp in Somerset. The words are adapted mainly from a ballad broadsheet.—McN.

THE GOLDEN VANITY.

- fraid she will be ta - ken by some Turk - ish Gal - li - lee As she sails a - long the Low - lands

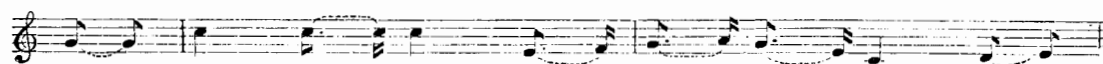
{ | d' . t : d' . r' | d' . s : m . f | s . l : s . m | d : r . m | f . m : f . s | l : t }

Slower. *dim.* *f a tempo.*

low, Low - lands, Low - lands, As she sails a - long the Low - lands low.

{ | d' : - | - : { | r' : - | s : - | m' : - | d' : - | s : s | l . t : d' . r' | d' : t | d' : - | - | }

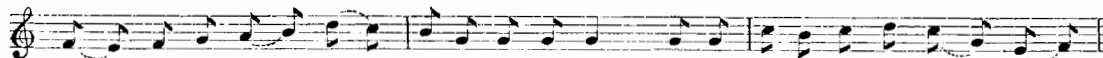
p Slower. *dim.* *f a tempo.*



1. O, . . . I have a ship in the North . . . coun - tree, And she
 2. And . . . then up start - ed our lit - tle cab - in boy, Say - ing,
 3. I will give you . . . gold, I will give you of my store, And my
 4. The . . . boy bent his breast and he jump'd in - to the sea, Ta - king

5. He . . . bored with his au - - ger two holes . . . in a trice, While . .
 6. He . . . swam back a - gain to the *Gold - en Van - i - ty*, Say - ing,
 7. "I'll . . . not take thee up, nor . . . give you of my store, My . .
 8. The . . . boy swam a - round to the star - board . . . side, Say - ing,

{ :s .s | d' :d' .,d' |d' :m .,f |s .,l :s .,m |d :r .m }



1. goes by the name of the *Gold-en Van - i - ty*; I'm a - fraid she will be ta - ken by some
 2. "What will you give me if the gal - ley I des - troy, Will you give me of your trea - sure, if I
 3. daugh - ter you shall mar - ry when we re - turn to shore, If you sink the Turk - ish ship to the
 4. with him an au - ger from the *Gold-en Van - i - ty*, And he swam un - til he came to a

5. some were play - ing cards, and some were play - ing dice, And he let the wa - ter in, . . . and it
 6. "Mas - ter, take me up, . . . I am drown - ing in the sea, For the Turk - ish ship is sunk, From all
 7. daugh - ter you shall not . . . mar - ry, when I come to shore, I will kill you, I will shoot you, I will
 8. "Shipmates, pick me up, . . . I am drown - ing with the tide," And they laid him on the deck, and . .

{ |f .m :f .s |l .t :r' .d' |t .s :s .s |s :s .s |d' .t :d' .r' |d' .s :m .f }



1. Turk - ish Gal - li - lee As she sails a - long the Low - lands low,
 2. sink the Gal - li - lee, If I sink her in the Low - lands low,
 3. bot - tom of the sea, If you sink her in the Low - lands low,
 4. Turk - ish Gal - li - lee, As she lay . . . in the Low - lands low,

5. daz - zled in their eyes, And he sank them in the Low - lands low,
 6. per - il we are free, I have sunk her in the Low - lands low,
 7. send you with the tide, I will drown you in the Low - lands low,
 8. then, a - las! he died. And they sank him in the Low - lands low,

{ |s .l :s .m |d :r .m |f .m :f .s |l :t |d' :— |— : }



1. Low - - lands, Low - - lands, As she sails a - long the Low - lands low.
 2. Low - - lands, Low - - lands, If I sink her in the Low - lands low."
 3. Low - - lands, Low - - lands, If you sink her in the Low - lands low.
 4. Low - - lands, Low - - lands, As she lay in the Low - lands low.
 5. Low - - lands, Low - - lands, And he sank them in the Low - lands low.
 6. Low - - lands, Low - - lands, I have sunk her in the Low - lands low."
 7. Low - - lands, Low - - lands, I will drown you in the Low - lands low."
 8. Low - - lands, Low - - lands, And they sank him in the Low - lands low.

{ |r' :— |s :— |m' :— |d' :— |s :— |f :— |t, :— |m :— |d :— |m :— } :s .s |l .t :d' .r' |d' :t |d' :— |— ||

The meeting of the Waters.*

Words by THOMAS MOORE.

Irish Air.—"The old Head of Dennis."

1. There is not in the wide world a val-ley so sweet As that vale in whose bo-som the
 2. Yet it was not that Na-ture had shed o'er the scene Her pur-est of crys-tal and
Doh is G.
 {s:f | m :-r:d | d :l: :s, | s, :l: :d | d :- :r.m | f :f :m.r | r :m :d }

bright wa-ters meet,† Oh! the last rays of feel-ing and life must de-part, Ere the
 bright-est of green; 'Twas not her soft ma-gic of stream-let or rill, Oh!
 {s :m :d | r :- :r.m | f :f :m.r | r :m :d | s :m :d | r :- :d.r }

* "The meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the County of Wicklow; and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot in the summer of 1807. † The rivers Avon and Avoca.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart, ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.
 no- it was something more ex-qui-site still, oh! no- it was something more ex-qui-site still.
 {m :-r:d | d.l: -s, | s, :l: :d | f :- :f.m | m :-r:d | d.l: -s, | s, :l: :d | d :- ||

3. 'Twas that friends, the be-lov'd of my bo-som, were near, Who made ev-'ry dear scene of en-
 4. Sweet vale of A-vo-ca! how calm could I rest In thy bo-som of..shade, with the
 {s:f | m :-r:d | d :l: :s, | s, :l: :d | d :- :r.m | f :f :m.r | r :m :d }

-chant-ment more dear, And who felt how the best charms of Na-ture im-prove, When we
 friends I love best, Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease, And our
 {s :m :d | r :- :r.m | f :f :m.r | r :m :d | s :m :d | r :- :d.r }

see them re-flected from looks that we love, when we see them re-flected from looks that we love.
 hearts, like thy waters, be min-gled in peace, and our hearts, like thy waters, be min-gled in peace.
 {m :-r:d | d.l: -s, | s, :l: :d | f :- :f.m | m :-r:d | d.l: -s, | s, :l: :d | d :- ||

Let Erin remember.

Old Irish Air—"The little Red Fox."

Firmly.
 1. Let E - rin re-mem-ber the days of old, Ere her faith - less sons be - tray'd her; When
 2. On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisher-man strays, When the clear, cold eve's de - cli - - ning, He

Doh is
 E7. *Firmly.*
mf

Ma - la-chi wore the.. col-lar of gold,* Which he won from the proud in - va - - der; When her
 sees the round tow'rs of .. o - ther days, In the wave be - neath him shi - - ning: Thus shall

f

* "This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the Monarch of Ireland in the tenth century) and the Danes, in which Malachi defeated two of their champions, whom he encountered successively, hand to hand, taking a collar of gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the sword of the other, as trophies of his victory."—WARNER'S *History of Ireland*, vol. i, book ix.

LET ERIN REMEMBER.

kings, with stand - ards of green un - furl'd Led by Red Branch Knights to dan - - ger; Ere the
 mem - 'ry of - ten, in dreams sub - lime, Catch a glimpse of the days that are o - - ver; Thus

{ d' :d' | t :l .s | l :s .m | s :m .r | d :r .m | r :d | d :— | d :s .s }

em - 'rald gem of the west - ern world Was set in the crown of a stran - - ger.
Slightly slower.
 sigh - ing, look thro' the waves of .. time For the long - fa - ded glo - ries they cov - - er.*

{ d' :d' | t :l .s | l :s .m | s :m .r | d :r .m | r :d .m | r :— | d || }

* It was an old tradition in the time of Giraldus, that Lough Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says that the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water.

The Harp that once through Tara's Halls.

Words by THOMAS MOORE.

Irish Melody.

Gently and sustained.

1. The harp that once through Ta - ra's halls The
2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The

Doh is
Et. { : | : | : | : | :d | s :- l | s :m | l :- t | d' :l }

Gently and sustained.

p

soul of mu - sic shed, Now hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls As
harp of Ta - ra swells; The chord, a lone, that breaks the night, Its

{ s :m | r :- m | d :- | - :s | d' :- t | d' :r' | d' :t | l :s }

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

if that soul had fled— So sleeps the pride of form - er days, So glo - ry's thrill is
tale of ru - in tells. Thus Free - dom now so sel - dom wakes, The on - ly throb she

{ l :s | d' :m | s :- | - :s | d' :- t | d' :r' | d' :t | l :s | l :s | f :m }

o'er, And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more!
gives, Is when some heart in - dig - nant breaks, To show that still she lives.

{ l :- | - :t | d' :- t | l :s | l :- t | d' :l | s :m | r :- m | d :- | - || }

p

Long, long ago.

Composed by THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

Moderato, with expression.

mf

1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a - go, long, long a - go;
 2. Do you re-mem-ber the path where we met, Long, long a - go, long, long a - go;
 3. Though by your kind-ness my fond hopes were rais'd, Long, long a - go, long, long a - go;

Doh is { *F.* | d : d . r | m : m . f | s : l . s | m : - . | s : f . m | r : - . | f : m . r | d : - . | }

Moderato, with expression.

mf *dim.*

Sing me the songs I de-light-ed to hear, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
 Ah, yes! you told me you ne'er would for-get— Long, long a - go, long a - go.
 You by more el-o-quent lips have been prais'd, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

{ | d : d . r | m : m . f | s : l . s | m : - . | s : f . m | r : m . r | d : - | - : | }

mf

LONG, LONG AGO.

Now you are come all my grief is re-mov'd, Let me for-get that so long you have lov'd,
 Then to all o - thers my smile you pre-ferr'd, Love, when you spake, gave a charm to each word,
 But by long ab-sence your truth has been tried, Still to your ac-cents I lis-ten with pride,

{ | s . f : f . m | r : s . s . | f . m : m . r | d : | s . f : f . m | r : s . s . | f . m : m . r | d : | }

p *pp*

Let me be-lieve that you love as you lov'd, } Long, long a - go, long a - go.
 Still my heart treasures the prais-es I heard, }
 Blest as I was when I sat by your side, }

{ | d : d . r | m : m . f | s : l . s | m : - . | s : f . m | r : m . r | d : - | - : | }

p *pp*

The Bells of Aberdovey.

Words by W. G. ROTHERY.

Welsh Air.

Cheerfully and lightly.

Doh is { | : | : | : | : | }
F. { | : | : | : | : | }

Cheerfully and lightly. ♩ = about 92.

f *p* *p legato.*

sil - v'ry bells Ring - ing o'er the dis - tant dells, .. Ding dong, ding dong, dingdong, ding, } Ring the
 day is done, "Work is o - ver, rest is won, .. Go to slum - ber with the sun," }

{ | m .s : s₁ .f | m .,f : m .r | m .s : s₁ .f | m .r : f .m | r .s : d .m ,d }

THE BELLS OF ABERDOVEY.

f

bells of Ab - er - do - vey. Ding dong, ding dong, sil - - v'ry
 { | l₁ .r : s₁ .t₁ | d .d : | m : d | s : m | d_d : - .s }

f

dim.

bells, Of peace and rest their chi-ming tells, The bells of Ab - er - do - vey.

{ | s : .f | m .r : f .m | r .s : d .m ,d | l₁ .r : s₁ .t₁ | d .d : }

*Sua ad lib. to **

dim. *p* *pp*

p

Ev - - ry morn I wake to hear Their wel - come mu - sic peal - ing,
When in far - off lands I roam, My thoughts are home - ward stray - ing,

{ | m .f : m .r | d .m : s ., s₁ | l₁ .r : t₁ ., s₁ | s₁ .d : }

Like a fai - ry mur - mur clear, With - in my win - dow steal - ing,
In my heart the bells of home, Their mel - o - dy are play - ing,

{ | m .f : m .r | d .m : s ., m | r .d : t₁ .l₁ | s₁ .s₁ : }

mp *poco rall.*

"Ope your eyes," they seem to say, . . "Rise to greet an - o - ther day, . .
"Be of cheer," they say to me, "In your home be - yond the sea, . .

{ | f ., m : r .d | r .s : s₁ .f | m ., r : d .r | m .s : s₁ .f }

mp *poco rall.*

cres. *f* *a tempo.*

Rea - dy for your work and play," Ring the bells of Ab - er - do - vey.
They are think - ing too of thee," Say the bells of Ab - er - do - vey.

{ | m .r : f .m | r .s : d .m , d | l₁ .r : s₁ .t₁ | d .d : || }

cres. *f* *p a tempo.*

The Bay of Biscay.

Words by ANDREW CHERRY.

Composed by JOHN DAVY.

Allegro risoluto.

1. Loud roared the dread - ful thun - - der, The rain a del - uge
 2. Now dashed up - on the bil - - low, Her ope - ning tim - bers
 3. At length the wished - for mor - - row, Broke through the ha - zy
 4. Her yield - ing tim - bers sev - er, Her pitch - y seams are

Doh is | : | :s₁ | s₁ :d | d :m | d :— | l₁ :t₁.d | r :— m | r.d :t₁.l₁ }

Allegro risoluto. ♩ = 128 or ♩ = 64.

showers, The clouds were rent a sun - - der, By .. light - ning's viv - id ..
 creak; Each tears a wa - t'ry pil - - low, None stop the dread - ful
 sky; Ab - sorbed in si - lent sor - - row, Each heaved a bit - ter
 rent, When heaven, all boun - teous ev - er, Its .. bound - less mer - cy ..

{ | s₁ :— | — :m₁.f₁ | s₁ :d | d :m | d :— | l₁ :t₁.d | r :— m | r.d :t₁.l₁ }

THE BAY OF BISCAI.

powers: The night was drear and dark, Our poor de - lu - ded bark,
 leak, To cling to slip - p'ry shrouds, Each breath - less sea - man crowds,
 sigh, The dis - mal wreck to view, Struck hor - ror to .. the crew,
 sent. A .. sail in sight ap - pears, (cres.) We hail her with three cheers,†

{ | s₁ :— | — :d.t₁ | l₁ :s₁ | f₁ :m₁ | r₁ :— | — :l₁ | r :— m | f.m:r.d | d :t₁ ||

Till next day, There she lay, In .. the Bay of .. Bis - cay, O!
 As she lay, Till next day, In .. the Bay of .. Bis - cay, O!
 As she lay, All that day, In .. the Bay of .. Bis - cay, O!
 Now we .. sail, With the gale, In .. the Bay of .. Bis - cay, O!

{ | s₁ :l₁.t₁ | d :— | l₁ :t₁.d | r :— | d.r:m.f | s.f:m.f | m :r | d :— ||

* At this point, in the last verse, the following interlude is sometimes introduced.

sent. A sail, a sail, a sail! A ..
 { | s₁ :— | — :s₁ | s₁ :s₁ | s₁ :s₁ | d :t₁ }

† (Spoken).—Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

The flowers o' the forest.

Scotch Air.

Larghetto.

1. I've seen the smiling Of . . . For tune be - gui - ling, I've
 2. I've seen the morn - ing With gold the hills a - dorn - ing, And

Doh is { s₁ :s₁ „l₁ | s₁ „l₁ :d „r „m | f „m :r „d | l₁ „d - :s₁ „m₁ }

G. *Larghetto.*

tast - ed her plea - sures and . . felt her de - cay;
 loud . . tem - pests storm - ing be - fore part - ing day;

{ r₁ „m₁ „s₁ :s₁ „l₁ | s₁ „l₁ :d „r „m „f | m :r „d | d :- }

THE FLOWERS O' THE FOREST.

Sweet was her bless - ing, And kind . . her ca - ressing, But
 I've seen Tweed's sil - ver streams, Glit - t'ring in the sun - ny beams, Grow

f.C. { taf :f „l „s „f | m „r :m „sd | s₁ „m :r „d | l₁ „d :s₁ „m₁ }

G.t.

now they are fled, . . . they are fled . . far a - way.
 * drum - lie and dark . . . as they rolled . . on their way.

{ f :f „l „s „f | m „r :m „sd | s₁ „m :r „d | d :- }

G.t.

* Muddy.

mf

I've . . . seen the for - - est A - - dorn - ed the fore - most, With
 O . . . sic - kle For - - tune! . . . Why this cru - el sport - ing? Oh,

flow'rs . . . o' the fair - - est baith plea - sant and gay; Sae
 why . . . thus per - plex - us poor sons of a day? Thy

* Lower part *ad lib.*

bon-nie was their bloom - ing, Their scent the air per - fu - ming, But
 frown can na fear . . . me, Thy smile . . . can na cheer . . . me, Since the

dim. e rall.

now . . . they are with - - ered and . . . a' * wede a - way.
 flow'rs . . . o' the for - - est are . . . a' wede a - way.

dim. e rall.

* Faded.

All through the night.

"Ar hyd y nos." Welsh Air.

Rather slowly.
mp

1. While the moon her watch is keep - ing, All through the night,
2. Love, to thee my thoughts are turn - ing, All through the night,

Legato and rather slowly.
mp

p

mp

While the wea - ry world is sleep - ing, All through the night,
All for thee my heart is yearn - ing, All through the night,

p

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT.

poco cres.

O'er my bo - som gen - tly steal - ing, Vi - sions of de - light re - veal - ing,
Though sad fate our lives may sev - er, Part - ing will not last for ev - er,

slightly rit.

L.H.

slightly rit.

pp a little slower.

Breathes a pure and ho - ly feel - ing, All through the night.
There's a hope that leaves me nev - er, All through the night.

a little slower.
pp

Land of my Fathers.

English words by W. G. ROTHERY.

(HEN WLAD FY NHADAU.)*

Welsh National Song.
Composed by JAMES JAMES.

SOLO OR CHORUS.



1. The land of my fa - thers, how fair is thy fame, En - twin'd are proud
 2. The lords of great Snow - don in brave days of yore, For thee fought for
 3. No more on thy ram - parts is heard through the night The trum - pets' loud

Doh is Eb. { | : :d | m :r :d | s :f :m | d' :d' :l .t | d' :— :l | s :m :d | }



mem - 'ries a - bout thy dear name, The lays of thy min - strels, thy war - rior's re -
 free - dom by Mo - na's green shore, Their cour - age un - daunt - ed in - spires all our
 sum - mons to haste to the fight, The con - test is o - ver, yet proud my heart

{ | d :t, :d | m :r :r | r :— :s | s :s :m .f | s :s :d' | d' :d' :l .t | }



- nown, Give hon - our and grace to thy crown.
 lays, Our harps e'er re - sound to their praise.
 thrills When I gaze on thy vic - t'ry crown'd hills.

{ | d' :— :l .l | s :m :d | r :m :r | d :— :— | — :— :— || }

CHORUS.



Wales, Wales, sweet are thy hills and thy vales, Thy speech, thy

{ | s :— :— | d' :— :— | s :m :d | d :t, :d | r :— :s | s :— :m .f | }

* The original Welsh words are by Evans James.

† Sometimes sung C, D quavers (l, t).



song, to thee be - long, O may they live ev - er in Wales.

{ | s :— :d' | d' :— :l .t | d' :— :l | s :m :d | r :m :r | d :— :— || }

- 1 Mae hen wlad fy nhadau yn anwyl i mi,
 Gwlad beirdd a chantorion, enwogion o fri;
 Ei gwrol ryfelwyr, gwladgarwyr tra mad,
 Dros rhyddid collasant ei gwaed.

Gwlad, Gwlad, pleidiol wyf i'm Gwlad;
 Tra môr yn fur i'r bur hoff bau,
 O bydded i'r heniaith barbau.

- 2 Hen Gymru fynyddig, paradwys y bardd,
 Pob dyffryn, pob clogwyn i'm golwg sydd hardd,
 Trwy deimlad gwladgarol, mor swynol yw si,
 Ei nentydd, afonydd i mi.

Gwlad, Gwlad, &c.

- 3 Os treisiodd y gelyn fy ngwlad dan ei droed,
 Mae hen iath y Cymru mor fyw ag erioed;
 Ni luddiwyd yr Awen gan erchyll law brâd,
 Na thelyn berseiniol fy ngwlad.

Gwlad, Gwlad, &c.

The last Rose of Summer.

Irish Air. Adapted from "The Groves in Blarney."

Words by THOMAS MOORE.

Gently with expression. Not very slowly.

1. 'Tis the last rose of summer, Left blooming alone; All her
 2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one! To pine on the stem! Since the
 3. So soon may I follow, When friends depart, And from

Doh is E♭.

Not very slowly.

love ly companions Are faded and gone; No
 love ly are sleeping, Go, sleep thou with them; Thus
 Love's shi ning cir cle The gems drop a way! When

love ly companions Are faded and gone; No
 love ly are sleeping, Go, sleep thou with them; Thus
 Love's shi ning cir cle The gems drop a way! When

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

flower kind of her kin dred, No rose bud is nigh, To re-
 true ly I scat ter Thy leaves o'er the bed, Where thy
 And fond ones are flow'n, Oh!

flect back her blush es, O give sigh for sigh!
 mates of the gar den, Lie scent less and dead.
 who would in nab it This bleak world a lone?

* B natural (se) here is a modern corruption better avoided. If used the B in the Accompaniment must be made natural.

The Ash Grove.

English words by THOS. OLIPHANT.

Welsh Melody.

Gracefully. Not too fast.

1. Down yon - der green val - ley where stream - lets me - an - der, When twi - light is . .
 2. Still glows the bright sun - shine o'er val - ley and moun - tain, Still war - bles the .

Doh { :s, | d :m :s f | m :d :d | r :f m :r d | t, :s, :s, | d :m r :d t, }
is G.

Gracefully. Not too fast.

fa - ding I pen - sive - ly rove; Or at the bright noon - tide, in
 black - bird its note from the tree; Still trem - bles the moon - beam on

{ l, :f, :l, | s, :d :t, | d :— :s, | d :m :s f | m :d :d }

THE ASH GROVE.

sol - i - tude wan - der, A - mid the dark shades of the lone - ly Ash
 stream - let . . and foun - tain, But what are the beau - ties of Na - ture to

{ r :f m :r d | t, :s, :s, | d :m r :d t, | l, :f, :l, | s, :d :t, }

Grove; 'Twas there, while the . . black - bird was cheer - ful - ly . . sing - ing, I
 me? *p* With sor - row, deep sor - row, my bo - som is . . la - den, All

{ d :— :m f | s :m f :s l | s :f :m | f :r m f s | f :m :r }

first met that dear one—the joy of my heart! *mf* A-round us for glad-ness the day I go mourning in search of my love! Ye e-choes! oh, tell me, where

{ m : d , r : m , f | m : r : d | t , : s : fe | s : — : s , | d : m : s , f | m : d : d }

blue-bells were ring-ing, *p* Ah! then lit-tle thought I how soon we should part. is the sweet maid-en? *pp* "She sleeps 'neath the green turf down by the Ash Grove."

{ r : f , m : r , d | t , : s , : s , | d : m , r : d , t , | l , : f , : l , | s , : d : t , | d : — ||

The Red, White and Blue.

(BRITANNIA THE PRIDE OF THE OCEAN.)

Composed by THOMAS E. WILLIAMS.
(Arranged.)

1. Brit-an-nia the pride of the o-c-ean, The home of the brave and the free, The
2. When warspread its wide des-o-la-tion, And threat-en'd our land to de-form, The
D.t.

hoh is { : s , | d : d , d | r : s , f | m , d : — | : s , | l , : l , s | f , m : r , d | d : — | t , : : s }

G.

shrine of the sail-or's de-votion, No land can com-pare un-to thee! Thy
ark then of free-dom's foun-da-tion, Bri-tan-nia rode safe thro' the storm; With her

{ s : s , s | s : l , t | d ' : s : — | : d ' | t , l : s , f | m , r : s , t , | d s , : — | : s , }

f. G.

man - dates make he - roes as - sem - ble, With Du - ty's bright lau - rel in view; Thy
gar - lands of vic - t'ry a - round her, When so no - bly she bore her brave crew, With her

{ | r : r | d . t . l . s | s . d : — | : d . r | m : m . m | f . m : r . d | r : — | : s | }

mf *cres.*

banners make ty - ran - ny trem - ble, When borne by the red, white and blue, when
flag floating proud - ly be - fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue, the

{ | s . s : — . s | f . m : r . d | t . l . : | l : — | s : m . d | s . : l . , t | d : — | || t . d | }

f

borne by the red, white and blue, when borne by the red, white and blue, Thy
boast of the red, white and blue, the boast of the red, white and blue, With her

{ | r : r . r | r : s . f | m : — | : t . d | r : r . r | r : s . f | m : — | : d . m | }

f

ban - ners make ty - ran - ny trem - ble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
flag floating proud - ly be - fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.

{ | s . s : — . s | f . m : r . d | t . l . : | l : — | s : m . d | s . : l . , t | d : — | || t . d | }

f *D.S. for Chorus.*

Neptune and Britannia.

Words and Music by the Rev. W. J. FOXELL.

With spirit.

1. King Nep-tune rose from out the sea, Not long a-go, 'tis
2. A ma-ny, ma-ny years had pass'd Since last he'd left the

Doh is C. { | : | : .s | s .d' : t .l | s .,l : s .d' | t .t : t,d'.r' }

With spirit. ♩ = 108.

said so; Of course he wore his roy-al crown, That well be-comes his head so. He
o-cean; And how things had been go-ing on He'd not the slight-est no-tion. As

{ | r' .d' :- .s | s .d' : t .l | s .,l : s .d' | t .t : t,d'.r' | r' .d' :- .m }

The piano accompaniment for the second system continues the melody and bass line from the first system. It maintains the same 2/4 time signature and tempo. The right hand has a more complex melodic line with some grace notes, while the left hand continues with a steady bass line. The dynamic marking *f* (forte) is present at the end of the system.

NEPTUNE AND BRITANNIA.

bore his tri-dent in his hand ('Twas some-where in the Chan-nel), And round his bo-dy
Bri-tain's isle he spied, said he, "I'll in-ter-view Bri-tan-nia; 'Twas there she ruled the

{ | f .l : l .,t | d' .s : s .l | s .m : r,m.f | m .s :- .m | f .l : l .,t }

The piano accompaniment for the third system continues the melody and bass line. It features a more complex melodic line in the right hand with some grace notes and a steady bass line in the left hand. The dynamic markings *p* (piano) and *f* (forte) are present.

float-ed loose, A de-cent robe of flan-nel, a de-cent robe of.. flan-nel.
waves, in spite Of Hol-land and His-pa-nia, of Hol-land and His-pa-nia."

{ | d' .s : s .G.t. | m .d : t,d.r | d .m :- .r'l | s .s : s,l,t,d' | r' .s || }

The piano accompaniment for the fourth system continues the melody and bass line. It features a more complex melodic line in the right hand with some grace notes and a steady bass line in the left hand. The dynamic markings *p* (piano) and *colla voce* are present.

CHORUS.
Maestoso.

With a yo, heave ho! though the wa-ters ebb and flow, Yet Brit-ish hearts are

{ :d .m | s :— | l :— | d' :— | — :t .l | s :d' | s :f.m | r :— | — :r | d :— .m | s :l }

Maestoso. $\text{♩} = 72$.

f

FINE.

stea-dy, And Brit-ish Tars are rea-dy, Sing, yo, heave ho!

{ | s :m | — :r | d :— .m | s :l | s :m | — :r | d :— | d' :— | d :— | — : || }

mf

3. They met, Bri-tan-nia came in state At-tend-ed by her na-vy, In-
 4. "Yes, much has chang'd" she an-swer'd, "still Our glo-ry's far from pal-ing, Our
 5. "But tell me of your sons," quoth he, (The ques-tion ra-ther fal-ter'd) "Are

{ : .s | s .d' :t .l | s .l :s .d' | t .t :t .d' .r' | r' .d' :— .s }

-clu-ding ev-'ry sort of ship That rides the o-cean wa-vy. "Are
 wood-en walls are i-ron now; We steam in-stead of sail-ing; Our
 they the same good hearts and true- Or have they al-so al-ter'd?" "No,

{ | s .d' :t .l | s .l :s .d' | t .t :t .d' .r' | r' .d' :— .m }

all these yours?" old Nep-tune cried, "Hold hard there! call me co-ward If there I see aught
 new-cst guns weigh scores of tons, And shoot as dead as mut-ton, They're fired by e-lec-
 no!" Bri-tan-nia quick re-plied, "Their hearts are brave and stea-dy, They fear no foe! when

{ | f .l :l .t | d' .s :s .l | s .m :r .m :f | m .s :— .m | f .l :l .t }

poco rit. CHORUS as before.

like the ships Of Nel-son, Blake, or Ho-ward, of Nel-son, Blake, or Ho-ward."
 tri-ci-ty, You mere-ly press a but-ton, you mere-ly press a but-ton."
 dan-ger looms My boys are al-ways rea-dy, my boys are al-ways rea-dy."

G.t. *f.C.*

{ | d' .s :s .l | r | m .d :t .d .r | d .m :— .r | s .s :s .l .t .d' | r' .s || }

No John!

(SOMERSET.)

Collected and Arranged by CECIL J. SHARP.

Allegro moderato. J = 72.

1. On yon - der hill there stands a . . crea - ture; Who she is I
 2. My fa - ther was a Span - ish Cap - tain - Went to sea a

Doh is { :s₁ | d :d | r :r | s :s f | m :r | s₁ :d | r :r }

G. { :s₁ | d :d | r :r | s :s f | m :r | s₁ :d | r :r }

do not know. I'll go and court her for her beau - ty; She must an - swer
 month a - go. First he . . kissed me, then he . . left me - Bid me al - ways

{ | s :f | r : - | s :s f | m :d | f :r d | t₁ :s₁ | d :m | l₁ :d }

CHORUS.

Yes or No. } O No John! No John! No John! No!
 an - swer No! }

{ | t₁ :s₁ | s₁ : - || s : - | f :r | m :d | t₁ . l₁ :s₁ | d : - | }

3 O | Madam, in your | face is beauty,
 | On your lips red | roses grow.
 | Will you take me | for your lover?
 | Madam, answer | Yes or No.
 | O No John! | No John! No John! | No!

4 O | Madam, I will | give you jewels;
 | I will make you | rich and free;
 | I will give you | silken dresses,
 | Madam, will you | marry me?
 | O No John! | No John! No John! | No

5 O | Madam, since you | are so cruel,
 | And that you do | scorn me so,
 | If I may not | be your lover,
 | Madam, will you | let me go?
 | O No John! | No John! No John! | No!

6 Then | I will stay with | you for ever,
 | If you will not | be unkind,
 | Madam, I have | vowed to love you;
 | Would you have me | change my mind?
 | O No John! | No John! No John! | No!

7 O | hark! I hear the | church bells ringing;
 | Will you come and | be my wife?
 | Or, dear Madam, | have you settled
 | To live single | all (or all) your life?
 | O No John! | No John! No John! | No!

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Summer is a-coming in.

Composed circa 1226.

Sum - mer is a - com - ing in, . . . Loud now sing, cuc - koo,

Doh is { | d' : - : t | l : - : t | d' : - : d' | t : - : l : s | m : - : m | f : - : r | m : - : - : | : : }

Ep. { | d' : - : t | l : - : t | d' : - : d' | t : - : l : s | m : - : m | f : - : r | m : - : - : | : : }

Grow - eth seed, and blow - eth mead, and spring the woods a - new.

{ | d : - : m | r : - : f | m : - : m | r : - : d | m : - : s | l : - : l | s : - : - : | : : }

Grow - eth seed, and blow - eth mead, and spring the woods a - new.

{ | d : - : m | r : - : f | m : - : m | r : - : d | m : - : s | l : - : l | s : - : - : | : : }

Grow - eth seed, and blow - eth mead, and spring the woods a - new.

{ | d : - : m | r : - : f | m : - : m | r : - : d | m : - : s | l : - : l | s : - : - : | : : }

SUMMER IS A-COMING IN.

Sing cuc . . koo, Ewe now bleat - eth af - ter lamb, loweth

{ | d' : - : - | l : - : - | d' : - : - | : : | s : - : m | f : - : r | m : - : s | f : - : m }

af - ter calf the cow, Bul - lock start - eth, buck now vert - eth,

{ | d : - : m | r : - : t, | d : - : - | : : | m : - : m | r : - : f | s : - : s | l : - : t }

SUMMER IS A-COMING IN.

mer - ry sing, cuc - koo, cuc - koo, cuc - koo. . .

{ | d' : - : t | l : - : t | d' : - : - | : : | s : - : - | l : - : - | s : - : - | f : - : m }

Well sing'st thou, cuc - koo, nor . . . cease thou nev - er now.

{ | d : - : m | f : - : r | m : - : - | f : - : s | m : - : s | r : - : t, | d : - : - | - : - : - | }

"Summer is icumen in" (to use the old spelling), is believed to be the oldest example of part-music in existence. It is given here as a Song, but it is constructed to be sung as a Round for four parts with the addition of a Burden or Pes. The right hand part with accompaniment represents the Round, and the left hand part the Burden. Published (in F) as a Round in *The Musical Times*, No. 95 (1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.); and (in Eb) in *The School Music Review*, No. 190 (1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.).

Home, sweet Home!

Words by J. HOWARD PAYNE.

Composed by SIR HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP. (?)

Andante larghetto.

mp

1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though . . we may roam, Be it
 2. An ex - ile from home, splen - dour daz - zles in vain, O

Doh is { :d | n :- f | f :- s | s :- m | m :- f :- m | f :r | m :- | - :d .d }
E. { :d | n :- f | f :- s | s :- m | m :- f :- m | f :r | m :- | - :d .d }

Andante larghetto. ♩ = 70.

mp

ev - er so hum - ble, there's no . . . place like home! A
 give . . . me my low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain! The

{ | m :- f | f :- s | s :- m | m :s | f :- m | f :r | d :- | - :s }

HOME, SWEET HOME.

charm, . . from the skies seems to hal - low us there, Which
 birds . . sing - ing gai - ly, that came . . at my call, Give me

{ | d' :- .t | l :- .s | s :- m :s | f :- m | f :r | m :- | - :s .s }

mf

seek . . through the world, ne'er is met with else - where.)
 them, . . with the peace of mind . . dear - er than all. }

{ | d' :- .t | l :- .s | s :- m :s | s :f | - :r | d :- | - :s }

mf

HOME, SWEET HOME.

p

Home! home! . . . sweet, sweet home! There's

{ | s : - | - : - | f : - | r : - | d : - | r : - | m : - | - : s }

mf

no . . . place like home, . . . there's no . . . place like home!

{ | d' : - . t | l : - . s | s : - | m : s | s : l | f : r | d : - | - ||

Hymns

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. BARING-GOULD.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Doh { | s : s | s : s | s : - l | s : - | r : r | d : r | m : - | - : - || d : m | s : d' | d' : - | t : - }
is Eb. *Briskly.*

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, March-ing as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus

{ | l : l | m : fe | s : - | - : - || r : r | s : r | m : - f | m : - | s : s | d' : s | l : - | - : - ||

Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe :

{ | l : s | f : s | l : s | f : s | l : s | f : m | r : - | - : - || d : d | d : d | d : t, l, | t, : d }

For - ward in - to bat - tle, ... See, His ban - ners go. Onward, Christian sol - diers,

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ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

{ | r : r | r : d, r | m : - | - : - | s : s | d' : t | d' : - | s : - | f : m | r : - d | d : - | - : - ||

March-ing as to .. war, With the Cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore.

2 At the sign of triumph,
 Satan's armies flee ;
 On, then, Christian soldiers,
 On to victory.
 Hell's foundations quiver,
 At the shout of praise ;
 Brothers, lift your voices,
 Loud your anthems raise.
 Onward, &c.

3 Like a mighty army,
 Moves the Church of God :
 Brothers, we are treading
 Where the Saints have trod.
 We are not divided,
 All one body we,
 One in hope, in doctrine,
 One in charity.
 Onward, &c.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
 Kingdoms rise and wane,
 But the Church of Jesus
 Constant will remain.
 Gates of hell can never
 'Gainst that Church prevail :
 We have Christ's own promise,
 And that cannot fail.
 Onward, &c.

5 Onward, then, ye faithful,
 Join our happy throng,
 Blend with us your voices,
 In the triumph-song :
 Glory, laud, and honour,
 Unto Christ the King :
 This, through countless ages,
 Men and Angels sing.
 Onward, &c.

Rock of Ages.

RICHARD REDHEAD.

Doh is
D. { | d : d | r : m | f :- f | m :- || d : d | r : m | r : r | d :- ||

{ | d : m | s : s | l : l | s :- || d : m | s : s | l :- l | s :- ||

{ | d : d | r : m | f :- f | m :- || d : r | m : r | d : t, | d :- ||

- 1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee ;
Let the Water and the Blood,
From Thy riven Side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands ;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling :
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy Judgment Throne :
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Now thank we all our God.

(THANKSGIVING.)

Old Chorale.

Doh is
F. { s | s : s | l : l | s : — | — || s | f : m | r : m | r : — | d || s | s : s | l : l | }

{ s : — | — || s | f : m | r : m | r : — | d || ^{C.t.} s : s | l : d' | s : — | — || }

{ s | l . t : d' | r' : t | d' s : — | — || s | l : s | f : m | f : — | — || m | r : d | d : t, | d : — | — || }

f.F.

THANKSGIVING.

- 1 Now thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In Whom His world rejoices ;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.
- 2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us ;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.
- 3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him Who reigns
With Them in highest Heaven,
The one Eternal God,
Whom earth and Heaven adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Sun of my soul.

P. RITTER.

Deh is
F. { | d :d :d | d :t: :d | r :m :r | d :— :— || m :m :m }

 Musical notation for the first system of the hymn. It consists of a treble and bass staff in 3/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The notes are mostly quarter and eighth notes, with some rests.

{ | m :r :m | s :f :m | r :— :— || r :r :m | f :— :r }

 Musical notation for the second system of the hymn. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The structure is similar, with a treble and bass staff.

{ | m :— :f | s :— :— || l :l :l | s :— :m | f :m :r | d :— :— ||

 Musical notation for the third system of the hymn. It concludes the piece with a final cadence. The treble and bass staves are shown.

SUN OF MY SOUL.

- 1 SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice Divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Through the night of doubt and sorrow.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

Doh is { | s :- .m | l :d' | t :l | s :n || d :d | r :n | s :l | s :- ||
D.

- 1 THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land.
- 2 Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding Light ;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

5 One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

- 3 One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires :
- 4 One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one ;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun :

Rev. S. BARING-GOULD
(By kind permission.)

All people that on earth do dwell.

Genevan Psalter, 1551.

OLD 100TH.

Doh is { :d | d :t, | l, :s, | d :r | m || m | n :m | r :d | f :n | r ||
A.

- 1 All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.
- 2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed ;
Without our aid He did us make ;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why ? the Lord our God is good ;
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom Heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the Angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore.