

MAY SONG.

Frederick Manley.

David S. Smith.

Tempo di Masourka. Joyfully.

1. Ye lads and las-sies all, a-rise and speed . . Hith-er where the
2. Come trip a-long whilst lev-el sun-beams play, And fire the green with

1. Ye lads and las-sies all, a-rise and speed . . Hith-er where the
2. Come trip a-long whilst lev-el sun-beams play, And fire the green with

flow-ers throng; The lark hath show-er'd the prim-rose mead With a
gold-en light; Let ev-'ry maid-en and younk-er gay Be as

flow-ers throng; The lark hath show-er'd the prim-rose mead With a
gold-en light; Let ev-'ry maid-en and younk-er gay Be as

joy-ous rain of song; My la-dye of the night shows pale a-mong The
fal-ry maid and sprite; Soft fall your feet as fall the dews of night, And

joy-ous rain of song; My la-dye of the night shows pale a-mong The
fal-ry maid and sprite; Soft fall your feet as fall the dews of night, And



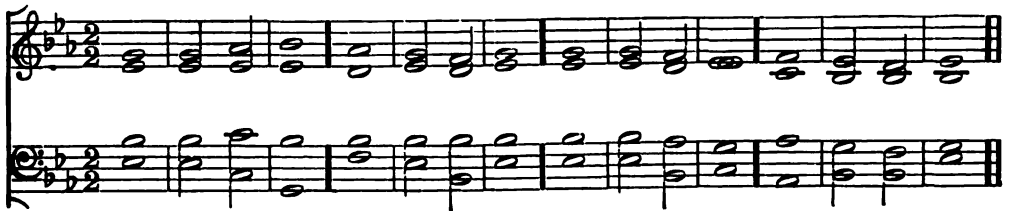
jew - els of the dawn a - bout her flung; Hie ye here a - long
o'er the green like fire - flies twin - kle bright, For the la - dye May,

ere the ma - tin's rung, With the flow'rs of May a - round ye strung.
fair - est la - dye May, Bring - eth in the Shep - herd's Ho - ly - days.

TROYTE'S CHANT.

Charlotte Elliott.

Sir Arthur H. D. Troyte.



1 My God and Father, | while I | stray||
Far from my home, on | life's rough | way,||
Oh, teach me from my | heart to | say,||
Thy | will be | done!

2 Let but my fainting | heart be | blest||
With Thy sweet Spirit | for its | guest,||
My God, to Thee I | leave the | rest.||
Thy | will be | done!

3 Renew my will from | day to | day.||
Blend it with Thine, and | take a | way||
All that now makes it | hard to | say,||
Thy | will be | done!

4 Then when on earth I | breathe no | more||
The pray'r, oft mixed with | tears be - | fore,||
I'll sing upon a | happier | shore,||
Thy | will be | done!