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Favorite—  
Songs**

Words and  
Music

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Over 50 Pieces



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85.

# OPPORTUNITIES

Have you ever considered that you might be earning more money than you now do, and at the same time have shorter hours and more congenial work?

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You no doubt know of young men and young women who have good positions, and who are advancing themselves. You may say they are "Lucky," but if you will give the matter a little thought, we are sure that you will come to the conclusion that a person, to a great extent, makes their own luck. The so-called "Lucky" ones are they who see and grasp opportunities.

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Many of the most successful business and professional men of the day acknowledge that they owe their success to a business education, among whom are John Weaver, Mayor of the City of Philadelphia, George B. Cortelyou, a member of President Roosevelt's Cabinet, Robert Ralston, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas No. 5, of Philadelphia, and James M. Barr, Vice President of the Seaboard Air Line Railway Company.

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\* READER—It will cost one cent and a few minutes of your time to write to The Schissler College of Business at Norristown; this act may be the turning point of your life. Do it now.

# "Old Favorite Songs"

These Songs are the best that have ever been written. They are the songs that are loved most, and are the delight of every home. This is the only publication that has this complete collection.

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## Old Black Joe.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay;      Gone are my friends from the  
 2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?      Why do I sigh that my  
 3. Where are the hearts once so hap-py and so free? The chil-dren so dear that I

cot-ton-fields a-way;      Gone from the earth to a bet-ter land, I know,  
 friends come not a-gain?      Griev-ing for forms now de-part-ed long a-go,  
 held up-on my kneer      Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go,

*Fine.*  
 I hear their gen-tle voic-es call-ing, "Old Black Joe!"  
*D. S.*—I hear those gen-tle voic-es call-ing, "Old Black Joe!"

**CHORUS.** *D. S.*  
 I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing, For my head is bend-ing low;

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## Flee as a Bird.

MARY S. B. BANA. 1940.

*Expression.*

1. Flee as a bird to your mount ain, Thou who art weary of sin;  
 2. He is the boun-ti-ful Giv - er, Now un-to Him draw near,  
 3. He will pro-tect thee for - ev - er, Wipe ev-'ry fall - ing tear,

Go to the clear flow-ing fount-ain, Where you may wash and be clean;  
 Peace then shall flow as a riv - er, Thou shalt be saved from thy fear;  
 He will for-sake thee, oh, nev - er, Shel-tered so ten - der - ly there!

*fagitato.*

Fly, for th'a-veng - er is near thee, Call, and the Sav - ior will  
 Hark! 'tis thy Sav - ior is call - ing, Haste for the twi-ght is  
 Haste, then, the hours are fly - ing, Spend not the mo-ments in

*a tempo.*

hear thee, He on His bo - som will bear thee; Oh,  
 fall - ing, Flee for the night is ap - pall - ing, And  
 sigh - ing, Cease from your sor - row and cry - ing, The

*ril.*

thou who art wea-ry of sin, Oh, thou who art wea-ry of sin.  
 thou shalt be saved from thy fear, And thou shalt be saved from thy fear.  
 Sav - ior will wipe ev - 'ry tear, The Sav - ior will wipe ev - 'ry tear.

# Home, Sweet Home.

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1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so  
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear 'wind, And feel that my  
3. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz - zles in vain; (Oh, give me my

hum - ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us  
moth - er now thinks of her child; As she looks on that moon from our own cot - tage  
low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain; The birds sing - ing gaily, that came at my

there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere. Home, home,  
door, Thro' the wood - bine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more. Home, home,  
call; Give me them, and that peace of mind, dear - er than all. Home, home,

sweet, sweet home, There's no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home.

### TARA'S HARP.

1. The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic shed; Now hangs as mute on)  
2. No more to chiefs and ladies bright The harp of Ta - ra swells; The chord a - lone that

Ta - ra's walls As tho' that soul were fled. So sleeps the pride of former days, So  
breaks at night Its tale of ru - in tells. Thus Free - dom now so seldom wakes; The

glo - ry's thrill is o'er, And hearts that once beat high for praise Now feel that pulse no more.  
on - ly thro' she gives Is when some heart, in - dignant, breaks, To show that still she lives.

## Darling Nelly Gray.

B R HANBY.

1. There's a low green val ley on the old Ken tuck-y shore, Where I've  
 2. When the moon had climbed the moun-tain, and the stars were shin-ing too, Then I'd  
 3. My eyes are get-ting blind-ed, and I can-not see my way. Hark! there's

whiled man-y hap-py hours a-way, A sit-ting and a sing-ing by the  
 take my dar-ling Nel-ly Gray, And we'd float down the riv-er in my  
 some-bod-y knock-ing at the door— O I hear the an-gels call-ing, and I

lit-tle cot-tage door, Where lived my dar-ling Nel-ly Gray  
 lit-tle red ca-noe, While my jo sweet-ly I would play.  
 see my Nel-ly Gray, Fare-well to the old Ken tuck-y shore.

### CHORUS.

-1-2. O my poo. Nel-ly Gray, they have tak-en you a-way, And I'll  
 3. O my dar-ling Nel-ly Gray, up in heav-en there, they say, That they'll

nev-er see my dar-ling an-y more, I'm sit-ting by the riv-er and I'm  
 nev-er take you from me an-y more, I'm a com-ing-com-ing-com-ing, as the

weep-ing all the day, For you've gone from the old Ken-tuck-y shore,  
 an-gels clear the way, Fare-well to the old Ken-tuck-y shore.

# My Old Kentucky Home.

*Rather slow.*

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are  
 2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the meadow, the hill, and the  
 3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher - ev - er the dark-ey may

gay; The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the  
 shore; They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in  
 go; A few more days, and the trou-ble all will end, In the field where the su-gar - canes

day. The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright;  
 door. The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor-row where all was de-light;  
 grow; A few more days for to tote the wea-ry load, - No mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light;

By'm-by hard times comes a-knock-ing at the door, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!  
 The time has come when the darkies have to part, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!  
 A few more days till we tot-ter on the road, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!

## CHORUS.

Weep no more, my la - dy, O weep no more to - day! We will sing one song for the  
 old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Ken-tuck-y home, far a - way.

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## IN THE GLOAMING

META ORRED.  
ANNIE F. HARRISON.

*Andante.*

1. In the gloaming oh, my darling! when the lights are dim and low, And the quiet  
2. In the gloaming oh, my darling! think not bitterly of me! Though I passed a

*rall.* *agitato.*

shadows, falling, softly come and softly go, When the winds are sobbing  
way in silence, left you lonely, set you free, For my heart was crushed with

*con anima.*

faintly with a gentle, unknown woe, Will you think of me and love me, As you did once  
longing; what had been could never be. It was best to leave you thus, dear, Best for you and

1 2 *rall.* *cres.*

long ago?  
best for me, It was best to leave you thus, Best for you and best for me.

## CRADLE SONG.

C. M. VON WEBER.

*Moderato.*

1. Sleep, my heart's darling, in slumber repose; Let the fair lid o'er those blue eyes now close;  
2. Now, dearest baby, is morn's golden time; Not thus thou'lt slumber in life's later prime;  
3. Angels from heaven, as lovely as thou, Watch o'er thy cradle and smile on thee now;  
4. Sleep, my heart's darling, straight cometh the night; Mother doth watch by thy bed with delight;

All is as peaceful and still as the tomb, Nor shall the gnats wake thee with their low hum.  
Sorrow and care then will watch by thy bed, Ne'er more sweet peace will there pillow thy head.  
Angels will tend thee in life's later years; Then they will come to dry manhood's sad tears.  
Tho' it be early or late it may be, Mother's love slumbers not, watching o'er thee.

# Rocked in The Cradle of the Deep.

1. Rock'd in the cradle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep. Se  
 2. And such the trust that still were mine, Tho' stor-my winds swept o'er the brine. Or

cure I rest up-on the wave For thou, Oh! Lord, hast pow'r to save. I  
 tho' the tempest's sic-ry breath Roused me from sleep to wreck and death. In

know thou wilt not slight my call, For thou dost mark the spar-row's fall; And  
 o-ocean cave still safe with Thee. The germ of im-mor-tal-i-ty; And

calm and peaceful is my sleep . . . Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep, And

calm and peace-ful is my sleep, . . . Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep.

## THE EVENING BELL.

*Soft and slow.* *pp*

1. Hark! the peal-ing, soft-ly steal-ing, Eve-ning bell, Sweetly echoed down the dell.  
 2. Welcome, wel-come is thy mu-sic, Sil-very bell, Sweetly tell-ing day's fare-well.  
 3. Day is sleep-ing, flow'rs are weep-ing, Tears of dew; Stars are peep-ing, ev-er true.  
 4. Grove and mountain, field and fountain, Faint-ly gleam In the rud-dy sun-set beam.  
 5. Hap-py hour, may thy pow-er Fill my breast; Each wild pas-sion soothe to rest.

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# Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.

*Spirited.*

1. Oh, Co-lum-bia, the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free, Tho  
 2. When war winged its wide des-o-lation, And threatened the land to de-form, The  
 3. The star-spangled ban-ner bring hither, O'er Co-lum-bia's true sons let it wave; May th

shrine of each pa-triot's de-votion, A world-of-ers hom-age to thee. Thy  
 ark then of freedom's foun-da-tion, Co-lum-bia, rode safe thro' the storm: With the  
 wreaths they have won nev-er with-er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave. May the

mandates make he-ros as-sem-ble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view; Thy  
 gar-lands of vic-t'ry a-round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave crew, With her  
 ser-vice, u-ni-ted, ne'er sev-er, But hold to their col-ors so true; The

ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue, When  
 flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue, The  
 ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three

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, The  
 cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, With the  
 The

ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue.  
 flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.  
 ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

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# Ben Bolt.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.  
Semplice.

NELSON KNEASS.

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students. We can do the same  
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1. Oh! don't you re-mem-ber sweet Al-ice, Ben Bolt, Sweet Al-ice whose hair was so  
2. Un-der the hick-o-ry tree, Ben Bolt, Which stood at the foot of the  
3. And don't you re-mem-ber the school, Ben Bolt, With the mas-ter so kind and so

brown, Who wept with de-light when you gave her a smile, And  
hill, To geth-er we've lain in the noon-day shade, And  
true, And the sha-ded nook by the run-ning brook, Where the

trembled with fear at your frown? In the old churchyard, in the val-ley, Ben Bolt, In a  
lis-tened to Ap-ple-ton's mill. The mill-wheel has fall-en to piec-es, Ben Bolt, The  
fair est wild-flow-ers grew? Grass grows on the mas-ter's grave, Ben Bolt, The

cor-ner ob-scure and a-lone, They have fit-ted a slab of the  
raft-ers have tum-bled in, And a qui-et that crawls round the  
spring of the brook is..... dry, And of all the boys who were

gran-ite so gray, And sweet Al-ice lies un-der the stone, They have  
walls as you gaze, Has fol-lowed the old en din, And a  
school-mates then, There are on-ly you..... and I And of

*Ad lib.*

fit-ted a slab of the gran-ite so gray, And sweet Al-ice lies un-der the stone,  
qui-et that crawls round the walls as you gaze, Has fol-lowed the old en din.  
all the boys who were school-mates then, There are on-ly you..... and I

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## Origin of Yankee Doodle.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

1. Once on a time old John-ny Bull Flew in a raging fu-ry,  
 2. Then down he sat in bur-ly state, And bluster'd like a gran-dee,  
 3. John sent the tea from o'er the sea With heavy du-ties rated;  
 4. Then John-ny sent a reg-i-ment, Big words and looks to bandy,  
 5. A long war then they had, in which John was at last de-feat-ed,

And said that Jon-a-than should have No tri-al, sir, by ju-ry;  
 And in de-ris-ion made a tune Called "Yankee Doodle Dandy."  
 But whether hy-son or bo-hea, I nev-er heard it stat-ed.  
 Whose martial band, when near the land, Play d' "Yankee Doodle Dandy."  
 And "Yankee Doodle" was the march To which his troops re-treat-ed!

That no e-lec-tions should be held, A-cross the brin-y wa-ters;  
 "Yankee doodle"—these are facts—"Yan-kee doo-dle dan-dy;  
 Then Jon-a-than to pout be-gan, He laid a strong em-bar-go,  
 "Yankee doodle"—keep it up! Yan-kee doo-dle dan dy.  
 Cute Jon-a-than to see them fly, Could not re-strain his laught-er.

"And now," said he, "I'll tax the tea Of all his sons and daughters.  
 My son of wax, your tea I'll tax— Yan-kee doo-dle dan-dy."  
 "I'll drink no tea, dear sir!" so he Threw o-ver board the car-go  
 "I'll poi-son with a tax your cup, Yan-kee doo-dle dan-dy."  
 "That tune," said he, "suits to a T, I'll sing it ev-er aft-er."

# Battle Hymn of the Republic.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

Old Campmeeting Air.

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and see what we are doing for our  
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1. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord; He is  
2. I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps; They have  
3. He Has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call re-treat; He is  
4. In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea; With a

trampling out the vintage, where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath  
build-ed Him an al-tar in the evening dews and damps; I can  
sift-ing out the hearts of men be-fore His judg-ment seat; Oh, be  
glo-ry in His bo-som, that trans-fig-ures you and me; As he

loos'd the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword: His truth is marching on.  
read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps; His truth is marching on.  
swift my soul to answer Him. be ju-bi-lant my feet! Our God is marching on.  
died to make men holy, let us die to make men free: While God is marching on.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!

Glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah' His truth is march-ing on.

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# Scenes That Are Brightest.

"Mariana."  
W. V. WALLACE

*Tenderly.*

1. Scenes that are brightest may charm for a - - while, Hearts that are light-est, and  
2. Words can-not scat-ter the thoughts we fear, For 'tho' they flat-ter, they

*Dim.*

eyes that smile; Yet o'er them, a - -bove us, though na - -ture beam, With none to  
mock the ear; Hopes will still de - -ceive us with tear - -ful cost, And when they

love us, how sad they seem! With none to love us, how sad they seem!  
leave us the heart is lost! And when they leave us the heart is lost.

# Those Evening Bells.

1. Those eve - ning bells! those eve - ning bells! How many a tale their mu - -sio tells,  
2. Those joy - -ous hours have passed a - - way; And many a heart that then was gay,  
3. And so 'twill be when I am gone, That tune - -ful peal will still ring on,

Of youth and home, and that sweet time When last I heard their sooth - -ing chime.  
With - - in the tomb now dark - - ly dwells, And hears no more those eve - -ning bells.  
While oth - -er bards shall walk these delis, And sing your praise, sweet eve - -ning bells.

D. C.

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# Won't You Tell Me Why, Robin?

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1 You are not what you were, Rob in, Why so sad and strange? You  
2. On Sun day, aft er church, Rob in, I looked a round for you, I  
3. The oth er night we danced, Rob in, Be-neath the haw thorn tree; I

once were blithe and gay, Rob in, What has made you change? You  
thought you'd see me home, Rob in, As once you used to do; But  
thought you'd sure-ly come, Rob in, If but to dance with me; But

nev-er come to see me now, As once you used to do; I miss you at the  
now you seem a-fraid to come, And al-most ev-'ry day I meet you in the  
Al-lan asked me first, and so I joined the reel with him; But I was heav-y-

wick-et gate You al-ways let me through, It's ver-y hard to o-pen, but You  
mead-ows, and You look the oth-er way; You nev-er bring me po-sies now, The  
heart ed, and My eyes with tears were dim; And oh, how ver-y grave you looked As

nev-er come to try: Won't you tell me why, Rob-in, Won't you tell me  
last is dead and dry: Won't you tell me why, Rob-in, Won't you tell me  
once we passed you by: Won't you tell me why, Rob-in, Won't you tell me

why? Won't you tell me why, Rob-in, Oh, won't you tell me why!

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## Long, Long Ago.

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 kindness my fond hopes were raised, Long, long ago, Long, long a-go.

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 forget, Long, long a-go, long a-go.  
 You, by more el-o-quent lips have been praised, Long, long a-go, long a-go.

Now you are come, all my grief is removed, Let me for-get that so long you have roved,  
 Then, to all oth-ers my smile you preferr'd, Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,  
 But by long absence your truth has been tried, Still to your ac-cents I lis-ten with pride,

Let me believe that you love as you loved, Long, long a-go, long a-go.  
 Still my heart treasures the prais-es I heard, Long, long a-go, long a-go.  
 Blest as I was when I sat by your side, Long, long a-go, long a-go.

## THOU ART MY ROSE.

*Andante.*

1. Hark! as the twilight pale Ten-der-ly glows, Hark! how the nightingale Wakes from repose;  
 2. Here, where the fountain tide Murmuring flows, Airs from the mountain side Fan thy re- pose;  
 3. Sweeter the strains he weaves, Fainter it flows, Now as her balmy leaves Blushing-ly close.

Only when, sparkling high, Stars fill the darkling sky, Un-to the nightingale Lis-tens the rose.  
 Eyes of thine, glistening, Look on me, lis-tening, I am thy nightingale, Thou art my rose.  
 Bet-ter than minstrelsy, Lips that blush kissingly; Silence thy nightingale,—Kiss me, my rose.

## ROBIN ADAIR.

CAROLINE KÉPPEL, 1756.

*Expression.*

1. What's this dull town to me? Ro - bin's not near. What was't I wished to see,  
 2. What made th' assembly shine? Ro - bin A - dair. What made the ball so fine?  
 3. But now thou'rt cold to me, Ro - bin A - dair. But now thou'rt cold to me,

What wished to hear? Where's all the joy and mirth, That made this town  
 Ro - bin was there; What, when the play was o'er, What made my  
 Ro - bin A - dair, Yet him I loved so well, Still in my

heaven on earth? Oh! they're all fled with thee, Ro - bin A - dair,  
 heart so sore? Oh! it was part - ing with Ro - bin A - dair,  
 heart shall dwell; Oh! I can ne'er for - get Ro - bin A - dair,

## MY MARYLAND.

JAS. R. RANDALL, 1861.

1. The despot's heel as on thy shore, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land! His torch is at thy  
 2. Hark to an ex - filed son's ap - peal, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land! My Mother State, to  
 3. Thou wilt not cow - er in the dust, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land! Thy gleaming sword shall

tem - ple door, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land! A - venge the pa - tri - ot - ic gore That  
 thee I kneel! Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land! For life and death, for woe and weal, Thy  
 nev - er rust, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land! Re - mem - ber Carroll's sa - cred trust, Re -

flecked the streets of Baltimore, And be the bat - tie - queen of yore, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land!  
 peer - less chiv - al - ry reveal, And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel, Maryland, my Ma - ry-land!  
 member Howard's warlike thrust And all thy slumberers with the just, Maryland, my Ma - ry-land!

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# Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.

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1. Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green braes; Flow gen - tly, I'll sing thee a  
 2. How loft - y, sweet Af - ton, thy neigh - bor - ing hills, Far marked with the cours - ea of  
 3. Thy crys - tal stream, Af - ton, how love - ly it glides, And winds by the cot where my

song in thy praise; My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur - mur - ing stream, Flow gen - tly, sweet  
 clear - wind - ing rills! There dal - ly I wan - der, as morn ris - es high, My flocks and my  
 Ma - ry re - sides! How wan - ton thy wa - ters her snow - y feet lave, As gather - ing sweet

Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream. Thou stock - dove, whose ech - o re - sounds from the  
 Ma - ry's sweet cot in my eye. How pleas - ant thy banks and green val - leys be -  
 flow'rets, she stems thy clear wave! Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green

hill, Ye wild whistling black - birds in yon thorn - y dell, Thou green - crest - ed  
 low, Where wild in the wood - lands the prim - ros - es blow! There oft, as mild  
 braes, Flow gen - tly, sweet riv - er, the theme of my lays: My Ma - ry's a -

lap - wing, thy screaming for - bear, I charge you, dis - turb not my slum - ber - ing fair.  
 eve - ning creeps o - ver the lea, The sweet - scent - ed birch shades my Ma - ry and me.  
 sleep by thy mur - mur - ing stream, Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.

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# The Star-Spangled Banner.

SOLO OR QUARTET.



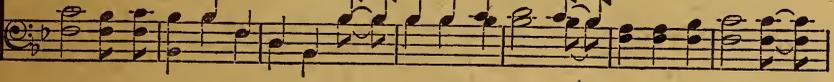
1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we hailed at the
2. On the shore dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
3. And where is that band who so vaunt-ing-ly swore, That the hav-oc of war and the
4. Oh, thus be it ev-er when freemen shall stand Be-tween their loved home and wild



twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight, O'er the ramparts we  
 si-lence re-pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing steep, As it fit-ful-ly  
 bat-tle's con-fu-sion, A home and a coun-try should leave us no more! Their blood has washed  
 war's desolation, Blest with viet'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the Pow'r that hath



watched, were so gal-lant-ly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave  
 blows, half con-ceals, half dis-clo-ses? Now it catch-es the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full  
 out their foul footsteps' pol-lu-tion. No ref-uge could save the hire-ling and slave From the  
 made and preserved us a na-tion! Then con-quer we must, When our cause it is just, And



proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star-span-gled  
 glo-ry re-flect-ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-span-gled ban-ner; oh,  
 ter-ror of fight or the gloom of the grave: And the star-span-gled ban-ner in  
 this be our mot-to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-span-gled ban-ner in



ban-ner yet wave }  
 long may it wave } O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.  
 tri-umph doth wave }  
 tri-umph shall wave }



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## SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT

SLAVE HYMN.

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com - ing for to car - ry me home

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.

*mf*

1. I looked o - ver Jor - dan, and what did I see, Com - ing for to car - ry me
2. If you get there be - fore I do, Com - ing for to car - ry me
3. The bright - est day that ev - er I saw, Com - ing for to car - ry me
4. I'm some - times up and some - times down, Com - ing for to car - ry me

*D.C.*

home? A band of an - gels com - ing af - ter me, Com - ing for to car - ry me home,  
 home, Tell all my friends I'm com - ing too, Com - ing for to car - ry me home,  
 home, When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way, Com - ing for to car - ry me home,  
 home, But still my soul feels heav - en - ly bound, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.

## THE BREEZE FROM HOME.

GERMAN AIR.

*mf*

1. When sailing o'er Time's restless sea, Be - neath a dark and cloud - ed sky,
2. Loud raves the voice of an - gry gales, But while the break - ers mad - ly foam
3. Then let the frown - ing sky grow dark, Let the wild, temp - est wild - er rave;
4. The fragrant breeze from Heaven's own land Comes heavenly sweet a - cross the sea;

*p*

How sweet the whis - per comes to me That tells of Home and har - bor nigh.  
 A soft wind fans the spreading sails, The pleasant breeze that blows from Home.  
 A strong hand guides the toil - ing bark To port, a cross the stormy wave.  
 It wafts the mu - sic from the strand, And bears the song of hope to me.

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# WHEN THE SWALLOWS.

FRANZ ABT.

1. When the swallows homeward fly, When the roses scatter'd lie, When from  
 2. When the whiteswan southward roves, To seek at noon the orange groves, When the  
 3. Hush, my heart! why thus complain? Thou must, too, thy woes contain, Though on

nei - ther hill nor dale, Chants the sil - v'ry night - in - gale; In these words my bleeding  
 red tints of the west Prove the sun has gone to rest; In these words my bleeding  
 earth no more we rove, Loud - ly breathing words of love; Thou, my heart must find re -

heart Would to thee its grief im - part, When I thus thy im - age lose,  
 heart Would to thee its grief im - part, When I thus thy im - age lose,  
 lief, Yield - ing to these words be - lief; I shall see thy form a - gain,

Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose?  
 Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose?  
 Though to - day we part a - gain, Though to - day we part a - gain.

# BIRD OF THE GREENWOOD

G. VERDI.

1. Bird of the greenwood, Oh! why art thou here? Leaves dance not o'er thee, Flow'rs bloom not near,  
 2. 'Midst the wild billows Thy place must not be, As 'midst the wavings Of wild-rose and tree;  
 3. Or art thou seeking Some brighter land Where, by the south wind, Vine leaves are fanned?

All the sweet waters Far hence are at play, Bird of the green - wood, A - way, a - way, a - way!  
 How should'st thou battle With storm and with spray? Bird of the greenwood, Away, away, a - way!  
 'Midst the wild billows Why then de - lay! Bird of the green - wood, A - way, a - way, a - way!

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## The Last Rose of Summer.

1. 'Tis the last rose of sum-mer, Left bloom - ing a lone; All her love-ly com  
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem, Since the love-ly are  
3. So soon may I fol - low, When friend-ships de cay, And from love's shining

pan-ions Are fad - ed and gone; No flow - er of her kin - dred, No  
sleeping, Gó sleep thou with them; Thus kind - ly I scat - ter Thy  
cir - cle The gems drop a - way; Whea true hearts lie with-ered, And

rose - bud is nigh, To re - flect back her blush-es, Or give sigh for sigh.  
leaves o'er the bed, Where thy mates of the gar - den Lie scent less and dead.  
fond ones are frown, Oh, who would in - hab - it This bleak world a - lone!

## ANNIE LAURIE.

1. Max - wel-ton's braes are bon-nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew, And 'twas there that An - nie  
2. Her brow is like the snowdrift, Her throat is like the swan; Her face it is the  
3. Like dew on th'gow-an - ly - ing Is th' fa' o' her fair - y feet, And like winds in sum - mer

Lau - rie Gave me her prom - ise true; Gave me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for - got will be,  
fair - est That e'er the sun shone on; That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e,  
sigh - ing, Her voice is low and sweet; Her voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to me,

And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.

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# AULD LANG SYNE.

*p* *Slow.*

1. Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance  
 2. We twa ha'e run a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans fine; But we've wandered mony a  
 3. We twa ha'e sport-ed P' the burn Frae mornin' sun till dine, But seas' be-tween us  
 4. And here's a hand, my trust-y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll tak' a cup o'

*p* CHORUS.

be for-got, And days of auld lang syne!  
 wea - ry foot Sin' auld lang syne.  
 braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne.  
 kind - ness yet For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear, For

*Repeat Chorus ff.*

auld lang syne; We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.

ROBERT BURNS.  
*Lively.*

# COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

1. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' thro' the rye, If a bod-y
2. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' frae the town, If a bod-y
3. Among the train there is a swain I dear-ly love my - sel'; But what's his name, or

kiss a bod-y, Need a bod-y cry?  
 greet a bod-y, Need a bod-y frown?  
 where's his name, I din - na choose to tell.

Ev - 'ry las - sie has her lad - die,

Nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet a' the lads they smile on me, When comin' thro' the rye.

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America

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1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my  
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy  
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mor-tal  
4. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our

fa - thers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From ev - 'ry moun-tain side Let free-dom ring!  
rocks and hills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.  
tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro-long.  
Land - be bright With freedom's holy light; Pro - teet us by Thy night, Great God, our King!

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH

1. How dear to my heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec - ol -  
The or - chard, the mead - ow, the deep - tan - gled wild-wood, And ev - 'ry loved

Cho.—The old oak - en buck - et, the i - ron-bound buck - et, The moss - covered

FINE.

lec - tion presents them to view! }  
spot which my in - fan - cy knew: } The wide-spread-ing pond, and the mill that stood

'buck - et that hung in the well.

by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell; The cot of my

*D. C. for Chorus.*

fa - ther, the dai - ry-house nigh it, And e'er the rude buck - et that hung in the well.

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# FLAG OF THE FREE.

March from "LORRELEIN"

*Steady Time.*

1. Flag of the free, fair-est to see! Borne thro' the strife and the thun-der of war;  
 2. Flag of the brave, long may it wave, Chos-en of God while His might we a-dore, In

*Fine.*

Ban-ner so bright with star-ry light, Float ev-er proud-ly from mountain to shore,  
 Lib-er-ty's van for manhood of man, Sym-bol of Right thro' the years passing o'er.

*For* While thro' the sky loud rings the cry, U-nion and Lib-er-ty! one ev-er-more! *D. S.*

Em-blem of Free-dom, hope to the slave, Spread thy fair folds but to shield and to save  
 Pride of our coun-try, hon-ored a-far, Scat-ter each cloud that would darken a star, [While

# DIP, BOYS, DIP THE OAR.

SARONA.

*Allegretto.*

1. 'Tis moonlight on the sea, boys, Our boat is on the strand; She  
 2. The zeph-yrs woo the spray, boys, Their laugh-ter fills the air; We'll  
 3. What, tho' the dark rocks frown, boys, Their home is on the shore; When

*Chorus.*

bids us all be free, boys, And seek a fair-er land,  
 bid them wake our song, boys, And steal a-way our care. } Dip, boys, dip the oar,  
 fair-er lands ap-pear, boys, Our dangers will be, o'er.

Bid farewell to the dusk-y shore; Free-dom ours shall be, As we cross the deep blue sea.

# Sweet and Low.

*pp* *Larghetto.*

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; Low, low,  
 2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; Rest, rest on

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; O - ver the roll - ing  
 moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; Fa - ther will come to his  
 Fa - ther will come to ther his will

wa - ters go, Come from the dy ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to  
 wa - ters go, Come from the moon and blow, O - ver the roll - ing  
 babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Un - der the all - ver  
 come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west,

*Rall. e dim.* *pp*  
 me, While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.....  
 moon Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep my pret - ty one, sleep.....

## WE ARE ALL NODDIN'

*Andante. f* *dim.* *pp* *f* *dim.* *rit.* *Fine.*  
 1. We are all nod-din', nid, nid, noddin', We are all noddin', and dropping off to sleep.  
 2. We are all nod-din', nid, nid, noddin', We are all noddin', and dropping off to sleep.

*f* *a tempo.* *D.C.*  
 To keep us awake we have all done our best, But we're weary and heavy, so home to our rest.  
 The hour it is late, we'll no longer de-lay, But we'll take our hats and bonnets, and quickly away.

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## THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR.

*Moderato.*

1. There's mu-sic in the air When the in-fant morn is nigh, And faint its blush is seen  
 2. There's mu-sic in the air When the noon-tide's sultry beam Re-lects a gold-en light  
 3. There's mu-sic in the air When the twilight's gentle sigh Is lost on evening's breast,

CHORUS. *2nd time pp.*

On the bright and laughing sky. Many a harp's ec-stat-ic sound, With its thrill of  
 On the dis-tant moun-tain stream: When beneath some grateful shade, Sor-row's ach-ing  
 As its pen-sive beau-ties die. Then, oh, then the loved ones gone Wake the pure ce-

joy pro-found, While we list en-chant-ed there, To the mu-sic in the air,  
 head is laid, Sweet-ly to the spir-it there Comes the mu-sic in the air,  
 les-tial song, 'An-gel vol-ces greet us there, In the mu-sic in the air

## HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE.

1. How can I leave thee! How can I from thee part! Thou on ly  
 2. Blue is a flow'r et Called the "For-get-me-not," Wear it up  
 3. Would I-a bird were! Soon at thy side to be, Fal-con nor

hast my heart, Dear one, be lieve. Thou hast this soul of mine,  
 on thy heart, And think of me! Flow'ret and hope may die,  
 hawk would fear, Speed ing to thee. When by the fowl'er slain,

So close-ly bound to thine, No oth-er can I love, Sve thee a-lone!  
 Yet love with us shall stay, That can-not pass a-way, Dear one, be-lieve  
 I at thy feet should lie, Thou sad-ly shouldst complain, Joy-ful I'd die.

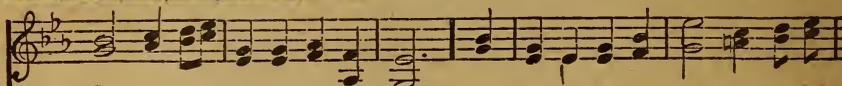
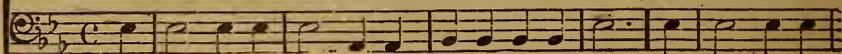
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## THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

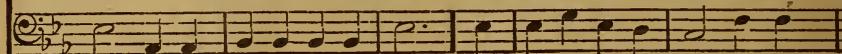
MRS. JORDAN.



1. Oh, where! and oh, where! is your Highland lad-die gone? Oh, where! and oh,
2. Oh, where! and oh, where! does your Highland lad-die dwell? Oh, where! and oh,
3. What clothes, in what clothes is your Highland lad-die clad? What clothes, in what
4. Sup - pose, and sup - pose that your Highland lad should die? Sup - pose, and sup-



where! is your Highland lad-die gone? He's gone to fight the foe, for King  
 where! does your Highland lad-die dwell? He dwelt in mer-ry Scot-land at the  
 clothes is your Highland lad-die clad? His bon-net's Sax-on green, and his  
 pose that your Highland lad should die? The bagpipes shall play over him, I'd



George up-on the throne; And it's oh! in my heart, how I wish him safe at home!  
 sign of the Blue Bell; And it's oh! in my heart that I love my lad-die well.  
 waist-coat of the plaid; And it's oh! in my heart that I love my Highland lad.  
 lay me down and cry; And it's oh! in my heart that I wish he may not die.

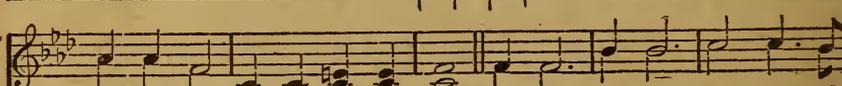


## GO DOWN, MOSES.

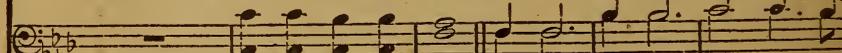
SLAVE HYMN.



1. When Is-ra-el was in Egypt's land, Let my peo-ple go! Op-press'd so hard they
2. O come along, Moses, you'll not get lost, Let my peo-ple go! Stretch out your rod, and



could not stand, Let my peo-ple go! Go down, Mo-ses, 'Way down in  
 come a-cross, Let my peo-ple go' Go down, Mo-ses, 'Way down in



E-gypt land, Tell ole' Pha-raoh, Let my peo-ple go!



3. As Israel stood by the water side, Let my people go! [vide,  
 At the command of God it did di-]
4. Ole Pharaoh said he'd go across, Let my people go!  
 But Pharaoh and his host were lost,
5. O take your shoes from off your feet  
 Let my people go! [vide,  
 And walk into the golden street

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# FAR AWAY.

M. LINDSAY.

1. Where is now the mer-ry par-ty, I remem-ber long a-go; Laughing  
 2. Some have gone to lands far dis-tant, And with strangers made their home; Some up-  
 3. There are still some few re-main-ing, Who remind us of the past, But they

round the Christmas fire-side, Brighten'd by its rud-dy glow: Or in summer's balm-y  
 on the world of wa-ters All their lives are forced to roam; Some are gone from us for-  
 change as all-things change here, Nothing in this world can last; Years roll on and pass for-

ev-e-nings, In the field up-on the hay? They have all dispers'd, and wander'd Far a-  
 ev-er, Longer here they might not stay,— They have reached a fair-er re-gion Far a-  
 ev-er, What is coming, who can say? Ere this clos-es ma-n-y may be Far a-

way, . . far a-way, They have all dispers'd, and wander'd Far a-way, far a-way.  
 way, . . far a-way, They have reached a fairer re-gion Far a-way, far a-way.  
 way, . . far a-way, Ere this clos-es ma-n-y may be Far a-way, far a-way.

# ROLL, JORDAN, ROLL.

SLAVE HYMN.

Roll, Jordan, roll, roll, Jordan, roll, I want to go to Heaven when I die, To hear Jordan roll.

1. Oh, brothers, you ought t'have been there, Yes, my Lord! A-sitting in the Kingdom, to hear Jordan roll.  
 2. Oh, preachers, you ought t'have been there, Yes, my Lord! A-sitting in the Kingdom, to hear Jordan roll.  
 3. Oh, sinners, you ought t'have been there, Yes, my Lord! A-sitting in the Kingdom, to hear Jordan roll.

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## Old Folks at Home. (Swanee River.)

*Expression.*

1. 'Way down up-on de Swa-nee river. Far, far a-way, Dere's wha my heart is  
 2. All roun' de lit-tle farm I wandered When I was young, Den ma-ny hap-py  
 3. One lit-tle hut among de bushes, One that I love, Still sad-ly to my

turning ev-er, Dere's wha de old folks stay. All up and down de whole crea-tion,  
 days I squander'd, Ma-ny de songs I sung. When I was playing with my brother,  
 mem'ry rushes. No mat-ter where I rove. When will I see de bees a-humming,

Sad-ly I roam, Still longing for de old planta-tion, And for de old folks at home.  
 Hap-py was I, Oh! take me to my kind old mother, There let me live and die.  
 All roun' de comb? When will I hear de banjo tumming, Down in my good old home?

D.S.—Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary, far from de old folks at home. D.S.  
 All de world is sad and drea-ry. Ev-ry where I roam,

## STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

1. Stars of the sum-mer night, Far in yon az-ure deeps, Hide, hide your  
 2. Moon of the sum-mer night, Far down yon west-ern deeps, Sink, sink in  
 3. Dreams of the sum-mer night, Tell her, her lov-er keeps Watch while, in

*pp* gold-on light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps, She sleeps, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.  
 sil-ver light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps, She sleeps, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.  
 slum-bers light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps, She sleeps, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.

*Dim.*

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# ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?

J. ASCHE.  
W. GUERINOT.

*Andante con espressione.*

1. The birds sleep gen-tly. Sweet Lu-na gleameth bright, Her rays tinge the for-est, And  
2. The sil-ver rain fall-ing just as it fall-eth now; And all things sleep gen-tly! Aht

all seems glad to - night. The wind sighing by me, Cool-ing my fever'd brow; The  
Al - ice, where art thou? I've sought thee by lake-let, I've sought thee on the hill. And

stream flows as ev - er, Yet, Al - ice; where art thou? One year back this e - ven, And  
in the pleas - ant wildwood. When winds blew cold and chill; I've sought thee in for - est; I'm

thou wert by my side, And thou wert by my side,  
look - ing heav'n - ward now, I'm look - ing heav'nward now.

Vow - ing to love me; One year past this e - ven, And  
Oh! there 'mid the star-shine, - I've sought thee in for - est, I'm

thou wert by my side, Vow - ing to love me, Al - ice, what - e'er might be - tide.  
look - ing heav'nward now, Oh! there 'a - mid the star-shine, Al - ice, I know, art thou.

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# Aunt Jemima's Plaster.

1. Aunt Je - mi - ma she was old, But very kind and clever; She had a no - tion  
 2. She had a sis - ter ve - ry tall, And if she'd kept on growing, She might have been a  
 3. There was a thief that, night and day, Kept stealing from his neighbors; But none could find the  
 4. Her neighbor had a Thomas cat That ate like an - y glutton; It nev - er caught a  
 5. Now, if you have a dog or cat, A husband, wife, or lov - er, That you would wish to

of her own That she would marry nev - er: She said that she would live in peace, And  
 gi - ant now: In fact, there is no knowing. All of a sud - den she became Of  
 ras - cal out, With all their tricks and labors: She set a trap up - on her step, And  
 mouse or rat, But stole both milk and mutton. To keep it home she tried her best, But  
 keep at home, This plaster just dis - cov - er; And if you wish to live in peace, A -

none should be her master; She made her living day by day In sell - ing of a plaster.  
 her own height the master, And all because upon each foot Je - mi - ma put a plaster.  
 caught him with a plaster; The more he tried to get a - way, The more he stuck the faster.  
 ne'er could be the master, Un - til she stuck it to the floor With Aunt Jemima's plaster.  
 void - ing all dis - as - ter, Take my advice, and try the strength Of Aunt Je - mi - ma's plaster.

*Chorus.*

Sheepskin and beeswax Made this awful plaster, The more you try to get it off The more it sticks the faster.

SOFT MUSIC IS STEALING.

1. Soft, soft mu - sic is steal - ing, Sweet, sweet lingers the strain: Loud, loud now it is  
 2. Join, join, children of sad - ness, Send, send sor - row a - way; Now, now changing to  
 3. Sweet, sweet mel - o - dy's num - bers, Hark! hark! gently they swell, Deep, deep, wak - ing from

peal - ing, Waking the ech - oes a - gain. } Waking the echoes a - gain.  
 glad - ness, War - ble a beau - ti - ful lay. } Yes, yes, yes, yes, } Warble a beau - ti - ful lay.  
 slumbers Thoughts in the bosom that dwell. } Thoughts in the bosom that dwell.

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## Lilly Dale.

1. 'Twas a calm still night, and the moon' pale light shone  
 2. Her cheeks that once glowed, with the rose tint of health, By the  
 3. "I go," she said, "to the land of rest, And  
 4. "Neath the chest - nut tree, where the wild flow - ers grow, And the

soft o'er hill and vale, When friends, mute with grief,  
 hand of dis - ease hath turned pale, And the death damp was on  
 ere my strength shall fall, I must tell you where.  
 stream, rip - ples forth thro' the vale, Where the birds shall war-

stood a - round the death bed Of my poor lost Lil - ly Dale,  
 the pure white brow Of my poor lost Lil - ly Dale,  
 near my own loved home, You must lay poor Lil - ly Dale.  
 ble their songs in spring, There lay poor Lil - ly Dale."

## CHORUS.

O Lil - ly, sweet Lil - ly, dear Lil - ly Dale, Now the wild rose

blos - soms o'er her lit - tle green grave, 'Neath the trees in the flow - 'ry vale.

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# Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light! amid th' encircling gloom, Lead thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home,

Lead thou me on; Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene; one step enough for me.

**LEAD,** kindly Light! amid the encircling  
 Lead thou me on; [gloom,  
 The night is dark, and I am far from home,  
 Lead thou me on;  
 Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
 The distant scene; one step enough for me.  
 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou  
 Shouldst lead me on;  
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
 Lead thou me on:

I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,  
 Pride ruled my will. Remember not past  
 years.

3 So long thy power has blessed me, sure  
 Will lead me on [it still  
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
 The night is gone;  
 And with the morn those angel faces smile  
 Which I have loved long since, and lost  
 awhile!

## GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES.

*Sostenuto.*  
 1. Good-night, la-dies! Good-night, la-dies! Good-night, la-dies! We're going to leave you now.  
 2. Fare - well, la-dies! Fare - well, la-dies! Fare - well, la-dies! We're going to leave you now.  
 3. Sweet dreams, ladies! Sweet dreams, ladies! Sweet dreams, ladies! We're going to leave you now.

*Allgra.* *Repeat pp*  
 Mer-ri-ly we roll along, roll along, roll along, Mer-ri-ly we roll along; Over the dark blue sea.

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