

Over 50 Pieces

Star Collection

Words and Music

—OF—

Old Favorite Songs

"And the night shall be filled with music and the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs, and as silently steal away."—Longfellow.

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SINGING YE OLD TUNES.

PUBLISHED BY

THE WEAVER PIANO CO., Inc.

Parkley Piano Co.
YORK, Pa.

Manufacturers of Pianos and Player Pianos with the good old time merit
in them. Instruments that are appreciated after they are old.

Agents For
Eastern Shore of Virginia



EXPERT OPINION



"The Weaver Piano is fast winning a prominent place among the most distinguished makes in the country. Company in highest financial and commercial standing."—Piano and Organ Purchasers' Guide. Published by John C. Freund, Editor of Music Trades, New York City, N. Y.

"The tone of the Weaver Piano is excellent, and the action all that could be desired."—Frank LaForge, Concert Pianist and Official Accompanist of Mme. Sembrich in all her public engagements and private rehearsals.

"I take this occasion to express our appreciation of the Grand Piano which you placed in College Hall last year. It has a quick responsive action, mellow tone and the modern construction and beautiful plain case work is all that could be desired.

We have every reason to believe that we made a most excellent investment in this instrument."

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Director of Music, Hood College, Frederick, Md.

"After a careful investigation and thorough test, we purchased two of your high grade upright Weaver Pianos in September, 1904. The tone is of a substantial character, and there is a pleasing absence of any metallic tendency. The tone gives immense volume when demanded, and is just as pleasing in the pianissimo effects.

We are convinced that the Weaver Pianos are instruments of the highest class, and we take pleasure in recommending them."

SISTER SUPERIOR,
Sacred Heart Academy, Lancaster, Pa.

"Your Weaver Pianos are rich and responsive to the touch. Few pianos are made that way, and such fine tone qualities are seldom found in the pianos made today."

VICTOR HERBERT,
Concert Pianist, Composer and Orchestra
Leader of International Fame.

"My Weaver Grand Piano is a magnificent instrument. My friends tell me it is the loveliest case they have ever seen. But the instrument is not merely beautiful in case, it is a superb instrument in tone quality, ease of action and responsiveness. We are delighted with the instrument."

J. F. JACOBS,
Proprietor Jacobs & Co., Advertising Agency,
Clinton, S. C.

You may have known which was the best piano in past years, but, before you conclude which is the best piano now, you should look into the merits of the Weaver Piano. A piano that is daily increasing in favor is more desirable than one with a fading reputation.

WEAVER PIANO CO., Inc.

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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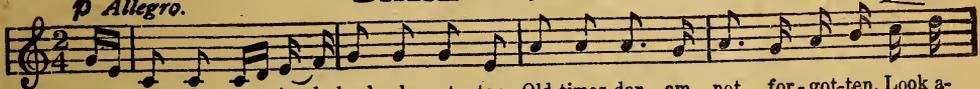
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p Allegro.

DIXIE LAND.

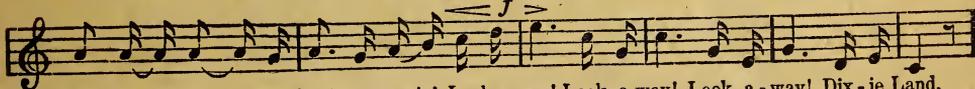
Dan. Emmet



1. I wish I was in de land ob cot-ton, Old times dar am not for-got-ten, Look a-
 2. Old Mis-sus mar-ry Will, de wea-ber, Will-ium was a gay de-ceab-er; Look a-
 3. His face was sharp as a butch-er's clea-ber, But dat did not seem to greab'er; Look a-



way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. In Dix-ie Land whar' I was born in,
 way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. But when he put his arm a-round'er He
 way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. Old Mis-sus act-ed the fool-ish part, And



Ear-ly on one frost-y mornin', Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.
 smiled as fierce as a for-ty pounder, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.
 died for a man dat broke her heart, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.

CHORUS.



Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! In Dixie Land, I'll take my stand To lib and die in



Dix-ie; A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dix-ie, A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dix-ie.



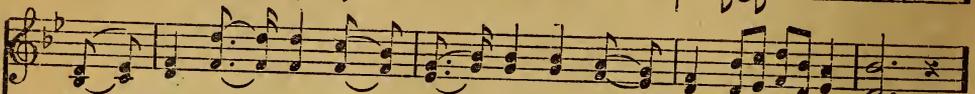
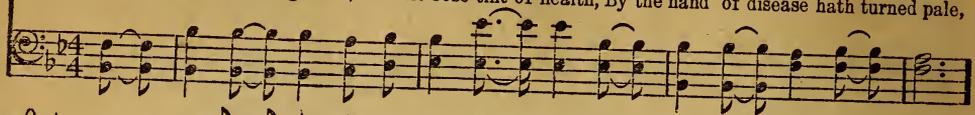
4 Now here's a health to the next old Missus,
 And all de gals dat want to kiss us;
 Look away! etc.,
 But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
 Come and hear dis song to-morrow,
 Look away! etc.,

5 Dar's buck-wheat cakes an' Ingen' batter,
 Makes you fat or a little fatter;
 Look away! etc.,
 Den hoe it down an scratch your grabble,
 To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble,
 Look away! etc.,

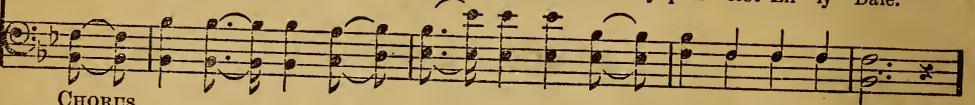
LILLY DALE.



1. 'Twas a calm, still night, and the moon's pale light Shone soft o'er hill and vale,
2. Her cheeks that once glowed, with the rose-tint of health, By the hand of disease hath turned pale,



When friends, mute with grief, stood around the death bed Of my poor lost Lil - ly Dale.
And the death damp was on the pure white brow Of my poor lost Lil - ly Dale.



CHORUS.



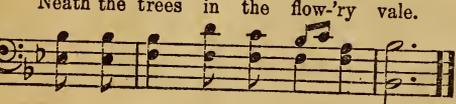
O Lil - ly, sweet Lil - ly, dear Lil - ly Dale, Now the wild rose blossoms o'er her little green grave,



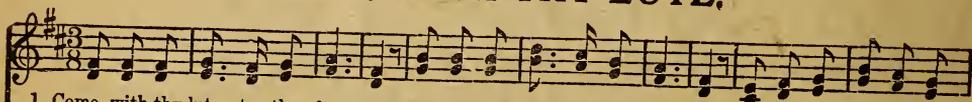
'Neath the trees in the flow'ry vale.

- 3 "I go," she said, "to the land of rest,
And ere my strength shall fail,
I must tell you where, near my own loved home,
You must lay poor Lilly Dale."

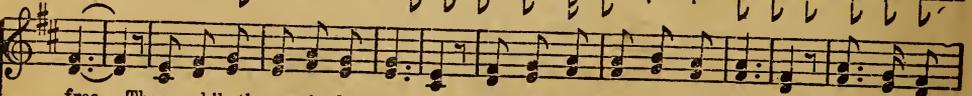
- 4 "Neath the chestnut tree, where the wild flowers grow,
And the stream ripples forth thro' the vale,
Where the birds shall warble their songs in spring,
There lay poor Lilly Dale."



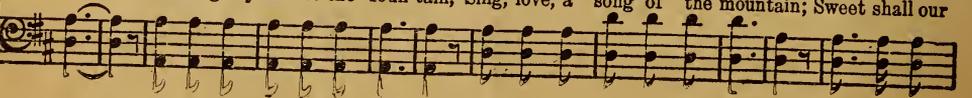
COME, WITH THY LUTE.



1. Come, with thy lute, to the fountain; Sing me a song of the moun-tain; Sing of the hap-py and
2. Come, where the zephyrs are stray-ing, Where, mid the flow-er-buds play-ing, Rambles the blithe summer
3. Why should we droop in our sad-ness? Nature, her prom-ise of glad-ness Sheds o-ver land and o'er



free, There, while the ray is de-clin-ing, While its last ro-ses are shin-ing, Sweet shall our
bee; Let the lone churl, in his sor-row, He who de-spairs of the mor-row, Far to his
sea; Come, bring thy lute to the foun-tain, Sing, love, a song of the mountain; Sweet shall our



mel-o-dies be, Un-der the broad lin - den tree, Un-der the broad lin-den tree.
 sol - i-tude flee, Un-der the dark cy - press tree, Un-der the dark cypress tree.
 mel-o-dies be, Un-der the broad lin - den tree, Un-der the broad lin-den tree.

Un-der the lin - den tree, Under the lin-den tree.

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.

G. F. R.

Geo. F. Root.

1. { Just be - fore the bat - tle, Moth - er, I am think - ing most of you, }
 { While up - on the field we're watch - ing, With the en - e - my in view. }
 2. { Hark! I hear the bu - gles sound - ing, 'Tis the sig - nal for the fight; }
 { Now may God pro - tect us, Moth - er, As He ev - er does the right. }

Com - rades brave are round me ly - ing, Filled with tho'ts of home and God;... For
 Hear the "Bat - tle Cry of Free - dom," How it swells up - on the air;... Oh,

well they know that on the mor - row Some will sleep be - neath the sod.....
 yes, we'll ral - ly round the stand - ard, Or we'll per - ish no - bly there....

CHORUS.

Fare - well, Mother, you may nev - er Press me to your heart a - gain; But
 you may never, Mother,

oh, you'll not for - get me, Mother, (you will not forget me) If I'm number - ed with the slain.

W. T. A.

THE DEAREST SPOT.

W. T. Wrighton.

1. The dear - est spot on earth to me Is home, sweet home; The fair - y land I've
 2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home; I've learned to look with

D. C.—The dear - est spot on earth to me Is home, sweet home; The fair - y land I've
Fine.

longed to see Is home, sweet home; There how charmed the sense of hearing, There where hearts are
 lov - er's eyes On home, sweet home; There where vows are tru - ly plighted, There where hearts are
 longed to see Is home, sweet home.

D. C.

so en - dear - ing; All the world is not so cheer - ing As home, sweet home.
 so u - ni - ted; All the world be - sides I've slight - ed For home, sweet home.

Mrs. Norton.

JUANITA.

Spanish Melody.

1. Soft o'er the foun - tain, Lin - g'ring falls the south - ern moon; Far o'er the moun - tain,
 2. When in thy dream - ing, Moons like these shall shine a - gain, And day - light beam - ing,

Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eyes' splen - dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
 Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re - lent - ing, For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh?

Wear - y looks, yet ten - der, Speak their fond fare - well. Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta!
 In thy heart con - sent - ing To a prayer gone by? Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta!

Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni - tal Jua - ni - tal Lean thou on my heart.
 Let me lin - ger by thy sidel Ni - tal Jua - ni - tal Be my own fair bride!

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

1. Rocked in the cra - dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep;
 2. And such the trust that still were mine, Tho' storm - y winds sweep o'er the brine,

Re - cure I rest up - on the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save.
 Or though the tempest's fier - y breath Rouse me from sleep to wreck and death,—

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

And calm and peace - ful is my sleep, Rocked in the cra - dle of the deep;

And calm and peace - ful is my sleep, Rocked in the cra - dle of the deep.

LONG, LONG AGO.

T. H. Bayly, ♪

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. Tho' by your kind - ness my fond hopes were raised, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go,

8

Fine.
 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 praised, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

D. S. — Let me be - lieve that you love as you loved, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
 D. S. — Still my heart treas - ures the prais - es I heard, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
 D. S. — Blest as I was when I sat by your side, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

D. S.
 Now you are come, all my grief is re - moved, Let me for - get that so long you have roved,
 Then, to all oth - ers, my smile you pre - ferred, Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,
 But by long ab - sence your truth has been tried, Still to your ac - cents I list - en with pride,

ROBIN ADAIR.

Caroline Keppel.

1. { What's this dull town to me? Rob - in's not near; }
 2. { What was't I wished to see, What wished to hear? } Where's all the joy and mirth
 3. { What made th'as - sem - bly shine? Rob - in A - dair: }
 { What made the ball so fine? Rob - in was there, } What, when the play was o'er,
 { But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob - in A - dair; }
 { But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob - in A - dair; } Yet him I loved so well,

That made this town a heav'n on earth? Oh! they're all fled with thee, Rob - in A - dair.
 What made my heart so sore? Oh! it was part - ing with Rob - in A - dair.
 Still in my heart shall dwell, Oh! I can ne'er for - get Rob - in A - dair.

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG.

7

© C. Clifton Bingham.

J. L. Molloy.

1. Once in the dear dead days be-yond re-call, When on the world the mists be-gan to
 2. E-ven to-day we hear love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it dwells for-ev-er-

fall, Out of the dreams that rose in hap-py throng, Low to our hearts love's sang an
 more, Foot-steps may fal-ter, wear-y grow the way, Still we can hear it at the

old sweet song; And in the dusk, where fell the fire-light gleam, Soft-ly it
 close of day; So till the end, when life's dim shad-ows fall, Love will be

REFRAIN.

wove it-self in-to our dream. } Just a song at twi-light, when the lights are
 found the sweetest song of all. }

low, And the flick-ring shad-ows soft-ly come and go; Tho' the heart be wear-y,

sad the day and long, Still to us at twilight comes love's old song, Comes love's old sweet song.

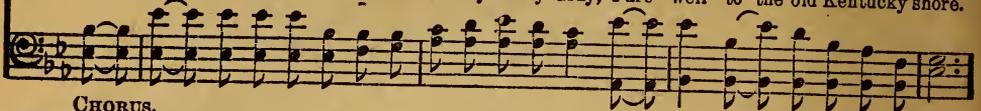
DARLING NELLY GRAY.



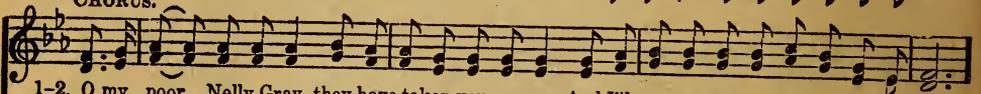
1. There's a low green val-ley on the old Kentucky shore, Where I've whiled many happy hours away,
2. When the moon had climbed the mountain, and the stars were shining too, Then I'd take my darling Nelly Gray,
3. My eyes are getting blinded, and I cannot see my way; Hark! there's some-bod-y knocking at the door;



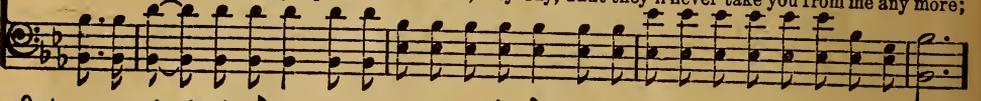
- A - sit-ting and a-sing-ing by the lit-tle cottage door Where lived my dar-ling Nel-ly Gray.
 And we'd float down the riv-er in my lit-tle red can-oe, While my ban-jo sweet-ly I would play.
 O I hear the an-gels calling, and I see my Nel-ly Gray, Fare-well to the old Kentucky shore.



CHORUS.



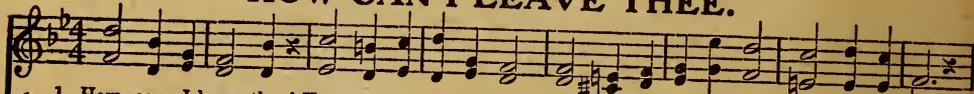
- 1-2. O my poor Nelly Gray, they have taken you a-way, And I'll nev-er see my dar-ling an-y more;
3. O my dar-ling Nelly Gray, up in heaven there, they say, That they'll never take you from me any more;



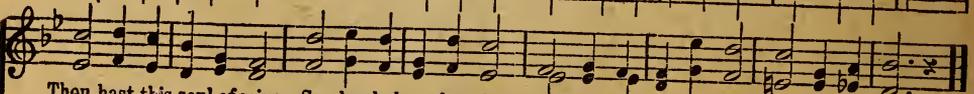
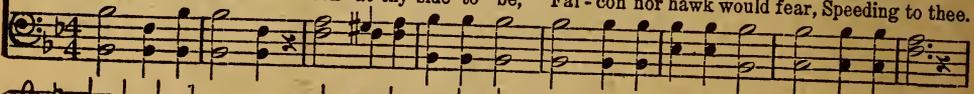
- I'm sit-ting by the river and I'm weeping all the day, For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.
 I'm a coming—coming—coming, as the angels clear the way, Farewell to the old Ken-tuck-y shore.



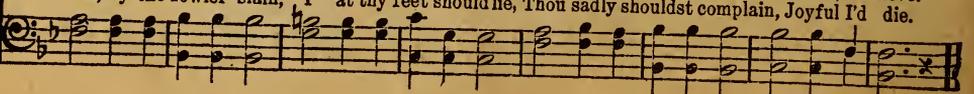
HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE.



1. How can I leave thee! How can I from thee part! Thou on-ly hast my heart, Dear one, be-lieve.
2. Blue is a flow'r-et Called the For-get-me-not, Wear it up-on thy heart, And think of me!
3. Would I a bird were! Soon at thy side to be, Fal-con nor hawk would fear, Speeding to thee.



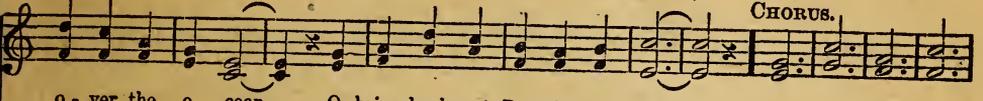
- Thou hast this soul of mine So closely bound to thine, No oth-er can I love Save thee a-lone!
 Flow'ret and hope may die, Yet love with us shall stay, That can-not pass a-way, Dear one, be-lieve.
 When, by the fowler slain, I at thy feet should lie, Thou sadly shouldst complain, Joyful I'd die.



MY BONNIE.

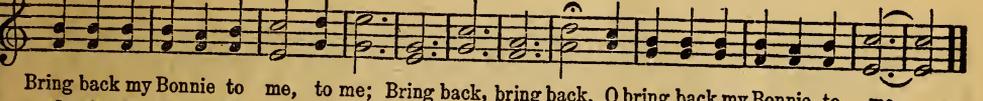


- 1. My Bon-nie lies o-ver the o - cean, My Bon-nie lies o-ver the sea, My Bon-nie lies
- 2. O blow, ye winds, o-ver the o - cean, And blow, ye winds, o-ver the sea, O blow, ye winds,
- 3. Last night as I lay on my pil - low, Last night as I lay on my bed, Last night as I
- 4. The winds have blown over the o - cean, The winds have blown over the sea, The winds have blown

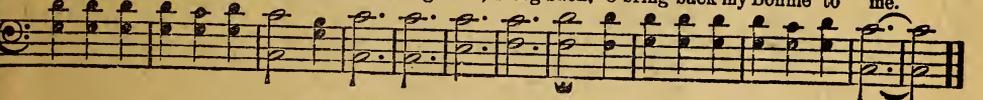


CHORUS.

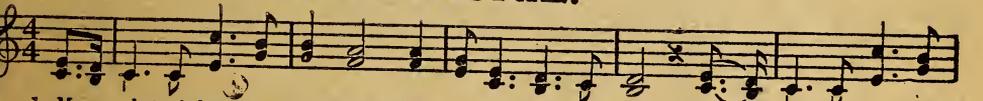
- o - ver the o - cean, O bring back my Bon-nie to me.
- o - ver the o - cean, And bring back my Bon-nie to me.
- lay on my pil - low, I dreamt that my Bon-nie was dead. } Bring back, bring back,
- o - ver the o - cean, And bro't back my Bon-nie to me.



Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me; Bring back, bring back. O bring back my Bonnie to me.



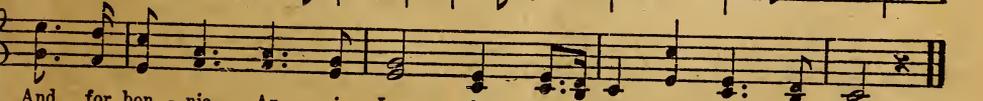
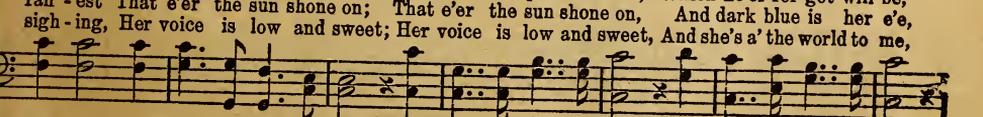
ANNIE LAURIE.



- 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 snaw-drift, Her throat is like the swan; And dark blue is her e'e,
- 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 promise 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.



HAIL, COLUMBIA.

1. Hall, Co-lum-bia, hap-py land! Hail, ye heroes! heav'n-born band! Who fought and bled in
 2. Im - mor - tal pa-triots! rise once more, Defend your rights, defend your shore; Let no rude foe with
 3. Sound, sound the trump of fame! Let Wash-ing-ton's great name Ring thro' the world with
 4. Be - hold the Chief who now commands, Once more to serve his country stands, The rock on which the

Freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in Free-dom's cause, And when the storm of war was gone, En-
 im - pious hand, Let no rude foe with im - pious hand, In - vade the shrine where sa-cred lies, Of
 loud ap-prise, Ring thro' the world with loud ap-prise; Let ev - 'ry clime to free-dom dear
 storm will beat, The rock on which the storm will beat; But armed in vir - tue, firm and true, His

joyed the peace your val - or won. Let in - de-pend-ence be our boast, Ev - er mind-ful
 toil and blood the well-earned prize. While off ring peace, sin-cere and just, In heav'n we place a
 Lis - ten with a joy - ful ear. With e - qual skill, with God - like pow'r, He gov-erns in the
 hopes are fixed on heav'n and you. When hope was sink-ing in dis-may, When gloom obscured Co-

CHORUS.

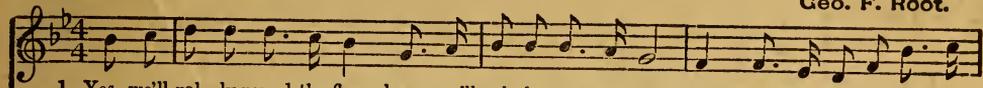
what it cost; Ev - er grate-ful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.
 man-ly trust, That Truth and Justice will prevail, And ev-'ry scheme of bondage fall. } Firm, u - ni - ted
 fear-ful hour Of horrid war; or guides with ease The hap-pier times of hon-est peace. }
 lum-bia's day, His steady mind, from changes free, Resolved on death or lib - er - ty.

let us be, Rallying round our liberty; As a band of brothers joined, Peace and safety we shall find

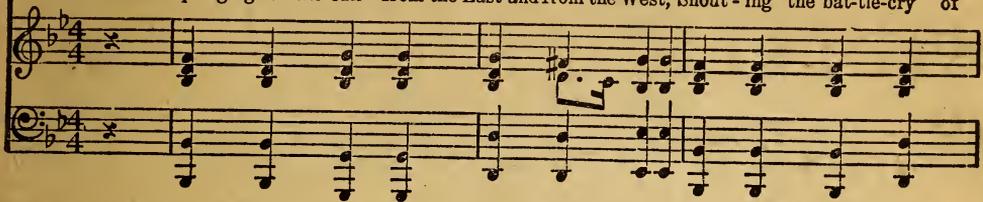
THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM.

G. F. R.

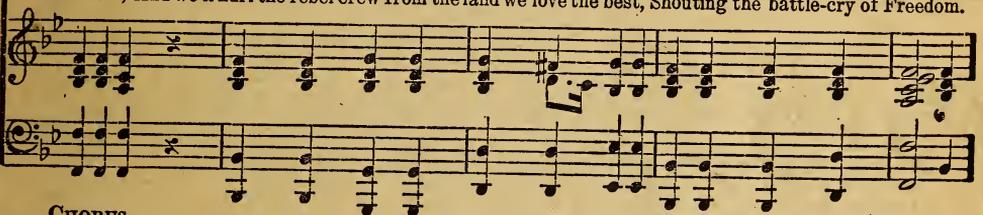
Geo. F. Root.



1. Yes, we'll ral - ly round the flag, boys, we'll ral - ly once a - gain, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of
2. We are springing to the call of our brothers gone be - fore, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of
3. We will wel - come to our num - bers the loy - al, true and brave, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of
4. So we're springing to the call from the East and from the West, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of



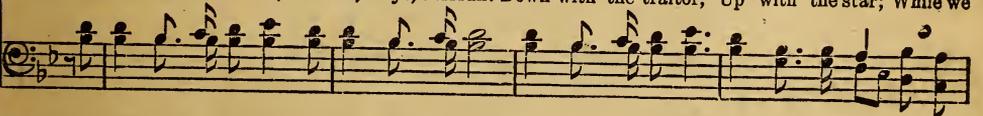
Freedom; We will rally from the hillside, we'll gather from the plain, Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.
 Freedom; And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million freemen more, Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.
 Freedom; And al-tho' they may be poor, not a man shall be a slave, Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.
 Freedom, And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we love the best, Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.



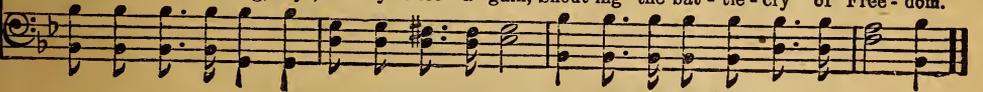
CHORUS.



The Un - ion for - ev - er, hur - rah, boys, Hurrah! Down with the traitor, Up with the star; While we



ral - ly round the flag, boys, ral - ly oncè a - gain, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom.



THE EVENING BELL.

Soft and slow.



1. Hark! the peal - ing, soft - ly steal - ing, Eve - ning bell, Sweet - ly ech - oed down the dell.
2. Wel - come, wel - come is thy mu - sic, Sil - vry bell, Sweet - ly tell - ing day's fare - well.



MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

H. C. W.

H. C. Work.



1. Bring the good old bu - gle, boys! we'll sing an - oth - er song— Sing it with a
2. How the dark - ies shout - ed when they heard the joy - ful sound! How the tur - keys
3. Yes, and there were Un - ion men who wept with joy - ful tears, When they saw the
4. "Sherman's dash - ing Yan - kee boys will nev - er reach the coast!" So the sau - cy
5. So we made a thor - ough - fare for free - dom and her train, Six - ty miles in



spir - it that will start the world a - long— Sing it as we used to sing it,
 gob - bled which our com - mis - sa - ry found! How the sweet po - ta - toes e - ven
 hon - ored flag they had not seen for years; Hard - ly could they be restrained from
 reb - els said, and 't was a hand - some boast, Had they not for - got, a - las, to
 lat - i - tude—three hun - dred to the main; Treas - on fled be - fore us, for re -



D. S.—So we sang the cho - rus from At -

FINE. CHORUS.



ff - ty thou - sand strong, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.
 start - ed from the ground, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.
 breaking forth in cheers, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia. } Hur - rah! hur - rah! we
 reck - on with the host, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.
 sist - ance was in vain, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.



lan - ta to the sea, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.

D. S.



bring the ju - bi - lee! Hur - rah! hur - rah! the flag that makes you free!



G. F. R.

TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

Geo. F. Root.



1. In the pris - on cell I sit, Think - ing, Moth - er dear, of you, And our
2. In the bat - tle front we stood, When their fierc - est charge they made, And they
3. So, with - in the pris - on cell, We are wait - ing for the day That shall



bright and hap - py home so far a - way; And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of
swept us off, a hun - dred men or more; But be - fore we reached their lines They were
come to o - pen wide the i - ron door; And the hol - low eye grows bright, And the
D. S.—neath the star - ry flag We shall

all that I can do, Though I try to cheer my com - rades and be gay.
beat - en back, dis - mayed, And we heard the cry of vic - t'ry o'er and o'er.
poor heart al - most gay, As we think of see - ing home and friends once more.
breathe the air a - gain Of the free - land in our own be - lov - ed home.

FINE.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march - ing, Cheer up, comrades, they will come, And be -
marching on, O cheer up, com - rades, they will come,

OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

Robert Burns.

F. Mendelssohn.

1. Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast, On yon - der lea, On yon - der lea, My plai - die to the an - gry
2. Oh, were I in the wildest waste, Sae bleak and bare, Sae bleak and bare, The desert were a Par - a -

airt, I'd shel - ter thee, I'd shel - ter thee; Or did mis - for - tune's bit - ter storms A -
dise If thou wert there, If thou wert there; Or were I mon - arch of the globe, With

round thee blaw, Around thee blaw, Thy shield should be my bosom, To share it a', To share it a'.
thee to reign, With thee to reign, The brightest jewel in my crown Wad be my queen, Wad be my queen.

MASSA'S IN THE COLD GROUND.

Stephen C. Foster.

1. Round de meadows am a - ring - ing De darkeys' mournful song, While de mocking bird am sing - ing,
 2. When de autumn leaves were falling, When de days were cold, 'Twas hard to hear old Massa call - ing,
 3. Mas - sa make de darkeys love him, Cayse he was so kind, Now dey sad - ly weep a - bove him,

Hap - py as de day am long. Where de i - vy am a - creep - ing, O'er de grass - y mound,
 Cayse he was so weak and old. Now de orange trees am blooming, On de sand - y shore,
 Mourning cayse he leave dem behind. I can - not work before to - mor - row, Cayse de tear - drop flow;

CHORUS.

Dare old mas - sa am a - sleep - ing, Sleep - ing in de cold, cold ground. }
 Now de summer days am com - ing, Mas - sa nebbber calls no more. } Down in the corn - field
 I try to drive a - way my sor - row, Pick - ing on de old ban - jo.

Hear dat mournful sound; All de dark - eys am a - weep - ing, Mas - sa's in de cold, cold ground.

DIP, BOYS, DIP THE OAR.

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.

WE'RE TENTING TO-NIGHT.

Walter Kittredge.

1. We're tenting to-night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to cheer Our
 2. We've been tenting to-night on the old camp ground, Thinking of days gone by, Of the
 3. We are tired of war on the old camp ground, Man-y are dead and gone, Of the
 4. We've been fighting to-day on the old camp ground, Man-y are ly - ing near;

wear - y hearts, a song of home, And friends we love so dear.
 loved ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear that said "good-bye!"
 brave and true who've left their homes, Oth-ers been wound-ed long.
 Some are dead and some are dy - ing, Man-y are in tears.

CHORUS.

Man - y are the hearts that are wear - y to-night, Wish-ing for the war to cease;

Man-y are the hearts looking for the right, To see the dawn of peace. Tent-ing to-night,
Last v.—Dy-ing to-night,

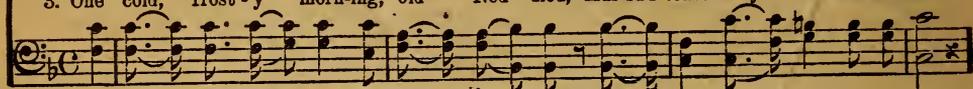
Tent-ing to-night, Tent-ing on the old camp ground.
 Dy - ing to-night, (*Omit.*) Dy - ing on the old camp ground.

UNCLE NED.

Stephen C. Foster.



1. There was an old darkey and his name was Uncle Ned, And he died long a - go, long a - go;
- 2 His fin-gers were long as the cane in the brake, And he had no eyes for to see;
3. One cold, frost - y morn-ing, old Ned died, Mas-sa's tears they fell like the rain;



He had no wool on the top of his head, In the place where the wool ought to grow.
 And he had no teeth for to eat a hoe cake, So he had to let the hoe - cake be.
 For he knew when Ned was laid in the ground, He'd nev-er see his like a . gain.

REFRAIN. *Bass Solo.**Harmony.*

Then lay down the shov-el and the hoe, Hang up the fid-dle and the bow;



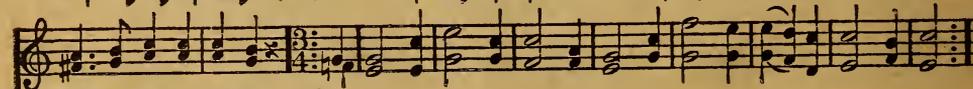
For there's no more work for poor old Ned, He's gone where the good darkies go.



THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.



1. Ah, love, how can I leave thee? The sad thought deep doth grieve me; But know, whate'er befalls me, I
2. No more shall I be-hold thee, Or to my heart en-fold thee; In war's ar-ray ap-pear-ing, The
3. I'll think of thee with longing, When tho'ts with tears come throng-ing; And on the field, if ly-ing, I'll



go where honor calls me.
 foe's stern hosts are nearing.
 breathe thy dear name, dying. } Farewell, farewell, my own true love! Farewell, farewell, my own true love!





1. { 'Tis the last rose of sum-mer, Left bloom-ing a - lone; } No flow-er of her kin-dred
 All her love-ly com-pan-ions Are fad-ed and gone; }
 2. { I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem; } Thus kind-ly I scat-ter
 Since the love-ly are sleep-ing, Go sleep thou with them; }
 3. { So soon may I fol-low, When friend-ships de-cay, } When true hearts lie with-ered
 And from love's shining cir-cle The gems drop a-way; }



No rose-bud is nigh, To re-lect back her blush-es, Or give sigh for sigh.
 Thy leaves o'er the bed Where thy mates of the gar-den Lie scent-less and dead.
 And fond ones have flown, Oh, who would in-hab-it This bleak world a-lone!



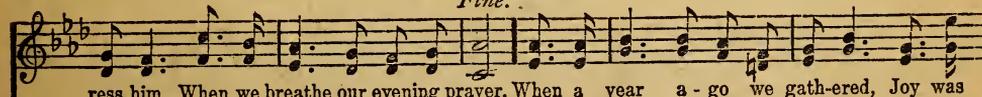
THE VACANT CHAIR.



1. We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one vacant chair; We shall lin-ger to ca-
 2. At our fire-side, sad and lone-ly, Oft-en will the bos-om swell At remembrance of the
 3. True, they tell us wreaths of glo-ry Ev-er-more will deck his brow, But this soothes the anguish



D. C. - We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one vacant chair; We shall linger to ca-
 Fine.



ress him, When we breathe our evening prayer. When a year a-go we gath-ered, Joy was
 sto-ry How our no-ble Wil-lie fell; How he strove To bear our ban-ner Thro' the
 on-ly Sweep-ing o'er our heart-strings now. Sleep to-day, O ear-ly fall-en, In thy

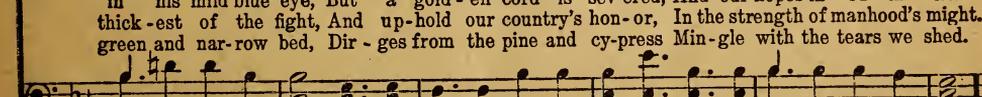


ress him, When we breathe our evening prayer.

D. C.



in his mild blue eye, But a gold-en cord is sev-ered, And our hopes in ru-in lie.
 thick-est of the fight, And up-hold our coun-try's hon-or, In the strength of man-hood's might.
 green and nar-row bed, Dir-ges from the pine and cy-press Min-gle with the tears we shed.



MY MARYLAND.

1. The des-pot's heel is on thy shore, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land! His torch is at thy
 2. Hark to an ex-iled son's ap-peal, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land! My Moth-er 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 Car-roll's sa-cred trust, Re-

flecked the streets of Bal-ti-more, And be the bat-tle-queen of yore, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land!
 peer-less chiv- al-ry re-veal, And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land!
 mem-ber Howard's war-like thrust, And all thy slumb'ers with the just, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land!

GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES.

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, la-dies! Sweet dreams, la-dies! We're going to leave you now.

Mer-ri-ly we roll along, Roll a-long, roll a-long, Mer-ri-ly we roll along, Over the dark blue sea.

THREE BLIND MICE. (Round.)

1. 2. 3.

Three blind mice, Three blind mice, See how they run, See how they run! They all ran after the farmer's wife,
 4.
 She cut off their tails with a carving knife; Did ever you see such a thing in your life. As three blind mice!

Wedding March
FLAG OF THE FREE.

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 moun - tain to shore.
Lib - er - ty's van, for man - hood of man, Sym - bol of Right thro' the years pass - ing o'er.

D.S. - While thro' the sky loud rings the cry, Un - ion and Lib - er - ty! one ev - er - more!

D. S.
Em - ble - m 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 dark - en a star,

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR.

1. There's mu - sic in the air When the infant morn is nigh, And faint its blush is seen
2. There's mu - sic in the air When the noontide's sultry beam Re - flects a gold - en light
3. There's mu - sic in the air When the twilight's gentle sigh Is lost on eve - ning's breast,

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 be - neath some grateful shade, Sor - row's ach - ing
As its pen - sive bean - 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 voi - ces greet us there, In the mu - sic in the air.

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



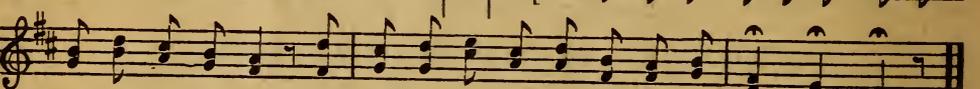
cot-ton fields a-way; Gone from the earth to a bet-ter land, I know,
 friends come not a-gain? Griev-ing for forms now de-part-ed long a-go,
 held up-on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go,



CHORUS.



I hear their gen-tle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe!" I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing, For my



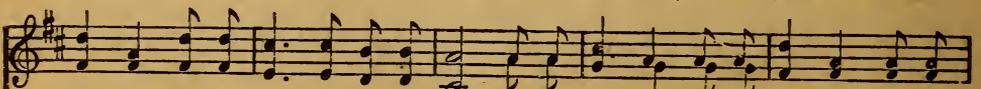
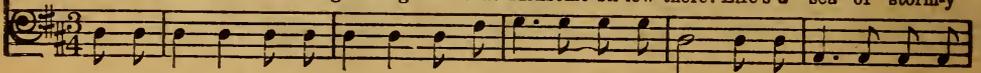
head is bend-ing low; I hear those gen-tle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe!"



CATCH THE SUNSHINE.



1. Catch the sunshine! tho' it flick-ers Thro' a dark and dis-mal cloud, Tho' it falls so faint and
2. Catch the sunshine! tho' life's tem-pest May un-furl its chill-ing blast, Catch the lit-tle, hope-ful
3. Catch the sunshine! don't be griev-ing O'er that darksome bil-low there! Life's a sea of storm-y



fee-ble On a heart with sor-row bowed. Catch it quick-ly! it is pass-ing, Pass-ing
 strag-gler! storms will not for-ev-er last. Don't give up, and say "for-sak-en!" Don't be-
 bil-lows, We must meet them ev-'ry-where. Pass right thro' them! do not tar-ry, O-ver-



rap - id - ly a - way; It has on - ly come to tell you There is yet a brighter day.
gin to say "I'm sad!" Look! there comes a gleam of sunshine! Catch it! oh, it seems so glad!
come the heaving tide, There's a spark - ling gleam of sun - shine Wait - ing on the oth - er side.

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 - cov - ered
Fine.

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

buck - et that hung in the well.

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

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

D. C. for Chorus.

That moss covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure.
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.

SCOTLAND'S BURNING. (Round.)

1. 2. 3. 4.

Scotland's burning, Scotland's burning, Look out, look out! Fire, fire, fir, fire! Pour on water, Pour on water.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

1. 'Way down up - on de Swa - nee riv - er, Far, far a - way,
 All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
 2. All roun' de lit - tle farm I wan - dered, When I was young;
 When I was play - ing with my broth - er, Hap - py was I;
 3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One that I love,
 When will I see de bees a - hum - ming All roun' de comb?

Fine.

Dere's wha my heart is turn - ing ev - er, Dere's wha de old folks stay.
 Still long - ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.
 Den man - y hap - py days I squan - dered, Man - y de songs I sung.
 Oh! take me to my kind old moth - er, There let me live and die.
 Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove.
 When will I hear de ban - jo tum - ming, Down in my good old home?

D. S.—Oh! darkies, how my heart grows wear - y, Far from de old folks at home.

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

All de world is sad and drear - y, Ev - 'ry - where I roam;

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

Longfellow.

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 steep, Sink, sink in
 3. Dreams of the sum - mer night, Tell her, her lov - er keeps Watch while, in

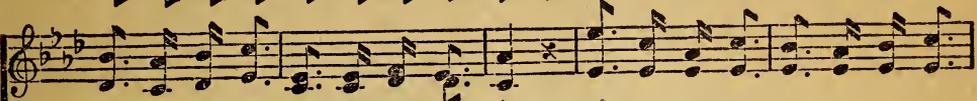
gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
 sil - ver light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
 slum - bers light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

Comin' Thro' the Rye.

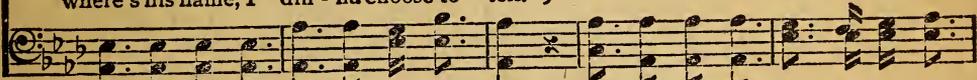
ROBERT BURNS.
Lively.



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? } Ev-'ry las-sie has her lad-die,
where's his name, I din-na choose to tell.



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



Auld Lang Syne.

♩ Slowly.



1. Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should
2. We twa ha'e run a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans fine; But we've
3. We twa ha'e sported i' the burn Frae morn-in' sun till dine, But
4. And here's a hand, my trust - y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll



♩ CHORUS.



auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And days of auld lang syne?
wan-dered mony a wea - ry foot Sin' auld lang syne. } For auld lang
seas be-tween us braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne.
tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.



Repeat Chorus ff.



syne, my dear, For auld lang syne; We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet For auld lang syne.



Sweet and Low.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

J. BARNEY.

pp *Larghetto.*

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

> *>* *>* *sf* *p*
 Low, low, breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea;
 Rest, rest, on moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;

mf *pp*
 O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go, Come from the
 O - ver the wa - ters go, Come.....
 Fa - ther will come to his babe in the nest, Sil - ver
 Fa - ther will come to his babe, Sil - ver

f
 dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to me,
 from the moon and blow,
 sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver moon
 sails out of the west,

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

Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.

1. Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, a-mang thy green braes; Flow gently, I'll sing thee a
 2. How loft-y, sweet Af-ton, thy neigh-bor-ing hills, Far marked with the cours-es 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 murmuring stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet
 clear-winding rills! There dai-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, gath'ring 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-scented birk shades my Ma-ry and me.
 sleep by thy murmuring stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream.

My Old Kentucky Home.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Rather slow.

1. The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home, 'Tis summer, the darkies 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 trouble 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 sorrow where all was de - light;
 grow; A few more days for to tote the wea - ry load, — No matter, 'twill nev - er be light;

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

Fine.

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

D. C.

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

WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY.

1. When the swal - lows homeward fly, When the ro - ses scat - tered lie, When from
2. When the white swan southward roves, To seek at noon the or - ange groves, When the
3. Hush, my heart! why thus complain? Thou must, too, thy woes con - tain, Tho' 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.

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 rills, 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 ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

HOME, SWEET HOME.

John Howard Payne.

H. R. Bishop.

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 wild, And feel that my
 3. An ex - ile from home splen - dor 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 there,
 moth - er now thinks of her child, As she looks on that moon from our own cot - tage door,
 low - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain; The birds sing - ing gai - ly, that came at my call,

Fine. REFRAIN.

D. S.

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

D. S.—There's no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home.

Battle Hymn of the Republic.

JULIA WARD HOWE.
Allegretto.

Air: "John Brown's Body."

- 
1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
 2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps; They have
 3. I have read a fier - y gos - pel writ in burnished rows of steel; "As ye
 4. He has sounded forth the trump - et that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
 5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a



tramp - ling out the vint - age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dew and damps; I can
deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal." Let the
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment - seat; O be
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He



loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword, His truth is march - ing on.
read His righteous sen - tence by the dim and flaring lamps, His day is march - ing on.
He - ro, born of wom - an, crush the serpent with His heel, Since God is march - ing on.
swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march - ing on.
died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march - ing on.

CHORUS.

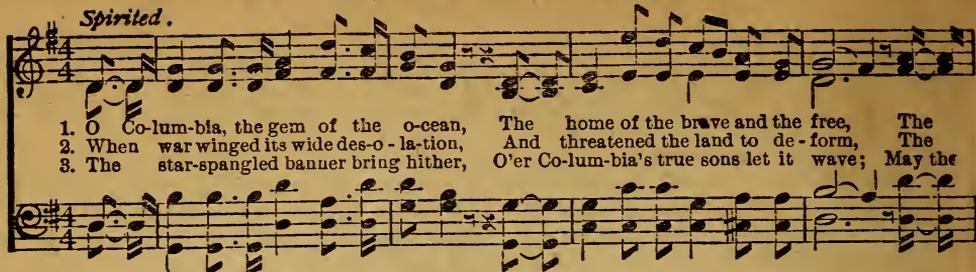


Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!

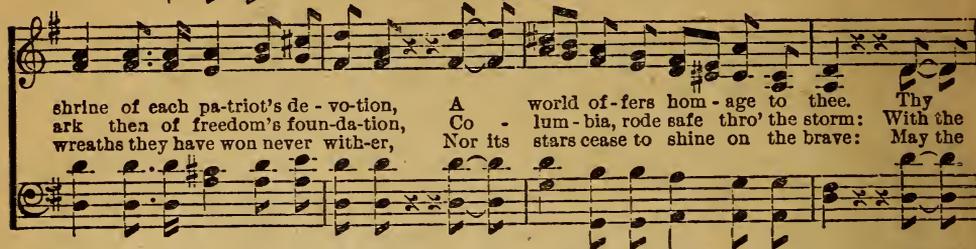


Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

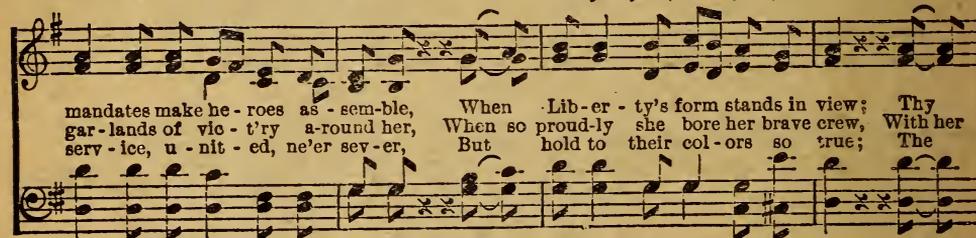
Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.

Spirited.


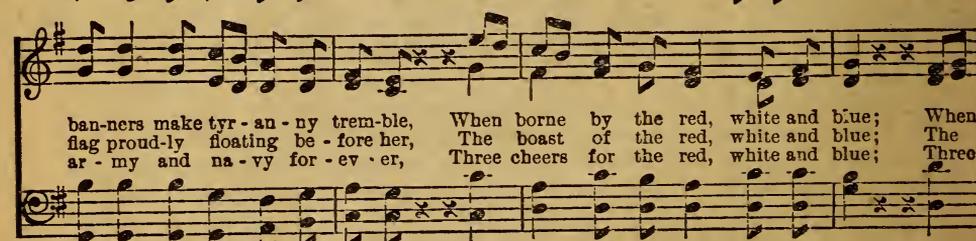
1. O Co-lum-bia, the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free, The
 2. When war winged its wide des-o-la-tion, And threatened the land to de-form, The
 3. The star-spangled ban-ner bring hither, O'er Co-lum-bia's true sons let it wave; May the



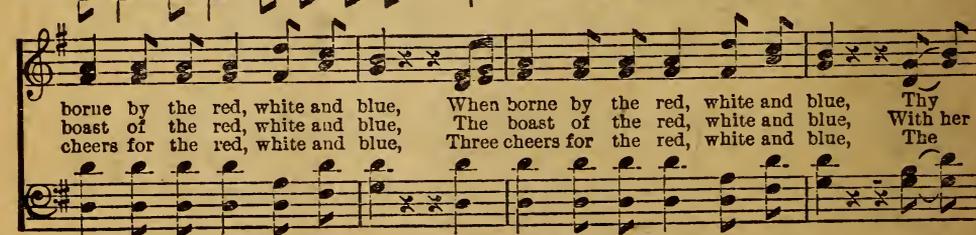
shrine of each pa-triot's de-vo-tion, A world of-ers hom-age to thee. Thy
 ark then of freedom's foun-da-tion, Co-lum-bia, rode safe thro' the storm: With the
 wreaths they have won never with-er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave: May the



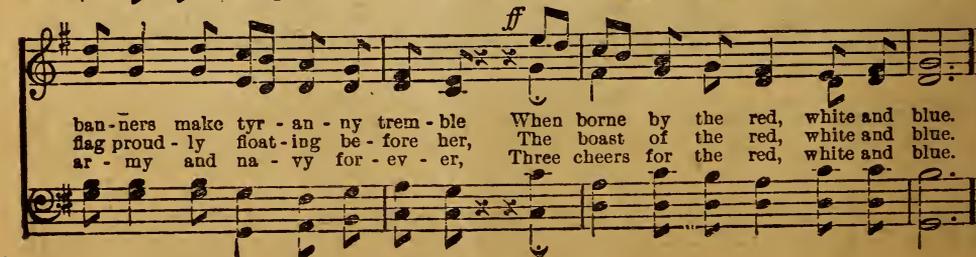
mandates make he-roes as-semble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view; Thy
 gar-lands of vic-t'ry a-round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave crew, With her
 serv-ice, u-nit-ed, ne'er sev-er, But hold to their col-ors so true; The



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



f
 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.

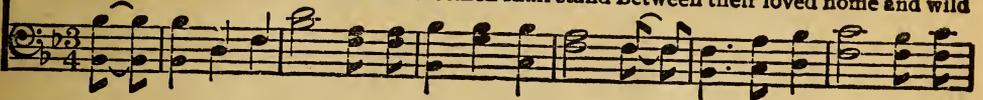
The Star-Spangled Banner.

SOLO OR QUARTET.

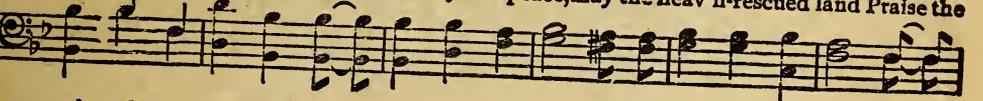
FRANCIS SCOTT KEY. 1814.



1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proudly we hailed at the
2. On the shore dimly 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 Between their loved home and wild



twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per-il-ous fight, O'er the
 si-lence re-pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing steep, As it
 bat-tle's con-fu-sion A home and a country should leave us no more? Their
 war's des-o-lation; Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the

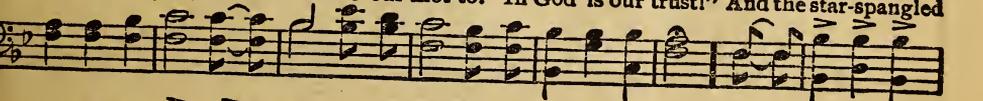


ram-parts we watched, were so gai-lant-ly streaming? And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs
 fit-ful-ly blows, half conceals, half dis-clos-es! Now it catch-es the gleam of the
 blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pol-lu-tion. No ref-uge could save the
 Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na-tion! Then con-quer we must, when our

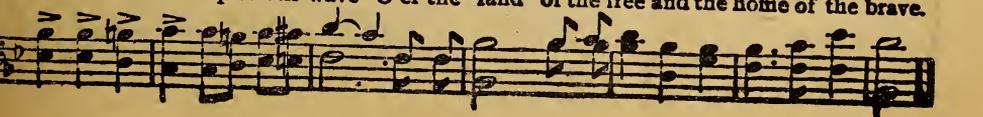


CHORUS.

bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that
 morning's first beam, In full glory reflected now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-spangled
 hireling and slave From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave: And the star-spangled
 cause it is just, And this be our mot-to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled



star-spangled ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
 ban-ner: oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
 ban-ner in tri-umph doth wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
 ban-ner in tri-umph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.



The Blue-Bells of Scotland.

1. O where, and O where is your High-land lad - die gone? O where, and O
 2. O where, and O where does your High-land lad - die dwell? O where, and O
 3. Sup - pose, and sup - pose that your High-land lad should die? Sup - pose, and sup -

where is your High-land lad - die gone? He's gone to fight the foe, for - King
 where does your High-land lad - die dwell? He dwelt in mer - ry Scot - land, at the
 pose that your High-land lad should die? The bag - pipes shall play o'er him, and Pd

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.
 lay me down and cry; But it's oh! in my heart that I wish he may not die.

Lead, Kindly Light.

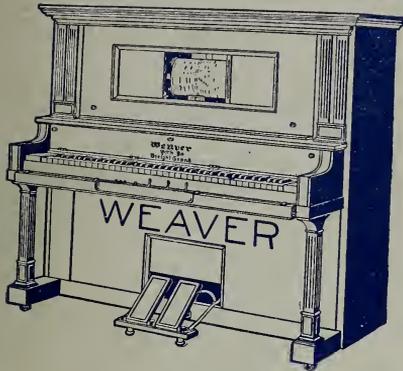
JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th' en - cir - cling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I
 choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish
 fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

do not ask to see..... The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
 day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Re - mem - ber not past years!
 an - gel fa - ces smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.



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