Miscellaneous
Songs
Words by SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

America

Music by HENRY CAREY

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died; Land of the pilgrim's pride;
2. My native country, thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills;
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal tongues a-wake, Let all that breathe partake; land be bright With freedom's holy light;
4. Our fathers' God! to Thee, Author of From every mountain side Let freedom ring.

My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.
Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

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Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party

1. In the sky the bright stars glittered, On the
   bank the pale moon shone, And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's
   quilt-ing par-ty I was see-ing Nel-lie home.

2. On my arm a soft hand rested, Rest-ed
   light as ocean foam; And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's
   quilt-ing par-ty I was see-ing Nel-lie home.

3. On my lips a whisper trembled, Trem-bled
   till it dared to come; And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's
   quilt-ing par-ty I was see-ing Nel-lie home.

4. On my life new hopes were dawning, And those
   hopes have lived and grown; And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's
   quilt-ing par-ty I was see-ing Nel-lie home.

CHORUS

I was see-ing Nel-lie home, I was see-ing Nel-lie home; And 'twas

from Aunt Di-nah's quilt-ing par-ty I was see-ing Nel-lie home.

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Good-Night
Male Voices

Sostenuto

1. Good-night, ladies! good-night, ladies! Good-night,
2. Fare-well, ladies! fare-well, ladies! Fare-well,
3. Sweet dreams, ladies! sweet dreams, ladies! Sweet dreams,

ladies! We're going to leave you now.

Allegro

Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,

Merrily we roll along, O'er the dark blue sea.

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Battle Hymn of the Republic

JULIA WARD HOWE

Air: "John Brown's Body"

Allegr\'etto

1. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a
3. I have read a fiery gos-pel writ in
4. He has sounded forth the trump-ett that shall
5. In the beauty of the lil-ies Christ was

com-ing of the Lord; He is tramp-ling out the vint-age where the
hun-dred cir-cling camps; They have build-ed Him an al-tar in the
bur-nished rows of steel; "As ye deal with my con-tem-ners, so with
nev-er call re-treat; He is sift-ing out the hearts of men be-
born a-cross the sea, With a glo-ry in His bo-som that tran-
grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate-ful light-ning of His
eve-ning dews and damps; I can read His right-eous sen-tence by the
you my grace shall deal." Let the He-ro, born of wom-an, crush the
fore His judg-ment-seat; O be swift, my soul, to an-swer Him! be
fig-ures you and me; As He died to make men ho-ly, let us

ter-ri-ble swift sword; His truth is march-ing on.
dim and flar-ing lamps; His day is march-ing on.
ser-pent with His heel, Since God is march-ing on.
ju-bilant, my feet Our God is march-ing on.
die to make men free, While God is march-ing on.

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Dear Old Pals

Andante

MELODY IN 2nd TENOR

Vivo

Dear old pals! jol-ly old pals! Al-ways to-geth-er in all sorts of weather,

Andante

Vivo

Al-ways game, ev-er the same, Give me for friend-ship my jol-ly old pals!

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Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes

1. Drink to me on-ly with thine eyes, and

2. I sent thee late a ro-sy wreath, not

I will pledge with mine,                 Or leave a kiss with-
so much hon'-ring thee,              As giv-ing it a

in the cup, and I'll not ask for wine;   The
hope that there it could not with-ered be;   But

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thirst that from the soul doth rise, doth
thou there-on didst only breathe, and

ask a drink divine, But might I of Jove's
send'st it back to me, Since when it grows and

nectar sip, I would not change for thine.
smells, I swear, not of it-self, but thee.
Good-Night, My Love

SOLO BARITONE

Anon.

Good-night, my love, the hour, 'tis late;
Good-night, my love, the hour, 'tis late;

The moon shines bright o'er silvery lake;
The moon shines bright o'er silvery lake;

When far from thee, my lips repeat,
When far from thee, my lips repeat,

Good-night, my love, Good-night, my sweet.

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Home, Sweet Home

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

1. Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam, Be it —
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And —
3. An exile from home-splendor dazzles in vain; Oh —

ever so humble, there's no place like home; A —
feel that my mother now thinks of her child, As she
give me my lowly thatched cottage again; The —

charm from the skies seems to hollow us there, Which, seek thro' the
looks on that moon from our own cottage door, Thro' the wood-bine whose
birds singing gaily, that came at my call, Give me them, and that

there's no place like home Fine D. S.

world, is ne'er met with elsewhere;
fragrance shall cheer me no more. Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
peace of mind dearer than all.

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Jingle, Bells!

Allegro

1. Dash-ing thro' the snow, In a one-horse o- pen sleigh,
2. A day or two a-go I thought I'd take a ride, And
3. Now the ground is white: Go it while you're young;

O'er the fields we go, Laugh-ing all the way;
soon Miss Fan-nie Bright Was seat-ed by my side. The
Take the girls to-night, And sing this sleigh-ing-song. Just

Bells on bob-tail nag, Mak-ing spir-its bright; What
horse was lean and lank; Mis-for-tune seem'd his lot: He
get a bod-tailed bay, Two-for-ty for his speed; Then

*Accompanied by jingling sleigh bells.

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fun it is to ride and sing A sleigh-ing song to-night.
got in-to a drift-ed bank, And we we got up-sot.
hitch him to an o-p-en sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead.

CHORUS

Jin-gle bells! jin-gle bells! Jin-gle all the way!

Oh, what fun it is to ride In a

one-horse o-p-en sleigh! one-horse o-p-en sleigh!

Repeat Chos. pp
Levee Song
(Mixed Voices)

I'm wuk-kin' on de levee;

1. I once did know a gal named Grace.

O' wuk-kin' on de levee.

She done brung me to dis sad dis-grace

I been wuk-kin' on de railroad All de live-long day,

I been wuk-kin' on de railroad Ter pass de time a-way.

Doan' yuh hyah de whistle blow-in'? Rise up, so uh-ly in de mawn;

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Doan' yuh hyah de cap'n shout-in', "Di-nah, blow yo' hawn?"

2. Sing a song o' cit-ies Roll dat cot-ton bale,

Nig-gah aint half so hap-py As when he's out o' jail.

Nor-folk for its oystah-shells, Bos-ton for its beans,

Chahles-ton for its rice an' cawn, But for nig-gahs New Aw-leens.
*Juanita*

Mixed or + Male Voices

1. Soft o'er the fountain Ling'ring falls the southern moon;

Far o'er the mountain Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splendor, Where the warm light loves to dwell, Weary looks, yet tender, lending, For thy absent lover sigh, In thy heart consenting

2. When, in thy dream-ing, Moons like these shall shine a-gain,

And day-light beam-ing Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re-

p Slower

Speak their fond fare-well! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta!* Ask thy soul if To a pray'r gone by? Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Let me linger

p Tenderly rit.

we should part! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Lean thou on my heart. by thy side! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Be my own fair bride!

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O Beautiful for Spacious Skies

KATHERINE LEE BATES

SAMUEL A. WARD

1. O beautiful for spacious skies, For amber waves of grain,
2. O beautiful for pilgrim feet Whose stern, impassioned stress
3. O beautiful for heroes proved In liberating strife,
4. O beautiful for patriot dream That sees beyond the years

For purple mountain majesties Above the fruit-ed plain!
A thorough-fare for freedom beat Across the wild-erness!
Who more than self their country loved, And mercy more than life!
Thine al-a-bas-ter cit-ies gleam Un-dimmed by hu-man tears!

A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed his grace on thee,
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God mend thine ev'-ry flaw,
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! May God thy gold refine,
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed his grace on thee,

And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shining sea!
Con- firm thy soul in self control, Thy lib-er- ty in law!
Till all success be noble-ness, And every gain di-vine.
And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shining sea! A-men.

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Old Black Joe
Mixed Voices

Poco adagio

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay;

Gone are my friends from the cotton-fields away;

Gone from the earth to a better land, I know,

I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

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CHORUS

I'm com-in', I'm com-in',
I'm com-in', I'm com-in',

For my head is bending low;
I hear those gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
   Why do I sigh that my friends come not again:
   Grieving for forms now departed long ago?
   I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

   CHO. — I'm comin', etc.

3. Where are the hearts once so happy and so free?
   The children so dear, that I held upon my knee?
   Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go,
   I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

   CHO. I'm comin', etc.
Jerusalem the Golden

1. Jerusalem the golden! With milk and honey blest,
2. They stand, those halls of Zion, All jubilant with song,
3. And they who with their Leader, Have conquered in the fight,
4. Oh, sweet and blessed country, The home of God's elect!

Beneath thy contemplation Sink heart and voice oppress'd.
And bright with many an angel, And all the martyr throng.
Forever, and forever, Are clad in robes of white.
Oh, sweet and blessed country, That eager hearts expect!

I know not,—oh, I know not, What joys await me there,
There is the throne of David, And there from toil released,
Oh, land that seest no sorrow! Oh state that fearest no strife!
Jesus, in mercy bring us To that dear land of rest;

What radiance of glory, What bliss beyond compare.
The shout of them that triumph, The song of them that feast.
Oh, royal land of flowers! Oh realm and home of life!
Who art, with God the Father, And Spirit ever blest.
Love Divine, All Love Excelling

1 Love divine, all love excelling, Joy of heav'n to earth come down!
2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit Into ev'ry troubled breast!
3 Finish then, Thy new creation; Pure and spotless let us be;

Fix in us Thy humble dwelling; All Thy faith-ful mercies crown.
Let us all in Thee inherit, Let us find the promised rest,
Let us see Thy great salvation Perfectly restored in Thee:

Jesus, Thou art all compassion, Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Take a-way our bent to singing; Alpha and Omega be;
Chang'd from glory into glory, Till in heav'n we take our place,

Visit us with Thy salvation; Enter ev'ry trembling heart.
End of faith, as its beginning; Set our hearts at liberty.
Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in wonder, love, and praise.
Onward, Christian Soldiers

S. BARING-GOULD

ARThUR S. SULLIVAN

1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus
2. Like a mighty army, Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are treading
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Jesus
4. Onward, then, ye people, Join our happy throng; Blend with ours your voices

Going on before; Christ, the royal Master, Leads against the foe;
Where the saints have trod, We are not divided; All one body we,
Constant will remain; Gates of hell can never 'Gainst the Church prevail;
In the triumph-song; Glory, laud and honor, Unto Christ the King;

CHORUS

Forward into battle, See His banners go.
One in hope and doctrine; One in charity.
We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail. Onward, Christian soldiers,
This thro' count-less ages Men and angels sing.

Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus Going on before.
With the cross of Jesus
Sancta Lucia

Moderato

1. O'er sea the silver star bright light is throwing; Hush'd now the
   bil-lows are, gentle winds blow-ing; Come to my bark with me,
   Come, sail a-cross the sea, Sancta Lu-ci-a, Sancta Lu-ci-a.

2. See how the balm-y breeze our sail's ex-pand-ing; Naught could our
   hearts more please on this deck stand-ing; Come, trav-lers, one and all,
   Come quickly to my call, Sancta Lu-ci-a, Sancta Lu-ci-a.

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Stars of the Summer Night

1. Stars of the summer night, Far in yon azure deeps,
   Hide, hide your golden light; She sleeps, my lady sleeps,
   She sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps.

2. Moon of the summer night, Far down yon western steepes,
   Sink, sink in silver light; She sleeps, my lady sleeps,
   She sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps.

3. Wind of the summer night, Where yonder woodbine creeps,
   Fold, fold thy pinions light; She sleeps, my lady sleeps,
   She sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps.

4. Dreams of the summer night, Tell her, her lover keeps
   Watch, while, in slumber light; She sleeps, my lady sleeps,
   She sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps.

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Sweet and Low
Mixed or * Male Voices
J. Barnby

ALFRED TENNYSON

pp Larghetto

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the western sea;
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Father will come to thee soon;

Low, low, breathe and blow, Wind of the western sea;
Rest, rest on mother's breast, Father will come to thee soon;

Over the rolling waters go, Come from the dying
Father will come to his babe in the nest, Silver sails all

Moon and blow, Blow him again to me,
Moon and blow, Under the silver moon

While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps,
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one sleeps.

* For Male Voices: Pitch in G
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The Star-Spangled Banner

Words by FRANCIS SCOTT KEY
Music by JOHN STAFFORD SMITH

SOLO OR QUARTET

1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so
   proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleam, ing, Whose broad
   foe's haughty host in dread silence re - pos - es, What is
   havoc of war and the battle's con - fusion, A

2. On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the
   Between their loved home and the war's des - o - la - tion, Blest with

3. And where is that band who so vaunt- ing - ly swore, That the
   Stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight, O'er the
   that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep, As it
   home and a country should leave us no more? Their

4. Oh, thus be it ever when free-men shall stand Be -
   ram - parts we watched, were so gallantly streaming? Fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half disclos - es?
   blood has washed out their foul foot-steps' pollu - tion.
   Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na - tion!

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And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full
No refuge could save the hireling and slave From the
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just, And

proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
glory reflected, now shines on the stream:
terror of flight or the gloom of the grave:
this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"

Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave O'er the
'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it wave O'er the
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave O'er the
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave O'er the

land of the free and the home of the brave.
land of the free and the home of the brave.
land of the free and the home of the brave.
land of the free and the home of the brave.
Soldier's Farewell

Andante

1. How can I bear to leave thee, One part-ing kiss I give thee; And then what-e'er be-falls me, I go where hon-or calls me. Fare-well, fare-well, my own true love, Fare-well, fare-well, my own true love.

2. Ne'er more may I be-hold thee, Or to this heart en-fold thee; With spear and pen-non glanc-ing, I see the foe ad- vanc-ing, Fare-well, fare-well, my own true love, Fare-well, fare-well, my own true love.

3. I think of thee with long-ing; Think thou, whentears are throng-ing, That with my last faint sigh-ing, I'll whis-per soft, while dy-ing; Fare-well, fare-well, my own true love, Fare-well, fare-well, my own true love.

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