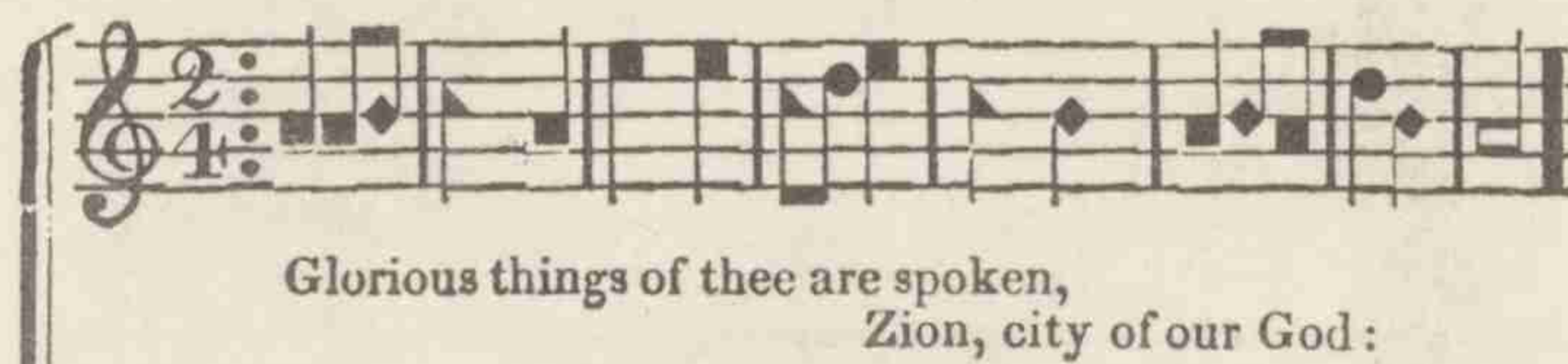


**FRIENDS
SCHOOL
SONG BOOK**

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BISHOP ROBERT WESTLY PEACH
COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSIC
AND
HYMNOLOGY

ACQUIRED BY THE
AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY
1939



PRESENTED BY
AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY
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FRIENDS SCHOOL SONG BOOK



PRINTED FOR
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COMPILED BY
ROMAN STEINER, M. A.

BALTIMORE, MD.
1908

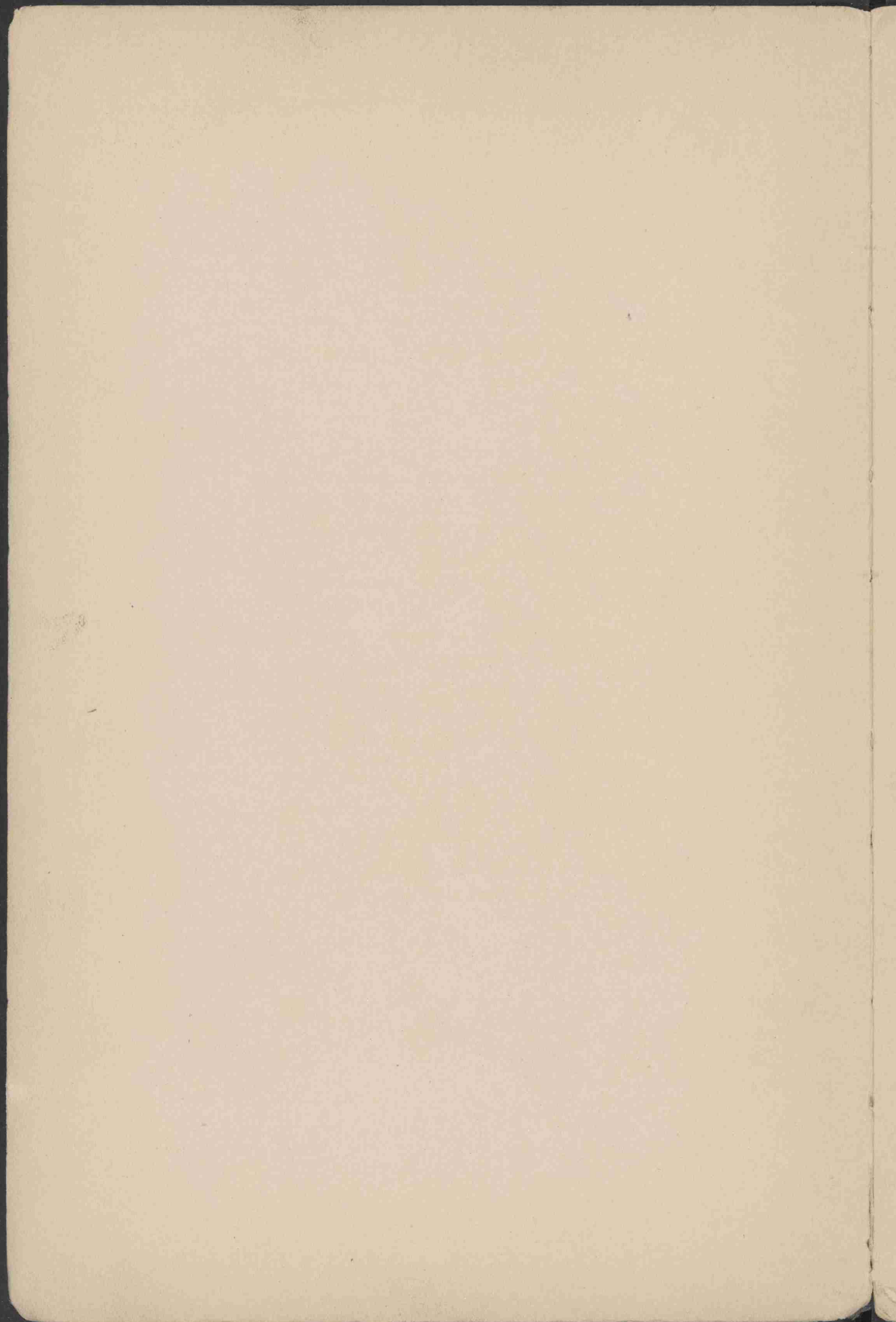
Hymn
1908
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The Lord Baltimore Press
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THE HEAVENS ARE DECLARING.

FROM THE GERMAN.

L. VAN BEETHOVEN.

- 1 The heav'ns are declaring the Lord's endless glory;
Thro' all the earth His praise is found.
The seas reecho the marvelous story,
O man, repeat that glorious sound.
The starry host He orders and measures,
He fills the morning's golden springs;
He wakes the sun from his night-curtained slumbers;
||O man, adore the King of Kings.||
- 2 What power and splendor, and wisdom and order,
In nature's mighty plan unrolled!
Thro' space and time to infinity's border,
What wonders vast and manifold!
The earth is His and the heav'ns o'er it bending,
The Maker in His works behold!
He is, and will be, through ages unending;
||A God of strength and love untold.||

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH.

J. ADDISON.

F. J. HAYDN.

- 1 The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty Hand.
- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

HOLY GOD, WE PRAISE THY NAME.

FROM THE GERMAN.

P. RITTER.

- 1 Holy God, we praise Thy name!
Lord of all we bow before Thee!
All on earth Thy sceptre claim,
All in heaven above adore Thee;
Infinite Thy vast domain,
Everlasting is Thy name.
- 2 Hark! the loud celestial hymn!
Angel choirs above are singing!
Cherubim and Seraphim,
In unceasing chorus praising;
Fill the heavens with sweet accord;
“Holy, Holy, Holy Lord.”

PRAISE YE THE FATHER.

E. CHARLES.

F. FLEMMING.

1 Praise ye the Father! for His loving-kindness,
Tenderly cares He for His erring children;
Praise Him, ye angels, praise Him in the heavens,
Praise ye Jehovah!

2 Praise ye the Saviour! great is His compassion,
Graciously cares He for His chosen people;
Young men and maidens, ye old men and children,
Praise ye the Saviour!

LORD, WITH GLOWING HEART.

F. S. KEY.

F. VON FLOTOW.

1 Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee
For the bliss Thy love bestows,
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows:
Help, O God, my weak endeavor;
This dull soul to rapture raise:
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

2 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.

LORD OF ALL BEING; THRONED AFAR.

O. W. HOLMES.

GERMAN AIR.

- 1 Lord of all being; throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!
- 2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.
- 3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.
- 4 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

LOOK FROM THY SPHERE OF ENDLESS DAY.

W. C. BRYANT.

R. HARRISON.

- 1 Look from Thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might!
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted in this land of light.
- 2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee!
- 3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.
- 4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

OH COME, OH COME, EMMANUEL.

FROM THE LATIN.

ANCIENT PLAIN SONG.

- 1 Oh come, oh come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel;
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!
- 2 Oh come, Thou Day-spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine Advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!
- 3 Oh come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!
- 4 Oh come, oh come, Thou Lord of might!
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

OH COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL.

FROM THE LATIN.

M. PORTOGALLO.

- 1 Oh come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant;
Oh come ye, oh come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him born the King of angels;
Oh come, let us adore Him,
Oh come, let us adore Him,
Oh come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.
- 2 Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above.
Glory to God in the highest;
Oh come, let us adore Him, etc.
- 3 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning;
Jesu, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing;
Oh come, let us adore Him, etc.

IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR.

E. H. SEARS.

R. S. WILLIS.

- 1 It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold;
Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King;
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.
- 2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lonely plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.
- 3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow!
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.
- 4 For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years,
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED.

N. TATE.

TRADITIONAL.

- 1 While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
- 2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.
- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:
- 4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease."

NAZARETH.

H. F. CHORLEY.

C. GOUNOD.

CHORUS:

Tho' poor be the chamber, come here, come and adore;
Lo! the Lord of Heaven,
Hath to mortals given
Life forever-more, Life forever-more, Life forever-more.

- 1 Shepherds who folded your flocks beside you,
Tell what was told by angel voices near;
To you this night is born He Who will guide you
Thro' paths of peace to living waters clear.

CHORUS:

Tho' poor be the chamber, come here, come and adore;
Lo! the Lord of Heaven,
Hath to mortals given
Life forever-more.

- 2 Kings from a far land, draw near and behold Him,
Led by the beam whose warning bade ye come,
Your crowns cast down, with robe royal enfold Him;
Your King descends to earth from brighter home.

CHORUS:

Tho' poor be the chamber, come here, come and adore;
Lo! the Lord of Heaven,
Hath to mortals given
Life forever-more.

- 3 Wind, to the cedars proclaim the joyful story,
Wave of the sea, the tidings bear afar,
The night is gone! behold in all its glory,
All broad and bright rises th' eternal morning star.

CHORUS:

Tho' poor be the chamber, come here, come and adore;
Lo! the Lord of Heaven,
Hath to mortals given
Life forever-more, Life forever-more, Life forever-more.

O HOLY NIGHT!

FROM THE FRENCH.

A. ADAM.

- 1 O holy night! the stars are brightly shining,
It is the night of the dear Saviour's birth.
Long lay the world in sin and error pining
Till He appear'd and the soul felt its worth.
A thrill of hope the weary world rejoices,
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn.
Fall on your knees! oh hear the angel voices!
O night divine! O night when Christ was born;
O night divine, O night, O night, divine!
- 2 Led by the light of Faith serenely beaming,
With glowing hearts by His cradle we stand.
So led by light of a star sweetly gleaming
Here came the wise men from the Orient land.
The King of Kings lay thus in lowly manger,
In all our trials born to be our friend,
He knows our need, He guardeth us from danger;
Behold your King! before Him lowly bend;
Behold your King, your King, before Him bend.

CHRISTIAN! DOST THOU SEE THEM.

FROM THE LATIN.

J. B. DYKES.

- 1 Christian! dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the powers of darkness
Rage thy steps around?
Christian! up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss;
In the strength that cometh
By the holy cross.
- 2 Christian! dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian! never tremble;
Never be downcast;
Gird thee for the battle,
Watch and pray and fast.
- 3 Christian! dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian! answer boldly:
"While I breathe I pray!"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

THE STRIFE IS O'ER.

FROM THE LATIN.

G. P. PALESTRINA.

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

- 1 The strife is o'er, the battle done;
The victory of life is won;
The song of triumph has begun.

Alleluia!

- 2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shout of holy joy outburst.

Alleluia!

- 3 The three sad days are quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead:
All glory to our risen Head!

Alleluia!

COME, HOLY GHOST, CREATOR BLEST.

FROM THE LATIN.

TRADITIONAL.

- 1 Come, Holy Ghost, Creator blest,
Vouchsafe within our souls to rest;
Come with Thy grace and heavenly aid,
And fill the hearts which Thou hast made.
- 2 To Thee, the Comforter, we cry;
To Thee, the gift of God most High;
The fount of life, the fire of love,
The soul's anointing from above.
- 3 Thy light to every sense impart,
And shed Thy love in every heart;
Thine own unfailing might supply
To strengthen our infirmity.

COME, YE THANKFUL PEOPLE, COME.

H. ALFORD.

G. J. ELVEY.

- 1 Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home:
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home.
- 2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield:
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Grant, O harvest Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

J. H. NEWMAN.

J. B. DYKES.

1 Lead, kindly Light, amid the 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.

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 blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on
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.

JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN.

FROM THE LATIN.

A. EWING.

- 1 Jerusalem, the golden!
With milk and honey blest;
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, oh, I know not,
What joys await us there!
What radiancy of glory!
What bliss beyond compare!
- 2 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest!
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

THE DAY IS GENTLY SINKING TO A CLOSE.

C. WORDSWORTH.

J. BARNBY.

- 1 The day is gently sinking to a close,
Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows:
O Brightness of Thy Father's glory, Thou
Eternal Light of Light, be with us now:
Where Thou art present darkness cannot be;
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee.
- 2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end:
Onward to darkness and to death we tend:
O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our guide,
Be Thou our light in death's dark eventide;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.
- 3 Thou, Who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succors fail:
When all is dark may we behold Thee nigh,
And hear Thy voice—"Fear not, for it is I."

THE LOST CHORD.

A. A. PROCTOR.

A. SULLIVAN.

- 1 Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wander'd idly
Over the noisy keys;
I know not what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then,
But I struck one chord of music,
||Like the sound of a great Amen.||
- 2 It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit,
With a touch of infinite calm,
It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife.
It seem'd the harmonious echo
From our discordant life,
- 3 It linked all perplexing meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence,
As if it were loth to cease;
I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.
- 4 It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in Heav'n
I shall hear that grand Amen.
It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again,
It may be that only in Heav'n
I shall hear that grand Amen.

LOVELY APPEAR.

FROM "THE REDEMPTION."

C. GOUNOD.

Lovely appear over the mountains
The feet of them that preach, and bring good news of peace.

Ye mountains, ye perpetual hills, bow ye down.
Over the barren wastes shall flow'rs now have possession.
Dark shades of ancient days, full of hate and oppression,
In the brightness of joy, fade away, and are gone.

PILGRIMS' CHORUS.

FROM "TANNHAEUSER."

R. WAGNER.

Once more, dear home, I with rapture behold thee
And greet the fields that so sweetly enfold thee.
Thou, pilgrim staff, may rest thee now,
Since I to God have fulfilled my vow.
By penance sore I have atoned,
And God's pure law my heart hath owned;
My pains hath He with blessing crown'd,
To God my song shall aye resound.
To God my song shall aye resound.

Once more, dear home, I with rapture behold thee,
And greet the fields that so sweetly enfold thee;
Thou pilgrim staff, thy toil is o'er,
I'll serve my God for evermore.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! I'll serve my God,
I'll serve my God for evermore.

PRAYER.

FROM "DER FREISCHÜTZ."

C. M. VON WEBER.

1 Songs, revealing
Sacred feeling,
Toward the shining stars float stealing,
Then outwelling,
Loudly swelling,
Reach the Father's dwelling.

2 Lowly bending,
Towards Thee wending,
Lord, Who hast no cause nor ending!
Still befriend us;
Still defend us;
|| Thine eternal succor lend us. ||
Amen! Amen!

SOLDIER'S CHORUS.

FROM "FAUST."

C. GOUNOD.

Glory and love to the men of old,
Their sons may copy their virtues bold,
Courage in heart and a sword in hand,
Yes, ready to fight or ready to die for Fatherland!

Who needs bidding to dare by a trumpet blown?
Who lacks pity to spare when the field is won?
Who would fly from a foe, if alone, or last?
And boast he was true, as coward might do
When peril is past?

Glory and love to the men of old,
Their sons may copy their virtues bold,
Courage in heart and a sword in hand,
Ready to fight for Fatherland.

Now home again we come the long and fiery strife of battle
over;
Rest is pleasant after toil as hard as ours beneath a stranger
sun,
Many a maiden fair is waiting here to greet her truant soldier
lover,
And many a heart will fail and brow grow pale to hear, to hear
the tale of cruel peril he has run,
And many a heart, and many a heart will fail and brow grow
pale to hear the tale of peril he has run.
We are at home, we are at home, we are at home, we are at
home.

Glory and love to the men of old,
Their sons may copy their virtues bold;
Courage in heart and a sword in hand,
Ready to fight for Fatherland, or ready to die, or ready to die,
for Fatherland.
Yes! ready to fight or ready to die, or ready to die for Father-
land.

BRIDAL CHORUS.

FROM "LOHENGRIN."

R. WAGNER.

Faithful and true we lead ye forth,
Where love triumphant shall crown ye with joy.
Star of renown, flow'r of the earth,
Blest be ye both far from all life's annoy!

Champion victorious, go thou before!
Maid bright and glorious, go thou before!
Mirth's noisy revel ye have forsaken,
Tender delights for you now awaken!
Fragrant abode enshrine ye in bliss,
Splendor and state in joy ye dismiss.

Faithful and true, we lead ye forth,
Where love triumphant shall crown ye with joy.
Star of renown, flow'r of the earth,
Blest be ye both, far from all life's annoy,
From all life's annoy!

ANVIL CHORUS.

FROM "IL TROVATORE."

G. VERDI.

- 1 God of the nations, in glory enthroned,
Upon our lov'd Country Thy blessings pour;
Guide us and guard us from strife in the future,
Let peace dwell among us forever-more!
- 2 Proudly our banner now gleams with golden lustre!
Brightly each star shines in the glorious cluster!
Liberty forever-more!
And Peace, and Union, and Peace, and Union
throughout our happy land.

CHORUS FROM "BABES IN TOYLAND."

G. MACDONOUGH.

V. HERBERT.

- 1 If a steamship weighed ten thousand tons
And sailed five thousand miles,
With a cargo large of overshoes,
And carving knives and files,
If the mates were almost six feet high,
And the bos'n near the same,
Would you subtract or multiply,
To find the captains name?
Oh! Oh Oh!

CHORUS:

Put down six and carry two,
Gee! but this is hard to do;
You can think and think and think
Till your brains are numb,
I don't care what teacher says,
I can't do the sum.

- 2 If a woman had an English pug,
Ten children and a cat,
And she tried in seven hours to find
A forty dollar flat,
With naught but sunny outside rooms,
In a neighborhood of tone,
How old would those ten children be,
Before they found a home?
Oh! Oh Oh!

CHORUS.—Put down six and carry two, etc.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

W. WHITMAN.

E. S. KELLEY.

- 1 O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weathered ev'ry rack, the prize we sought is won.
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting;
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring.
- 2 But O! heart, heart, heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain
Lies fallen cold and dead.
- 3 O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells.
Rise up, for you the flag is flung, for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths, for you the shores
acrowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass their eager faces turning.
- 4 Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.
- 5 My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still.
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will.
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voy'ge closed and done;
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won.
- 6 Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells,
The ship is anchored safe and sound;
Exult, O shores, exult, O shores,
Exult and ring, O bells.
- 7 But I with mournful tread walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen! Fallen! Fallen cold and dead,
O Captain! my Captain!
Fallen! Fallen! Fallen cold and dead.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

F. S. KEY.

J. S. SMITH.

- 1 Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.

CHORUS:

Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

- 2 On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream:

CHORUS:

'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

- 3 And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave:

CHORUS:

And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

- 4 Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and wild war's desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"

CHORUS:

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

AMERICA.

S. F. SMITH.

H. 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,
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring!
- 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;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.
- 3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.
- 4 Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

J. W. HOWE.

ANON.

- 1 Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are
stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword.
His truth is marching on.

CHORUS:

Glory! glory hallelujah! Glory! glory hallelujah!
Glory! glory hallelujah! His truth is marching on.

- 2 I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damp;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps.
His day is marching on.

CHORUS.—Glory! glory, etc.

- 3 I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;
“As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall
deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.”

CHORUS.—Glory! glory, etc.

- 4 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant my feet!
Our God is marching on.

CHORUS.—Glory! glory, etc.

MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND!

J. R. RANDALL.

GERMAN AIR.

- 1 Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland! my Maryland!
Thy gleaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland! my Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's war-like thrust,
And all thy slumb'ers with the just,
Maryland! my Maryland!
- 2 I see no blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland! my Maryland!
Tho' thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland! my Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland! my Maryland!
- 3 I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland! my Maryland!
The Old Line bugle, fife, and drum,
Maryland! my Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with Liberty along,
And ring thy dauntless slogan song,
Maryland! my Maryland!

GOD SAVE THE KING.

ENGLISH NATIONAL ANTHEM.

H. CAREY.

- 1 God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King!
- 2 O Lord our God arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall!
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hopes we fix,
God save us all!
- 3 Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign!
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King!

WATCH ON THE RHINE.

GERMAN NATIONAL ANTHEM.

C. WILHELM.

- 1 A voice resounds like thunder peal,
'Mid dashing wave and clang of steel;
"The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!
Who guards to-day my stream divine?"

CHORUS:

Dear Fatherland! no danger thine,
Dear Fatherland! no danger thine;
Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine,
Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine.

- 2 They stand a hundred thousand strong,
Quick to avenge their country's wrong;
With filial love their bosoms swell;
They'll guard the sacred landmark well.

CHORUS.—Dear Fatherland! etc.

- 3 While flows one drop of German blood,
Or sword remains to guard thy flood,
While rifle rests in patriot's hand,
No foe shall tread thy sacred strand!

CHORUS.—Dear Fatherland! etc.

- 4 Our oath resounds, the river flows,
In golden light our banner glows,
Our hearts will guard thy stream divine,
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!

CHORUS.—Dear Fatherland! etc.

HYMN OF THE MARSEILLAISE.

FRENCH NATIONAL ANTHEM.

R. DE LISLE.

- 1 Ye sons of Freedom, wake to glory!
Hark! Hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears, and hear their cries!
Behold their tears, and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
When peace and liberty lie bleeding?

CHORUS:

To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th'avenging sword unsheath!
March on, march on, all hearts resolv'd
On liberty or death!

- 2 With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst for gold and pow'r unbounded,
To mete and vend the light and air!
To mete and vend the light and air!
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?

CHORUS.—To arms, etc.

- 3 O Liberty! can man resign thee?
Once having felt thy gen'rous flame,
Can dungeon bolts and bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
The blood-stain'd sword our conq'rors wield;
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing!

CHORUS.—To arms, etc.

FAIR HARVARD.

HARVARD SONG.

OLD IRISH AIR.

- 1 Fair Harvard! thy sons to thy jubilee throng,
And with blessing surrender thee o'er,
By these festival rites, from the age that is past,
To the age that is waiting before.
O relic and type of our ancestors' worth,
That has long kept their memory warm,
First flow'r of their wilderness! star of their night,
Calm rising thro' change and thro' storm!
- 2 When, as pilgrims, we come to revisit thy halls,
To what kindlings the season gives birth!
Thy shades are more soothing, thy sunlight more dear,
Than descend on less privileged earth;
For the good and the great, in their beautiful prime,
Through thy precincts have musingly trod,
As they girded their spirits or deepened the streams
That make glad the fair city of God.
- 3 Farewell! be thy destinies onward and bright!
To thy children the lesson still give,
With freedom to think, and with patience to bear,
And for right ever bravely to live.
Let not moss-covered error moor thee at its side,
As the world on truth's current glides by;
Be the herald of light, and the bearer of love,
Till the stock of the Puritans die.

HARVARD'S DAY.

C. L. SMITH.

- 1 Come, fall in line,
To music fine,
Keep time with marching feet;
We'll march about
And in and out
And up and down the street.
While on the way
The band will play
Triumphant music meet,
For this, for this is Harvard's Day.

CHORUS:

So let the drummer drum,
And let the trumpet sound;
We will give a mighty cheer, boys,
As we march round.
Let nine long cheers for Harvard
Thunder far away,
For this is Harvard's, Harvard's Day.

- 2 A thousand strong
We march along,
In free and rhythmic gait;
Quite unsuppressed,
With mighty zest
Sing songs appropriate.
Throughout the way
Your flags display,
To-day we celebrate,
For this, for this is Harvard's Day.

CHORUS.—So let the drummer drum, etc.

DEAR OLD YALE.

H. S. DURAND.

C. WILHELM.

- 1 Bright college years, with pleasure rife,
The shortest, gladdest years of life,
How swiftly are ye gliding by,
Oh, why doth time so quickly fly!
The seasons come, the seasons go,
The earth is green, or white with snow,
But time and change shall naught avail
To break the friendships formed at Yale.
- 2 We all must leave this college home,
About the stormy world to roam;
But though the mighty ocean's tide
Should us from dear old Yale divide,
As round the oak the ivy twines
The clinging tendrils of its vines,
So are our hearts close bound to Yale
By ties of love that ne'er shall fail.
- 3 In after-life, should troubles rise
To cloud the blue of sunny skies,
How bright will seem, thro' memory's haze,
The happy, golden, bygone days!
Oh, let us strive that ever we
May let these words our wach-cry be,
Where'er upon life's sea we sail:
"For God, for Country, and for Yale."

YALE BOOLA SONG.

YALE SONG.

A. M. HIRSH.

- 1 Well, here we are ; well, here we are !
Just watch us rolling up a score.
We'll leave those fellows behind so far,
They won't want to play us any more !
We've hope and faith in Eli Yale !
To win we cannot fail !
Well, a Boola, Boo, Boola, Boola, Boo,
Boola, Boo, Boola, 'oola, Boola, Boo.

CHORUS :

Boola, Boola, Boola, Boola,
Boola, Boola, Boola, Boola,
When we're through with those poor fellows,
They will holler " Boola, Boo,
Oh, Yale, Eli Yale,
Oh, Yale, Eli Yale,
Oh, Yale, Eli Yale,
Oh, Yale, Eli Yale.

- 2 Now isn't it a shame, now isn't it a shame,
To do those fellows up so bad ?
We've done it before, we can do it once more,
Though they'll feel very, very sad.
We'll roll up the score so very high,
That you will hear them sigh,
" Boola, Boola Boo, Boola, Boola, Boo,
Boola, Boo, Boola, 'oola, Boola, Boo."

CHORUS.—Boola, etc.

THE ORANGE AND THE BLACK.

C. B. MITCHELL.

POPULAR AIR.

- 1 Although Yale has always favored
The violet's dark blue,
And the gentle sons of Harvard
To the crimson rose are true,
|| We will own the lilies slender,
Nor honor shall they lack,
While the Tiger stands defender
Of the Orange and the Black.||
- 2 Thro' the four long years of college,
'Midst the scenes we know so well,
As the mystic charm to knowledge
We vainly seek to spell;
|| Or, we win athletic vict'ries
On the football-field or track,
Still we work for dear old Princeton,
And the Orange and the Black.||
- 3 When the cares of life o'ertake us,
Mingling fast our locks with grey,
Should our dearest hopes betray us,
False Fortune fall away,
|| Still we'll banish care and sadness
As we turn our mem'ries back,
And recall those days of gladness
'Neath the Orange and the Black.||

OLD NASSAU.

H. P. PECK.

C. LANGLOTZ.

- 1 Tune ev'ry heart and ev'ry voice,
 Bid ev'ry care withdraw;
Let all with one accord rejoice,
 In praise of old Nassau.

CHORUS:

In praise of old Nassau, my boys,
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Her sons will give, while they shall live,
 Three cheers for old Nassau!

- 2 Let music rule the fleeting hour,
 Her mantle round us draw;
And thrill each heart with all her power,
 In praise of old Nassau.

CHORUS.—In praise of old Nassau, etc.

HAIL, PENNSYLVANIA.

E. M. DILLEY.

A. LYOFF.

- 1 Hail! Pennsylvania!
Noble and strong;
To thee with loyal hearts,
We raise our song.
Swelling to Heaven loud,
Our praises ring;
Hail! Pennsylvania,
Of thee we sing!
- 2 Majesty as a crown
Rests on thy brow;
Pride, Honor, Glory, Love,
Before thee bow.
Ne'er can thy spirit die,
Thy walls decay;
Hail! Pennsylvania,
For thee we pray!
- 3 Hail! Pennsylvania!
Guide of our youth;
Lead thou thy children on
To light and truth;
Thee, when death summons us,
Others shall praise,
Hail! Pennsylvania,
Thro' endless days!

THE RED AND BLUE.

H. WESTERVELT.

W. J. GOECKEL.

- 1 Come, all ye loyal classmen now,
In hall and campus through,
Lift up your hearts and voices for
The Royal Red and Blue.
Fair Harvard has her crimson,
Old Yale her colors too,
But for dear Pennsylvania,
We wear the Red and Blue.

CHORUS:

Hurrah, Hurrah, Pennsylvania,
Hurrah for the Red and the Blue;
Hurrah, Hurrah, Hurrah, Hurrah,
Hurrah for the Red and Blue.

- 2 One color's in the blushing rose,
The other tints the clouds,
And when together both disclose,
We're happy as the gods.
We ask no other emblem,
No other sign to view,
We only ask to see and cheer
Our colors Red and Blue.

CHORUS.—Hurrah, etc.

- 3 And now thro' all the years to come,
In midst of toil and care,
We'll get new inspiration from
The colors waving there.
And when to all our college life
We've said our last adieu,
We'll never say adieu to thee,
Our colors Red and Blue.

CHORUS.—Hurrah, etc.

ALMA MATER.

E. J. TAYLOR.

17TH CENTURY AIR.

- 1 Staunch and gray thou standst before us
On the campus fair;
Thy high spirit guarding o'er us
Who thy blessings share.

CHORUS:

Thee we praise with song of gladness,
Name thy glories o'er;
Hail to thee, our Alma Mater!
Hail, all hail! Swarthmore.

- 2 Every stone, oh Alma Mater,
Holds a mem'ry dear—
Every ripple of Crum's water
Is a greeting clear.

CHORUS.—Thee we praise, etc.

- 3 Tho' we leave thee, and tho' sorrow
Still our laughter gay,
We will tender mem'ries borrow
From the past so gray.

CHORUS:

Then you'll hear the old "grads" singing
As they did of yore:
Hail to thee, our Alma Mater!
Hail, all hail! Swarthmore.

OUR ALMA MATER IN DIXIE LAND.

HOPKINS SONG.

POPULAR AIR.

- 1 Come stand together, we'll raise a cheer, and wave the Black and Blue;
We pledge our faith as loyal sons, to Hopkins we'll be true.
We love our college in Dixie Land, our University.
We shout her praise as we march along, so one, two, three!

CHORUS:

Hurrah! Hurray!
A rousing Hullabaloo! RAH!
Our Alma Mater in Dixie Land,
Hurrah for Black and Blue!

- 2 The Hopkins men on the football field have won a great renown;
They buck the center, and run the ends, and pull their opponents down.
And if their bodies are black and blue, they're loyal, don't you see,
They bear their colors where'er they go, so one, two, three!

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurray, etc.

- 3 We play lacrosse, and we shoot for goal, we shoot, and not in vain;
The score goes up as our foes go down; we win again and again.
Our boys are out for the championship, as ev'ry one may see;
We cheer the fellows that play lacrosse, so one, two, three!

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurray, etc.

BENNY HAVENS, OH!

WEST POINT SONG.

OLD IRISH AIR.

- 1 Come, fill your glasses, fellows, and stand up in a row,
To singing sentimentally we're going for to go;
In the Army there's sobriety, promotion's very slow,
So we'll sing our reminiscences of Benny Havens, oh!

CHORUS:

So we'll sing our reminiscences of Benny Havens, oh!
So we'll sing our reminiscences of Benny Havens, oh!
Oh! Benny Havens, oh! oh! Benny Havens, oh!
We'll sing our reminiscences, of Benny Havens, oh!

- 2 Come, fill up to our Generals, God bless the brave heroes,
An honor to their country and a terror to her foes.
May they long rest on their laurels, and trouble never know,
But live to see a thousand years at Benny Havens, oh!

CHORUS:

But live to see a thousand years at Benny Havens, oh!
But live to see a thousand years at Benny Havens, oh!
Oh! Benny Havens, oh! oh! Benny Havens, oh!
But live to see a thousand years at Benny Havens, oh!

- 3 To our kind old Alma Mater, our rock-bound Highland home,
We'll cast back many a fond regret as o'er life's sea we roam;
Until on our last battlefield the lights of heav'n shall glow,
We'll never fail to drink to her and Benny Havens, oh!

CHORUS:

We'll never fail to drink to her and Benny Havens, oh!
We'll never fail to drink to her and Benny Havens, oh!
Oh! Benny Havens, oh! oh! Benny Havens, oh!
We'll never fail to drink to her and Benny Havens, oh!

ETON BOATING SONG.

ETON SONG.

ENGLISH AIR.

- 1 Jolly boating weather,
And a hay harvest breeze;
Blade on the "feather,"
Shade off the trees.

CHORUS:

||Swing, swing together
With your body between your knees.||

- 2 Skirting past the rushes,
Ruffling o'er the weeds,
Where the lock-stream gushes,
Where the Cygnet feeds.

CHORUS.—Swing, swing together, etc.

- 3 Twenty years hence this weather
May tempt us from office stools;
We may be slow on the "feather,"
And seem to the boys old fools;

CHORUS:

||But we'll still swing together,
And swear by the best of schools.||

- 4 Others will fill our places,
Dressed in the old light blue;
We'll recollect our races,
We'll to the flag be true;

CHORUS:

||And youth will be still in our faces
When we cheer for an Eton crew.||

SONG OF GREETING.

F. MANLEY.

OMAHA INDIAN MELODY.

Greeting, O peaceful one, greeting,
O maiden, little maiden,
Shining, laughing, dewey eyed child,
Spirit of morning arising for me, for me,
Bringing the dead moons, the old morns to me;
Maiden, maiden, greetings to thee,
Spirit who keepest the world young for me.

SONG OF THE GHOST DANCE.

F. MANLEY.

ARAPAHO INDIAN MELODY.

- 1 Wakonda, hear us, hear us,
Wakonda, O behold us,
As the embers dying,
O Wakonda,
As the pale mists flying,
O Wakonda,
Wood and prairie fade before us,
Hills and streams our fathers gave us,
Home and friends of home, and thy children roam,
Like the weary winds homeless crying.
- 2 Wakonda, hear us, hear us,
Wakonda, O behold us,
Beaver, bird, and bear,
O Wakonda,
Have their nest and lair,
O Wakonda,
Home and rest, but where is ours?
We that thro' the vacant hours
Wander, wander sad, children of despair,
Wander, wander sad, homeless ev'rywhere.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

S. C. FOSTER.

- 1 Way down upon de Swanee ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's wha my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

CHORUS:

All de world am sad and dreary,
Eb'ry where I roam;
Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

- 2 All 'round de little farm I wander'd,
When I was young;
Den many happy days I squander'd,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing with my brudder,
Happy was I;
O! take me to my kind old mudder,
Dere let me live and die.

CHORUS.—All de world, etc.

- 3 One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming,
All 'round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming,
Down in my good old home?

CHORUS.—All de world, etc.

OLD BLACK JOE.

S. 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 ! "

CHORUS :

I'm coming, I'm coming, 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 ! "

CHORUS.—I'm coming, 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 ! "

CHORUS.—I'm coming, etc.

THE BARE-FOOT BOY.

J. G. WHITTIER.

C. JOHNS.

1 Blessings on thee, little man,
Bare-foot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
Blessings on thee, little man,
Bare-foot boy!
With thy turned up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
Blessings on thee, little man,
Bare-foot boy!

2 Let the million-dollared ride!
Bare-foot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye,
Blessings on thee, little man,
Bare-foot boy!
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye,
Blessings on thee, little man,
Bare-foot boy!

3 Outward sunshine, inward joy;
Blessings on thee, Bare-foot boy,
Cheerily then, my little man,
Live and laugh as boyhood can,
Blessings on thee, little man,
Bare-foot boy!
Cheerily then, my little man,
Live and laugh as boyhood can,
Blessings on thee, little man,
Bare-foot boy!

MASSA DEAR.

F. MANLEY.

A. JOHNSON.

1 Massa dear, massa dear,
O look down awhile,
Winds am still, heav'n am clear,
You can hear dis chile.
All the home folks is gone,
And I'm lonesome here;
Work is over and done,
Take me, massa dear,
Take me home, for the light
Went away with you;
Call me home from the night,
||As you used to do.||

2 There's no songs from the corn,
And the nights are sad;
Banjo strings dumb and torn
That were once so glad,
When some old neighbor's tune,
On the winds was borne;
And the clear, shining moon
Made the night the dawn,
Take me home, joy and light
Went away with you;
Call me home from the night,
||As you used to do.||

CLEMENTINE.

P. MONTROSE.

- 1 In a cavern, in a canon,
Excavating for a mine,
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner,
And his daughter Clementine.

CHORUS:

Oh my darling, O my darling.
Oh my darling Clementine,
You are lost and gone forever,
Drefful sorry, Clementine.

- 2 Light she was, and like a fairy,
And her shoes were number nine,
Herring boxes, without topses,
Sandals were for Clementine.

CHORUS.—Oh my darling, etc.

- 3 Drove she ducklings to the water,
Ev'ry morning just at nine,
Hit her foot against a splinter,
Fell into the foaming brine.

CHORUS.—Oh my darling, etc.

- 4 Ruby lips above the water,
Blowing bubbles soft and fine,
Alas, for me! I was no swimmer,
So I lost my Clementine.

CHORUS.—Oh my darling, etc.

- 5 In a church-yard, near the canon,
Where the myrtle doth entwine,
There grow roses, and other posies,
Fertilized by Clementine.

CHORUS.—Oh my darling, etc.

- 6 Then the miner, forty-niner,
Soon began to peek and pine,
Thought he "oughter jine" his daughter,
Now he's with his Clementine.

CHORUS.—Oh my darling, etc.

DUNDERBECK.

COLLEGE SONG.

POPULAR AIR.

- 1 There was a fat old Dutchman, and
His name was Dunderbeck,
He was very fond of sausages,
And sauerkraut and speck;
He kept a great big butcher shop,
The finest ever seen,
And he got him out a patent
For a sausage-meat machine.

CHORUS:

O Dunderbeck! O Dunderbeck!
How could you be so mean;
I'm sorry you e'er invented
That wonderful machine;
For pussy-cats and long-tail'd rats
Will nevermore be seen,
For they'll all be ground to sausage-meat
In Dunderbeck's machine.

- 2 One day a very little boy
Came walking in the store
To buy a pound of sausage meat
And eggs a half a score,
And then while he was standing there,
He whistled up a tune,
And the sausages began to dance
And hop about the room.

CHORUS.—O Dunderbeck! etc.

- 3 But something got the matter,
The machine it would not go,
So Dunderbeck, he crawl'd inside,
The reason for to know;
His wife she had the nightmare,
And, walking in her sleep,
She gave the crank an awful yank,
And Dunderbeck was meat.

CHORUS.—O Dunderbeck! etc.

DAT WATER-MILLION.

T. P. WESTENDORF.

- 1 Oh, see dat water-million a smilin' fro' de fence,
How I wish dat water-million it was mine!
Oh, de white folks mus' be foolish—dey need a heap of sense,
Or dey'd nebber leave it dar upon de vine.

CHORUS:

Oh, de ham-bone am sweet,
An' de bacon am good,
An' de 'possum fat am berry, berry fine;
But gib me, yes, gib me,
Oh, how I wish you would!
Dat water-million growin' on de vine.

- 2 You may talk about de peaches, de apples and de pears,
An' de 'simmons hanging on de 'simmon tree;
But, bless my heart, my honey! Dat truck it ain't nowhere's.
Oh! de water-million am de fruit for me!

CHORUS.—Oh, de ham-bone am sweet, etc.

- 3 When de dewdrops dey is fallin', dat million's gwine to cool,
An' I know den it will eat most awful fine!
So I's gwine to come and fetch it, or else I is a fool.
If I leaves it dar a smilin' on de vine.

CHORUS.—Oh, de ham-bone am sweet, etc.

DIXIE.

D. EMMETT.

- 1 I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
In Dixie Land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

CHORUS:

- Den I wish I was in Dixie,
Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land, I'll took my stand
To lib and die in Dixie,
Away, Away,
Away down south in Dixie,
Away, Away,
Away down south in Dixie.
- 2 Dar's buck-wheat cakes an' Ingen' batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter;
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
Den hoe it down an scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
- CHORUS.—Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.

“WHERE THE BEE SUCKS.”

W. SHAKESPEARE.

DR. T. A. ARNE.

Where the bee sucks,
There lurk I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry, when owls do cry,
On a bat's back do I fly, do I fly,
After sunset, merrily, merrily,
After sunset merrily.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough,
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough,
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

WHEN THAT I WAS AND A LITTLE TINY BOY.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

OLD ENGLISH AIR.

- 1 When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth ev'ry day.
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 For the rain it raineth every day.
- 2 But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 For the rain it raineth every day.
- 3 A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 And we'll strive to please you every day.

SWEET AND LOW.

A. TENNYSON.

J. BARNBY.

- 1 Sweet and low, sweet and low,
 Wind of the western sea;
Low, low, breathe and blow,
 Wind of the western sea;
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon and blow,
Blow him again to me,
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.
- 2 Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

JOHN PEEL.

J. W. GRAVES.

OLD ENGLISH AIR.

- 1 D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gray?
D'ye ken John Peel at the break of day?
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far away,
With his hounds and his horn in the morning.

CHORUS:

'Twas the sound of his horn brought me from my bed,
And the cry of the hounds has me ofttimes led;
For Peel's "View halloa" would awaken the dead,
Or a fox from his lair in the morning.

- 2 D'ye ken that hound whose voice is death?
D'ye ken her sons of peerless faith?
D'ye ken that a fox with his last breath
Cursed them all as he died in the morning?

CHORUS.—'Twas the sound of his horn, etc.

- 3 Yes, I ken John Peel and auld Ruby too,
Ranter and Royal and Bellman as true;
From the drag to the chase, from the chase to the view,
From the view to the death in the morning.

CHORUS.—'Twas the sound of his horn, etc.

THE DUMB WIFE CURED.

OLD ENGLISH SONG.

- 1 There was a bonny blade,
Had married a country maid,
And safely conducted her home, home, home,
She was neat in ev'ry part,
And she pleased him to the heart,
But ah! alas, she was dumb, dumb, dumb.
- 2 She could brew and she could bake,
She could sew and she could make,
And sweep out the house with a broom, broom, broom,
She could wash and she could wring,
And do any kind of thing,
But ah! alas, she was dumb, dumb, dumb.
- 3 To the doctor then he went,
To give himself content,
And to cure his wife of the mum, mum, mum,
"Oh, 'tis the easiest part
Which belongs unto my art,
To make a woman speak, that is dumb, dumb, dumb."
- 4 Then the doctor he did bring,
And he cut her chattering string,
And at liberty he set her tongue, tongue, tongue,
Oh! her tongue began to walk,
And she began to talk,
As though she had never been dumb, dumb, dumb.
- 5 Her faculty she tries,
And she filled the house with noise,
And she rattled in his ears like a drum, drum, drum;
She bred a deal of strife,
Made him weary of his life,
He'd give anything if only she were dumb, dumb, dumb.

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

E. WARD.

OLD ENGLISH AIR.

- 1 In good King Charles's golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous High Churchman was I,
And so I got preferment;
To teach my flock I never missed,
Kings were by God appointed,
And lost are those that do resist,
Or touch the Lord's anointed.

CHORUS:

And this is law, I will maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever King may reign,
Still, I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

- 2 When royal James obtained his crown,
And Popery came in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the Declaration;
The Church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution,
And had become a Jesuit
But for the Revolution.

CHORUS.—And this is law, etc.

- 3 When William was our King declared,
To ease a nation's grievance,
With this new wind about I steered,
And swore to him allegiance.
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance;
Passive Obedience was a joke,
A jest was Non-resistance,

CHORUS.—And this is law, etc.

THE VICAR OF BRAY.—Continued.

- 4 When gracious Anne became our Queen,
The Church of England's glory;
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a Tory;
Occasional Conformists base,
I blamed their moderation,
And thought the Church in danger was,
By such prevarication.

CHORUS.—And this is law, etc.

- 5 Th'illustrious house of Hanover,
And Protestant succession,
To these I do allegiance swear,
While they can keep possession;
For in my faith and loyalty
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful King shall be
Until the times do alter.

CHORUS.—And this is law, etc.

THE CROCODILE.

OLD ENGLISH SONG.

- 1 Now listen you landsmen unto me, to tell you the truth I'm
bound,
What happened to me by going to sea, and the wonders that I
found;
Shipwrecked I was once off Prowse and cast up on the shore,
So then I did resolve to roam, the country to explore.

CHORUS:

Tomy rit fal lal li bollem tit, tomy rit fal lal li dee!
Tomy rit fal lal li bollem tit, tomy rit fal lal li dee!

- 2 'Twas far I had not scouted out, when close alongside the ocean,
I saw something move which at first I thought was all the
world in motion;
But steering up close alongside, I found 'twas a crocodile,
And from his nose to the tip of his tail he measured five hundred
mile.

CHORUS.—Tomy rit, etc.

- 3 While up aloft the wind was high, it blew a gale from the south,
I lost my hold and away did fly right into the crocodile's mouth,
He quickly closed his jaws on me and thought he'd got a victim,
But I ran down his throat, d'ye see, and that's the way I tricked
him.

CHORUS.—Tomy rit, etc.

- 4 I travelled on for a month or two, till I got into his maw,
Where I found of rum-kegs not a few, and a thousand fat bul-
locks in store,
Of life I banished all my care, for of grub I was not stinted,
And in this crocodile I lived ten years, and very well contented.

CHORUS.—Tomy rit, etc.

THE CROCODILE.—Continued.

- 5 This crocodile being very old, one day, alas, he died;
He was ten long years a-getting cold, he was so long and wide.
His skin was eight miles thick, I'm sure, or very near about,
For I was full ten years or more a-cutting my way out.

CHORUS.—Tomy rit, etc.

- 6 And now I'm once more got on earth, I've vow'd no more to
roam,
In a ship that passed I got a berth, and now I'm safe at home.
And if my story you should doubt, should you ever travel the
Nile,
It's ten to one you'll find the shell of the wonderful crocodile.

CHORUS.—Tomy rit, etc.

THE MERMAID.

OLD ENGLISH SONG.

- 1 'Twas Friday morn when we set sail,
And we were not far from the land,
When the captain spied a lovely mermaid,
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

CHORUS:

Oh, the ocean waves may roll,
And the stormy winds may blow,
While we poor sailors go skipping to the tops,
While the land-lubbers lie down below, below, below,
While the land-lubbers lie down below.

- 2 Then up spake the captain of our gallant ship,
And a well-spoken man was he,
I have married me a wife in Salem town,
And to-night she a widow will be.

CHORUS.—Oh, the ocean waves, etc.

- 3 And up spake the cook of our gallant ship,
And a fat old cook was he,
I care much more for my kettles and my pots,
Than I do for the bottom of the sea.

CHORUS.—Oh, the ocean waves, etc.

- 4 Then three times round went our gallant ship,
And three times round went she,
And three times round went our gallant ship,
And she sank to the bottom of the sea.

CHORUS.—Oh, the ocean waves, etc.

THE BLUE BELL OF SCOTLAND.

K. JORDAN.

- 1 O where, and O where is your Highland laddie gone?
O where, and O where is your Highland laddie gone?
He's gone to fight the French for King George upon the throne,
And it's O, in my heart I wish him safe at home!
- 2 O where, and O where did your Highland laddie dwell?
O where, and O where did your Highland laddie dwell?
He dwelt in merry Scotland, at the sign of the Blue Bell,
And it's O, in my heart I love my laddie well!
- 3 But what, and O what if your Highland lad should die?
But what, and O what if your Highland lad should die?
The bagpipes should play o'er him, and I'd sit me down and cry,
And it's O, in my heart I wish he may not die!

ANNIE LAURIE.

DOUGLAS OF FINLAND.

LADY JOHN SCOTT.

- 1 Maxwelton's braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
||Gave me her promise true,||
Which ne'er forgot will be,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee.
- 2 Her brow is like the snawdrift,
Her throat is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
||That e'er the sun shone on,||
And dark blue is her e'e,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee.
- 3 Like dew on th' gowan lying
Is th' fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing,
||Her voice is low and sweet,||
And she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee.

LOCH LOMOND.

OLD SCOTCH SONG.

- 1 By yon bonnie banks,
And by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,
Where me and my true love
Were ever want to gae
On the bonnie, bonnie bank of Loch Lomond.

CHORUS:

Oh! ye'll take the high-road and I'll take the low-road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye;
But me and my true love will never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

- 2 'Twas then that we parted
In yon shady glen
On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond,
Where in purple hue
The Highland hills we view,
And the moon coming out in the gloaming.

CHORUS.—Oh! ye'll take the high-road, etc.

- 3 The wee birdie sang,
And the wild flowers spring,
And in sunshine the water are sleeping,
But the broken heart it kens
Nae second Spring again
Tho' the waeful may cease frae their greeting.

CHORUS.—Oh! ye'll take the high-road, etc.

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'.

OLD SCOTCH BATTLE SONG.

- 1 The Campbells are comin', Oho, Oho!
The Campbells are comin', Oho, Oho!
The Campbells are comin' to bonnie Loch Leven,
The Campbells are comin', Oho, Oho!
Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay,
Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay,
I looked down to bonnie Loch Leven,
And saw three bonnie perches play.
- 2 The Campbells are comin', Oho, Oho!
The Campbells are comin', Oho, Oho!
The Campbells are comin' to bonnie Loch Leven,
The Campbells are comin', Oho, Oho!
Great Argyle he goes before, before,
He makes the cannons and guns to roar,
Wi' sound of trumpet, pipe, and drum,
The Campbells are comin', Oho, Oho!
- 3 The Campbells are comin', Oho, Oho!
The Campbells are comin', Oho, Oho!
The Campbells are comin' to bonnie Loch Leven,
The Campbells are comin', Oho, Oho!
The Campbells are all in arms, in arms,
Their loyal faith and truth to show,
Wi' banners rattling in the wind,
The Campbells are comin', Oho, Oho!

AULD LANG SYNE.

R. BURNS.

OLD SCOTCH AIR.

- 1 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne?

CHORUS:

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

- 2 We twa ha'e run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
We've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

CHORUS.—For auld lang syne, etc.

- 3 And here's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

CHORUS.—For auld lang syne, etc.

THE LORELEY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

F. SILCHER.

- 1 I know not whence it cometh
That I am often sad,
A story of days departed
Will ne'er from my memory fade.
The air grows cool in the twilight,
And calm the Rhine flows on;
The mountain brow is gleaming
In light of setting sun.
- 2 On yonder height there sitteth
A maiden wondrous fair,
Her golden jewels sparkle;
She combs her golden hair;
With comb of gold she combs it
And sings, so plaintively,
A strain of wondrous beauty,
A potent melody.
- 3 In tiny skiff, the boatman
Is seized with a wild, wild woe.
He gazeth on high unceasing;
He heeds not the cliffs below.
I fear me the skiff and the boatman
Will both 'neath the waters drown,
And this, with her wondrous singing,
The Loreley has done.

THE WILD ROSE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

J. WERNER.

- 1 Once I saw a sweet-brier rose,
All so freshly blooming,
Bathed with dew and blushing fair,
Gently waived by balmy air,
All the air perfuming.
Gently waived by balmy air,
All the air perfuming.
- 2 "Rose," said I, "thou shalt be mine,
All so freshly blooming;"
Rose replied, "Nay, let me go,
Or thy blood shall freely flow,
For thy rash presuming;
Or thy blood shall freely flow,
For thy rash presuming."
- 3 Woe is me, I broke the stem,
Life and fragrance dooming;
Soon the lovely flow'r was gone,
And the thorns remained alone—
Vanished all its blooming:
And the thorns remained alone—
Vanished all its blooming.
- 4 Had I left thee, lovely flow'r,
In thy beauty blooming,
Bathed with dew and blushing fair,
Thou wouldst still have filled the air,
With thy sweet perfuming;
Thou wouldst still have filled the air,
With thy sweet perfuming.

HARK! HARK! THE LARK.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

F. SCHUBERT.

Hark! hark! the lark at Heav'n's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs,
On chalic'd flow'rs that lies,
On chalic'd flow'rs that lies,
And winking Marybuds begin
To ope the golden eyes;
With ev'rything that pretty bin;
My lady sweet, arise,
With ev'rything that pretty bin;
My lady sweet, arise, arise, arise,
My lady sweet, arise, arise, arise,
My lady sweet, arise.

LULLABY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

J. BRAHMS.

- 1 Lullaby and good night;
With roses, bedight,
With lillies bested
Is baby's wee bed,
Lay thee down now and rest,
May thy slumber be blest.
Lay thee down now and rest,
May thy slumber be blest.
- 2 Lullaby and good night;
Thy mother's delight;
Bright angels around
My darling shall stand,
They will guard thee from harm,
Thou shalt wake in my arms.
They will guard thee from harm,
Thou shalt wake in my arms.

WHERE WOULD I BE?

FROM THE GERMAN.

C. ZOELLNER.

1 Where would I be?

Where the swift gallant ship sails the ocean o'er,
As she steers her proud course by the rock-bound shore;
Where the tempest is fierce, and the billows roar,
There would I be!

2 Where would I be?

Where the trumpet is heard, and the bullets fly,
And where Freedom's proud bird wings her course through
the sky;
Where the slave breaks his chain and oppressor die,
There would I be!

3 Where would I be?

Where true friendship is felt in its purest glow,
And the heart bears its impress in joy or in woe,
And the soul-breathing impulse shall ever flow,
There would I be,
Yes, there would I be!

THE WANDERER.

GERMAN STUDENTS' SONG.

- 1 On foot I gaily take my way,
Hurrah! hurrah!
O'er mountain bare and meadow gay,
Hurrah! hurrah!
And he who is not of my mind,
Another trav'ling mate may find,
||He cannot go with me.||
- 2 No snail-paced friend I want, not I,
Hurrah! hurrah!
At ev'ry step to pause and sigh,
Hurrah! hurrah!
No gloomy man to scowl and groan,
And over others' sins to moan;
||I'd rather trudge alone.||
- 3 This is the merry singer's way,
Hurrah! hurrah!
His foot-path is with roses gay,
Hurrah! hurrah!
In ev'ry land where song is known,
Where music meets an answering tone,
||That land his own must be.||
- 4 Foot-travel to the gay is sweet,
Hurrah! hurrah!
But heavy hearts make heavy feet,
Hurrah! hurrah!
The man who loves the sunshine bright,
And never peeps behind for night,
||That is the man for me.||

UPIDEE.

GERMAN STUDENTS' SONG.

- 1 The shades of night were falling fast,
Upidee, upida,
As thro' an Alpine village passed,
Upideeida!
A youth who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,—

CHORUS:
Upideeideeida,
Upidee, upida,
Upideeideeida,
Upideeida.

- 2 His brow was sad; his eye beneath,
Upidee, upida,
Flash'd like falchion from its sheath,
Upideeida!
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue—
CHORUS.—Upidee! etc.

- 3 At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air—
CHORUS.—Upidee! etc.

- 4 A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half buried by the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device—
CHORUS.—Upidee! etc.

SANTA LUCIA.

OLD ITALIAN SONG.

1 Now 'neath the silver moon
Ocean is glowing,
O'er the calm billow
Soft winds are blowing.
Here balmy zephyrs blow,
Pure joys invite us,
And as we gently row
All things delight us.
Hark, how the sailor's cry
Joyously echoes nigh.
Santa Lucia!
Santa Lucia!

CHORUS:

Home of fair Poesy,
Realm of pure Harmony,
Santa Lucia!
Santa Lucia!

2 When o'er thy waters
Light winds are playing,
Thy spell can soothe us,
All care allaying.
To thee, sweet Napoli,
What charms are given,
Where smiles creation,
Toil blest by heaven.
Hark, how the sailor's cry
Joyously echoes nigh.
Santa Lucia!
Santa Lucia!

CHORUS.—Home of fair Poesy, etc.

HAIL TO OUR ALMA MATER.

D. MUDGE & V. BARTLETT. AIR: "THE WATCH ON THE RHINE."

- 1 Hail to our Alma Mater dear!
Fair Friends School we gather here,
And lift our voices loud in song,
Thy happy years to prolong.

CHORUS:

Tho' fortune smile and honor crown,
Tho' riches come and great renown,
Still we thy sons shall be, dear old Friends School!
Still we thy sons shall be, dear old Friends School!

- 2 Her mighty learning we would tell,
Tho' life is something more than lore;
She could not love her sons so well
Loved she not the truth and honor more.

CHORUS.—Tho' fortune smile, etc.

- 3 And when our last farewells we say,
And pass from thy dear halls away,
From us thy love shall never part,
But hold the first place in our hearts.

CHORUS.—Tho' fortune smile, etc.

SCARLET AND GRAY.

H. CORSE.

AIR: "OUR ALMA MATER IN DIXIE LAND."

- 1 Come, stand together, and raise a song, and sing it loud and clear;
Our Alma Mater is the theme, old Friends School loved and dear;
Thy name we'll cherish all our lives, and true we'll always be:
We cheer thy colors where'er they are, so, one, two, three!

CHORUS:

Hurrah! Hurray!
A mighty cheer for thee! Rah!
To the Friends School colors e'er loyal we,
Scarlet and Gray, hurrah!

- 2 The Friends School boys in basketball have won a mighty fame,
Where'er they go they win the day and win it in thy name;
The Friends School boys know the game as everyone may see,
Let us cheer the team in basketball, so one, two, three!

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurray! etc.

- 3 Some day when we from the wide, wide world shall come to view thy walls;
Each stone to us a mem'ry dear, each room a scene recalls:
Then worldly cares we'll lay aside, our thoughts of thee will be
As re-united, we sing of thee with one, two, three!

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurray! etc.

