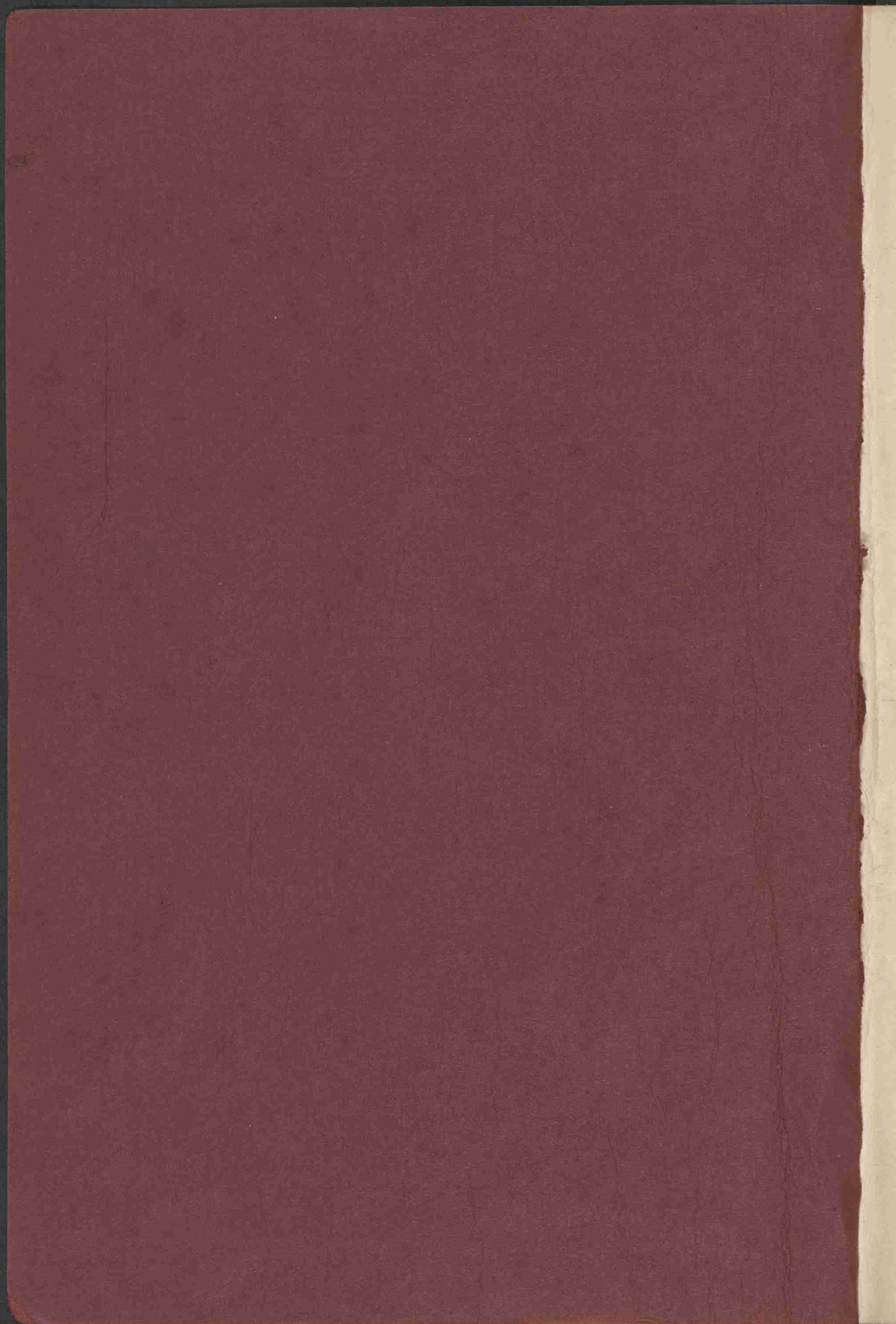


VAUGHAN'S
CONCERT QUARTET
BOOK



JAMES D. VAUGHAN,
MUSIC PUBLISHER,
LAWRENCEBURG, TENNESSEE.



VAUGHAN'S CONCERT QUARTET BOOK

FOR MALE VOICES

— BY —

JAMES D. VAUGHAN,

A. M. PACE,
W. W. COMBS,

ADLAI LOUDY,
V. O. STAMPS.

PRICE 60 CENTS

JAMES D. VAUGHAN,
MUSIC PUBLISHER,
LAWRENCEBURG, TENNESSEE.

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PREFACE

For the past ten years we have done more quartet work than any other song book publisher in the United States. Our quartets are an unfailing attraction everywhere, and we have had hundreds of calls for a Vaughan Male Quartet Book.

Every song in this book has been tested out by a good quartet. It contains our "happy hitters,"—the ones the people are calling for.

In addition to the best of the ever-popular favorite folk-songs, Southern melodies, humorous songs, newly arranged for male voices, there are a number of brand new songs written by members of the "Vaughan Fraternity" that will be big hits.

We have used the G-clef for the tenor parts, because singers generally are more accustomed to it than they are the C-clef.

March, 1921. *James D. Vaughan.*

No. 1.

MY WILDWOOD ROSE.

James Rowe.

Adger M. Pace.



1. Eve - ning dew's are fall - ing, Stars be - gin to peep, Night birds sweet are
 2. Side by side we'll wan - der, Through the qui - et glen, On our fu - ture
 3. Tem - ple bells are ring - ing In the vil - lage near; All your sweetness



call - ing, Day birds are a - sleep; Sil - ver moonbeams greet me, Soft the
 pon - der, Tell our love a - gain. Love for you, my dear - ie, All my
 bring - ing, Haste to meet me, dear. Cour - tings will be done, dear, Trystings



zeph - yr blows, As you come to meet me, My lit - tle wild-wood Rose.
 heart o'er-flows, Has - ten to be near me, My pret - ty wild-wood Rose.
 will be o'er, For when we are one, dear, We then shall part no more.

CHORUS.



Oh, my pret - ty wild-wood Rose, With all my
 Oh, my rose, my pret - ty wild-wood Rose, There is no



heart I love you, the fair - est flow'r that grows;
 flow'r a - bove you, My [Omit] pret-ty wild wood Rose.

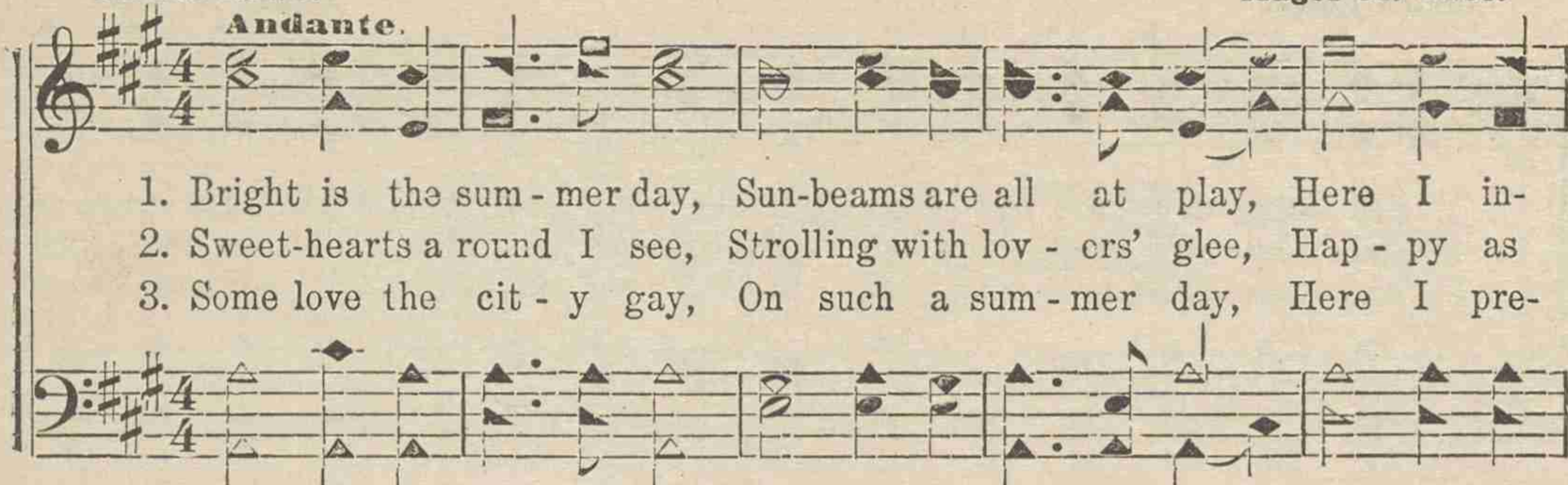
No. 2.

SUMMER SWING SONG.

James Rowe.

Adger M. Pace.

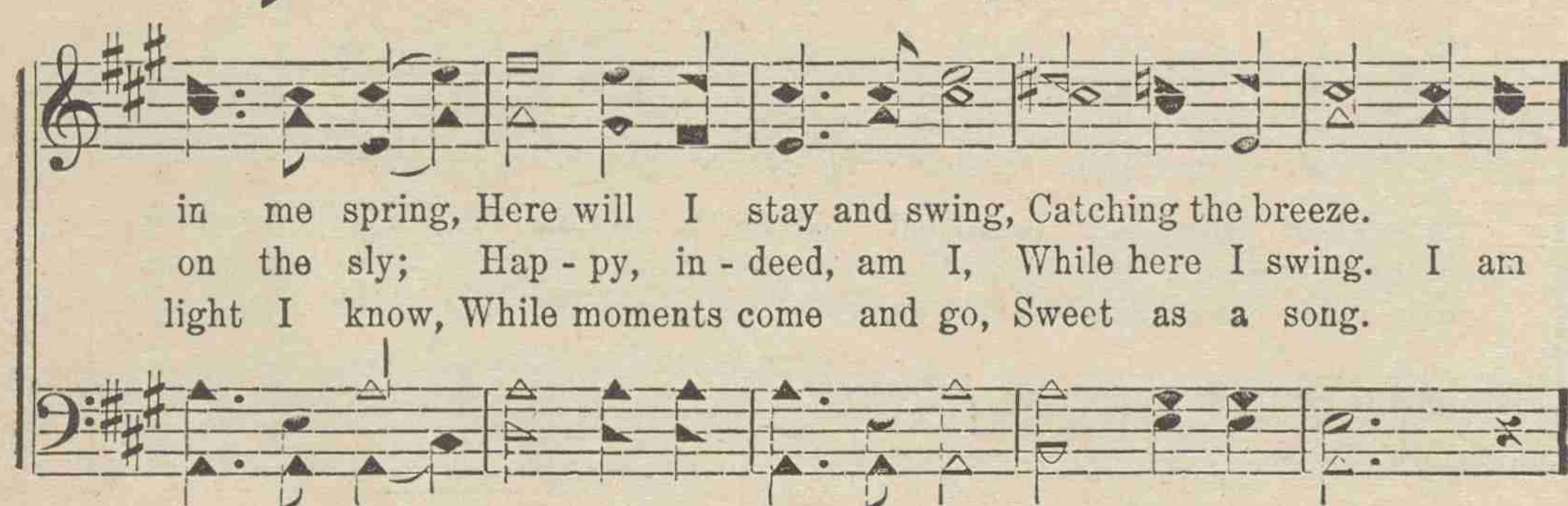
Andante.



1. Bright is the sum - mer day, Sun-beams are all at play, Here I in-
 2. Sweet-hearts a round I see, Strolling with lov - ers' glee, Hap - py as
 3. Some love the cit - y gay, On such a sum - mer day, Here I pre-



tend to stay Un - der the trees, ... Hear - ing the rob - in sing, While joys with-
 they can be, So fond they cling, Watching them strolling by, Caress - ing
 fer to stay All the day long; Here, swinging to and fro, Peace and de-



in me spring, Here will I stay and swing, Catching the breeze.
 on the sly; Hap - py, in - deed, am I, While here I swing. I am
 light I know, While moments come and go, Sweet as a song.

CHORUS.



Swing - ing, swing - ing, Un - der-neath the shad - y trees;
 Swing - ing, al - ways gai - ly swing - ing,



Sing - ing, sing - ing, Sum - mer's hap - py mel - o - dies.
 Sing - ing, oh, so gai - ly sing - ing

No. 3. SLEEP, THY BEAUTIFUL, SLEEP.

Mrs. A. M. Thayer.

Adger M. Pace.



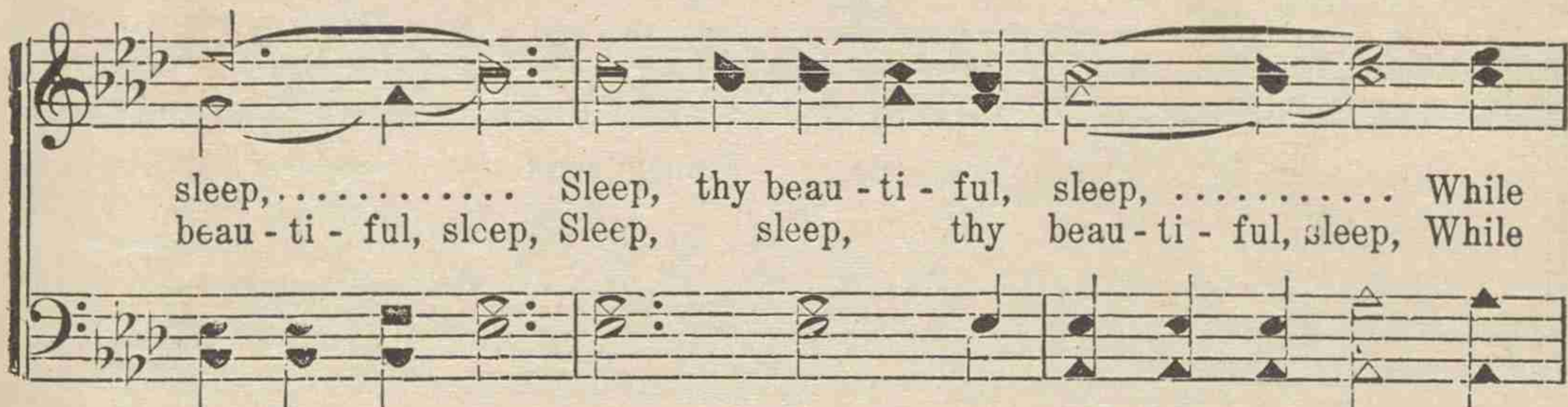
1. Sleep, thy beau-ti - ful, sleep,.... While we are ling - 'ring near,
 2. Sleep, thy beau-ti - ful, sleep,.... Thy work so no - bly done,
 3. Sleep, thy beau-ti - ful, sleep,.... Oh, we a - wake to weep,
 4. Sleep, thy beau-ti - ful, sleep,.... Let an - gels in their bow'rs,



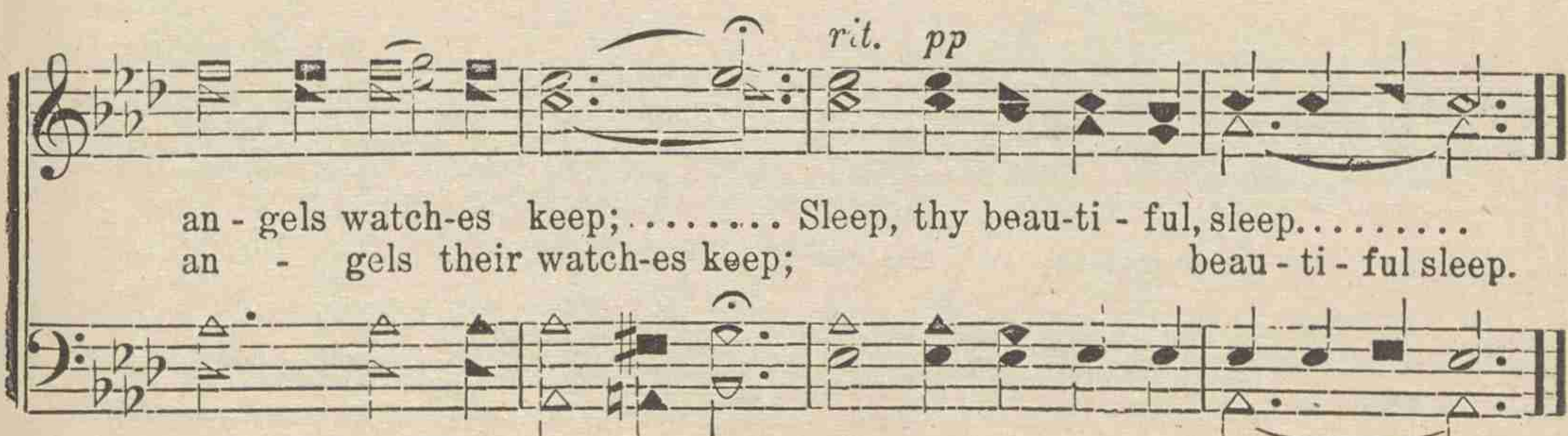
No fears mo - lest thy rest,.... And no fall - ing tear;....
 The race is now com - plete,.... The goal.... was well won;....
 The days and nights are long,.... We watch thy peace-ful sleep;....
 With heav'n-ly mu - sic calm,.... These troubled hearts of ours,....



REFRAIN.
 Sleep, thy beau - ti - ful, sleep..... Sleep, thy beau - ti - ful,
 Sleep, sleep, thy



sleep,..... Sleep, thy beau - ti - ful, sleep, While
 beau - ti - ful, sleep, Sleep, sleep, thy beau - ti - ful, sleep, While



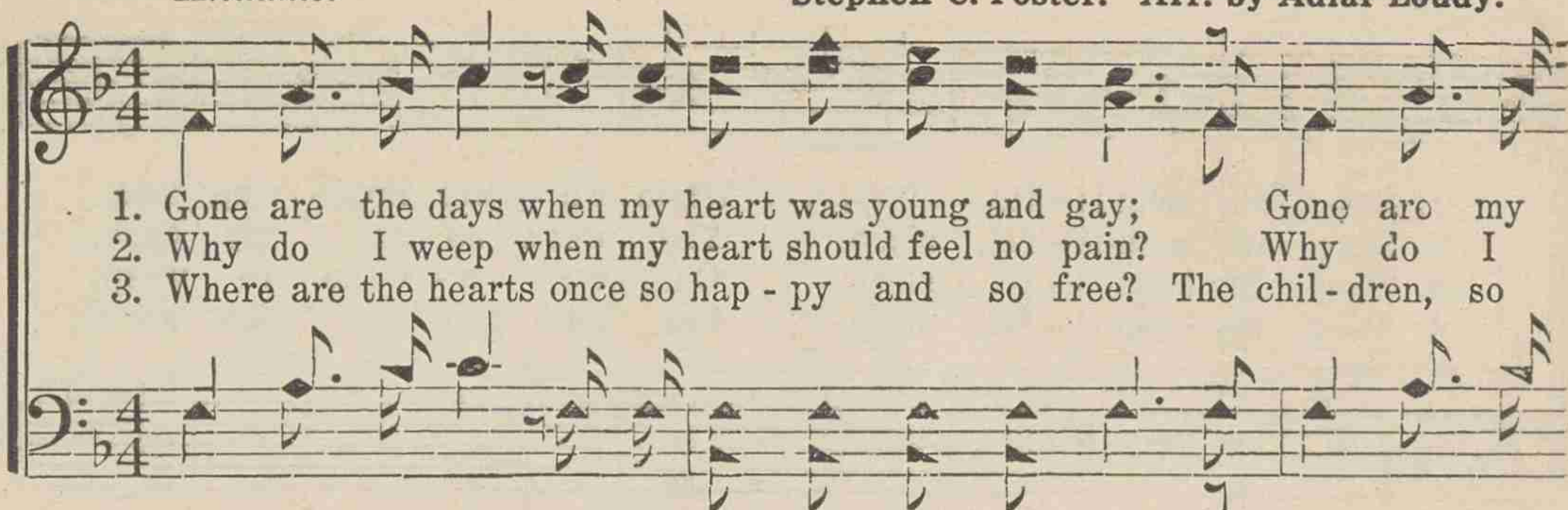
rit. pp
 an - gels watch-es keep;..... Sleep, thy beau-ti - ful, sleep.....
 an - gels their watch-es keep; beau - ti - ful sleep.

No. 4.

OLD BLACK JOE.

Andante.

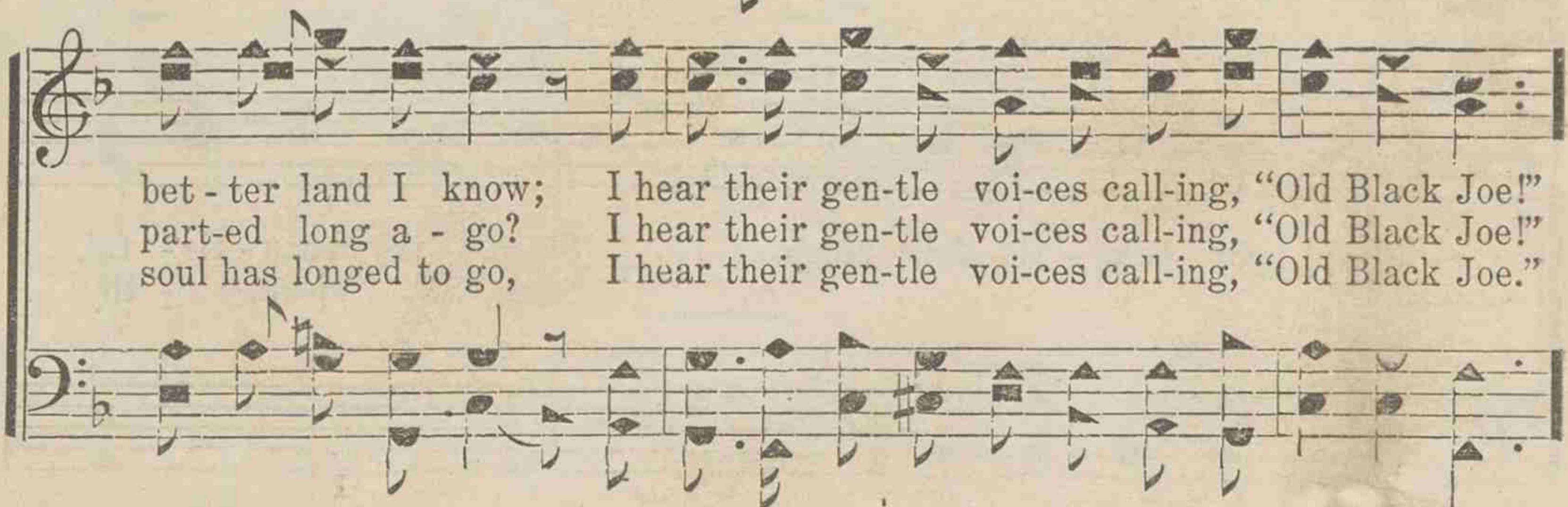
Stephen C. Foster. Arr. by Adlai Loudy.



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



friends from the cot - ton - fields a - way;— Gone from the earth to a
sigh that my friends come not a - gain?— Griev - ing for forms now de-
dear, that I held up - on my knee?— Gone to that shore where my



bet - ter land I know; I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"
part - ed long a - go? I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"
soul has longed to go, I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe."

CHORUS.



I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my head is bend - ing low,.....
I'm com - ing, for my head is bend - ing low,.....

Last ending.



I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe!" "Old Black Joe!"

No. 5.

CROSSING THE BAR.

Alfred Tennyson.

Con espress.

Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Sun-set and evening star, And one clear call for me! And may there be no
2. Twilight and evening bell, And aft - er that the dark! And may there be no

moaning of the bar When I put out to sea, When I put out to sea. But
sad - ness of farewell When I, when I embark, When I, when I em-bark. For

such a tide as moving seems asleep,
tho' from out our bourne of time and place,

Too full for sound and foam,
The flood may bear me far;

Too full for sound and foam,.....
The flood may bear me far,.....

When that which drew from out the boundless deep,
I hope to see my Pi - lot face to face,

Turns again home,
When I have crossed,
Turns again home,
When I have crossed,

Turns a - gain home, Turns a - gain home, Turns a - gain home.
Wher. I have crossed, When I have crossed, crossed the bar.

No. 6.

LOVE-SICK BLUES.

James Rowe.

W. W. McGlamry.

1. I'se found er huck - le - ber - ry Whose name is An - gə - line, An' if ah
 2. She's jus' a lump of sug - ah, Mah rol - ly - pol - ly gal; An' it am
 3. I'se got mah ra - zor wif me, Ah'll cut Him up, ah think; But I am

can ah'll be her man, An' she'll be al - ways mine. Old brud - dah John - son
 grand to hold her hand, An' hear her call me "Al." But I has got er
 small and he is tall An' quick - er dan a wink. An' 'twould be sim - ply

wants huh, But he's a - gwine to lose; But since its hard to play mah
 riv - al, That she might not re - fuse; An' so I'se mad an' dog - gone
 aw - ful If, some - how, ah should lose; Foh be - in' dead, mah gal he'd

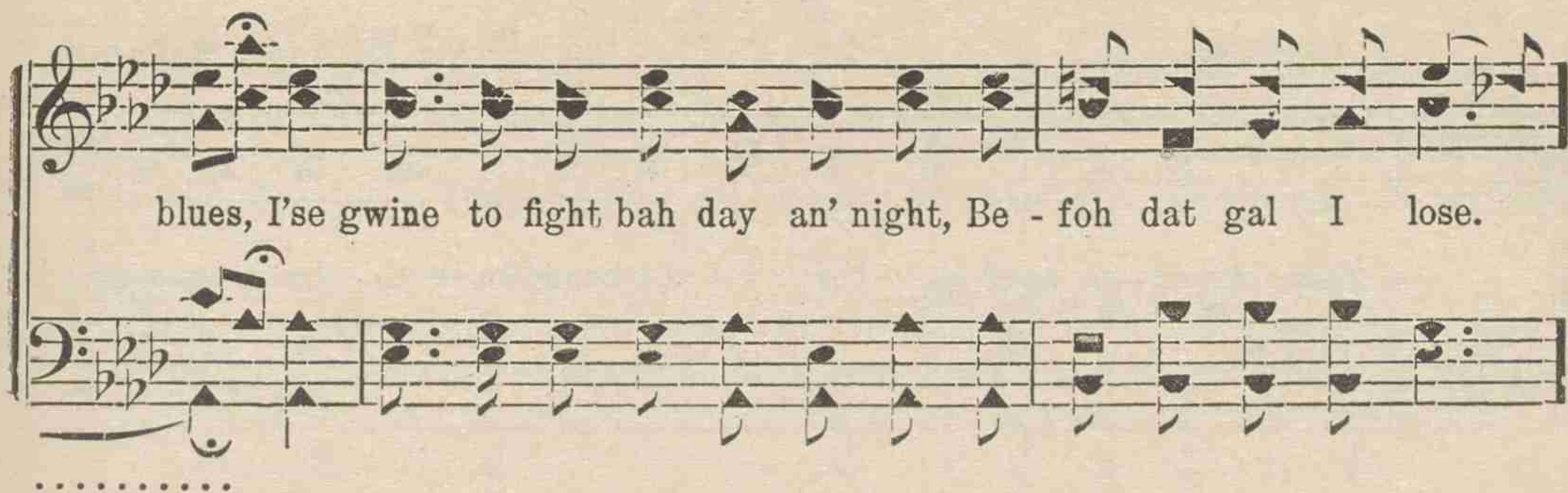
Hum.

card, to play mah card, I'se got de love - - - sick blues.....
 sad, an' dog - gone sad; I'se got de love - - - sick blues.....
 wed, mah gal he'd wed; I'se got de love - - - sick blues.....

REFRAIN.

I'se got de blues,
 I'se got de blues,..... de love - sick
 I'se got de blues,.....

LOVE-SICK BLUES. Concluded.



blues, I'se gwine to fight bah day an' night, Be - foh dat gal I lose.



But brud-dah Johnson's trick-y, Jes' lak er bunch er Jews, An' so you

Hum.



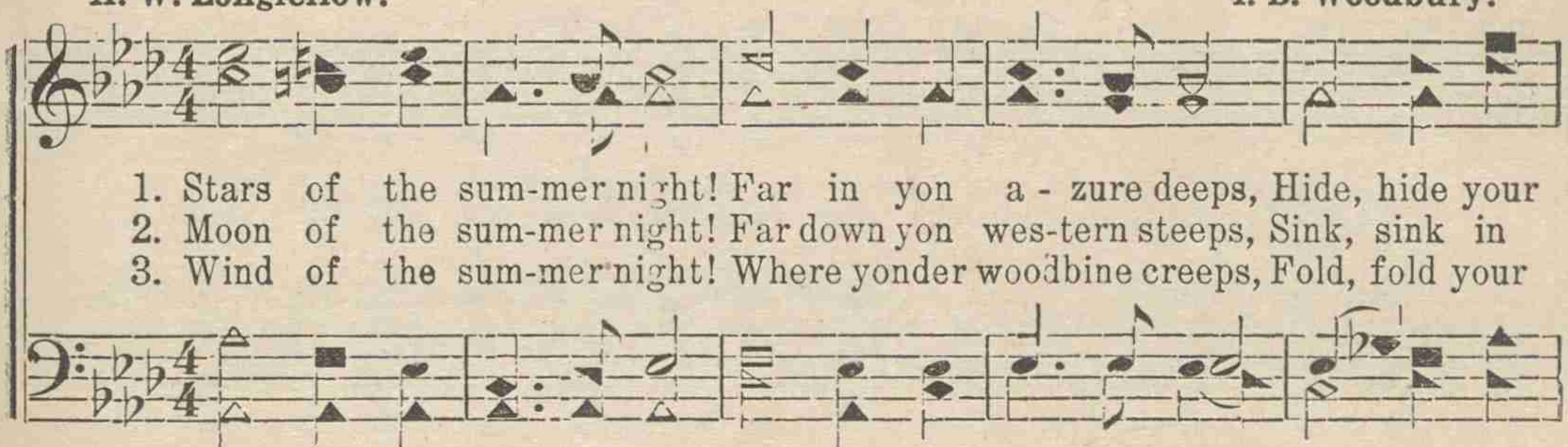
see, it wor-ries me, it worries me, I'se got de love - - - sick blues.

Hum.

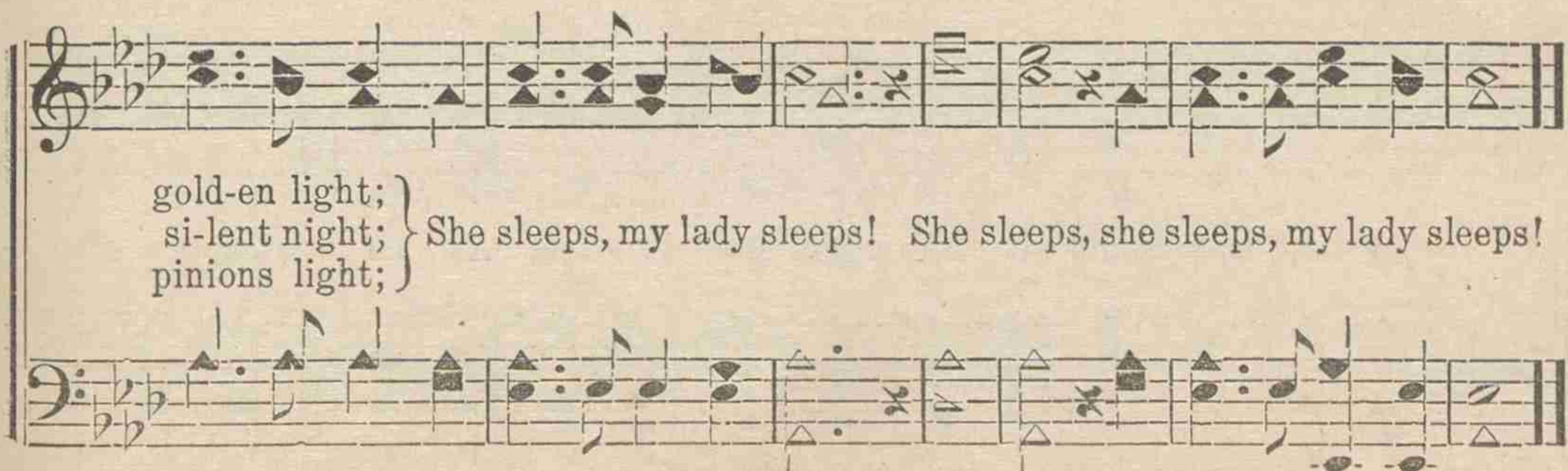
No. 7. STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

H. W. Longfellow.

I. B. Woodbury.



1. Stars of the sum-mer night! Far in yon a - zure deeps, Hide, hide your
 2. Moon of the sum-mer night! Far down yon wes-tern steeps, Sink, sink in
 3. Wind of the sum-mer night! Where yonder woodbine creeps, Fold, fold your



gold-en light;
 si-lent night;
 pinions light;

She sleeps, my lady sleeps! She sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps!

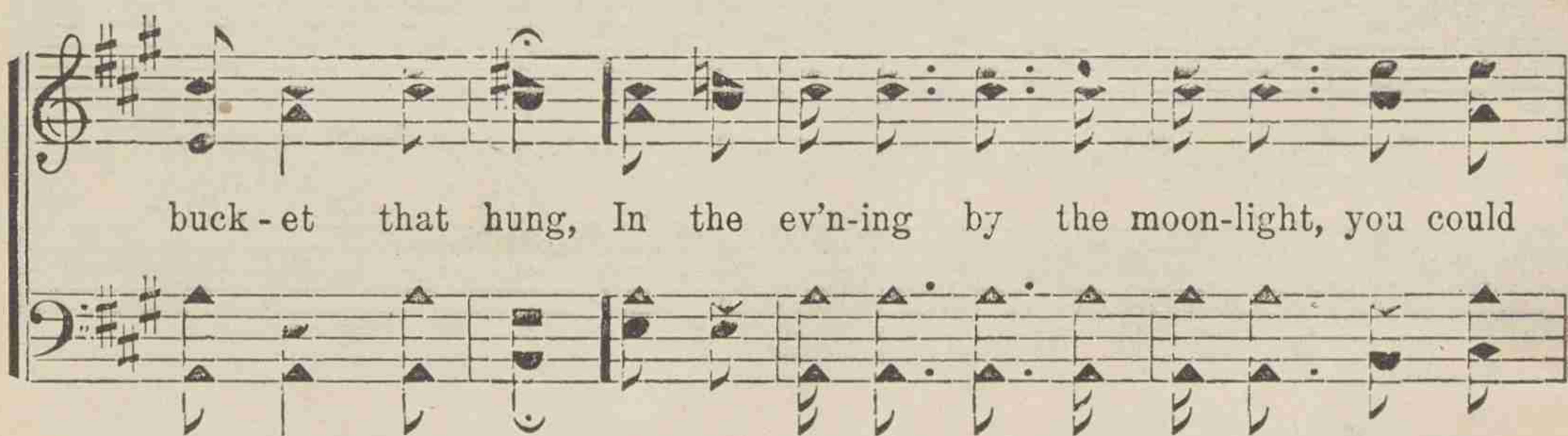
No. 8. THE VAUGHAN QUARTET MEDLEY.

Andante.

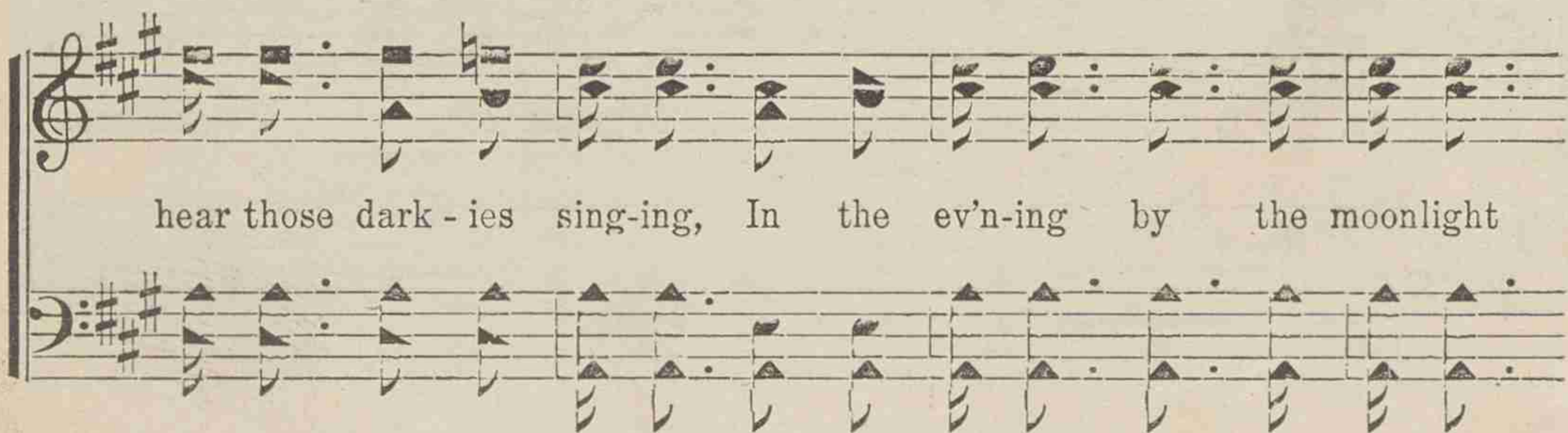
Arr. by Adger M. Pace.



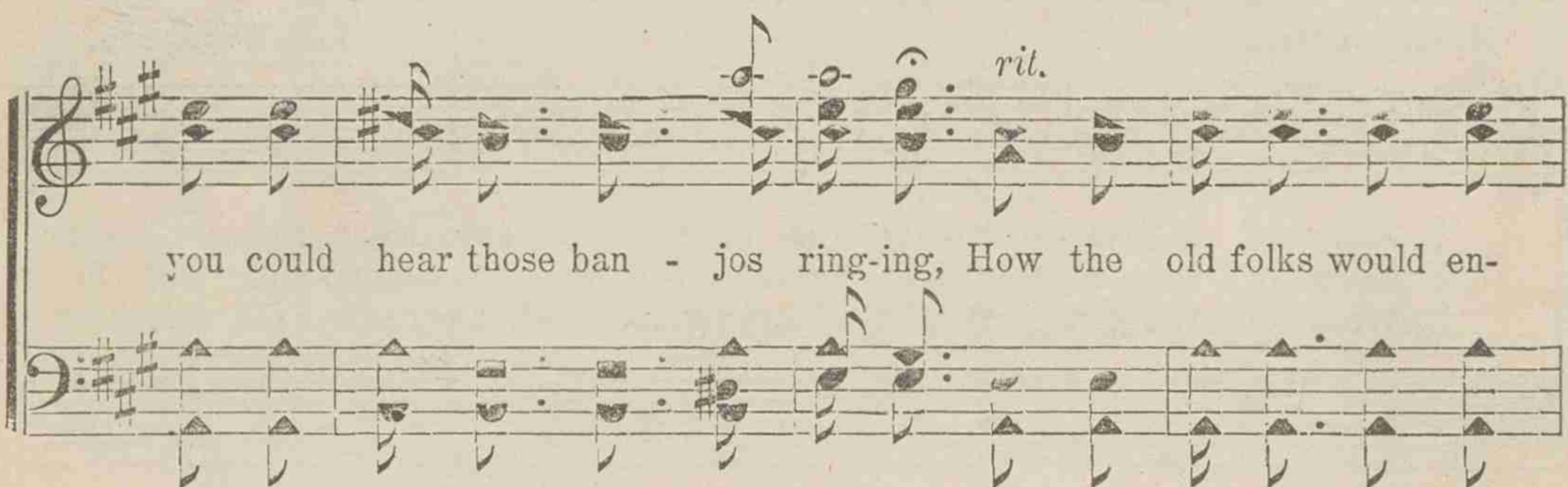
The old oak-en buck-et, the i - ron-bound bucket, the moss-covered



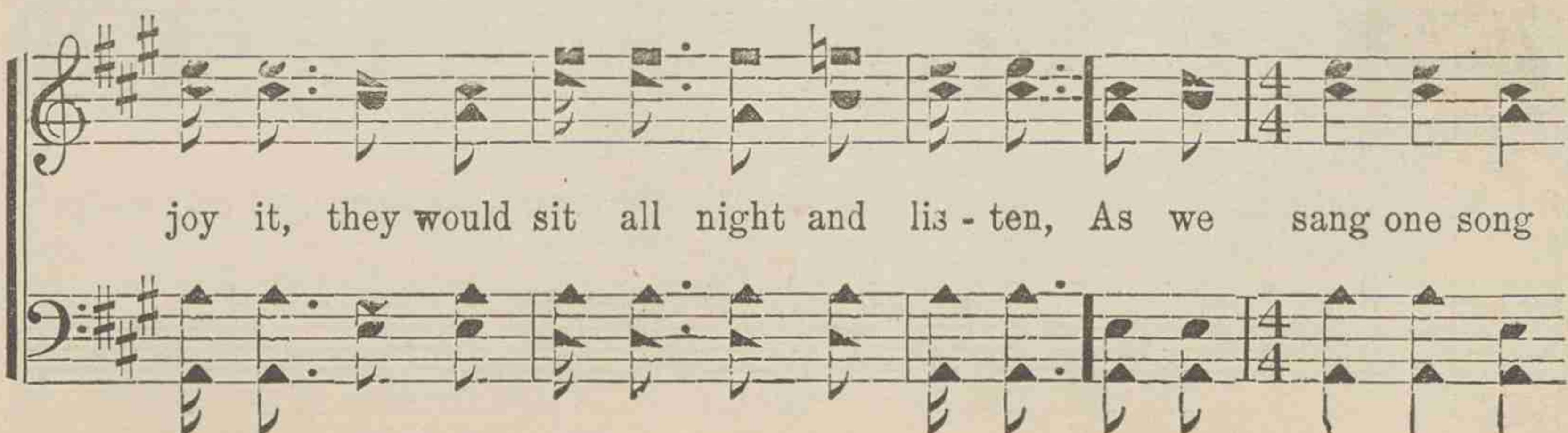
buck-et that hung, In the ev'n-ing by the moon-light, you could



hear those dark-ies sing-ing, In the ev'n-ing by the moonlight



you could hear those ban - jos ring-ing, How the old folks would en-



joy it, they would sit all night and lis - ten, As we sang one song

THE VAUGHAN QUARTET MEDLEY. Continued.

rit.

of the old Ken - tuck - y home, of the old Ken-tuck - y home.

Allegretto.

Oh, Lin - dy, Lin - dy, Sweet - er than sug - ar cane,
Oh, Lin - dy, Lin - dy, Lin - dy,

Lin - dy, Lin - dy, say you'll be mine, When de moon am a
Lin - dy, Lin - dy, Lin - dy,

Andante.

shin - ing, An' my heart am a pin - ing, meet me, pret - ty

rit.

Lin - dy, by de wa - tah mel - on vine,
meet me, pret - ty Lin - dy, by de

THE VAUGHAN QUARTET MEDLEY. Continued.

mel - on vine. For there's moon-light up - on the lake,
on the lake,..... up-

up - on the lake,..... When the birds have called their
on the lake,.....

Allegretto.
young ones home, There is moonlight, moonlight up - on,..... Ru - fus, 'Rastus,

John - son, Brown, what you gwine to do when the rent comes 'roun'?

what you gwine to say? How you gwine to pay, you will nev - er have a

THE VAUGHAN QUARTET MEDLEY. Concluded.



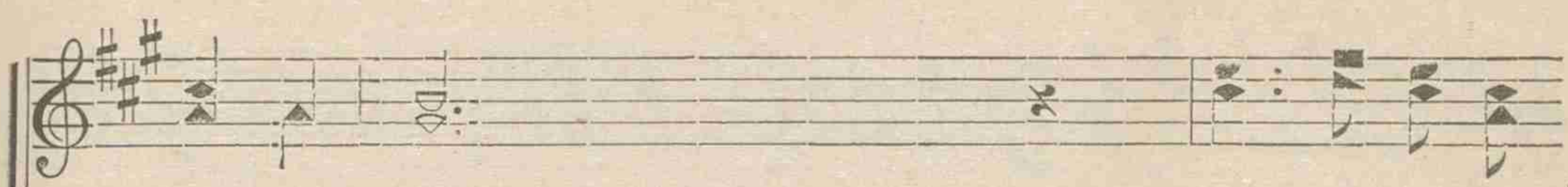
nic - kle 'till de judg-ment-day. Well, you know, I know rent means dough, Landlord's



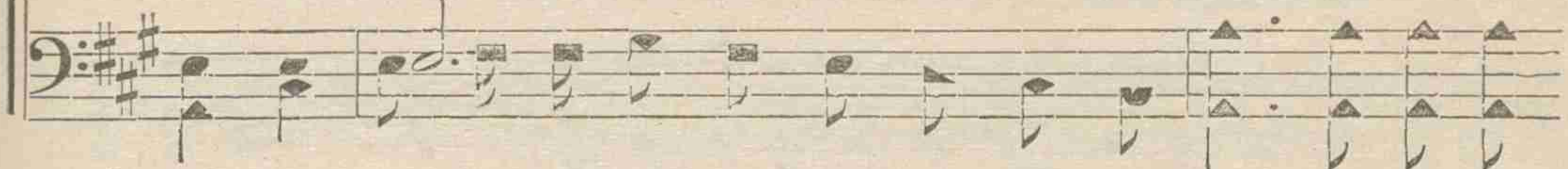

gwine to put you out in de snow, Ru - fus, 'Ras - tus, John - son, Brown,




what's de use o' knocking when a man is Down in de corn-field, hear dat

moan-ful soun', don't you hear dat moan - ful soun', for all de dark-ies




am a - weep-in', Mas-sa's in de cold, cold ground. Ah, that's all.



No. 9.

MY OLD COTTAGE HOME.

R. A. G.

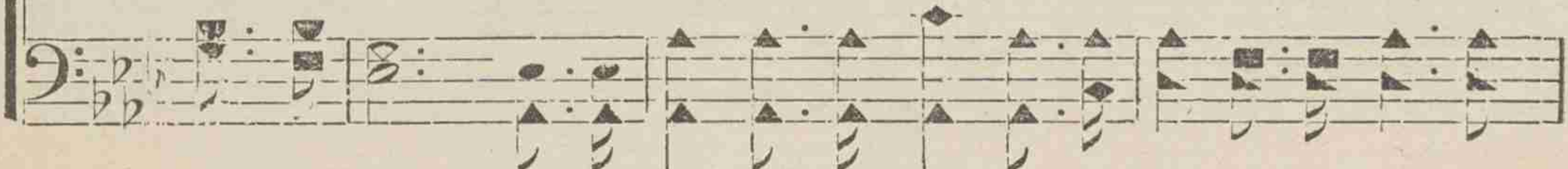
R. A. Glenn. Arr. by James D. Vaughan.



1. I am think-ing to-night of my old cottage home, That stands on the brow
 2. Ma-ny years have gone by since in pray'r there I knelt, With dear ones around
 3. One by one they have gone from the old cottage home, On earth I shall meet



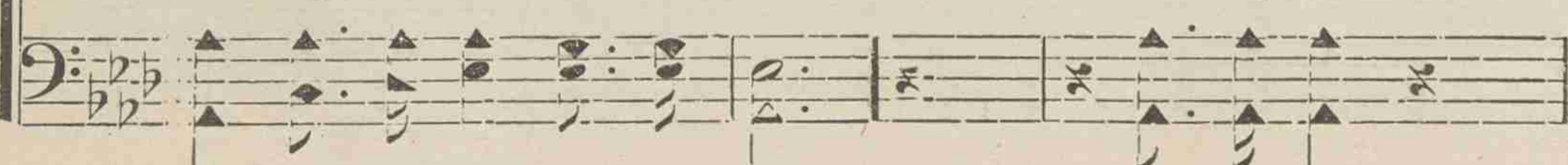

of the hill; Where in life's ear - ly morn-ing I once loved to roam, But
 the old hearth; But my mother's sweet pray'rs in my heart still are felt, I'll
 them no more; But with them I shall meet 'round the beautiful throne, Where



CHORUS.



Now all is qui - et and still. O my old cot-tage
 treas-ure them up while on earth.
 part - ing will come nev - er more. O my old




home, That stands on the brow of the hill, Where in
 my cottage home, of the hill,




life's ear-ly morn-ing, I once loved to roam, But now all is qui - et and still.

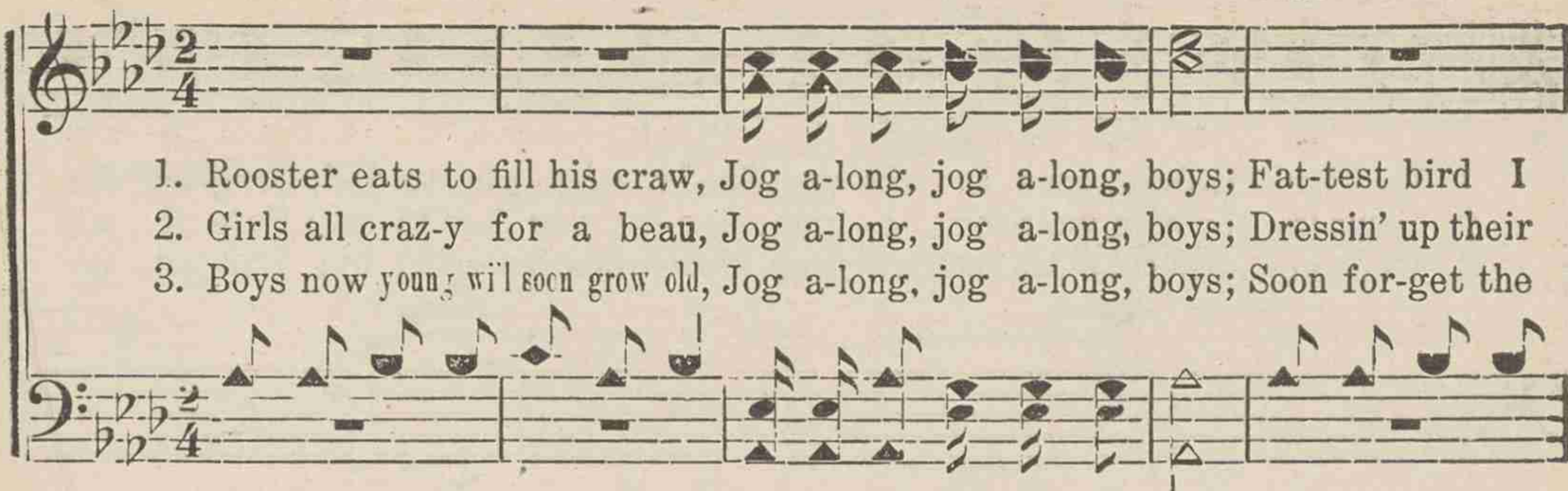


No. 10.

JOG ALONG, BOYS.

Chas. W. Vaughan.

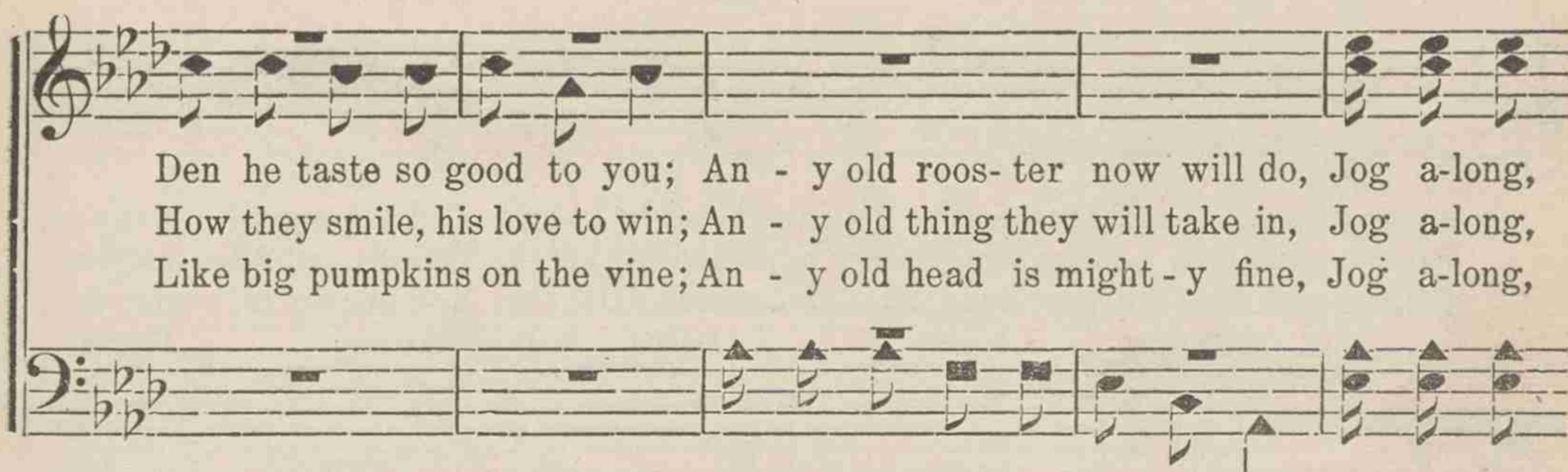
Adger M. Pace.



1. Rooster eats to fill his craw, Jog a-long, jog a-long, boys; Fat-test bird I
 2. Girls all craz-y for a beau, Jog a-long, jog a-long, boys; Dressin' up their
 3. Boys now young will soon grow old, Jog a-long, jog a-long, boys; Soon for-get the

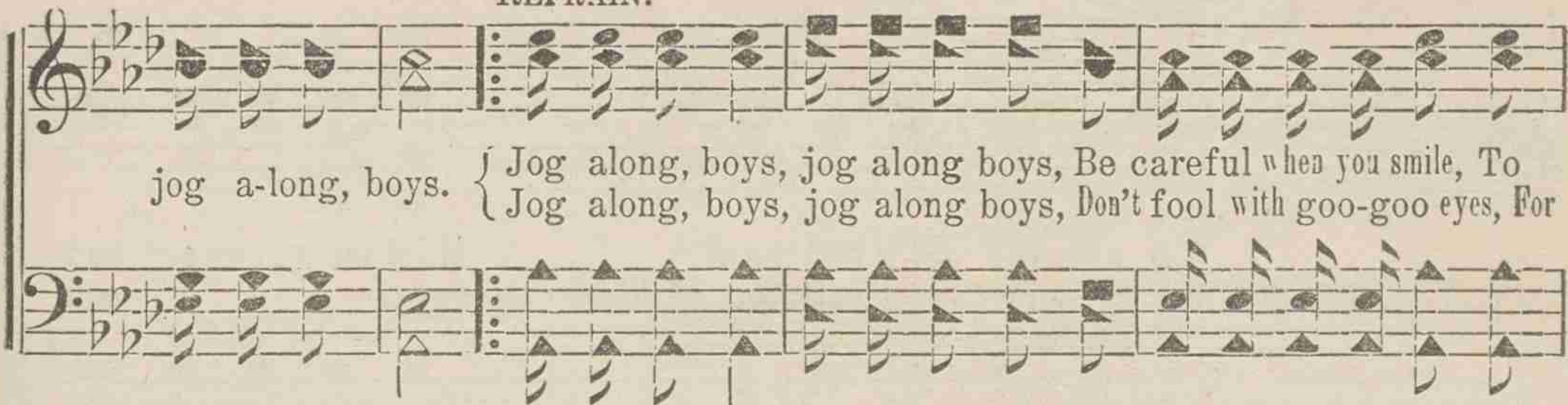


ev - er saw, Jog a - long, jog a - long, boys. Dress him nice an' bake or stew,
 forms to show, Jog a - long, jog a - long, boys. When they find one with the tin,
 tales they told, Jog a - long, jog a - long, boys. Just see how their bald-heads shine,

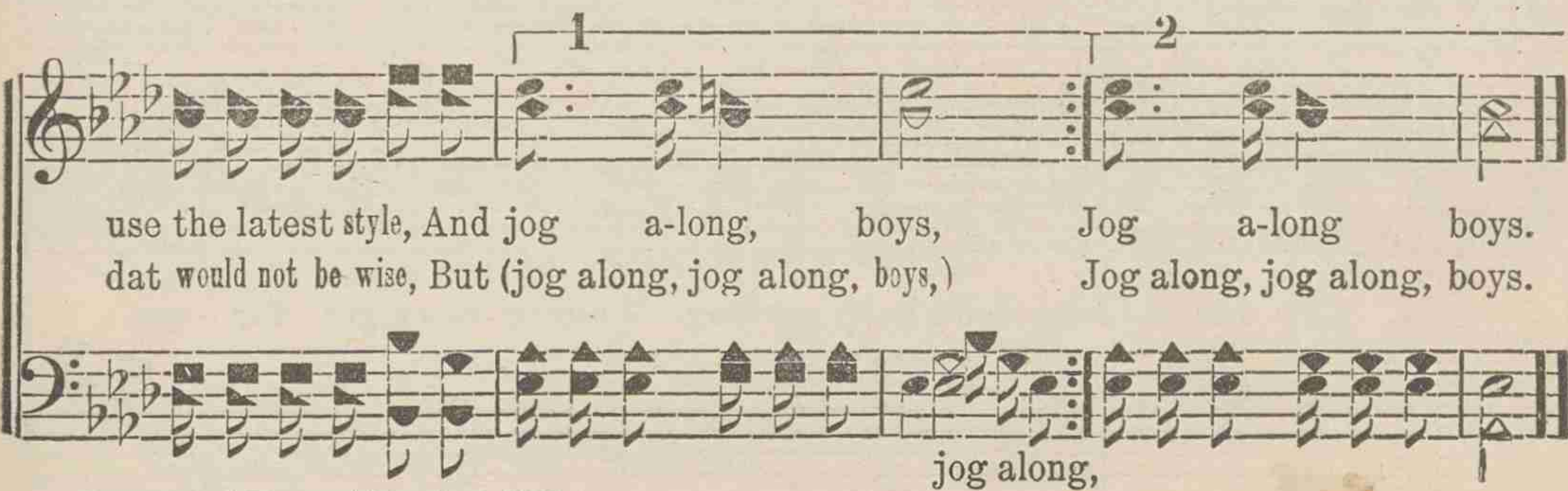


Den he taste so good to you; An - y old roos-ter now will do, Jog a-long,
 How they smile, his love to win; An - y old thing they will take in, Jog a-long,
 Like big pumpkins on the vine; An - y old head is might - y fine, Jog a-long,

REFRAIN.



jog a-long, boys. { Jog along, boys, jog along boys, Be careful when you smile, To
 Jog along, boys, jog along boys, Don't fool with goo-goo eyes, For



use the latest style, And jog a-long, boys, Jog a-long boys.
 dat would not be wise, But (jog along, jog along, boys,) Jog along, jog along, boys.
 jog along,

No. 11.

JUST YOU.

James Rowe.

Vernon S. Oliver.

1. La - bor is done, gone is the sun, Shadows be - gin to fall; Long-ing for
 2. Down in the glen wait-ing a - gain, Hop-ing your face to see; Here I will
 3. Birds are a-sleep, stars soon will peep, Moments are pass-ing by; Has-ten, my

Hum hum

rest, birds seek their rest, Night birds begin to call; Sweetheart of mine, almost divine,
 stay, looking your way, Soon in my arms you'll be. Hurry to-night, sweetheart so bright,
 love, sweet lit-tle dove, Waiting for you I sigh. Come to my arms, give me your charms,

hum hum hum

Always so sweet and true, Keeping the date, fond-ly I wait, You are my all—just you.
 Tell me your love a-new; Time passes by, wait-ing I sigh; You are my all—just you.
 Tell me you love me, too; Dear little girl, sweet little parl, You are my all—just you.

hum hum hum hum hum

CHORUS.

You are my all—just you, Maid-en so sweet and
 You are my all—just you, Maid-en so sweet and

true, Has - ten a - long, don't keep me long Waiting to - night for you.

JUST YOU. Concluded.

Long-ing to see your face, Longing to kiss you,
Longing to see your face, Longing to kiss you,

too, Fond-ly I wait; Oh, don't be late; You are my all—just you.

No. 12.

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

Arr, by W. W. McGlamry.

1. Ah, love, how can I leave thee? The sad thought deep doth grieve me;
2. No more shall I be - hold thee, Or to my heart en - fold thee;
3. I'll think of thee with long - ing, When tho'ts with tears come thronging;

But know what-e'er be - falls me, I go where hon - or calls me. Fare-
In war's ar - ray ap - pear - ing, The foe's stern hosts are near - ing. Fare-
And on the field if ly - ing, I'll breathe thy dear name dy - ing, Fare-

CHORUS.

well, fare-well, my own true love! Fare-well, fare-well, my own true love!

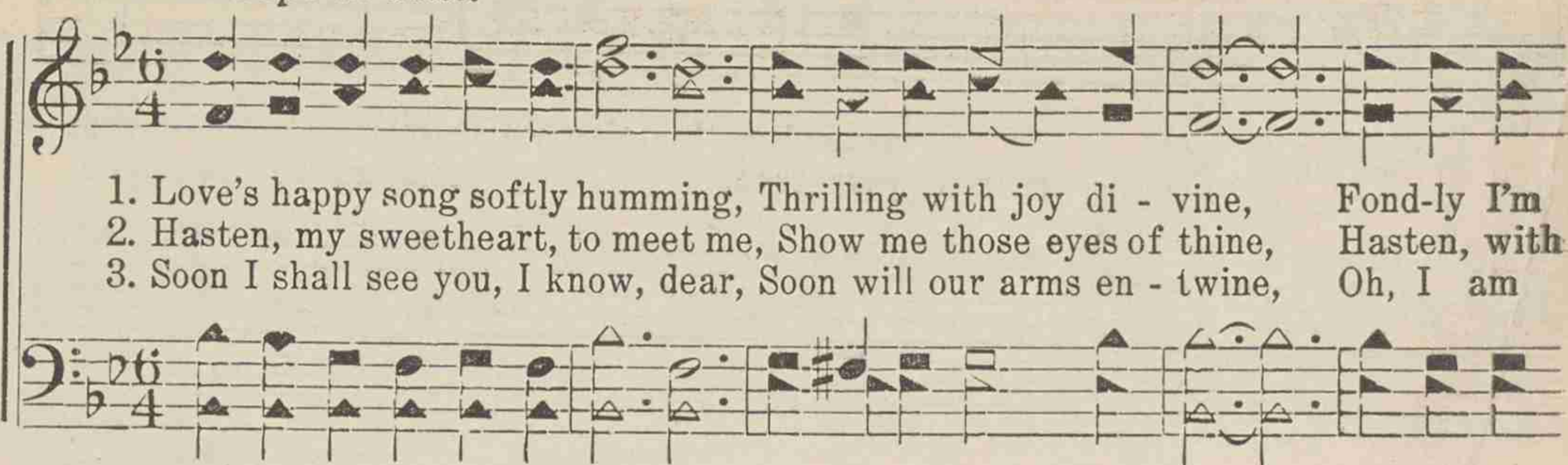
No. 13.

SWEET LITTLE GIRL OF MINE.

James Rowe.

Adger M. Pace.

Tempo di valse.



1. Love's happy song softly humming, Thrilling with joy di - vine, Fond-ly I'm
 2. Hasten, my sweetheart, to meet me, Show me those eyes of thine, Hasten, with
 3. Soon I shall see you, I know, dear, Soon will our arms en - twine, Oh, I am

CHORUS.



waiting your com-ing, Sweet lit - tle girl of mine.
 kiss-es to greet me, Sweet lit - tle girl of mine. Sweet lit-tle girl of
 lov-ing you so, dear, Sweet lit - tle girl of mine.



mine, Here in the bright moonshine, Wait-ing for you, lov-ing and true,



Nev-er can I re - pine, Hasten to me, I pray, Show me your smile to-



day; Hur-ry a-long, my sunshine and song, Sweet little girl of mine.

No. 14.

IT'S ALL GONE NOW.

James Rowe.

Adger M. Pace.



1. I used to have a mer-ry laugh, It's all gone now; Was just as frisk-y
2. I used to have a bank ac-count, It's all gone now; I used to ride a
3. She used to meet me at the door, It's all gone now; She can-not meet me



as a calf, It's all gone now: I took a wid-ow for a wife, Who kept me in an
lovely mount, It's all gone now: She spent my dough in dresses new, And hats, and paints, and
an-y more, It's all gone now: An-oth-er fel-ler took my place, He booted me and



awful strife; There used to be some joy in life, It's all gone now.
powder, too; I used to think my love was true, It's all gone now. It's all gone
slapped my face; They're sk pped, a d since that is the case, It's all gone now.



now, It's all gone now, My lovely hair, complexion fair, It's all gone now; It's



all gone now, It's all gone now, Yes, all my love for widows fair, Is all gone now.



No. 15. DREAMING ALONE IN THE TWILIGHT.

V. O. S.

Virgil O. Stamps.



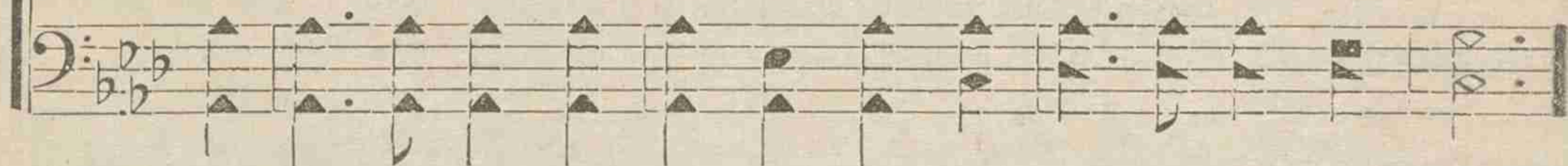
1. Last night as dark-ness gath-ered, I sat dream-ing all a - lone,
 2. The cot-tage on the hill-side And the spring be-neath the hill,
 3. I dreamed of all the loved ones That have passed be-yond the tide,




I dreamed of childhood's playmates, And the hills we used to roam;
 The laugh-ter of the chil-dren, And the rip-pling of the rill;
 I dreamed I saw the cit - y, And the gates swung o - pen wide;




I saw their hap-py fac-es, And their voi-ces came to me
 Came to me in my dream-ing, Just as plain as yes-ter-day,
 The Sav-iour bade me wel-come, And I glad-ly en-tered in,




As full of joy and sun-shine, As in days that used to be.
 And I was for the mo-ment There a - gain a child at play.
 For-ev-er free from sor-row And for-ev-er safe from sin.



CHORUS.



I was dream - - - ing, dream-ing a - lone, I was
 dream-ing in the twi - light,



DREAMING ALONE IN THE TWILIGHT. Concluded.

dream - - ing of my dear old happy home; Childhood's scenes once more
 dreaming of my childhood's
 3d v. dream - - ing of my friends and loved ones gone, When with earth I'm thru,
 dreaming of my dear old

came and knocked on mem'ries door, I was dreaming a - lone in the twi - light.
 then my dreams will all come true, I was dreaming a - lone in the twi - light.

No. 16.

TWILIGHT IS STEALING.

A. S. Kieffer.

B. C. Unseld..

1. Twilight is stealing o - ver the sea, Shadows are fall-ing dark on the lea;
 2. Voices of loved ones! songs of the past! Still linger round me while life shall last;
 3. Come in the twilight, come, come to me! Bringing some message over the sea,

Borne on the nightwinds, voi - ces of yore, Come from the far - off shore.
 Lone - ly I wan - der, sad - ly I roam, Seek - ing that far - off home.
 Cheer-ing my path - way while here I roam, Seek - ing that far - off home.

D. S.—Gleameth a man - sion filled with de-light, Sweet, happy home so bright.

REFRAIN.

Far a - way be-yond the starlit skies, Where the love-light never, never dies,

Arr. by James D. Vaughan.



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

Swing low, sweet



char-i - ot, Com-ing for to car - ry me home. 1. I looked o-ver Jor-dan, and
 2. If you get there be-
 3. I'm some-times up, I'm



what did I see, Com-ing for to car - ry me home, A band of an-gels
 fore I do, Com-ing for to car - ry me home, Tell all my friends I'm
 some - times down, Com-ing for to car - ry me home, But still my soul is



com - ing af - ter me, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.
 com - ing, too, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.
 heav'n - ward bound, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.

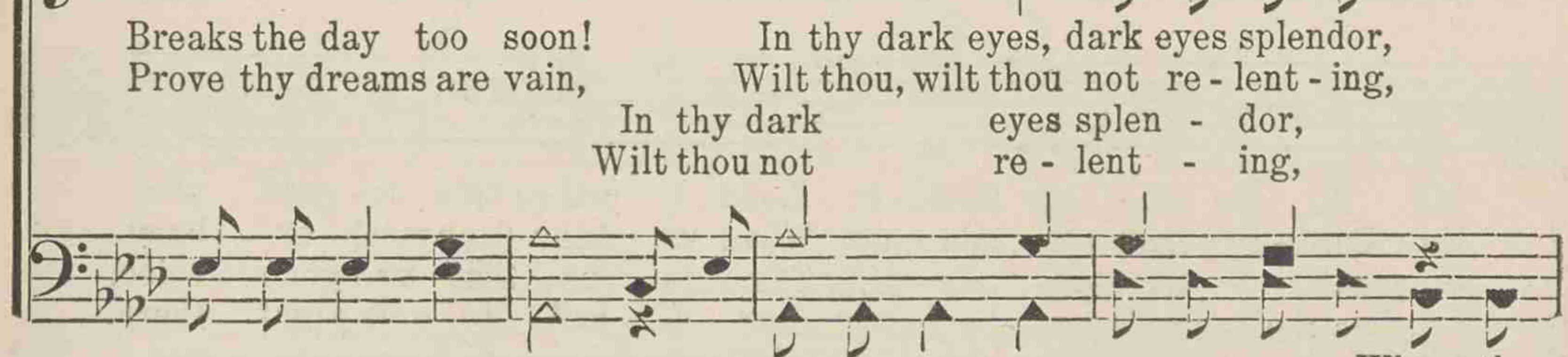




1. Soft o'er the foun-tain Ling'ring falls the sou'ern moon; Far o'er the moun-tain
2. When in thy dreaming Moons like these shall shine again, And daylight beam-ing




Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eyes, dark eyes splendor,
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou, wilt thou not re-lent-ing,
In thy dark eyes splen - dor,
Wilt thou not re - lent - ing,



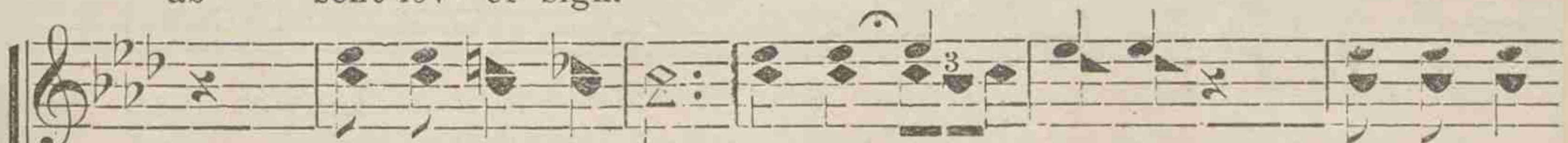
Where the
For thy



Where the warm light loves to dwell. Wea-ry looks yet, looks yet tender,
For thy ab-sent lov-er sigh. In Thy heart, thy heart consenting,
Wea-ry looks yet ten - der,
In thy heart con-sent - ing,



warm light loves to dwell.
ab - sent lov - er sigh.



Speak their fond farewell. Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta, Ask thy soul
To a pray'r gone by?



Speak their fond.... fare-well!
To a pray'r... gone by?

Ask thy soul if
Let me lin - ger



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

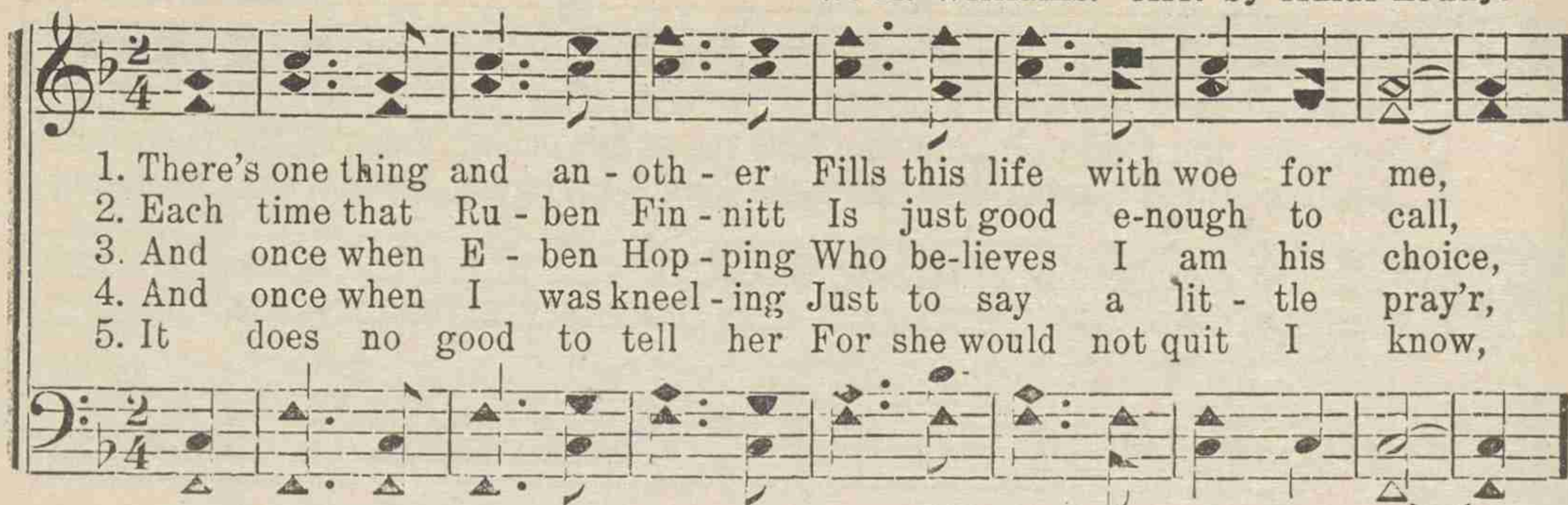


No. 19.

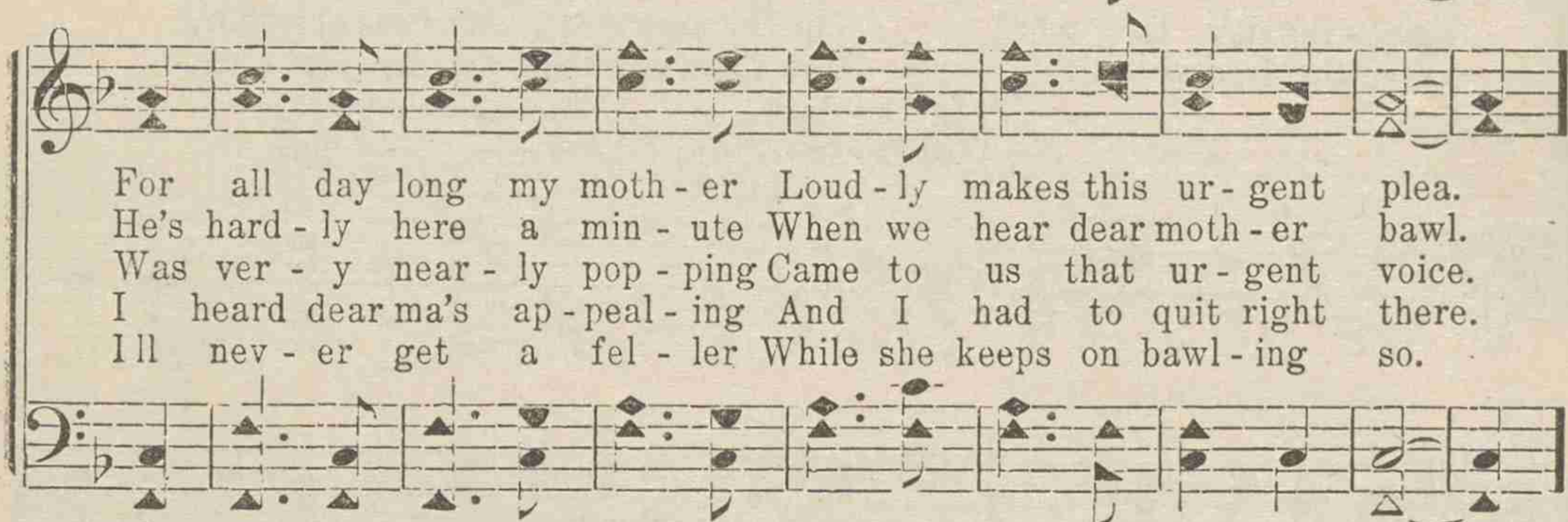
James Rowe.

LIZA JANE.

W. A. Williams. Arr. by Adlai Loudy.

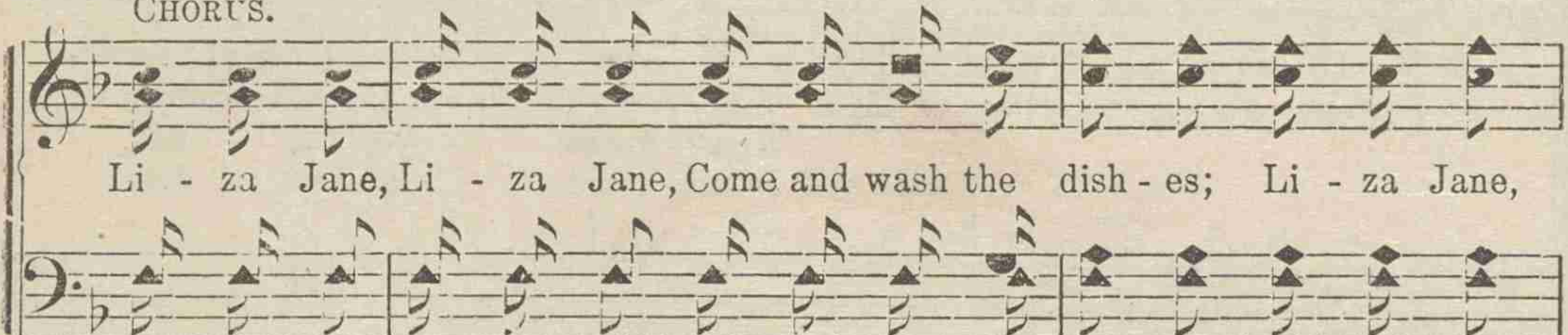


1. There's one thing and an - oth - er Fills this life with woe for me,
 2. Each time that Ru - ben Fin - nitt Is just good e-nough to call,
 3. And once when E - ben Hop - ping Who be - lies I am his choice,
 4. And once when I was kneel - ing Just to say a lit - tle pray'r,
 5. It does no good to tell her For she would not quit I know,

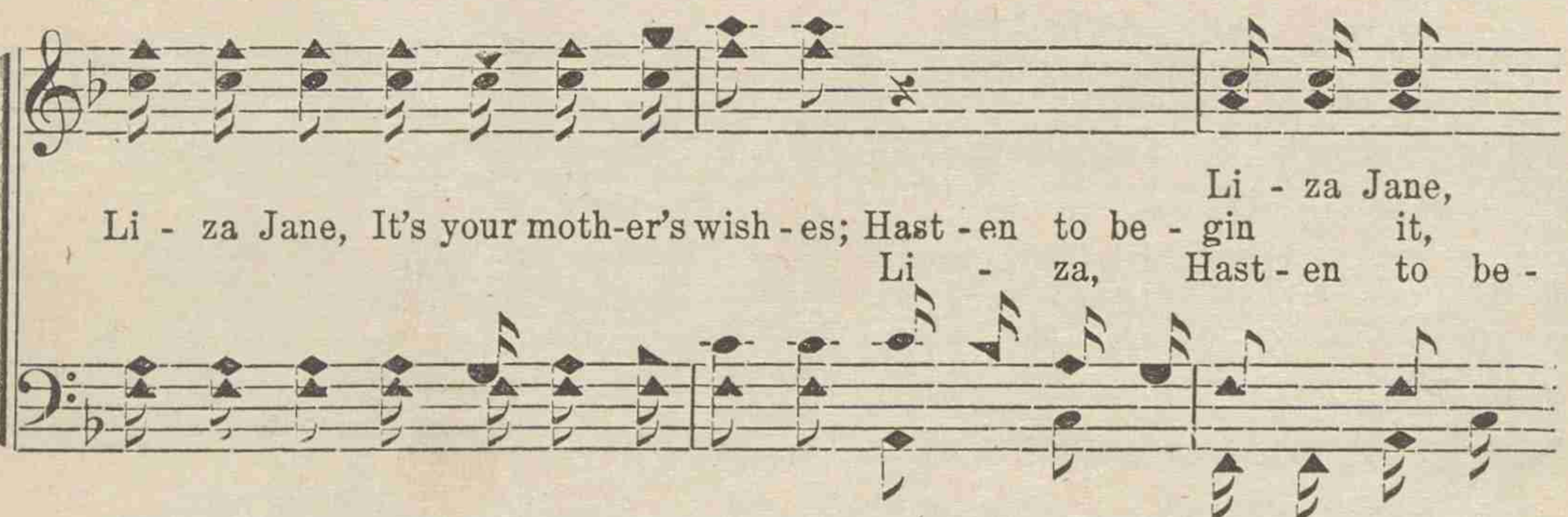


For all day long my moth - er Loud - ly makes this ur - gent plea.
 He's hard - ly here a min - ute When we hear dear moth - er bawl.
 Was ver - y near - ly pop - ping Came to us that ur - gent voice.
 I heard dear ma's ap - peal - ing And I had to quit right there.
 I'll nev - er get a fel - ler While she keeps on bawl - ing so.

CHORUS.



Li - za Jane, Li - za Jane, Come and wash the dish - es; Li - za Jane,

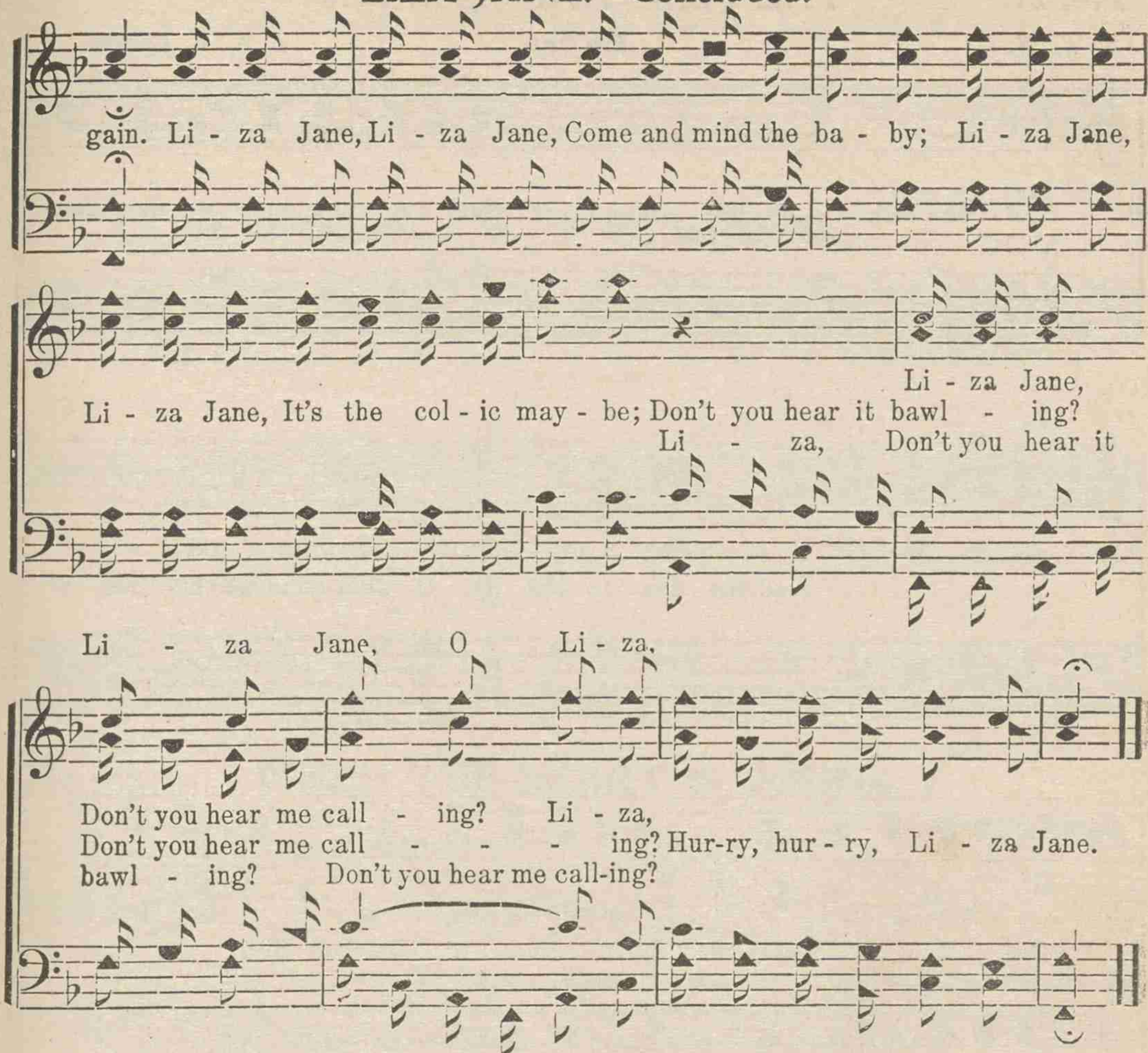


Li - za Jane, It's your moth - er's wish - es; Hast - en to be - gin it,
 Li - za, Hast - en to be -



Li - za Jane, O Li - za,
 Come this ver - y min - ute; Li - za,
 Come this ver - y min - ute; Don't you let me call a -
 gin it, Come this ver - y min - ute;

LIZA JANE. Concluded.



gain. Li - za Jane, Li - za Jane, Come and mind the ba - by; Li - za Jane,

Li - za Jane, It's the col - ic may - be; Don't you hear it bawl - ing? Li - za, Don't you hear it

Li - za Jane, O Li - za,

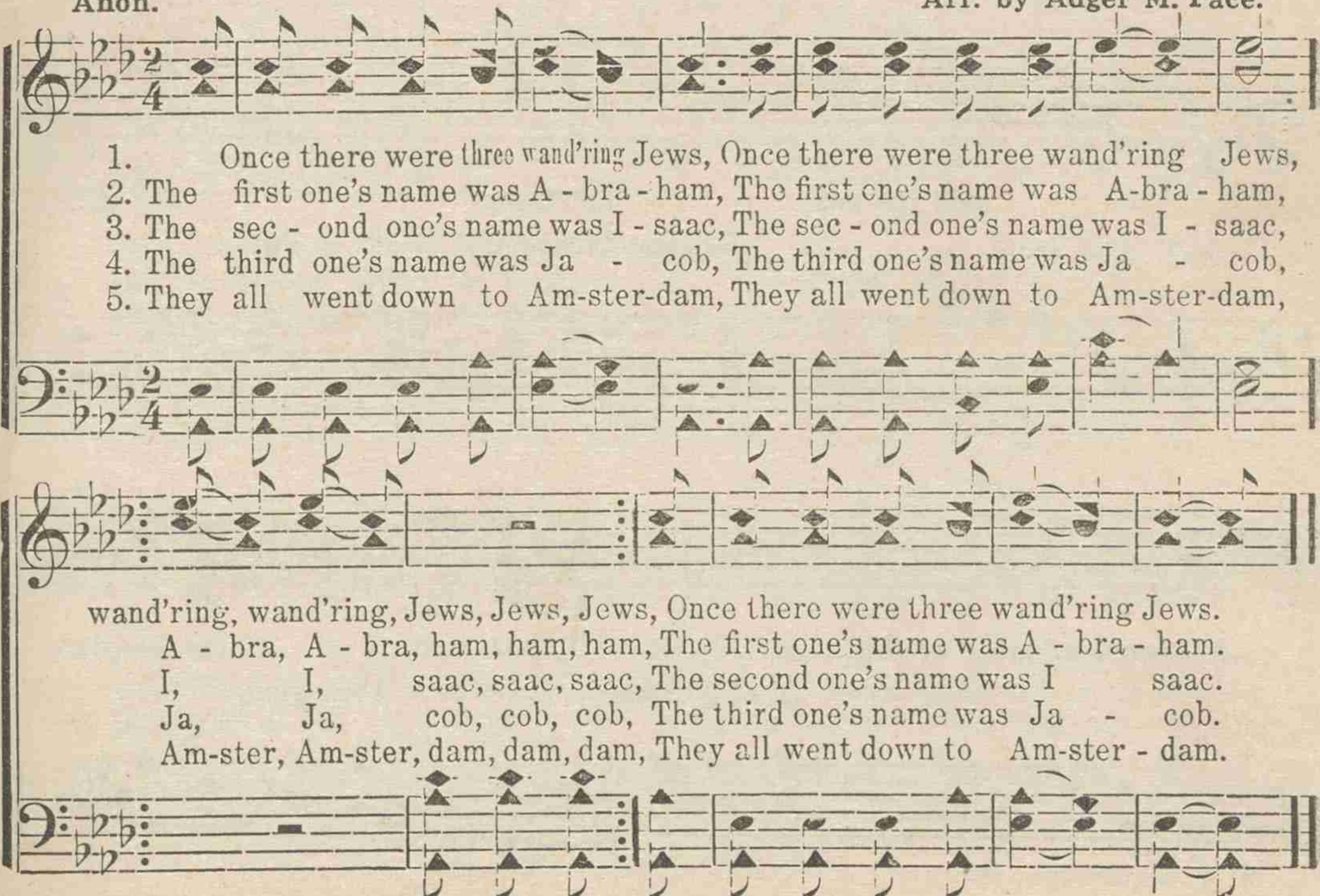
Don't you hear me call - ing? Li - za,
Don't you hear me call - ing? Hur-ry, hur - ry, Li - za Jane.
bawl - ing? Don't you hear me call-ing?

No. 20.

THREE WAND'RING JEWS.

Anon.

Arr. by Adger M. Pace.



1. Once there were three wand'ring Jews, Once there were three wand'ring Jews,
2. The first one's name was A - bra - ham, The first one's name was A - bra - ham,
3. The sec - ond one's name was I - saac, The sec - ond one's name was I - saac,
4. The third one's name was Ja - cob, The third one's name was Ja - cob,
5. They all went down to Am-ster-dam, They all went down to Am-ster-dam,

wand'ring, wand'ring, Jews, Jews, Jews, Once there were three wand'ring Jews.
A - bra, A - bra, ham, ham, ham, The first one's name was A - bra - ham.
I, I, saac, saac, saac, The second one's name was I saac.
Ja, Ja, cob, cob, cob, The third one's name was Ja - cob.
Am-ster, Am-ster, dam, dam, dam, They all went down to Am-ster - dam.

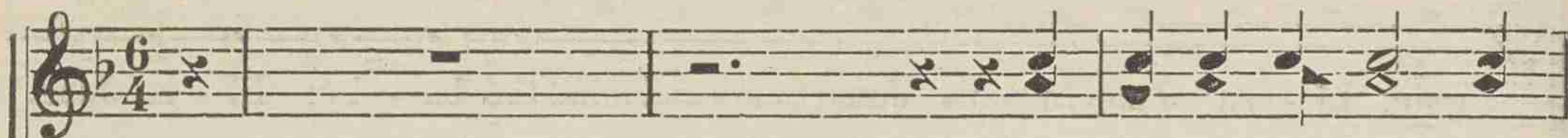
No. 21.

THE FLEA AND THE FLY.

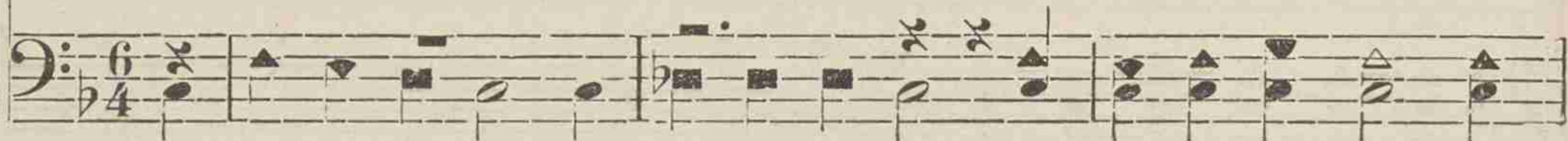
W. W. C.

ENCORE.

W. W. Combs.



A flea and a fly flew up in a flue, A flea and a fly flew



up in a flue; flea fly, fly flea,
Said the flea to the fly, O what shall we do? Let us



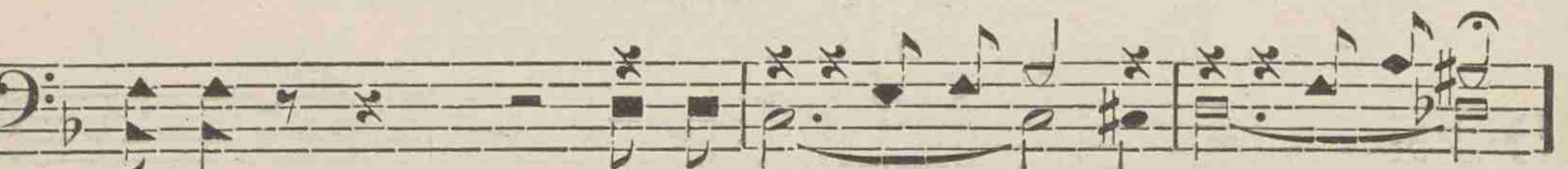
Let us flee, said the fly, Let us fly,
flee,..... said the fly,..... let us fly,.....



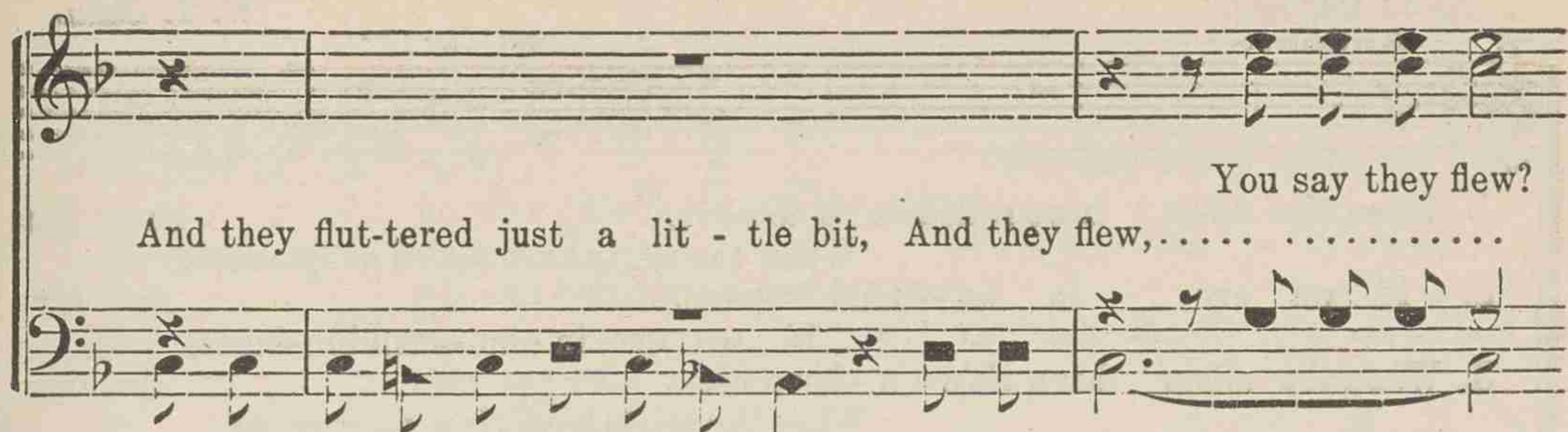
said the flea; flut-tered and they
said the flea;.... So they flut-tered just a bit,



flut-tered an-oth - er bit, O, how mad, now so glad,
They got mad,..... then glad,.....



THE FLEA AND THE FLY. Concluded.



You say they flew?
And they flut-tered just a lit - tle bit, And they flew,.....



well, say where to? Thro' a flaw..... in the flue.....
yes, they flew.....

No. 22. WHEN THE HEART IS YOUNG.

Geo. F. Root.

Second Tenor prominent.



1. O mer-ry goes the time, When the heart is young; There is naught too
2. But wea-ry go the feet When the heart is old; Time com-eth
3. O sparkling are the skies, When the heart is young; There is bliss in




hard to climb, When the heart is young; A spir-it of de-light Scat-ters
not so sweet, When the heart is old; From all that smiled and shone, There is
beauty's eyes, When the heart is young; The gold-en break of day Bring-eth




ros-es in its flight, And there's magic in the night, When the heart is young.
something lost and gone, And our friends are few or none, When the heart is old.
glad-ness in its ray, And ev-'ry month is May, When the heart is young.



Sing second verse slower.

No. 23. WHEN THE MISTS HAVE CLEARED AWAY.

Anna Herbert.

W. T. Giffe.

Andante.



1. When the mists have rolled in splen-dor, From the
 2. If we err in hu-man blindness, And for-
 3. When the mists have ris'n a-bove us, As our
 When the mists have rolled in splendor,
 If we err in hu-man blindness,
 When the mists have ris'n a-bove us,



beau-ty of the hills, And the sun-shine warm and
 get that we are dust, From the beau-ty of the hills,
 Fa-ther knows His own, And for-get that we are dust,
 As our Fa-ther knows His own, Face to face with those who



ten-der, Falls in kiss-es on the rills,
 And the sunshine warm and tender, Falls in kiss-es
 kindness, When we strug-gle to be just.
 If we miss the law of kindness, When we struggle
 lov'd us, We shall know as we are known.
 Face to face with those who lov'd us, We shall know as



We may read love's shining let-ter, In the
 on the rills. We may read love's shining let-ter,
 Snow-y wings of peace shall cov-er All the
 to be just. Snow-y wings of peace shall cov-er,
 Lo! be-yond the o-rient meadows, Floats the
 we are known. Lo! be-yond the o-rient meadows,



WHEN THE MISTS HAVE CLEARED AWAY. Concluded.

cres. m cres m

rain-bow of the spray, We shall know each oth-er
 In the rain-bow of the spray,
 pain that hides a-way, When the wea-ry watch is
 All the pain that hides a-way,
 gold-en fringe of day, Heart to heart we bide the
 Floats the gold-en fringe of day,

p dim. rit. pp dim.

bet-ter, When the mists have cleared a-way.
 We shall know each oth-er bet-ter,
 o-ver, When the mists have cleared a-way.
 When the wea-ry watch is o-ver,
 shad-ows, Till the mists have cleared a-way.
 Heart to heart we bide the shad-ows,

No. 24.

STEAL AWAY.

Arr. by Adger M. Pace.

Steal a-way, steal a-way, Steal away to Je-sus; Steal a-way, steal away home, I

1. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thun-der,
 ain't got long to stay here. 2. Green trees are bend-ing, Poor sinner stands trembling,
 3. Tombstones are bursting, Poor sinner stands trembling,
 4 My Lord calls me, He calls me by the lightning;

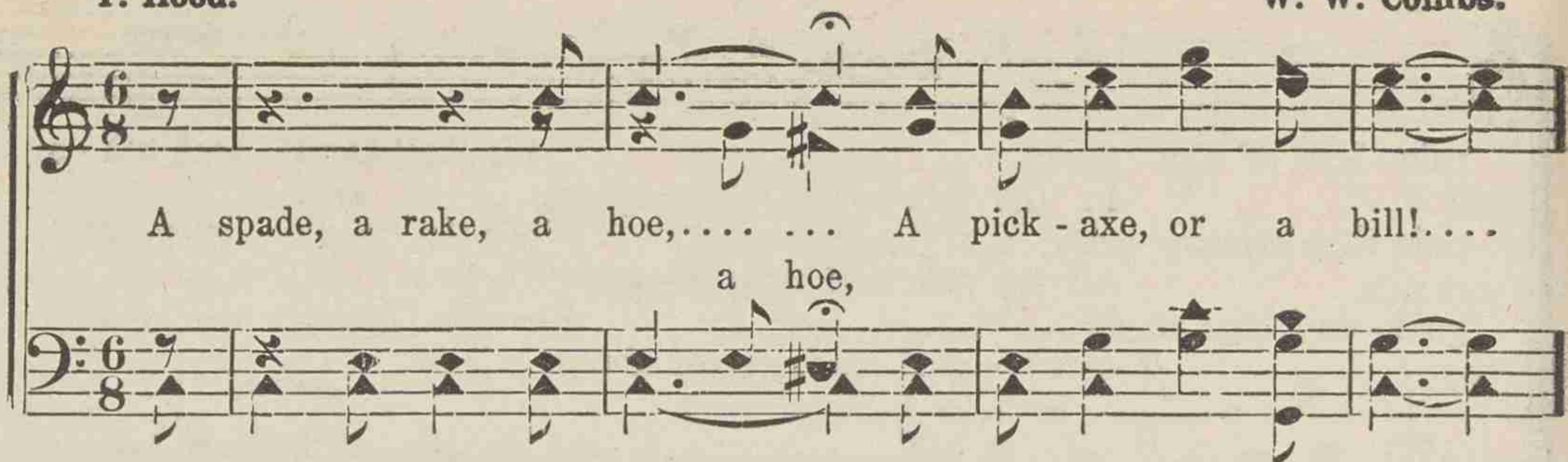
The trumpet sounds with-in my soul, I ain't got long to stay here.

No. 25.

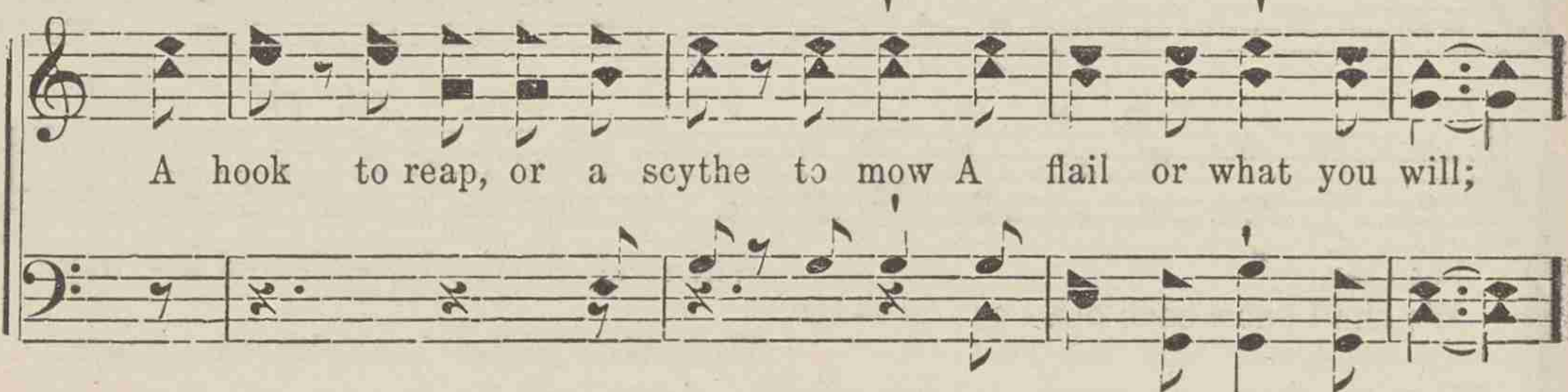
THE LABORER'S SONG.

T. Hood.

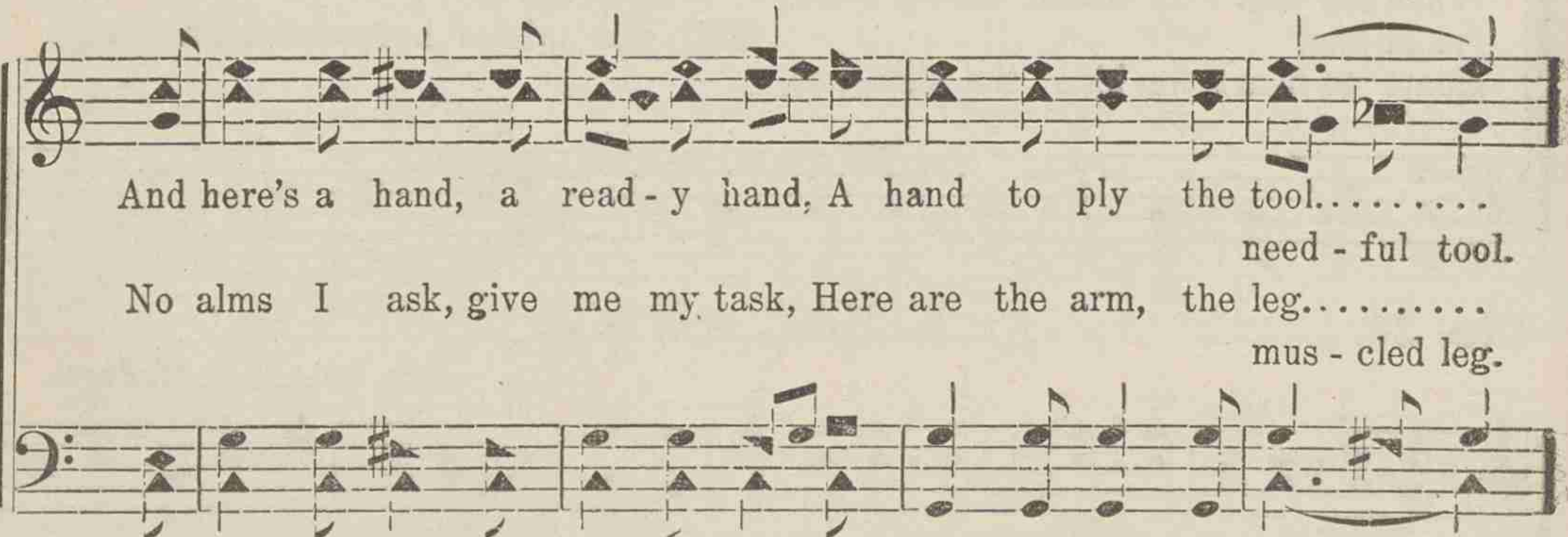
W. W. Combs.



A spade, a rake, a hoe,.... A pick - axe, or a bill!....
a hoe,



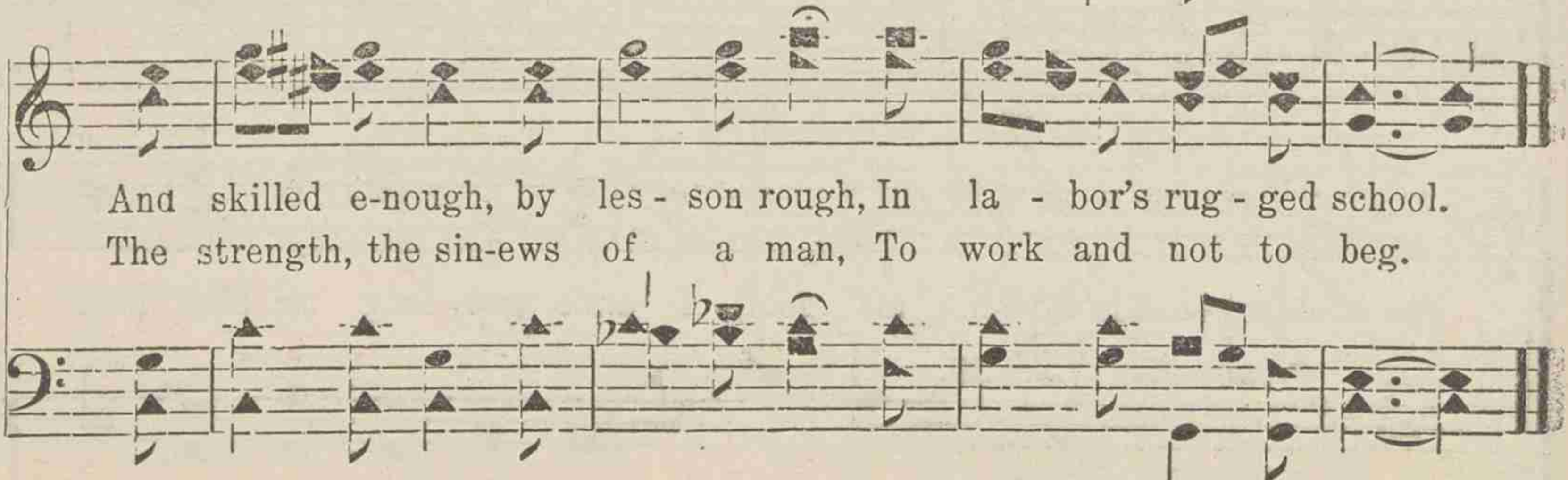
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow A flail or what you will;



And here's a hand, a read - y hand, A hand to ply the tool.....
need - ful tool.
No alms I ask, give me my task, Here are the arm, the leg.....
mus - cled leg.



Yes, here's a hand, a read - y hand, to ply the need - ful tool,.....
need - ful tool.
No alms I ask, give me my task, here are the arm, the leg,.....
mus - cled leg.



And skilled e-nough, by les - son rough, In la - bor's rug - ged school.
The strength, the sin-ews of a man, To work and not to beg.

No. 26.

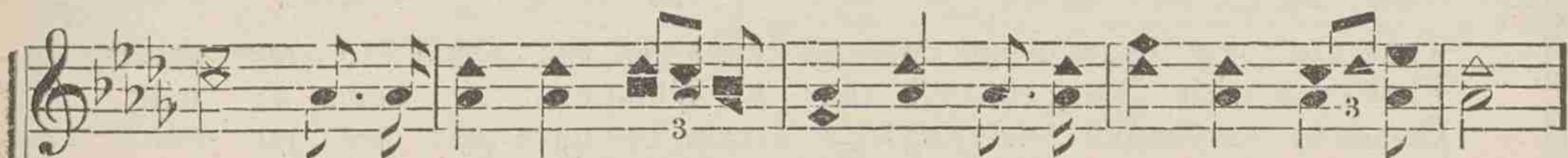
MEDITATION.

Dr. J. W. Harman.

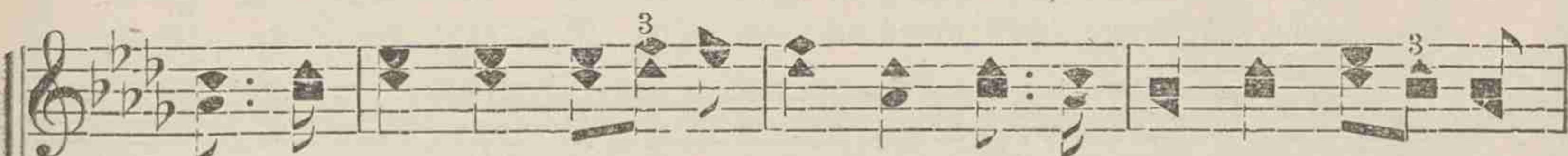
James D. Vaughan.



1. Mem-'ry now is gen - tly tell - ing Of the past we used to
2. Thro' long years we stood to - geth - er, Pleasant was our jour - ney
3. But ere long sweet hope was shin - ing, Twinklings from the land a
4. In that realm where fan - cy reach - es, Let my dear one near me
5. She has gone, but not for - ev - er, Will the sep - a - ra - tion



know, And my tho'ts are sad - ly dwell - ing On the scenes of long a - go.
 here, Till the reap - er came and blight - ed That sweet form to me so dear.
 bove, And the clouds had sil - v'ry lin - ing, Tok - en of our Father's love.
 stand, Let her smiles and love - ly features Charm my soul in fair dreamland
 be, For be - side the ra - diant riv - er, She is wait - ing now for me.



One I have in con - tem - pla - tion, Whose kind voice now seems to
 And like storm-clouds drear ex - tend - ing, Shad - ows dark while on they
 Then I ban - ished my dis - tress - es, For I had a bet - ter
 Be with me, O true af - fec - tion! As thou wast in long a -
 Wait - ing, yes, to fond - ly greet me On that glo - rious hap - py



thrill In my heart's im - ag - i - na - tion, Speaking kind - ly to me still.
 roll; Clouds of sor - row then were sending Anguish o'er my troub - led soul.
 view, Knowing well that God still bless - es All the faithful, all the true.
 go, Crown my heart with rec - ol - lec - tion Of the joys we used to know.
 shore; Waiting there with friends to meet me, Parting then will come no more.



No. 27.

SWEET IS MY SONG.

Violet E. King.

G. L. Lindsey. Arr. by Adlai Loudy



1. Sweet is my song and sweeter still The vis-ions that a-rise,
 2. And as I sing my skies grow fair, And bird notes sweet-ly trill,
 3. Sweet is my song and sweet the theme, And as I sing it o'er,



That to my heart brings sweetest thrill And sun-shine to my skies;
 Flow-ers with fra-grance fill the air While mem'-ries come at will;
 Comes to my mind in hap-py dream, The days that are no more,



Oh, hap-py song! in it I sing Of home so fair and sweet,
 A hap-py home! no place on earth Like it to man was giv'n,
 Oh, peace ful home, that place of rest, The wea-ried soul's re-treat,



Of home where love Her off'rings bring, And lay them at my feet.
 Where tho'ts en-no-bling have their birth, The fair-est gift of heav'n.
 A home where all that's pure and blest, In earth and heav-en meet.



CHORUS.



Sweet is my song, my hap-py song, And sweeter the vis-ions a-rise,
 Sweet is my hap-py song, Sweet - - er the vi-sions a-rise.



Used by permission.

SWEET IS MY SONG. Concluded.

That to my heart bring sweetest thrill And sunshine to my skies;
 My heart bring sweetest thrill, Sun - shine to my skies;

Oh, hap - py song! the song I sing Of home so pure and sweet,
 Hap - py the song I sing, Home so pure and sweet,

Of home where love her off'rings bring, And lay them at my feet.....

The musical score for 'Sweet Is My Song' is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The first system includes the lyrics 'That to my heart bring sweetest thrill And sunshine to my skies; My heart bring sweetest thrill, Sun - shine to my skies;'. The second system includes 'Oh, hap - py song! the song I sing Of home so pure and sweet, Hap - py the song I sing, Home so pure and sweet,'. The third system includes 'Of home where love her off'rings bring, And lay them at my feet.....'. The piano part features a steady accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

No. 28. MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE.

S. F. Smith

(AMERICA) Henry Carey. Arr. by A. M. Pace.

1. My country! 'tis of thee. Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
 2. My na-tive country, thee, Land of the no-ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
 3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
 4. Our fathers' God! to Thee, Author of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our

fa-thers died! Land of the pilgrims' pride! From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring!
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills: My heart with rapture thrills Like that a-bove.
 tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
 land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

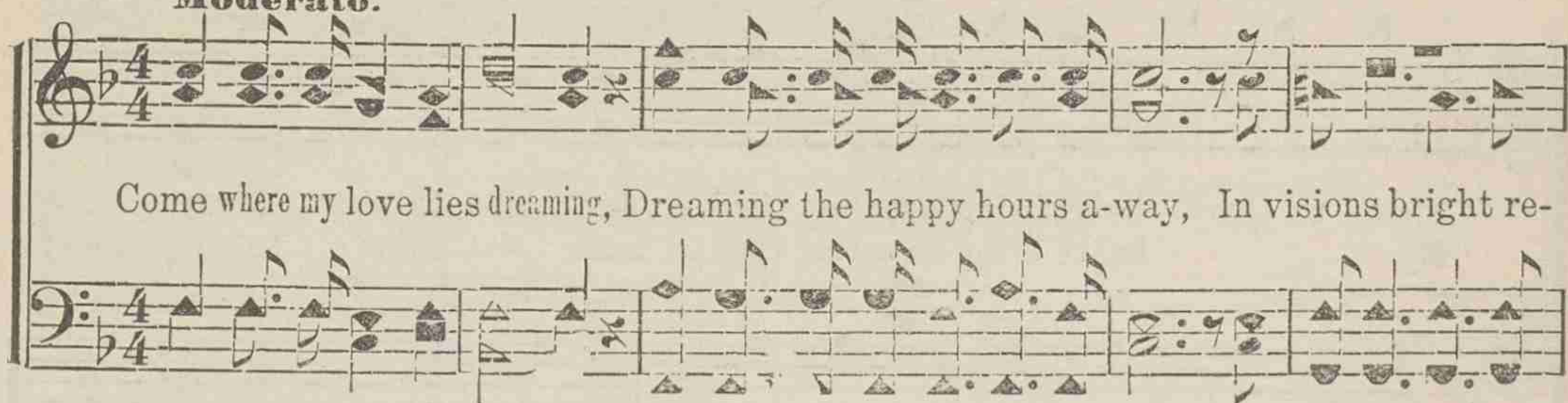
The musical score for 'My Country! 'Tis of Thee' is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The first system includes the lyrics '1. My country! 'tis of thee. Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my 2. My na-tive country, thee, Land of the no-ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy 3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal 4. Our fathers' God! to Thee, Author of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our'. The second system includes 'fa-thers died! Land of the pilgrims' pride! From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring! rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills: My heart with rapture thrills Like that a-bove. tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong. land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!'. The piano part features a steady accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The score ends with a double bar line.

No. 29. COME WHERE MY LOVE LIES DREAMING.

SERENADE.

Stephen C. Foster.
Arr. by Adger M. Pace.

Moderato.



Come where my love lies dreaming, Dreaming the happy hours a-way, In visions bright re-



deem-ing The fleet-ing joys of day; Dream - ing the hap-py hours,
Come where my love, where my love lies dreaming,



Dream-ing, My own love is sweetly
Dreaming the happy hours a-way,.... Come where my love lies dreaming,



Dreaming the happy hours a - way; My own love is sweet-ly
Come where my love lies dreaming,



dreaming, her beauty beam-ing; My own love is sweetly
Come with a lute - toned lay; Come where my love lies dreaming,

COME WHERE MY LOVE LIES DREAMING. Concluded.

Dreaming the hap - py hours a - way, My
Come with a lute, come with a lay,

own love is sweet-ly dream-ing, Her beau-ty beam-ing;
Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,

My own love is sweetly dreaming the happy hours a - way.
Come where my love lies dreaming,

Omit to Coda last time.

Omit to Coda last time.

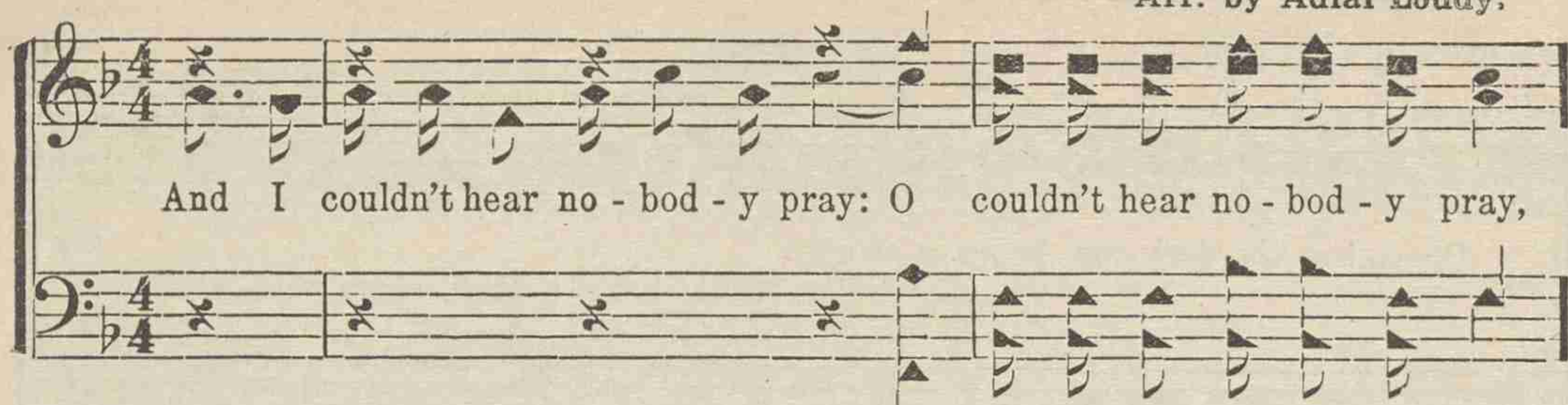
The second system of the musical score, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains the vocal melody, and the bass staff contains the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

{ Soft is her slumber; Thots bright and free Dance thro' her dreams Like gushing mel-o-dy;
{ Light is her young heart, Light it may be, [Omit]

2 *Coda.*

Come where my love lies dream - ing. Dreaming the hap-py hours a - way.

Arr. by Adlai Loudy.



And I couldn't hear no - bod - y pray: O couldn't hear no - bod - y pray,



O, wa down yon - der by my - self,..... I couldn't hear



no - bod - y pray, O Lord..... I couldn't hear no - bod - y



O Lord..... Omit to Coda, last time
pray, O I couldn't hear no - bod - y pray; O



way down yon - der by my - self,..... I couldn't hear no - bod - y

COULDN'T HEAR NOBODY PRAY. Concluded.



1. Mas - sa Je - sus!.... In the val - ley!..
 2. Chil - ly wa - ters!... In the Jor - dan!..
 3. Hal - le - lu - jah!.... Trou - bles o - ver!..
 pray:

I couldn't hear no - bod - y pray, I



..... With His bur - den!....
 Cross - ing o - ver!....
 In - the kingdom!....

couldn't hear no - bod - y pray;

I couldn't hear no - bod - y



And His tri - als!
 In - to Ca - naan! And I couldn't
 With my Je - sus!

pray,

I couldn't hear no - bod - y pray,

O Lord,



hear no - bod - y pray, And I couldn't hear no - bod - y pray;

CODA. rit.



way down you - der by my - self,
 I couldn't hear no - bod - y pray.

No. 31. COME WHERE THE LILIES BLOOM.

W. L. Thompson. Arr. by Adger M. Pace.

Allegretto con spirito.

Come a - way, a - way, a - way, Come where the lil - ies bloom so fair;

Come a - way, a - way, a - way, Come where sweet fragrance fill the air.

Grazioso.

Oh, come, come, come, come, Come where the lil - ies, the sweet fragrant lil - ies, Oh,
Come where the lil - ies bloom, sweet fragrant lil - ies bloom,

come where the lil - ies bloom so fair, bloom so fair, Down in the
where the lil - ies bloom so fair,

meadows, The green verdant meadows, Oh, come where sweet fragrance fills the air.
meadows come, Green verdant meadows come,

COME WHERE THE LILIES BLOOM. Continued.

Here beau-ti - ful lil - ies grow, Here beau-ti - ful lil - ies
Here beau-ti - ful lil - ies grow,

grow;..... White, white as the drift-ing
Beau-ti - ful lil - ies, beau-ti - ful lil - ies grow;

snow,..... Here beau-ti - ful lil - ies grow white as snow.
White, white as the drift-ing snow,.....

pp **Largo.**

1. Come when the shad-ows Gen - tly are fall - ing O - ver land and
2. Soft - ly the night winds Fan 'mid the flow-ers, Whisp'ring mu - sic

sea, O - ver land and sea, eve-ning shadows fall a - round us, And the
sweet, Whisp'ring mu-sic, light - ly the night-in - gale is sing-ing, When the

COME WHERE THE LILIES BLOOM. Continued.

1 2 A tempo

flow'rs have gone to sleep. sleep. Oh, come, e me, come, come, Come where the

lil-ies, the sweet fragrant lilies, Oh, come where the lilies bloom so fair, bloom so
lil-ies bloom, sweet fragrant lilies bloom, Where the

fair, Down in the meadows, The green verdant meadows, Oh,
lil - ies bloom so fair, come, Green verdant meadows come,

come where sweet fragrance fills the air. Beau - ti - ful, beau-ti-ful
Come, come,
On the wind - ing

flow'rs, Growing 'neath shad - y bow'rs, There we'll wander 'mid
come, Come, come, come, Come,
path by the brook - - - side, There we'll wan - der 'mid

COME WHERE THE LILIES BLOOM. Concluded.



flow'rs, beau-ti-ful flow'rs, Come where the bright lilies grow,
 come, come, come, come, come, come,
 flow'rs, beau-ti-ful flow'rs, Where the rip - pling wa - ters are




come where the waters flow, And the sweet music of birds float on the air.
 come, come, come,
 flow - - ing; Come, come, Come, come, come.




Come a - way, a - way, a - way; Come where the lil - ies bloom so fair, Come a -



Allegro con spirito.



way, a - way, a - way, Come where the lilies bloom, Come where the lilies bloom,




Come a - way,.... come a - way,.... Come, oh, come a - way.

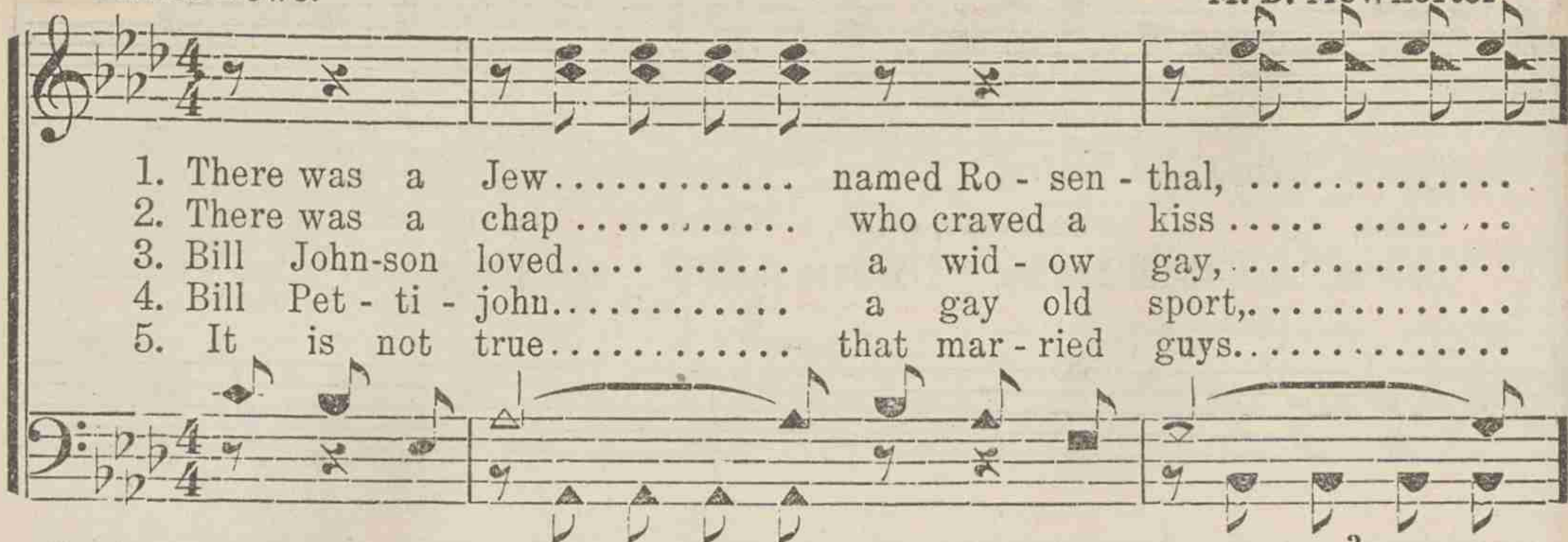


No. 32.

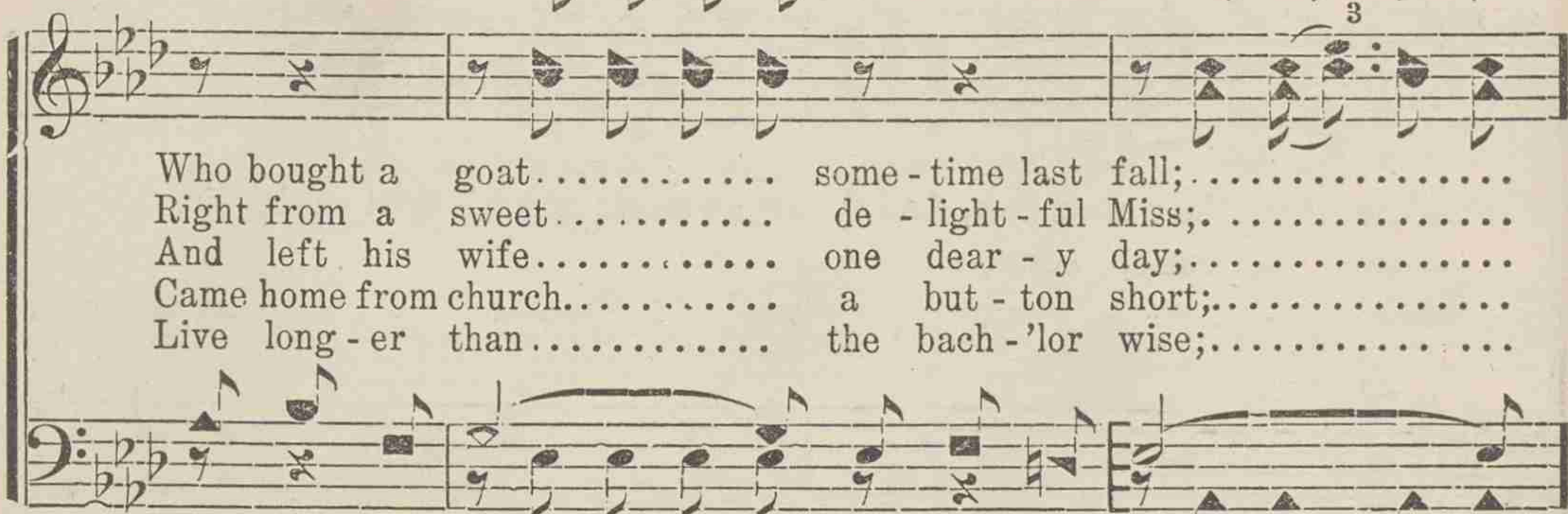
ROSENTHAL.

James Rowe.

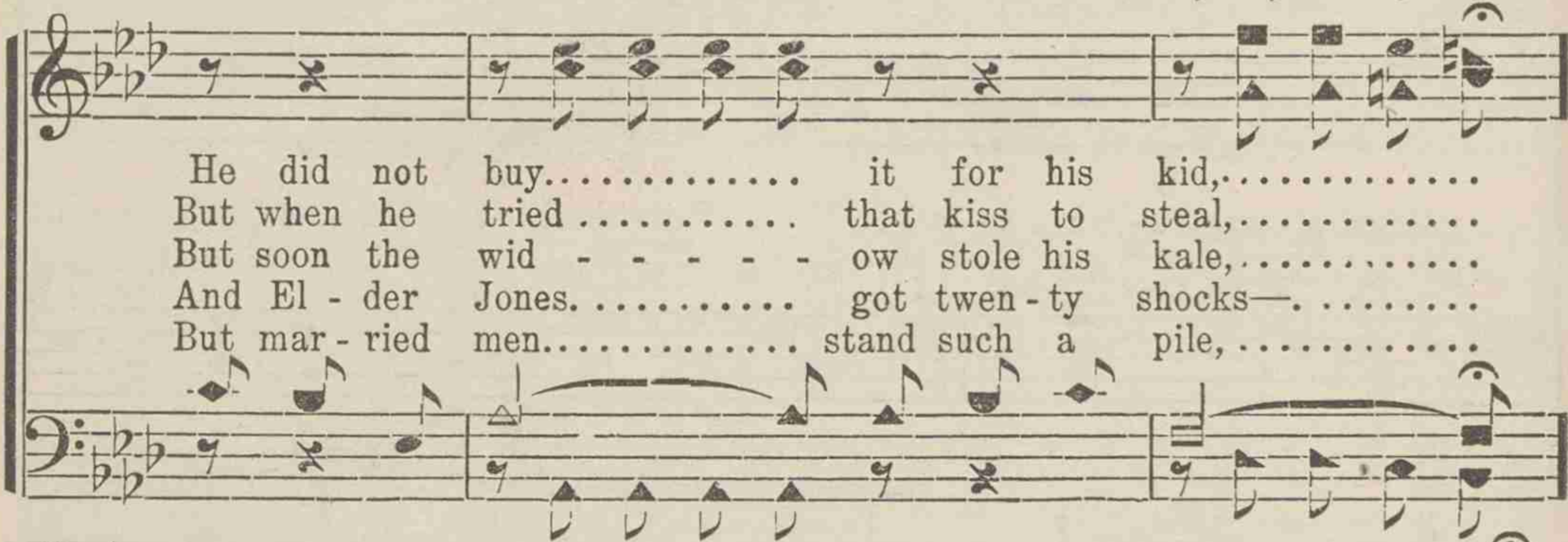
M. D. McWhorter.



1. There was a Jew..... named Ro - sen - thal,
 2. There was a chap..... who craved a kiss
 3. Bill John-son loved..... a wid - ow gay,
 4. Bill Pet - ti - john..... a gay old sport,
 5. It is not true..... that mar - ried guys.....



Who bought a goat..... some - time last fall;
 Right from a sweet..... de - light - ful Miss;
 And left his wife..... one dear - y day;
 Came home from church..... a but - ton short;
 Live long - er than..... the bach - 'lor wise;

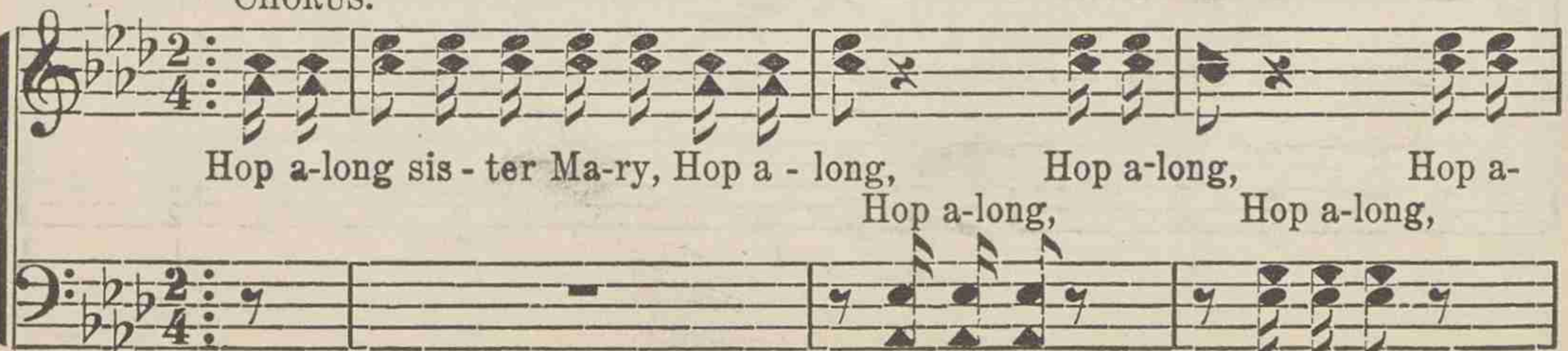


He did not buy..... it for his kid,
 But when he tried..... that kiss to steal,
 But soon the wid - - - - ow stole his kale,
 And El - der Jones..... got twen - ty shocks—
 But mar - ried men..... stand such a pile,



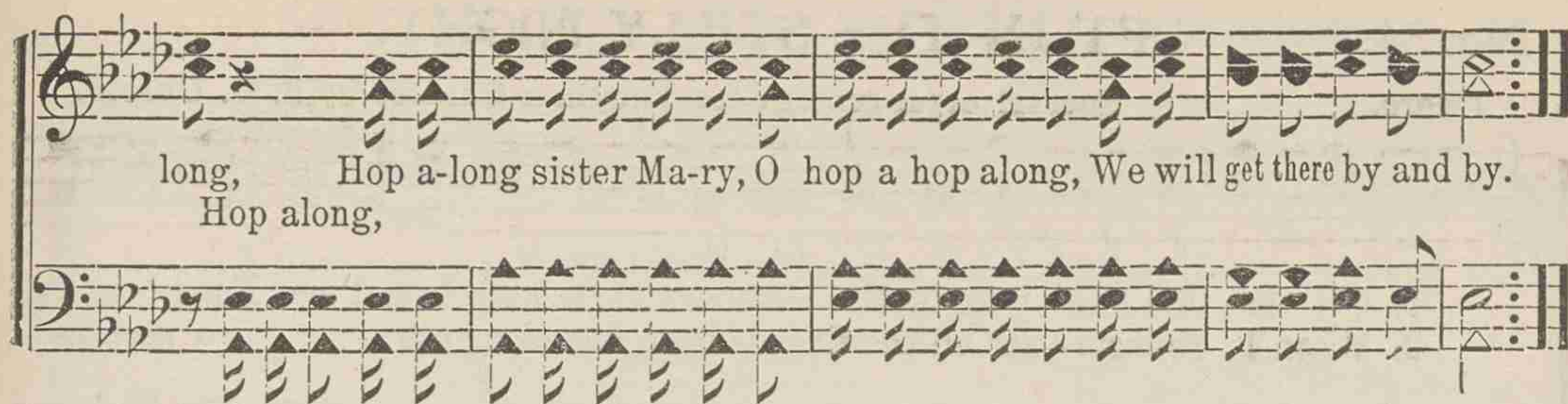
But bought it for..... him - self in - stid.....
 She hit so hard..... it made him squeal.....
 And left him lone - - - - some, sad and pale.....
 'Twas found in the..... col - lec - tion box.....
 That life seems lon - - - - ger by a mile.....

CHORUS.



Hop a-long sis - ter Ma-ry, Hop a - long, Hop a-long, Hop a-
 Hop a-long, Hop a-long,

ROSENTHAL. Concluded.



long, Hop a-long sister Ma-ry, O hop a hop along, We will get there by and by.
Hop along,

No. 33.

RIVER OF JORDAN.

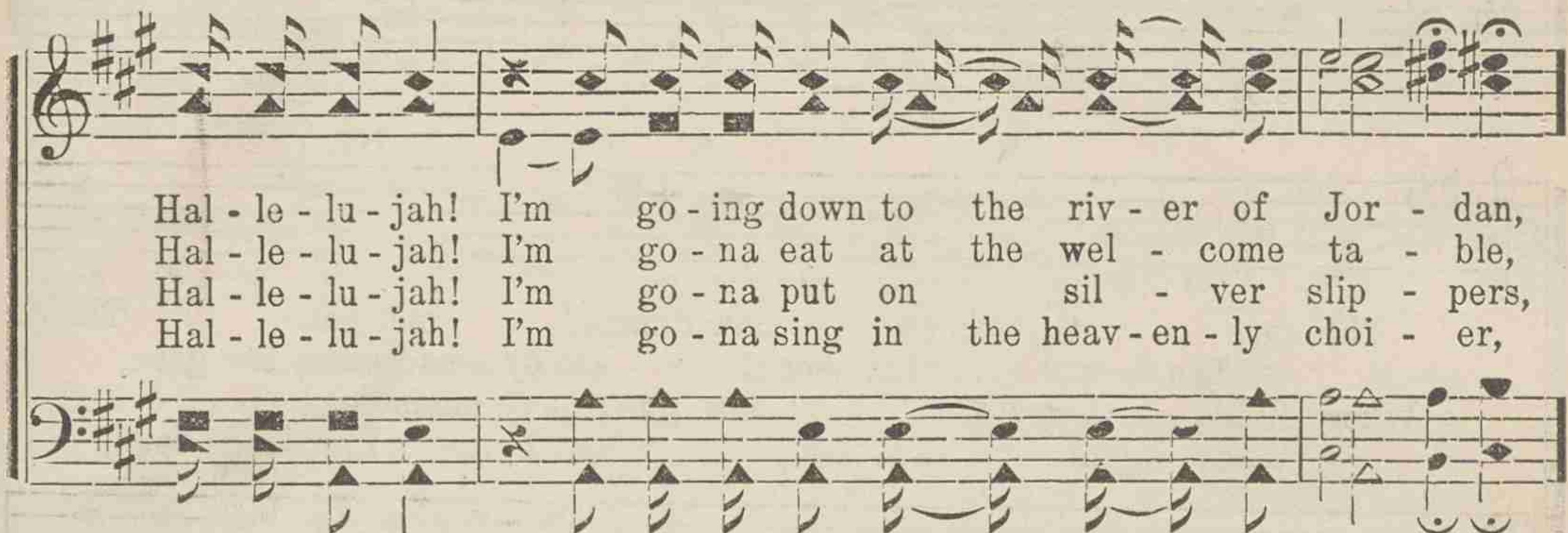
Arr. by Adlai Loudy.



1. I'm go - ing down to the riv - er of Jor - - dan, O, yes,
2. I'm go - na eat at the wel - come ta - - ble, O, yes,
3. I'm go - na put on sil - ver slip - - pers, O, yes,
4. I'm go - na sing in the heav - en - ly choi - - er, O, yes,



I'm go - ing down to the riv - er of Jor - dan, some of these days,
I'm go - na eat at the wel - come ta - ble, some of these days,
I'm go - na put on sil - ver slip - pers, some of these days,
I'm go - na sing in the heav - en - ly choi - er, some of these days,



Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm go - ing down to the riv - er of Jor - dan,
Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm go - na eat at the wel - come ta - ble,
Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm go - na put on sil - ver slip - pers,
Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm go - na sing in the heav - en - ly choi - er,



I'm go - ing down to the riv - er of Jor - dan, some of these days.
I'm go - na eat at the wel - come ta - ble, some of these days.
I'm go - na put on sil - ver slip - pers, some of these days.
I'm go - na sing in the heav - en - ly choi - er, some of these days.

No. 34.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Moore.

Special arrangement for Vaughan Quartet by B. C. Unseld.



1. Oft in the still-y night, Ere slumber's chain hath bound me, Fond mem'ry
 2. When I re-mem-ber all the friends once linked togeth - er I've seen a-



brings the light Of oth - er days a - round me. The smiles (the smiles), the
 round me fall Like leaves in win-try weath - er. I feel (I feel) like



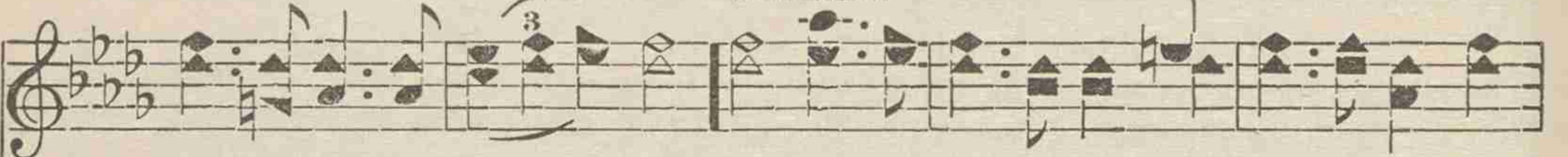
tears of boy - hood's years, The words of love then spoken,
 the tears, the tears of boyhood's years,
 one who treads a - lone, Some banquet hall de-sert - ed,
 like one, like one who treads alone,



The eyes that shone now dimmed and gone, The
 The eyes that shone, the eyes now dimmed and gone,
 Whose lights are fled and gar - lands dead, And
 Whose lights are fled, whose lights and garlands dead,



REFRAIN.



cheerful hearts now bro - ken. Oft in the stilly night, Ere slumber's chain hath
 all but him de - part - ed.



OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT. Concluded.

bound... me, Fond mem'ry brings the light of other days a - round me.

The musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff in 2/4 time, with a key signature of two flats. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

No. 35.

SLUMBER, DEAREST.

Anon.

(SERENADE.)

J. S. Torbett.

1. Slum - ber, dear-est, while a - bove thee An-gel eyes are bending now,
2. Deep - er now the mid - night shad-ows Gather in the val - ley fair;

The musical notation is in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

And their star-ry pin - ions wav-ing Lightly fan thy plac - id brow.
Soft - ly through the lat - ice steal-ing Comes the cool, re-fresh - ing air.

The musical notation continues in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

All is hushed and still a - round thee, While my lone - ly watch I keep;
Till the ros - y light of morn - ing Spar-kles o'er the crys - tal deep:

The musical notation continues in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Thou art dreaming, sweetly dreaming, Sleep on, darling, peaceful-ly sleep.
Till the birds their songs a-wak - en, Sleep on, darling, peaceful-ly sleep.

The musical notation continues in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

No. 36. THE DISH RAN AWAY WITH THE SPOON.

Mother Goose.

J. T. Reese.

ff

Hey! rid - dle de - rid - dle, The cat and the fid - dle,

The cow jumped

The cow jumped o-ver the moon,.....

jumped o - ver the moon,

o - ver the moon,

To see the great

The cow jumped o - ver the moon, The lit - tle dog laughed,

sport,

And the

and the dish ran a - way

And the dish ran a - way,.....

dish ran a - way

and the dish ran a - way, Hey!

and the dish ran a - way,.... a - way, Hey!

THE DISH RAN AWAY, Etc. Continued.

ff

The cat,.....

rid - dle de - rid - dle, The cat and the fid - dle, The cow The moon,

dog, The lit - tle dog laughed,

..... To see the great sport, and the dish ran a -

And the dish ran a - way.....

And the dish ran a - way.....

And the dish ran a - way,

way,.....

with the spoon, Ran a - way.....

spoon,..... Ran a - way.....

spoon, *rit.* Ran a -

spoon, spoon, spoon, spoon

..... with the spoon..... The lit - tle dog laughed to

way.....

Ran a - way

THE DISH RAN AWAY, Etc. Concluded.



see the great sport, and the dish ran a - way, Ran a - way with the spoon.



Ran a - way with the spoon, Ran a - way with the spoon,

Ran a -



Ran a - way, The cat and the cow, The

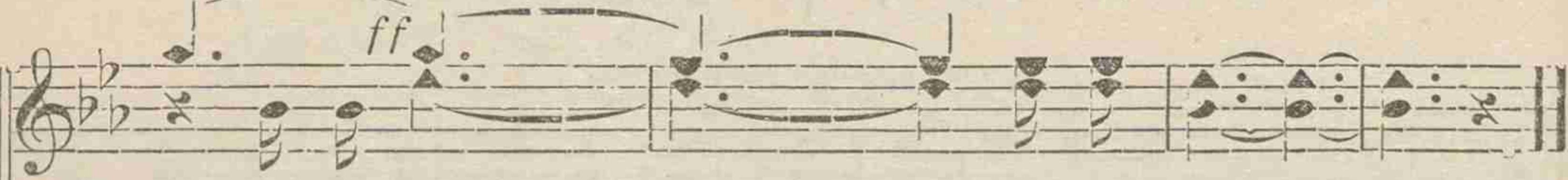
Ran a - way, way,



Ran a -

dog and the moon, The dish ran a - way, Ran a - way with the spoon,

way



Ran a - way..... with the spoon.....

Ran a - way.....

Ran a - way

WHEEL IN A WHEEL.

(ENCORE.)

Arr. by Adger M. Pace.

O wheel,
Wheel in the mid-dle of a wheel,

O wheel,.....
Wheel in the mid-dle of a wheel,

1. Ze - kiel saw the wheel of time, Wheel in the mid - dle of a wheel,
2. Way up yon - der on the mountain top, Wheel in the mid - dle of a wheel,

Ev - 'ry spoke was of hu - man - kind, Wheel in the mid - dle of a wheel.
My Lord spoke and the chariot stopped, Wheel in the mid - dle of a wheel.

Andantino.

{ Ze - kiel saw the wheel, Way up in the mid - dle of the air,
Big wheel run by faith, Lit - tle wheel run by the grace of God,

Ze - kiel saw the wheel, Way in the mid - dle of the air. }
Wheel, oh, wheel, Way in the mid - dle of the air. }

No. 38. BACK WHERE THE OLD HOME STANDS.

Eldridge Murphy.

G. L. Lindsey.



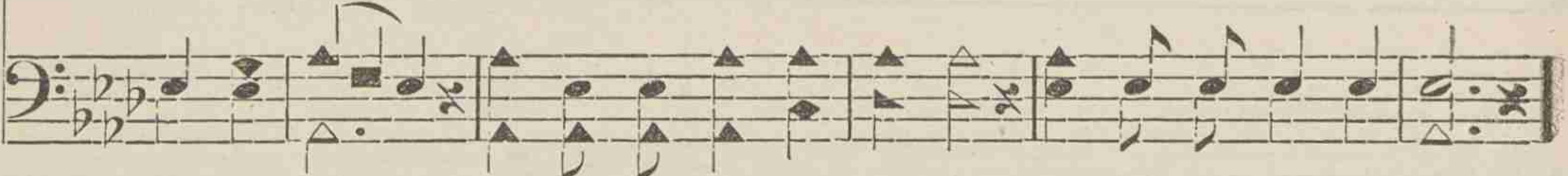
1. Oft in my dreams I wan-der Back where the old home stands, Back to the lit - tle
2. Oh, dear old home of childhood, Un-der the pop - lar tree, I fain would be re-
3. Would that today could take me Back to the old home place, Where I could be be-



cab - in, Back to the old home lands. There I could see the ros - es Growing be-
turn-ing At twilight hour to thee. There perfect rest and shel-ter, Com-fort and
hold-ing Each dear fa-mil - iar face. Then we would join in sing - ing Songs of de-



side the door; There on the balm - y breez-es Catch sweet perfume once more.
peace are found; There ev - er true af - fec-tion Shows all the year a - round.
part - ed days, For fa-ther dear and moth-er Love those old hap-py lays.



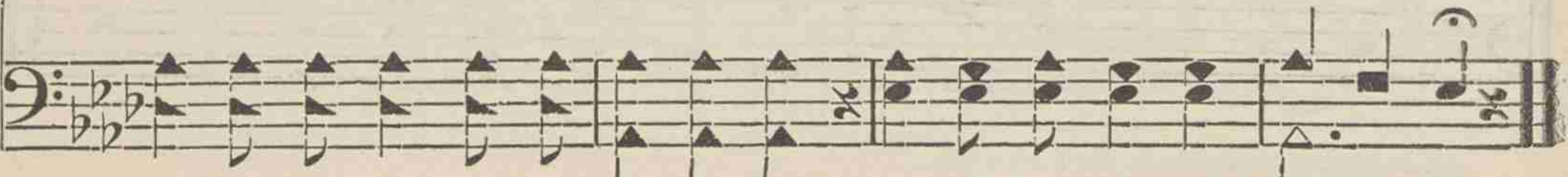
CHORUS.



Oh, take me back once more, Back to the outstretched hands,
take me back once more, Back to the outstretched, the outstretched hands,



Back to the ros - es sweet, Back where the old home stands.
to the ros - es sweet, old home stands.



Moderato.

1. Star of the eve - ning, glad - ly we hail thee; Now, as thou shin - est
 2. Bright beacon light of wan - der - ers wea - ry, Shin - ing a - - bove them
 3. Star of the eve - ning, now, as thou beam - est Soft - ly up - on us,

cres.

down from a - far; Now, while the shades of twi - light are deep - 'ning,
 wher - e'er they roam; Guide thou the way worn trav - el - er's foot - steps
 down from a - far; Sweet is thy smile, se - rene in thy glo - ry,

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful

Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful eve - ning star! Beau - ti - ful star!
 Safe to the wait - ing ones dear, at home.
 Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful eve - ning star. Beau - ti - ful star!

star!

*p**cres.*

Beau - ti - ful star of the eve - ning, beau - ti - ful star! Beau - ti - ful
 Star of the eve - ning

*rit.**p*

star, Star of the eve - ning, beau - ti - ful star!
 Beau - ti - ful star, beau - ti - ful star!

THE BARNYARD CONFERENCE.

W. A. W.

W. A. Williams.
Arr. by Adger M. Pace.

1. There once was held a con - fer - ence, In some old country town, They talked the
2. Just cause had they to en - ter - tain The doubts that they expressed, For many a
3. The poor old preachers bear the blame Of all the fowls that die, When ev - 'ry -



right - eous caus - es up, They talked the sin - ful down; In ev - 'ry house they
fowl with chopp'd-off head Had been quite nice - ly dressed; Each preacher had laid
bod - y, just the same, Is fond of chick - en pie; And when at last they



had the best Of ev - 'ry-thing to eat; When they adjourned the fowls all
by in store As much as he could hold; Each bird, yet fear - ful of its
home-ward bound Were whizzing o'er the rail, A - bove the car-wheel's clatt'ring



CHORUS.

met, And thus each oth - er greet:

(Use falsetto)

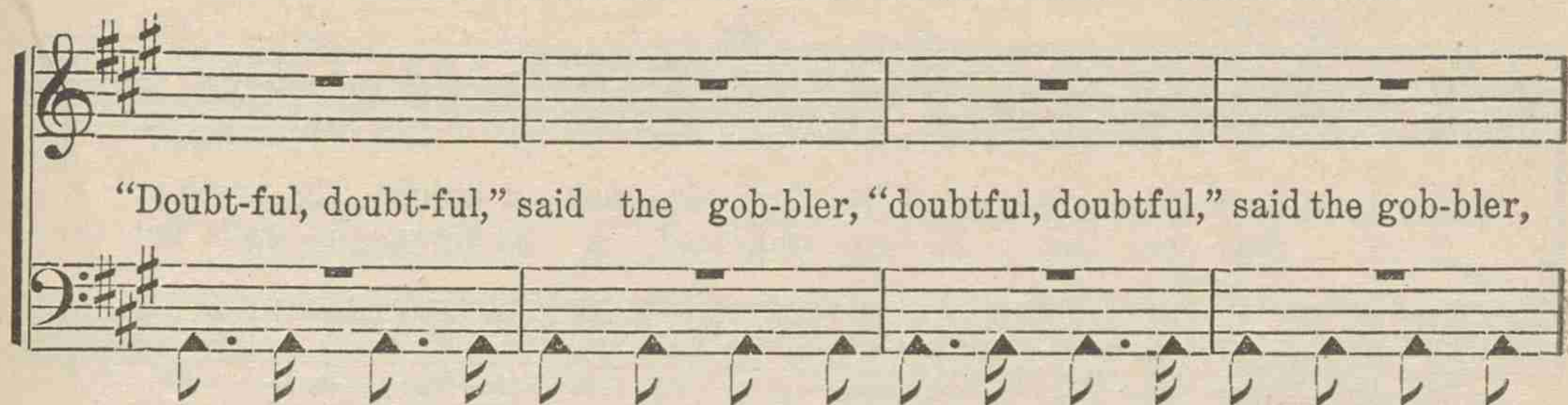
fate, Its own mis-giv - ings told:

sound They heard this distant wail:

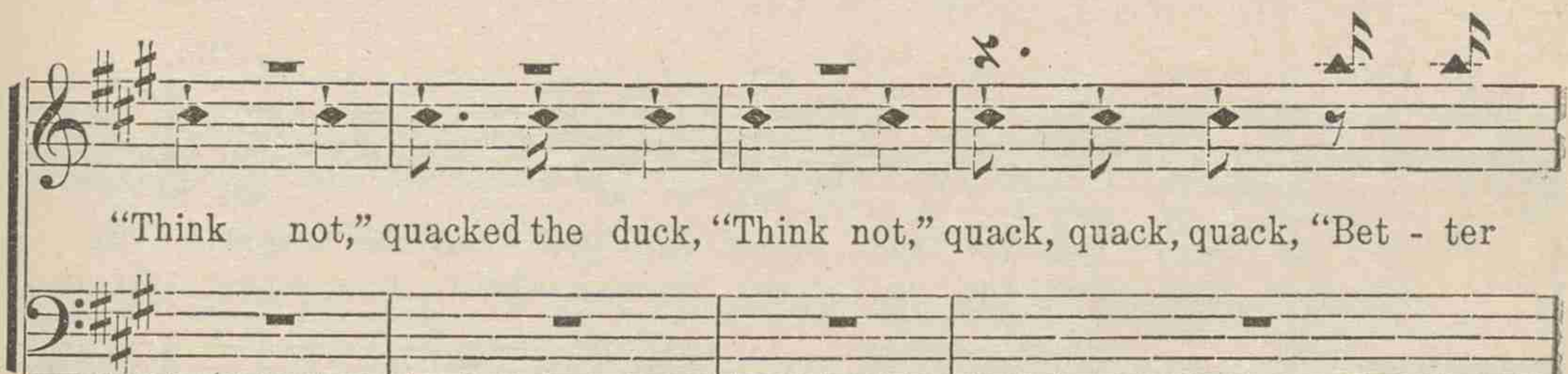
Said the rooster, "Are they all gone yet?"



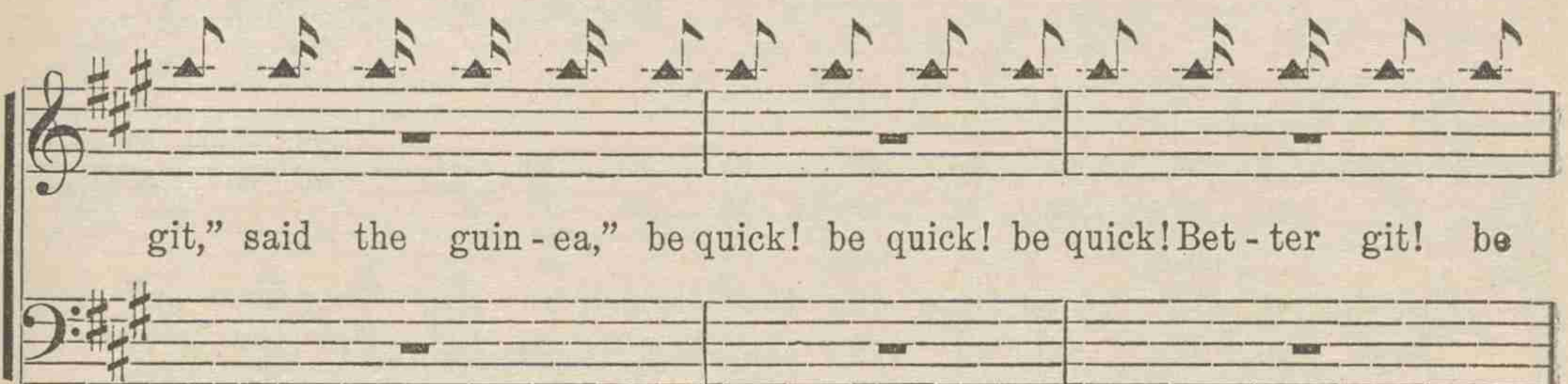
THE BARNYARD CONFERENCE. Concluded.



"Doubt-ful, doubt-ful," said the gob-bler, "doubtful, doubtful," said the gob-bler,



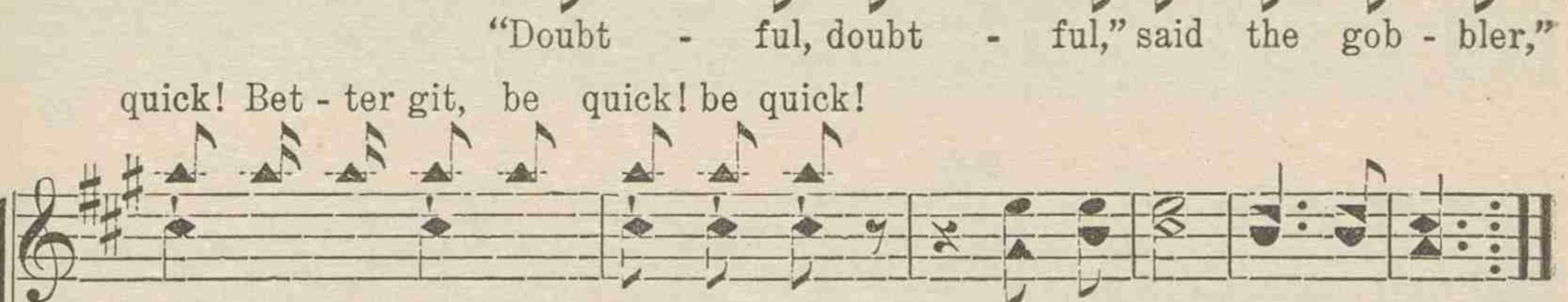
"Think not," quacked the duck, "Think not," quack, quack, quack, "Bet - ter



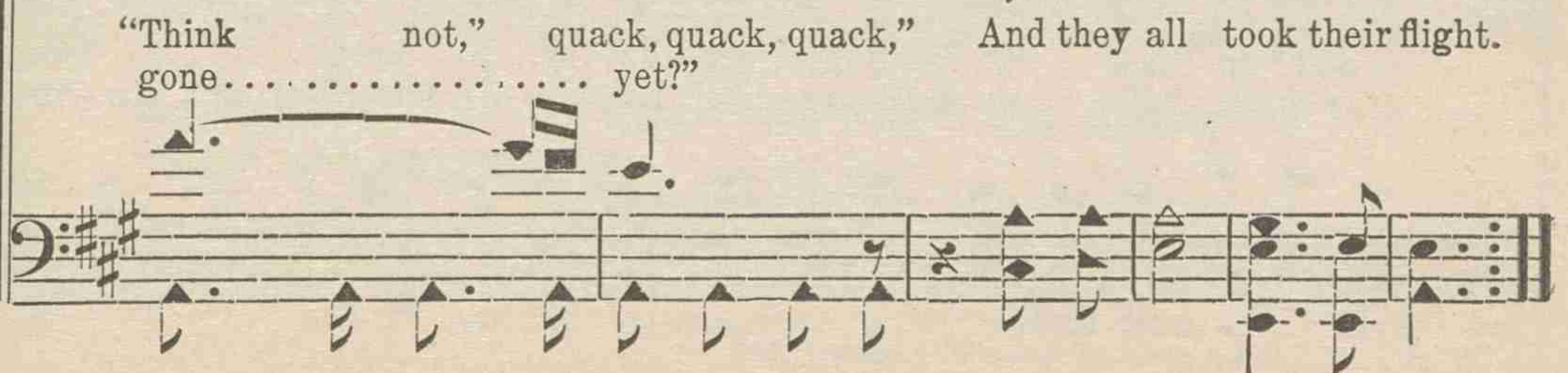
git," said the guin - ea," be quick! be quick! be quick! Bet - ter git! be



"Git!" said the guin - ea be quick! be quick! be quick! be quick! be quick!" "Think not," quacked the duck, Said the roos - ter, Are they all



"Doubt - ful, doubt - ful," said the gob - bler," quick! Bet - ter git, be quick! be quick!



"Think not," quack, quack, quack," And they all took their flight. gone..... yet?"

"Doubt - ful, doubt - ful," said the gob-bler.

No. 41.

O HUSH THEE, MY BABY.

Walter Scott.

Arthur S. Sullivan. Arr. by Adger M. Pace.

Allegretto.

1. O hush thee, my ba-by, thy sire was a knight, Thy moth-er a
2. O fear not the bu-gle, tho' loud-ly it blows, It calls but the

cres. la-dy, both gen-tle and bright, both gen-tle and bright; The
war-ders that guard thy re- pose, that guard thy re- pose; Their

woods and the glens from the tow'rs which we see, They are all
bows would be end-ed, their swords would be red, Ere the steps of

be-longing, dear ba-by, to thee, They are all be-long-ing, dear
a foeman draws near to thy bed, Ere the step of a foeman draws
They are all be-long-ing to thee,
Ere the step of a foe-man draws near,

ba-by, to thee. O hush thee, my ba-by, O hush..... thee,
near to thy bed. O hush thee, my ba-by, O hush thee, my ba-by,

thee, O hush thee.

O HUSH THEE, MY BABY. Concluded.

my ba - - - by. Then hush thee, my ba - by, take
O hush thee, my ba - by.

cres.
rest while you may, For strife comes with manhood and waking with day, For
For strife..... comes with man hood,

strife comes with manhood and wak - - ing with day, O
wak - ing with day, O hush thee,

hush thee, my ba - by, O hush..... thee, O hush.....
O hush thee, my ba - by, O hush thee, my ba -

dim. *pp* *rall.*
thee, O hush..... thee, O hush thee, O hush thee, my ba - by.
by, O hush thee, my babe,

Vernon S. Oliver.

Virgil O. Stamps.

NOT FAST.

1. What yo' gwine er do when de meat gibs out, Brudder what yo' gwine er do?
 2. What yo' gwine er do when de worl' goes dry, Brudder what yo' gwine er do?
 3. What yo' gwine er do when yo chick-ens die, Brudder what yo' gwine er do?

Stan' up in de corner wid yo' mouf poked out, Brudder what yo' gwine er do?.....
 Stan' up in de corner all de day and cry, Brudder what yo' gwine er do?.....
 Aint got no chickens for to roas' an fry, Brudder what yo' gwine er do?.....

Like a brood-y hen not allowed to set, Brudder what yo' gwine er do?
 Think a-bout a coon dat aint got no gin, Brudder what yo' gwine er do?
 When you take a trip to yo neighbor's roos', Brudder what yo' gwine er do?

Set a-roun' de place all de day an fret, Brudder what yo' gwine er do?
 He had jes' as soon dat de worl' wud end, Brudder what yo' gwine er do?
 Neighbor hears de fuss turns de bull dawg loose, Brudder what yo' gwine er do?

CHORUS.

Brud - der, Brudder..... Oh, Brud-der what yo' gwine er do?
 Brud - der,
 Brud-der,

Virgil O. Stamps, owner, 1921.

Let the Singers act the parts.

WHAT YOU GWINE ER DO? Concluded.

Brud - der, Brud-der, Oh, Brud-der what yo' gwine er do,

Brud - der,

Brud-der,

1. What yo' gwine er do when de meat gibbs out?
 2. What yo' gwine er do when de worl' goes dry? Brudder what yo' gwine er do?
 3. What yo' gwine er do when dat dawg gits loose?

Stan' up in de cor-ner wid my mouf poked out, Dat is what I'se gwine er do.
 Kick an'swear and grumble till I fade and die, Dat is what I'se gwine er do.
 Tear out down de al-ley like a tiger broke loose, Dat is what He's gwine er do.

No. 43.

LIST TO THE BELLS.

Anon.

Arr. by Adger M. Pace.

1. Ring-ing, swing-ing, List to the bells in the old church tow'r; Swelling,
 2. Ring-ing, swing-ing, Call - ing from sleep in the morn - ing gray; Swell-ing,
 3. Ring-ing, swing-ing, Sweet - ly they chime at the set of sun; Swell-ing,

tell - ing, Now is the eve - ning hour, Now is the eve-ning hour.
 tell - ing, Work must be done to - day, Work must be done to - day.
 tell - ing, Rest aft - er work is done, Rest aft - er work is done.

No. 44.

MISTER CHICKEN.

Chas. W. Vaughan.

J. Porter Thomason.

Ta-ta-ra, Ta-ta-ra, 1. Dar's a bird dat is nice and sweet,
2. Yo' may talk of de quail on toas',
3. Gib me chicken at morn an' noon,
Ta, ta, Ta-ta-ra,

Bum, bum, Bum, bum, Bum, bum, Bum,

Ta-ta-ra, Ta-ta-ra, An' fo' eat-in it cain't be beat;
Ob de pos-sum you like to boas';
Den at night it cain't come to soon;
Ta, ta, Ta-ta-ra,

Bum, bum, Bum, bum, Bum, bum, Bum,

Ta-ta-ra, Ta-ta-ra, Dar's no ud-dah dat can com-pare,
But de bird to which I would fly,
Bake it, stew it, or hash or fry;—
Ta, ta, Ta-ta-ra,

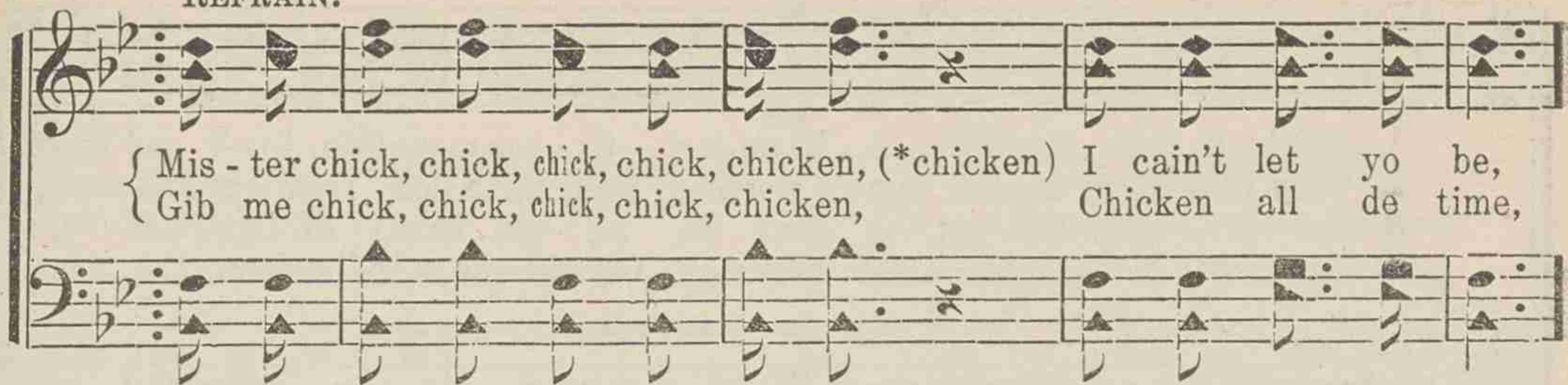
Bum, bum, Bum, bum, Bum, bum, Bum,

Ta-ta-ra, Ta-ta-ra, An' yo bet dat I'll git my share....
Is de one in de chick-en pie.....
Gib me chicken un-til I die.....
Ta, ta, Ta-ta-ra.

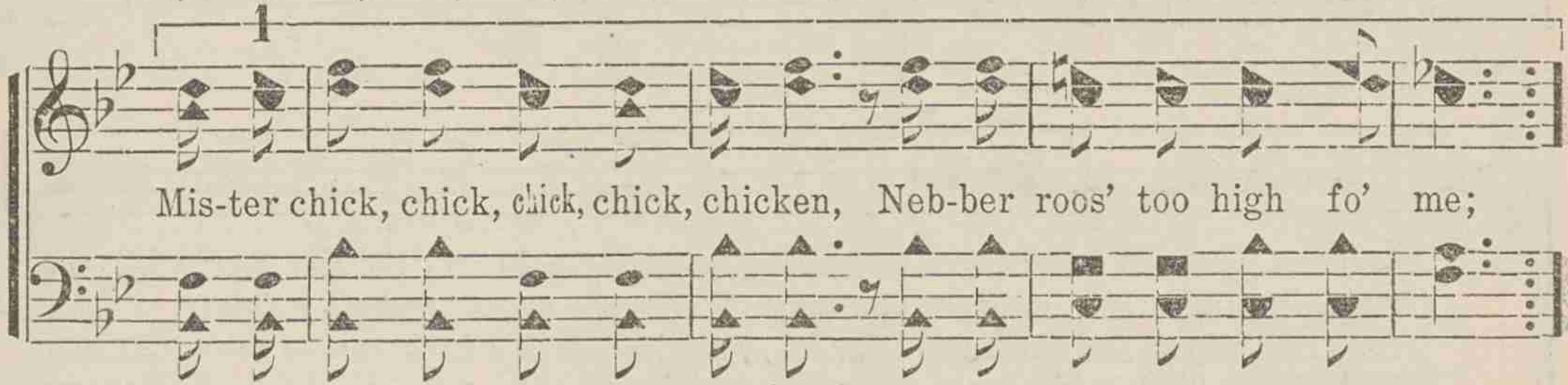
Bum, bum, Bum, bum, Bum, bum, Bum.

MISTER CHICKEN. Concluded.

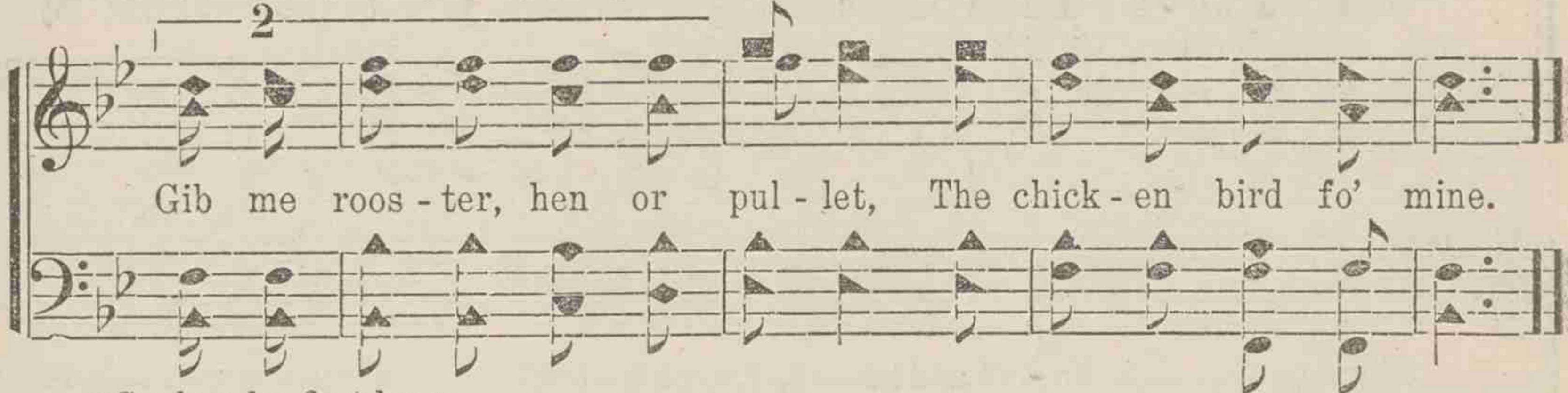
REFRAIN.



{ Mis - ter chick, chick, chick, chick, chicken, (*chicken) I cain't let yo be,
Gib me chick, chick, chick, chick, chicken, Chicken all de time,



Mis-ter chick, chick, chick, chick, chicken, Neb-ber roos' too high fo' me;



Gib me roos - ter, hen or pul - let, The chick - en bird fo' mine.

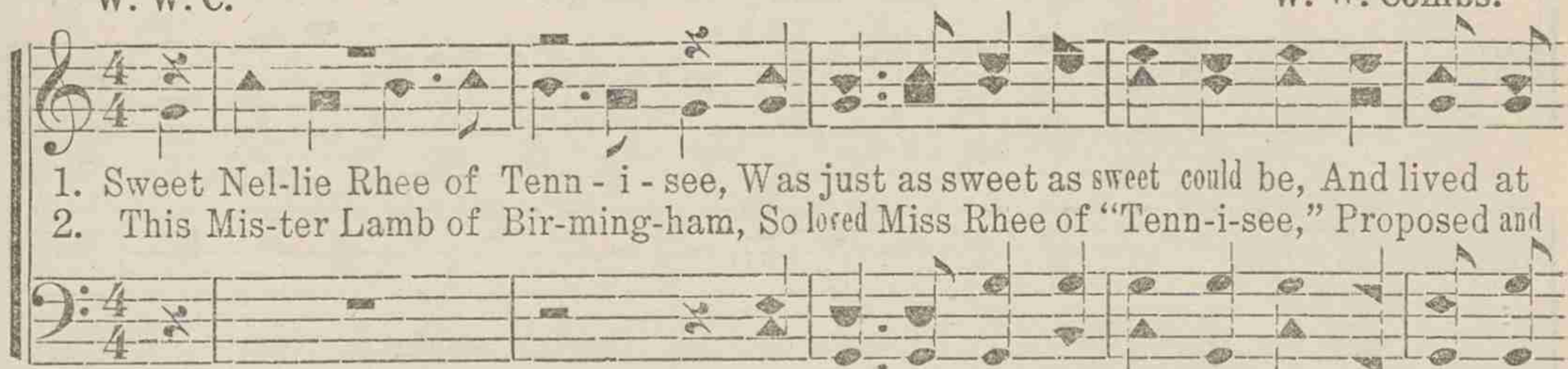
* Spoken by first bass.

No. 45.

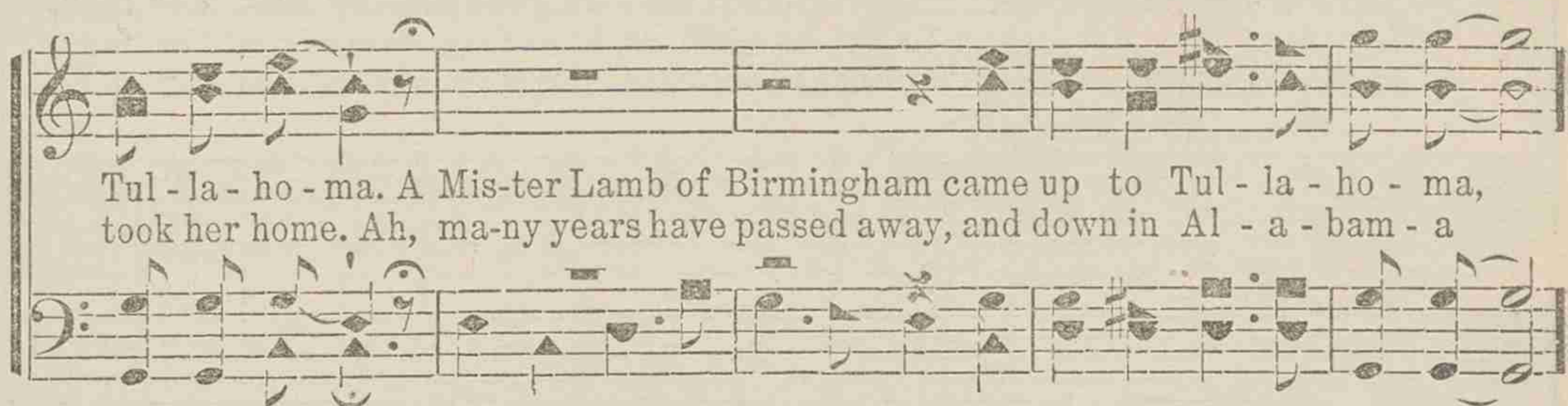
W. W. C.

NELLIE RHEE.

W. W. Combs.



1. Sweet Nel-lie Rhee of Tenn - i - see, Was just as sweet as sweet could be, And lived at
2. This Mis-ter Lamb of Bir-ming-ham, So loved Miss Rhee of "Tenn-i-see," Proposed and



Tul - la - ho - ma. A Mis-ter Lamb of Birmingham came up to Tul - la - ho - ma,
took her home. Ah, ma - ny years have passed away, and down in Al - a - bam - a



Miss Rhee met Lamb of Bir-ming-ham, And Lamb loved Rhee of Tenn - i - see.
There's just one Rhee from "Tenn-i-see," But lit - tle Lambs are TEN, I see.

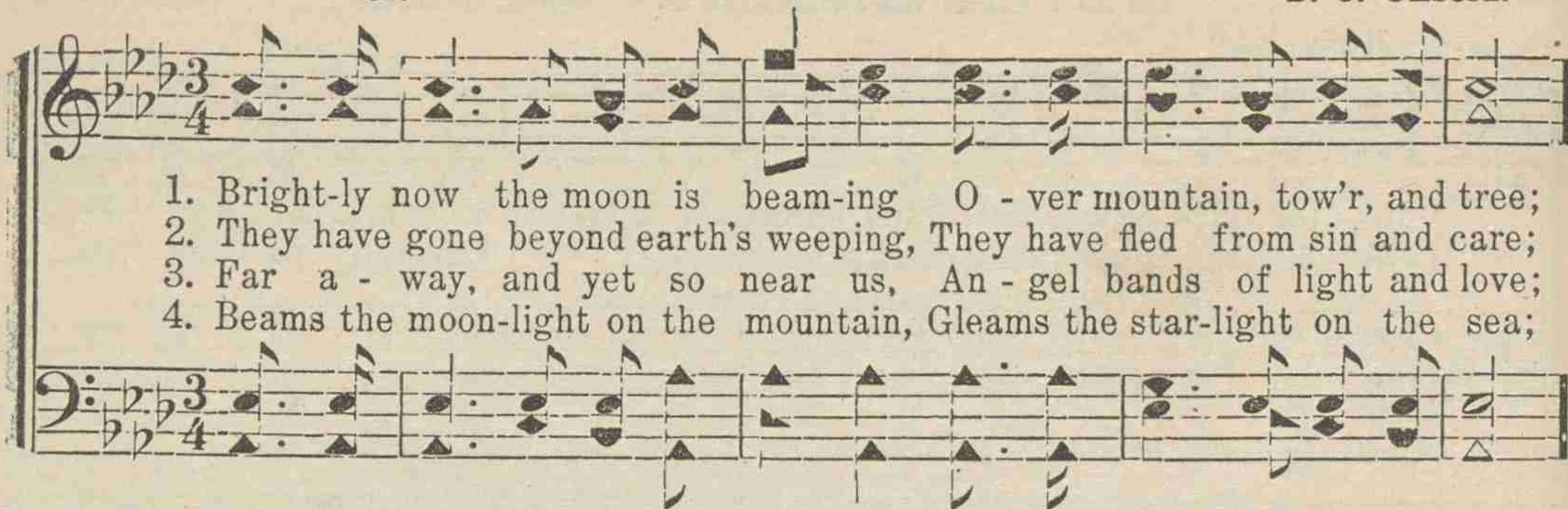
Property of W. W. Combs, 1921.

* Pause for second time only.

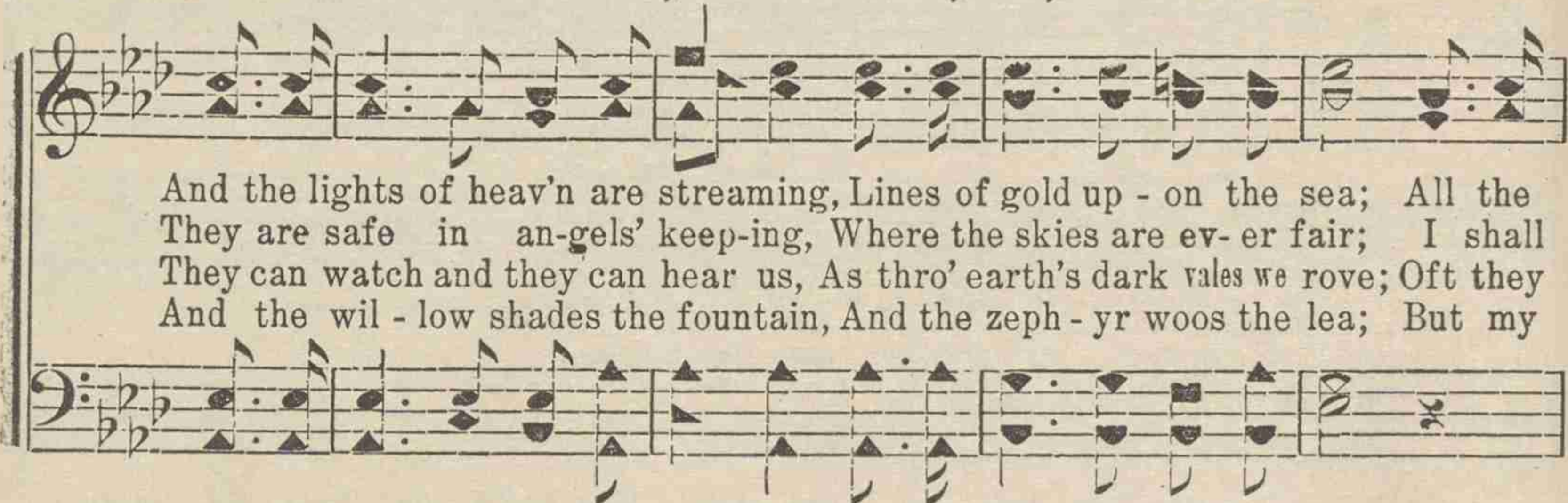
No. 46. BRIGHTLY NOW THE MOON IS BEAMING.

Aldine S. Kieffer.

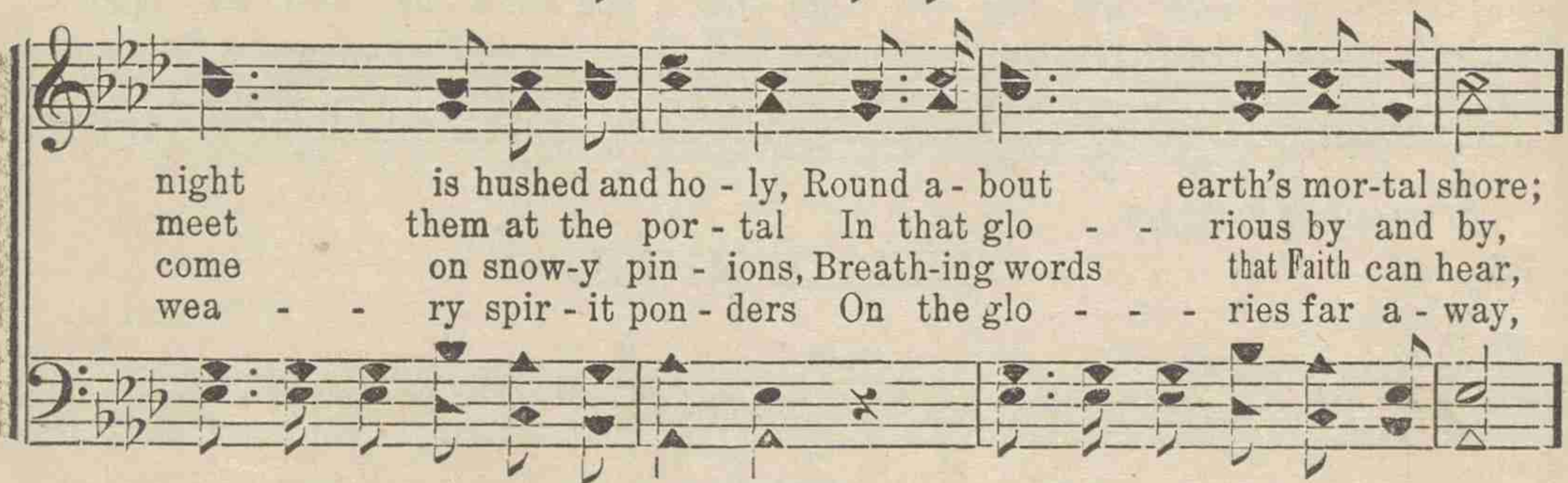
B. C. Unseld.



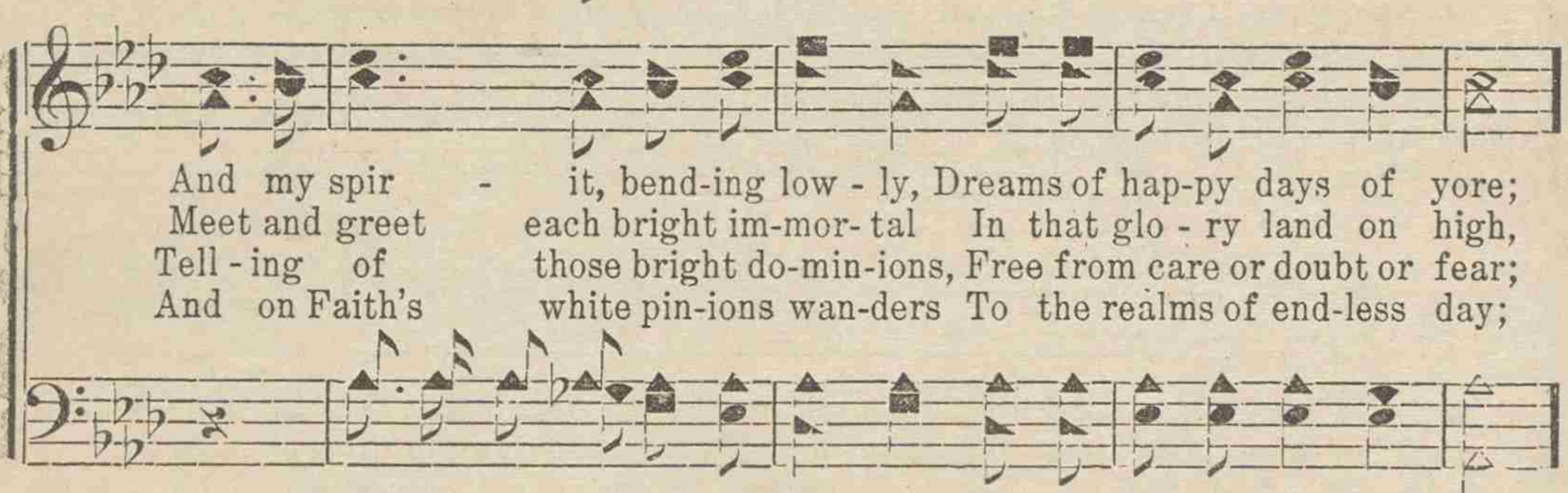
1. Bright-ly now the moon is beam-ing O - ver mountain, tow'r, and tree;
 2. They have gone beyond earth's weep-ing, They have fled from sin and care;
 3. Far a - way, and yet so near us, An - gel bands of light and love;
 4. Beams the moon-light on the mountain, Gleams the star-light on the sea;



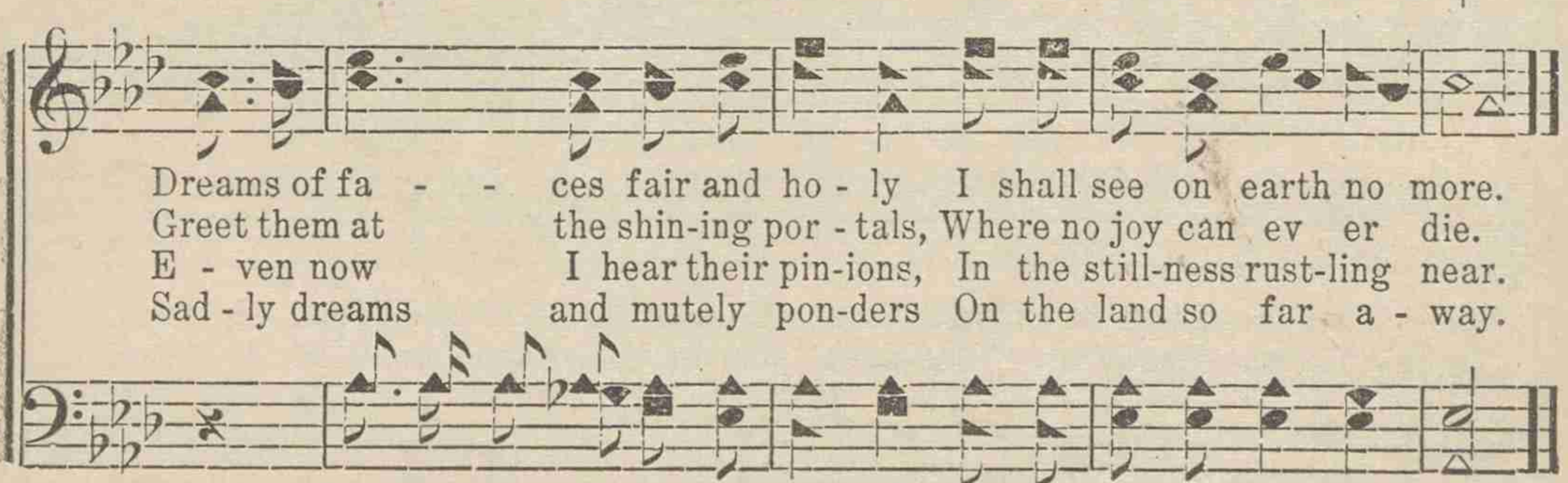
And the lights of heav'n are streaming, Lines of gold up - on the sea; All the
 They are safe in an-gels' keep-ing, Where the skies are ev-er fair; I shall
 They can watch and they can hear us, As thro' earth's dark vales we rove; Oft they
 And the wil - low shades the fountain, And the zeph - yr woos the lea; But my



night is hushed and ho - ly, Round a - bout earth's mor-tal shore;
 meet them at the por - tal In that glo - - rious by and by,
 come on snow-y pin - ions, Breath-ing words that Faith can hear,
 wea - - ry spir - it pon - ders On the glo - - - ries far a - way,



And my spir - it, bend-ing low - ly, Dreams of hap-py days of yore;
 Meet and greet each bright im-mor-tal In that glo - ry land on high,
 Tell - ing of those bright do-min-ions, Free from care or doubt or fear;
 And on Faith's white pin-ions wan-ders To the realms of end-less day;



Dreams of fa - - ces fair and ho - ly I shall see on earth no more.
 Greet them at the shin-ing por - tals, Where no joy can ev er die.
 E - ven now I hear their pin-ions, In the still-ness rust-ling near.
 Sad - ly dreams and mutely pon-ders On the land so far a - way.

DON'T YOU LOVE DADDY, TOO?

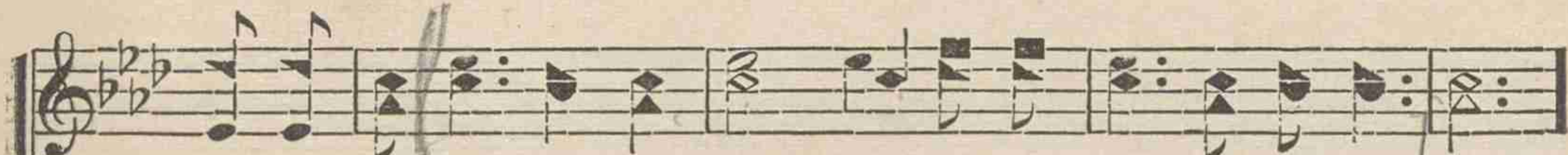
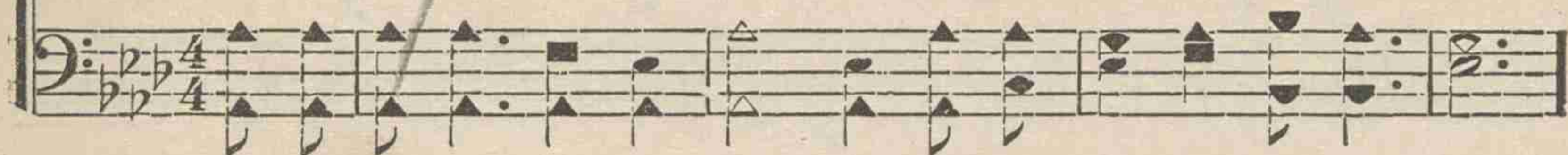
(Quartet or Chorus for Men's Voices.)

W. O. C.

W. Oliver Cooper.



1. Are you al-ways prais-ing moth-er? If you are 'tis good of you;
2. Moth-er's love to me is ho-ly, Ev-er pre-cious, warm and true;
3. Dad-dy's love is just as ho-ly, Just as warm and just as true
4. Dad-dy some-times rocked your cra-dle, And he al-ways worked for you;



But do you for-get your dad-dy, Do you ev-er praise him, too?
 And I nev-er will for-get her,—But I love my dad-dy, too?
 His old heart for love is plead-ing,—Don't you love your dad-dy, too?
 And he loves you, dear-ly loves you,—Don't you love your dad-dy, too?



REFRAIN.



O, dad-dy, dear old dad-dy, Kind-
 O, dad-dy, dear old dad-dy, dad-dy, dear old dad-dy,



heart-ed, brave and true; He loves you, dad-dy
 so true; He loves you, dad-dy loves you,



loves you, Don't you love your dad-dy, too?
 dad-dy tru-ly loves you, say, don't you love your daddy, daddy too?



No. 48.

A MARRIED MAN IN TROUBLE.

James Rowe.

Adger M. Pace.

1. Be-hold in me a married man, whose life is full of gloom, How sad,
 2. I walk the floor at mid-night with the child up-on my chest, How sad,
 3. I have to wash the dish-es, all the clothes and mop the floor, How sad,
 4. She says I'm just a mi-crobe, that a use - less thing am I, How sad,

oh, so sad! My ribs have lost their padding and my cheeks their ros-y bloom,
 oh, so sad! While darling lit - tle wife - y snores a-way in peace-ful rest,
 oh, so sad! While wife-y talks of suffrage with Mike Looney's wife next door,
 oh, so sad! To make things worse I love her and shall love her till I die,

FINE. REFRAIN.

How sad, oh, how sad! Your face has taught a les-son which we

D. S.—How sad, oh, how sad!

nev - er shall for - get, What troubles and what tri - als poor dear soul you

D. S.

must have met; Ah, yes, but there are troubles which I have not told you yet,

No. 49.

Canon.

SOFT THE EVENING FALLS.

Beethoven. Arr. by Adlai Loudy.

Soft the eve - ning falls; The bird of twi - light

Soft the eve - ning falls; The bird of twi - light calls Our
Soft the eve - ning

calls Our footsteps home;.... No longer roam, For soft the evening

footsteps home;.... No lon - ger roam, For soft the evening falls; The
falls; The bird of twilight calls Our footsteps home;.... No lon - ger

soft the evening falls; The bird of twilight calls Our footsteps home;..

falls; The bird of twi - light calls Our footsteps home;.... No lon -

bird of twi - light calls Our footsteps home;.... No lon - ger roam,
roam, For soft the evening falls; The bird of twilight calls

..... No lon - ger roam, For soft the evening falls; The bird of twi -

ger roam, For soft the evening roam, No lon - ger roam.

For soft the evening falls; The soft the evening falls; No lon - ger roam.
Our footsteps home;... No lon - ger footsteps home;.... No lon - ger roam.

light calls Our footsteps home;.. calls; No lon - ger roam.

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