

PRICE, - - 10 CENTS.

POPULAR SONGS AND BALLADS.

No. 1.

100 SONGS—WORDS AND MUSIC.

CONTENTS.

Angels are watching above.....
Angels will open the beautiful gates.....
At the ferry.....
Baubury cross.....
Bible I've always read is good enough for
me.....
Bird in hand.....
Black-eyed Binie's gone to rest.....
Blue Aspidon Mountains.....
Blue-eyed baby's gone to sleep.....
Bride bells.....
Brighter am do heb'nly glosies.....
Bringing pretty blossoms to strew on
mother's grave.....
Bring me a letter from home.....
Bring the absent back to me.....
Bye-and-bye you will forget me.....
Changed her mind.....
Come and meet me, Rosa, darling.....
Dar de ole sarpent was a crawlin'.....
Darling Daisy o' Dundee.....
Darling, I'll come again to thee.....
Dars one more ribber for to cross.....
Days that are gone seem the brightest.....
De beacon lamp am burning.....
De little cabins all am empty now.....
Do not leave me, Jamie, dear.....
Douglas.....
Down in the souf.....
Dreamy eyes are closed forever.....
Drunkard's dream.....
Finger-prints upon the pane.....
Fisherman's bride.....

Forgotten.....
Going from de cotton fields.....
Good-bye.....
I'm dying for some one to love me.....
I'm going home to Clo.....
I'm going to write to papa.....
I'm one of the ticklish kind.....
I've gwine to Alabama.....
I'll nebbor leave old Dixie land again.....
I cannot say good-bye.....
I guess you have all been there.....
In the gloaming.....
In the golden eventide.....
Is there no kiss for me to-night?
It is home where mother dwells.....
Jamie, are you coming?.....
Just one penny to buy bread.....
Keep your little heart for me.....
Let my name be kindly spoken.....
Little brother Joe.....
Little flower forget-me-not.....
Little mountain lad.....
Loved ones passed away.....
Meet me, darling, by the mill.....
Mother, tell me, where is Eva?
Mother's sigh.....
My bonnie Jeanie Lee.....
My heart to thee is singing.....
No, sir!
No word of welcome.....
Now or never.....
Oh! he's the lad for me.....
Only a dream of my mother.....

Orange blossoms.....
Our cot in Tennessee.....
Over the garden wall.....
Pass us not by.....
Patter of the shingle.....
Pickin' on a harp.....
Poor married man.....
Pretty little cottage in the meadow.....
Ring-a-don charmin' bells.....
Robin, they tell me you're going away.....
Rose leaves.....
Somebody.....
Some day.....
Some day I'll wander back again.....
Some one will miss me while I am away.....
Speak kindly to the old folks.....
Summer shower.....
Sweet days gone by.....
Take me back to home and mother.....
That won't keep a wife and baby.....
That young man across the way.....
Heart that is beating for thee.....
Lassie tha' lo'es me.....
There is no baby face in the cradle.....
The rosebuds are sweetest in May.....
Turnham toll.....
Under the roof-tree.....
Waiting in the rain.....
Warrior bold.....
Why did the angels take mama away?
Will I meet my angel mother?
Yes, sir!

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FOR THE PIANO-FORTE,

CONTAINING THE

MUSIC OF THE DANCE,

AND OTHER SELECTIONS, COMPRISING

MARCHES FOR WEDDINGS, PROMENADES AND SCHOOLS, ROUND AND SQUARE DANCES

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Plain Quadrilles, Fancy Quadrilles, Lancer Quadrilles, Schottisches, Gavottes, Hornpipe Danish Dance, Five-Step Waltz, Cotillions, Racquets, Waltzes, Varsovienne, Polka-Waltzes, Mazurkas, Redowas, Reels, etc. Also the "German," with Figures, and many other Fancy Dances.

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—CONTENTS.—

Always or Never Waltz.
A Toi (To Thee) Waltz.
Bella Bocca Polka.
Brightest Thought Schottische.
Bon-Ton Polka Quadrille.
Bridal March.
Boccaccio Racquet.
Basket Cotillon.
Circus Rentz Gavotte.
Cracovienne Dance.
Coquette Cotillon.
Courtsey Cotillon.
Cauliflower Cotillon.
Cachuca Dance.
Centennial Lancers.
Carnival Lancers.
Dreams of the Past March.
Danish Dance or Waltz.
Dip Waltz.
'twret Forget-me-not Gavotte.
st Love Redowa.
y Fountain Redowa.
of Joy Galop.
tep Waltz.
d Frolic Waltz.
of the Ball-room Quadrille.

Fishers' Hornpipe.
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Glide Waltz.
Golden Ringlet Waltz.
German (The).
Happy Hearts Mazurka.
Here We Go Galop.
Handsome Corporal Polka.
Heel and Toe Polka.
Highland Fling.
Jig Cotillon.
Kutschke (Heel and Toe) Polka.
Lincoln Medley Quadrille.
Marriage Bells March.
May-time Redowa.
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Minuet.
Message of Love Polka.
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To Thee Waltz.
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Torpedo and the Whale.
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Angels will Open the Beautiful Gates.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by JOHN T. RUTLEDGE.



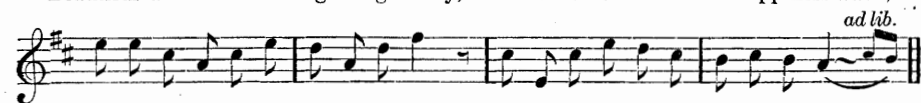
1. When from this earth and its sorrow I'm free, When all my troubles and trials are o'er,



There is a land that my heart longs to see, Beau-ti-ful home on the beautiful shore;

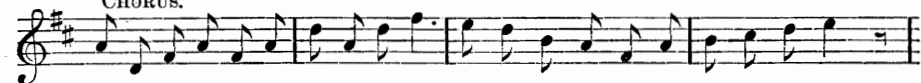


Beautiful land where the bright angels stay, Beautiful home where sweet happiness waits,



Soon shall I go to the bright land of day, Angels will o-pen the beau-ti-ful gates.

CHORUS.



Angels are singing their beautiful lays, Come to the sweet home where happiness waits,



Bright are the visions that welcome the gaze, Angels will open the beau-ti-ful gates.

2.

Every moment that passeth away,
Brings me the nearer to heaven and home;
Over the shadows that darken the day,
Shineth the sun from fair heaven's blue dome;
Do not be sighing my heart seems to say—
Over the river sweet happiness waits,
So when from earth I shall wander away,
Angels will open the beautiful gates.

3.

Gently life wanes and its thread groweth weak,
Over the river my barque soon will glide,
Then I shall go to the home I now seek,
Happiness here I have long been denied.
Earth has grown lonely to hearts like my own,
When there in heaven sweet happiness waits,
Then let me stray to that beautiful throne,
Angels will open the beautiful gates.

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This Complete Song to be had of any music dealer, or will be mailed, Post-paid, on receipt of 40 cts.

Angels are Watching Above.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by GEO. M. VICKERS.

Andante.

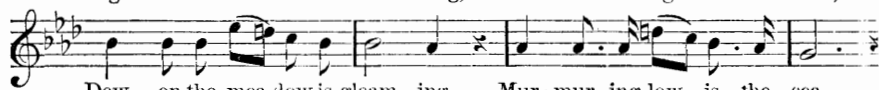
Music by ADAM GEIBL



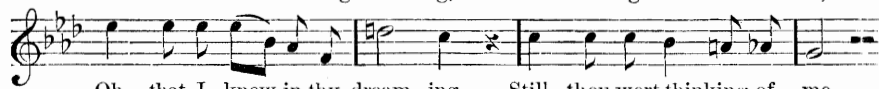
1. An-gels will guard thee till morning, Sleep thou, my beau-ti - ful queen;



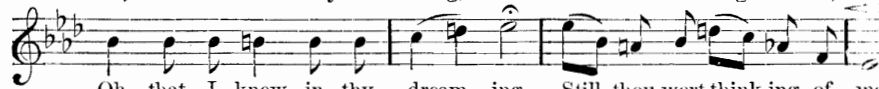
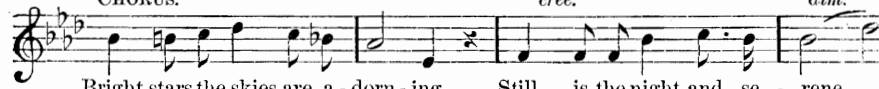
Bright stars the skies are a - dorn - ing, Still is the night and se - rene;



Dew on the mea-dow is gleam - ing, Mur-mur-ing low is the sea,



Oh, that I know in thy dream - ing, Still thou wert thinking of me,

Oh, that I knew in thy dream - ing, Still thou wert think-ing of me
CHORUS. *cres.* *dim.*Bright stars the skies are a - dorn - ing, Still is the night and se - rene,
cres. *dim.* *cres.* *dim.* *pp*

An - gels will guard thee till morn - ing, Sleep thou, my beautiful queen.

2.

Swiftly the moments are speeding,
Soon must I hie me away,
Yet is my heart fondly pleading,
Bidding me near thee to stay.
Day o'er the mountain is breaking,
Sad is my lonely good-bye,
Joy be thine, sleeping or waking,
Angels are hovering nigh,
Joy be thine, sleeping or waking,
Angels are hovering nigh.

3.

Wilt thou forget, when I'm roamin'
Far o'er the deep rolling tide,
Vows that were made in the gloamin'
When I knelt low at thy side?
Ah, no, I'll trust thee as ever,
Sweet be thy slumber, my love,
E'en tho' for long years we sever,
Angels are watching above,
E'en tho' for long years we sever,
Angels are watching above.

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At the Ferry.

SONG.

Words by F. E. WEATHERLY.

Music by MILTON WELLINGS.

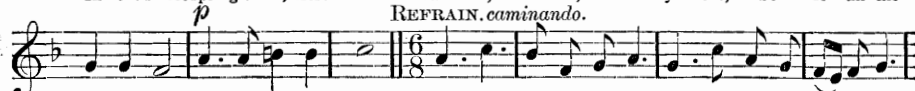
Moderato.



I can hear them o'er the meadows, The old church-bells achime, O'er the twi-light mis-ty mea-dows,



In the sweetspring-time; Across the stream we float, In the old, old fer-ry - boat, And talk of all the



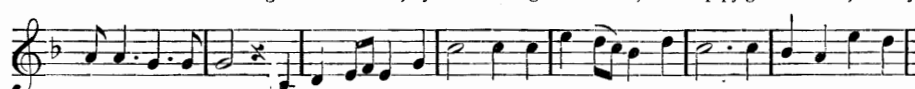
days to come, In the sweet spring-time. Row! row! un-der the stars, flow, stream, by thy sandy bars!



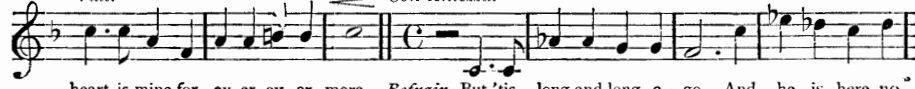
Row! row! from shore to shore, Love will last, love will last, Love will last for - ev - er - more.



We are drift-ing down the stream, By the darkening willow shore, In a hap-py golden dream, And my



lov-er rows no more; We lets the old boat glide, He is sit-ting at my side, And say-ing that his



heart is mine for ev-er, ev-er - more.—*Refrain.* But 'tis long and long a - go, And he is here no



more; I do but sit and dream and dream Be - side the qui - et shore; The old boat still floats



on, As in the years a - gone, And thy words are in my heart, my love, for ev-er, ev-er - more.—*Refrain.*

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SUNG BY LEADING MINSTRELS.

Banbury Cross.

SONG.

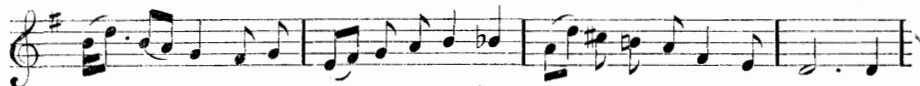
Words by EDWARD OXENFORD.

Music by MILTON WELLINGS.

Allegretto.



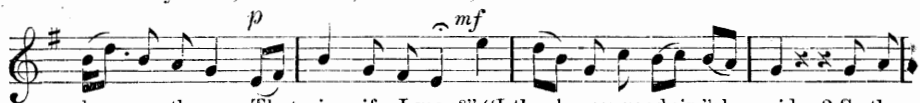
1. "O, pray tell me the road to Banbu-ry Cross, To Banbury Cross," said she, "For I've
3. The churchbells are ringing at Banbu-ry Cross, All Ban- bu- ry Cross is gay! And a-



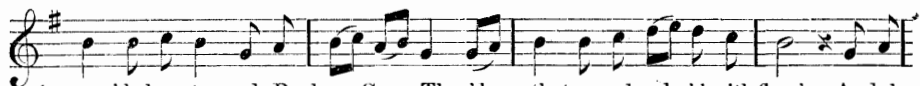
miss'd my way, and am quite at a loss, They'll wonder what's happen'd to me." "O,
far and anear there rings man-y a cheer For those to be married to - day!" "At



Ban - bu- ry Cross, pretty maid-en," he said, "Is man-y a mile a - head: But I'll
Ban - bu- ry Cross, lit-tle wife," said he, "We'll live when we are wed!" "And for



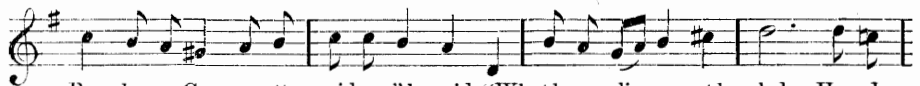
show you the way, That is, if I may?" "I thank you, good sir," she said. 2. So they
ev - er and aye I shall bless the day We met on the way!" she said.



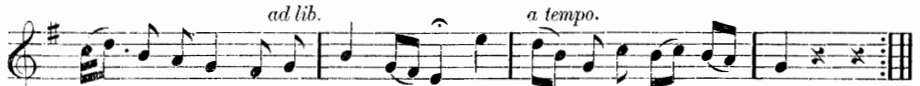
journey'd along towards Banbury Cross, Thro' lanes that were border'd with flow'rs; And she



coy - ly spoke of the ferns and moss She cull'd in the bright summer hours. "At



Ban - bu- ry Cross, pretty maid-en," he said, "What happy lives must be led; How I



wish, yes I do, That I liv'd there too!" "And why not, good sir?" she said.

This Complete Song to be had of any music dealer, or will be mailed, Post-paid, on receipt of 35 cts.

SUNG BY LEADING MINSTRELS.

The Bible I've Always Read is Good Enough for me.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Moderato.

Words and Music by THOS. P. WESTENDORF.



1. If that's the new e - di - tion, dear, don't read ano-th-er line, I'd rath-er hear the word of God from
2. 'Twas from its ho - ly pag - es, dear, my mother learn'd to pray, And I in turn your mother taught with
3. 'Twas from this good old bi - ble, dear, your grandpa's lips have read, He clasped it closely to his breast when



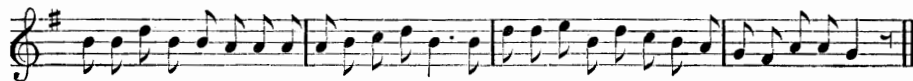
this old book of mine; It may be too old - fash-ioned for the col - lege folks to read, But
ba - by lips to say That blessed prayer the Sav - iour left, with which I al - ways bow, But
on his dy - ing bed, And when this poor old heart with grief was strick-en to the core, When



for my sim - ple sort of mind it's just the book I need; The wise men who have labored hard it's
e - ven that, they've had to change, I scarce-ly know it now; I'm not as learn'd as some folks are and
death came in and bore his form for ev - er from that door; I open'd to this precious place and oh,

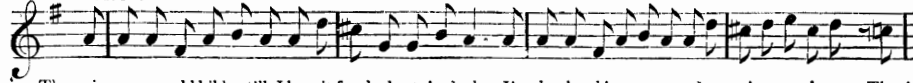


lan - guage to im - prove Have not made plain-er to my heart the bless - ed Sav - iour's love, So
may be I am wrong, I thought the name of Sa - tan's home was not a bit too strong, But
of the words seem-ed best, "Come, weary heav - y la - den and I will give you rest," I



lay it high up-on the shelf and there just let it be; The bi - ble that I've always read is good enough for me.
then I guess he's still around and that he slyly came In - to the mighty wise men's hearts and put a softer name.
trusted in that promise then and found that it was true, And ever since, when sorrow came, it's always help'd me thro'.

CHORUS.



Then give me my old bible still, I love it far the best, And when I'm dead and in my grave I want it on my breast; Thro'



life it's been my comforter, in death it still shall be, The bi - ble that I've always read is good enough for me.

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SUNG BY LEADING MINSTRELS.

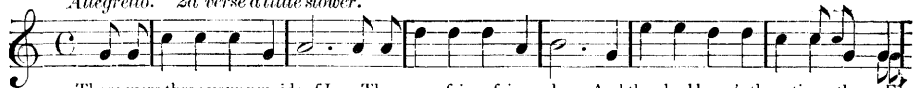
"A Bird in Hand."

SONG.

Words by FRED. E. WEATHERLY.

Allegretto. 2d verse a little slower.

Music by JOSEPH L. ROECKEL.



1. There were three young maids of Lee, They were fair as fair can be, And they had lover's three times three, For
2. There are three old maids at Lee, They are old as old can be, And one is deaf, and one cannot see, And they

rall. clagamente.

a little slower.



they were fair as fair can be, These three young maids of Lee. But these young maids they cannot find A
all are cross as a gal-lows tree, These three old maids of Lee. Now if any one chanc'd, 'tis a chance remote, One
cres.



lover each to suit her mind; The plain spoke lad is far too rough, The rich young lord is not rich enough, And
sin-gle charm in these maids to note, He need not a poet nor handsome be, For one is deaf, and one cannot see; For
Tempo primo.



one is too poor, and one too tall, And one just an inch too short for them all. "Others pick and choose, and why not we? We
need not woo on his bended knee, For they all are willing as willing can be. He may take the one, or the two, or the three.
[If he'll]

rall.

1st verse a tempo.



ve - ry well wait," said the maids of Lee. There were three young maids of Lee, They were fair as fair can
on - ly take them a-way from Lee.

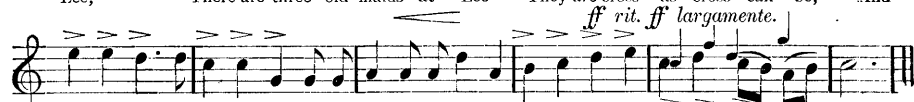


be, And they had lov-ers three times three, For they were fair as fair can be, These three young maids of

2d verse tempo primo.



Lee, There are three old maids at Lee They are cross as cross can be, And



there they are, and therethy'll be, To the end of the chapter, one, two, three, These three old maids of Lee!

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SUNG BY LEADING MINSTRELS.

Black Eyed Binie's Gone to Rest.

SONG AND CHORUS.

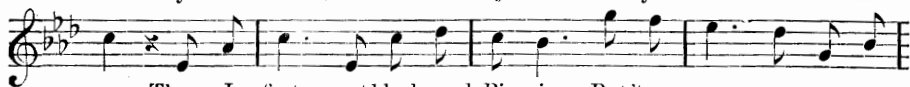
Words by SAMUEL N. MITCHELL.

Music by WILLIAM A. HUNTLEY.

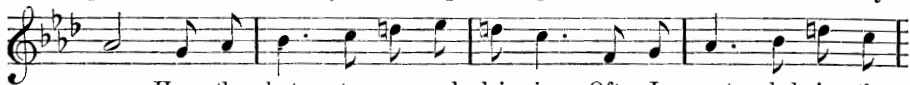
With feeling.



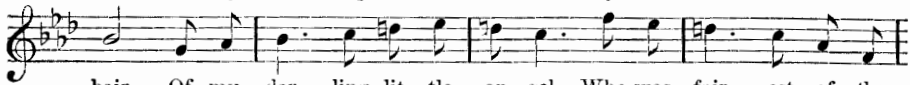
1. Near a bab - bling lit - tle brook-let, Where the Vi - olets used to
2. Oft we watched the lit - tle fish - es As they glid - ed down the
3. Black eyed Bi - nie, I will meet you When my time comes to de -



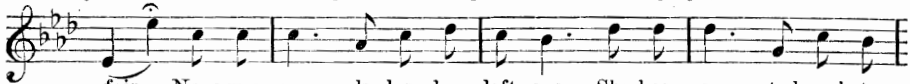
grow, There I first met black eyed Bi - nie, But 'twas man - y years a -
stream, How their ti - ny scales did spar - kle In the sun - shine's brightest
part, And till then your lov - ing im - age, Shall be cher - ish'd in my



go. Here the but - ter-cups and dai - sies, Oft I nest - led in the
gleam. But those hap - py days are o - ver, Black eyed Bi - nie's gone to
heart. Without you, dar - ling, life's a bur - den, Days are months, and months are



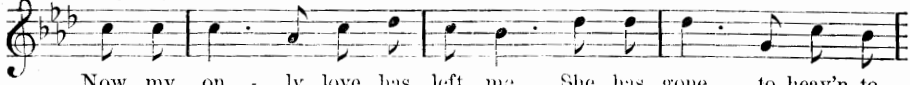
hair Of my dar - ling lit - tle an - gel, Who was fair - est of the
sleep, She has left to join the an - gels Leav - ing me a - lone to
years; Grief has su - per ced - ed pleas - ure, All my joys have turn'd to



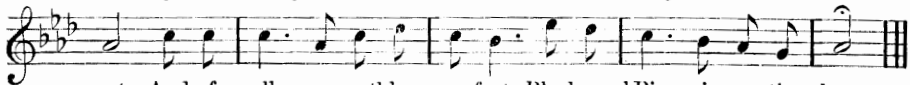
fair. Now my on - ly love has left me, She has gone to heav'n to
weep. Now my, etc.
tears. Now my, etc.



rest; And of all my earthly comforts, Black eyed Bi - nie was the best.
CHORUS.



Now my on - ly love has left me, She has gone to heav'n to



rest; And of all my earthly comforts, Black eyed Bi - nie was the best.

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The Blue Alsatian Mountains.

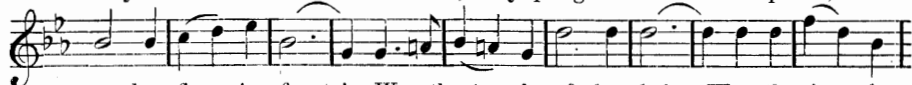
Words by CLARIBEL.

SONG AND CHORUS.

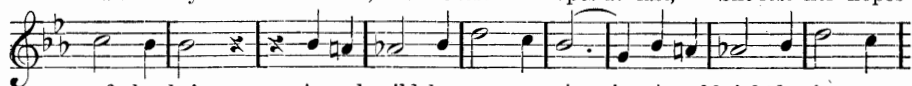
Music by STEPHEN ADAMS.

Moderato.

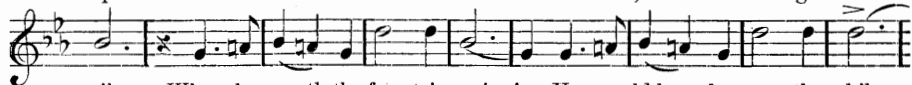
1. By the blue Al - sa - tian mount - ains, Dwelt a maiden young and fair, Like the
2. By the blue Al - sa - tian mount - ains, Came a stranger in the spring, And he
3. By the blue Al - sa - tian mountains, Many spring-times bloom'd and pass'd, And the



care-less flow - ing fountains Were the rip - ples of her hair, Were the rip - ples
lin-gered by the fountains Just to hear the maid-en sing, Just to hear the
maid-en by the fountains, Saw she lost her hopes at last, She lost her hopes



of her hair. An-ge-l-mild her eyes so win - ning, An-ge-l-bright her hap-py
maid - en sing. Just to whis - per in the moonlight, Words the sweetest she had
hopes at last. And she with-er'd like a flow - er, That is wait - ing for the



smile, When be - neath the fountains spinning, You could hear her song the while.
known, Just to charm a - way the hours, Till her heart was all his own.
rain, She will nev - er see the stran - ger, Where the fountains fall a - gain.

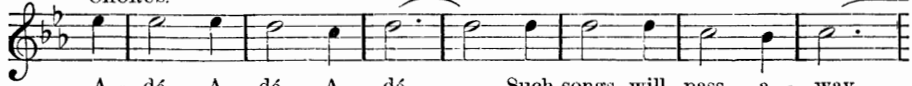


A - dé,	A - dé,	A - dé,	Such songs will pass a - way.
A - dé,	A - dé,	A - dé,	Such dreams will pass a - way.
A - dé,	A - dé,	A - dé,	The years have pass'd a - way.

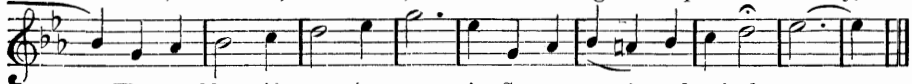


Tho' the blue Al - sa - tian mountains Seem to watch and wait al - way.
But the blue Al - sa - tian mountains Seem to watch and wait al - way.
But the blue Al - sa - tian mountains Seem to watch and wait al - way.

CHORUS.



A - dé, A - dé, A - dé, Such songs will pass a - way,



Tho' the blue Al - sa - tian moun-tains Seem to watch and wait al - way.

This Complete Song to be had of any music dealer, or will be mailed, Post-paid, on receipt of 40 cts.

SUNG BY LEADING MINSTRELS.

Blue-Eyed Baby's gone to Sleep.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by FRANK DUMONT.

Music by W. S. MULLALY.

Andante.



1. Blue - eyed ba - by's gone to sleep In her cra - dle soft and deep,
2. Blue - eyed ba - by's gone to sleep, And the shad - ows 'round us creep,



Mam - ma watches, sit - ting near; Slum - ber ba - by, do not fear,
Mam - ma's weeping, sit - ting near; Hush'd the voice we loved to hear.

a tempo.



Nought can harm you, night or day, An - gels lis - ten when you pray, And
Lit - tle feet no more will roam, Gone the sun - light in our home. We



ev - er near your cra - dle keep, Un - til your eyes are closed in sleep; And
kiss her, call her, all in vain, Our dar - ling ne'er will wake a - gain, We



ev - er near your cra - dle keep, Un - til your eyes are closed in sleep.
kiss her, call her, all in vain, Our dar - ling ne'er will wake a - gain.

CHORUS.



Blue-eyed ba - by's gone to sleep, Near her cra - dle mam - ma weeps;



Kiss her, call her, all in vain; Ba - by ne'er shall wake a - gain.

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Bride Bells.

SONG.

Music by JOSEPH L. ROECKEL.

Allegretto.

Allegretto.

Maid El - sie roams by lane and lea, Her heart beats low and sad, Her tho'ts are far away at sea, With her bon-nie sail - or lad, With her bonnie sail - or lad. But Kling, lang, ling, She seems to hear her bride bells ring, Kling, lang, ling, Kling, lang, ling, She seems to hear her bride bells ring, her bride bells ring! That

Piu lento.

night her lov-er's good ship rode The fur-ious Bis - cay foam, And as the streaming deck he trod, He

espressivo. molto rit. dim. p Tempo Io.

hought of her at home, He thought of her at home; While Kling, lang, ling, He seem'd to hear his

pp

home bells ring! Kling, lang, ling, Kling, lang, ling, He seem'd to hear his home bells ring, his home bells

Un primo.

ring! A year by seas, A year by lands, A year since then has died, And Elsie at the al-tar stands, He

f Joyously.

sail - or at her side, her sail - or at her side! While Kling, lang, ling, Their bonnie bride bells gaily ring!

pp f ff

Kling, lang, ling, Kling, lang, ling, Their bonnie bride bells gaily ring! Their bride bells gaily ring!

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Brighter am de Heb'nly Glories.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by THOMAS P. WESTENDORF.

1. How lub - ly am de set - tin' sun, Brighter am de heb'n - ly glo - ries, De
gold - en light keep shin - in' on, Brighter am de heb'n - ly glo - ries, De
clouds like chari - ots made ob fire, Brighter am de heb'n - ly glo - ries, Dey's
swing - in' low and swing - in' higher, Brighter am de heb'n - ly glo - ries.

CHORUS.

All de ole earth's beauty am gwine to fade a - way, Den chil - 'en don't you
tar - ry, oh, chil - 'en don't de - lay, Dar'll come a bless - ed morn - in', 'twill
come to you and me, For brighter am de heb'nly glories, and we'll be dar to see.

2.

De hills am clothed in livin' green,
Brighter am de heb'nly glories,
De valleys smilin' in between,
Brighter am de heb'nly glories,
De ribber sparkle in de light,
Brighter am de heb'nly glories,
De little stars dey shine at night,
Brighter am de heb'nly glories.

3.

De trees and flowers dey is fine,
Brighter am de heb'nly glories,
De gold and silver how dey shine,
Brighter am de heb'nly glories,
De butterfly hab gorgeous wings,
Brighter am de heb'nly glories,
But oh, dese all am worldly things,
Brighter am de heb'nly glories.

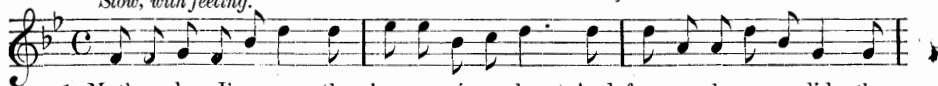
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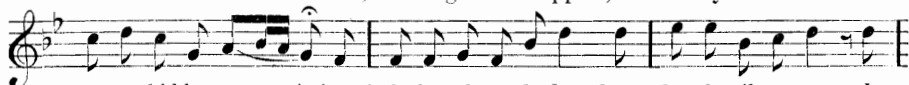
Bringing Pretty Blossoms to Strew on Mother's Grave.

SONG AND CHORUS.

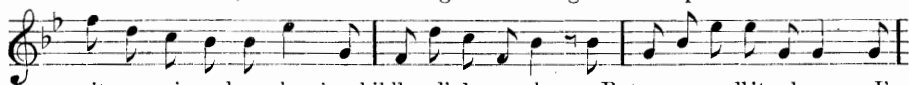
Words and Music by THOMAS P. WESTENDORF.

Slow, with feeling.

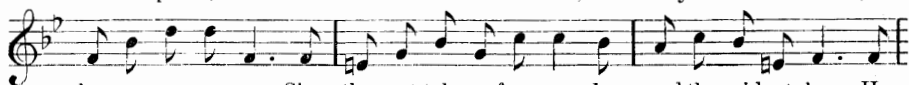
1. Moth-er, dear, I'm weary, there's sorrow in my heart, And from my heavy eyelids the
2. Soon these flow'rs will wither, their fragrance disappear, But still my heart will cherish a



tears unbidden start, As 'neath the hawthorn shadow, down by the silver stream, I
love for mother dear; And when the coming seasons bring back their precious bloom, Should



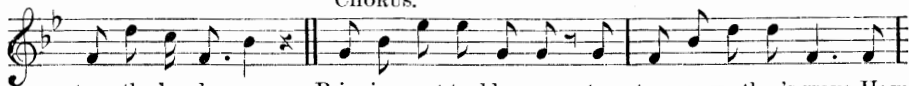
sit a - gain and ponder o'er childhood's happy dream; But gone are all its pleasures, I'm
I be spared, I'll scatter fresh blossoms on her tomb; The dai-sy from the meadow, the



hap-py now no more, Since thou art tak - en from me be - yond the si - lent shore; How
sweet wild mountain rose, The modest lit - tle pan - sy that in the woodland grows, I'll



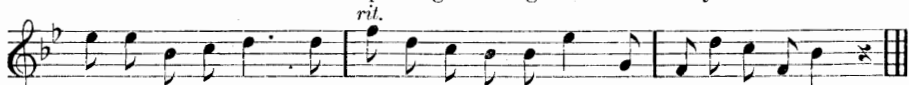
well do I re-mem-ber the parting kiss you gave, As now with brightest flowers I
bring in all their beauty, and oh, what joy 'twill be, To know that up in heaven my
CHORUS.



strew thy lonely grave. Bringing pret-ty blossoms to strew on mother's grave, How
moth-er watches me.



well do I re-mem-ber the part-ing kiss she gave; But while my heart with sorrow is



throbbing, oh, so wild, I know her an - gel spir - it is watching o'er her child.

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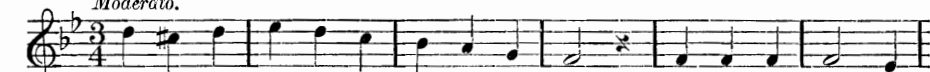
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Bring me a Letter from Home.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by GEO. M. VICKERS.

Music by ADAM GEIBEL.

Moderato.

1. Bring me a let - ter, O, beau - ti - ful bird, One that is long and
 2. Bring me a let - ter from those that I love, Swift o'er the moun - tains
 3. Must I then go on my wea - ri - some way, Is there no word for



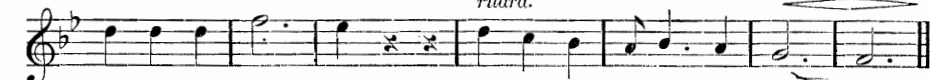
sweet, Tell - ing me fond things that oft I have heard;
 fly, Come ere the sun that is beam - ing a - bove
 me? Oh, how I long for a mes - sage to - day,

espress.

Come, on thy wings so fleet. Sad is my poor heart and
 Sinks in the west - ern sky. Scenes that are fair give no
 Moth - er, one line from thee. Beau - ti - ful bird come re -



lone - ly, Far from my dear ones I roam, This do I
 pleas - ure, Wilt thou not kind - ly then come, Oh, how this
 lieve me, Speed on thy way o'er the foam, Do not, I

ritard.

sigh for, this on - ly— One lov - ing let - ter from home.
 sad heart would treas - ure, One lov - ing let - ter from home.
 pray thee, de - ceive me, Bring me a let - ter from home.

CHORUS.



Bring me a let - ter, O, beau - ti - ful bird, One that is long and sweet.



Tell - ing me fond things that oft I have heard; Come, on thy wings so fleet.

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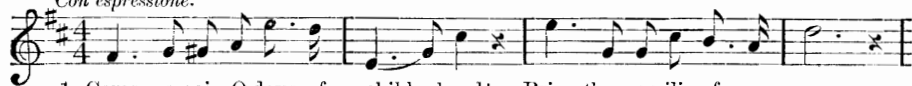
Bring the Absent Back to Me.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Written by SAMUEL N. MITCHELL.

Music by WILLIAM A. HUNTLEY.

Con espressione.



1. Come a-gain, O days of child-hood! Bring those smiling fa-ces near,



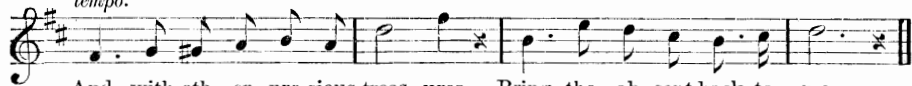
That were ev-er bright and hap-py, Al-ways full of hope and cheer.

f animato.



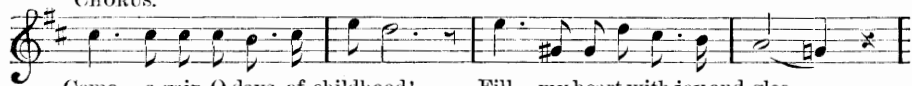
Come a-gain in all your beau-ty, Fill my heart with joy and glee.

tempo.



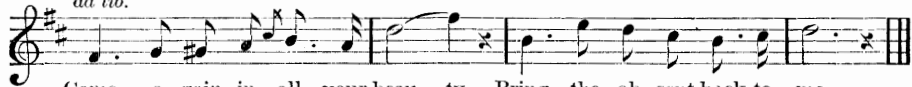
And with oth-er pre-cious treas-ures, Bring the ab-sent back to me.

CHORUS.



Come a-gain, O days of childhood! Fill my heart with joy and glee,

ad lib.



Come a-gain in all your beau-ty, Bring the ab-sent back to me.

2.

Come again, ye feather'd songsters!
Sing your cheerful morning lays,
That so merry made the woodland,
In those pleasant youthful days.
Come again in gayest plumage,
Flit about from tree to tree,
And with other fond companions,
Bring the absent back to me.

3.

Come again, O summer breezes!
Waft your sweetness as of old,
And on wings of fairy lightness,
Bear the loving tales we told.
Come again, adorn the meadow,
Dance along the vale and lea,
And with other cherished pleasures,
Bring the absent back to me.

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Bye and Bye You will Forget Me.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

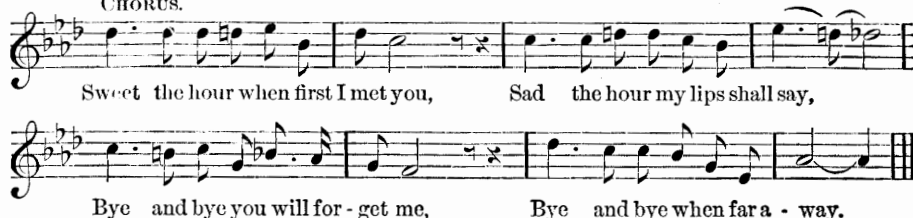
Music by WILLIAM A. HUNTLEY.

Andante.



1. Bye and bye you will forget me, When my face is far from thee,
And the day when first you met me, On - ly lives in mem - o - ry.
For 'mid oth - er scenes and pleas - ures, Near - er joys thy heart shall sway,
And my love like childish measures, Will be toss'd and thrown away.

CHORUS.



Sweet the hour when first I met you, Sad the hour my lips shall say,
Bye and bye you will for - get me, Bye and bye when far a - way.

2.

Bye and bye you will forget me,
When our dream of love is o'er,
And the voice that use to pet me,
At my side is heard no more.
Lonely then, I'll sit and ponder,
And my quiv'ring lips shall say,
Bye and bye you will forget me,
Bye and bye when far away.

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SUNG BY LEADING MINSTRELS.

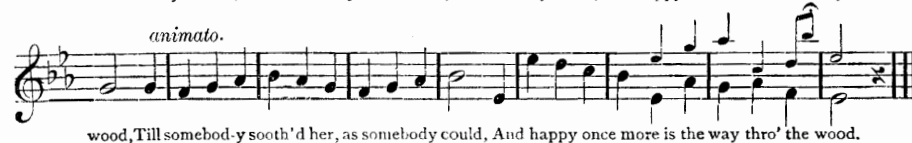
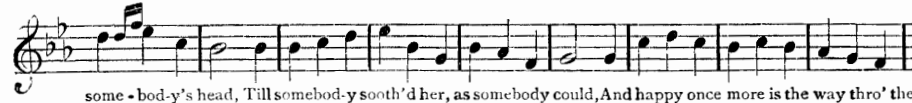
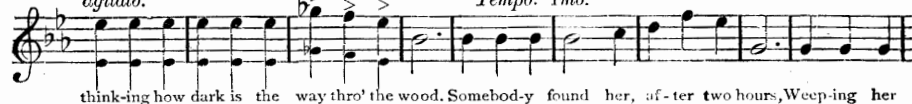
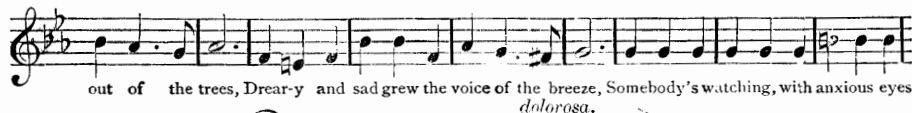
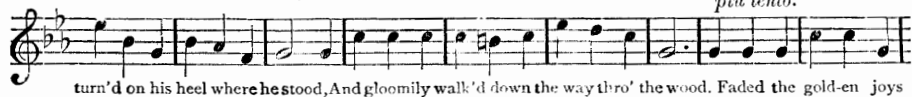
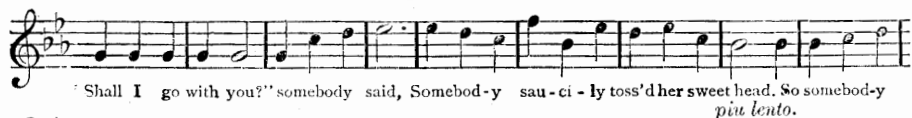
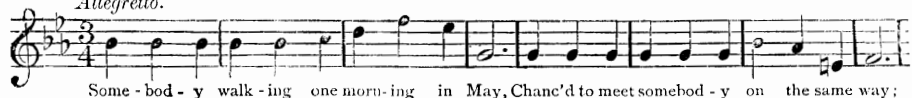
Changed Her Mind.

WALTZ SONG.

Words by F. E. WEATHERLY.

Allegretto.

Music by A. H. ROSEWIG.



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This Complete Song to be had of any music dealer, or will be mailed, Post-paid, on receipt of 50 cts.

Come and Meet me, Rosa Darling.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Written by SAMUEL N. MITCHELL.

Composed by WILLIAM A. HUNTLEY.

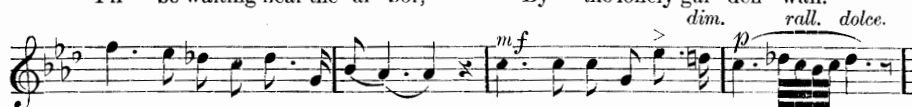
p *Moderato con espress.*



1. Come and meet me, Ro-sa dar-ling, When the evening shadows fall,



I'll be waiting near the ar-bor, By the lonely gar-den wall.



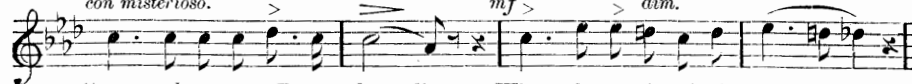
Come when moonlight softly glimmers Through the tops of yonder trees,



And the valley's fragrance mingles With the gentle eve-ning breeze.

CHORUS.

con misterioso.



Come and meet me, Ro-sa dar-ling, When the evening shadows fall,



I'll be waiting near the ar-bor, By the lonely gar-den wall.

2.

There I'll tell you, Rosa darling,
While the merry crickets sing,
How I fondly love you, dearest,
And the joy your glances bring;
There I'll offer tender kisses
To those lips of rosy hue,
While the purest love-light sparkles
In your hazel eyes so true.

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Dar de ole Sarpent was a Crawl-in',

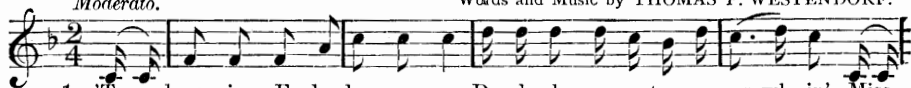
OR

THE STORY OF THE APPLE.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Moderato.

Words and Music by THOMAS P. WESTENDORF.



1. 'Twas down in E-den long a - go, Dar de ole sarpent was a crawl - in', Miss
2. When he saw who 'twas he cracked a smile, Dar de ole sarpent was a crawl - in', And he
3. Now Eve she saw him a lookin' at her, Dar de ole sarpent was a crawl - in', And she
4. He looked kind a hurt when she said dat, Dar de ole sarpent was a crawl - in', And



Eve come a walk - ing 'long so slow, Dar de ole sar - pent was a crawl - in'.
 said to his self dats just my style, Dar de ole sar - pent was a crawl - in'.
 said "I guess you better mind your business sir," Dar de ole sar - pent was a crawl - in'.
 he lift - ed up his shiny beaver hat, Dar de ole sar - pent was a crawl - in'.
 CHORUS.



Oh, sinners! hear me now, Dar de ole sar-pent was a crawl - in', I tell you,



Oh, sin-ners! hear me now, Dar de ole sar-pent was a crawl - in'.

5. Miss Eve she stopped and hemmed and hawed,
 Dar de ole sarpent was a crawl-in',
 And de corner of her palm-leaf fan she chawed,
 Dar de ole sarpent was a crawl-in'.
6. He knocked de apple off de tree,
 Dar de ole sarpent was a crawl-in',
 And he said "wont you please eat dat for me?"
 Dar de ole sarpent was a crawl-in'.
7. Now Eve she knowed dat it wa'n't right,
 Dar de ole sarpent was a crawl-in',
 But she opened her mouf and took a bite,
 Dar de ole sarpent was a crawl-in'.
8. Dars war de very fist sin begun,
 Dar de ole sarpent was a crawl-in'
 And it never would a happened if Eve had been a man,
 Dar de ole sarpent was a crawl-in'.

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"Darling Daisey O'Dundee"

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

Music by THOMAS P. WESTENDORF.

Moderato.

1. Did you see a witch-ing las-sie, With a blue and roug-ish eye,
 Trip-ping o'er the moor, so grass-y, • Light-ly as the swal-lows fly?
 Heard ye not her sweet voice ring-ing From a heart so light and free,
 And the birds in an-swer sing-ing, Dar-ling Dai-sey O' Dun-dee?

CHORUS.

Lit-tle Dais-ey, dar-ling Dais-ey, Las-sie sweet as sweet can be,
 Jew-el rar-est, flow'-ret fair-est, Dar-ling Dais-ey O' Dun-dee.

2.

Did you see her dimpled fingers,
 And her wealth of silken hair,
 Where the gleam of sunlight lingers
 In the glossy ringlets there?
 There are many pretty faces
 From the mountain to the sea,
 But the queen of all the graces,
 Darling Daisey O'Dundee.

3.

Did you see the love-light glowing
 In her eyes like dawn of day,
 And her cheeks so brightly showing
 Blushing roses of the May?
 Tho' she's but a wildwood fairy,
 She is loving as can be,
 And a dozen lads would marry,
 Darling Daisey O'Dundee.

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SUNG BY LEADING MINSTRELS.

Darling, I'll Come Again to Thee.

WALTZ SONG.

Words and Music by THOMAS P. WESTENDORF.

1. When dai - sies deck the mea - dow fair, And the rob - ins
2. Tho' oth - er smiles may on me beam, None are sweet as
sing, thine, When ap - ple blos - soms scent the air,
Tho' oth - er fa - ces fair er seem,
And we know 'tis spring. We'll wan - der a - gain 'mid
To all eyes but mine; Yet, still will I hope for
bloom - ing flow'rs, A - far down the sha - dy dell, While
that bright day When I shall be near to thee— My
swift - ly will glide the hap - py hours, Our sweet tales of love we'll
own lit - tle sweet - heart far a - way, For you are so dear to
tell me. Oh, dar - ling, I'll come a - gain to thee,
And we nev - er more will part; Oh, then be true, be
true to me, Thou'rt the i - dol of my heart.

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Dar's one more Ribber for to Cross.

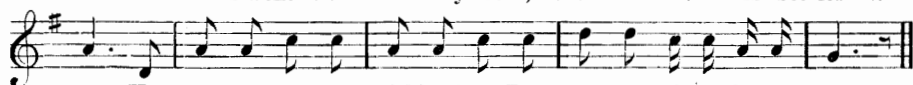
THE GREAT JUBILEE SONG.

Words by JAMES HOSEY.

Music by THOMAS P. WESTENDORF.

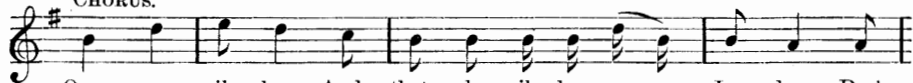


1. Ole No - ah, once he built de ark, Dar's one more rib - ber for to
2. He went to work to load his stock, Dar's one more rib - ber for to
3. De ani - mals went in one by one, Dar's one more rib - ber for to
4. De ani - mals went in two by two, Dar's one more rib - ber for to
5. De ani - mals went in three by three, Dar's one more rib - ber for to
6. De ani - mals went in four by four, Dar's one more rib - ber for to



cross; He patched it up wid hick'ry bark, Dar's one more ribber for to cross.
 cross; He anchored de ark wid a great big rock, Dar's one more ribber for to cross.
 cross; De 'elephant chewin' a caraway bun, Dar's one more ribber for to cross.
 cross; De rhinosceras and de kan - ga - roo, Dar's one more ribber for to cross.
 cross; De bear, de bug, and bum - ble - bee, Dar's one more ribber for to cross.
 cross; Ole Noah got mad and hollored for more, Dar's one more ribber for to cross.

CHORUS.



One more rib - ber, And that ole rib - ber am Jor - dan, Dar's



one more rib - ber, Dar's one more rib - ber for to cross.

7.

De animals went in five by five,
 Dar's one more ribber for to cross;
 Wid Saratoga trunks they did arrive,
 Dar's one more ribber for to cross.—CHO.

8.

De animals went in six by six,
 Dar's one more ribber for to cross;
 De Hyena laughed at the monkey's tricks.
 Dar's one more ribber for to cross.—CHO.

9.

De animals went in seven by seven,
 Dar's one more ribber for to cross; [ing?
 Says de ant to de elephant, who are you a shov -
 Dar's one more ribber far to cross.—CHO.

10.

De animals went in eight by eight,
 Dar's one more ribber for to cross;
 De come with a rush cause 'twas so late,
 Dar's one more ribber for to cross.—CHO.

11.

De animals went in nine by nine,
 Dar's one more ribber for to cross,
 Ole Noah shouted cut dat line,
 Dar's one more ribber for to cross.—CHO.

12.

De animals went in ten by ten,
 Dar's one more ribber for to cross;
 De ark she blowed her whistle den,
 Dar's one more ribber for to cross.—CHO.

13.

And den de voyage did begin,
 Dar's one more ribber for to cross;
 Ole Noah pulled de gang - plank in,
 Dar's one more ribber for to cross.—CHO.

14.

Dey nebber knowed war dey was at,
 Dar's one more ribber for to cross;
 Till de ole ark bumped on Ararat,
 Dar's one more ribber for to cross.—CHO.

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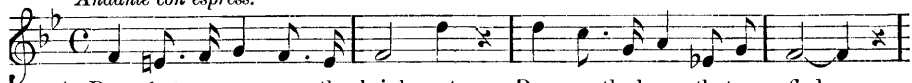
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Days that are Gone Seem the Brightest.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Andante con espress.

Words and Music by THOMAS P. WESTENDORF.



1. Days that are gone seem the bright-est, Dear are the hours that are fled,



Cares that are past seem the light-est, Those yet to come most we dread;



Fa-cies we loved that have left us, Fair-er than those that we meet,



Sor-rows that long have be-reft us, Treasured in mem-o-ry sweet.

CHORUS.



Days that are gone seem the bright-est, With all their pleasures and pain,



Sor-rows of youth were the light-est, Oh, could we share them a-gain.

2.

Hearts that beat high with emotion,
In the glad days long ago,
Cling to the old time devotion,
Tho' they are calloused with woe;
Time cannot change the affection,
Cherished by hearts that were young,
Ever in fond recollection,
Live the dear songs we have sung.

3.

Treasures of ribbons and tresses,
Kept thro' long weary years,
Oft to the fond heart expresses
Solace far greater than tears.
Eyes that have known bitter weeping,
Wistfully turn to the past,
And o'er their vision comes creeping,
Scenes that forever will last.

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De Beacon Lamp am Burning.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by GEORGE M. VICKERS.



1. Oh, de	bea-con lamp to - night am bright - ly	burn - ing,	Light - ing
2. Oh, de	reefs ob Sa - tan hide be-neath de	wa - ter,	Hark, how
3. Keep your	eye up - on de bea-con o - ver	yon - der,	Straight and
4. When we	reach de bless-ed har - bor in de	morn - ing,	When we



up de storm - y	sky,	And we're	safe - ly on-ward	sail - -
loud de break - ers	roar!	Still de	bea-con light will	guide
nar - row am de	way;	Hold fast	to de helm and	fear
an-chor in de	bay,	Den we'll	en - ter in de	man - -



ing,	Glo - ry,	glo - ry,	port am	nigh!
us,	Glo - ry,	glo - ry,	safe to	shore!
not,	Glo - ry,	glo - ry,	come what	may!
sion,	Glo - ry,	glo - ry,	watch and	pray!

CHORUS.



Let de lark clouds gath - - - er, Let de



white foam fly, He am here, to give us



cheer Who ruled de troub - led sea in days gone by.

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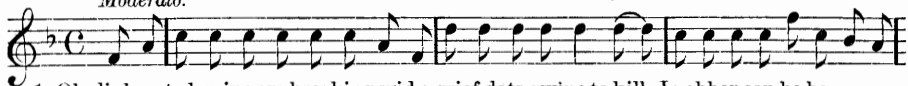
SUNG BY LEADING MINSTRELS.

De Little Cabins all am Empty Now.

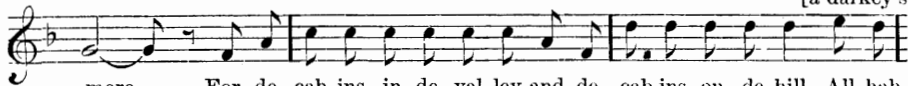
SONG AND CHORUS.

Moderato.

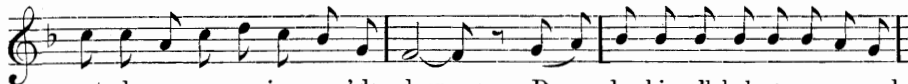
Words and Music by THOMAS P. WESTENDORF.



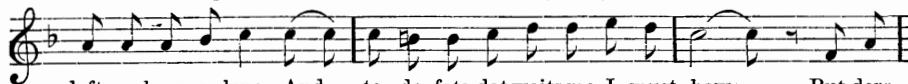
1. Oh, dis heart ob mine am breaking wid a grief dats gwine to kill; I nebber can be happy any
2. Oh, I list-en for de shoutin' ob de darkies in de corn, But I only hears a sort ob rustlin',
3. When de moonlight comes a shining frough de empty cabin door, 'Pears to me I sometimes sees
[a darkey's



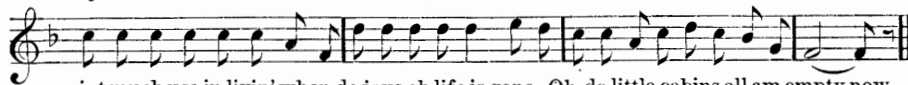
more, For de cab-ins in de val-ley, and de cab-ins on de hill, All hab
soun'; 'Tis de wind a-mong de fod-der, and it comes a sweepin' on For to
face, And I think I see de shadows dancing all a-bout de floor, But dere



got de grass a growing roun' de door. De dar-kies all hab gone away and
tell me dat dere ain't no-bod-y roun'. In de little 'tater patches now de weeds
aint a liv-ing soul a-bout de place. Dey is gone way off to Kansas, whar dey

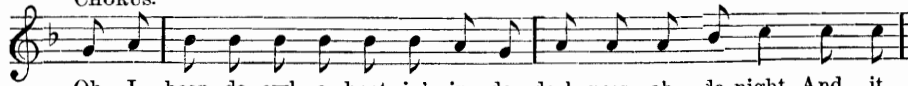


left me here a-lone, And to de fate dat waits me I must bow; But dere
am growin' high, And de wa-ter-mil-lion vines am gone to waste, And de
say dars bet-ter times, But dar I guess dey'll find dey'll have to plow, Just de

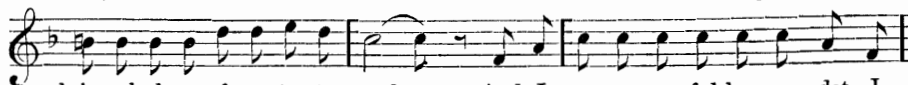


aint much use in livin' when de joys ob life is gone; Oh, de little cabins all am empty now.
mellons dat was on 'em had to rotten off and die, 'Cause dere wa'n't nobody roun' to get a taste.
same as in ole Dixie, if dey want to win de dimes, Dough deys left de little cabins empty now.

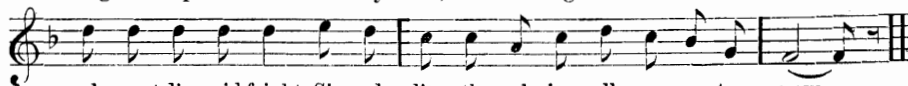
CHORUS.



Oh, I hear de owl a hoot-in' in de dark-ness ob le night, And it



brings de drops of sweat out on my brow, And I gets so aw-ful lonesome dat I



al-most dies wid fright, Since de lit-tle cab-ins all am empty now.

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SUNG BY LEADING MINSTRELS.

Douglas.

SONG.

Words by Miss MULOCK.

(ALTO OR BARITONE.)

Music by LADY JOHN SCOTT.



1. Could ye come back to me, Douglas! Douglas! In the old likeness that I knew, I



would be so faithful, so lov-ing, Douglas! Doug-las! Doug-las! ten-der and true.



2. Nev - er a scorn - ful word should pain you, I'd smile as sweet as An - gels do.

4. I was not half worthy of you, Douglas, Not half worthy the like of you, Now



Sweet as your smile on me shone ev - er, Douglas! Doug-las! ten - der and true.
all men be-side are to me like shadows, Douglas! Doug-las! ten - der and true.



3. Oh! to call back the days that are not, Mine eyes were blinded, Your words are few, Do you
5. Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas! Douglas! Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew, As I



know the Truth now up in Heaven, Doug - las! Doug-las! ten-der and true.
lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas, Douglas! Douglas! ten-der and true.

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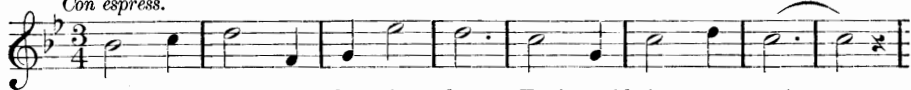
SUNG BY LEADING MINSTRELS.

Do not Leave me, Lassie Dear.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by THOMAS P. WESTENDORF.

Con espress.



1. Do not leave me, las-sie dear, For'twould give me pain,



I would have you ev-er near, Say that you'll re-main,

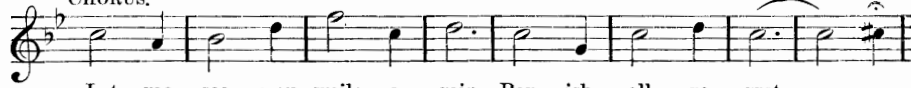


And I'll love you fond-ly true, Con-stant will I be, . .

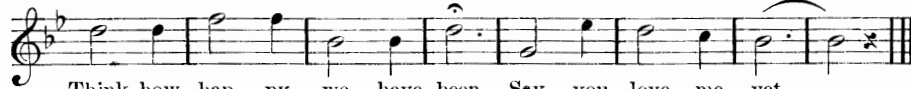


For no oth-er lass but you, Can be aught to me. . .

CHORUS.



Let me see you smile a-gain, Ban-ish all re-gret, . . .



Think how hap-py we have been, Say you love me yet. . .

2.

Do not leave me, lassie dear,
For when you are gone,
Brightest days seem ever drear,
Joyless comes the dawn.
Sitting here beside you love,
Oh, how glad I'd be,
If by word or look you'd prove,
That you still love me.

3.

You'll not leave me, lassie dear,
Bless your little heart,
Let me draw you closer here,
We will never part,
In your tender loving eye,
Hope's glad light I see,
Beaming forth this sweet reply,
I'll be true to thee.

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SUNG BY LEADING MINSTRELS.

Down in the South,

OR

COME ALONG DARKIES.

Words by Mrs. A. M. COLLINS.

Music by JOHN HOSKINS.

Moderato.



1. Way down in de south whar de or-ange trees bloom, And de
2. I'se been in old Kain-tuck and o-ber Georgie's sand, I'b
3. But de place I is bound for be-yant this vale ob tears, On de



winds ob de winter am gen-tle and warm, Dar de dark-ies am gay for
toil'd among de corn rows way down in Tennessee, I hab sat beneaf de shades whar de
other side ob Jorden's dark wa-ters and cold, We'll be toted o-ber safe by bright



nothing sheds a gloom But de bil-lous fe-ver and de hur-ri-cane storm. So
Tam-a-rac's stand, On de banks ob dat sweet river—de ole San-tee. But
an-gel o-ber-seers, And be free to roam de streets ob dat city paved with gold. But

CHORUS.



Come a-long, dar-kies, come a-long I say,



Come a-long, dark-ies, I can no long-er stay. I's bound for de land whar de
poco rit.



milk and hon-ey flow, It am sweeter dan de place whar de sugar cane grow.

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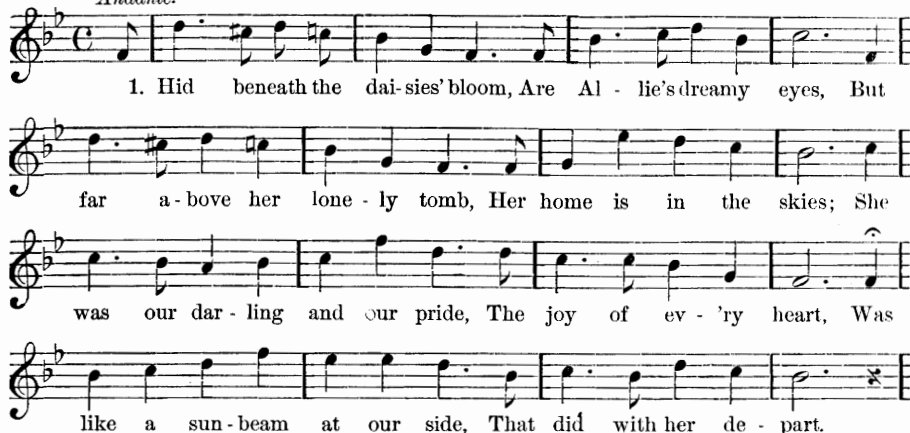
Dreamy Eyes are Closed Forever.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by IDA MAY PERRY.

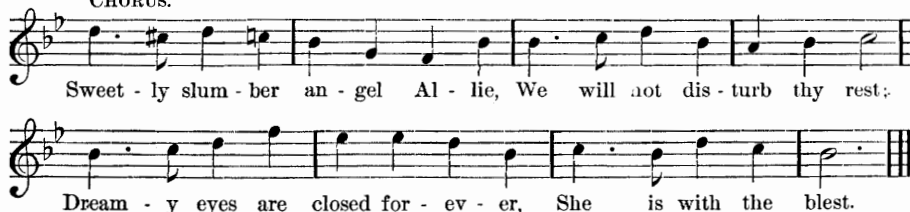
Music by JOHN T. RUTLEDGE.

Andante.



1. Hid beneath the dai-sies' bloom, Are Al-lie's dreamy eyes, But
far a-bove her lone-ly tomb, Her home is in the skies; She
was our dar-ling and our pride, The joy of ev-'ry heart, Was
like a sun-beam at our side, That did with her de-part.

CHORUS.



Sweet-ly slum-ber an-gel Al-lie, We will not dis-turb thy rest;
Dream-y eyes are closed for-ev-er, She is with the blest.

2.

She came to bless us for awhile,
With sunshine, love and mirth,
With heart so pure and free from guile,
Too pure and good for earth;
She's roaming now with angels bright,
Who tread the other shore,
They took her from our home and sight,
With us to dwell no more.

3.

When spring-birds wake us with their
At morning, noon and night, [song,
'Tis always then we sigh and long,
For Allie's smile so bright;
But most we miss her form at eve,
When twilight gathers near,
Then to our hearts dark shadows cling,
That bring the silent tear.

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SUNG BY LEADING MINSTRELS.

The Drunkard's Dream.

BALLAD.



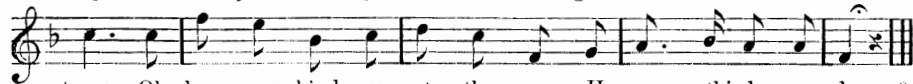
1. Der - mont you look so healthy now, Your cloths are neat and
2. It was a dream, a warn-ing voice, That heav'n did send to
3. My poor wife's form did waste a way, I saw her sunk - en



clean, I nev - er see you drink a - bout, Come, tell me where you've
me, To keep me from a drunkard's curse, Crime, want, and mis - er -
eye, My babes on straw in sick-ness lay, I heard their wail - ing



been? Your wife and chil - dren now are well, You once did treat them
y. My wa - ges were all spent in drink, Oh! what a wretch - ed
cry, And yet I laughed with drunkard's glee, While Nel - lie's tears did



strange, Oh, have you kind - er to them grown, How came this hap - py change?
view, It al - most broke my poor wife's heart, And starved my child - ren too.
stream, And like a beast I fell a - sleep And had this warn-ing dream:

4.

6.

One night, I thought I staggered home,
There seem'd a solemn gloom,
My wife not there, where could she be?
And strangers in the room;
Poor thing! she's dead, the people said,
She led a wretched life,
For grief and want, had broke her heart,
To be a drunkards wife.

Oh, she's not dead, I frantic cried,
And rushed to where she laid,
And madly pressed her once warm lips
Now ever cold as clay.
Oh, Nellie, Nellie speak to me,
I'll ne'er more give you pain,
Nor ever grieve your loving heart,
Or ever drink again.

5.

7.

I saw my children crying around,
I scarcely drew my breath,
They kissed and pressed her lifeless form
Now ever stilled in death.
Oh, Father, come and wake her up,
The people say she's dead;
Oh, make her speak and smile once more,
We'll never cry for bread.

Oh, Nellie speak, 'tis Dermont calls,
And so I do, she cried,
And sure enough, my poor wife's form,
Was kneeling by my side.
I pressed her to my loving heart,
While both our eyes did stream.
And ever since I've heaven blessed,
For sending me that dream.

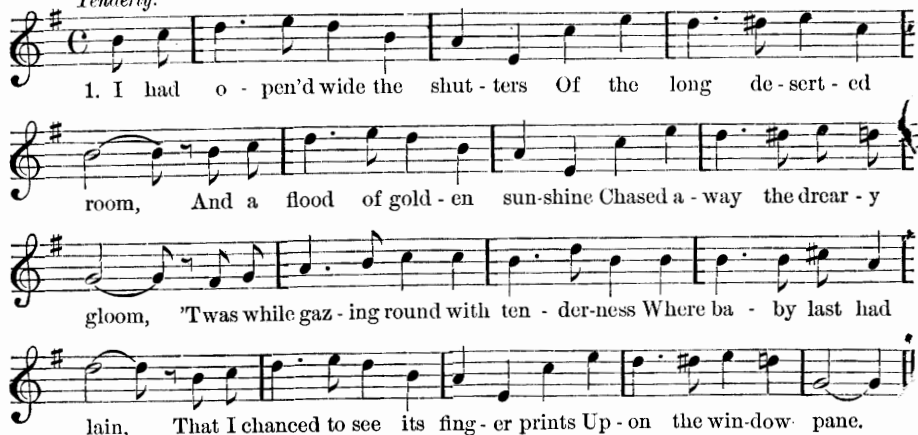
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Finger-Prints Upon the Pane.

SONG AND CHORUS.

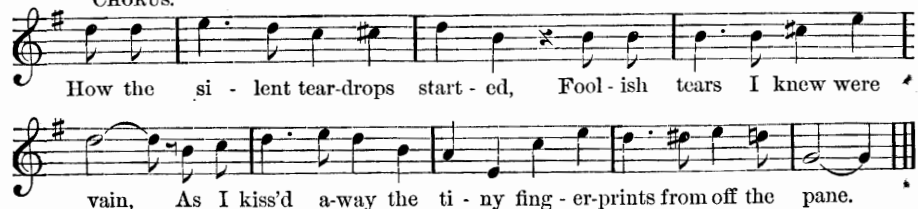
Words by GEO. M. VICKERS.

Music by THOS. P. WESTENDORF.

Tenderly.


1. I had o - pen'd wide the shut - ters Of the long de - sert - ed
room, And a flood of gold - en sun - shine Chased a - way the drear - y
gloom, 'Twas while gaz - ing round with ten - der - ness Where ba - by last had
lain, That I chanced to see its fing - er prints Up - on the win - dow - pane.

CHORUS.



How the si - lent tear - drops start - ed, Fool - ish tears I knew were
vain, As I kiss'd a - way the ti - ny fing - er - prints from off the pane.

2.

Still the empty cradle was standing
In its old accustomed place,
But from 'neath the little blankets
Peep'd no precious infant face.
How I long'd to clasp its angel form,
One more sweet kiss obtain,
From the rosy lips that oft had press'd
Against the window pane.

3.

Oh! my heart seem'd almost breaking
As I gather'd from the floor,
Here a shoe and there a stocking,
That my little darling wore;
And I could not tho' I loved, the room.
One moment more remain [prints
Where those snowy hands had left their
Upon the window pane.

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SUNG BY LEADING MINSTRELS.

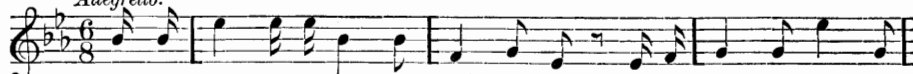
The Fisherman's Bride.

SONG.

Words by GEO. M. VICKERS.

Music by ADAM GEIBEL.

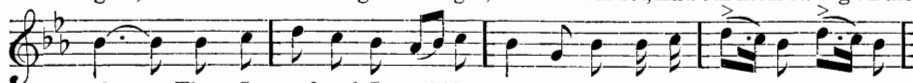
Allegretto.



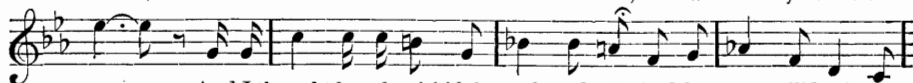
1. With a smile and a kiss we said good-bye At our lit - tle cot - tage
2. On that day came a stranger, tall and grand, Who it seems had lost his
3. 'Twas at night, in the storm, all chill and wet, That my fish - er came a -



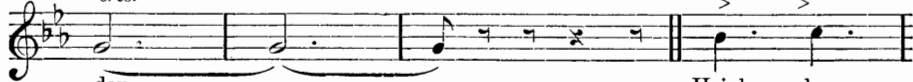
door, And the ris - ing red sun lit up the sky And made gold the rocky
way, And I gave him a drink with trembling hand, But a word I could not
gain, And the hearth it glow'd bright, his chair was set, And our meal swung on the



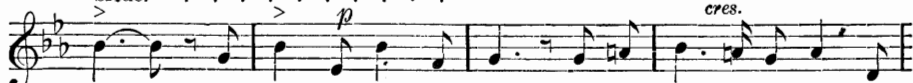
shore; Then I stood and I watch'd the snow-y sail As it fa - ded far a -
say; Oh, He bow'd like a gal-lant knight of old As I pointed o'er the
crane,— But to save me from death I could not smile, Tho' with all my soul I



day, And I thought how he risk'd the reef and gale And for me toil'd ev' - ry
lea, And the warm summer air grew damp and cold, And the sun shone dim to
tried.— And he gave me a kiss, all free from guile, Me, his vain and fool-ish
cres.



day. Heigh - ho,
me.
bride.



me; How false, how fair the sea! But such thoughts I must put a



side. Heigh - ho, . . . me! at work I too should



be, Heigh - ho, . . . 'Tis the lot of a fish-er's bride.

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SUNG BY LEADING MINSTRELS.

Forgotten.

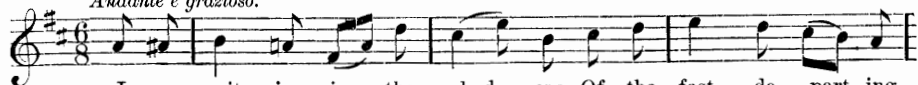
BALLAD.

Words by GEO. M. VICKERS.

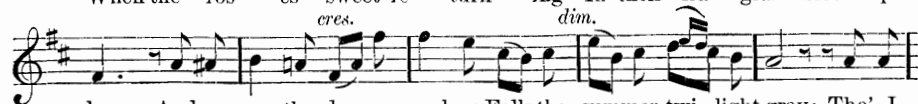
(FOR TENOR OR SOPRANO.)

Music by ADAM GEIBEL.

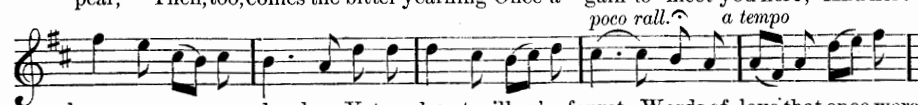
Andante e grazioso.



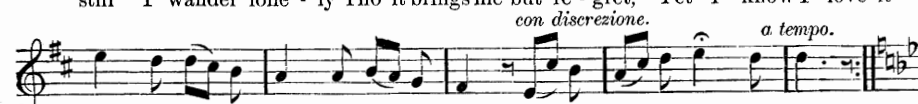
I am wait - ing in the shad - ow Of the fast de - part - ing
When the ros - es sweet re - turn - ing In their fra - grant bloom ap -



day, And up - on the dew - y meadow Falls the summer twi - light gray; Tho' I
pear, Then, too, comes the bitter yearning Once a - gain to meet you here; And here

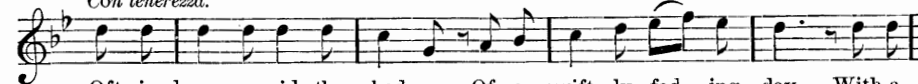


know your vows are bro - ken, Yet my heart will ne'er forget Words of love that once were
still I wander lone - ly Tho' it brings me but re - gret, Yet I know I love it

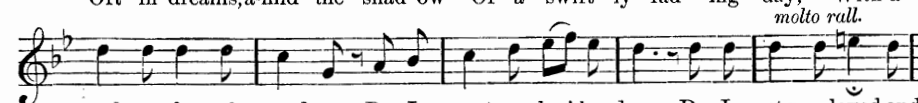


spok - en In the spot where last we met, In the spot where last we met.
on - ly As the place where last we met, As the place where last we met.

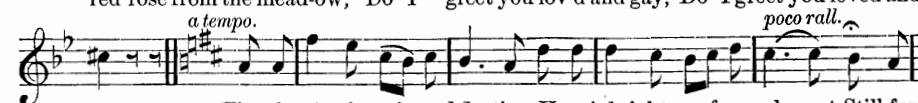
Con tenerezza.



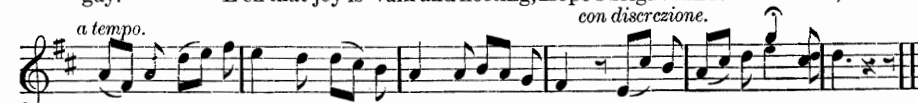
Oft in dreams, a - mid the shad - ow Of a swift - ly fad - ing day, With a



red rose from the mead - ow, Do I greet you lov'd and gay, Do I greet you loved and



gay. E'en that joy is vain and fleeting, Hope's bright sun for me has set, Still for



you my poor heart's beating, As when once in love we met, As when once in love we met.

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Going from de Cotton Fields.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Slow, with expression.

Words and Music by THOMAS P. WESTENDORF.

1. I's go-ing from de cot-ton fields, I's go-ing from de cane, I's go-ing from de ole log hut dat
2. But Di-nah she don't want to go, she says we're getting old, She's fraid dat she will freeze to death, the
3. It gr-ieves me now to leave the place where I was born and bred, To leave the friends dat's living, and de

stands down in de lane; De boat am in de rib-ber dat hab come to take me off, I's
coun-try am so cold; De sto-ry 'bout de work and pay she don't be-lieve am true, She's
graves of dem dat's dead; De flow'rs dat grow where mas-ter sleeps will miss my ten-der care, No

gone and jined de "Ex-o-dus" dat's mak-ing for de norf. Dey tell me, out in Kan-sas, dat's so
begged me not to do the thing dat I am bound to do. And so I's sold de cab-in and de
hand like mine will ev-er go to keep dem blooming there. But den de times hab got so hard, and

man-y miles a-way, De colored folks am flocking, 'cause dey're getting bet-ter pay; I
lit-tle patch of groun', Dat good ole mas-ter gave us, when de yan-kee troops came down; My
I is old and poor, De hun-gry wolf am look-ing in and snarl-ing at my door; I's

don't know how I'll find it dar, but I is bound to try, So when de sun goes down to-night I's
heart am aw-ful heav-y, and de tears am in my eye, For when de sun goes down to-night I's
got to help the child-ren some be-fore I comes, to die, So when de sun goes down to-night I's

CHORUS

going to say good-bye. I's go-ing from de cot-ton fields, And oh! it makes me
going to say good-bye.
going to say good-bye.

sigh; For when de sun goes down to-night, I's going to say good-bye.

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SUNG BY LEADING MINSTRELS.

Good - Bye!

SONG.

(MEZZO SOPRANO.)

F. PAOLO TOSTI.

Andantino.

Fall-ing leaf, and fad-ing tree, Lines of white in a sul-len sea, Shadows ris-ing on you and me, shadows

ris-ing on you and me. The swallows are making them ready to fly, Wheeling out on a wind-y

sky. Good-bye, Summer! Good-bye, Good-bye, Good-bye Summer, Good-bye, Good-bye! Hush! a voice from the

far a-way! Listen and learn, it seems to say, All the tomorrows shall be as to-day. All the to-

morrows shall be as to-day. The cord is frayed, the cruse is dry, The link must break, and the lamp must

die. Good-bye, to Hope! Good-bye, Good-bye, Good-bye, to Hope! Good-bye, Good - bye! What are we

wait-ing for? Oh! my heart! Kiss me straight on the brows! And part! Again! A - gain! my heart!

my heart What are we waiting for, you and I? A plead-ing look, a sti-fled

cry. Good-bye, for - ev - er! Good-bye, for - ev - er! Good-bye, Good-bye, Good - bye!

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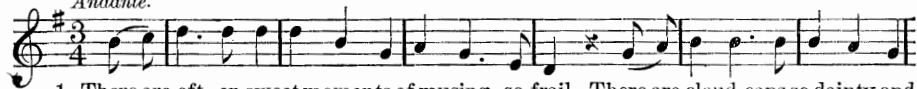
The Heart that is Beating for Thee.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by NELLIE R. CHASE.

Mus. by THOMAS P. WESTENDORF.

Andante.



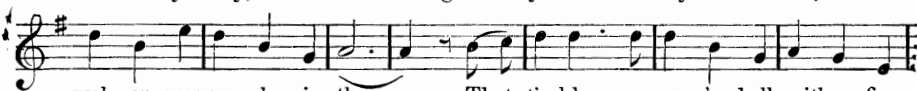
1. There are oft - en sweet moments of musing so frail, There are cloud-caps so dainty and
2. The sky with its beauties of crim-son and gold, Sheds free - ly its ra - di - ant
3. There's a beau-ti - ful fan - cy in le-gends of old, Of a star that has wandered at



soft, There are tints of the rainbow so rich, yet so pale, And e - cho-ing
glow, To glad - en the mem'ries of pleasures un-told, We shar'd in the
play, And the tears that it shed in its search for the fold, Still shine in the

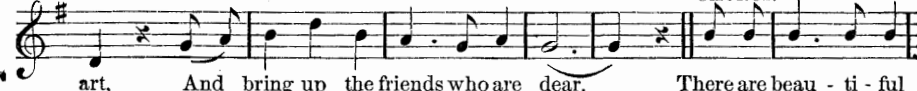


mel - o-dies oft, That touch the key-note in the lyre of the heart, And
sweet long a - go, Each clime has its cli-mate, each planet its orb, And the
fair milk-y way, So the thoughts in my heart of the days that are fled, Are



wak - en rare sympho-nies there, That tin-kle our mem'ry bells with a fine
shells have their home in the sea, Each thro-b of my heart has its own sweet ac-
shin - ing like stars o'er the sea, So the cy-cle of years when their beauty is

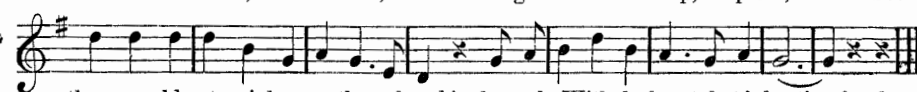
CHORUS.



art, And bring up the friends who are dear. There are beau - ti - ful
cord, In its mem'ries, my dar - ling, of thee.
dead, Will be hal-low'd by mem'-ries of thee.



dai - sies on hill, and in dale, There are gems in the deep, deep sea, Yet



these would not weigh, were they placed in the scale, With the heart that is beating for thee.

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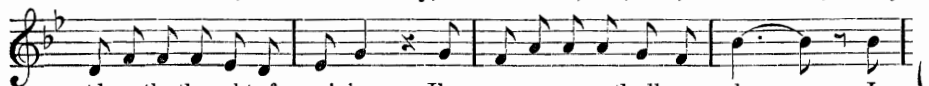
I'm Dying for Some One to Love Me

SONG AND CHORUS.

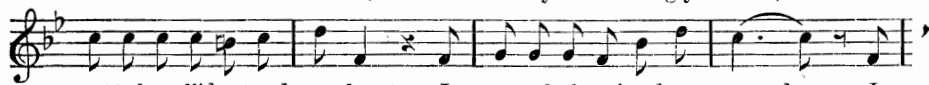
EASTBURN.



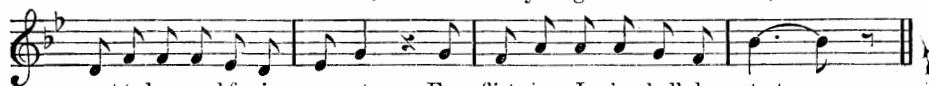
1. I'm dy-ing for some one to love me, To call me his i-dol, his own, I
 2. I'm dy-ing for some one to love me, I want him to call me his bird, His
 3. I may not be o-ver-ly handsome, Yet one thing I ver-y well know, I'm
 4. There's Charlie, Alonzo and Har-ry, There's Ned, Phil, Jack, Willie and Joe, They



cant bear the thought of remaining, For - ev - er on earth all a - lone, I
 ducky, his own precious darling, And all the sweet names ever heard, I
 ni - cer than one of my neighbors, Who has a mag-nif - i - cent beau, My
 cant talk of love worth a but-ton, In fact they're exceedingly slow, I

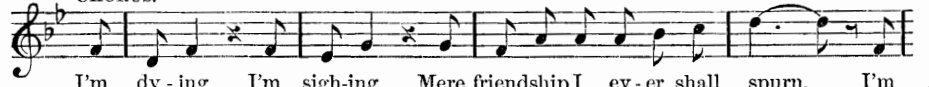


want to be call'd pet and sweetheart, I want to be loved and ca - ressed, I
 want him to be all af - fec - tion, And while my head lies on his breast, To
 heart is just wild for de - vo - tion, Just ach-ing for some one to love, Just
 want to be-loved in dead ear-nest, I want a young man who can talk, Can

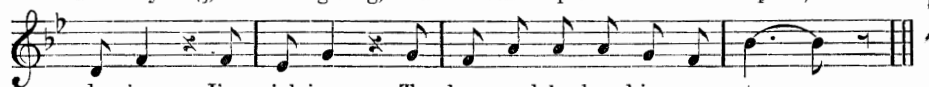


want to be cared for in earnest, For flirt-ing I e'er shall de - test.
 smooth back my tresses and tell me, That I am his brightest and best.
 longing to meet some fond being, Who true and de - vo - ted would prove.
 treat to ice-cream and fried oysters, And take me a nice moonlight walk.

CHORUS.



I'm dy - ing, I'm sigh-ing, Mere friendship I ev - er shall spurn, I'm



dy - ing, I'm sigh-ing, To love and be loved in re - turn.

5.

Mama says "my head isn't level,
 That something is wrong with my brain,
 And had she her time to go over,
 She never would marry again;
 That love is a brilliant hued bubble,
 And I but a foolish young dunce;
 Who'd better attend to her lessons,
 And give up such nonsense at once.

6.

Perhaps she forgets she was young once.
 For one day to Papa she told;
 That she could have had twenty husbands,
 Before she was sixteen years old.
 So now to young men I give notice,
 I'm dying to get a nice beau,
 And if I can catch the right fellow,
 My heart and my hand I'll bestow.

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SUNG BY LEADING MINSTRELS.

"I'm Going Home to Clo."

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by SAM'L. N. MITCHELL.

Allegretto.

Music by WILLIAM A. HUNTLEY.

1. In the old Car' - li - nia State Where the sweet Mag - no - lia blooms, And the
2. In that dear old sun - ny home, Where the song - sters al - ways sing, And the
3. 'Neath the gen - ial Southern skies Where the sweet - est blossoms grow, And the

Pic - ca - nin - ie dar - key learns to hoe, There is one I long to see, She was
mock - ing bird is sing - ing all the day, She is wait - ing for her Joe, And I
mus - ic lov - ing dar - kies all are gay. I am bound to see my Clo', And 'tis

al - ways true to me, But I left her many, man - y years a - go, 'Mid the
long to see my Clo', For like me, I know her hair has turned to gray. The plan -
ver - y sad to know, That ere long they'll lay my poor old love a - way. When they

cotton and the corn, There we both were bred and born, And together in the field we use to
ta - tion is no more, And the day of toil is o'er, For she's creeping close to eighty
place her 'neath the sod Upon which we often trod, Then this world will have no other charms for
rit., a tempo.

sow; But 'tis twen - ty years or more since I left the cab - in door, So I'm
three. But she'll wait till I come back, By the coon and possum track, For I
me, Then close by my Cloie's side, This poor form will there abide 'Neath the

CHORUS *p*

go - ing back to see my darling Clo'. Darl - ing Clo, Darl - ing Clo' Your
have not seen her since we all were free.
shadeless and the tall Palmetto tree. *rit., a tempo.*

sweet face I soon shall see, I know, Where the Southern sun - ny breeze fans the

old Palmet - to trees, I am go - ing home to see my Darl - ing Clo'.
rit. pp

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SUNG BY LEADING MINSTRELS.

I'm Going to Write to Papa.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Moderato.

Words and Music by THOMAS. P. WESTENDORF.

The musical score is written on a single staff in 3/8 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is simple and catchy, with a moderate tempo. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words underlined for emphasis. The score includes a chorus section marked 'CHORUS.' and a final line of the song.

I'm going to write to pa - pa, I guess he'd like to
hear . . . What his lit - tle girl is do - ing, The same as
when he is near; I'll tell him how I miss him, And
how I wish he'd come, And nev - er, nev - er leave us, But
CHORUS.
al - ways stay at home. I'm going to write to
pa - pa, . . . And oh! how glad he'll be . . . To get a
lit - tle let - ter . . . That was writ - ten all by me. . .

2.
I'll tell him 'bout my dolly,
She's sleeping on the floor,
I fear that noise will wake her,
Oh! please don't slam the door;
For I must not be bothered;
That's what my ma would say,
When she begins a letter,
And sends me off to play.

3.
I'll send him lots o' kisses,
And one bright shining curl;
I'll ask him to remember
His lonely little girl.
I want so much to see him,
But I won't cry a wink,
'Cause when I write my letter,
My tears would blot my ink.

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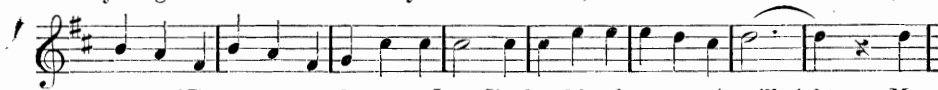
I'm one of the Ticklish Kind.

LAUGHING SONG.

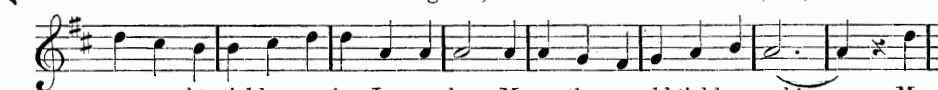
Words and Music by THOMAS P. WESTENDORF.

♩: Tempo de Waltz.

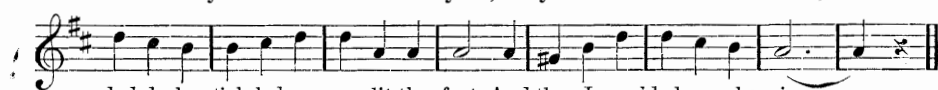
1. When I was a ba-by they tickled me so, I nev-er got o-ver it quite, And
 2. They bough-t me some books and they sent me to school, And there I was tickled to death, The



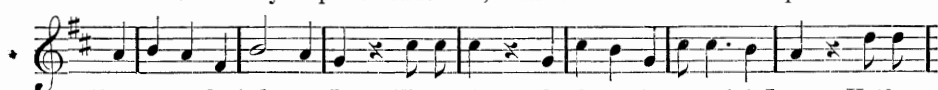
now tho' I'm grown up where ever I go, I'm laughing from morning till night; My
 teach-er he tickled me with a big rule, Un-til I was all out of breath; The



nurse used to tickle me when I was asleep, My mother would tickle my chin, My
 scholars they tickled me out in the yard, They tickled me too in the class, In



dad-dy he tick-led my poor lit-tle feet, And then I would always be-gin—
 fact I was always kept tickled so hard, That never a les-son would pass.



Now please don't do that, I pray, Ha! ha! ha! O, why can't you quit it I say, He! he!



he! I wish you would stop and go way, Ho! ho! ho! I'm one of the ticklish kind.

3.

A sweet little maiden I thought I would wed,
 Her name was Miss Polly Ann Gibbs,
 But bless me, for every word that I said,
 She'd tickle me here in the ribs;
 Her dainty white fingers she'd roughly point
 To give me a punch in the side,
 And that would just tickle me all out of joint,
 And so I let Polly Ann slide.

4.

Kind friends now your pity I earnestly crave,
 For though I have tickled you some,
 In me, you behold an unfortunate slave,
 Of comfort I haven't a crumb.
 Now there's a young lady removing her glove,
 She thinks I am blind and can't see,
 I'm off like a shot, or my great stars above,
 Sh'd soon be up here tickling me.

I'se Gwine to Alabama.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by GEO. M. VICKERS.

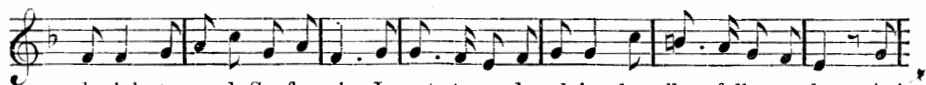
Music by ADAM GEIBEL.

Not too quickly.

1. I'se gwine to Al - a - ba-ma, an' dar I'se gwine to stay, An' from dis heart I'se sorry dat
2. I'se gwine to Al - a - bama, an' dar once more I'll stan' whar fust I met de Yankees, when
3. I'se gwine to Al - a - ba-ma de snow-white fields to see; Whar once I picked de cotton I



e'er I moved away; I likes de Yankees mighty, of dem I can't complain, But, oh, I'se almost
I was contraban'; I s'pose de place am altered, but dat am naught to me Ef only some one's,
now shall wander free; A few more bales an' boxes I'll help to tote to-day, An' den I'll leave de



dy-in' to see de Souf a-gain; I wants to see de cab-in whar all me folks was born; An'
livin' dat once was dear to me: De home whar I was sheltered shall nebber be forgot, For
bus'ness an' travel far a-way; De sun am fast a sinkin', de quittin' time am nigh; Oh,



den I longs to wander among de fields ob corn; Dese limbs am growin' weary, dese locks am turnin'
twenty year I'se hanker'd to see de blessed spot, And now I'se boun' to reach it, at least I'se gwine to
partin' from de good folks, it makes me give a sigh, But I'se a growin' weary, dese locks am turnin'

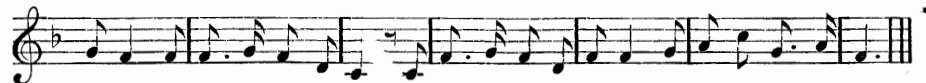
CHORUS.



gray, An' soon dis poor ole darky will sleep beneaf de clay. I'se gwine to Ala - ba-ma, an'
try, So, dark-ies, in de mornin', I'll say de las' good-bye,
gray, And soon dis poor ole darky will sleep beneaf de clay,



dar I'se gwine to stay, An' from dis heart I'se sorry dat e'er I moved away; I likes de Yankees



mighty, of dem I can't complain, But, oh, I'se almost dy-in' to see de Souf a-gain.

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SUNG BY LEADING MINSTRELS.

I'll Nebber Leave Old Dixie Land Again

SONG AND CHORUS.

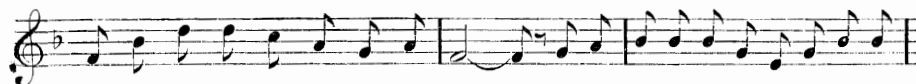
Words and Music by THOMAS P. WESTENDORF.



1. Whar de Mis-sis-sip-pi wash-es on de sunny southern shore, And de steamboat comes a puffin' roun' de
2. Oh I's been way out in Kan-sas, whar dey told me dat I'd find Mon-ey hangin' roun' like apples on de
3. When I see de smoke a curl-in' from dat lit-tle chimney top, And a mixin' wid de green leaves ob de



bend, Stands a lit-tle white-washed cab-in wid a grape-vine by de door, And a
trees, But 'twas just like Di-nah told me, dar wan't noth-in' ob de kind, And de
trees, Den I's gwine to start a run-nin' and I know I'll neb-ber stop, Till I



ole moss-cov-ered chim-ney at de end, Dar I lef' my Di-nah weepin' when I
weath-er was so cold I like to freeze, Now I's on my way to Di-nah, and I
fall down by de cab-in on my knees, Den I'll thank de Lord in glo-ry dat he



said de las' farewell, And kissed de ro-sy lips ob lit-tle Ben, When I
hope I'll soon be dar, When I'll hear de hap-py voice ob lit-tle Ben, And my
let me live to see My Di-nah and de face ob lit-tle Ben, For de



went to seek my fortune, but I's hap-py now to tell I'll neb-ber leave old Dix-ie land a - gain.
heart am growin' lighter, but de way it am so far, I'll neb-ber leave old Dix-ie land a - gain.
home dat I was raised in, dat am good enough for me, I'll neb-ber leave old Dix-ie land a - gain.

CHORUS.



I's gwine back, gwine back, Oh! dat happy day When I'll be wid Di-nah and my ba-by Ben, In dat



lit-tle white-washed cabin whar I ever mean to stay, I'll neb-ber leave old Dix-ie land a - gain.

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SUNG BY LEADING MINSTRELS

I Cannot Say Good Bye.

SONG.

Words by EDWARD OXENFORD.

Music by JOSEPH ROECKEL.

Andantino.



1. I know 'tis now the hour to part, For ev - en draweth nigh, But
2. I would the day could nev - er fade, That night could nev - er fall, For

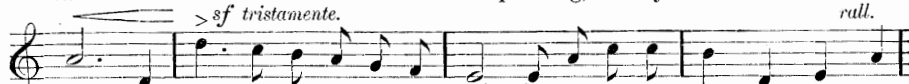
Con passione.



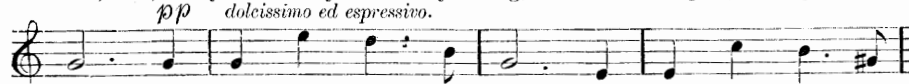
love re - bels with - in my heart, I can - not say "good bye!" I cannot say "good
O, the rays of ev - en's shade, Must mo - ments sad recall, Must moments sad re -



bye!" A - far I see the sil - ver moon, Swift ris - ing in the
call. I hear the birds soft ves - pers sing, On yon - der haw - thorn



sky; A - las! that she should come so soon, so soon, To tell us mo - ments
tree; O, why should they the mem'ry bring, That I must part, must part from



fly. I can - not say "good bye!" I can - not say "good
thee?



bye!" My love, I can - not, can - not say "good bye!" "good
grandemente.



bye!" I can - not say "good bye!" I can - not say "good
accel. e cres.



bye!" My love I can - not, can - not say "good bye!" "good bye!"

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I Guess you Have all Been There.

SERIO-COMIC SONG.

Words and Music by J. P. SKELLY.

Tempo di Valse.

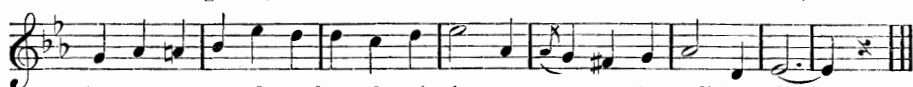
1. The art of love making is hard to unfold, It's something you can't well explain, Some-
 2. I take her out walking beneath the bright moon, And whisper the old loving tale; The



times you are fervent, some times you are cold, 'Tis mixture of pleasure and pain. I've
 sound of her voice drives away all my gloom, We wander by hillside and vale, Thro'



lately been caught in that dangerous net By a creature so charming and fair, She
 meadows and groves, like two lit-tle doves, We ramble it matters not where; I



has me enchanted, you know how it is, guess you have all been there.
 can't sleep at night, and its killing me quite, I guess you have all been there.



I guess you have all been there, I guess you have all been there, You



know, I am sure, what lov-ers en-dure, I guess you have all been there.

3.
 Her father is wealthy, and very high toned,
 Of his beautiful daughter he's proud;
 It's already planned that I'll ask for her hand,
 But will my request be allowed?
 I'm afraid he'll get angry and show me the door,
 And make my love melt into air,
 Then what shall I do? now my friends I ask you,
 I guess you have all been there.

4.
 I'll keep up my courage, and to her be true,
 Although the old gent may oppose,
 I'll wait at the gate for my sweet little Kate,
 Till time all his hate overthrows,
 I'll press her soft hand, and call her my own,
 While together a sweet kiss we share,
 And before I go away, but what more need I say?
 I guess you have all been there.

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SUNG BY LEADING MINSTRELS.

In the Gloaming.

BALLAD.

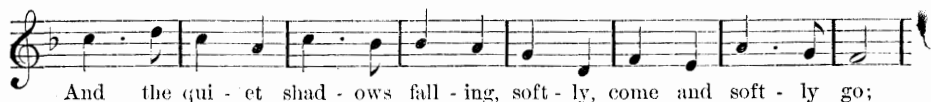
Words by META ORRED.

Music by ANNIE FORTESCUE HARRISON.

Andante.



In the gloaming, oh, my dar - ling, when the lights are dim and low.



And the quiet shadows fall - ing, soft - ly, come and soft - ly go;

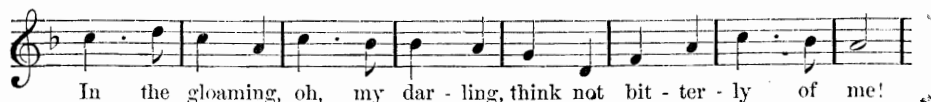
Agitato.



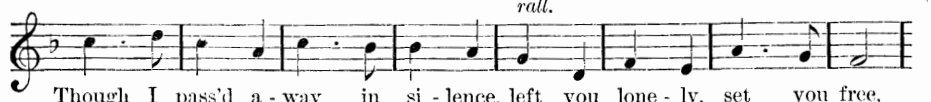
When the winds are sob - bing faint - ly with a gen - tle un-known woe,
con anima.



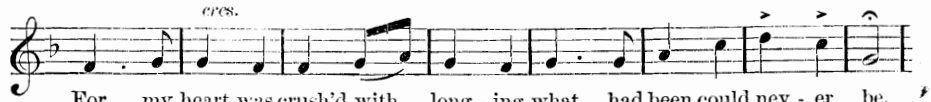
Will you think of me, and love me, as you did once long a - go?



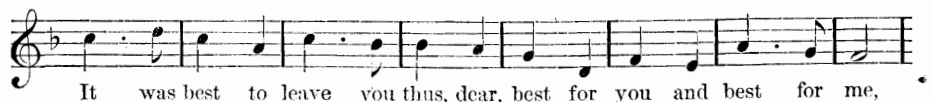
In the gloaming, oh, my dar - ling, think not bit - ter - ly of me!
rall.



Though I pass'd a - way in si - lence, left you lone - ly, set you free,
cres.



For my heart was crush'd with long - ing, what had been could nev - er be.



It was best to leave you thus, dear, best for you and best for me,
rall. cres. calla voce. A



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

This Complete Song to be had of any music dealer, or will be mailed, Post-paid, on receipt of 35 cts.

SUNG BY LEADING MINSTRELS.

In the Golden Eventide.

SONG.

Words by MARY MARK-LEMON.

Music by CIRO PINSUTI.

Andante Moderato.

cres - cen - do.

1. I gave her a rose in the golden days When the mill stream's song was still, And
2. I gave her a rose in the af-ter days When the stream of life flow'd on, And

animando.

clouds were floating to gild the west, Where the sun set over the hill. And it spoke the words I
dreams were floating to gild our path, As they shone o'er memories gone, And it spoke the loves he

cres - cen - do. dim. con espress.

fain had said, And it told her all my dream. Once in the gold-en e-ven-tide, On the
knew so well, And it woke the old sweet dream.

cres.

con anima.

dim. dim. Affreitando.

banks of the silver stream. Once in the golden even-tide, On the banks of the silver stream.

Meno Mosso. Doleissimo.

cres-cen-do. diminuendo. cres-cen-do.

3. I laid a rose on her silent heart, When the tide of her life was o'er, And angels floated to

diminuendo.

poco.

gild her path, Nearer the heav'nly shore. No lon-ger need the rose's voice a-

cres - cen - do.

dim.

p con espress.

cres.

wake the old sweet dream. Dreamt in the gold-en e-ven-tide, On the banks of the silver

f Con anima.

dim.

p

stream, Dreamt in the gold-en e-ven-tide, On the banks of the sil-ver stream.


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Is there No Kiss for Me To-Night?

SONG AND CHORUS.

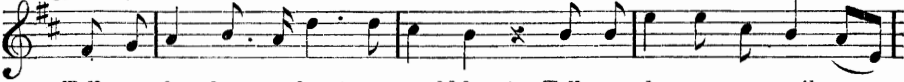
Moderato.

Words and Music by THOMAS P. WESTENDORF.



1. Is there no kiss for me to-night love, Is there no smile to welcome me now, Must the
 hopes that were once so bright love, Be dispell'd by the frown on your brow; Must the
 past with its joys be blight-ed By a fu-ture of sor-rowing pain, Must the
 vows we have made be slight-ed, Don't you think you could love me again?

CHORUS.



Tell me why has your heart grown cold, love? Tell me where are your smiles so
 bright? Have you banished the joys of old, love? Is there no kiss for me to - night?

2.

When I feel that you do not love me,
 That your heart is not true as of old,
 Oh, how dark seems the skies above me,
 And the world, oh, how strangely cold,
 All the years would be sad without you,
 There'd be nothing to cheer my poor heart,
 Darling how could I live without you?
 Tell me, now that we never shall part.

3.

Bid me hope coming days will bring love,
 All the joys that the past ever knew,
 Let the mem'ries so dear still cling, love,
 To the heart that is faithful and true:
 And I'll promise you, love, that never
 Shall a word from my lips give you pain,
 And my life shall be yours forever,
 If you only will love me again.

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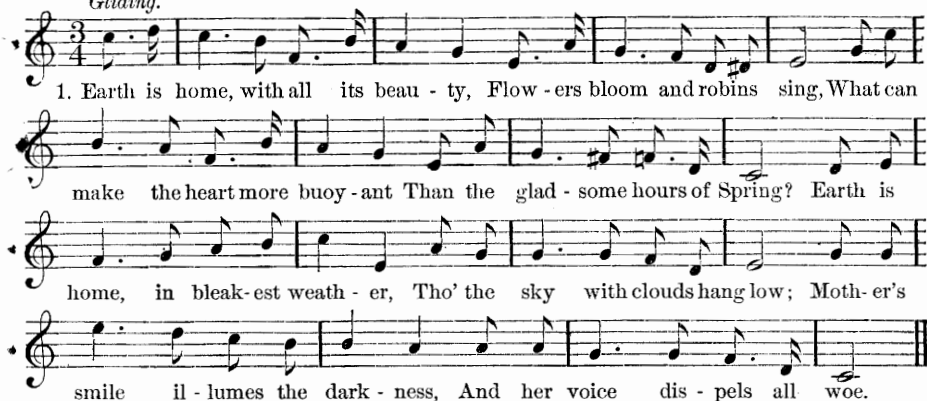
It is Home where Mother Dwells.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

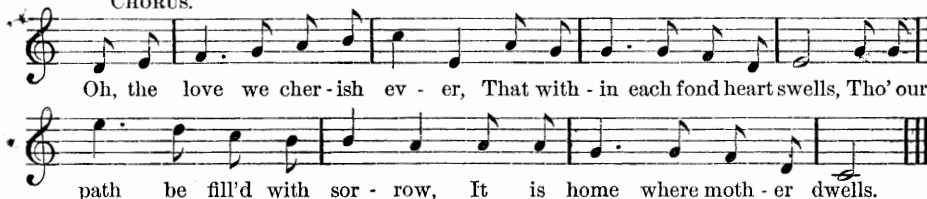
Music by H. P. DANKS,

Gliding.



1. Earth is home, with all its beau - ty, Flow - ers bloom and robins sing, What can
make the heart more buoy - ant Than the glad - some hours of Spring? Earth is
home, in bleak - est weath - er, Tho' the sky with clouds hang low; Moth - er's
smile il - lumes the dark - ness, And her voice dis - pels all woe.

CHORUS.



Oh, the love we cher - ish ev - er, That with - in each fond heart swells, Tho' our
path be fill'd with sor - row, It is home where moth - er dwells.

2.

Earth is home; tho' time has claim'd us,
And has marked our brows with care;
Tho' our eyes are dim with tear-drops,
And our burdens hard to bear.
Tenderly we love to linger
By the form whose silver tongue,
Whispers ever words of comfort
That can keep the old heart young.

3.

Heav'n is home! the way is weary
Tho' we've sunshine had with tears,
But the footsteps loiter trembling,
On the road in after years.
Heav'n is home! our eyes look upward
To behold the gates so fair,
Mother's voice the clouds has rifted
Heav'n is home for she is there.

Chorus to 3d verse.—Flowers fade and friends deceive us,
Partings follow sad farewells,
Up in heav'n no shadows gather,
Heav'n is home where mother dwells.

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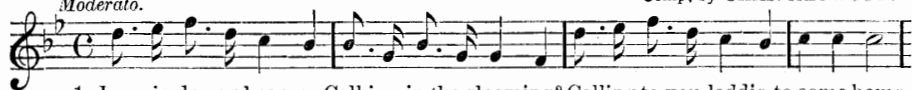
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Jamie are you Coming?

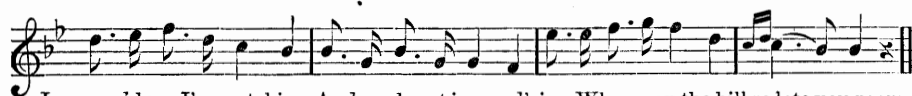
SONG AND CHORUS.

Moderato.

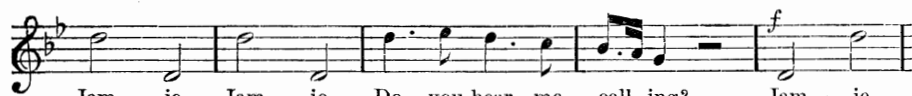
Comp. by CHAS. HEYWOOD.



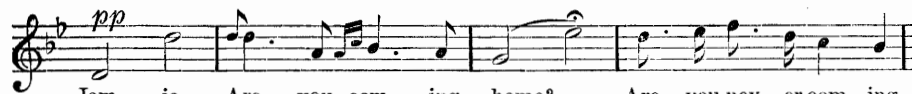
1. Jam - ie do you hear me Call-ing in the gloaming? Calling to you, laddie, to come home;
2. Ah! I see him coming, Coming down the hillside, Well I know his voice my bonnie lad;



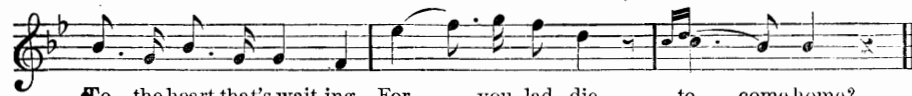
Long and lone I'm watching, And my heart is wond'ring Why upon the hill so late you roam.
Now I hear him singing To the cat - tle blithely, And the sheep bells tinkling, oh, so glad.



Jam - ie, Jam - ie, Do you hear me call - ing? Jam - ie,
Jam - ie, Jam - ie, Ah! the joy is on me, Jam - ie,

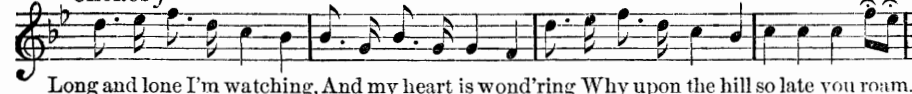


Jam - ie, Are you com - ing home? Are you nev - er com - ing
Jam - ie, My heart is just like mad. Wel - come to you lad - die,



To the heart that's wait-ing For you, lad - die, to come home?
Wel - come in the gloam-ing, Ah! my darl - ing, wel - come home.

CHORUS. *f*



Long and lone I'm watching, And my heart is wond'ring Why upon the hill so late you roam.



Jam - ie do you hear me Calling in the gloaming? Calling to you, laddie, to come home.

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SUNG BY LEADING MINSTRELS.

Just One Penny to Buy Bread.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Written by ALBERT A. HILL.
Andante con espressione.

Music by CHAS. D. BLAKE.



1. Oh! kind sir, please, please take pity, 'Twill bring blessing on your head,



All day long I've roamed the cit-y, Just one pen-ny to buy bread,



I am hungry faint and wea-ry, With the long, long way I've come,



And the world seems dark and drea-ry, For my mother's sick at home.
CHORUS.



Oh! in pit-y some one hear me, Do not cold-ly shake your head,



Moth-er's sick and much I fear me, That she'll die for want of bread.

2.

See my bleeding feet are quiv'ring
On the pavement of the street,
With the cold my limbs are shiv'ring,
Please give me something to eat.
Just one penny wont distress you,
Only one, I ask no more,
God in heav'n will surely bless you,
And perhaps increase your store.

3.

Oh! I'll be so very grateful;
Just one penny please to give,
Do not let me think you hateful,
Mother must have bread to live.
I'm so tired and I must hurry,
Mother's all alone at home,
And she'll soon begin to worry,
If her darling does not come.

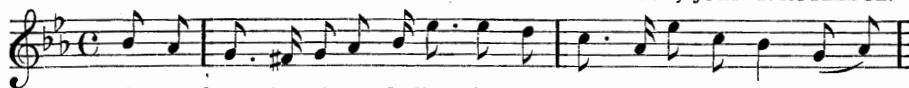
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Keep your Little Heart for me.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by JOHN T. RUTLEDGE.



1. I was dream-ing of you, darling, All the long and lone-ly night, And I
2. Has your lit - tle heart been lonely, Since I wan-der'd from your side? Or
3. All my days of roaming o-ver, And my heart is light a - gain, And I



saw your face so lovely And your sunny smile so bright, And I'm coming back to meet you, coming
have I been forgotten, have affection's roses died? Or are you waiting, dearest, just as
nev-er more shall leave you, for it only gives me pain; At your side I'll linger ever, just as



back to home and thee, Are you waiting, love, to greet me? Keep your little heart for me.
lone - ly as can be? I will soon be with you, darling, Keep your little heart for me.
hap - py as can be; If you love me as you use to, Keep your lit-tle heart for me,

REFRAIN. *Tempo di Marcia.*



All my lone - ly dreams are o - ver, And my heart is light and free,



I will come, no more to leave you, Keep your lit - tle heart for me.

CHORUS.



All my lone - ly dreams are o - ver, And my heart is light and free,



I will come, no more to leave you, Keep your lit-tle heart for me.

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SUNG BY LEADING MISTRELS.

The Lassie Tha' Lo'es Me.

SCOTCH BALLAD.

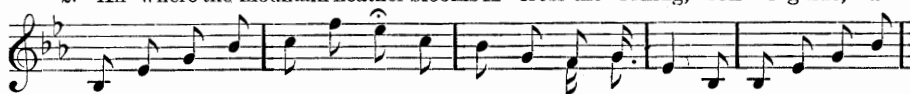
Words by Mrs. EMMA PITT.

Music by H. W. PORTER. Op. 12.

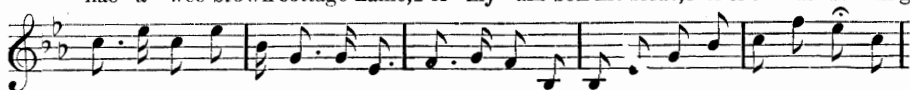
Andantino. p



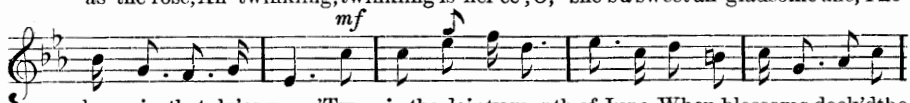
1. There dwells be-side the sun-ny stream A maiden charming, charming fair, Her
2. An' where the mountain heather blooms A cross the rolling, roll - ing tide, I



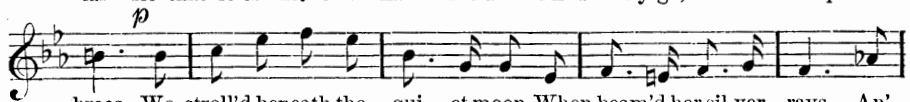
im-age haunts my sweetest dreams, An' floats up - on the air, Her voice is can - tie
hae a wee brown cottage hame, For my ain bon-nie bride, Her cheeks are blushing



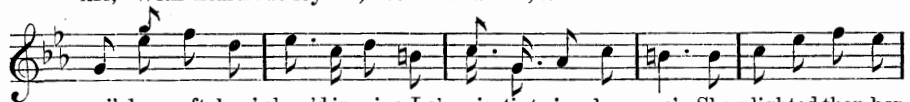
as the birds, An' sparkling, sparkling is her ee', O, she's a bright an' winsome ane, The
as the rose, An' twinkling, twinkling is her ee', O, she's a sweet an' gladsome ane, The



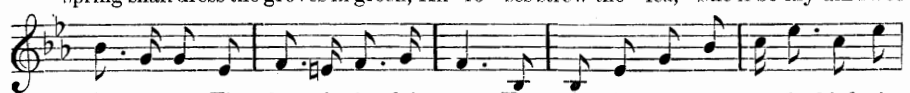
las - sie that lo'es me. 'Twas in the dainty month of June, When blossoms deck'd the
las - sie that lo'es me. An' han' in han' we'll bravely go, to tread the path of



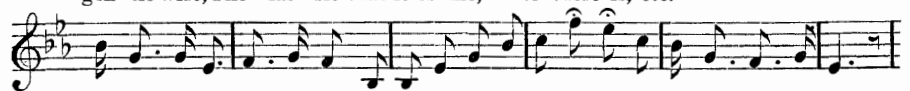
braes, We stroll'd beneath the qui - et moon, When beam'd her sil-ver rays, An'
life, With hearts sae loy - al, fond and true, We'll fear nae storm or strife. When



wi' her soft han' clasp'd in mine, Lo'es ain tint in her ee', She plighted then her
spring shall dress the groves in green, An' ro - ses strew the lea, She'll be my ain swee



faith sae true, The las - sie that lo'es me, Her voice is can - tie as the birds, An'
gen - tle wife, The las - sie that lo'es me, Her voice is, etc.



sparkling, sparkling is her ee', O, she's a bright an' winsome ane, The lassie that lo'es me -

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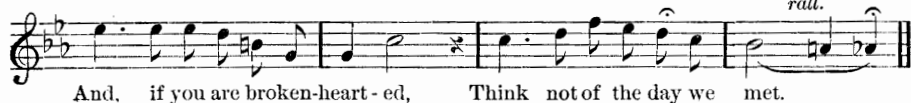
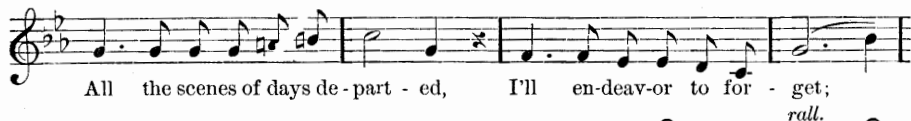
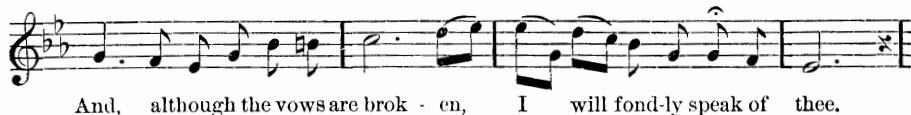
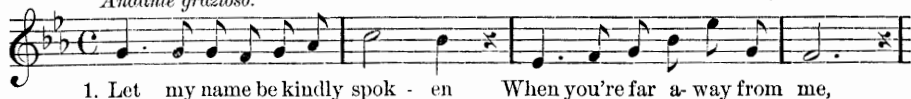
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Let my Name be Kindly Spoken.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by S. N. MITCHELL.
Andante grazioso.

Music by H. P. DANKS.



CHORUS.



2.

In the past we lov'd each other,
Lov'd each other fond and true,
And I'll never find another
That can take the place of you.
Tho' I wander on forever,
Seeking lands beyond the sea;
Well I know that I shall never,
Never see the like of thee.

3.

If the fates should bid me meet you,
At some far-off, distant day,
I would fondly kiss and greet you,
In the old familiar way.
Tho' the binding link is broken,
It is sweet to part as friends;
And the farewell word that's spoken,
To the heart a sweetness lends.

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SUNG BY LEADING MINSTRELS.

"Little Brother Joe."

COMIC SONG.

Words and Music by J. P. SKELLY.

Allegretto.



1. Lou - i - sa Jane re - sides at home, The pride of her dear
2. Now of - ten when I sit and sigh, And al - most pop the

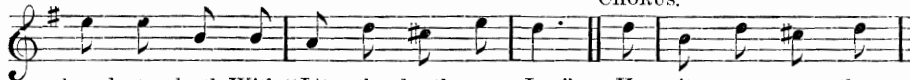


moth-er; The fam - i - ly is ver - y small, There's only one young brother. I
question, In comes that wicked lit - tle boy And of - fers some sugges - tion. I

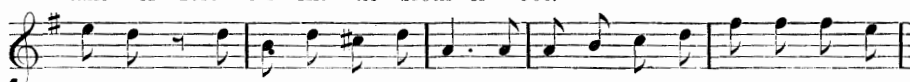


of - ten call to have a chat, And pass an hour or so, But I am always
bribe him up with su - gar plums, And try to make him go, But nothing seems to

CHORUS.



bored to death With "Lit - tle broth - er Joe." He sits up - on the
take ef - fect On "Lit - tle broth - er Joe."



so - fa, he jumps a-round the floor, He views the sit - u - a - tion thro' the



key-hole of the door; He talks to his com - panions of his big sister's



beau; A plague up - on hu - man - i - ty is "Lit - tle broth - er Joe."

3.

He likes to climb upon my knee,
And at my side he lingers,
He pulls me by the collar
With his little taffy fingers.
Sometimes I'd like to warm him,
But Louisa whispers no—
Don't mind his playful manner,
He's my "Little brother Joe."

4.

For six long months it has been thus,
I've tried to win Louisa,
But I've had no chance at all,
Not ev'n to hug or squeeze her.
I might have done much better,
But a fellow has no show
When people will intrude themselves
Like "Little brother Joe."

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SUNG BY LEADING MINSTRELS.

Little Flower Forget me Not.

VOCAL GAVOTTE.

Con express.

Written and Arranged by THOS. P. WESTENDORF.

1. When I'm far a - way from thee, From those eyes that bright - ly
beam, Will you ev - er think of me. And our hap - py, hap - py
dream; Will the com - ing days still find In your heart, love's burning
flame, Will the one I leave be - hind Ev - er, ev - er be the same.
Lit - tle flow'r for - get me not, No, no, no, no, My
life is thine a - lone, Oh, then for - get me not.

2.

Thou art fairer to me now,
Than when first I saw thy smile,
And there dwells upon thy brow,
That which haunts me all the while,
'Tis a beauty in whose charm
There is pow'r, my heart to thrill,
Ah, dispel this dread alarm,
Say, I'll find thee faithful still.
Little flow'r, forget me not,
No, no, no, no,
My life is thine alone,
Oh, then forget me not.

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SUNG BY LEADING MINSTRELS.

A Little Mountain Lad.

SONG.

Words by F. E. WEATHERLY.

Andantino semplice.

Music by JOSEPH L. ROECKEL.



1. O-ver the moorlands gay and glad, He piped the sweet day long; He was only a lit-tle mountain lad, She
2. Far from the gorge and babbling rills, She went away one day: He is a-lone up-on the hills,

rall.

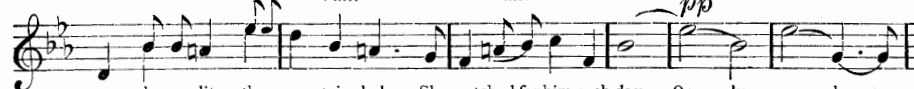


loved to hear his song, She leaned from her window, weeping sad, When he drove his flock away; He was
Pi-ping his lit-tle lay. And she has woo-ers at her feet, And all is rich and rare; He

rall.

rall.

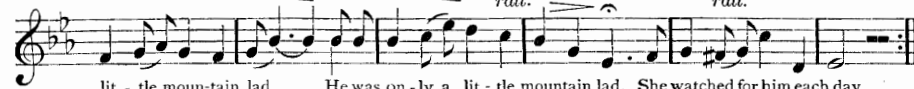
pp



on-ly a lit-tle moun-tain lad; She watched for him each day. On-ly, on-ly a
drives his flocks by her win-dow-seat, But she is not there, not there! Ah me, Ah me,

rall.

rall.



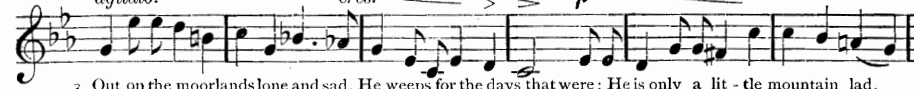
lit-tle moun-tain lad, He was on-ly a lit-tle mountain lad, She watched for him each day.
she is not there, not there! He drives his flock by her window-seat, But she is not there, not there!

Un poco piu mosso.

agitato.

cres.

p

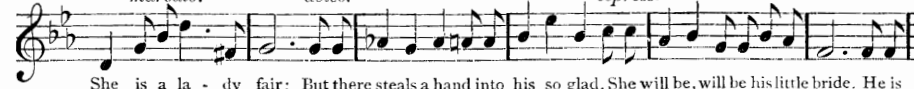


3. Out on the moorlands lone and sad, He weeps for the days that were; He is only a lit-tle mountain lad,

marcato.

dolce.

espress.



She is a la-dy fair; But there steals a hand into his so glad, She will be, will be his little bride. He is

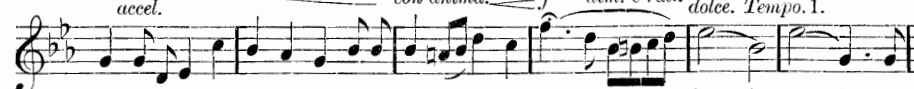
accel.

con anima.

f

dim. e rall.

dolce. Tempo. 1.

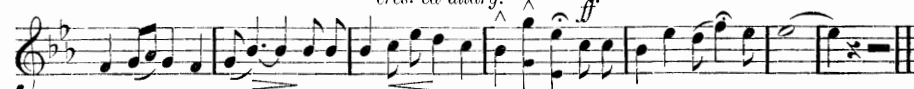


on-ly a lit-tle mountain lad, But she loves none else be-side,

On-ly, on-ly a

cres. ed allarg.

f



lit-tle mountain lad, He is on-ly a lit-tle mountain lad, But she loves none else beside!

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Loved Ones Passed Away.

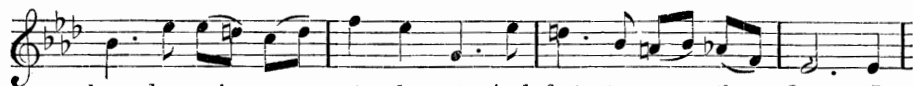
SONG.

Words by IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

Music by H. P. DANKS,

Andante.

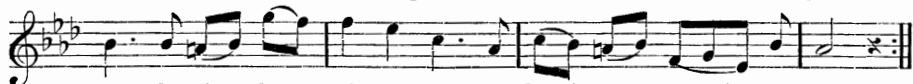
1. I muse and dream the dream to-night, So oft I've pon - der'd o'er; I
 2. The i - vy clam - bers o'er the wall, Now sear'd with age and time, The



hear dear voi - ces at the gate, And foot - steps on the floor, I
 ro - ses blos - som on the hill, And on the trel - lis climb; Glad



al - most see fa - mil - iar forms Il - lume the twi - light gray, And
 birds sing sweet - ly, heed - ing not The hours that can - not stay, And



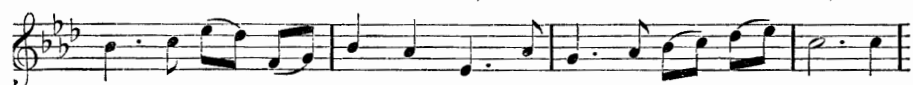
yet the si - lence whis - pers low Of loved ones passed a - way.
 yon - der church - yard mute - ly speaks Of loved ones passed a - way.



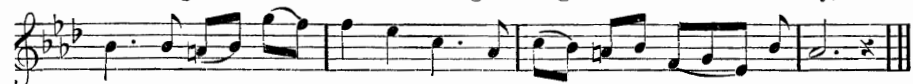
3. The i - vy nev - er heeds the years That fly a - way so fast; The



ro - ses blos - som but to fade, Their sweet - ness can - not last, The



birds sing on their old - en song For - get - ful of de cay, And



on - ly hu - man hearts will miss The loved ones passed a - way.

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Meet me, Darling, by the Mill.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

Music by H. P. DANKS.

Gently.



1. There's a se - cret I would tell you, I would breathe it in your



ear, Where we met in ear - ly spring time By the brook that ran so

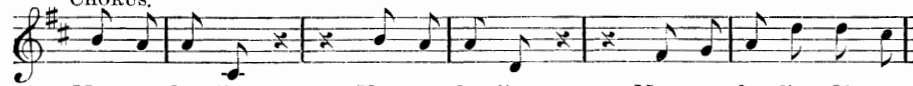


clear; When the ev - 'ning shad - ows gath - er, And the bu - sy world is



still, There's a se - cret I will tell you, Meet me, dar - ling, by the mill.

CHORUS.



Meet me, dar - ling, Yes, my dar - ling, Meet me, dar - ling, Oh, my



dar - ling, by the mill, There's a se - cret I would tell you, Meet me, darling, by the mill.

2.

When the dewy winds are sighing,
Thro' the wavy branches green,
And the lovely moon is smiling
In the azure sky serene,
When the night-bird's tender music
Bids our hearts with rapture thrill,
Oh, remember then your promise,
Meet me, darling, by the mill.

3.

I can see the rosy blushes,
As they mantle now, your cheek,
In your eye a merry twinkle
Tells the words your heart would speak;
Oh, my pretty, precious secret,
You can guess it if you will,
Then be faithful to your promise,
Meet me, darling, by the mill.

Mother, Tell Me, Where is Eva?

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by WM. HARDMAN.
Andante.

Music by H. P. DANKS.



1. Moth - er, have you seen dear E - va? I've been searching ev'ry where;



Thro' the fields and in the mead - ows, But I can-not find her there;



Sad and lonely have I wait - ed Down be-side the dear old lane,

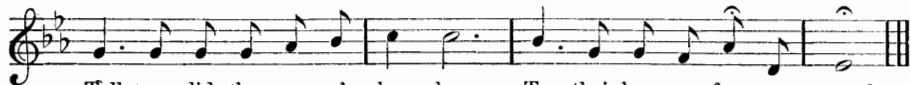


Where we pass'd the hap - py mo - ment, But sweet E - va nev - er came.

CHORUS.



Moth - er, tell me, where is E - va? When we parted she was gay.



Tell 'me, did the an - gels bear her To their home so far a - way?

2.

Mother, tell me, where is Eva?

Then the tear-drops will not flow,
And I shall not roam so sadly,

Caring not where 'er I go;
Through the dell and lonely valley

Where the robin sings so gay,

Calling for our darling Eva,

And in sorrow all the way.

3.

Mother, tell me, where is Eva?

Do not turn your head away,
For my heart is fill'd with darkness

All the bright long summer day.

Eva was so kind and gentle,

Oh, it fills my heart with pain

When I think I ne'er shall see her;

Won't dear Eva come again?

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SUNG BY LEADING MINSTRELS.

A Mother's Vigil.

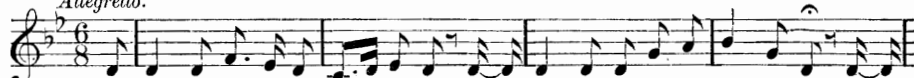
SONG.

Words by J. J. LONSDALE.

(ALTO OR BASS.)

Composed by A. H. ROSEWIG, Op. 131.

Allegretto.



1. One long last kiss at the shielding door, Ere he sadly pass'd down the mountain path; And she

2. She fold - ed his home-spun suit of grey, And gathered wild thyme to lay between; And

cres.



saw her sol - dier boy no more, Till he marched with his comrades up the straits. Their
hung his crook in the old fond way She used when her Colin came home at e'en. When

8: Marziale.



tar - tan plaids and their plumes grew dim, But the wail of the pibroch echoed shrill; As
gloaming fell and the wheel was dumb, She lit her dim lamp at the window pane; Though
wel - come darling tho' late, so late, Let me kiss you sweet ere my spir - it flies; To

affettuoso e piu lento.



soft - ly breathing a prayer for him, she turned to her home on the heath-clad hill; As
she knew her laddie ne'er would come From herding his sheep on the hill again; Though
watch at the windows of Heav'n, and wait Thy feet at the threshold of Para-dise; To

rall.



soft-ly breathing a pray'r for him, She turned to her home on the heath - clad hill.
she knew her laddie ne'er would come From herding his sheep on the hill a - gain.
watch at the windows of Heav'n, and wait Thy feet at the threshold of Pa - ra - dise.

Quasi recitativo.

crescendo.

rall.



3. Long years had sped, but the light gleam'd still, Through the summer starlight and wintry frost,
[Ere

8:



Co-lin climb'd up the mist-wreath'd hill, And her fond arms circled the boy she lost; "O

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SUNG BY LEADING MINSTRELS

My Bonnie Jennie Lee.

SONG AND DANCE.

By W. O. FISKE.



1. Oh, she is pret - ty, sweet and good, With sun - ny wav - ing
2. Her dain - ty, ti - ny lit - tle feet Trip light - ly to and



hair, That falls in gold - en, gleams a - round Her love - ly face so
fro, Her love - ly cheeks and bud - ding lips Vie with the ro - ses



fair. Her eyes they spar - kle like the stars, Her step is light and
glow. Her voice is like the whisp'ring wind, So soft it comes to



free, Oh, who so hap - py all the day As bon-nie Jennie Lee.
me, As I meet her in the dew-y eve, My bon-nie Jennie Lee.



Oh, there's a sweetly shaded path Just by the cottage wall, And there I meet my pretty love As



twilight shadows fall; I meet her there at close of day Beneath the li - lac



tree, And fond-ly clasp her to my heart, My Bonnie Jennie Lee.

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My Heart to Thee is Singing.

SERENADE.

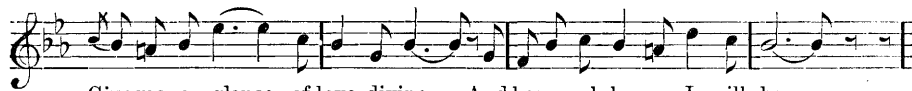
(SOLO AND DUET.)

Words and Music by J. P. SKELLY.

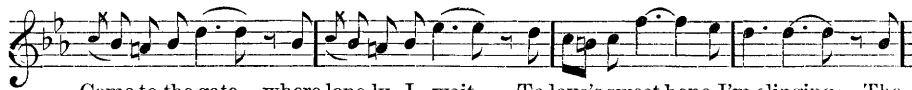
Moderato.



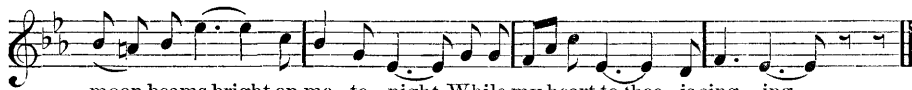
Hark to my song, sweet love of mine, Look down in thy beauty on me;
Speak but a word, one gen-tle word, And fill me with hope and delight,



Give me a glance of love divine, And happy, oh, happy I will be.
Sing like the hap-py warbling bird, And ans-w'r my heart's sweet song to-night.



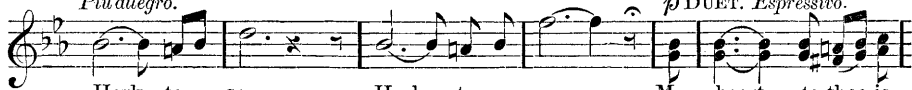
Come to the gate, where lone-ly I wait, To love's sweet hope, I'm clinging; The
Whisper a-gain love's tender re-frain, My soul to thee I'm flinging! Oh!



moon beams bright on me to-night, While my heart to thee is sing-ing.
share with me this hour of glee, My heart to thee is sing-ing.

Piu allegro.

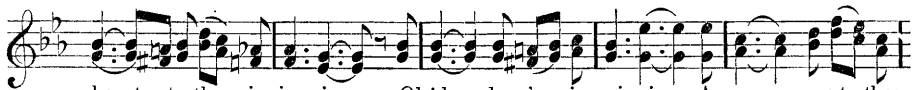
DUET. Espressivo.



Hark to my song, Hark to my song, My heart to thee is



sing-ing, To Love's sweet hope I'm clinging; The moon beams bright on me to-night, My



heart to thee is sing-ing. Oh! hear love's voices ringing, A mes-sage to thee



bringing, Oh! list I pray, to love's sweet lay, My heart to thee is sing-ing.

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SUNG BY LEADING MINSTRELS.

No Sir!

SPANISH BALLAD.

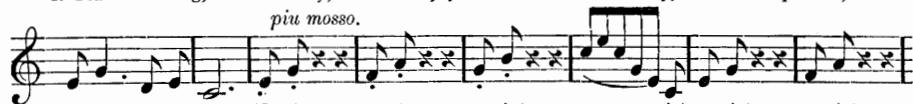
Allegretto con spirito.

Words and Music Arr. by A. M. WAKEFIELD.

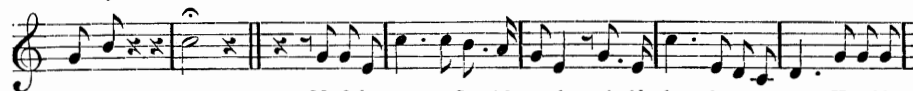


1. Tell me one thing, tell me tru - ly, Tell me why you scorn me so? Tell me why, when ask'd a question, You will

piu mosso.



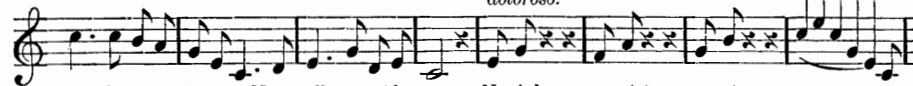
al-ways an-swer no? No sir! no sir! no sir! no sir! no sir! no sir!



no sir! no!

2. My father was a Spanish merchant, And be-fore he went to sea, He told me

doloroso.



to be sure and answer No! to all you said to me. No sir! no sir! no sir! no sir!

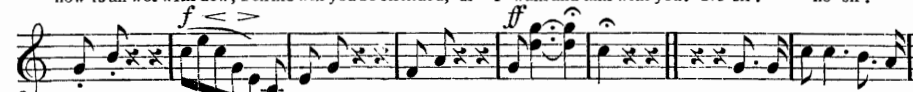


no sir! no sir! no sir! no!

3. If when walking in the gar - den, Plucking

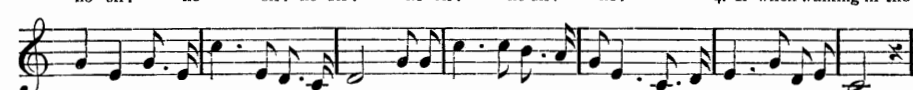


flow'rs all wet with dew, Tell me will you be offended, If I walk and talk with you? No sir! no sir!

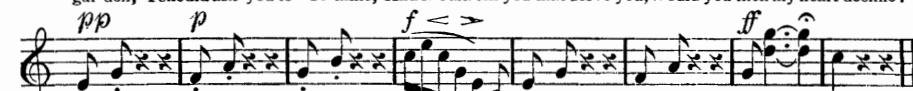


no sir! no sir! no sir! no sir! no sir! no!

4. If when walking in the



gar-den, I should ask you to be mine, And should tell you that I love you, Would you then my heart decline?



No sir! no sir! no sir! no sir! no sir! no sir! no sir! no!

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SUNG BY LEADING MINSTRELS.

No Word of Welcome.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by GEO. M. VICKERS.

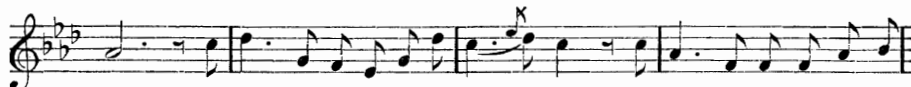
Music by THOS. P. WESTENDORF.



1. I hear the old fa-mil-iar voi-ces, They sound as in the long a-



go, And now ap-pears the passing shadow Of one sweet form that well I

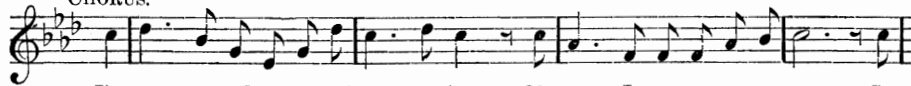


know. I'm wea-ry and my heart is yearn-ing For rest within my child-hood's



home. Oh! if I knew they would forgive me, No more in sorrow would I roam.

CHORUS.



I'm wea-ry and my heart is yearn-ing, Oh, must I ev-er, ev-er roam! Is



there no joy at my re-turn-ing? Will no one bid me welcome home?

2.

The stars above are softly beaming
Upon the silent world below,
The night-wind's moan among the branches,
Is echoed by the brooklets flow.
Here once beside a loving mother,
I pass'd the days in childish glee,
And now I'd give the world if only
One tender thought was spared for me.

3.

Not e'en the faithful watch-dog knows me,
Tho' oft together we have play'd;
There's none to give a word of welcome,
Or heed the foolish one that strayed.
The village clock the hour is tolling,
Each tone it seems would bid me stay,
And yet I fear in lonely sadness,
That I, alas, must turn away.

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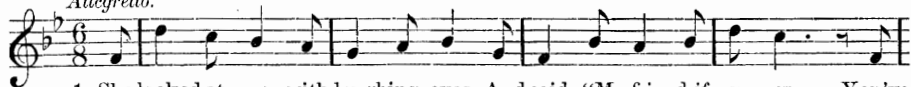
Now or Never.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by Miss KATIE BELLE WICHMANN.

Music by E. MACK.

Allegretto.



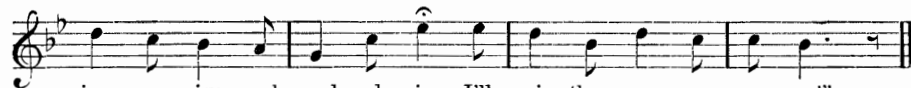
1. She looked at me with laughing eyes; And said: "My friend, if ev - er You've



got a du - ty to be done, Then do it now or nev - er!" Sweet

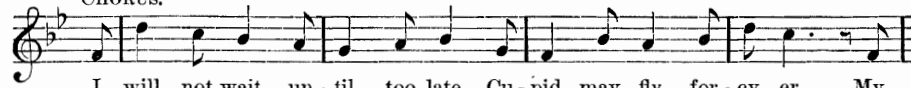


sage!" I said, "three wish - es then To gain is my en - deav - or; And

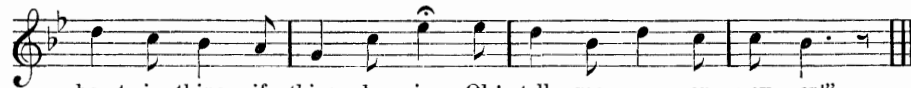


since you give such good ad - vice, I'll win them now or nev - er!"

CHORUS.



I will not wait un - til too late, Cu - pid may fly for - ev - er, My



heart is thine if thine be mine, Oh! tell me now or nev - er!"

2.

She said: "Indeed, you seem assured
To win them is quite easy,
Were you to fail, conceited man,
I believe that it would please me!"
"I shall not fail, if you will say
Our two hearts shall not sever—
Yourself—a kiss—one little yes—
'Then give me now or never!"

3.

"If you would win me!" then she said,
"You'll catch me if you're clever"
And off she sprang in merry haste,—
Just try it—now or never!"
Then in my arms I caught her close
And won them all together—
A kiss—a yes—my own sweet love,
For now and now forever!"

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Oh, He's the Lad for Me.

SCOTCH BALLAD.

Words and Music by Mrs. EMMA PITT.

Allegro.

1. Young Rog - er is a spright - ly lad, As ev - er trod the green. He
looks sae come - ly in his plaid, Wi' twa bright glancing e'en, He
ca's me sweet and pret - ty, too, I win - na tell him nae, But
CHORUS.
ith - er las - sie he will woo When I am far a - way. I
loe my ain sweet bon - nie dell, An' I'm a las - sie free, The
espressione.
lad that kiss - es il - ka ane, Is not the lad for me.

2.

Brave Jamie, too's a lover gay,
An' vow'd he would be mine,
'Tis breath is sweet as new mown hay,
His tocher too is fine.
e ca's my e'en sae bonnie blue,
I winna tell him nae,
But ither lassies he will woo
Soon as he turns away.
• I loe my ain sweet bonnie dell,
An' I'm a lassie free,
The lad that kisses ilka ane,
Is not the lad for me.

3.

I know a lovely, charming name,
I canna fear nae ill,
My ain true love is now at hame,
An' joys my bosom fill.
He clasp'd me to his loving breast
I winna tell him nae,
No ither lassie there he prest,
Tho' he was far away.
I loe my ain sweet bonnie dell,
Tho' not a lassie free,
The lad that kisses only ane,
Oh, he's the lad for me.

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Only a Dream of my Mother.

SONG AND CHORUS.

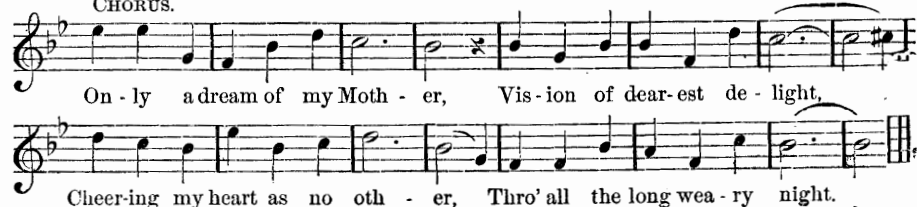
Moderato with feeling.

Words and Music by JOHN T. RUTLEDGE.



1. On - ly a dream of my moth - er, Vis - ion of dear - est de -
light, Cheer - ing my heart as no oth - er,
Thro' all the long, wea - ry night. Lin - ger with me in thy
glad - ness, Till I shall see her a - gain, Waking would
bring me but sad - ness, Lin - ger and keep me from pain.

CHORUS.



On - ly a dream of my Moth - er, Vis - ion of dear - est de - light,
Cheer - ing my heart as no oth - er, Thro' all the long wea - ry night.

2.

Only a dream of my mother,
And the old home ever dear,
Coming my sad tears to smother,
Coming my sad heart to cheer.
Calling back days gone forever,
When I was close by her side;
Will they return to me never?
Long for their coming I've sighed.

3.

Only a dream of my mother,
Only a dream, that is all;
Wake me not for there's no other
Answering memory's call.
Let me sleep on, sweetly dreaming
That her dear arms round me twine,
With her dear eyes on me beaming,
Speaking love ever divine.

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Orange Blossoms.

WALTZ SONG.

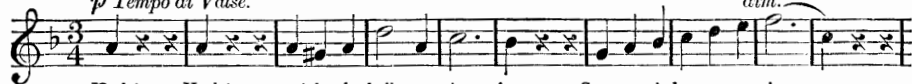
Words by GEO. M. VICKERS.

(FOR SOPRANO OR TENOR.)

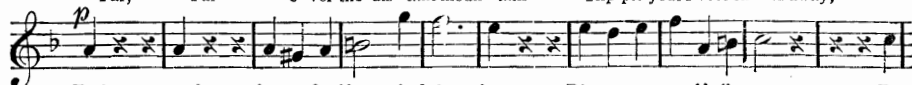
Music by ADAM GEIBEL.

p *Tempo di Valse.*

dim.



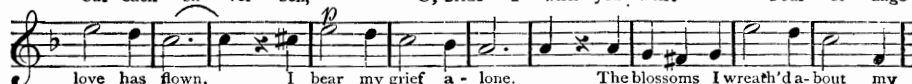
Hark! Hark! gai-ly the bells are ring - ing, Some one is hap - py to - day;
Far, Far o - ver the dis - tant moun - tain Rip - ple your sweet chimes away,



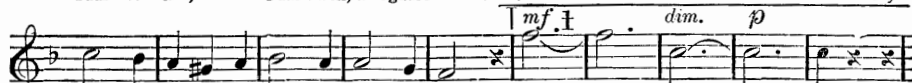
Each sound joy to fond hearts is bring - ing, Ring on ye proud bells so gay;
While I here by the flow - ing foun - tain, Min - gle my tears with its spray;



me hope gives no ray To light my drear - y way, The dream of
out each sil - ver bell, O, bride I wish you well! Your or - ange



love has flown, I bear my grief a - lone. The blossoms I wreath'd a - bout my
buds so fair, Guard well, and guard with care: The blossoms I wreath'd a - bout my



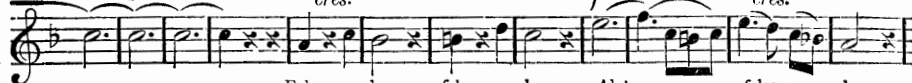
brow, Tho' beauti - ful once are fad - ed now. Ah! Ah! false,
brow, Tho' beauti - ful once are fad - ed now.



false was he, Poor! poor! poor, fool - ish me.



Ah! Ah! false was he. Poor! poor! fool - ish me.



False was he, false was he, Ah! false was he.



fool - ish me. fool - ish me. Ah! poor fool - ish me.

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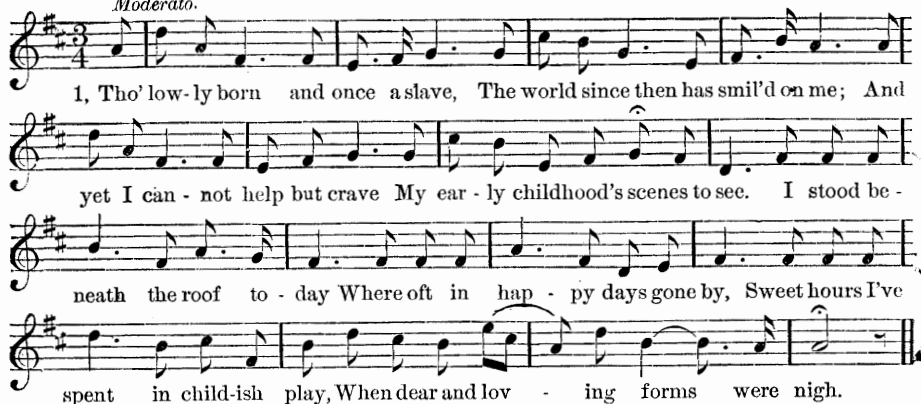
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Our Cot in Tennessee.

SONG AND CHORUS.

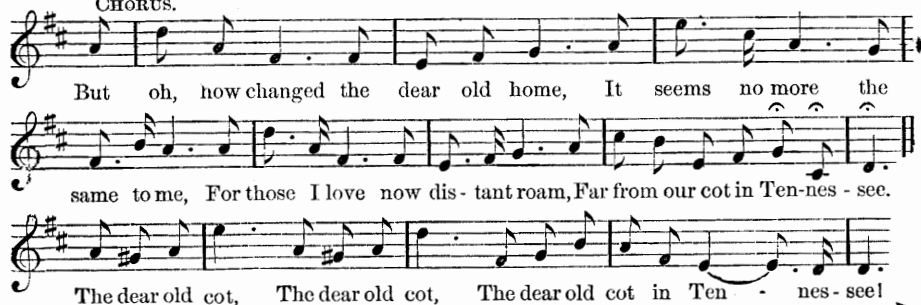
Poetry by GEO. M. VICKERS.

Music by W. F. SUDDS.

Moderato.


1, Tho' low-ly born and once a slave, The world since then has smil'd on me; And
yet I can - not help but crave My ear - ly childhood's scenes to see. I stood be -
neath the roof to - day Where oft in hap - py days gone by, Sweet hours I've
spent in child-ish play, When dear and lov - ing forms were nigh.

CHORUS.



But oh, how changed the dear old home, It seems no more the
same to me, For those I love now dis - tant roam, Far from our cot in Ten - nes - see.
The dear old cot, The dear old cot, The dear old cot in Ten - nes - see!

2.

Oft have I seen my home in dreams,
Just as I saw it years ago, [beams
When 'neath the Southern sun's warm
I watch'd the river's gentle flow.
Then sadly would I wake to know
'Twas but a fancy, brief and vain,
Until at last I longed to go
And see our far-off cot again.

3.

Where once the merry song was sung,
Now only weary silence reigns;
The banjo hangs untouch'd, unstrung,
And dreary gloom alone remains.
I tried, but could no longer stay
Where none remain'd to welcome me,
And with a sigh I turned away
From all I loved in Tennessee.

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Over the Garden Wall.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by HARRY HUNTER.

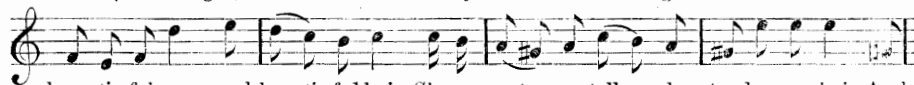
Music by G. D. FOX.



1. Oh, my love stood un-der the wal - nut tree, O - ver the gar - den wall, She
 2. But her fa - ther stamped, and her father raved, O - ver the gar - den wall, And
 3. One day I jumped down on the oth - er side, O - ver the gar - den wall, And
 4. But where there's a will, there's always a way, O - ver the gar - den wall, There's



whisper'd and said she'd be true to me, O - ver the gar - den wall, She'd
 like an old mad - man he be-haved, O - ver the gar - den wall, She
 she brave-ly promised to be my bride, O - ver the gar - den wall, But
 al-ways a night, as well as a day, O - ver the gar - den wall, We



beau-ti - ful eyes, and beauti - ful hair, She was not very tall, so she stood on a chair, And
 made a bouquet of ro - ses red, But im-me-di-ate-ly I popped up my head, He
 she scream'd in a fright, "Here's father, quick, I have an impression he's bringing a stick," But
 hadn't much money, but weddings are cheap, So while the old fellow was snoring asleep, With



man - y a time have I kissed her there, O - ver the gar - den wall.
 gave me a buck-et of wa-ter in-stead, O - ver the gar - den wall.
 I brought the im-pres-sion of half a brick, O - ver the gar - den wall.
 a lad and a lad - der she managed to creep, O - ver the gar - den wall.

CHORUS.



O - ver the gar - den wall, The sweet-est girl of all, There



nev - er were yet, such eyes of jet, And you may bet, I'll nev - er for get. The



night our lips in kiss - es met, O - ver the gar - den wall.

Pass Us Not By.

SONG AND CHORUS.

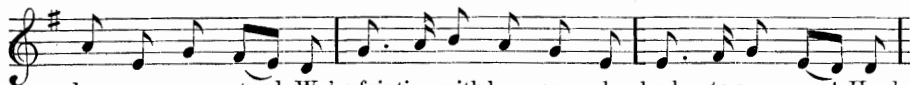
Words by GEO. M. VICKERS.

Music by ALICE HAWTHORNE.

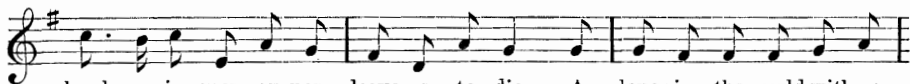
Moderato.



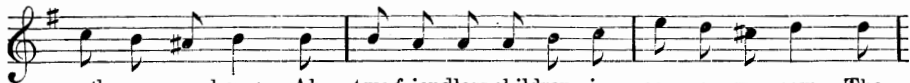
1. Kind stran-ger, show pi-ty, the night is at hand, And poor lit-tle sis-ter no
2. Ah, once in a home that was hap-py and fair, We knew the sweet bliss of a



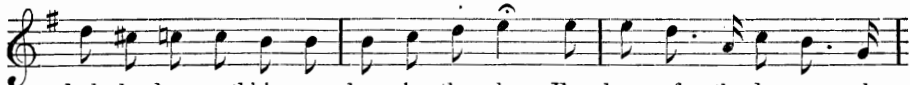
lon-ger can stand; We're fainting with hun-ger, oh, hark to our cry! Heed,
kind moth-er's care; Un-seen was a tear, and un-heard was a sigh, And



heed us in mer-cy, nor leave us to die. A-lone in the world with no
peace-ful the days and the months glid-ed by; But fa-ther and moth-er are

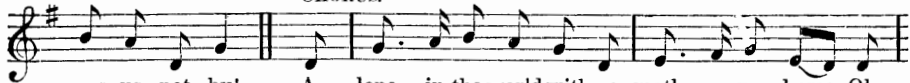


moth-er, no home, Ah, two friendless children in sor-row we roam: The
now in the grave, And help-less the dangers of life must we brave; Kind



dark clouds are gath'ring a-bove in the sky, For love of thy dear ones, oh,
stran-ger, give something, for hard is our way, And heav-en will bless you, oh,

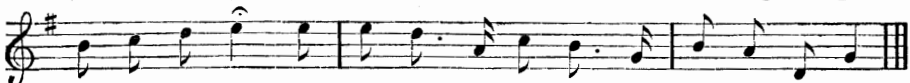
CHORUS.



pass us not by! A-lone in the world with no moth-er, no home, Oh,
help us, we pray!



two friendless children in sor-row we roam; The dark clouds are gath'ring a-



bove in the sky For love of thy dear ones, oh, pass us not by.

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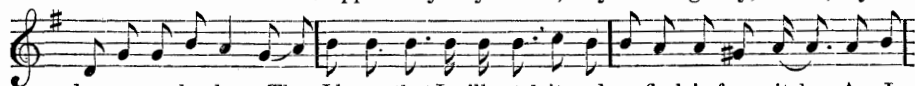
The Patter of the Shingle.

COMIC SONG AND CHORUS.

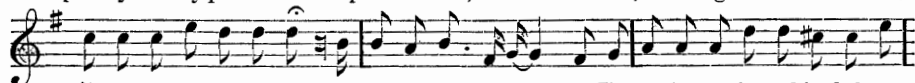
By THOMAS P. WESTENDORF.



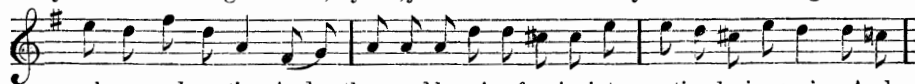
1. When the angry passion gath'ring in my mother's face I see, And she takes me to the bed-room, [gently]
 2. In a sudden intermission that appears my only chance, I say "strike gently, mother, or you'll



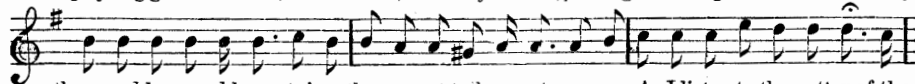
lays me on her knee, Then I know that I will catch it, and my flesh in fancy itches As I split my sunday pants." She stops a moment, draws her breath, the shingle holds aloft As she



lis-ten to the pat-ter of the shingle on my breeches. Ev-'ry tinkle of the shingle has an says "I had not thought of that, my son, just take them off." Holy Moses and the angels look in

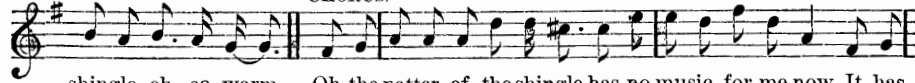


ech-o and a sting And a thousand burning fancies into active be-ing spring, And a piny-glances down, And thou, O family doctor, pull good soft poultice on, And may

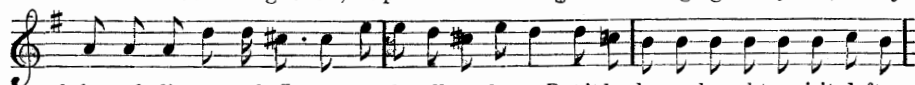


thousand bees and hornets 'neath my coat-tail seem to swarm; As I listen to the patter of the I with fools and dunces ever-lastingly commingle, If I ev-er say a word again when

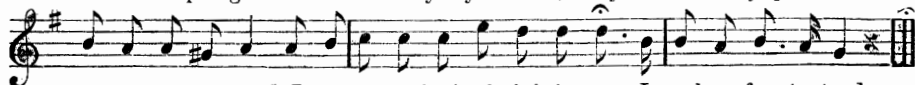
CHORUS.



shingle, oh, so warm. Oh, the patter of the shingle has no music for me now, It has mother wields the shingle. Oh, the patter of the shingle still is ringing in my ears, On my



left me feeling queerly, I can scarcely tell you how; But it broke my haughty spirit; left me cheeks are dried up ridges that were once my boyish tears; If my mother'd only spank me as she



ea-sy to command; I was once quite fond of sitting, now I much prefer to stand. once did with her hand I could then sit down with comfort, now I much prefer to stand.

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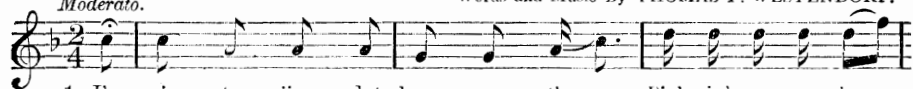
This Complete Song to be had of any music dealer, or will be mailed, Post-paid, on receipt of 40 cts.

Pickin' on a Harp.

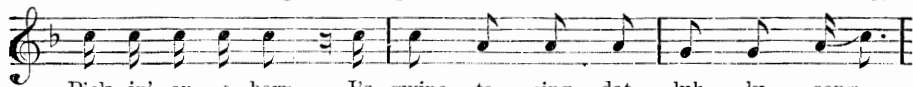
JUBILEE SONG WITH CHORUS.

Moderato.

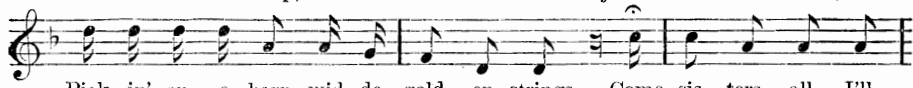
Words and Music By THOMAS P. WESTENDORF.



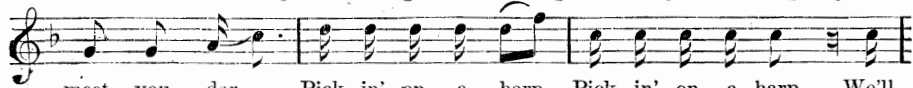
1. I'se gwine to jine dat hap - py throng, Pick - in' on a harp,
2. De Mef - o - dis an' Bap - tis too, Pick - in' on a harp,
3. Be - fore we go we'll pass de hat, Pick - in' on a harp,



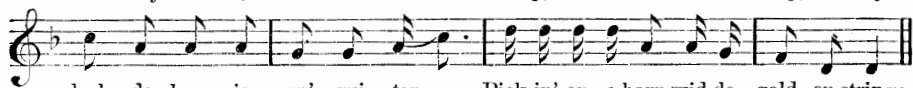
Pick - in' on a harp, I's gwine to sing dat lub - ly song,
 Pick - in' on a harp, Am wait - in' dar for me and you,
 Pick - in' on a harp, An' den we'll know jes where we're at,



Pick - in' on a harp wid de gold - en strings. Come sis - ters all I'll
 Pick - in' on a harp wid de gold - en strings. Don't be so ag - gra -
 Pick - in' on a harp wid de gold - en strings. If you don't gib your

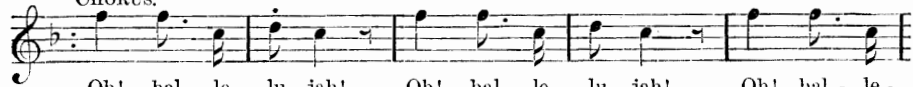


meet you dar, Pick - in' on a harp, Pick - in' on a harp, We'll
 va - tin' slow, Pick - in' on a harp, Pick - in' on a harp, You
 mon - ey free, Pick - in' on a harp, Pick - in' on a harp, My



leab de ban - jo an' gui - tar, Pick - in' on a harp wid de gold - en strings.
 neb - ber will be fixed to go, Pick - in' on a harp wid de gold - en strings.
 brud - der you will neb - ber be Pick - in' on a harp wid de gold - en strings.

CHORUS.



Oh! hal - le - lu - jah! Oh! hal - le - lu - jah! Oh! hal - le -



lu - jah, Glo - ry! Pick - in' on a harp wid de gold - en strings, gold - en strings.

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"Man that is married to woman is of many days and full of trouble. In the morning he draws his salary and in the evening behold it is all gone. It is as a tale that is told, it vanisheth and no one knoweth whither it goeth. He riseth up clothed in chilly garments of the night and seeketh the paregoric bottle, wherewith to heal the colicky bowels of his offspring. He spendeth his shekels in the purchase of fine linen and purple to cover the bosom of his family—yet he himself is seen at the gates of the city with one suspender. He cometh forth for a flower and is cut down. There is hope for a tree when it is cut down that the tender shoots thereof will sprout again, but man goeth to his home and what is he then? Yea! he is altogether wretched."—(NASHVILLE BANNER.)

The Poor Married Man.

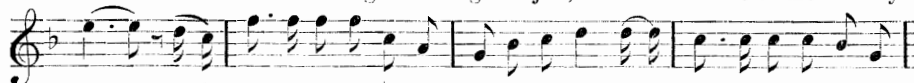
SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by JAMES KELLY.

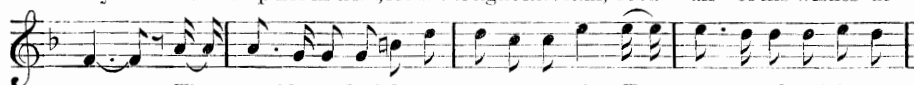
Musie by THOMAS P. WESTENDORF.



1. You may tell of the joys of the sweet honey-moon, I'll a-gree they are nice while they
2. He works all the day and he tries to be gay, For - get-ting his wor - ry and
3. When he goes to his bed and his poor tired head He lays on the edge of the
4. From his mother-in-law he gets nothing but jaw, No mat-ter how hard he may



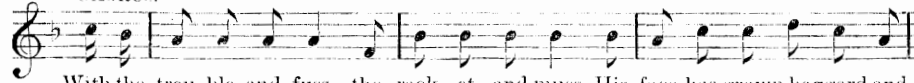
last, But in most ev'ry case they are o-ver too soon, And are counted as things of the
care, He whistles it down as he goes thro' the town, Tho' his heart may be full of de-
rail, Then the colic and croup makes him jump up and whoop Like a dog with a can to his
try To keep her in trim, for she'll light into him, And all of his wishes de -



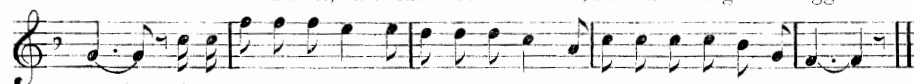
past, The trou-bles and trials are sure to be-gin Tho' you may do all that you
spair, For his very last cent must be paid out for rent, While at home there is Mollie and
tail. He must rock, he must walk, he must sing, he must talk, He must run for the water and
fy, He's a fool and a brute, and he nev-er can suit, Tho' he does just the best that he



can, You'll wish you were out of the clatter and din That follows the poor married man.
Dan, Both crying for shoes, and it gives him the blues To think he's a poor married man.
fun, He must bounce, he must leap, he must do without sleep, If he is a poor married man.
can, He had better be dead, for it then could be said, He's at rest now, the poor married man.
CHORUS.



With the trou-ble and fuss, the rack-et and muss, His face has grown haggard and



wan, You can tell by his clothes, where ever he goes, That he is a poor married man.

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The Pretty Little Cottage in the Meadow.

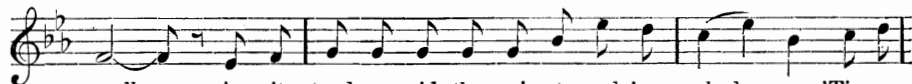
SONG AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by THOMAS P. WESTENDORF.

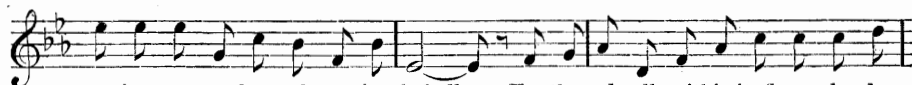
Moderato.



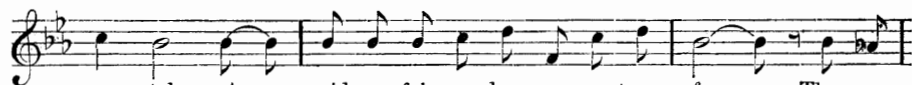
1. There's a pretty lit-tle cottage in the mead - ow, 'Nearly hid beneath the roses on its
2. Near that pretty lit-tle cottage in the mead - ow, Many happy hours I've lingered by her
3. To that pretty lit-tle cottage in the mead - ow, I am going when the roses bloom a-



walls; As it stands a-mid the qui-et cool-ing shad - ow, 'Tis more
side; And to - geth - er we have watched the fleeting shad - ow, As the
gain; And I'll sit me in the qui-et cool-ing shad - ow, Where so



precious to my heart than princely halls; For there dwells within its flower-la - den
sunlight chased it o'er the meadow wide; There we whispered words so full of magic
oft - en in the past I've hap-py been. Day by day I find my heart still growing



por - tal, A maid-en, fair - er, dear - er, sweet - er far, Than was
pow - er, That they twined a - bout our hearts a dreamlike spell, And I
light - er, And the sky a - bove my head it seems more fair, And I



ev - er an - y oth - er earthy mor - tal, Oh, she is to me my life, my guiding star.
learned to love my pretty little flow - er, Bet - ter far than lips like mine can ever tell.
know that coming days will be much brighter, For I'll surely see my little darling there.

CHORUS.



Oh, that pretty little cottage in the meadow, Holds a charm for me within its precious walls; As it



stands beneath the quiet cooling shadow, That is dearer than is found in princely halls.

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Ring Dem Charmin' Bells.

JUBILEE SONG AND CHORUS.

By GEORGE W. JONES.

Moderato.

1. Oh, sin - ner! don't take yo' time, Dars a road we all must
 clime. Hits a road full er faint - in' spells. De way mighty long, But
 CHORUS. *f*
 soul get strong W'en she year dem charmin' bells! Oh, sing, my soul! Oh,
 ring en roll! Ring - a dem charm-in' bells! Oh, sing, my soul! Oh,
 ring en roll! Ring - a dem charm - in' bells!

2.
 De road mighty full er dus',
 But sinner kin quench his thus'
 By drinkin' fum de Jacob wells:
 En de soul get strong
 W'en she year dat song,—
 Oh, ring dem charmin' bells!

3.
 Oh, sufferin' sinner, rise—
 Lif' up dem 'umble eyes—
 Lissen w'at de Speret tells:
 Oh, do get strong
 En sing dat song,—
 I year dem charmin' bells!

4.
 W'en de night get dark en col',
 En yo' year dat Jerdun roll',
 Dat de place whar John befels;
 Oh, soul, get strong
 En sing dat song,—
 Oh, ring dem charmin' bells!

5.
 My Lord he done unroll
 Dat shinin' clof' uv' gol',
 En de heav'ns dey sinks and swells!
 Oh, soul, sing strong!
 Des shout dat song,—
 Oh, ring dem charmin' bells!

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Robin, They Tell Me You're Going Away.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Con express.

Words and Music by THOS. P. WESTENDORF.



1. O Robin, they tell me you're going a - way, And you've come now to bid me good-bye: I can
2. Will you ever re-mem-ber the promise you made? Can I trust that your heart will be true? Will you
3. There'll be others that's fairer, in 'sat-in' and lace; There'll be smiles that will beam for your sake; And



read ev - 'ry word that your dear lips would say, By the dim light that beams from your eye. Your
think of the sweet, ten-der words you have said To the girl that would die, love, for you? My
maybe, dear Rob-in, some pretty girl's face Will cause you your prom - ise to break. Per-



face looks so sad, not a smile can I see, You al-ways were hap-py be-fore; O
life will be lone-ly when you are a - way, I'll long for your pres-ence in - vain; And I'll
haps you'll for-get me, O say you will not! I'll try to be-lieve you are true; And I'll



tell me, dear Robin, how long will it be? Do you think you will come an - y more?
pray for the com-ing of that hap-py day When I hope you'll be with me a - gain,
come ev - 'ry night to this dear lit-tle spot, And dream, my dear Rob - in, of you.

CHORUS:



O Rob-in, they tell me you're go-ing a - way; I nev - er may see you a - gain;— But my



heart will go with you where-ev-er you stray; Just as true as it ev - er has been.

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This Complete Song to be had of any music dealer, or will be mailed, Post-paid, on receipt of 40 cts.

The Rosebuds are Sweetest in May.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by NEILLIE R. CHASE.

Music by THOS. P. WESTENDORF.

Con expression.



1. The rosebuds are sweetest in may, you know, When they're just putting forth from the
2. So our darling must pass from a babe to a lass, As the bud to a blossom must
3. Oh! beautiful child with blue eyes so mild, And bright sunny ringlets of



stem, And that is the reason we love them so, And cherish each bright little
grow, If we always should stray mid the roses of May, We'd weary of flowers, you
gold, With dainty soft cheeks could your lips only speak, What charm would your lisping un-



gem; The dew-drops so clear only wait for us here, Beneath the cool light of the
know; So the June time must come with its music and hum, But even its brightness is
fold; Have the Angels of love sent thee down from above, From beautiful regions of



dawn, In a wee little while comes the sun with a smile, And then all their beauty is gone.
lost, When blighting and chill comes the Winter time still, To change with its glittering frost.
light, To show us that life with its sorrow and strife, Hath days that are sunny and bright.

CHORUS.



The Spring of the year is the brightest, my dear, Tho' its beauty must soon pass away, So the



glad baby days bring life's sunniest rays As the rosebuds are sweetest in May.

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Rose Leaves.

WALTZ SONG.

COMPANION TO

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

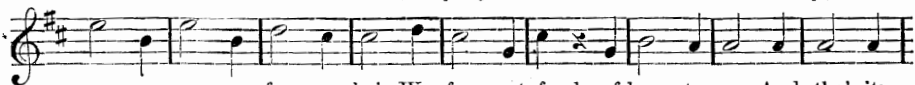
Words by GEO. M. VICKERS.

Music by ADAM GEIBEL.

Tempo di Valse.



The sweetest flowers that bloom, they say, At last must wither and fade away; The



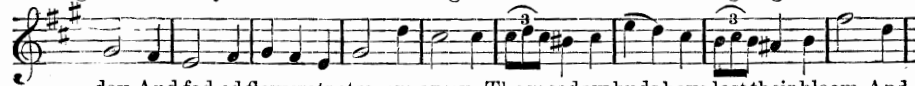
rose you gave me for my hair, Was fragrant, fresh, of beauty rare, And tho' its



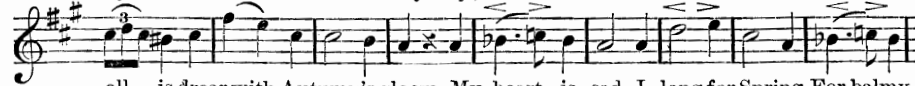
leaves have fall'n away, Yet precious still to me are they: My pretty rose-leaves, ah! I'll ne'er for-



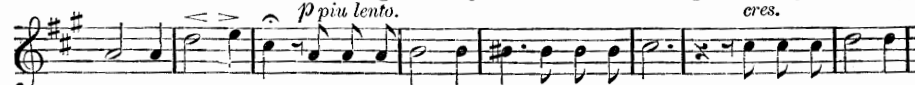
get, How once you blush'd with morning dew all wet. The wind is sighing and cold's the



day, And faded flowerets strew my way; The meadow buds have lost their bloom, And



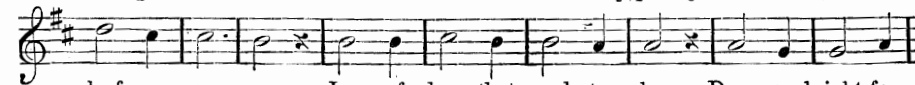
all is drear with Autumn's gloom. My heart is sad, I long for Spring, For balmy



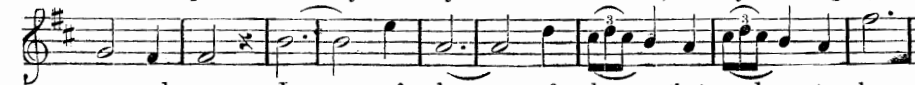
days that roses bring. My pretty rose-leaves, ah! I'll ne'er forget, How once you blush'd with



morning dew all wet; Ah! Pret-ty, pret-ty ros - es! In each



leaf re - pos - es Joys of days that used to be, Days so bright for



you and me. Joys of days, of days that used to be;

SONG BY LEADING MINSTRELS.

Days so bright; so bright for you and me. And I
gathered its leaves in the win - ter chill, And for one that I love, do I keep them still.
Ah! yes, I keep them still; Ah! yes, I keep them still.

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Somebody.

SONG.

G. LANG.

Larghetto con espressione.

My heart is sair, I dare na tell, My heart is sair, for some-bod-y, I could wake a
win - ter night, For the sake of some - bod - y, Oh! hon, for some - bod - y!
Oh! hey, for some-bod - y! I would range the world a - round, For the sake of some - bod - y,
Yepow's that smile on vir - tuous love, O, sweet - ly smile on some-bod-y! Frae il - ka dan - ger
keep him free, And send me safe my some - bod - y. Oh! hon! for some - bod - y!
Oh! hey! for some - bod-y! I wad gae where I wad not, For the sake of some-bod-y.

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SUNG BY LEADING MINSTRELS.

Some Day.

SONG.

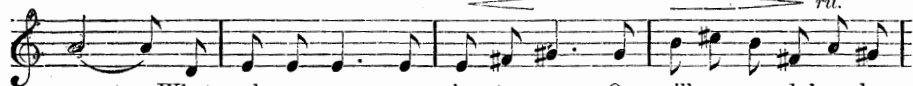
Words by HUGH CONWAY.

Moderato.

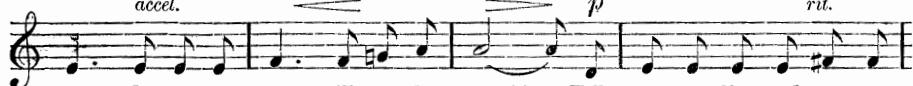
Music by MILTON WELLINGS.



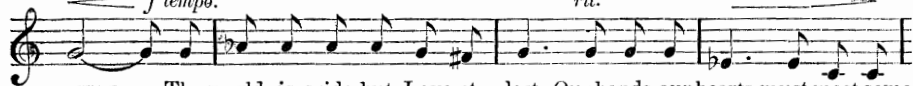
1. I know not when the day shall be, I know not when our eyes may
2. I know not are you far or near, Or are you dead, or if you



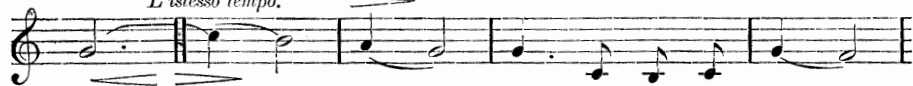
meet, What wel-come you may give to me, Or will your words be sad or
live; I know not who the blame should bear, Or who should plead or who for-



sweet: It may not be till years have pass'd, Till eyes are dim and tress-es
give: But when we meet some day, some day, Eyes clear-er grown the truth may



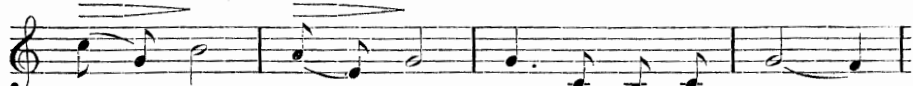
gray; The world is wide, but, Love, at last, Our hands, our hearts, must meet some
see, And ev-'ry cloud shall roll a-way That darkens love 'twixt you and



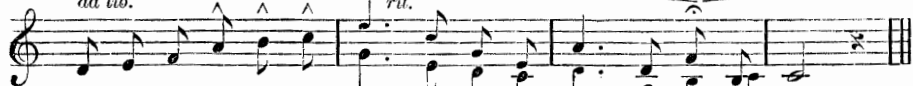
day. Some day, some day, some day shall meet you,
me.



Love, I know not when or how, Love, I know not when or how;



On-ly this, on-ly this, this, that once you loved me,



On-ly this, I love you now, I love you now, I love you now.

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Some Day I'll Wander Back Again.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

Music by WILLIAM A. HUNTLEY.

Con express.

1. Some day I'll wander back a-gain, To where the old home stands, Be -
 'neath the old tree down the lane, A - far in oth - er lands, Its
 hum - ble cot will shel - ter me, From ev - 'ry care and pain, And
 life be sweet as sweet can be, When I am home a - gain.
 I'll wan - der back, yes, back a - gain, Where child - hood's home may
 be, For mem - o - ry in sweet re - frain, Still sings its praise to me.

2.

Some day I'll wander back again,
 To scenes so dear to me,
 Where life sweet infancies refrain,
 Beside a mother's knee,
 To live once more the golden hour
 Of joyous merry play,
 No thorns, but only sweetest flowers,
 There in life's merry way.

3.

Some day I'll wander back again,
 To hearts so kind and true,
 Whose gentle faces still remain
 In mem'rie's cherished view.
 No more my wayward feet shall roam
 Life's troubled pathway o'er,
 But in the life and love of home,
 I'll rest me evermore.

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SUNG BY LEADING MINSTRELS.

Some One Will Miss Me While I Am Away.

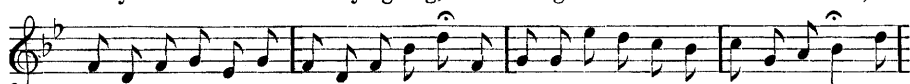
SONG AND CHORUS.

Moderato espressivo.

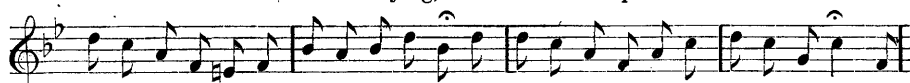
Words and Music by JOHN T. RUTLEDGE.



1. How pleasant it is to have some one to love us, To think of us kindly where ever we go, It
2. I fancy I hear some one tenderly sighing, And wishing I soon would return to their side, The



makes the world brighter like heaven above us, It makes our hearts lighter in pleasure or woe, I'm
rose of affection half scatter'd and lying, Around her as if hope and faith both had died. The

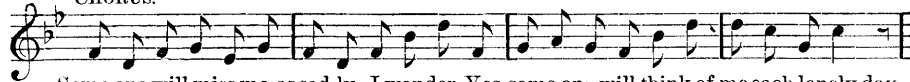


going away from the hearts that I cherish, To wander 'mid strangers each long weary day, Tho'
thought makes me sad, for I know I must leave them, My heart will be lonely where ever I stray.



And
long I shall linger, all love will not perish, For some one will miss me while I am away.
surely my absence will tenderly grieve them, For some one will miss me while I am away.

CHORUS.



Some one will miss me, as sad-ly I wander, Yes, some one will think of me each lonely day,



Kind happy hearts in their anguish may ponder, For some one will miss me while I am away.

3.

I hope in their dreams I may be a bright vision,
That comes to sad hearts in the long weary night,
To be 'mong the number in brightest elysian,
For dreams to sad hearts are the purest delight.
I'll miss the old home and my friends loving hearted,
I'll think of them often where ever I stray,
My heart will be sad when I know we are parted,
For some one will miss me while I am away.

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SUNG BY LEADING MINSTRELS.

Sweet Days Gone By.

SONG AND CHORUS.

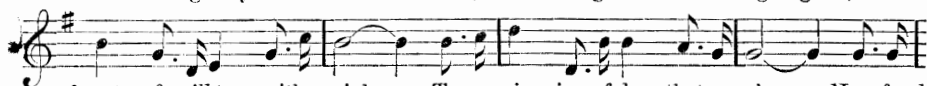
Words by SAMUEL CALLEN.

Music by JOHN S. COX.

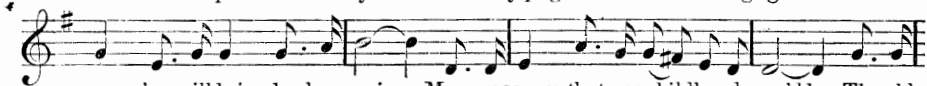
Moderato.



1. There is hope in the sweet by-and-by, As we're nearing to life's other shore, Yet the
- 2 Still in fan - cy we see the old cot, Like the i - vy that round it did cling, We still
3. There to-night by the fire's cheerful blaze, An old Pil-grim sits watching its glow, To a



heart oft will turn with a sigh, To a vis - ion of days that are o'er, How fond
cling to the dear hallow'd spot, Of its mem - o - ries ev - er will sing; 'Neath its
ma - tron he speaks of the days When they plighted their vows long ago. On each

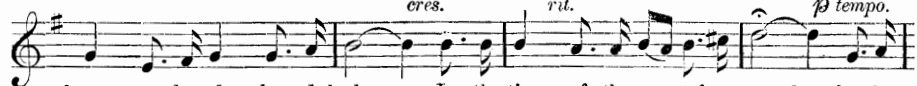


mem - ry will bring back a - gain, Man - y scenes that our childhood pass'd by, The old
roof a - ged forms we be - hold, As they both near the cheering fire sit by, In the
brow time has writ - ten his page, And their vol - ces are fee - ble and low, Still to -

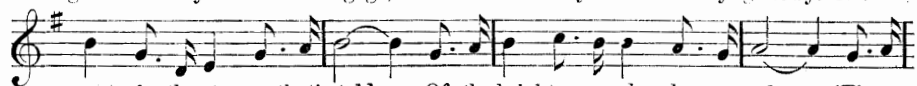
cres.

rit.

♩ tempo.



home, meadow, brook, and the lane, In the time of the sweet days gone by. Oh! how
days when they loved as of old, In the time of the sweet days gone by. Oh! how
geth - er they oft will en - gage, In the sto - ry of sweet days gone by. Oh! how



sweet is the sto - ry that's told, Of the bright sunny days long gone by 'Tis a

f rit.



theme with the heart nev - er old, Is the sto - ry of sweet days gone by.

CHORUS.



Oh! how sweet is the story that's told, Of the bright sunny days long gone by, 'Tis a

f rit.



theme with the heart nev - er old, Is the sto - ry of sweet days gone by.

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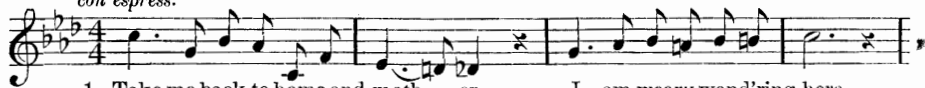
Take me Back to Home and Mother.

SONG AND CHORUS.

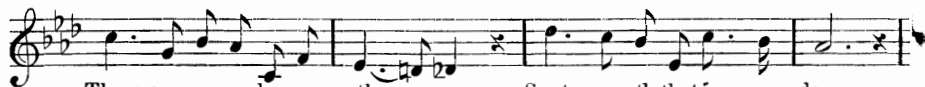
Words by ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

Music by WILLIAM A. HUNTLEY.

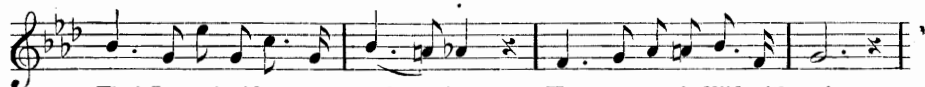
con espress.



1. Take me back to home and moth - er, I am weary wand'ring here,



There can never be an - oth - er Spot on earth that is so dear.

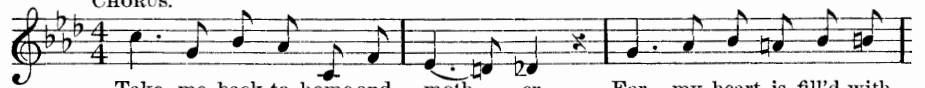


Tho' I roam' mid scenes of splen - dor, Yet my heart is fill'd with pain,

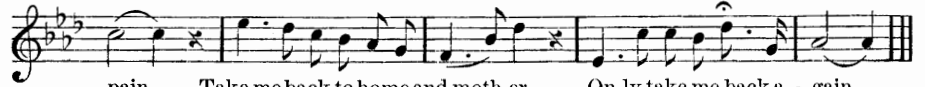


And a longing sad and ten - der, Whispers take me back a - gain,

CHORUS.



Take me back to home and moth - er, For my heart is fill'd with



pain. Take me back to home and moth-er, On-ly take me back a - gain.

2.

Take me back to home and mother,
To the happy scenes of yore,
Friends of childhood, sister, brother,
Long to welcome me once more.
I can hear their voices ringing,
In sweet memory's refrain—
To the past my heart is clinging,
Only take me back again.

3.

Take me back to home and mother,
Gentle words will greet me there,
For on earth there is no other
Kindness like a mother's care.
Life is but a dream of pleasure,
Sweetest hours must turn to pain,
Home is all I have to treasure,
Only take me back again.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1875, by CORY BROS., in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington, D. C.

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That Won't Keep a Wife and Baby.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by HARRY ANGELO.

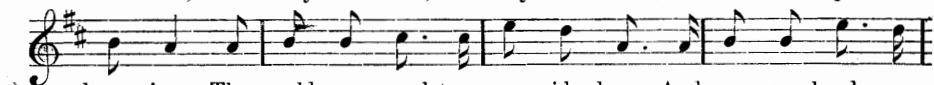
Music by E. MACK.



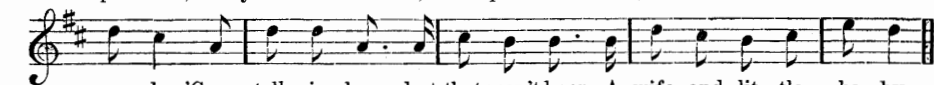
1. Now tongue and cheek is ev - 'ry - thing, To keep the mill a -
2. Our of - fice hold - ers talk and say, (To keep a sit - u -
3. Some fe - males talk a - bout their rights, And make all kinds of



go - ing, And as I too am in the ring, I'll sing of things worth
a - tion,) If we but let them have their way They'll do right for our
fa - ces, 'Cause they like men, can't fly their kites, And fill our pub - lic

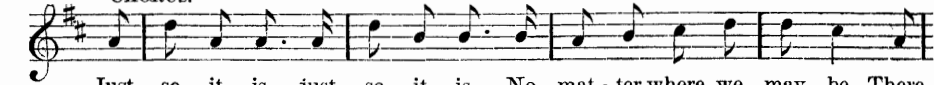


know - ing, —The world goes round, turns up side down, And on our heads we
na - tion; But that's play'd out, some years a - bout, Its for their pock - ets
pla - ces; They want to vote, wear pants and coat, And shave like men too



may be, 'Cause talk is cheap, but that won't keep A wife and lit - tle ba - by.
they be, And talk is cheap, but that won't keep A wife and lit - tle ba - by.
may be, 'Cause talk is cheap, but that won't keep A wife and lit - tle ba - by.

CHORUS.



Just so it is, just so it is, No mat - ter where we may be, There,



talk is cheap, but that won't keep A wife and lit - tle ba - by.

4.

Folks, by the nose Dan r'ashion leads,
Throughout this world of sinners,
Whilst numerous pocket-books she bleeds
To pay for high-ton'd dinners.
In furbeloes, our belles and beaux,
Must fix themselves and gay be,
'Cause show is cheap, but that won't keep
A wife and little baby.

5.

It's not a sign a man's a horse
'Tho' he's born in a stable;
Nor is it, when his clothes look coarse
There's nothing on his table;
It's not a sign a barking dog
A biter is, or may be,
'Cause talk is cheap, but that won't keep
A wife and little baby.

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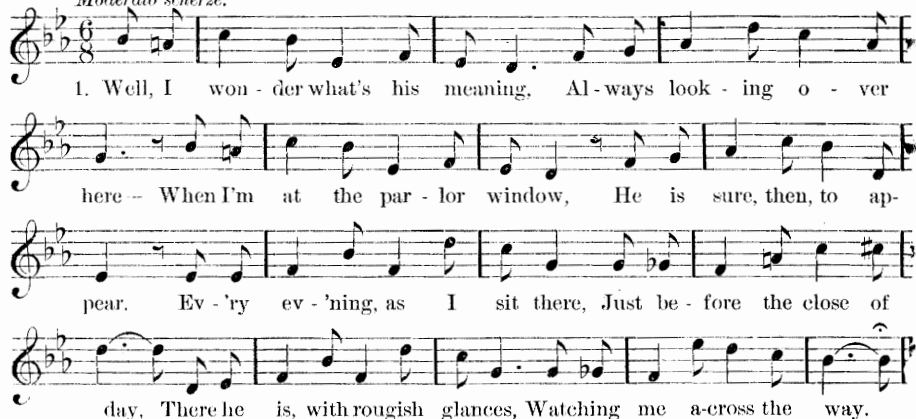
That Young Man Across the Way.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by Miss KATIE BELLE WICHMANN.

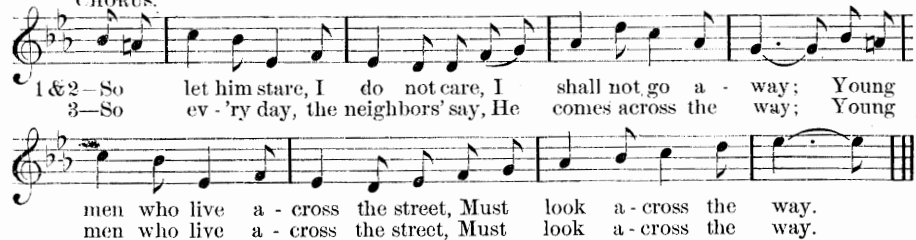
Music by E. MACK.

Moderato scherze.



1. Well, I won - der what's his meaning, Al - ways look - ing o - ver
here - When I'm at the par - lor window, He is sure, then, to ap -
pear. Ev - 'ry ev - 'ning, as I sit there, Just be - fore the close of
day, There he is, with roughish glances, Watching me a - cross the way.

CHORUS.



1 & 2 - So let him stare, I do not care, I shall not go a - way; Young
3 - So ev - 'ry day, the neighbors' say, He comes across the way; Young
men who live a - cross the street, Must look a - cross the way.
men who live a - cross the street, Must look a - cross the way.

2.

He has brown hair, dark and waving,
And his eyes, I think, are gray;
But I know, whate'er their color,
Often do they look this way.
And one tender, twilight eve'ning,
I'm quite sure that he did this,—
Just before I left the window,
Unto me he threw a kiss.

3.

From the other side, one ev'ning,
To our door he found his way;
After that, 'twas very often
That he came across the way.
And while sitting by our window,
There was much he made me say,
And, 'mong other things, I promised
That I'd live across the way.

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There's no Baby Face in the Cradle.

SONG AND CHORUS.

With expression.

Words and Music by THOS. P. WESTENDORF.

1. There's no ba-by face in the cra-dle, There's no ro-sy lips now to
kiss; There's no lit-tle voice call-ing pa-pa, And, oh! how my dar-ling I
miss. The sun-shine of life has been clouded, The hopes in my heart are all
fled, With grief has my joy been enshrouded, I'm weeping, for ba-by is dead.

CHORUS.

There's no ba-by face in the cra-dle, No more will that dear golden head Be
laid on the soft down-y pil-low, My beau-ti-ful dar-ling is dead.

2.

No more will the hands of my darling
Be lifted in innocent glee;
To wave out a sweet baby welcome,
To make home so precious to me;
Where angels of glory assemble,
Our loved one, our darling awaits;
The smile that is gone from the cradle
Now beams thro' the beautiful gates.

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Turnham Toll.

SONG.

Words by FRED. E. WEATHERLY.

Music by MILTON WELLINGS.

Scherzando,

1. "Now where are you go - ing so ear - ly this morning? Now where are you go - ing so ear - ly? said he; He
2. There's rid - ing and driv - ing to mar - ket, this morning, There's riding, and driving from near and from far, But
3. The day's growing lat - er, the cool shadows thick - en, The lit - tle cart stands in the grass by the way; And

*reten.**a tempo.*

peep'd at her lit - tle face un - der the awn - ing, "I'm go - ing to mar - ket, to mar - ket," said she, "But
no lit - tle face looks from un - der the awn - ing, And no - bo - dy stands to take toll at the bar. The
un - der the tilt are the but - ter and chicken, But oh! 'tis too late for the mar - ket to - day. But



toll you must pay for pass - ing this way." "And what is the toll, mas - ter Toll - keeper, pray?" "O
door's o - pen wide, but no one's in - side, And the dog finds it lone - ly at home to be tied, "The
two hap - py souls each the oth - er con - doles. That life's something better than mar - kets and tolls! O,



two - pence to pay, two - pence to pay, Two - pence the toll is for pass - ing this way,
clock ticks a - way, what does it say? "Not man - y two - pen - ces tak - en to - day, "The
hap - py are they roam - ing a - way. Tho' ne'er a two - pence is tak - en to - day,

1 & 2 verses.



Two - pence to pay, two - pence to pay, Two - pence the toll is, for pass - ing this way,
clock ticks a - way, what does it say? "Not man - y two - pen - ces tak - en to - day."
Hap - py are they roam - ing a - way,

3rd verse.



Tho' ne'er a two - pence is tak - en to - day! Tho' ne'er a two - pence is tak - en to - day!

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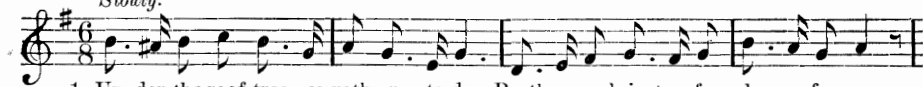
Under the Roof-tree.

SONG AND CHORUS.

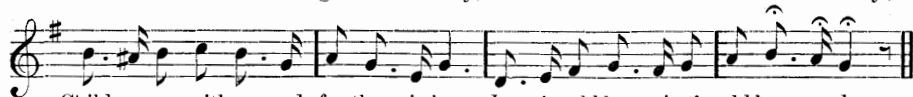
Words by MARY E. KAIL.

Music by W. F. SUDDS.

Slowly.



1. Un-der the roof-tree we gath-er to-day, Brothers and sis- ters from homes far away;



Child-ren are with us, and fa-ther is here, In the old home, in the old home so dear.

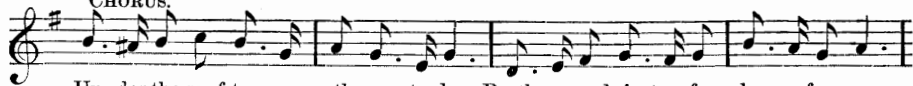


Changed is the homestead, but mem'ry is bright, Bringing back scenes so long faded from sight.

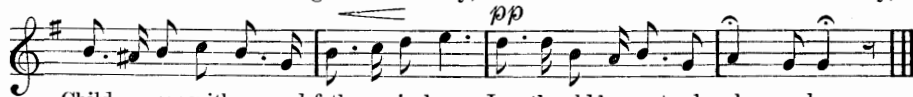


Scenes when we gathered hope's blossoming flowers, Fresh from the garden of life's morning [hours.

CHORUS.



Un-der the roof-tree we gath-er to-day, Broth-ers and sis- ters from homes far away,



Child-ren are with us, and fath-er is here, In the old homestead so dear, so dear.

2.

Though we are happy yet still we must weep,
Weep for the lov'd ones who silently sleep;
Sleep where the marble is chilling and gray;
O, precious lov'd ones! we miss you to-day.
Father is standing so near to the shore,
Mother is waiting to welcome him o'er,
Thus comes the question 'mid throbbings of pain,
Shall we all meet in the old home again?

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Waiting in the Rain.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by GEO. M. VICKERS.

Music by THOMAS P. WESTENDORF.

1. If I should live a hundred years I nev - er could for - get, The
time when wait - ing for my beau, That I got soak - ing wet; He
promised sure to meet me where The path ran thro' the grain, But
while I wait - ed pa - tient - ly Down came a drenching rain, Ah!
CHORUS.
Waiting in the rain, I nev - er shall forget, That ducking in the field of golden grain, But
nev - er, nev - er - more will I so foolish be, As the time that I stood waiting in the rain.

2.

At last I tried to go away
To seek some shelter near,
Impress'd that Mister So and So
Was acting very queer,
When up there drove a gallant youth
Who said he'd left my swain
Beneath a shed, far down the road,
A gazing at the rain: Ah!

3.

The young man in the buggy smiled,
And I was smiling too,
When at his side I took a seat,
Then down the road we flew;
We passed by poor old So and So,
His yells they were in vain,
And thus I won a lover true,
While waiting in the rain: Ah!

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This Complete Song to be had of any music dealer, or will be mailed, Post-paid, on receipt of 35 cts.

SUNG BY LEADING MINSTRELS.

A Warrior Bold.

SONG.

Words by EDWIN THOMAS.

Music by STEPHEN ADAMS.

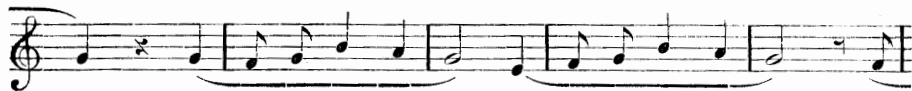
Con spirito.



1. In days of old, when knights were bold, And barons held their sway. A
2. So this brave knight, in armor bright, Went gayly to the fray; He



warrior bold, with spurs of gold, Sang merri-ly his lay, Sang mer-ri-ly his
fought the fight, but ere the night, His soul had passed a-way, His soul had passed a-



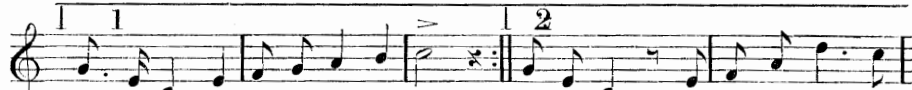
lay: My love is young and fair, My love hath gold-en hair, And
way. The plighted ring he wore Was crushed and wet with gore, Yet



eyes so blue, and heart so true, That none with her compare. So what care I, tho'
ere he died, he brave-ly cried, I've kept the vow I swore. So what care I, tho'



death be nigh, I'll live for love or die, So what care I, tho'
death be nigh, I've fought for love, and die, So what care I, tho'



death be nigh, I'll live for love or die. death be nigh, I've fought for love, I've



fought for love, I've fought for love, For love, for love I die.

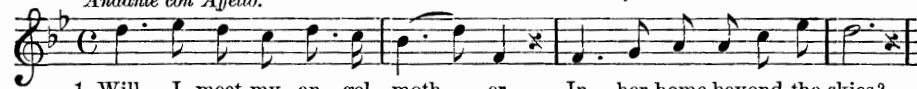
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Will I Meet My Angel Mother?

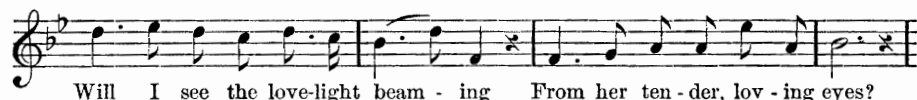
SONG AND CHORUS.

Andante con Affetto.

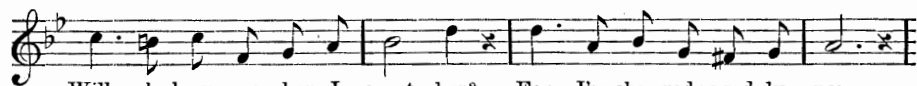
Words and Music by THOMAS P. WESTENDORF.



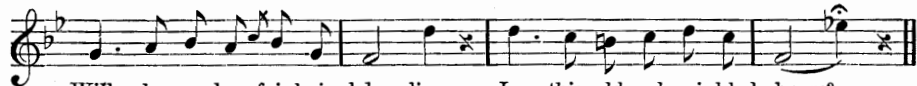
1. Will I meet my an - gel moth - er In her home beyond the skies?



Will I see the love-light beam - ing From her ten - der, lov - ing eyes?



Will she know me when I meet her? For I'm changed so sad - ly now;

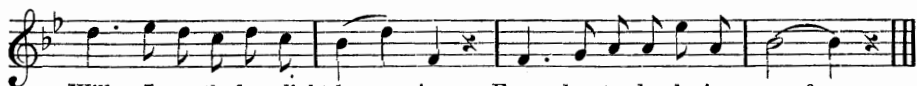


Will she see her fair haired dar - ling In this old and wrinkled brow?

CHORUS.



Will I meet my angel moth - er In her home beyond the skies?



Will I see the love-light beam - ing From her tender, loving eyes?

2.

When the bells of heaven ringing
Wake the angel songs again,
For the wanderer returning
From the path of sin and pain;
Will I see my mother waiting?
Oh! my heart would throb so wild,
If she'd press me to her bosom,
As she did when but a child.

3.

All the years of sin and sorrow
That I've suffer'd since she died,
Would be vanished with the morrow,
Could I stand by mother's side;
Could I feel that hand so gentle,
Smoothing back these locks of gray,
As it did when they were golden,
I would not be sad to-day.

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Why did the Angels take Mama Away?

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by JOHN T. RUTLEDG.



- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Why did the angels take Mama a - way, | Leaving me here in my sorrow to pine, |
| 2. Why did the angels take Mama a - way? | Were there not angels enough in the sky? |
| 3. Why did the angels take Mama a - way, | Leaving her child here so helpless below? |



Clouding my life that was once bright as May, Taking the love of my mother di - vine?
Why did they leave me alone here to stay, Helpless and needy and ready to die? [know.
Could they not spare her awhile here to stay? Then naught but joy my poor heart then would

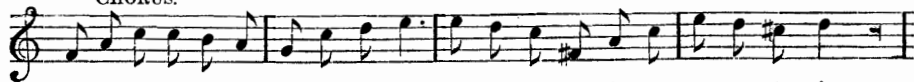


Weary I wander in search of a friend, Seeking a shel-ter to cov-er my head,
Why don't the angels come take me there too? Mother would open the beauti-ful gates:
Will not the angels give place there for me? Can I not go home with dear mother too?



No one to help me my life to defend, Sometimes I al-most could wish I were dead.
'Twas she that lov'd me so fondly and true, Now gone to heaven where happiness waits.
I am so wea-ry and long to be free, Angels, come take me to mother so true.

CHORUS.



Why did the angels take Ma-ma a-way, Leaving me here in my sor-row to pine,



Clouding my life that was once bright as May, Leaving me here only sorrow is mine?

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Yes Sir!

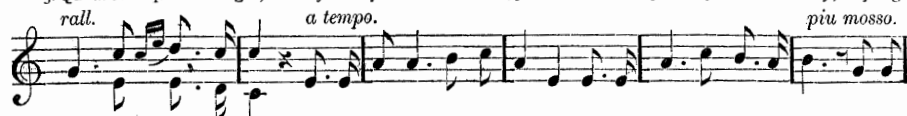
SONG.

Words by W. M. HADINGE.

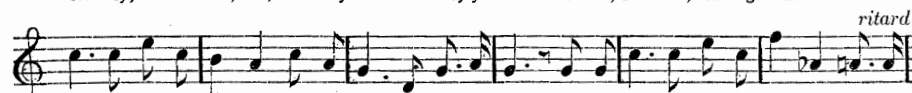
Music by A. M. WAKEFIELD.

Allegretto con spirito.

1. When the ship went o'er the wa-ters, Ah! but then my heart was sad; I was one of man-y daughters, And I
3. Quoth the Squire in an-ger, Tru-ly! So you mock me then, you do? And I spoke my answer du-ly, Say-ing



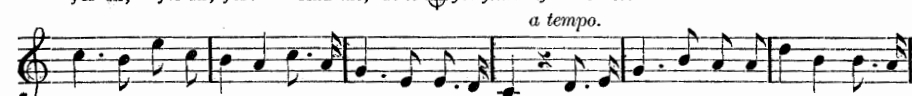
lov'd a sail-or lad. Said my moth-er to me af-ter, "If the Squire his suit should press, Dry your
on-ly, Yes sir, too; Would you dis-o-bey your mother? Yes, I said, nor laugh'd the less: Tell me



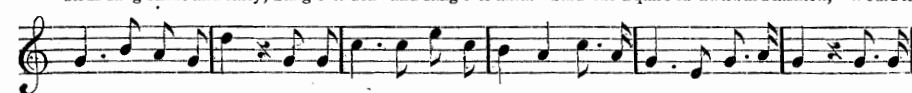
eyes and call up laugh-ter, And be Sure to an-swer Yes! Dry your eyes and call up laugh-ter, And be
do you love an-o-ther? Yes sir, yes sir, yes sir, yes! Tell me do you love an-o-ther? Yes sir,



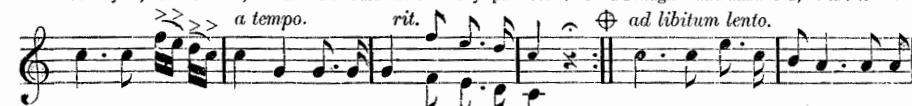
sure to an-swer Yes! 2. Came the Squire so shy and sure-ly, Came one morning to the strand, And the
yes sir, yes sir, yes! And the, Go to for finish of 3d verse.



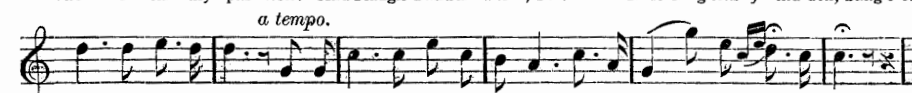
birds sang blithe and early, Sang o'er sea and sang o'er land. Said the Squire in awkward fashion, "Would it



vex you, now con-fess, If I should de-clare my pas-sion?" And I laugh'd and answer'd, "Yes: If I



should de-clare my pas-sion?" And I laugh'd and answer'd, Yes. birds sang leaf-y hid-den, Sang o'er



field and morn'ing sea, And I laugh'd the an-swer bid-den, And was true, sweet heart, to thee!

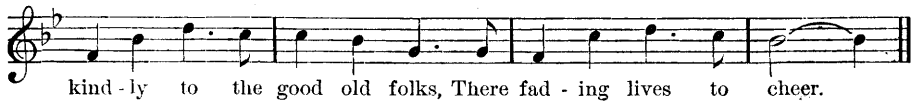
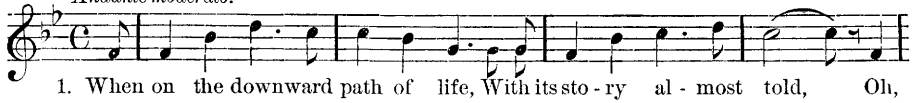
This Complete Song to be had of any music dealer, or will be mailed, Post-paid, on receipt of 35 cts.

Speak Kindly to the Old Folks.

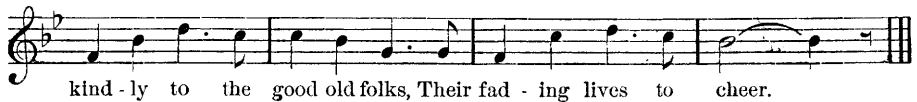
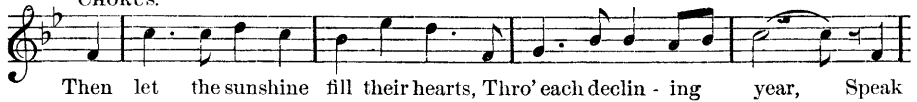
SONG AND CHORUS.

Written and Composed by
Andante moderato.

J. P. SKELLY.



CHORUS.



2

Oh, smooth their path while drifting on
To bright eternal day,
Ere life's uncertain weary light
Doth gently fade away,
When they are gone, how oft we sigh
To bring them back again!
Speak kindly to the good old folks,
While with us they remain.

Copyright, 1880, by W. F. SHAW.

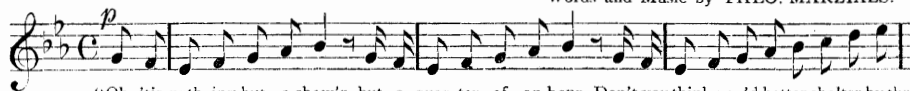
This Complete Song to be had of any music dealer, or will be mailed, Post-paid, on receipt of 40 cts.

SUNG BY LEADING MINSTRELS.

A Summer Shower.

SONG.

Words and Music by THEO. MARZIALS.



1. "Oh, 'tis noth-ing but a show'r, but a quar-ter of an hour, Don't you think you'd better shelter by the
2. Now that lit-tle sum-mers show'r, must have lasted quite an hour, As I've heard a shower can do in the
3. Now that lit-tle sum-mers show'r, must have ceas'd for quite an hour, As I've heard a shower can do in the

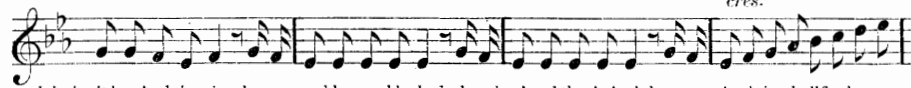


chest-nut tree, For the wind is blowing sweet, and you've daisies for your feet, And should you care to dance I can
North Coun-ree, And she'd got a pret-ty shoe, she lik'd to shew it too, And she could not dance for ever, tho'
North Coun-ree, But if you're in the shade, with a ver-y pret-ty maid, It cannot matter much what the

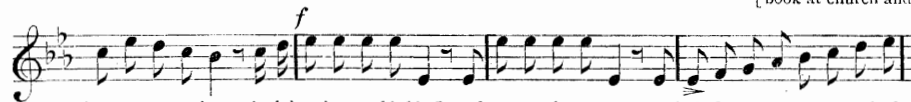
2nd and 3d verse.



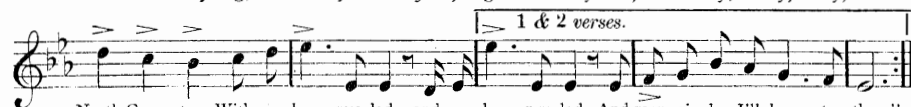
pipe," said he, She was going to the town in a fresh print gown, And a dain-ty col-or flies the
light was she, So she sat her down to rest, and the rose from her breast She gave it him so pretti-ly, and
weather may be; And he must have said his say, for in his her fingers lay, As he took a thread of meadow grass and
cres.



daintier it be, And the piper's eyes are blue, and he looks her thro' and thro', And the parson's piping bullfinch cannot
oh! so fair was she, That the piper blush'd and sigh'd, and he stutter'd when he tried To say something about roses, and I
measur'd for the ring, And she look'd him thro' and thro', while he vow'd he'd lov'd her true, Since the day he shar'd her
[book at church and



pipe as sweet and true, And there's not a bird in June, knows such a merry tune, As "Merry, merry, merry, in the
don't know what beside, For she toss'd her dainty head, and started up and said, "Mer-ry, mer-ry, merry, in the
heard her sweetly sing, And not any one that June, sang such a merry tune, As "Merry, mer-ry, merry, in the



North Coun-tree, With a hey, my lad, and a play, my lad, And mer-ri-ly I'll dance to thee."
North Coun-tree, But it's nay, my lad, and its play, my lad, And mer-ri-ly I'll dance to thee."
North Coun-tree, With a way, my lad, and a

Last verse.



stay, my lad, And I'll live and I'll die for thee, for thee, I'll live and I'll die for thee."

This Complete Song to be had of any music dealer, or will be mailed, Post-paid, on receipt of 30 cts.