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Music Department

Songs and Ballads

POPULAR COMPOSERS.

Morning. H. P. Danks.
Kitten Bells. T. B. Bishop.
Sing me the Old Songs. H. Millard.
I'm tired of the Bards. J. J. Freeman.
Let us be Friends Again. J. R. Thomas.
Some day when I am far away. C. E. Pratt.
I know a Cool and pleasant nook. H. P. Danks.
While listening to the Woodbirds Song. C. E. Pratt.
Come sing me a bonnie Scotch ballad. A. Sedgwick.
I'm Wand'ring Alone in the Twilight. J. E. Perring.
I faithful still will be. H. Millard.
I have a little Sweetheart. J. R. Thomas.
Kathleen Magray. H. Millard.
He is not here. H. Tucker.
Hearer of Prayer. J. R. Thomas.
Together Again. H. Millard.



Each.

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Records

"LET US BE FRIENDS AGAIN."

SONG.

Words by C. O. CLAYTON.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

(An Incident in the life of Douglas Jerrold.)

Life too Short for Strife. — Charles Dickens relates the following of Douglas Jerrold :

Of his generosity I had a proof within these two or three years, which it saddens me to think of now. There had been estrangement between us, — not on any personal subject, and not involving angry words, — and a good many months had passed without my ever seeing him in the streets, when it fell out that we dined, each with his own separate party, in the Stranger's Room of the Club. Our chairs were almost back to back, and I took mine after he was seated and at dinner (I am sorry to remember) and did not look that way. Before we had sat long, he openly wheeled his chair round, stretched out both hands in an engaging manner, and said aloud, with a bright and loving face, that I can see as I write to you, "Let us be friends again. A life is not long enough for this!"

Moderato.

Piano. *f*

154 = 3

M. G. 718

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1. Come, place in mine an honest hand, And
2. "Let not the sun go dark - ly down Up -

heart to heart, we'll ban-ish strife! Let hate and wrath fly rea - son's
on thy wrath!" are kind words giv'n By One, whose brow ne'er knew a

wand, - For ah! my friend, how brief is life! For -
frown, To guide our salt' ring steps to heav'n; Then

get the fol - lies of the past, For - give thy friend, each thoughtless
place an honest hand in mine, For - give thy friend each thoughtless

pain, And while our time on earth doth last:
 pain, — Let hate and wrath fly swift as time!

stentando.
 Let us be friends, firm friends a - - gain! Let's be
 And we'll be friends, true friends a - - gain! Let's be

friends, Let's be friends, firm friends a - gain!
 friends, Let's be friends, firm friends a - gain!