The illustration depicts a student in a red robe and black cap, seated and playing a lute. The student is positioned on the left side of the cover. In the background, a large, multi-story building with Gothic architectural features, including arches and windows, is visible. The scene is set in a courtyard with a checkered floor. The entire illustration is framed by a decorative border with floral motifs.

THE BRITISH STUDENTS' SONG BOOK

Published for
"THE SCOTTISH STUDENTS'
SONG BOOK COMMITTEE LTD."

BY BAYLEY & FERGUSON, LONDON & GLASGOW

THE
BRITISH STUDENTS'
SONG BOOK

PUBLISHED FOR THE
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Preface.

THE first book of songs put together in this island by students for students was the work of four representative Scottish University students, Patrick, Nelson, Bulloch, and Walker. It was published in 1891, and has made itself known to all the world as "The Scottish Students' Song Book." In 1901 the committee of editors was reconstructed on a more stable basis, which took formal shape in the board of the Scottish Students' Song Book Committee, Ltd. The editors are still four in number, one for each Scottish University, and the profits are by tradition devoted to purposes of student-life, and assist the Students' Representative Councils in their interesting and useful academic work.

The popularity of the enlarged and revised edition of the first book has not diminished, but time has revealed the necessity for a larger range of songs. The first idea of the compilers of this new volume was to revise and supplement the old work, but it was not long ere they found themselves committed to a more formidable task, in which they were encouraged by a congress of British students, who suggested to them a British Students' Song Book. This they have attempted—with what success it will be for others to declare.

The Scot is not avowed to be a man of music; and his wild stern mountains have nursed more soldiers than songsters. The fierce cry of the pipes has sounded on many a bitter field, and down his glens the winds blow tempestuous harmonies. Yet, deep in his heart is the passion for sweet sounds. The boatman keeps rhythm to "Fear a Bhata," and cheers his soul with "MacCrimmon's Lament." But the student under every sky has given his heart to the trade of the flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer. He was ever a lover of song—whether he touched the lyre by the sunlit marbles of the Acropolis over against the blue Ægean, or in the dusky gardens of Heidelberg under their twinkling lamps; whether he fingered the guitar in old Madrid, or tinkled his mandoline on the banks of the gentle Mondego; whether he chanted Stevenson's "Grenadier" on the wind-swept causeways of Edinboro' Toun, or sang "Moriar Melpomene" beneath the grey towers that stand above the Kelvin; whether he lustily voiced "The Woods o' Logie" in some homely tavern of that granite city of the north, or trolled "A City by the Sea" in old St. Andrews, where under the moon the silver sea murmurs enchantment. And once again four Scottish students have gathered together some songs for the student to sing, be he Celt or Saxon.

As the spirit of the student knows nor time nor place, and endureth the same while suns shine and waters roll, may this song book, like its famous forerunner, so charm the ear and fill the heart of the British student that old college men, sweating through Malay swamps, mucking in Klondyke, broiling on the veldt, tossing on northern seas, immersed in Indian cantonments, or camping in the Never, Never Land, shall handle its pages with the tenderness of the lover, and cherish it with the faithfulness of a Briton.

Needless to say, the editors have been liberally helped by many enthusiasts, and owe much to their kindly interest and help. They wish to acknowledge the kindness of the late Mr. ANDREW LANG, and the late Dr. KENNEDY of Edinburgh, who were all generous in their permissions. Song writers and composers from the four kingdoms have done work for an object which appealed strongly to their artistic sympathies, and many owners of copyright works have courteously granted permission for the inclusion of their songs. Among the many to whom the editors are indebted are Mr. J. R. AINSWORTH-DAVIS, Mr. A. ANDERSON, Mr. JAMES ARMISTEAD, Captain ARMITAGE, Mr. J. M. BARRIE, Mrs. ROBERT BARCLAY, Mr. CHARLES BAXTER (for the executors of the late Mr. R. L. STEVENSON), Mr. J. J. BELL, Rev. W. W. A. BELL, Mr. J. M. BULLOCH, Lord STORMONTH DARLING, Miss DRYSDALE, Mrs. FARMER, Dr. A. CAMPBELL GEDDES, Mr. J. SEYMOUR HALLEY, Mr. W. H. HAMILTON, Rev. R. MONTGOMERIE HARDIE, Mr. NELSON JACKSON, Mr. DAVID JENKINS, Mr. D. B. JOHNSTONE, Mr. D. H. KEMP, Mrs. M. KENNEDY-FRASER, Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING, Mr. J. KENYON LEES,

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They wish also to take this opportunity of acknowledging their indebtedness to the publishers of the book for their ever-willing and able assistance in its preparation, and for their kind permission to use many of their copyright arrangements.

Many publishers, recognising the disinterested object of this collection, have acted with a generosity that deserves the warmest thanks. Among these are Mr. MOZART ALLAN, MESSRS. ASCHERBERG, HOPWOOD & CREW, Ltd., MESSRS. CASSELL & Co., Ltd., MESSRS. J. CURWEN & SONS, Ltd., MESSRS. DUFF STEWART & Co., MESSRS. HINDS, NOBLE & ELDRIDGE, Mr. J. S. KERR, MESSRS. E. KÖHLER & SON, MESSRS. JOHN LENG & Co., Mr. ENEAS MACKAY, MESSRS. METHVEN SIMPSON, Ltd., MESSRS. THEODORE MORSE MUSIC Co., MESSRS. J. & R. PARLANE, MESSRS. PATERSON & SONS, Mr. R. W. PENTLAND, MESSRS. PRICE & REYNOLDS, MESSRS. REID BROS., Ltd., MESSRS. REYNOLDS & Co., and Mr. FRANK SIMPSON.

Special pains have been taken to guard against any infringement of copyright, and the editors express the hope, that if any errors in this respect have been made, they will be forgiven a mistake which they have made every effort to avoid.

Finally and briefly, the editors representing Glasgow, Aberdeen, and Edinburgh, desire to put on record the fact that the lion share of the troubles of editing has fallen on the shoulders of A. G. ABBIE, M.A., the representative of St. Andrews University, to whom they remain permanently indebted.

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SONGS OF THE GOWN.

Alma Mater Sempiterna.

BASIL H. WATT, M. A.

BASIL H. WATT, M. A.

Allegro vivace.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 4/4 time, key of D major. It features a rhythmic accompaniment of chords and eighth notes.

You've sung your songs of wine and love, You've told your tales of

The first line of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are: "You've sung your songs of wine and love, You've told your tales of".

peace and war: I bid you raise the glass once more And

The second line of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are: "peace and war: I bid you raise the glass once more And".

make the rafters ring above. And ev'ry wight with

The third line of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are: "make the rafters ring above. And ev'ry wight with".

lus - ty lung To this re - frain give tongue: Here's

CHORUS.

The chorus of the song, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 4/4 time, key of D major. The lyrics are: "lus - ty lung To this re - frain give tongue: Here's". The word "CHORUS." is written above the final measure of the vocal line.

long life to our 'Var - si - ty! Of Al - ma Ma - ters

best is she! And they who say the con - tra - ry May

go to Je - ri - cho! Here's cho!

1st time *2nd time*

YOU'VE sung your songs of wine and love,
 You've told your tales of peace and war:
 I bid you raise the glass once more
 And make the rafters ring above.
 And every wight with lusty lung
 To this refrain give tongue—
 Here's long life to our 'Varsity!
 Of Alma Maters best is she!
 And they who say the contrary
 May go to Jericho!

*(Or, "May swelter down below!"
 or, "To blazes blue may blow!"
 according to desire.)*

O some there be that know the laws,
 And some that mingle deadly drugs,
 And some that cut up frogs and bugs,
 And some in logic find the flaws—
 But I don't care what ye may be
 To sing this song with me—
 Here's long life, etc.

The bloods who win certificates,
 And others known as deadly swots,
 The brawny hunters after pots,
 And those who bore us at debates,
 All those who dine, all those who wine,
 To sing this song combine—
 Here's long life to our 'Varsity!
 Of Alma Maters best is she!
 And they who say the contrary
 May go to Jericho!

*(Or, "May swelter down below!"
 or, "To blazes blue may blow!"
 according to desire.)*

And though in years to come we roam
 And scatter o'er the world so wide,
 Yet we will sing, where'er we bide,
 Though hard our lot and far our home,
 A song we sang when hearts were gay
 Even as we sing to-day—
 Here's long life, etc.

To You and to Me and to All.

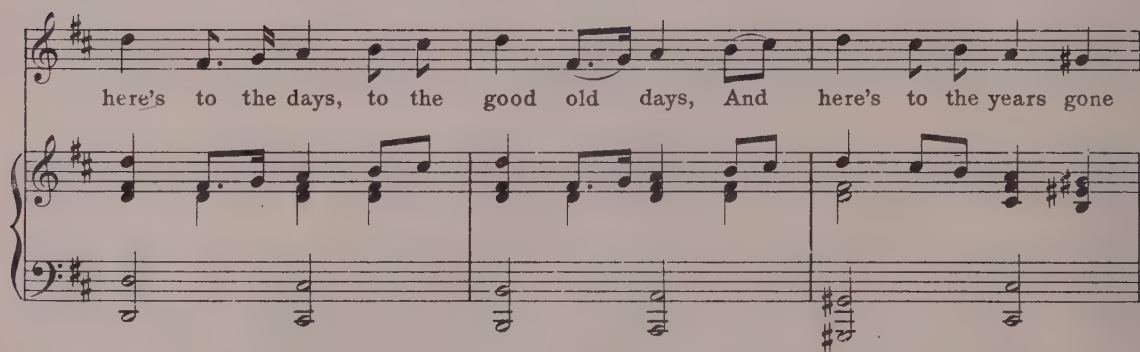
"Moorilander."

MOORE PARK.

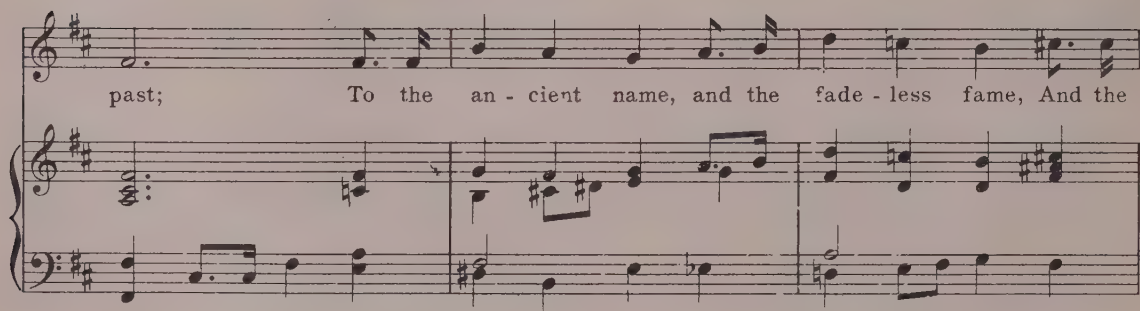
Andante.

VOICE. 

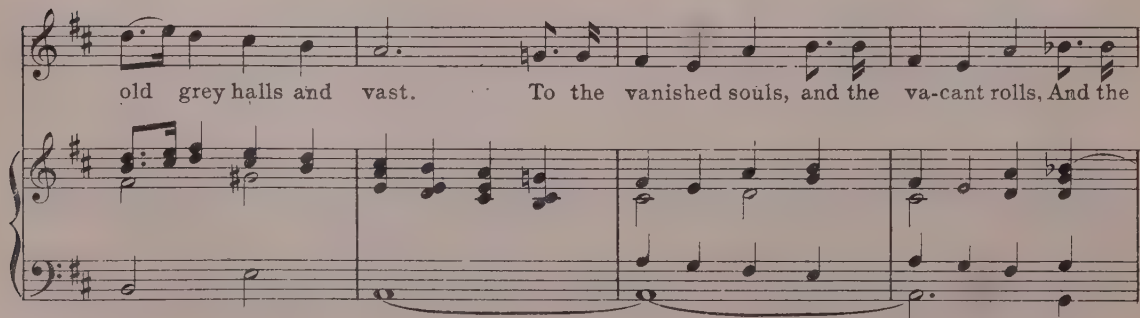
PIANO. 



here's to the days, to the good old days, And here's to the years gone



past; To the an - cient name, and the fade - less fame, And the



old grey halls and vast. To the vanished souls, and the va-cant rolls, And the

bones that lie be - low; To the mer - ry hearts who have

play'd their parts, And gone where we all must go. And

gone where we all must go.

OH, here's to the days, to the good old days,
 And here's to the years gone past;
 To the ancient name, and the fadeless fame,
 And the old grey halls and vast;
 To the vanished souls, and the vacant rolls,
 And the bones that lie below;
 To the merry hearts who have played their parts,
 And gone where we all must go.

Then here's to us all, ere the curtains fall,
 Dear boys, to you and to me;
 Come, up with the glass, let the goblet pass,
 A health to the 'Varsity!
 To the merry hearts who will play their parts—
 The men who are toiling still—
 Then up with the glass, let the goblet pass,
 And drink it down with a will!

Andrew McCrie.

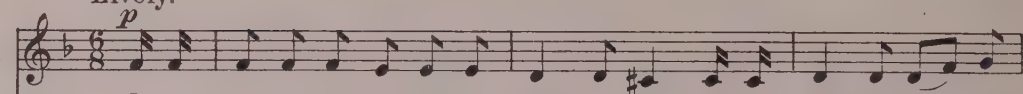
(From the unpublished remains of Edgar Allan Poe.)

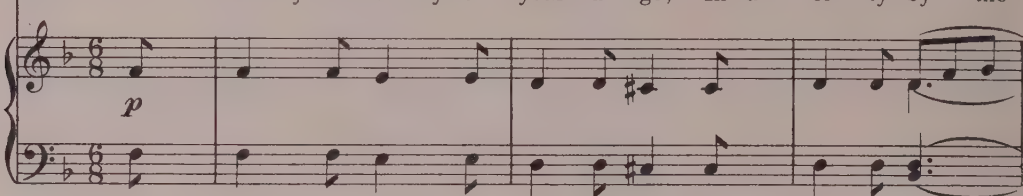
To J. M. H.

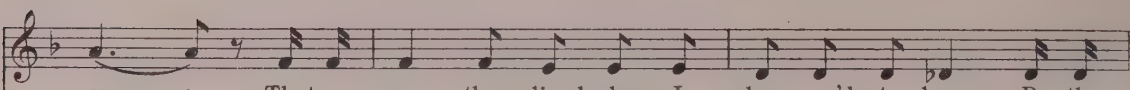
R. F. MURRAY.

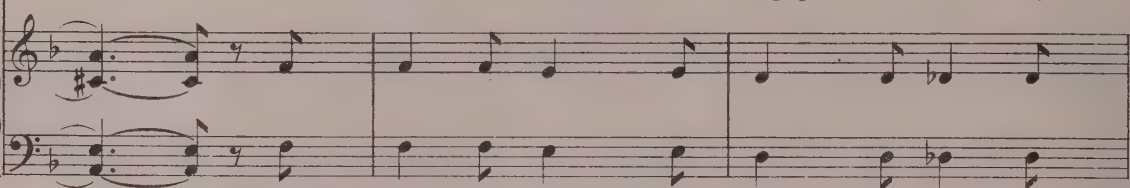
JOHN FARMER.


Lively.
p

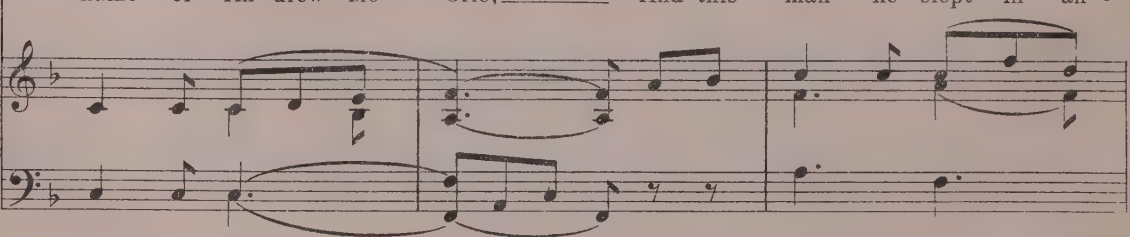
VOICE.  It was ma - ny and ma - ny a year a - go, In a ci - ty by the

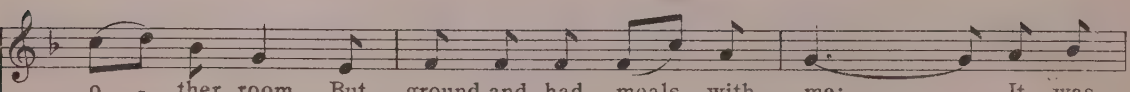
PIANO.  *p*

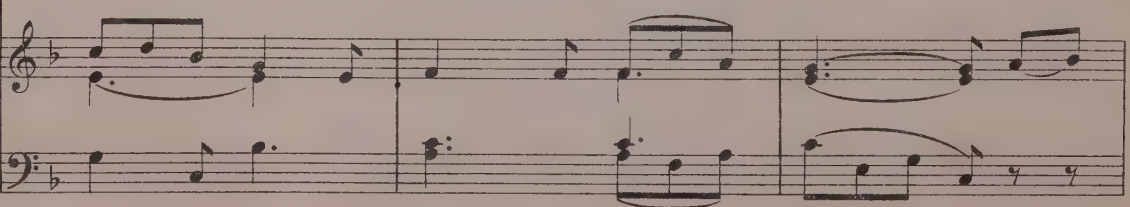
 sea, — That a man there lived whom I hap - pen'd to know, By the



 name of An - drew Mc - Crie; — And this man he slept in an -



 o - ther room, But ground and had meals with me: — It was



ma - ny and ma - ny a year a - go, In a ci - ty by the

sea, In a ci - ty by the sea.

It was many and many a year ago,
 In a city by the sea,
 That a man there lived whom I happened to know,
 By the name of Andrew Mc Crie;
 And this man he slept in another room,
 But ground and had meals with me:
 It was many and many a year ago,
 In a city by the sea.

I was an ass, and he was an ass,
 In this city by the sea;
 But we ground in a way that was more than a grind—
 I and Andrew Mc Crie;
 In a way that the idle semis next door
 Declared was shameful to see:
 It was many and many a year ago,
 In a city by the sea.

This was the reason that, one dark night,
 In this city by the sea,
 A stone flew in at the window, hitting
 The milk-jug and Andrew Mc Crie.
 And once some low-bred tertians came,
 And bore him away from me,
 And shoved him into a private house
 Where the people were having tea.

Professors, not half so well up in their work,
 Went envying him and me—
 Yes! that was the reason, I always thought
 (And Andrew agreed with me),
 Why they ploughed us both at the end of the year,
 And killing poor Andrew Mc Crie:
 It was many and many a year ago,
 In a city by the sea.

But his ghost is more terrible far than the ghosts
 Of many more famous than he—
 And neither visits to foreign coasts,
 Nor tonics, can ever set free
 Two well-known Profs from the haunting wraith
 Of the injured Andrew Mc Crie:
 It was many and many a year ago,
 In a city by the sea.

For at night, as they dream, they frequently scream,
 "Have mercy, Mister Mc Crie!"
 And at morn they will rise with bloodshot eyes,
 And the very first thing they will see,
 When they dare to descend to their coffee and rolls.
 Sitting down by the scuttle of coals,
 With a volume, a volume of notes on its knee,
 Is the spectre of Andrew Mc Crie.

He's a College Boy.

March Song.

JACK MAHONEY.

THEODORE MORSE.

Tempo di Marcia.

PIANO.

The first system of the piano introduction is in 2/4 time, marked *f*. The right hand features a melodic line with slurs and ties, while the left hand provides a steady bass accompaniment with chords and eighth notes.

The second system continues the piano introduction, maintaining the same melodic and harmonic structure as the first system.

The third system of the piano introduction concludes with a measure marked *mf* and the instruction *ad lib. till voice*, indicating the end of the instrumental introduction.

Who's the coun-try's real sen - sa - tion? Who's
He can start a crowd to ri - ot, War -

The first line of the vocal melody is accompanied by the piano. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

— the big noise of the na - tion? Pa - pa's Bil - ly,
- ships could-n't keep him qui - et, Dress - es nob - by

The second line of the vocal melody is accompanied by the piano, continuing the eighth-note accompaniment and chordal support.

Ma - ma's Will - ie, He is a col - lege boy.
that's his hob - by, Tai - lors en - sure his life.

In the col - lege he's a mild one, Turn
He writes touch - ing lines to Fath - er, Touch -

him loose and he's a wild one, Like a sai - lor
- es him with - out much both - er, All the know - ledge

off a whal - er He paints the whole town red;
gained at col - lege Makes his an ea - sy life;

He'll rush in where an - gels fear to tread.
Till he makes a col - lege girl his wife.

CHORUS.

He's a college boy, With his college walk and his college

talk He comes home to tell that he's learned his college

(Shout)
yell; Rah! Rah! Rah! Girl - ies shout for joy, Life to

him is like a toy, Tho' he sets the pace that kills, Father has to pay the

bills, Be- cause he is a college boy. boy.

1. 2.

D.S.

As through the Street at Eve we went.

SONG FROM "THE PRINCESS."

R. F. MURRAY.

JOHN FARMER.

Not too quickly.

VOICE. As through the street at eve we went (It
might be half-past ten), We fell out, my friend and I, A - bout the cube of
 $x + y$, And made it up a - gain, And made it up a - gain.

PIANO. *p* *cres.* *rall.*

AS through the street at eve we went
(It might be half past ten),
We fell out, my friend and I,
About the cube of $x + y$,
And made it up again.

And blessings, on the falling out
Between two learned men
Who fight on points which neither knows,
Who fight on points which neither knows,
And make it up again.

For when we came where stands an inn
We visit now and then,
There above a pint of beer,
Oh there above a pint of beer,
We made it up again.

The Student.

(A LAMENT.)

NEIL Mc CAIG.

NEIL Mc CAIG.

PIANO.

He sat un-til the mid-night hour Gave place to morning

dawn; Then raised his eyes in mild sur-prise And sighed, but still sat

CHORUS.

on. And sighed, but still sat on, And sighed, but still sat

on; Then raised his eyes in mild sur-prise And sighed, but still sat on.

The Student.

(A LAMENT.)

HE sat until the midnight hour
 Gave place to morning dawn;
 Then raised his eyes in mild surprise
 And sighed, but still sat on.

His head grew large, his body small,
 Until I grieve to say
 That student's head from books he read
 Had grown enormously.

But large, still larger, it became;
 Such thing could never be;
 With mighty blast his head at last
 Exploded suddenly.

And out came volumes large and small—
 A wondrous sight to see!—
 And from that store of learned lore
 They raised a library.

Ye students all who read this tale,
 Beware, I say, lest you,
 By burning bright the midnight light,
 May perish like that "stu."

I Shall be Spun.

THE WASTER'S PRESENTIMENT.

R. F. MURRAY.

JOHN FARMER.

Recit.

VOICE. I shall be spun. There is a voice with-in Which

PIANO.

tells me plain-ly I am all un-done; For though I toil not,

p *cres.*

nei-ther do I spin, I shall be spun.

fz

I SHALL be spun. There is a voice within
Which tells me plainly I am all undone;
For though I toil not, neither do I spin,
I shall be spun.

April approaches. I have not begun
Schwegler or Mackintosh, nor will begin
Those lucid works till April 21—
I shall be spun.

So my degree I do not hope to win,
For not by ways like mine degrees are won;
And though, to please my uncle, I go in,
I shall be spun.

Semper Eadem.

W. H. HAMILTON.

I HAVE BEEN SPUN.

J. ARMISTEAD.

Moderato lamentoso.

VOICE. *mf*

I have been spun. What though the day be

PIANO. *mf*

shin-ing And all the land re-joice in A-pril sun, It's

f

dim. e ritard. - ando *Lento.* 1st & 2nd Last verse.

lit-tle light it brings to me re-pin-ing— I have been spun. spun.

mf *rit.* *pp* *Lento.*

I HAVE been spun. What though the day be shining
 And all the land rejoice in April sun,
 It's little light it brings to me repining—
 I have been spun.—

O happy they whose toils of lore are done,
 Unhaunted in the idle fields reclining,
 They read no Latin—for their pass is won—
 I have been spun.

So I, all hope of holiday resigning,
 Begin the work that should have been begun
 Long since, alas! and that is why I'm whining,
 "I have been spun."

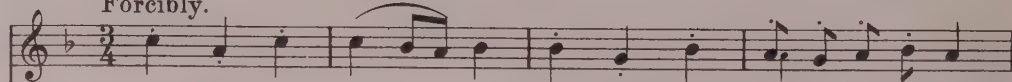
Never Say Die.

(Altes Studentisches Tafellied.— Kindleben's Students Song Book, 1781.)

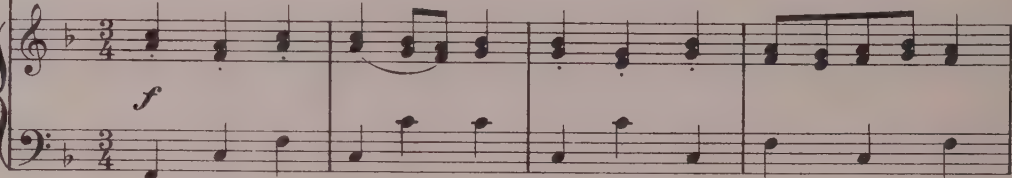
From the German by A. R. M.

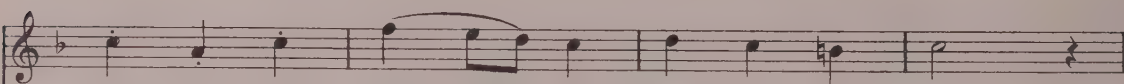
Melody from Methfessel's Student's Song Book. 1818.

Forcibly.


VOICE. 

Come, let's be fri - vo - lous, Al - though our wits should roam,


PIANO. 



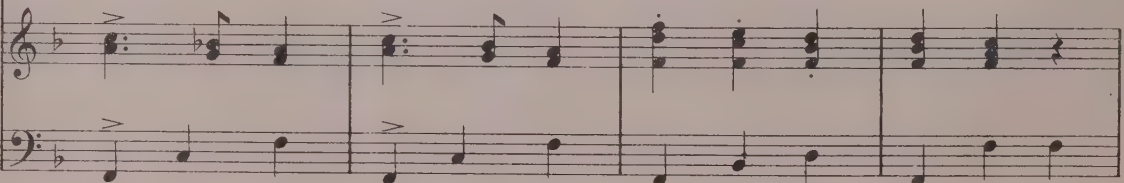
Those who don't drink with us, May stay at home.

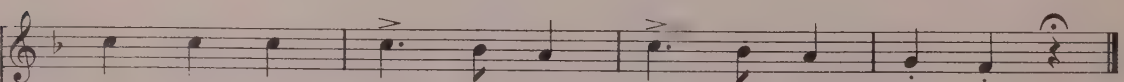


CHORUS.

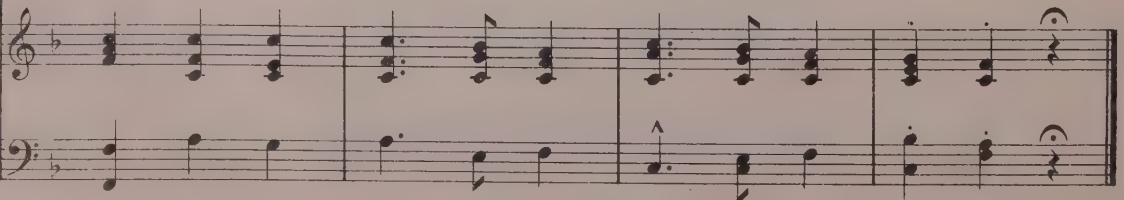


E - di - te, bi - bi - te, col - le - gi - a - les!





Post mul - ta sæ - cu - la, po - cu - la nul - la.



Never Say Die.

COME; let's be frivolous,
 Although our wits should roam.
 Those who don't drink with us,
 May stay at home.
 Edite, bibite, collegiales!
 Post multa sæcula, pocula nulla.

Our Herr Professor
 Now lets his students off.
 Meet with us therefore,
 Wine here to quaff.
 Edite, bibite, etc.

Drink till you're satisfied,
 Then lick your fingers clean.
 Say, "Now I all have tried;
 Each good has been."
 Edite, bibite, etc.

Here's the old tin we know,
 Filled with our fav'rite blend.
 See! all the pipes will glow,
 The smoke ascend.
 Edite, bibite, etc.

Now that you've smoked your fill,
 And your tobacco's done,
 Lift high your glass, and still
 Lead on the fun.
 Edite, bibite, collegiales!
 Post multa sæcula, pocula nulla.

Don't give up pleasure yet.
 Soon will come married life;
 Then you must toil and fret,
 To keep a wife.
 Edite, bibite, etc.

So be a jolly lad,
 While you are young and fleet.
 Pater-familias
 His bills must meet.
 Edite, bibite, etc.

Brothers! I've set my heart
 On being bright and gay,
 Till from this earth I part,
 And pass away.
 Edite, bibite, etc.

Take courage from my song;
 While others moan and sigh,
 Your cheerful notes prolong.
 Never say die.
 Edite, bibite, etc.

Loud he sang Ta Pher-shon.

R. F. MURRAY.

JOHN FARMER.

Lively.

VOICE. I. Loud he sang the song Ta Pher-shon For his

PIANO.

per-son-al di-ver-sion, Sang the cho-rus U-pi-dee, Sang a-bout the Bar-ley Bree.

2. In that hour when all is qui-et Sang he songs of noise and ri-ot,
3. Songs that dis-tant-ly re-sem-bled Those one hears from men as-sem-bled

In a voice so loud and queer That I wa-ken'd up to hear.
In the old Cross Keys Ho-tel, On-ly sung not half so well.

CHORUS (to be sung at the end of each verse).

Loud he sang the song Ta Pher-shon For his per-son-al di-ver-sion,

Sang the cho-rus U-pi-dee, Sang a-bout the Bar-ley Bree.

Loud he sang the song Ta Phershon
 For his personal diversion,
 Sang the chorus U-pi-dee,
 Sang about the Barley Bree.

For the time of this ecstatic
 Amateur was most erratic,
 And he only hit the key
 Once in every melody.
 Loud he sang, etc.

In that hour when all is quiet
 Sang he songs of noise and riot,
 In a voice so loud and queer
 That I wakened up to hear.
 Loud he sang, etc.

If 'he wot prigs wot isn't his'n,
 Ven he's cotched is sent to prison,
 He who murders sleep might well
 Adorn a solitary cell.
 Loud he sang, etc.


Songs that distantly resembled
 Those one hears from men assembled
 In the old Cross Keys Hotel,
 Only sung not half so well.
 Loud he sang, etc.

But, if no obliging peeler
 Will arrest this midnight squealer,
 My own peculiar arm of might
 Must undertake the job to-night.
 Loud he sang, etc.

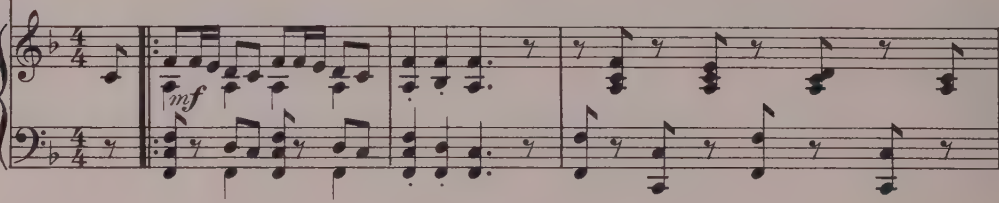
Worker an' Waster Too.

ROBERT BARCLAY.

J. ARMISTEAD.

VOICE. 

As I was standin' down on the links 'long -

PIANO. 

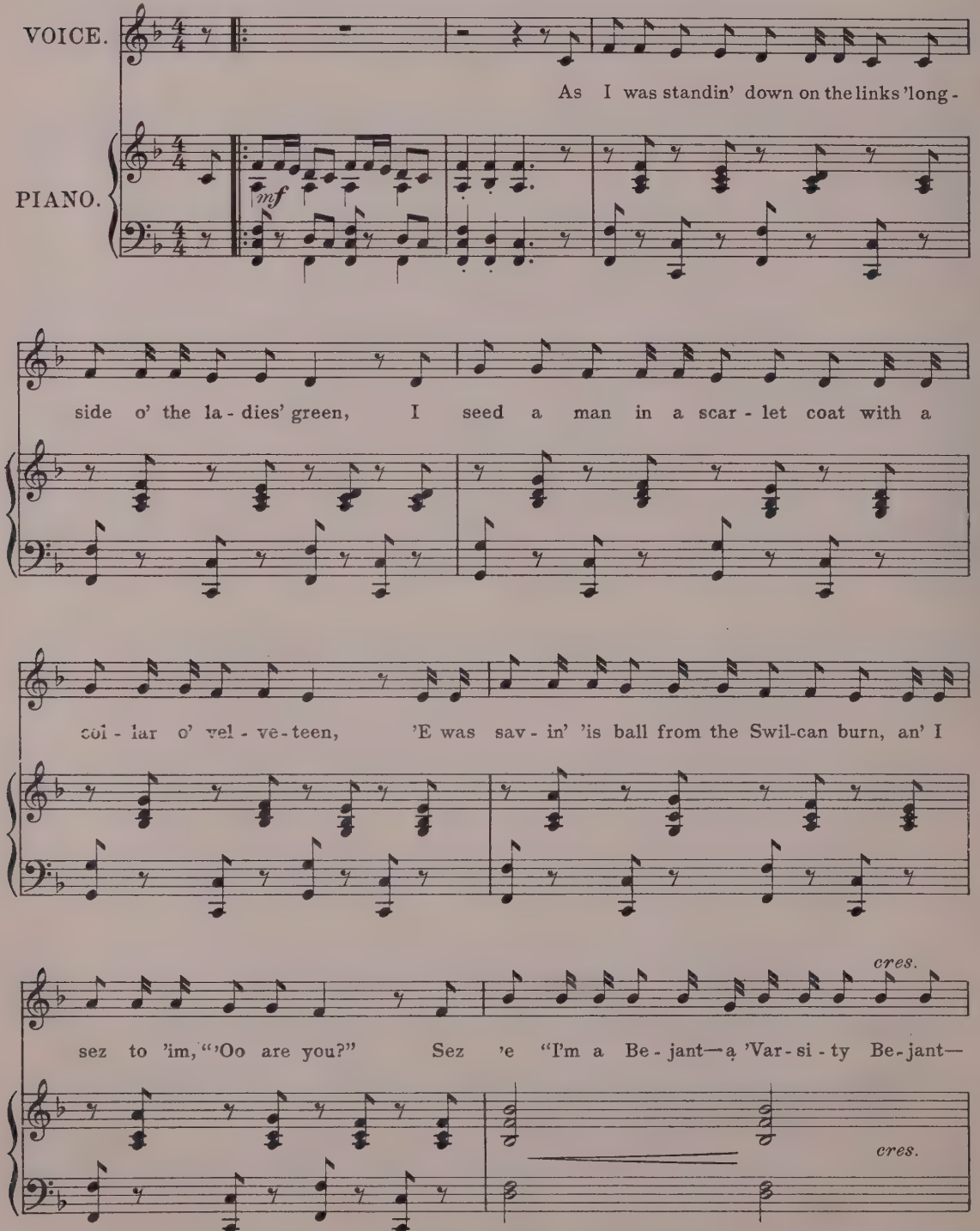
side o' the la - dies' green, I seed a man in a scar - let coat with a

coi - lar o' vel - ve - teen, 'E was sav - in' 'is ball from the Swil - can burn, an' I

sez to 'im, "Oo are you?" Sez 'e "I'm a Be - jant - a 'Var - si - ty Be - jant -

cres.

cres.



wor - ker an' was - ter too!" Now 'is work be - gins by Gawd knows when, an' 'is

ritard.

f

waste is nev - er thro', 'E wears a trench - er in - stead of an 'at, an' a

a tempo mf

a tempo mf

tas - sel o' bril - liant blue. 'E's a kind of a gid - dy po - ri - fli - gate -

wor - ker an' was - ter too! 'E's a kind of a gid - dy po - ri - fli - gate -

pp

f

pp

f

each verse except the last ritard. | *Last verse only.*

wor - ker an' was - ter too! wor - ker an' was - ter too!

Worker an' Waster Too!

AS I was standin' down on the Links 'longside o' the ladies' green,
 I seed a man in a scarlet coat with a collar o' velveteen,
 'E was savin' 'is ball from the Swilcan burn, an' I sez to 'im, "'Oo are you?"
 Sez 'e, "I'm a Bejant—a 'Varsity Bejant—worker an' waster too!"
 Now 'is work begins by Gawd knows when, an' 'is waste is never through.
 'E wears a trencher instead of an 'at, an' a tassel o' brilliant blue.
 'E's a kind of a giddy porifligate—worker an' waster too!

An' after, I met 'im all over the Links, maltreatin' the bloomin' whins,
 Subtractin' the turf from the 'eather 'ole, an' addin' unto his sins.
 'E drives with a mashie instead of a club in a style which 'e sez is new,
 An' 'e swears like a Bejant—a 'Varsity Bejant—worker an' waster too!
 For there isn't a shot in the 'ole o' golf the beggar don't know nor do—
 'E sends 'is ball from the bunker sand like the skip of a kangaroo—
 'E's a sort of a 'owlin' miraculouse—worker an' waster too!

We've chaffed 'em in College, we've kicked 'em in Quad, an' drunk with 'em in amids',
 When they called us the scum o' Divinity, an' we called 'em the nursery kids;
 But when we was out on a Golf Club spree, a-raisin' o' Timbuetoo,
 We sang with the Bejants—the 'Varsity Bejants—worker an' waster too!
 They smoke for 'emselves and they swear for 'emselves, for they 'aven't much more to do,
 An' most of 'em eats in the Common 'All when the clocks are ringin' two;
 Ho! they aren't no Epicuriates—worker an' waster too!

You may say we are fond of an evenin' out an' a shout in the open air:
 We ought to know better than paintin' the town on the night o' the Raisin Fair.
 But once in a while we deserve of a smile an' a lark in the public view,
 The same as the Bejants—the 'Varsity Bejants—worker an' waster too!
 'E comes from the country the same as us, though it's us that 'ave up an' grew,
 But at breakin' up a Symposium 'e is better nor me an' you;
 'E aint no silent Sarcophagus—worker an' waster too!

To take your chance in a footer-maul, with 'ackin' all around,
 Is nothing so bad when a drink's at 'and an' the whistle a-goin' to sound;
 But to stand an' be still to the Battery drill is a damned hard brick to hew,
 An' they done it, the Bejants—the 'Varsity Bejants—worker an' waster too!
 The beggars were 'listed afore they knowed, they was younger nor me, an' you,
 Or they might 'ave thought twice o' the long parades which now they 'ave got to do—
 But it's all very fine for their discipline—worker an' waster too!

We're most of us idjits, we're 'arf of us weeds, an' the rest are as cheap as can be,
 But once in a way we can take a degree (which I 'ope it will 'appen to me).
 But it makes you think more o' the life you 'ave led, an' the things that you used to do,
 When you think of the Bejants—the 'Varsity Bejants—worker an' waster too!
 Now there isn't no room for to say ye don't know, they 'ave showed you that both is true—
 That whether it's study, or whether it's play, the 'Varsity's work is to do,
 An' they done it, the Bejants—the 'Varsity Bejants—worker an' waster too!

Beloved Peeler!

TO NUMBER 27 X.

R. F. MURRAY.

JOHN FARMER.

VOICE. *Quietly.*

Be - lov - ed Peel - er! friend and guide And

PIANO. *p*

guard of ma - ny a mid - night reel - er, None wor - thier, tho' the world is wide, - Be -

ad lib.

CHORUS.

lov - ed Peel - er, Be - lov - ed Peel - er, Be - lov - ed Peel - er, Be - lov - ed Peel - er!

BELOVED Peeler! friend and guide
 And guard of many a midnight reeler,
 None worthier, though the world is wide,
 Beloved Peeler!

Thou from before the swift four-wheeler
 Didst pluck me, and didst thrust aside
 A strongly-built provision dealer,
 Beloved Peeler!

Who menaced me with blows, and cried,
 "Come on! come on!" O Paian, Healer,
 Then but for thee I must have died,
 Beloved Peeler!

CHORUS.

Allegro giocoso.

as time rolls on. No mat-ter lec-tures dull and drear, That go and come, that
 as time rolls on. Our meed of work we ne'er will shirk, Al-tho' humdrum, al-

go and come, We'll shout each year that word of fear, Cur-ri-culum, cur-ri-culum, cur-
 tho' humdrum, But shout the word where terrors lurk,

riculi, cur-riculo, Cur-riculo-rum— words of woe. Cur-ricula, cur-riculis, All

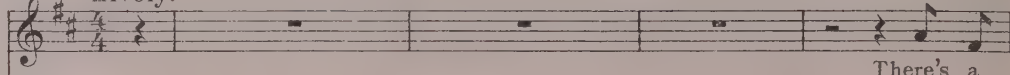
loud-ly tell re-verse of bliss.

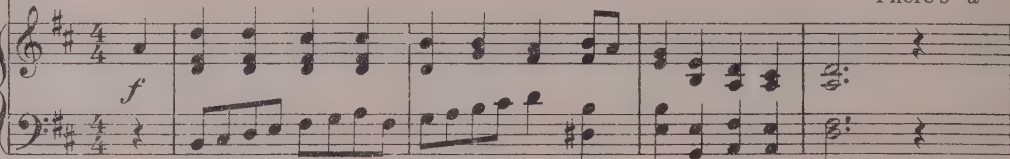
The Prof. in Divinity.

R. MONTGOMERIE HARDIE.

DAVID W. LEVY.

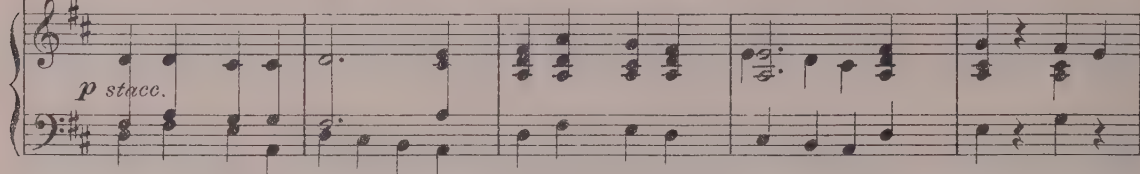
Lively.

VOICE. 

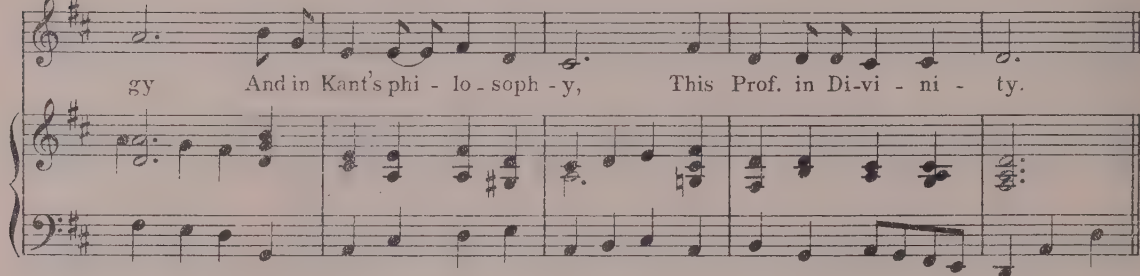
PIANO. 

There's a


Prof. in Di-vi - ni - ty, And a won-drous skill has he Both in E-gypt-o - lo -

p stacc. 

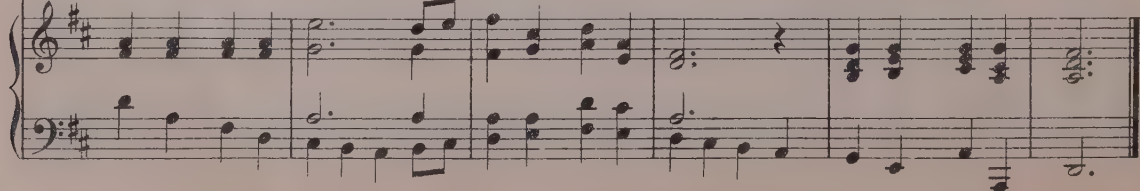
gy And in Kant's phi - lo - soph - y, This Prof. in Di-vi - ni - ty.



You never can tell where he'll be - gin; You never can tell how long he'll spin, When he

f 

goes up - on a spree In the new the - o - lo - gy, This Prof. in Di-vi - ni - ty.



The Prof. in Divinity.

THERE'S a Prof. in Divinity,
 And a wondrous skill has he
 Both in Egyptology
 And in Kant's philosophy,
 This Prof. in Divinity.
 You never can tell where he'll begin;
 You never can tell how long he'll spin,
 When he goes upon a spree
 In the new theology,
 This Prof. in Divinity.

There's a Prof. in Divinity,
 And a dry old bone is he,
 As he drones from day to day
 On the "everlasting Yea,"
 This Prof. in Divinity.
 He can rave about reality,
 Till you dont know whether you're blind or see
 While he buzzes like a bee,
 And you're lost in uncertainty;
 This Prof. in Divinity.

There's a Prof. in Divinity;
 He's as learned, as learned can be.
 He can tell how Jonah's whale
 Bore up against the gale,
 This Prof. in Divinity.
 He can tell you how the fish grew sick,
 And Jonah stood it like a brick
 In the whale's anatomy,
 As they rolled through the raging sea,
 This Prof. in Divinity.

There's a Prof. in Divinity,
 And a sly old dog is he;
 He has emptied churches three,
 And they've capped him a D. D.,
 This Prof. in Divinity.
 He can show you how to send to sleep
 The wildest flock of wayward sheep
 With a fatal fluency,
 Of which he holds the key,
 This Prof. in Divinity.

There's a Prof. in Divinity;
 Unchangeable is he.
 He just repeats the lay
 That he sang you yesterday,
 This Prof. in Divinity.
 And when your college course is o'er,
 He leaves you where you were before,
 Or a little more at sea,
 Still deep in perplexity!
 This Prof. in Divinity.

The Student's Life.

Arranged from WEBER.

VOICE.

The stu - dent life's the life for me;— Let ev - 'ry man his choice de -

PIANO.

friend— My heart is— pledg'd to Lib - er - ty; She

ev - er was my tru - est friend. Oh! Stu - dents are a mer - ry

gang, sir; For trou - ble they don't care a hang, sir, a hang, — sir.

Con Sve.

The Student's Life.

THE student life's the life for me;—
 Let every man his choice defend—
 My heart is pledged to Liberty;
 She ever was my truest friend.
 Oh! Students are a merry gang, sir;
 For trouble they don't care a hang, sir, a hang, sir!

The stag, the student and the rabbit
 Must all the selfsame grievance face;
 To these the men in scarlet habit,
 To these the vulgar herd give chase.
 Oh! Students, etc.

Kind father must provide the money
 If young my lord to college goes,
 And for the welfare of his sonny
 See that his purse with crowns o'erflows.
 Oh! Students, etc.

I never yet saw millwheel turning
 That was not by a stream impelled;
 Nor can a man acquire great learning
 If cash supplies be long withheld.
 Oh! Students, etc.

He'll borrow, if he's poor and prudent,
 From ignorant humanity;
 And say: "From simpleton to student,
 Why! all the world is vanity!"
 Oh! Students, etc.

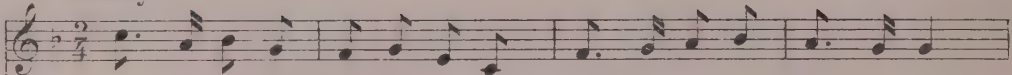
And when his student days are ended,
 He goes to dwell among his clan;
 Armed with his grammar and commended
 By all the world— a learned man!
 Oh! Students, etc.

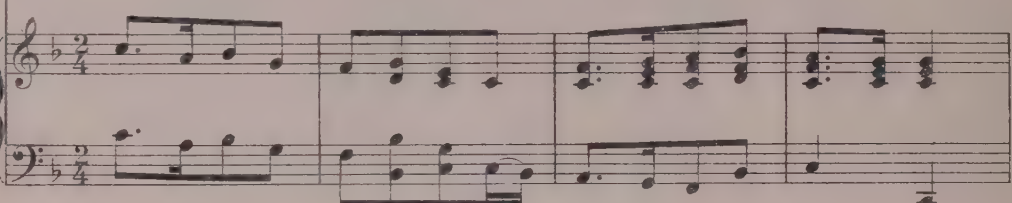
The Banished Bejant.

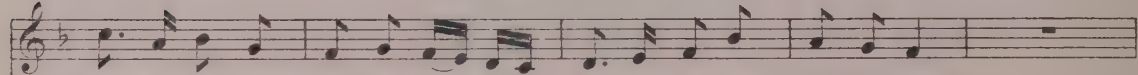
R. F. MURRAY.

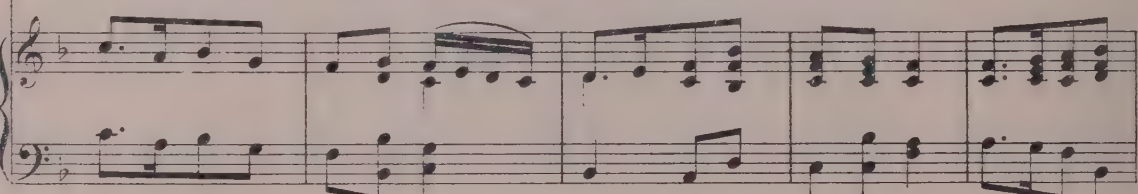
JOHN FARMER.

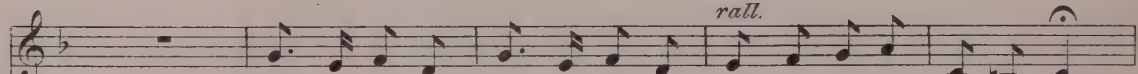
Lively.

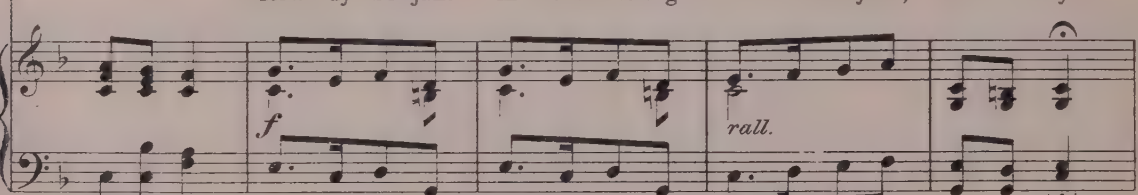
VOICE.  In the old-est of our al-leys, By good be-jants ten - ant - ed,

PIANO. 


 Once a man whose name was Wal - lace — Wil-liam Wallace — rear'd his head.

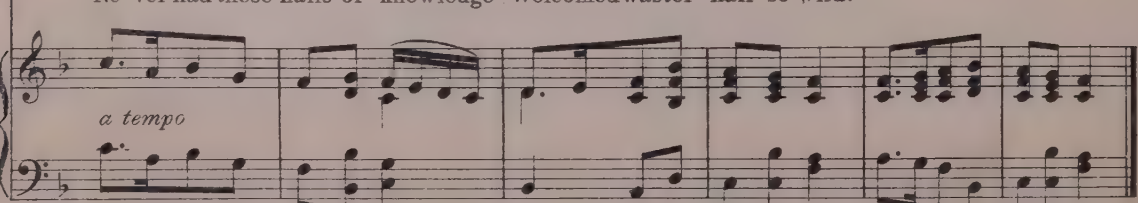


 Row - dy be - jant in the Col - lege He was styled, He was styled:



f *rall.*

a tempo  Ne-ver had these halls of knowledge Welcomed waster half so wild!



a tempo

The Banished Bejant.

IN the oldest of our alleys,
 By good bejants tenanted,
 Once a man whose name was Wallace—
 William Wallace—reared his head.
 Rowdy bejant in the College
 He was styled:
 Never had these halls of knowledge
 Welcomed waster half so wild!

Tassel blue and long and silken
 From his cap did float and flow
 (This was cast into the Swilcan
 Two months ago);
 And every gentle air that sported
 With his red gown,
 Displayed a suit of clothes, reported
 The most alarming in the town.

Wanderers in that ancient alley
 Through his luminous window saw
 Spirits come continually
 From a case well packed with straw,
 Just behind the chair where, sitting
 With air serene,
 And a blazer loosely fitting,
 The owner of the bunk was seen.

And all with cards and counters straying
 Was the place littered o'er,
 With which sat playing, playing, playing,
 And wrangling evermore.
 A group of fellows, whose chief function
 Was to proclaim,
 In voices of surpassing unction,
 Their luck and losses in the game.

But stately things, in robes of learning,
 Discussed one day the bejant's fate:
 Ah, let us mourn him unreturning,
 For they resolved to rusticate!
 And now the glory he inherits,
 Thus dished and doomed,
 Is largely founded on the merits
 Of the Old Tom consumed.

And wanderers, now, within that alley
 Through the half-open shutters see,
 Old crones, that talk continually
 In a discordant minor key:
 While with a kind of nervous shiver
 Past the front door
 His former set go by for ever,
 But knock—or ring—no more.

Oh for the Nights when we used to Sit.

To C. C. C.

R. F. MURRAY.

JOHN FARMER.

Not too quick.

VOICE.

Oh for the nights when we used to sit In the fire-light's glow or

PIANO.

p

flick-er, With the gas turn'd low and our pipes all lit, And the air fast grow-ing

thick-er; When you, en-thron'd in the big arm-chair, Would spin for us yarns un-

end-ing, Your voice and ac-cent and pen-sive air With the nar-ra-tive sub-tly blend-ing!

Oh for the Nights when we used to Sit.

To C. C. C.

OH for the nights when we used to sit
 In the firelight's glow or flicker,
 With the gas turned low and our pipes all lit,
 And the air fast growing thicker;
 When you, enthroned in the big arm chair,
 Would spin for us yarns unending,
 Your voice and accent and pensive air
 With the narrative subtly blending!

Oh for the bleak and wintry days
 When we set our blood in motion,
 Leaping the rocks below the braes,
 And wetting our feet in the ocean,
 Or shying at marks for moderate sums
 (A penny a hit, you remember),
 With aching fingers and purple thumbs,
 In the merry month of December!

There is little doubt we were very daft,
 And our sports, like the stakes, were trifling;
 While the air of the room where we talked and laughed
 Was often unpleasantly stifling.
 Now we are grave and sensible men,
 And wrinkles our brows embellish,
 And I fear we shall never relish again
 The pleasures we used to relish.

And I fear we never again shall go,
 The cold and weariness scorning,
 For a ten-mile walk through the frozen snow
 At one o'clock in the morning:
 Out by Cameron, in by the Grange,
 And to bed as the moon descended . . .
 To you and to me there has come a change,
 And the days of our youth are ended.

Old College Chum.

LLOYD ADAMS.

Tenors.

Basses.

Old col - lege chum, dear col - lege chum, The

days may come, the days may go; But still my heart to

mem - 'ry clings, To those col - lege days of long a - go.

OLD college chum, dear college chum,
 The days may come, the days may go;
 But still my heart to mem'ry clings,
 To those college days of long ago.

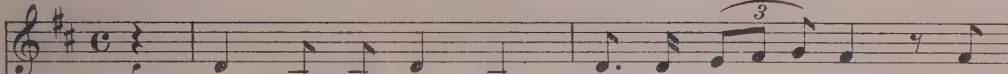
Thro' youth, thro' prime, and when the days
 Of harvest time to us shall come,
 Thro' all, we'll bear the mem'ries dear
 Of those golden days, old college chum.

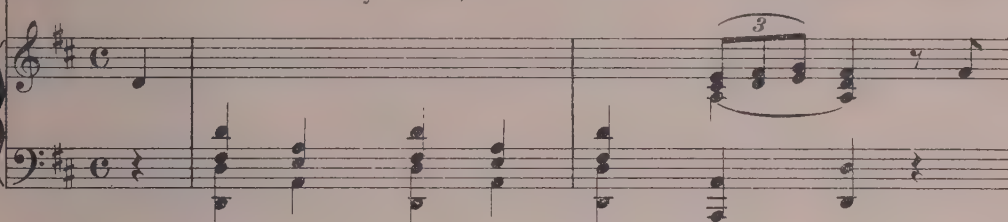
Brown was my Friend.

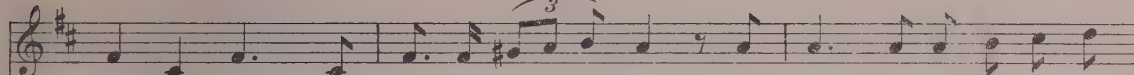
ON A CRUSHED HAT.


R. F. MURRAY.

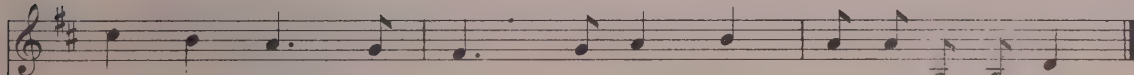
JOHN FARMER.


VOICE. 
 Brown was my friend, and faith-ful— but so fat! He

PIANO. 


 came to see me in the twi - light dim; I rose po - lite - ly and in -




 vi - ted him To take a seat— how hea - vi - ly he sat!



BBROWN was my friend, and faithful—but so fat!

He came to see me in the twilight dim;

I rose politely and invited him

To take a seat—how heavily he sat!

He sat upon the sofa, where my hat,

My wanton Zephyr, rested on its rim;

Its build, unlike my friend's, was rather slim,

And when he rose, I saw it, crushed and flat.

O hat, that wast the apple of my eye,

Thy brim is bent, six cracks are in thy crown,

And I shall never wear thee any more;

Upon a shelf thy loved remains 'shall lie.


Thirty Years After.

"IF YOU WERE NOW A BEJANT."


R. F. MURRAY.

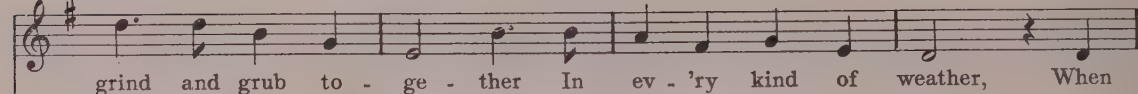
JOHN FARMER.

Lively.

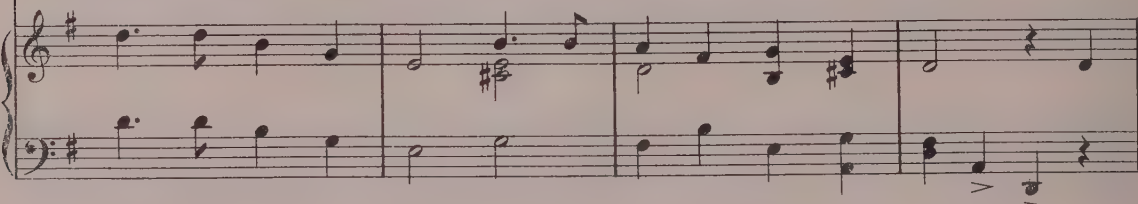
VOICE. 

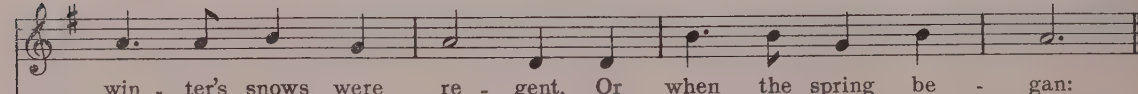
If you were now a be - jant, And I a first year man, We'd

PIANO. 

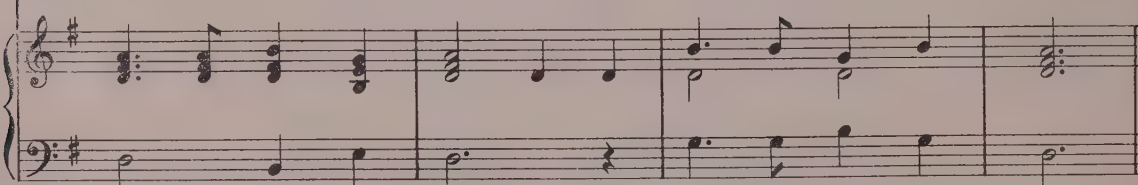


grind and grub to - ge - ther In ev - 'ry kind of weather, When

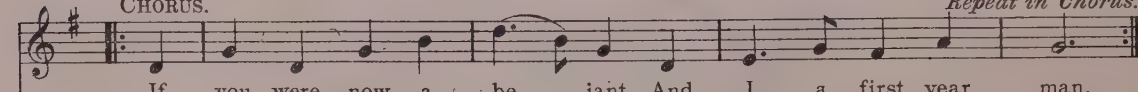




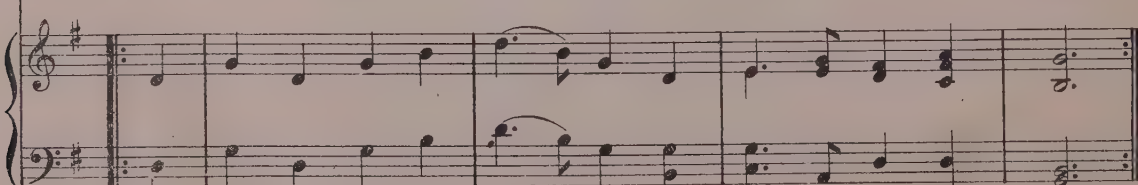
win - ter's snows were re - gent, Or when the spring be - gan:



CHORUS. *Repeat in Chorus.*



If you were now a be - jant, And I a first year man.



Thirty Years After.

IF YOU WERE NOW A BEJANT.

Two old St. Andrew's men, after a separation of nearly thirty years, meet by chance at a wayside inn. They interchange experiences, and at length one of them, who is an admirer of Mr. Swinburne's poems and ballads, speaks as follows:—

IF you were now a bejant,
 And I a first year man,
 We'd grind and grub together
 In every kind of weather,
 When winter's snows were regent,
 Or when the spring began;
 If you were now a bejant,
 And I a first year man.

If you were what you once were,
 And I the same man still,
 You'd be the gainer by it
 For you— you can't deny it—
 A most uncommon dunce were;
 My profit would be nil,
 If you were what you once were,
 And I the same man still.

If you were last in Latin,
 And I were first in Greek,
 I'd write your Latin proses
 While you indulged in dozes,
 Or carved the bench you sat in,
 So innocent and meek;
 If you were last in Latin,
 And I were first in Greek.

If I had got a prize, Jim,
 And your certif. was bad,
 And you were filled with sorrow,
 And brooding on the morrow,

I'd gently sympathise, Jim,
 And bid you not be sad,
 If I had got a prize, Jim,
 And your certif. was bad.

If I were through in Moral,
 And you were spun in Math.,
 I'd break it to your parent,
 When you confessed you daren't,
 And so avert a quarrel,
 And smooth away his wrath;
 If I were through in Moral,
 And you were spun in Math.

My prospects rather shone, Jim,
 And yours were rather dark;
 And those who knew us both then
 Would often take their oath then
 That you would not get on, Jim,
 While I should make my mark;
 My prospects rather shone, Jim,
 And yours were rather dark.

Yet somehow you've made money,
 And I am still obscure;
 Your face is round and red, Jim,
 While I look underfed, Jim:
 The thing's extremely funny,
 And beats me, I am sure;
 Yet somehow you've made money,
 And I am still obscure.

The Gambolier.

A. CAMPBELL GEDES.

Alla Marcia.

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time, marked *f*. It features a melody in the right hand with eighth and quarter notes, and a bass line in the left hand with quarter and eighth notes. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

Come, all ye gay young fel - lows, from Tip - y town I. steer. — Come,

The first system contains the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a quarter rest followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a rhythmic bass line in the left hand, marked *p*.

all ye gay young fel - lows, who likes your la - ger beer. — Come,

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a quarter rest before the lyrics. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the first system.

all ye gay young fel - lows, who drinks your whis - ky clear. I'm a

The third system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a quarter rest before the lyrics. The piano accompaniment remains consistent.

roll - ing rag of po - ver - ty and the son of a gam - bo - lier. —

The fourth system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a quarter rest before the lyrics. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained bass note in the left hand. A triplet of eighth notes is marked above the vocal line.

CHORUS. (*Tenors.*)

For I'm the son, the son of a son, the son of a gam - bo - lier: — Oh,
(Bass.)
 For I'm the son, the son of a son, the son of a gam - bo - lier: — Oh,

I'm the son, the son of a son, the son of a gam - bo - lier. — Come,
 I'm the son, the son of a son, the son of a gam - bo - lier. — Come,

all ye gay young fel - lows, who drinks your whis - ky clear! I'm a
 all ye gay young fel - lows, who drinks your whis - ky clear! I'm a

roll - ing rag of po - ver - ty and the son of a gam - bo - lier. —
 roll - ing rag of po - ver - ty and the son of a gam - bo - lier. —

The Gambolier.

COME, all ye gay young fellows, from Tipperary town I steer.
 Come, all ye gay young fellows, who likes your lager beer.
 Come, all ye gay young fellows, who drinks your whisky clear.
 I'm a rolling rag of poverty and the son of a gambolier.

For I'm the son, the son of a son, the son of a gambolier:
 Oh, I'm the son, the son of a son, the son of a gambolier.
 Come, all ye gay young fellows, who drinks your whisky clear!
 I'm a rolling rag of poverty and the son of a gambolier.

I went into a public house, away down Jersey Ferry;
 The landlord ask'd me what I wished, and I answered "Tim or Jerry."
 He looked at me suspicious and my honesty did doubt;
 Then they seized me by the slack of the pants and quickly heaved me out.

For I'm the son, etc.

I went on board a ship one day, as down at the dock she lay.
 The captain on the upper bridge, he started shouting "Hey!
 What does THAT want on board, my lads?" And I answered, "Hey, to you!"
 And then they flung me overboard and nearly drowned me, too.

For I'm the son, etc.

I went into a village one day, a charming rural spot;
 The local peeler ups an' says, "Get out, you drunken sot!"
 I caught him a smack on the left eyeball, and then he arrested me;
 But what care I for a month in clink, when the food and the lodging's free?

For I'm the son, etc.

Had I a barrel o' whisky, and sugar three hundred pound,
 The college bell to mix it in and the clapper to stir it round,
 I'd make such a brew of whisky punch, 'n' drink to friends far and near.
 I'm a roving rag of poverty and the son of a gambolier.

For I'm the son, etc.

Oh! Ladies fair, beyond compare, be ye maid or wife,
 Sometimes spare a thought for one who leads a wand'ring life.
 Think what it means, where'er I be, to whatever spot I roam,
 There's no one cares a jot for me; there's no place I call home.

For I'm the son, etc.

Song of The Chronic.

J. SCOLAR THOMSON.

Air:— "Des Mädchen's Klage."

VOICE. *p*

From dawn till close of day Up-on the bench I sigh; Nor ev-er

PIANO. *p*

dolce

think of play, A chronic stu-dent I. But when the rud-dy moon is ris-ing, And good folks

go to bed, I paint the col-lege red In way sur-pris-ing, In way sur-pris-ing.

FROM dawn till close of day
 Upon the bench I sigh;
 Nor ever think of play,
 A chronic student I.
 But when the ruddy moon is rising
 And good folks go to bed,
 I paint the college red
 In way surprising,
 In way surprising.

With hope from year to year,
 My course I do pursue,
 And nobly persevere,
 My comrades growing few.
 'Tis true, at times with fears I'm haunted,
 I may not get a pass,
 Yet I attend the class,
 With hope undaunted,
 Yea, quite undaunted.

Professors know me well,
 I know their lectures too,
 And I can always tell
 When they give something new.
 To pass they never will allow me;
 It dries up all my wit
 To know before I sit,
 They mean to plough me,
 They mean to plough me.

I know a good cigar
 And many kinds of ale,
 Can whisper *Au revoir*.
 Police before me quail.
 As long as I can bleed the pater
 And I can raise the fee,
 More dear than home to me,
 My Alma Mater,
 Dear Alma Mater.

Though time is fleeting on,
 If I have any luck,
 Some day I'll be a don,
 And other fellows pluck.
 At last when I am old and blasè,
 I shall be capped D. D.,
 Likewise have LL. D.
 Honoris causa,
 Honoris causa.

I play Donizetti and Schumann.

J. MALCOLM BULLOCH.

FRITZ ERCKMANN.

Moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. I play Do-ni-zet-ti and Schu-mann, I
2. I know all the myst'ries of Hol-den; I've

re-vel in Hux-ley and Hume, Par-o-chi-al ser-mons by
seen all the pic-tures in Quain A-sight that would tend to em-

New-bold man and old phre-no-lo-gi-cal Combe Through
bold-en, and a girl who was ra-ther in-ane I've

Xe-no-phon, Pla-to Men-an-der, through O-vid and Ho-ra-ce's odes, I
ram-bled through sur-gi-cal El-lis, and ac-tual-ly seen a "P. M." A

oft of an ev'-ning me-an-der and hear A-ris-to-pha-nes'
fact of which ma-n-y are jea-lous, at least they pre-tend to *pro*

In March Time.

toads.
tem.

I've pe - re - grin - at - ed thro'
I know all the work of a

Con - ics Di - rect - ed by Dra - go - man Drew, And of - ten - times writ Ma - car -
par - son, The writ - ing of ser - mons and books, I'm vers'd in the law up - on

on - ics And seen all the beasts in the Zoo, And
ar - son. I've prac - tis'd "pot - hang - ers and hooks," I've

seen all the beasts in the Zoo.
prac - tis'd "pot - hang - ers and hooks?"

Canone there - fore keep the con -
In short I'm an er - u - dite

vic - tion And e - ver per - sis - tent pro - claim That the
la - dy, With strings of con - vinc - ing de - grees, With

sweet girl grad. is a fic - tion, that the sweet girl grad. is a
no - thing a - bout me old - maid - y, with no - thing a - bout me old -

fic - tion, that the sweet girl grad. is a fic - tion In
maid - y, with no - thing a - bout me old - maid - y But

ev - 'ry - thing bar - ring the name? That the sweet girl grad. is a
coy as a girl if you please, With no - thing a - bout me old -

fic - tion In ev - 'ry - thing bar - ring the name?
maid - y But coy as a girl if you please.

The Yankee Patent Food.

From the Operetta: "Cinderella."

FRANK BOOTH.

Tempo comodo.

VOICE.

1. Once, an en - ter - pris - ing Yan - kee with a
 2. It took the pub - lic fan - cy, men of

f *p colla voce*

keen ob - ser - vant mind, De - ci - ded to en - rich him - self, and
 six - ty, more or less Worked "Lit - tle Ma - ry" o - ver - time in

ben - e - fit man - kind, He'd no - ticed that such pa - tent foods as
 quest of youth - ful - ness, Old bach - e - lors, and maid - en aunts, with

"Gil - pin's," and the rest Were most - ly made for in - fants, who par -
 mon - ey to be - queath, Took mean ad - van - tage of the Food to

took of them with zest. These in - fants, by their pho - tos in the
shirk the fun - 'ral wreath. The la - dies, though, out - shone the men (as

mag - a - zines, 'twas plain, If con - stant - ly fed on such food full
might have been fore - seen,) And ate vast quan - ti - ties that they might

growth would soon at - tain. But here, a - las, their vir - tue ceased, till the
reach sweet sev - en - teen. The re - sults at first were pleas - ing, ev - 'ry

Yan - kee's migh - ty brain E - volved a Pa - tent Food that made old
a - ged, per - son grew Quite two years young - er ev - 'ry week, or

folk grow young a - gain. But here, a - las, their vir - tue ceased, till the
five in ev - 'ry two. The re - sults at first were pleas - ing, ev - 'ry

mf

Yankee's migh - ty brain E - volved a Pa - tent Food that made old folk grow young a - gain.
a - ged per - son grew Quite two years younger ev - 'ry week, or five in ev - 'ry two.

D.C.

3. This grow - ing young was pleas - ing, for a

f *p colla voce*

time it had a charm, Till a most un - ea - sy feel - ing filled the

us - ers with a - larm, 'Twas nice to be, say-sev - en - teen, if

there one could re-main, But the wretch - ed Food in - sist - ed on, their

ba - by-hood a - gain; "Tis ob - vious, when we've clam-bered down to

twelve months old," they said, An - o - ther twelve, and then of course, we'll

sim - ply all be dead!" They forth - with took that hate - ful Yank, and

slew him three times three, Then pitched his wretch - ed Pa - tent Food in -

to the hun - gry sea Sing - ing Rule Bri - tan - nia, Bri -

tan-nia rule the waves, Bri - tons nev - er, nev - er, nev - er shall be slaves.

slower

Adventure of a Poet.

R. F. MURRAY.

JOHN FARMER.

Very lively.

VOICE. *p*

As I was walk - ing down the street A week a - go,

PIANO.

Near Hen - der - son's I chanced to meet A man I know.

cres.

His name is Al - ex - an - der Bell, His home, Dun - dee;

f

Repeat in Chorus.

I do not know him quite so well As he knows me.

Adventure of a Poet.

AS I was walking down the street
 A week ago,
 Near Henderson's I chanced to meet
 A man I know.
 His name is Alexander Bell,
 His home, Dundee;
 I do not know him quite so well
 As he knows me.

He gave my hand a hearty shake,
 Discussed the weather,
 And then proposed that we should take
 A stroll together.
 And so I listened with an air
 Of inattention,
 While Bell described a folding-chair
 Of his invention.

He was a man of information
 On many topics:
 He talked about the exploration
 Of poles and tropics,
 The scene in Parliament last night,
 Sir William's letter;
 "And do you like the electric light,
 Or gas-lamps better?"

If I had said but little yet,
 I now said less,
 And smoked a home-made cigarette
 In mute distress.
 The smoke into his face was blown
 By the wind's action,
 And this afforded me, I own,
 Some satisfaction.

And now he spoke of *Marmion*,
 And Lewis Morris;
 The former he at school had done,
 Along with Horace.

His maiden aunts, no longer young,
 But learned ladies,
 Had lately sent him *Songs Unsung*,
Epic of Hades.

Talking of Horace— very clever,
 Beyond a doubt,
 But what the Satires meant he never
 Yet could make out.
 I said I relished Satire Nine
 Of the First Book;
 But he had skipped to the divine
 Eliza Cook.

"Have *you* been stringing any rhymes
 Of late?" he said.
 I could not lie, but several times
 I shook my head:
 It is as if a man should say,
 In accents mild,
 "Have you been stringing beads to-day,
 My gentle child?"

Now must I take him home to tea,
 And bear his chatter
 Until the last train to Dundee
 Shall solve the matter?
 But while I shuddered at the thought,
 And planned resistance,
 My conquering Alexander caught
 Sight in the distance,

Of two young ladies, one of whom
 Is his ambition;
 And so, with somewhat heightened bloom,
 He asked permission
 To say good-bye to me and follow;
 I freely gave it,
 And wished him all success. *Apollo*
Sic me servavit.

The Slacker's Lament.

H. M. SPOOR.

Air:— Traditional.

Tempo di Valse.

PIANO. *f*

a tempo

I've been for a year at this 'Var-si-ty — I know just what I

did when I came — I have - n't an hon - our's cer -

ti - fi - cate — Or a sin - gle D. P. to my name. —

CHORUS.

And I'm going to get ploughed in A - na - to - my — I'm

going to come wal - lop in Phys. I'm going to get

pipped in Ma - te - ri - a It's a ter - ri - ble nui - sance it

is, it is. I

I'VE been for a year at this 'Varsity;
 I know just what I did when I came;
 I haven't an honour's certificate
 Or a single D. P. to my name.
 And I'm going to get ploughed in Anatomy,
 I'm going to come wollop in Phys.
 I'm going to get pipped in Materia,
 It's a terrible nuisance it is, it is.

I really can't think what the matter is,
 For I work very hard, yes I do,
 Start work every morning at one o'clock,
 Have an hour for lunch, leave off at two.
 And I'm going, etc.

I'd do big things in Physiology,
 If I only could think now and then,
 If the Stannius Heart is a Rheocord
 Or a who or a what or a when.
 And I'm going, etc.

I've just had an oral from Cunningham,
 And soon told him all that I knew,
 Said the Femoral Vein was Astragalus
 And he said "Thank you, Sir, that will do."
 And I'm going, etc.

The Two Brothers.

VOICE. RECIT. CHORUS.

There was a man who had two sons, There was a man who had two sons,

PIANO.

RECIT. CHORUS.

And these two sons were brothers: And these two sons were brothers.

RECIT. CHORUS.

Tobias was the name of one, To - bi - as was the name of one,

RECIT. CHORUS.

And Bancas was the other's, And Ban - cas was the other's.

The musical score is arranged in four systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (VOICE) and a piano accompaniment (PIANO). The vocal line is divided into 'RECIT.' (recitative) and 'CHORUS' sections. The piano part provides harmonic support with chords and melodic lines. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 4/2. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

THERE was a man who had two sons,
 And these two sons were brothers:
 Tobias was the name of one,
 And Bancas was the other's.

Now these two brothers had one coat,
 They bought it on a Monday:
 Tobias wore it all the week,
 And Bancas on the Sunday.

It happened in the course of time
 That these two brothers died:
 They laid Tobias on his back,
 And Bancas by his side.

They brushed the coat with rev'rent care
 With many a sigh and sob;
 It grieved them to the heart to think
 'Twould only fetch one bob.

*(After last Verse.)**Tenors.*

And then they all cried, "A - men," _____ And then they all

Basses.

And then they all

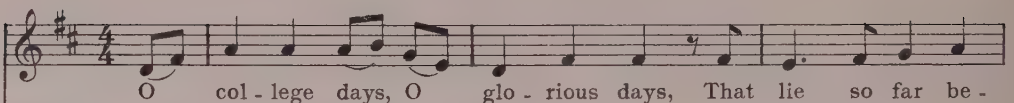
cried, "A - men," _____ A - a - men, men, men, A - a -

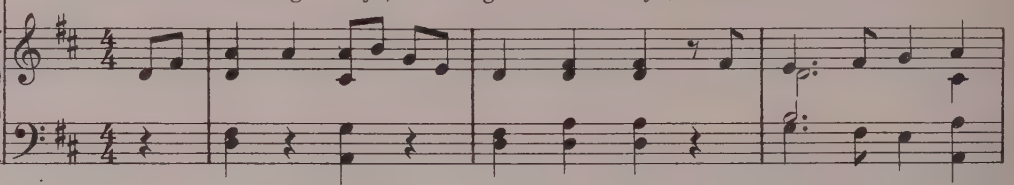
cried, "A - men," _____ A - a - men, men, men, A - a -

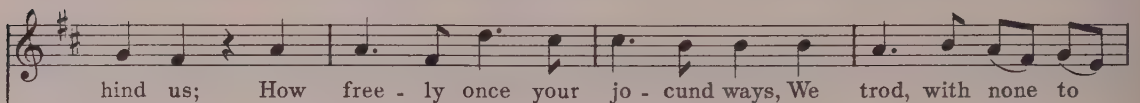
men, men, men, A - a - a - a - - men. _____

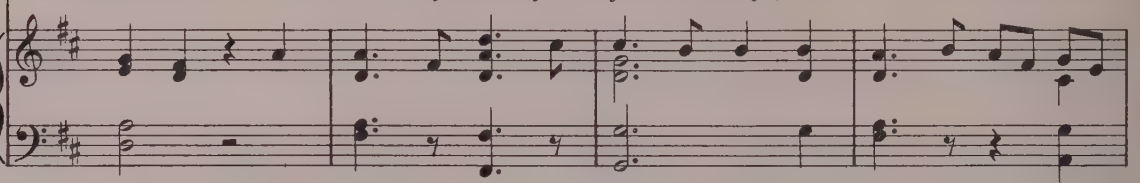
men, men, men, A - a - a - a - - men. _____

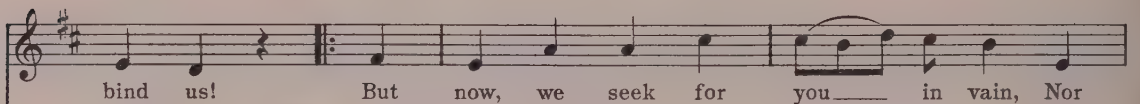
An Old Student's Memories.

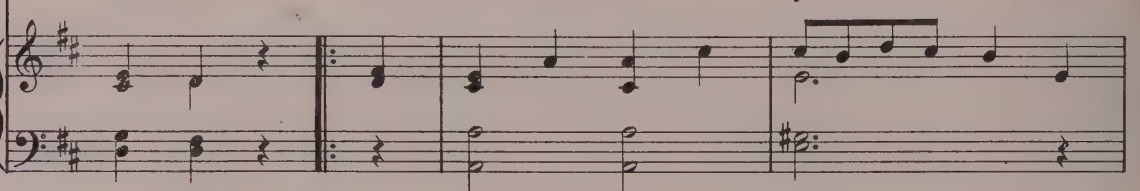
VOICE.  O col - lege days, O glo - rious days, That lie so far be -

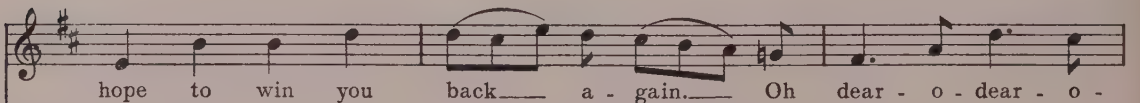
PIANO. 

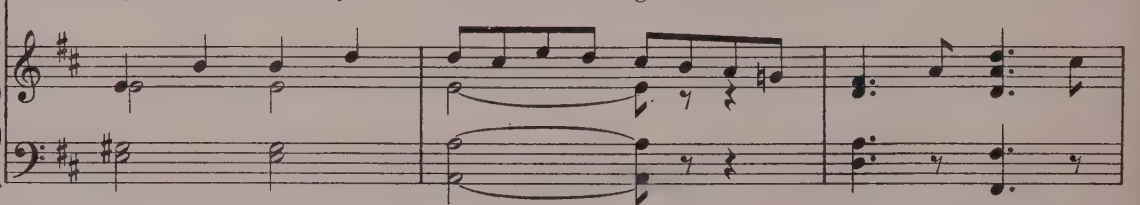
 hind us; How free - ly once your jo - cund ways, We trod, with none to

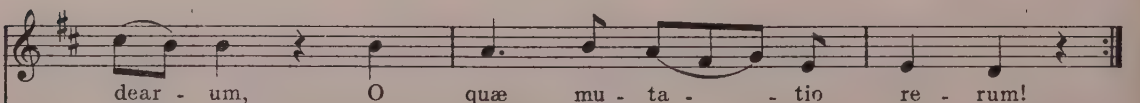


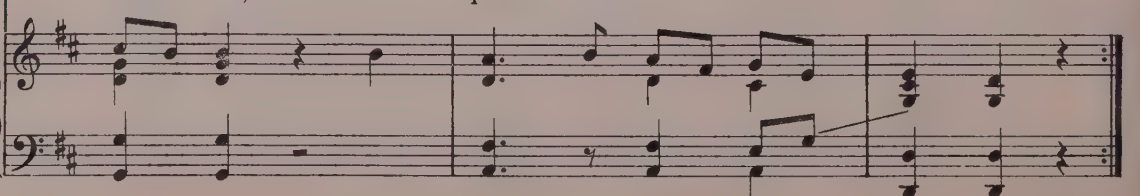
 bind us! But now, we seek for you — in vain, Nor



 hope to win you back — a - gain. — Oh dear - o - dear - o -



 dear - um, O quæ mu - ta - - tio re - rum!



An Old Student's Memories.

O COLLEGE days, O glorious days,
 That lie so far behind us;
 How freely once your jocund ways
 We trod, with nonè to bind us!
 But now, we seek for you in vain,
 Nor hope to win you back again.
 Oh dear-o-dear-odearum,
 O quæ mutatio rerum!

Now cap and blazer lie in dust,
 The plying oar's forgotten,
 Our foils are eaten up with rust,
 The willow's core is rotten!
 Our famous deeds have had their day,
 Our choruses have died away.
 Oh dear-o-dear-odearum, etc.

Where are they, who on S. R. C.'s
 Once held the posts of glory,
 Who ruled in pride and passed decrees
 Like any king in story?
 With humble mien, they went their ways,
 With Philistines to end their days.
 Oh dear-o-dear-odearum, etc.

There's one who spends his dreary days
 In law and litigation,
 One writes critiques of wretched plays,
 One toils at education,
 One thunders at the sinful soul,
 And one its shattered house makes whole.
 Oh dear-o-dear-odearum, etc.

But a heart of the right old student stuff
 Can never more grow cold, sirs!
 'Twill show its pluck when life is rough,
 As in the games of old, sirs!
 What though the husk has fall'n away?
 The kernel still is ours to-day,—
 On that we'll keep our hold, sirs,
 On that we'll keep our hold, sirs!

Then let us, comrades, now, and friends,
 Join hand to hand, in token
 Of loyalty that never ends,
 And kindly words unspoken.
 Then lift your sparkling cups on high;
 Here's to the faith that shall not die,
 Here's to a pledge unbroken—
 Here's to a pledge unbroken!

A Song of Greek Prose.

R. F. MURRAY.

JOHN FARMER.

VOICE. *Lively.* § CHORUS (to be sung at the end of each verse).

PIANO. *f*

I. Thrice hap - py are those Who ne'er

heard of Greek prose— Or Greek poe - try ei - ther, as far as that goes; For

Lid-dell and Scott Shall cumber them not, Nor Sar - gent nor Sidwick shall break their re - pose.

SOLO. *quicker.*

2. But I, late at night, By the ve - ry bad light Of ve - ry bad gas, must pain - ful - ly write Some

p

stuff that a Greek With his de- li- cate cheek Would smile at as 'bar-ba-rous'—faith, he well might.

D.C. to Chorus.

THRICE happy are those
 Who ne'er heard of Greek prose—
 Or Greek poetry either, as far as that goes;
 For Liddell and Scott
 Shall cumber them not,
 Nor Sargent nor Sidgwick shall break their repose.

But I, late at night,
 By the very bad light
 Of very bad gas, must painfully write
 Some stuff that a Greek
 With his delicate cheek
 Would smile at as 'barbarous'— faith, he well might.
 Thrice happy, etc.

For, when it *is* done,
 I doubt if, for one,
 I myself could explain how the meaning might run;
 And as for the style—
 Well, it's hardly worth while
 To talk about style, when style there is none.
 Thrice happy, etc.

It was all very fine
 For a poet divine
 Like Byron, to rave of Greek women and wine;
 But the prose that I sing
 Is a different thing,
 And I frankly acknowledge it's not in my line.
 Thrice happy, etc.

So away with Greek prose,
 The source of my woes!
 (This metre's too tough, I must draw to a close):
 May Sargent be drowned
 In the ocean profound,
 And Sidgwick be food for the carrion crows!
 Thrice happy, etc.

Medley.

Be - hold how good a thing it is, And how be - com - ing well

To - gethersuch as brethren are, In u - ni - ty to dwell, In u - ni - ty to dwell

BEHOLD how good a thing it is,
 And how becoming well
 Together such as brethren are
 In unity to dwell, in unity to dwell.

Mary had a little lamb,
 Its fleece was white as snow;
 And everywhere that Mary went,
 The lamb was sure to go, the lamb was sure to go.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fair?
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae fu' o' care?

Jack and Jill went up the hill
 To fetch a pail of water;
 Jack fell down and broke his crown,
 And Jill came tumbling after.

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
 His wife could eat no lean;
 And so, betwixt them both, you see,
 They licked the platter clean.

Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
 And doesn't know where to find them;
 Let them alone, and they'll come home,
 Bringing their tails behind them.

Doctor Foster went to Glo'ster
 In a shower of rain,
 He stepped into a puddle right up to the middle,
 And never went there again.

Come, Lads, come out.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Come, lads, come out! Wake the e - choes with a shout! When the

lark's de - li - cious lay Wel - comes in the first of May, Then come

out, nor tar - ry long, Charm the air with pipe and song. Come, lads, come out!

COME, lads, come out! Wake the echoes with a shout!
 When the lark's delicious lay
 Welcomes in the first of May,
 Then come out, nor tarry long;
 Charm the air with pipe and song.
 Come, lads, come out!

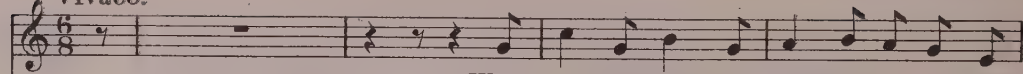
Come, lads, come out! Wake the echoes with a shout!
 Spirit of song your champion be
 In a world of pedantry;
 Out then, and strive with might and main,
 Till you have set her free again.
 Come, lads, come out!

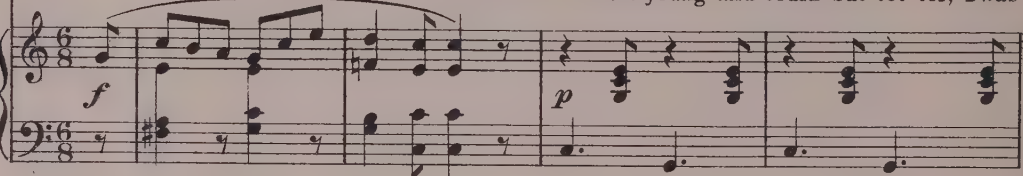
Come, lads, come out! Wake the echoes with a shout!
 When thy country calls for thee,
 Let thy arm her weapon be.
 Out then with singing as of yore!
 —Though 'twere to come back home no more.
 Come, lads, come out!

Song of the Arts Man.

MOORE PARK.

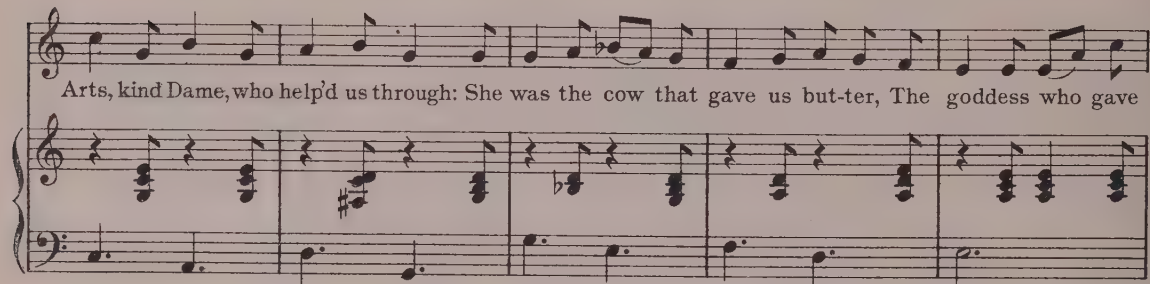
Vivace.

VOICE. 

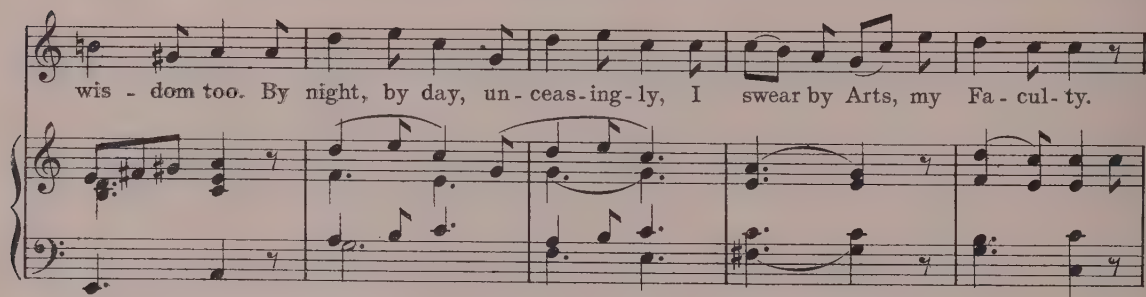
PIANO. 

When we were young and could but tot-ter, 'Twas

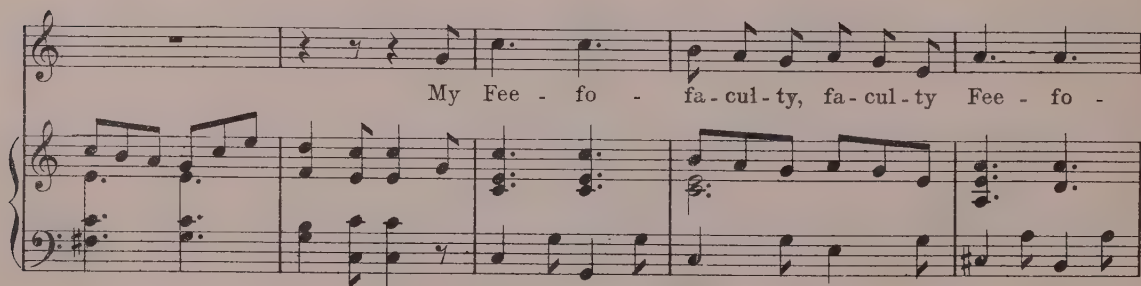
Arts, kind Dame, who help'd us through: She was the cow that gave us but-ter, The goddess who gave



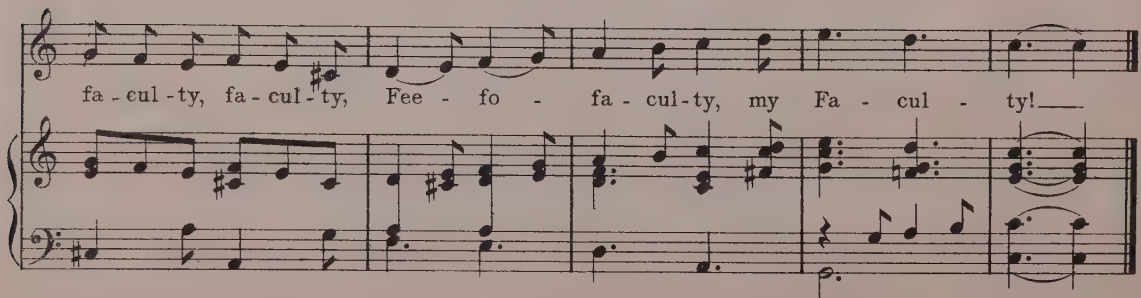
wis - dom too. By night, by day, un - ceas - ing - ly, I swear by Arts, my Fa - cul - ty.



My Fee - fo - fa - cul - ty, fa - cul - ty Fee - fo -



fa - cul - ty, fa - cul - ty, Fee - fo - fa - cul - ty, my Fa - cul - ty! —



Song of the Arts Man.

WHEN we were young and could but totter,
 'Twas Arts, kind Dame, who helped us through:
 She was the cow that gave us butter,
 The goddess who gave wisdom too.
 By night, by day, unceasingly,
 I swear by Arts, my Faculty.
 My Fee-fo-faculty, my Faculty!

'Tis true, you can't, if you select her,
 Become an Admiral or Pope,
 At very best, a School Inspector—
 And even that's a daring hope.
 And yet, my only love is she—
 My Arts, my noble Faculty!
 My Fee-fo-faculty, my Faculty!

The Doctors only deal in pieces,
 —All human needs before them lie,
 And know for thousands of diseases
 One only remedy—to die.
 The Doctors' woes I grieve to see—
 Arts is the Faculty for me!
 The Fee-fo-faculty, the Faculty!

The lawyers are so very haughty,
 As though the world were made for them;
 But when our knaves no more are naughty,
 We'll need no judges to condemn!
 But never can the world or we
 Dispense with Arts, our Faculty.
 Our Fee-fo-faculty, our Faculty!

Their Reverences once in clover
 —I mean the Theologians—lay;
 But now, alas! those days are over,
 The calling can't be said to pay.
 By hundreds they have come to see
 That Arts must be their Faculty.
 Their Fee-fo-faculty, their Faculty!

To open wide the temple portals
 And welcome in the land's fair youth,
 Where they shall know the Great Immortals,
 Who fought of old for Right and Truth;
 All this is ours,—then here's to Thee!
 Long life to our fair Faculty.
 Our Fee-fo-faculty, our Faculty!

The Engineer's Song.

Air:—"Crambambuli!"

Animato.

VOICES.

The En - gi - neer's a heart un - daunt-ed, He'll laugh and say, I'll
To bridge the seas he's bad - ly want-ed, It warms his soul to

Animato.

PIANO.

find a way, Oh that, that I will! He makes his arch - es heav'n-ward grow, And
bore a hole thro' moun-tain and hill.

ff

bur-rows in the earth be-low; There's nought so hard to do But he'll win thro'.

ff

The Engineer's Song.

THE Engineer's a heart undaunted,
 He'll laugh and say
 "I'll find a way,
 Oh, that I will!"
 To bridge the seas he's badly wanted,
 It warms his soul
 To bore a hole
 Through mountain and hill.
 He makes his arches heavenward grow,
 And burrows in the earth below;
 There's nought so hard to do
 But he'll win through.

That giant he's subdued with patience,
 Whose tameless force
 From water course
 By fire's might set free
 Becomes a blessing to the nations,
 With restless will
 Creating still
 Great marvels to be;
 The lightning flash he's taught to race
 With message swift from place to place,
 From Pole to Pole,— and never tire,—
 On thin steel wire.

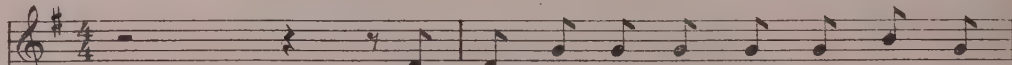
For a hundred thousand wheels set turning,
 For hanging tower,
 And blasting power,
 That roars 'neath the ground;
 For trembling spring and engine churning,
 All things that heave
 And grind and weave
 And throb and whirl and pound;
 And through the land like thunder tear,
 And o'er the sea and through the air—
 For all, we owe a hearty cheer
 To th'engineer.

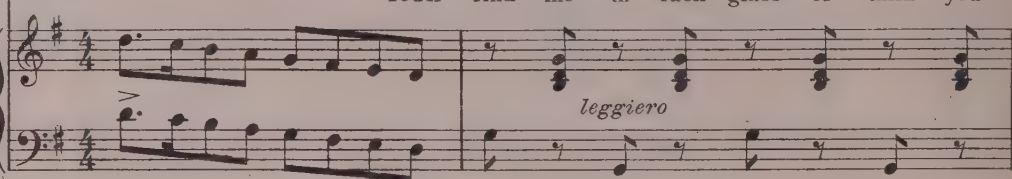
Long life, then, to their grand profession!
 Their pulse beats high
 With the eager cry
 Of a new born age;
 For progress is their hearts' expression.
 A mighty task
 Is all they ask
 And Peace for their wage;
 For by his honest labour, he
 Spreads peace abroad o'er land and sea,
 From shore to shore, through every sphere—
 The Engineer!

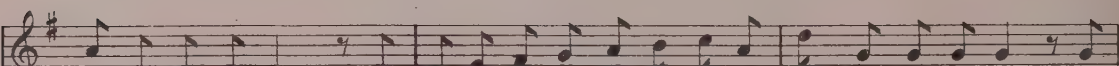
The Sour Milk Bacillus.

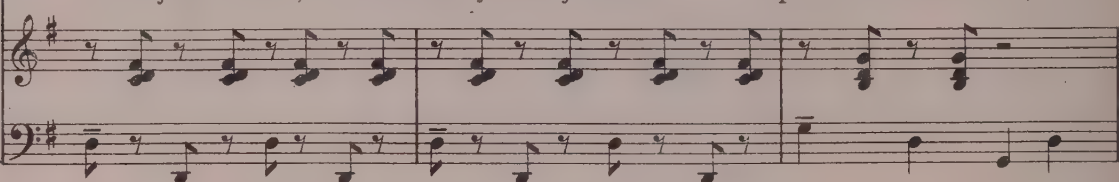
Dr. CHARLES KENNEDY.

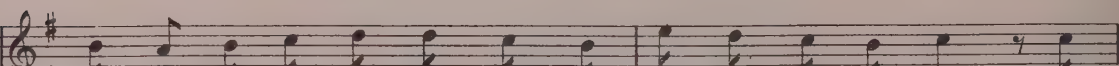
Air:— "A wee bit wifikie"
Arranged by M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

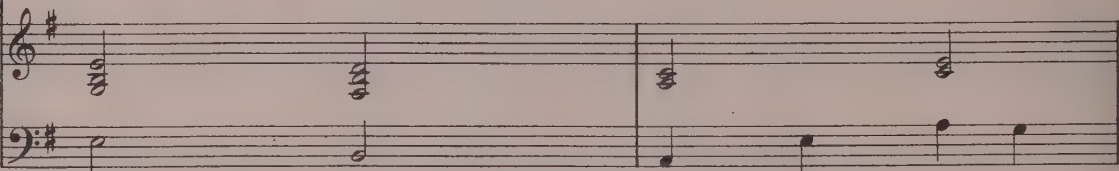
VOICE.  You'll find me in each glass of milk you


PIANO.  *leggiero*

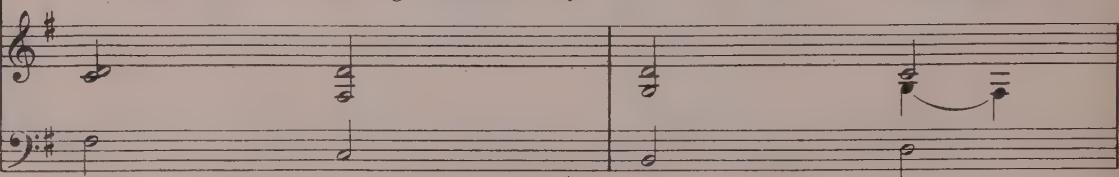
 take in your in-side, And ev-'ry ba-by's bot-tle is a place where I a-bide; I




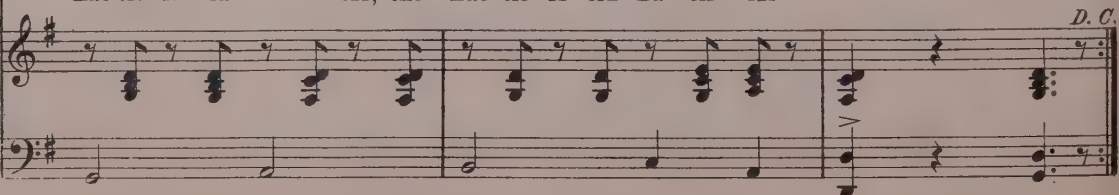
 flour-ish so on Lac-tose when I get there in ad-vance That



 o-ther mi-cro-or-gan-isms, they don't have half a chance, With the



 Lactic A-cid Ba-cil-lus, the Lac-tic A-cid Ba-cil-lus Of the old milk can. *D. C.*

 *D. C.*

The Sour Milk Bacillus.

YOU'LL find me in each glass of milk you take in your inside,
 And ev'ry baby's bottle is a place where I abide;
 I flourish so on Lactose when I get there in advance
 That other micro-organisms, they don't have half a chance,
 With the Lactic Acid Bacillus, the Lactic Acid Bacillus
 Of the old milk can.

I do my little best to free the milk of each bad germ
 From byre or cow or pail or can or milk-maid's epiderm;
 I'd do it in my own quiet way that don't need any study
 If Humans wouldn't boil me or nip me in the Budde
 With Hydrogen Peroxide, Hydrogen Peroxide
 Or scalding in a pan.

With Coli, Streps and Staphys I'm familiar every day
 And now and then a Deppy or a Typho comes my way,
 But T. B's are a trial for if we only knew
 That Bovine's more infectious, then we might know what to do.
 I'm a very knowing Bacillus, a Lactic Acid Bacillus
 Of the old milk can.

Alas! we're whiles caught rapping in the good old Summertime,
 When cheeky Enteritis snap their thumbs at me and mine,
 And sometimes, I admit it, we are taken unawares
 When Scarlatina finds that milk is quite the best of fares,
 And laughs at this old Bacillus, and laughs at this old Bacillus
 Of the old milk can.

For butter and for cheese I used to be the only spell,
 Till other things were found that seemed to do the trick as well,
 I don't so much mind rennet, but them acids that they use
 To make the butter come, are almost fit to give the blues.
 I'm a decent-minded Bacillus, a self-respecting Bacillus
 Of the old milk can.

They've found out now that Buttermilk's a cure for all the ills,
 But won't have me '*au naturel*'; they serve me up in pills,
 And call me lots of funny names, not thinking when I'm dry
 I'm nothing like so lively as the growing Baccili.
 I'm a dry and flaccid Bacillus, dull and torpid Bacillus
 Of the old milk can.

So now if you would sup on milk that's innocent of harm,
 Confide in me and cleanliness and never take it warm,
 But wait until it turns a bit and pray don't pasteurize,
 Just give me time to do the trick and then you'll see how wise
 Is the Lactic-Acid Bacillus, the Prophylactic Bacillus
 Of the old milk can.

Doctor Peter Price's Permanent Panacea.

Words and Music by WALTER HOWE JONES.

Allegro moderato.

Baritone Solo. Dear

Tenors. *mf*
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

Basses.

gen - tle - men and la - dies, your at - ten - tion we would call. To a

p
la, la, la, la,

p
la, la, la, la,

per - fect pa - tent med - i - cine that is a cure for all The

la, la, la, la,

la, la, la, la,

ills that flesh is heir to— Let us give you some i - dea Of

la, la, la, la,

la, la, la, la,

Doc - tor Pe - ter Pri - ce's Per - ma - nent Pan - a - cea. This

la, la, la, la,

la, la, la, la,

won - der - ful con - coc - tion ab - so - lute - ly cures all pain; 'Twill

la, la, la, la,

la, la, la, la,

kill the sick - est pa - tient or will make him well a - gain, It has

poco rit.

la, la, *colla voce* la, la, la,

la, la, la, la, la,

prov - en ef - fi - ca - cious for an ag - gra - va - ted gout, The se -

la, la, la, la,

la, la, la, la,

ver - est men - tal ail - ments it will al - ways put to rout.

la, la, la, la, la, la.

la, la, la, la, la, la.

Doc-tor Pe-ter Pri-ce's Per-ma-nent Pan-a- cea, Is the on - ly stuff.

DEAR gentlemen and ladies, your attention we would call
 To a perfect patent medicine that is a cure for all
 The ills that flesh is heir to—Let us give you some idea
 Of Doctor Peter Price's Permanent Panacea.

This wonderful concoction absolutely cures all pain;
 'Twill kill the sickest patient or will make him well again,
 It has proven efficacious for an aggravated gout,
 The severest mental ailments it will always put to rout.

Doctor Peter Price's Permanent Panacea
 Is the only stuff.

Of coughs and colds and chilblains it is a deadly foe,
 While against its wondrous powers the worst fever has no show;
 It soothes all infant troubles and makes teething a delight;
 It makes your wife angelic when you come home late at night;
 It greatly aids digestion, mends a puncture in your tire,
 In cases of emergency it will put out a fire,
 Makes the wicked cease from troubling, and it gives the weary rest,
 It exterminates book agents, never one can stand the test.

Doctor Peter Price's, etc.

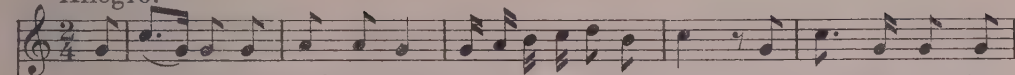
It makes the iceman honest, makes the coalman give full weight,
 Regulates the market prices better than they've been of late;
 It's guaranteed all woollen, an inch thick, a full yard wide,
 Is warranted fast color, is the same on either side,
 Insured not to rip or tear or run down at the heel;
 It comes in gallon bottles, dose, one bottle with each meal;
 In order to convince you of its merits and its worth,
 Just take one thousand cases of this finest stuff on earth.

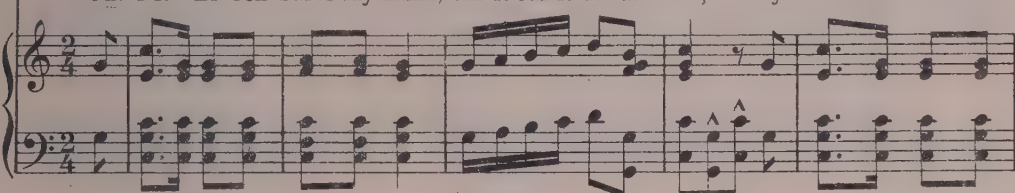
Doctor Peter Price's, etc.

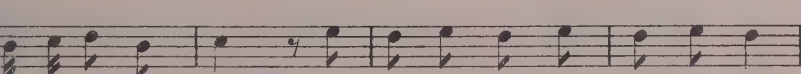
Dr. Eisenbart.

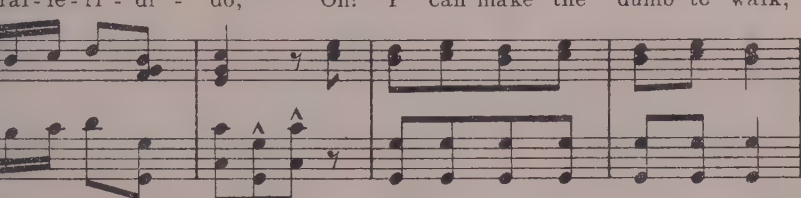
Translation by DAVID C. T. MEKIE.


Allegro.

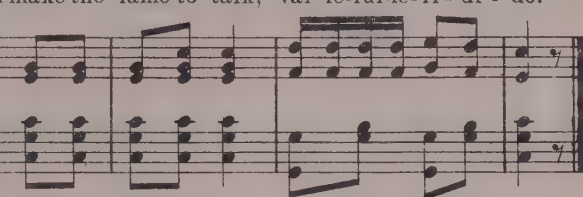
VOICE.  Oh! Dr. Ei-sen-bart's my name, Val-le-ral-le-ri-di-do; My wonderful cures have

PIANO. 

 given me fame, Val-le-ral-le-ri-di-do; Oh! I can make the dumb to walk,



 Val-le-ral-le-ri-di-dan-dy-o, And I can make the lame to talk, Val-le-ral-le-ri-di-do.



OH! Dr. Eisenbart's my name, Val-le-ral-le-ri-di-do;
My wonderful cures have given me fame, Val-le-ral-le-ri-di-do;
Oh! I can make the dumb to walk, Val-le-ral-le-ri-di-dandyo,
And I can make the lame to talk, Val-le-ral-le-ri-di-do.

Frederick, the Great, had an old cook, Val- etc.
They sent for me, when a headache he took, Val- etc.
With an old hatchet I stroked his head, Val- etc.
And now the poor old cook is dead. Val- etc.

I was sent to Ulm to cure a man, Val- etc.
And from his leg the blood it ran, Val- etc.
Afraid of the smallpox, he asked a cure, Val- etc.
So I had to vaccinate with a skewer. Val- etc.

To the Kaiser's son in Dideldum, Val- etc.
I gave ten pounds of opium; Val- etc.
For years he slept both day and night, Val- etc.
And even yet he sleeps all right. Val- etc.

A man once came in a terrible state; Val- etc.
He'd a wen on his neck, weighed a hundredweight. Val- etc.
"Oh! Dr. Eisenbart, do your best!" Val- etc.
So I roped his neck and now he's at rest. Val- etc.

The Opsonic Index.

Dr. CHARLES KENNEDY.

Air:—"The Mill-Wheel."
Arranged by M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

Verses 1, 3, 4, 5 & 7.

VOICE.

My Op - so - nic In - dex is

PIANO.

ne - ga - tive, I great - ly fear I must die. I of - ten re - quire a re -

stor - a - tive, Of Scotch, or I - rish or Rye. My

leu - co - cy - tes are not di - ges - tive of Staph - y - lo - coc - ci.

Verses 2, 6 & 8.

There's a boil no big-ger than half a crown, Tho' it

feels as big as a score._____ It makes me sit up when I

try to sit down, It is so ter - ri - bly sore._____ And'tis

sad to tell that I try to drown My sor-rows in nips ga - lore._____

Verse 9. (last Verse.)

And now, I could do with a drop of Scotch, I

like it much bet - ter than hy - - po - der - mic in - jec - tions of

Coc - cial hotch, potch, And fain with my boil would I fly ——— To

re - gions obscure where there's no one to tor - ture me with pic - kled coc - ci. ———

The Opsonic Index.

MY Opsonic Index is negative,
 I greatly fear I must die;
 I often require a restorative
 Of Scotch, or Irish or Rye.
 My leucocytes are not disgestive
 Of Staphylococci.

There's a boil no bigger than half a crown,
 Tho' it feels as big as a score,
 It makes me sit up when I try to sit down,
 It is so terribly sore.
 And 'tis sad to tell that I try to drown
 My sorrows in nips galore.

A Bacteriologist came one day
 With sterilized lancet and all;
 He pricked it and he carried away
 Some matter from that boil.
 "A little matter," I heard him say,
 "To grow on another soil."

He planted it in a jelly dish;
 It flourished under his eye;
 Said he, when I asked him, "What is this?"
 "They're Staphylococci."
 "Yes, yes," he murmured "What more could one wish
 Than Staphylococci?"

Those germs in strange serum with nicely washed
 Leucocytes he now incubated,
 And with oil immersion lens brought into view
 The fact that each Polymorph fed
 On a portion of Cocci, and so one drew,
 An "Index Opsonic," he said.

Then serum from me for his Leucos he asked,
 A meal of my germs to prepare,
 But they smiled at him as in sunshine they basked,
 For not one Opsonine was there.
 The Cocci smiled blandly as Polymorphs passed
 With stolid amœboid stare.

With the ghost of a chuckle he gazed on the sight,
 Then took of a Rivary Syringe
 To dose one with Cocci cream cooked "à la" Wright,
 And told me my welfare would hinge
 On whether my Leucocytes still took fright
 At Cocci of golden tinge.

My wretched Opsonine will not revive,
 No matter how often we try;
 The boil is much better, but can I survive
 If the man with the Cocci reply,
 "You can only get well if your Leucocytes thrive
 On Staphylococci!"

And now I could do with a drop of Scotch—
 I like it much better than hy-
 -Podermic injections of Coccial hotch, potch,
 And fain with my boil would I fly
 To regions obscure where there's no one to tor-
 -Ture me with pickled Cocci.

After Many Days.

R. F. MURRAY.

JOHN FARMER.

Slowly.

VOICE.



1. The mist hangs round the Col - lege tower, The ghost - ly
 2. It sings a tune well lov'd and known In days gone
 3. Life has not since been whol - ly vain, And now I

PIANO.

street Is si - lent at this mid - night hour, Save for my
 by, When of - ten here, and not a - lone, I watch'd the
 bear Of wis - dom pluck'd from joy and pain Some slen - der

feet. With none to see, with none to hear, Down - ward I
 sky. That was a bar - ren time at best, Its fruits were
 share. But, how - so - ev - er rich the store, I'd lay it

go To where, be - side the rug - ged pier, The sea sings low.
 few; But fruits and flowers had keen - er zest And fresh - er hue.
 down, To feel up - on my back once more The old red gown.

SOLDIER SONGS AND SEA SONGS.

For King and Country.

W. H. JUDE.

W. H. JUDE.

Allegro con spirito.

PIANO.

(Tromba.) *ff*

mf (Corni.)

Detailed description: This block shows the piano introduction. The right hand (treble clef) features a melody with eighth-note patterns, marked *ff* for Tromba. The left hand (bass clef) has a bass line with dotted rhythms, marked *mf* for Corni. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C).

The Trum - pet's sound re-

ten.

ff sf sf p stacc. sf sf

*Red. **

Detailed description: This block contains the first line of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a rest followed by the lyrics 'The Trum - pet's sound re-'. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand has a rhythmic accompaniment with various dynamics: *ff*, *sf*, *sf*, *p stacc.*, *sf*, and *sf*. The left hand provides a bass line with similar dynamics. Performance markings include *Red.* and an asterisk ***.

e - ches through the land, And calls our sons to hon - our and to glo - ry, It

sf sf sf sf

Red.

Detailed description: This block contains the second line of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'e - ches through the land, And calls our sons to hon - our and to glo - ry, It'. The piano accompaniment continues with a consistent rhythmic pattern and dynamics: *sf*, *sf*, *sf*, and *sf*. A *Red.* marking is present at the end of the piano part.

tells of deeds up - on the bat - tle field, And sings the songs of He - roes fam'd in

sf sf

(Cello.) *Red. **

(Tromba.)

Detailed description: This block contains the third line of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'tells of deeds up - on the bat - tle field, And sings the songs of He - roes fam'd in'. The piano accompaniment continues with dynamics *sf* and *sf*. Performance markings include '(Cello.)', *Red.*, an asterisk ***, and '(Tromba.)'.

sto - ry. Ma - ny a tear in maid - ens' eyes,

p

p

Red. Red. Red. Red.

Sad are the hearts in Cot - tage and Hall, But our lads, brave and gay, have

ad lib. *f con brio*

Red. Red. Red. * Red. * Red. Red. Red.

sail'd far a - way, To con - quer the foe or to fall — Then

ff marcato *ad lib.*

colla voce *rall.*

Red. Red. * Red. Red. Red.

REFRAIN.

Alla marcia. con anima

Fight - ing for the dear old Coun - try, Fight - ing for her glo - rious

sf tempo di marcia

(Cello.)

name — Be this our pray'r to - night, "May God de - fend the right, And

(Tromba.)

Red. * Red.

bless the lads who fight for Bri-tain's fame!" *ff* Fight-ing for the dear old

f *sf* *ff* *Red.* *

Coun - try, Fighting for her glo-rious name Be this our pray'r to-night, "May

maestoso

trem. *f* *f*

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* *

God de-fend the right, And bless the lads who fight for Bri-tain's fame!"

f *f* *f* *f* *f* *f* *f* *f* *f* *f*

tremolo *Red.*

p *Patetico.*

Andante espressivo. A mo-ther prays in the old home to-night,

pp *f* *pp e sostenuto*

* *Red.* * *Red.* *

Eyes red with weeping, For gal-lant war-ri-ors run to earth, In foreign

f *ad lib.*

ppp (Clar.) *ad lib.*

Red.

lands, in for-eign lands, they're sleep-ing. Ma - ny a tear in mo-thers' eyes,

ten.

The first system features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in G major. The piano part consists of a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and a more active treble line with chords and eighth notes in the right hand. There are five fermatas marked with a red 'L' and an asterisk at the end of the piano part.

Sad are the hearts in Cot - tage and Hall, But our lads, brave and gay, have

ad lib. *f con brio*

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The piano accompaniment becomes more rhythmic and energetic, with a strong bass line. There are five fermatas marked with a red 'L' and an asterisk at the end of the piano part.

sail'd far a-way To con-quer the foe, or to fall Then

ff marcato

The third system features a more dramatic piano accompaniment with a heavy bass line and chords. The vocal line has a long note at the end. There are five fermatas marked with a red 'L' and an asterisk at the end of the piano part.

REFRAIN.

Alla marcia. *con anima*

Fight - ing for the dear old Coun - try, Fight - ing for her glo - rious

sf tempo di marcia

The refrain section begins with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment in a march tempo. The piano part has a strong, rhythmic bass line and chords. There are five fermatas marked with a red 'L' and an asterisk at the end of the piano part.

name _____ Be this our pray'r to-night, "May God de-fend the right, And

Red. * *Red.* *

bless the lads who fight for Bri - tain's fame!" _____ Fight-ing for the dear old

Red. *

Coun - try, Fight-ing for her glo-rious name. _____ Be this our pray'r to-night, "May

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* *

God de-fend the right, And bless the lads who fight for Bri - tain's fame!" _____

ad lib.

colla voce

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* *

*The Song of the Pirates.

J. M. BARRIE.

JOHN CROOK.

Moderato. *f*

VOICE. *f*

Yo ho! Yo ho! the Pi-rate life, the flag, the skull and

PIANO. *f*

bones, A mer-ry hour, a hempen rope, and hey for Da-vid Jones.

f

A - vast! Belay! Yo ho! Heave ho! a pi - rating we go, — And if we're part-ed

f

by a shot, we're sure to meet be - low. — A - vast! Belay! Yo ho! Heave ho! a

pi - rating we go, — And if we're part-ed by a shot, we're sure to go be - low.

The Too'in' o' wir Boat.

GEORGE STEWART.

(A Shetland Boat-Song.)

THOMAS MANSON.

Andante.

PIANO. *p*

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 4/4 time, marked 'Andante' and 'PIANO. p'. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

O' a' the sounds by sea or shore, There's nane sae dear tae me— As the

The first system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'O' a' the sounds by sea or shore, There's nane sae dear tae me— As the'. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern.

too - in' o' wir ain— boat, When she comes frae the sea.—

The second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'too - in' o' wir ain— boat, When she comes frae the sea.—'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

CHORUS.

The too - in' o' wir boat That too, too, too! It

The chorus system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'The too - in' o' wir boat That too, too, too! It'. The piano accompaniment features a more active accompaniment.

mak's my heart just jump wi' joy, That too - oo - - oo!

The final system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'mak's my heart just jump wi' joy, That too - oo - - oo!'. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

The Tooin' o' wir Boat.

(A Shetland Boat-Song.)

O' A' the sounds by sea or shore,
 There's nane sae dear tae me
 As the tooin' o' wir ain boat,
 When she comes frae the sea.
 The tooin' o' wir boat,
 That too, too, too!
 It mak's my heart just jump wi' joy,
 That too-oo-oo!

My faither aye weel steers the boat,
 Wi' him are brithers three;
 An' Sandy cam' at Beltane time,
 An' just gangs for a fee.
 The tooin', etc.

O, Sandy is a bonnie lad,
 An' saft blue is his e'e,
 An' though oor folk kens naething o't,
 He's unco fond o' me.
 The tooin', etc.

Sometimes when we gang in the ebb,
 An' when there's nane to see,
 He puts his airm around my waist,
 An' aft he kisses me.
 The tooin', etc.

Whene'er our men are lang, lang oot,
 Sic fears come to my heart;
 I canna rest within the hoose,
 But glow'r in every airt.
 The tooin', etc.

But when I see her weel-kent sail—
 Her sail is barkit broon—
 My heart is sae ow'rcome wi' joy,
 The tears come rinnin' doon.
 The tooin', etc.

My Faither says, that summer neist,
 My Sandy'll hae a share,
 For weel he can baith set an' hale,
 An' row upon an aire.
 The tooin', etc.

An' then when Hallow-mas comes roond,
 An' Sandy marries me,
 I'll no think ony shame to greet,
 When he's ow'r lang at sea.
 The tooin', etc.

O. T. C.

Words and Music by R. SCOTT STEVENSON.

Arranged by E. GORDON ANDERSON.

Tempo di Marcia.

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time. The right hand starts with a melody of eighth notes, and the left hand provides a bass line. Dynamics include *f* and *ff*.

1. I wish that my mo-ther could see me now In a brand new kha - ki suit, — A
 2. We ain't in the Re-gu - lar Ar - my, Or the Ter - ri - tor - ial Force: — Our

The vocal line is in 6/8 time. The piano accompaniment is in 6/8 time. Dynamics include *p*.

beast of a cap that is pinching my brow, And my put-tee half o - ver my boot, —
 col-umn of fours may be rock - y, And our dressing a lit-tle bit worse; — But

The vocal line is in 6/8 time. The piano accompaniment is in 6/8 time. Dynamics include *p* and *f*.

Barg-ing a - long to my first march-out, With side e-nough on for three — They
 wait till I've stuck it a couple of years And got my "Cer - ti - fi - cate 'B'" — The

The vocal line is in 6/8 time. The piano accompaniment is in 6/8 time. Dynamics include *p* and *f*.

used to call us the Batter-y once — The R. A. M. C. Vol - un - teers once —
 e - ne-my shot down the of - fi - cers once — There was no - bo - dy fit to suc - ceed them once — And the

The vocal line is in 6/8 time. The piano accompaniment is in 6/8 time. Dynamics include *p*.

Number Four Q. R. V. B. R. S. once—But now we are O. T. C.
 Tommies had no one to lead them once—But now there's the O. T. C.

CHORUS.

That is the name that they give us,— That is the name you must call,
 That is the name that they give us,— That is the name you must call,

If you want gunners or ri - fles,— Me - di - cal bear - ers an' all,
 If you want gunners or ri - fles,— Sap - pers or bear - ers an' all, Our

Sap - pers or scouts or driv - ers— What - e - ver the game may be
 thirst may be some - thing tre - men - dous— Our lan - guage a tri - fle free— But

Ring up the 'Var - si - ty beg - gars!— Trot out the O. T. C!
 we are the Corps of the Fu - ture!— We are the O. T. C!

Rolling over the Foam.

Nautical Song.

W. CARTWRIGHT NEWSAM.

W. H. JUDE.

Allegro giocoso.

PIANO.

ff

f

f

stacc.

p

ad lib.

I. 'Twas in the good ship Nan - cy We sail'd the roll - ing sea, — Our
Bo - sun told the bo - sun's mate, And the bo - sun's mate told me, — How

mess - mates all were jol - ly tars, With hearts so light and free, — And
in the wild Pa - ci - fic Isles, A mer - maid he did see. — She

as - we kept our watch be - low, And the Nan - cy roll'd a - long, — We
told him yarns of witch - ing maids Who'd serve him as their King — But

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* *

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* *

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* *

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* *

tempo primo

spun our old, old sail - or yarns, And sang, _____ and sang _____ this
 Jack he wink'd his star board eye And this, _____ and this, _____ and

sf colla voce *tempo primo* *sf scherz.*

Red. * Red. * Red. *

mer - ry, mer - ry song. _____ Roll - ing, roll - ing, roll - ing,
 this re - frain did sing. _____

sf *sf* *sf* *f*

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

o - ver the sparkling foam, See a - far the gleam - ing lights of home! _____

sf *sf*

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

— Stea - dy and strong we sing the song, with hearts so true,

cres - - - - - cen - - - - - do

Red. * Red. * Red. *

ff

O - ver the roll - ing o - cean, the o - cean blue.

1.

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

2. The

f

stacc.

f

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

2.

blue.

p

p

ad lib.

misterioso

3. Though

Red. Red. *

ad lib.

Jack is fond of sail - or yarns, He loves not *fish-y* tails; — And

stacc. e piano

though the girls all smile on him His cour-age nev-er fails.—

f

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* *

slower

p dolorosa

At part-ing with the mer-maid, His

p sostenuto *pp colla voce*

heart he said was wrung, But she caught a twin-kle

lively *f*

lively *f*

in his eye As this re-frain he sung.

Humoresque (tempo).

p

Roll-ing, roll-ing, roll-ing

Red. * *Red.* *

o - ver the spark - ling foam, See a - far the

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* *

Detailed description: This system contains the first two lines of music. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass and a more melodic line in the treble. Dynamic markings include *Red.* and asterisks. The lyrics are "o - ver the spark - ling foam, See a - far the".

gleam - ing lights of home!

f *f*

Red. * *Red.* *

Detailed description: This system contains the third and fourth lines of music. The vocal line continues with "gleam - ing lights of home!". The piano accompaniment features a change in dynamics to *f* (forte) in the second measure of the system. The piano part has a more active accompaniment. Dynamic markings include *f* and *Red.* with asterisks. The lyrics are "gleam - ing lights of home!".

Stea - dy and strong we sing the song, with hearts so true,

cres - *cen* - *do*

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* *

Detailed description: This system contains the fifth and sixth lines of music. The vocal line continues with "Stea - dy and strong we sing the song, with hearts so true,". The piano accompaniment features a *cresc.* (crescendo) marking. The piano part has a steady accompaniment. Dynamic markings include *cres*, *cen*, *do*, and *Red.* with asterisks. The lyrics are "Stea - dy and strong we sing the song, with hearts so true,".

O - ver the roll - ing o - cean, the o - cean blue.

ff

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* *

Detailed description: This system contains the seventh and eighth lines of music. The vocal line continues with "O - ver the roll - ing o - cean, the o - cean blue.". The piano accompaniment features a *ff* (fortissimo) marking. The piano part has a steady accompaniment. Dynamic markings include *ff* and *Red.* with asterisks. The lyrics are "O - ver the roll - ing o - cean, the o - cean blue.".

fff

Red. * *Red.* *

Detailed description: This system contains the ninth and tenth lines of music. The piano accompaniment features a *fff* (fortississimo) marking. The piano part has a steady accompaniment. Dynamic markings include *fff* and *Red.* with asterisks. The lyrics are not present in this system.

Discharged.

Traditional.

Arr. by D. H. KEMP.

VOICE. *Rather slowly.* SOLO. CHORUS.

I thought I heard our "old man" say,— (Leave her, Johnnie,

PIANO.

SOLO. *dim.*

leave her,) "You may go a-shore and get your pay;" (For it's time for us to leave her.)

CHORUS. *ff*

Time _____ Time _____ Time for us to leave her.

I THOUGHT I heard our "old man" say,
 (Leave her, Johnnie, leave her.)
 "You may go ashore and get your pay."
 (For it's time for us to leave her.)

I thought I heard our "old man" say,
 (Leave her, Johnnie, leave her.)
 "We'll give them butter and marmalade to-day."
 (For it's time for us to leave her.)

Oh! Tom is gone, and I'll go too;
 (Leave her, Johnnie, leave her.)
 Find another ship and another crew.
 (For it's time for us to leave her.)

The Words and the Melody were supplied by the Rev. David Swan, B. D.

This Song may be effectively adapted for the occasion of the final meeting of a College class or session.

Route Marchin'.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

A. CAMPBELL GEDDES.

Tempo di Marcia.

VOICE.

PIANO.

f

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). It begins with a whole rest followed by a quarter rest. The piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a common time signature. It starts with a forte dynamic marking (*f*) and features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

We're marchin' on re-lief o-ver In-jia's sun-ny plains, A

p

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has the lyrics "We're marchin' on re-lief o-ver In-jia's sun-ny plains, A". The piano accompaniment features a piano dynamic marking (*p*) and continues the rhythmic accompaniment.

lit-tle front' o' Christ-mas-time an' just be-'ind the rains; Ho!

The third system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has the lyrics "lit-tle front' o' Christ-mas-time an' just be-'ind the rains; Ho!". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

Get a-way you bul-lock-man, you've 'eard the bu-gle blowed, There's a

The fourth system concludes the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has the lyrics "Get a-way you bul-lock-man, you've 'eard the bu-gle blowed, There's a". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

Fine.

CHORUS.

re - gi - ment a - com - in' down the Grand Trunk Road. With its

best foot first And the road a - slid - ing past, An'

ev - 'ry bloom - in' camp - in' ground ex - act - ly like the last; While the

Big Drum says, With 'is "row - dy - dow - dy - dow!" "Ki - ko kis - sy - wars - ti don't you

Last Verse D. C.

ham - sher ar - gy jow?" *Tempo marcato.*

Route Marchin'

WE'RE marchin' on relief over Injia's sunny plains,
 A little front o' Christmas-time an' just be'ind the rains;
 Ho! Get away you bullock-man, you've 'eard the bugle blowed,
 There's a regiment a-comin' down the Grand Trunk Road;

With its best foot first
 And the road a-sliding past,
 An' every bloomin' campin' ground exactly like the last;
 While the Big Drum says,
 With 'is "rowdy-dowdy-dow!"
 "Kiko kissywarsti don't you hamsher argy jow?"

Oh, there's them Injian temples to admire when you see,
 There's the peacock round the corner an' the monkey up the tree,
 An' there's that rummy silver grass a-wavin' in the wind,
 An' the old Grand Trunk a-trailin' like a rifle-sling be'ind.

While its best foot first, etc.

At half-past five's Revelly, an' our tents they down must come,
 Like a lot of button mushrooms when you pick 'em up at 'ome.
 But it's over in a minute, an' at six the column starts,
 While the women an' the kiddies sit an' shiver in the carts.

An' its best foot first, etc.

Oh, then it's open order, an' we lights our pipes an' sings,
 An' we talks about our rations an' a lot of other things,
 An' we thinks o' friends in England, an' we wonders what they're at,
 An' 'ow they would admire for to hear us sling the bat.

An' its best foot first, etc.

It's none so bad o' Sunday, when you're lyin' at your ease,
 To watch the kites a wheelin' round them feather-headed trees,
 For although there ain't no women, yet there ain't no barrick-yards,
 So the orficers goes shootin' an' the men they plays at cards.

Till its best foot first, etc.

So 'ark an' 'eed, you rookies, which is always grumblin' sore,
 There's worser things than marchin' from Umballa to' Cawnpore;
 An' if your 'eels are blistered an' they feels to 'urt like 'ell,
 You drop some tallow in your socks an' that will make 'em well.

For its best foot first, etc.

We're marchin' on relief over Injia's coral strand,
 Eight 'undred fightin' Englishmen, the Colonel, and the Band;
 Ho! Get away you bullock-man, you've 'eard the bugle blowed,
 There's a regiment a-comin' down the Grand Trunk Road.

With its best foot first, etc.

Jack's Yarn.

F. E. WEATHERLY.

LOUIS DIEHL.

Moderato.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a common time signature. It begins with a series of eighth notes, followed by a more complex rhythmic pattern. The left hand starts with a bass clef and a common time signature, playing a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The dynamic marking *mf* is placed above the first few notes of the right hand.

The first system of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics: "'Twas a Mon-day night, the moon was shin-in' bright, The". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand has a treble clef and the left hand has a bass clef. The key signature remains two flats. The dynamic marking *p* is placed above the piano accompaniment.

The second system continues the song. The vocal line lyrics are: "winds had been a blow-in' all the day. We was sit-tin' in a ring, an'". The piano accompaniment continues with two staves. The dynamic marking *colla voce* is placed to the right of the piano accompaniment.

The third system continues the song. The vocal line lyrics are: "lor' how we did sing, I reckon you'd ha' heard us 'cross the bay. I'd sung o' black-eyed Sue, who". The piano accompaniment continues with two staves. The dynamic marking *dolce meno mosso* is placed above the piano accompaniment. The tempo marking *poco rit.* is placed above the piano accompaniment.

The fourth system concludes the song. The vocal line lyrics are: "was so fond and true, When we hears a sort o' splash-in' in the sea, An' a". The piano accompaniment continues with two staves. The dynamic marking *a tempo* is placed above the piano accompaniment.

rall.

nig-ger then we spied, scramblin up the starboard side, An' he tum-bled on the deck in front o'

rall.

f

a tempo dolce

we. Hil-lee, haul-lee, hil-lee, ho, hil-lee, haul-lee, hil-lee, he, The

f

p a tempo

ships a sail-in' on the sea, An' ev-'ry jol-ly Jack will soon be com-in' back Sing-in'

ff

haullee, hillee, haullee, hillee, ho. _____

ff

f

The tears were on his cheek, he sobbd an' couldn't speak, He showd us where his back were torn an'

p

scored, He clutch'd us one an' all, an' he trem-bled like to fall When he

colla voce

saw the white-faced planter come a-board. Then our Cap-t'n he up-stood, so

no-ble, proud an' good, An' the poor old nig were at his knee: "Ev-ry

man is free he cries, where the Brit-ish col-our flies, An' I'll nev-er give him up!" says

he. Hil-lee, haul-lee, hil-lee, ho, hil-lee, haul-lee, hif-lee, he. The

ff rall. *p a tempo*

ship's a sai- in' on the sea; An' ev-'ry jol- ly Jack' will

soon be com- in' back Sing- in' haul-lee, hil- lee haul-lee, hil-lee ho.

ff

ff *f*

Then the planter, he grew pale, an

like a cur turnd tail, As quick- ly down the side went he, Or

on our British deck, he'd soon ha' found his neck: An' the poor old slave was free. So

colla voce *colla voce*

here's good luck an' life to our Cap-t'n an' his wife, God bless'm for his no-ble words, say

p

we. For to free the slaves Bri-tannia rules the waves, An' that's be-ing Mistress of the

sea. *ff* Hil-lee, haul-lee, hil-lee, ho, *dolce* hil-lee, haul-lee, hil-lee, he, The

ff rall.

p a tempo

ship's a sail-in' on the sea; An' ev-'ry jol-ly Jack will

soon be com-in' back, Sing-in' *ff* haullee, hil-lee, haullee, hil-lee ho.

ff

Homeward Bound.

J. R. ANDERSON.

THOMAS COOK.

Allegretto.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in G major and 4/4 time. The right hand features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of quarter notes.

I'm a ro-ver on the sea, And I'm (jol-ly as can be, For "Weigh

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are: "I'm a ro-ver on the sea, And I'm (jol-ly as can be, For "Weigh

anchor" is the sig-nal once a - gain, From our moor-ings we slip clear, Wave our

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "anchor" is the sig-nal once a - gain, From our moor-ings we slip clear, Wave our

caps and raise a cheer, With a hear-ty ring no for-eigner can feign.

The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "caps and raise a cheer, With a hear-ty ring no for-eigner can feign."

CHORUS.

Yo - ho, boys, un-reef the can - vas, Steers-man, a - vast! from

The chorus begins with a new vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Yo - ho, boys, un-reef the can - vas, Steers-man, a - vast! from

rock and shoal, Let our shin - ing track be - hind, Keep this
 one thought in your mind, That we're league by league the near-er to the goal.

I'M a rover on the sea,
 And I'm jolly as can be,
 For "Weigh anchor" is the signal once again,
 From our moorings we slip clear,
 Wave our caps and raise a cheer,
 With a hearty ring no foreigner can feign.
 Yo-ho, boys, unreef the canvas,
 Steersman, avast! from rock and shoal,
 Let our shining track behind,
 Keep this one thought in our mind,
 That we're league by league the nearer to the goal.

When the sea is bright and still,
 As the pond that drives the mill,
 Yarn and song and dance enliven dull delay;
 But a swell heaves up at last,
 And in answer to the blast,
 We go bounding nobly onward thro' the spray.
 Blow, winds, blow and fill the canvas,
 Waft us homeward, fast and free;
 With the straining of the ropes,
 Comes the gaining of our hopes,
 That our native hills the sooner we shall see.

Now with willing hands and feet,
 We're aloft to spread the sheet,
 Which goes flapping forth its welcome to the breeze;
 While our progress loud and fleet
 Makes the harmony complete—
 Of by far the sweetest music of the seas.
 Blow, winds, etc.

Now I'm anchor'd sure and fast
 In my cabin-home at last,
 Where I'm skipper, with a mate and little crew,
 Where my charter I resign
 That my mate give out the line,
 For my darling best can pilot our canoe.
 Blow, winds, etc.

The Dumb Soldier.

Words from R. L. Stevenson's
"Child's Garden of Verses."

DAVID H. KEMP.

Tempo di marcia.

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, marked 'Tempo di marcia'. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music starts with a series of chords in the right hand, followed by a melodic line in the left hand. Dynamics include *ff* (fortissimo), *p* (piano), and *rall.* (rallentando).

1. When the grass was close-ly mown, Walk - ing on the lawn a - lone,
2. Un - der grass a - lone he lies, Look - ing up with lead - en eyes,
3. In the si - lence he has heard, Talk - ing bee and la - dy - bird,

The first system of the song features three lines of lyrics. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment is in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat. The piano part consists of a steady accompaniment of chords in the right hand and a simple melodic line in the left hand.

In the turf a hole I found And hid a sol-dier un - der-ground.
Scar - let coat and point - ed gun, To the stars and to the sun.
And the but - ter - fly has flown, O'er him as he lay a - lone.

The second system continues the song with three lines of lyrics. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment is in a grand staff with a key signature of one flat. The piano part continues with a steady accompaniment of chords in the right hand and a simple melodic line in the left hand. The tempo is marked *rall.* (rallentando).

a tempo

Spring and dais - ies came a - pace, Grass - es hide my hid - ing place;
When the grass is ripe like grain, When the scythe is stoned a - gain;
Not a word will be dis - close, Not a word of all he knows;

The third system concludes the song with three lines of lyrics. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment is in a grand staff with a key signature of one flat. The piano part continues with a steady accompaniment of chords in the right hand and a simple melodic line in the left hand. The tempo is marked *a tempo*.

Grass - es run like a green sea O'er the lawn up to my knee.
 When the lawn is shav - en clear, Then my hole shall re - ap - pear.
 I must lay him on the shelf, And make up the tale my - self.

rall.

rall.

f a tempo

I shall find him, nev - er fear, I shall find my gren - a - dier;

f a tempo

dim. e rall. *a tempo*

But for all that's gone and come, I shall find my sol-dier dumb. I shall find him,

colla voce *molto rall.* *a tempo*

1st & 2nd verses. *Last verse.*

nev - er fear, I shall find my gren - a - dier. dier.

Fine.

The King's Shilling.

A. S. CHRISTIE.

J. B. McEWEN.

Tempo di Marcia.

PIANO. *f*

1st Tenor.

When the ser-geant goes recruit-ing, With the country youth disput-ing, Ar - my

1st Tenor.

cri-tic's word re-fut - ing As he may

2nd Tenor.

1st Bass.

2nd Bass.

When the ser-geant goes re-cruit-ing, With the

When the ser-geant goes re-cruit-ing, With the

Ar - my cri - tic's word re - fut - ing As he may -
 coun - try youth dis - put - ing, Ar - my cri - tic's word re - fut - ing As he may -
 coun - try youth dis - put - ing, Ar - my cri - tic's word re - fut - ing As he may -

He's in -

tent and keen to book 'im, Throws a tempt - ing bait to hook 'im "Catch your

He's in - tent and keen to book 'im, Throws a
 He's in - tent and keen to book 'im, Throws a
 hare be - fore you cook 'im" He will say.

tempt-ing bait to hook 'im; Catch your hare be-fore you cook 'im" He will say. "Like to
 tempt-ing bait to hook 'im; Catch your hare be-fore you cook 'im" He will say. "Like to
 "Catch your hare be-fore you cook 'im" He will say. "Like to

leave your home and mam - ma For Pe - ru or A - la - ba - ma" (Ser-geant's
 leave your home and mam - ma For Pe - ru or A - la - ba - ma" (Ser-geant's
 leave your home and mam - ma For Pe - ru or A - la - ba - ma" (Ser-geant's
 leave your home and mam - ma For Pe - ru or A - la - ba - ma" (Ser-geant's

hold-ing in his hand a Shin-y "bob") First the youth is "nay-ing, nil-ling" Then he
 hold-ing in his hand a Shin-y "bob")
 hold-ing in his hand a Shin-y "bob")
 hold-ing in his hand a Shin-y "bob")

thinks he's almost willing" Then the Shilling, does the job.—
 Shilling, does the job.—
 Shilling does the job.—
 does the job.—

Last time.

WHEN the sergeant goes recruiting
 With the country youth disputing,
 Army critic's word refuting

As he may—

He's intent and keen to book 'im—
 Throws a tempting bait to hook 'im—
 "Catch your hare before you cook 'im"

He will say.

"Like to leave your home and mamma
 For Peru or Alabama?"
 (Sergeant's holding in his hand a

Shiny "bob")

First the youth is "naying, nilling"
 Then he thinks he's "almost willing,"
 Then the Shilling

Shilling

Shilling—

Does the job!

With his head unkempt and shaggy,
 And a coat ill-shaped and raggy—
 And his nether garments baggy

At the knee—

With a face that's rather sooty
 He reports himself for duty
 By my halidom—a beauty!

That you see!

If he's got a brain it's jumbly
 And he's boorish, or he's grumbly,
 And his speech comes thick and mumbly

From the jaw!

With his vacant physiomy
 He's alert as any mummy.

That's your Tommy

Tommy

Tommy

In the raw!

But with three month's drill and dressing
 Washing, starching, ir'ning, pressing—
 Why—the change is past your guessing
 I declare!

With his elbows set a-kimbo
 He's perfection every limb—oh!
 'Mong the ladies he's a slimb beau—

So beware!

With a manner quite didactic
 He'll discuss each army tactic
 And in matters which are practic
 He's a toff!

For he'll take the breath clean from 'e
 With his talk so idiomy

That's your Tommy

Tommy.

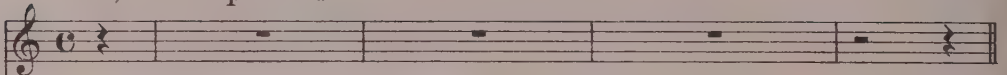
Tommy—

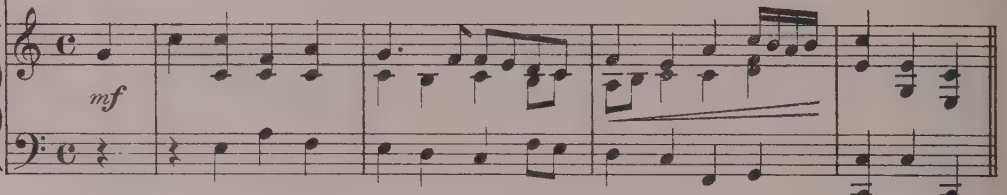
Finished off!

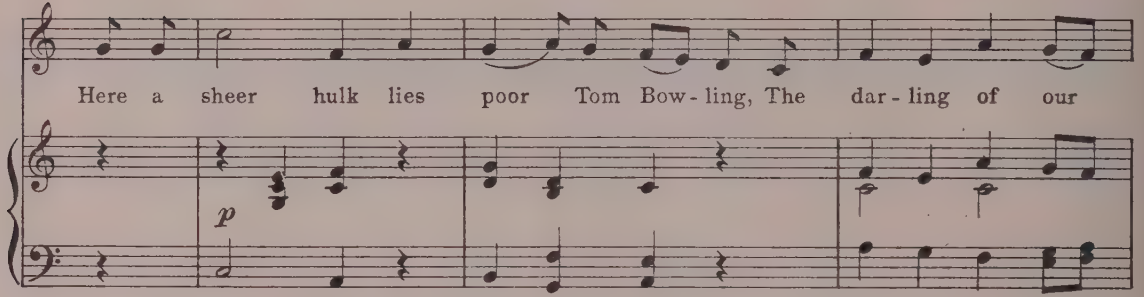
Tom Bowling.

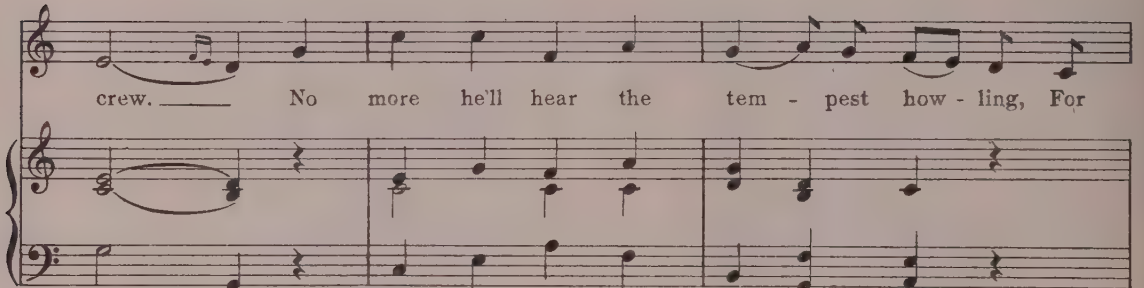
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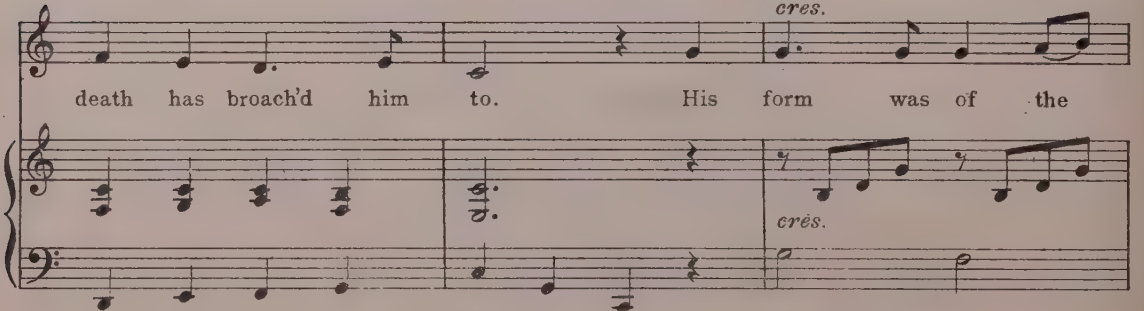
Slow, with expression.

VOICE. 

PIANO. 

Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bow-ling, The dar-ling of our
 *p*

crew. — No more he'll hear the tem-pest how-ling, For


death has broach'd him to. His form was of the
 *cres.*

man - liest beau - ty, His heart was kind and soft.

Faith - ful below he did his du - ty And now he's gone a - loft, And

now he's gone a - left.

HERE a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling,
 The darling of our crew.
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
 For death has broached him to.
 His form was of the manliest beauty,
 His heart was kind and soft.
 Faithful below he did his duty
 And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
 His virtues were so rare.
 His friends were many and true-hearted,
 His Poll was kind and fair.
 And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
 Ah! many's the time and oft;
 But mirth is turned to melancholy,
 For Tom has gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather
 When He, Who all commands,
 Shall give, to call life's crew together,
 The word to pipe all hands.
 Thus death, who kings and tars despatches,
 In vain Tom's life has doffed.
 For, though his body's under hatches,
 His soul has gone aloft.

Moonlight on the Lake.

J. P. REID.

Boat Song.

J. O. MURDOCH.

Con spirito.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 6/8 time, marked 'PIANO'. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

I. A - hoy, a - hoy! come a - long my boat, For

The first system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a rest followed by the lyrics 'I. A - hoy, a - hoy! come a - long my boat, For'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

one there is look - ing for me to - night; Once more, a - hoy! and so

The second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'one there is look - ing for me to - night; Once more, a - hoy! and so'. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic accompaniment.

now we're a - float, And we'll glide o'er the lake like a fai - ry sprite Then a -

The third system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'now we're a - float, And we'll glide o'er the lake like a fai - ry sprite Then a -'. The piano accompaniment continues with its rhythmic accompaniment.

way, a - way, for the hour is nigh, We should meet at the

The fourth system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'way, a - way, for the hour is nigh, We should meet at the'. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained note in the left hand.

saugh if no ill _____ be - tide, — And stea - di - ly, swift - ly the

oars — I'll ply, Till I sight — the fair form on the o - ther side — So

row, — ye hol — and a - way — we go, — A - cross — the

lake — in the pale — moon - light; — With a soft — wind's sigh, — and a

cloud - less sky, — How sweet — it will be — with my love — to -

night.

2. Like a great vast
3. There's joy in my

sheet of a sil - v'ry white, The wa - ters stretch out in their still - est
heart, as there well might be, And I bend to the oars with a right - good -

sleep, Where the stars of heav'n are twink - ling bright, And the moon's full
will, For I know e - ven now by the trust - ing tree, Sweet Li - ly is

face ga - zes out of the deep, What a peace - ful scene! — as we
wait - ing me, faith - ful still — Clink clank, — clink clank! — as our

leave the shore Where the woods in the sere garb of Au - tumn ar - ray'd, Throw
trim built bow Scarce ruf - fles the wa - ter as on we glide; Clink

back - ward the sound of each stroke of the oar, As if they re-
clank, clink clank! an no ling - 'ring now, Till we run up the

sent - ed, their si - lence be - tray'd But } row, ye ho! and a - way we
creek on the o - - ther side. Then }

go A - cross the lake in the pale moon-light With a soft wind's

sigh, and a cloud - less sky, How sweet it will be with my

love to night!

O who will o'er the downs.

Marching Song.

R. L. de PEARSALL.

Moderato.

1st Tenor.
2nd Tenor.1st Bass.
2nd Bass.

f O who will o'er the downs so free, O who will with me ride! *ff* O

who will up and fol - low me, To win a bloom - ing bride? Her *p*

fa - ther he has lock'd the door, Her *cres.* mo - ther keeps the key; But *f*

nei - ther door nor bolt shall part My *ff* own true love from me! *rit.*

p I saw her bow'r at *cres.* twi - light grey, 'Twas guard - ed safe and sure; I

saw her bow'r at *f* break of day 'Twas guard - ed then no more! *p* The

cres.

var - lets they were all a - sleep, And none was near to see The greet - ing fair that

cres.

f *rit.* *mf*

pass - ed there Be - tween my love and me! I pro - mis'd her to

f *rit.* *mf*

ff

come at night, With com - rades brave and true, A gal - lant band, with

ff

pp

sword in hand, To break her pri - son through; I pro - mis'd her to come at night, She's

pp

cres.

wait - ing now for me, And ere the dawn of morn - ing light, I'll set my true love

cres.

rall. *ff* *rit.*

free, And ere the dawn of morn - ing light, I'll set my true love free.

rit.

Blow the man down.

Arr. by DAVID K. KEMP.

Moderato.

VOICE. There was an old

PIANO.

The first system of music features a voice line and a piano accompaniment. The voice line is in the treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a whole rest for two measures, followed by a quarter rest, and then the lyrics "There was an old". The piano accompaniment is in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and provides a harmonic and rhythmic foundation for the voice.

CHORUS.

shell-back who lived in Dun - dee, Ah it's weigh! heigh!

The chorus section consists of a voice line and piano accompaniment. The voice line continues the melody with the lyrics "shell-back who lived in Dun - dee, Ah it's weigh! heigh!". The piano accompaniment supports the vocal line with chords and a steady rhythm.

Blow the man down, A stout a - ble bo - died old sea - man was

The second system of the chorus continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "Blow the man down, A stout a - ble bo - died old sea - man was".

he, Give us some time to blow the man down.

The final system of the chorus concludes the piece with the lyrics "he, Give us some time to blow the man down." The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord and a fermata over the bass line.

CHORUS.

Weigh! heigh! and blow the man down!

THERE was an old shellback, who lived in Dundee,
 (Oh! it's weigh! heigh! Oh, blow the man down!)
 A stout able bodied old seaman was he,
 Give us some time to blow the man down!
 Weigh! heigh! and blow the man down!

Oh, blow the man down and blow him away!
 (Oh! it's weigh! heigh! Oh, blow the man down!)
 Oh, blow the man down to Liverpool town.
 Give us some time to blow the man down!
 Weigh! heigh! and blow the man down!

There was a pale student who slaved at his books;
 (Oh! it's weigh! heigh! Oh, blow the man down!)
 He "stewed" and he "stewed" till he lost his good looks.
 Give us some time to blow the man down!
 Weigh! heigh! and blow the man down!

One day unto him the Professor did say,
 (Oh! it's weigh! heigh! Oh, blow the man down!)
 "If you study like this, you'll soon be away."
 Give us some time to blow the man down!
 Weigh! heigh! and blow the man down!

There was a sweet maid with a tear in her eye,
 (Oh! it's weigh! heigh! Oh, blow the man down!)
 A sweet little maid, who for him did sigh;
 Give us some time to blow the man down!
 Weigh! heigh! and blow the man down!

But he neither would look and he neither would grin,
 (Oh! it's weigh! heigh! Oh, blow the man down!)
 For he thought that to love a maiden were sin.
 Give us some time to blow the man down!
 Weigh! heigh! and blow the man down!

At last the poor fellow said good-bye to life,
 (Oh! it's weigh! heigh! Oh, blow the man down!)
 Which he wouldn't have done, had he taken a wife.
 Give us some time to blow the man down!
 Weigh! heigh! and blow the man down!

So all ye pale students who sit up o' nights,
 (Oh! it's weigh! heigh! Oh, blow the man down!)
 Think both of your lives and eke of your lights.
 Give us some time to blow the man down!
 Weigh! heigh! and blow the man down!

A Soldier's Song.

SOLDATENMUTH.

Wilhelm Hauff. (1824.)

From the German by A.R.M.

Melody: Mein Lebenslauf ist Lieb und Lust. (1825)

Gaily.

VOICE.

'Tis cour - age that can con - quer all In time of peace or

PIANO.

strife, — To play the flute, to fire a ball, To woo, and win a wife; For

should you want to steal a kiss, Or lay a ty - rant low, — You

CHORUS.

al - ways must re - mem - ber this, 'Tis cour - age you must shew. Hur-rah! 'Tis

cour - age you must shew, Hur-rah! 'Tis cour - age you must shew. —

A Soldier's Song.

SOLDATENMUTH.

'TIS courage that can conquer all
 In time of peace or strife—
 To play the flute, to fire a ball,
 To woo, and win a wife.
 For should you want to steal a kiss,
 Or lay a tyrant low,
 You always must remember this;
 'Tis courage you must shew.

Hurrah! 'Tis courage you must shew:

Hurrah! 'Tis courage you must shew.

A warrior bold will charm a maid,
 And steal away her heart,
 Because she sees he's not afraid,
 To play a manly part.
 So do not hang your head and sigh,
 If you would victory know.
 In love or war, be this your cry:
 "'Tis courage we must shew."

Hurrah! 'Tis courage, etc.

When under burning summer skies,
 The soldier marches on,
 (For 'neath the sod his charger lies,
 His toil on earth all done.)
 Though moving on with aching feet,
 He singing still will go,
 Nerving himself all ills to meet,
 Thus courage he will shew.

Hurrah! 'Tis courage you must shew.

Hurrah! 'Tis courage you must shew.

See! banners wave, and cannons sound,
 In valley and on height.
 While armies gather all around,
 And each array for fight,
 The bravest man, his sword in hand,
 A haunting fear may know,
 But for his home, and native land,
 True courage he will shew.

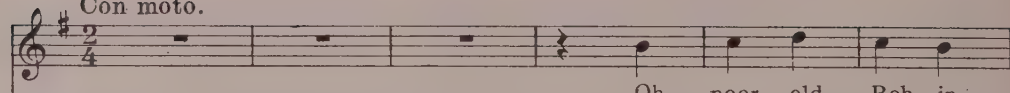
Hurrah! 'Tis courage, etc.

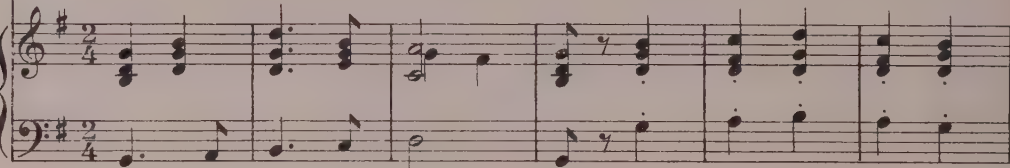
And if in battle he should fall,
 For Fatherland he'll die;
 His home and goods—will yield them all—
 In foreign land will lie.
 Not for reward of fame, or gold,
 He to his death will go;
 But King and Empire to uphold,
 Such courage he will shew.

Hurrah! 'Tis courage, etc.

Ranzo the Skulker.

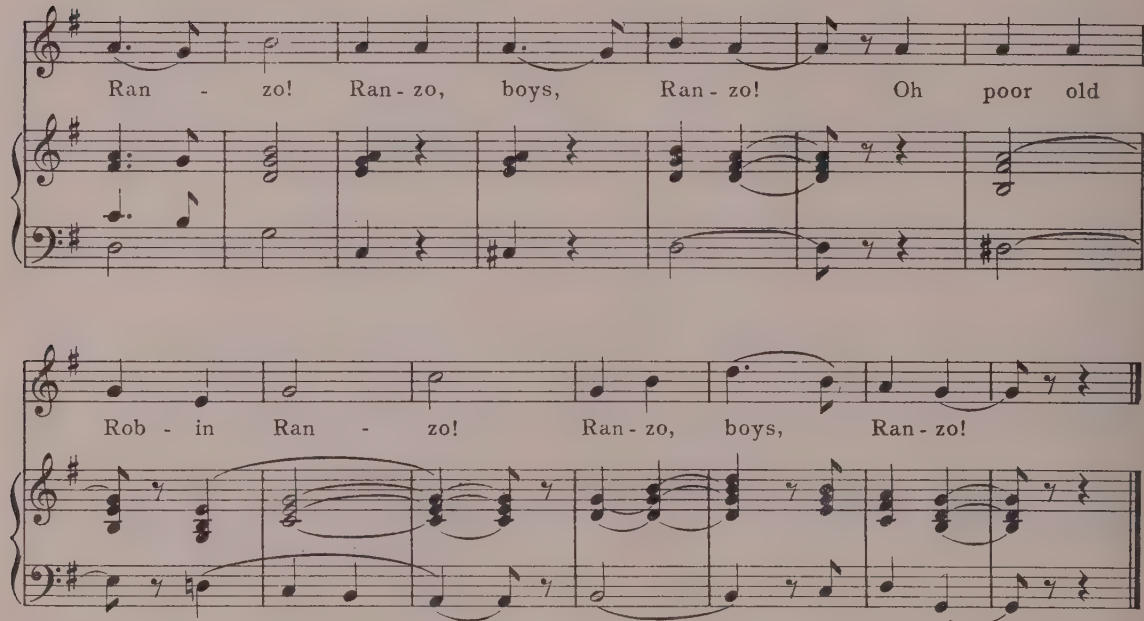
Con moto.

VOICE. 

PIANO. 

Ran - zo! Ran - zo, boys, Ran - zo! Oh poor old

Rob - in Ran - zo! Ran - zo, boys, Ran - zo!



OH poor old Robin Ranzo!
 (Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!)
 Oh poor old Robin Ranzo!
 (Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!)

Oh Ranzo was no sailor,
 (Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!)
 But he shipped on board a whaler.
 (Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!)

In youth he'd been a shoeblick;
 (Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!)
 He might have made a tailor.
 (Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!)

He would not do his duty,
 (Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!)
 But skulked within the fo'c'sle.
 (Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!)

The captain was a good man,
 (Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!)
 He gave him wine and brandy.
 (Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!)

The mate he was a bad man,
 (Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!)
 He gave him five-and-forty.
 (Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!)

So we'll sing no more of Ranzo;
 (Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!)
 Oh poor old Robin Ranzo!
 (Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!)

Etc. ad libitum.


SONGS OF LOVE.

The Voice that Sings.


R. F. MURRAY.

JOHN FARMER.

Slowly and quietly.

VOICE. 

The voice that sings a - cross the night Of long-for-got - ten days and things, Is


PIANO. 

p

ad lib.

there an ear to hear a - right The voice that sings? The voice that sings?

pp



THE voice that sings across the night
 Of long-forgotten days and things,
 Is there an ear to hear aright
 The voice that sings?

It is as when a curfew rings
 Melodious in the dying light,
 A sound that flies on pulsing wings—
 The voice that sings.

And faded eyes that once were bright
 Brim over, as to life it brings
 The echo of a dead delight—
 The voice that sings.

Love and I.

Words from "College Echoes" by J. M.

J. ARMISTEAD.

Moderato con espress.

VOICE. *mf*

Love did I seek, and

PIANO. *mf*

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written on a single staff in G major (one flat) and 6/8 time. It begins with a whole rest for two measures, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5. The piano accompaniment is written on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) in the same key and time. It features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. The dynamic marking *mf* is present in both parts.

love did I meet, And love has passed me by;

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern. The dynamic marking *mf* is maintained.

O for the days of the Scar - let Gown, When care - less of Love was

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern. The dynamic marking *mf* is maintained.

I! O for the days of the Scar - let Gown, When

The fourth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern. The dynamic marking *mf* is maintained.

care-less of Love was I!

Mesto.
Chill is the world, my heart is chilled, Yet ne'er will re-mem-brance die Of the

lone-ly, the love-ly, the sea-girt town With towers on a sun-set

sky, Of the lone-ly, the love-ly, the sea-girt town With towers on a sun-set

ritard.
p ritard.

a tempo
mf *affettuoso*
sky. But O, with the thought of the beach and the brae, Where the

furrows of foam rushed by, There comes to my heart the

cres.

grasp of his hand, And the glance of his true, frank eye!

f
O for the love - ly, the sea - girt town, And the twen - ty years gone

by! O for the days of the scar - let gown, When

poco ritard.
Com-rades were Love and I!

poco ritard.

Bonnie Wee Thing.

ROBERT BURNS.

GEORGE FOX.

Andante con espressione.

PIANO.

p *rit.* *rit.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 3/4 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. The piece begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes two instances of a ritardando (*rit.*) marking.

dolce *rit.*

Bon-nie wee thing, can-nie wee thing, Love-ly wee thing, wert thou mine, I would

p a tempo *rit.* *colla voce a tempo*

The first system of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is marked *dolce* and includes a *rit.* marking. The piano accompaniment starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic and *a tempo* marking, followed by a *rit.* marking and then *colla voce a tempo*.

wear thee in my bo - som, Lest my jew - el I should tine. Wish-ful-

cres.

The second system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is marked *cres.* (crescendo). The piano accompaniment continues with a similar accompaniment pattern.

ly I look and lan-guish In that bon - nie face of thine, And my

cres. *mf*

The third system concludes the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is marked *cres.* and the piano accompaniment is marked *mf* (mezzo-forte).

cres. e rit.

heart, it stounds wi' an - guish Lest my wee thing be na mine. Bon-nie

cres. e rit. *colla voce* *p a tempo*

poco rit. *a tempo*

wee thing, can-nie wee thing, Love-ly wee thing, wert thou mine— I would

rit. *colla voce* *a tempo*

rall. *a tempo*

wear thee in my bo - som, Lest my jew - el I should tine.

rall. *mf*

a tempo *dolce*

Wit and grace and love and beau-ty, In ae con - stel - la-tion shine, To a -

p a tempo

dore thee is my du - ty, God-dess 'o' this soul o' mine. Wish-ful-

cres.

ly I look and lan - guish In that bon - nie face of thine— And my

cres. *mf*

heart, it stounds wi' an - guish, Lest my wee thing be na mine. Bon-nie

cres. e rit. *a tempo* *f colla voce* *p a tempo*

wee thing, can-nie wee thing, Love-ly wee thing, wert thou mine, I would

cres. e rit. *a tempo* *cres. e rit.*

wear thee in my bo - som, Lest my jew - el I should tine.

cres. *ad lib.* *cres. e rall.*

Rory O'More.

SAMUEL LOVER.

VOICE.

PIANO.

The first system of music features a voice line and a piano accompaniment. The voice line is a single staff with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 6/8 time signature. It contains a whole rest for the first four measures. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand plays a bass line with dotted rhythms and chords.

The second system continues the piano accompaniment from the first system. It consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. The right hand continues the melodic line with various rhythmic patterns, and the left hand provides harmonic support with chords and bass notes.

1. Young Ro - ry O' More court - ed Ka - tha - leen *dawn*; He was
 2. "In - deed then," says Kath - leen, "don't think of the like, For I
 3. "Ar-rah, Kath - leen, my dar - lint, you've teaz'd me e - nough, Sure I've

The third system includes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The voice line is a single staff with a treble clef, two flats, and 6/8 time. It contains three lines of lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. The right hand plays chords and single notes, while the left hand plays a simple bass line.

bold as a hawk, and she, soft as the dawn; He wish'd in his heart pret - ty
 half gave a prom - ise to sooth - er - ing Mike; The ground that I walk on he
 thrash'd for your sake Din - ny Grimes and Jim Duff; And I've made my - self, drink - ing your

The fourth system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The voice line is a single staff with a treble clef, two flats, and 6/8 time. It contains three lines of lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. The right hand plays chords and single notes, while the left hand plays a simple bass line.

Kath - leen to please, And he thought the best way to do
 loves, I'll be bound—"Faith," says Ro - ry, "I'd ra - ther love
 health, quite a *Baste*, So I think, af - ter that, I may

that was to tease: "Now, Ro - ry, be ai - sy," sweet Kath-leen would cry, Re -
 you than the ground!" "Now, Ro - ry, I'll cry if you don't let me go; Sure I
Talk to the Priest" Then Ro - ry, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck, So

proof on her lip, but a smile in her eye, "With your
 dream ev - 'ry night that I'm hat - ing you so!" "Oh!" says
 soft and so white, with - out frec - kle or speck, And he

tricks I don't know, in troth, what I'm a - bout, Faith you've
 Ro - ry, "that same, I'm de - light - ed to hear, For
 look'd in her eyes that were beam - ing with light, And he

teaz'd till I've put on my cloak in-side out!" "Oh! jew-el," says Ro-ry, "that
Dhrames al-ways go by *Con-trai-ries*, my dear. Oh! jew-el, keep dream-ing that
 kiss'd hersweet lips don't you think he was right? "Now Ro-ry leave off, Sir, you'll

same is the way You've thrat-ed my heart for this ma-n-y a day, And 'tis
 same till you die, And bright morn-ing will give dirt-y night the black lie, And 'tis
 hug me no more, That's eight times to day that, you've kiss'd me be-fore?" Then

plaz'd that I am, and why not to be sure? For 'tis all for good luck," says bold
 plaz'd that I am, and why not to be sure? Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold
 here goes an-o-ther," says he, "to make sure, For there's luck in odd num-bers," says

Ro-ry O' More.
 Ro-ry O' More.
 Ro-ry O' More.

I Loved a Little Maiden.

R. F. MURRAY.

JOHN FARMER.

In Waltz time.

VOICE.

I loved a lit - tle maid - en In the gold - en years gone by; — She

PIANO.

p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

lived in a mill, as they all — do (There is doubt-less a rea - son why;) — But she

fad - ed in the au - tumn, When the leaves be - gan to fade, — And the

night be - fore she fad - ed, These words to me she said: —

cres.

“Do not for - get me, Hen - - ry, Be no-ble and brave and true; — But I

must not bide, for the world is wide, And the sky a - bove is blue!’ —

I LOVED a little maiden
 In the golden years gone by;
 She lived in a mill, as they all do
 (There is doubtless a reason why);
 But she faded in the autumn,
 When the leaves began to fade,
 And the night before she faded,
 These words to me she said:
 “Do not forget me, Henry,
 Be noble and brave and true;
 But I must not bide, for the world is wide,
 And the sky above is blue!”

So I said farewell to my darling,
 And sailed away and came back;
 And the good ship *Jane* was in port again,
 And I found that they all loved Jack.
 But Polly and I were sweethearts,
 As all the neighbours know,

Before I met with the mill-girl
 Twenty years ago.
 So I thought I would go and see her,
 But alas, she had faded too!
 She could not bide, for the world was wide,
 And the sky above was blue.

And now I can only remember
 The maid—the maid of the mill,
 And Polly, and one or two others
 In the churchyard over the hill.
 And I sadly ask the question,
 As I weep in the yew-tree’s shade,
 With my elbow on one of their tombstones,
 “Ah, why did they all of them fade?”
 And the answer I half expected
 Comes from the solemn yew,
 “They could none of them bide, for the
 world was wide,
 And the sky above was blue!”

The Land o' the Leal.

Trio. T. B. B.

Lady NAIRNE.

Arr. by CHARLES MACPHERSON.

Very slowly and tenderly.

TENOR (*Sue lower.*)

I'm wear-in' a - wa', Jean, Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean, I'm wear-in' a -

BARITONE (or 1st BASS.)

I'm wear-in' a - wa', Jean, Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean, I'm wear-in' a -

2nd BASS.

I'm wear-in' a - wa', Jean, Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean, I'm wear-in' a -

wa' To the land o' the leal. There's nae sor-row there, Jean, There's

wa' To the land o' the leal. There's nae sor-row there, Jean, There's

wa' To the land o' the leal. There's nae sor-row there, — Jean, There's

nei-ther cauld nor care, Jean, The day is aye fair In the land o' the leal.

neither could nor care, Jean, The day is aye fair In the land o' the leal.

neither could nor care, Jean, The day is aye fair In the land o' the leal.

Ye aye _____ were true, — And I'll wel - come

Ye aye were leal and true, Jean, Your task's end-ed noo, Jean, And I'll wel - come

Ye aye were leal and true, Jean, Your task's end-ed noo, Jean, And I'll wel - come

you To the land o' the leal. Our bon - nie bairn's there, Jean, She was

you To the land o' the leal. Our bon-nie bairn's there, Jean, She was

you To the land o' the leal. Our bon - nie bairn's there, Jean, She was

baith gude and fair, Jean, And we grudged her sair To the land o' the leal.

baith gude and fair, Jean, And we grudged her sair To the land o' the leal.

baith gude and fair, Jean, And we grudged her sair To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tear-fu' e'e, Jean, My soul lang's to be free, Jean, And an-gels wait on

Then dry that e'e, Jean, My soul lang's to be free, Jean, And angels wait

Then dry that e'e, Jean, My soul lang's to be free, Jean, And angels wait on

me To the land o' the leal. Then fare ye weel, my ain Jean, This

on me To the land o' the leal. Then fare ye weel, — This

me To the land o' the leal. Then fare ye weel, Jean, This

world's care is vain, Jean, We'll meet and aye be fain In the land o' the leal.

world's care is vain, Jean, We'll meet and aye be fain In the land o' the leal.

world's care is vain, Jean, We'll meet and aye be fain In the land o' the leal.

The Border Maiden.

Ballad.

JOHN W. FRASER.

E. BERGER.

Allegro.

VOICE. *A maid - en sat lone in her*

PIANO. *f* *mf* *p*

cres.

green-wood bow'r, A sun - beam fell on her gold - en hair, And she

sang as she wove the silk - en flow'r In the banner her own true love should bear.

For home must be guard - ed what - ev - er be - tide,

cres.

Home must be guarded what - ev - er be-tide, And the brave lads of Yar-row must

sad-dle and ride When the bea-con is lit on the bor - der.

The war cry rang thro' the

ff *dim.* *p*

morn - ing gray, O, brave - ly our lads of the bor - der fought, And

aye in the thick of the dead - ly fray Shone the silk-en banner the maid-en wrought.

For home must be guard - ed what - ev - er be-tide,

stacc.

Home must be guard-ed what - ev - er be-tide, And the brave lads of Yar-row must

sad-dle and ride When the bea - con is lit on the bor - der.

Much slower

A knight on the moor-land

ff *p* *dim.*

brown and bare Lies cold and dead, When the fight is done, And the maid-en will moan in her

rall.

wild des-pair, When the spear-men re-turn at the set of the sun.

dim.

a tempo

But home must be guard-ed what - ev - er be - tide,

stacc.

Home must be guard-ed what - ev - er be - tide, And the

brave lads of Yar-row to death must ride When the bea-con is lit on the

bor - der.

f *ff* *fz*

Jedwater.

THOMAS DAVIDSON.

T. S. SMAIL.

Moderato.

PIANO. *mf*

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The treble staff begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note F4, and then a series of chords. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and some moving lines.

Yes - teen I roam'd by Jed - wa - ter, When the sun was set, an' the

The first system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note F4, and then a series of chords. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in both staves.

dew was doun, An' there was a sang in Jed - wa - ter, An' my

The second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note F4, and then a series of chords. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in both staves.

Ail - ie's name was its tune, My Ail - ie's name was its tune.

The third system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note F4, and then a series of chords. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in both staves, including a triplet in the bass staff.

It sang o' her een, it sang o' her hair, An' it sang o' her

The fourth system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note F4, and then a series of chords. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in both staves.

rall. neck o' the li - ly fine; But aye the sweet - est it *tempo*

sang o' her heart, My Ail - ie's heart that is mine, My

Ail - ie's heart that is mine.

YESTREEN I roamed by Jedwater,
 When the sun was set, an' the dew was doun,
 An' there was a sang in Jedwater,
 An' my Ailie's name was its tune.
 It sang o' her een, it sang o' her hair,
 An' it sang o' her neck o' the lily fine;
 But aye the sweetest it sang o' her heart,
 My Ailie's heart that is mine!

It's up an' doun by Jedwater
 I gaed an' listened that ae sweet tune,
 O it's up an' doun by Jedwater,
 Till it glentit under the mune.
 O her deep, deep een! O her dark, dark hair!
 An' her lip that is red as the bluid red wine!
 But sing, sweet River, sing aye o' her heart—
 My Ailie's heart that is mine!

Who is Sylvia?

SHAKESPEARE.

FRANZ SCHUBERT.

PIANO. *pp*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords in the treble clef, while the left hand plays a simple bass line in the bass clef. The music is in G major and common time, marked *pp* (pianissimo).

1. Who is Syl - via? what is she, That
 2. Is she kind, as she's fair? For
 3. Then to Syl - via let us sing, That

The first system shows the vocal entry with three verses. The piano accompaniment continues with the same chordal texture as the introduction. The lyrics are: 1. Who is Syl - via? what is she, That; 2. Is she kind, as she's fair? For; 3. Then to Syl - via let us sing, That.

all our swains com - mend her? Ho - - ly,
 beau - ty lives with kind - ness: To her
 Syl - via is ex - cel - ling: *L. H.* She ex -

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: all our swains com - mend her? Ho - - ly,; beau - ty lives with kind - ness: To her; Syl - via is ex - cel - ling: *L. H.* She ex -.

fair _____ and wise is she: _____ The
 eyes _____ love doth re - pair, _____ To
 cels _____ each mor - - - tal thing _____ Up -

The third system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: fair _____ and wise is she: _____ The; eyes _____ love doth re - pair, _____ To; cels _____ each mor - - - tal thing _____ Up -.

heav'n such grace did lend her,
 help him of his blind - ness;
 on the dull earth dwell - ing,

That a - do - red she might be,
 And, when help'd, in - ha - bits there,
 Gar - lands, then, to her we'll bring,

pp

That a - do - red she might be.
 And, when help'd, in - ha - bits there.
 Gar - lands, then, to her we'll bring.

Last time.

p *D. S.*

If doughty Deeds my Lady please.

GRAHAM of GARTMORE.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

Allegro con energia.

PIANO. *ff*

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, marked 'Allegro con energia' and 'ff'. It features a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The right hand plays a series of eighth notes, while the left hand plays a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. A repeat sign is present at the beginning.

If dough-ty deeds my la - dy please, Right soon I'll mount my
But if fond love thy heart can gain, I nev - er broke a

p

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The piano part consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'If dough-ty deeds my la - dy please, Right soon I'll mount my But if fond love thy heart can gain, I nev - er broke a'.

sted; — And strong his arm and fast his seat, That bears from me the
vow; — No mai - den lays her skaith for me, I nev - er lov'd but

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'sted; — And strong his arm and fast his seat, That bears from me the vow; — No mai - den lays her skaith for me, I nev - er lov'd but'.

meed. I'll wear thy col - ours in my cap, Thy pic - ture at my
you. For, you a - lone I ride the ring, For you I wear the

p

The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'meed. I'll wear thy col - ours in my cap, Thy pic - ture at my you. For, you a - lone I ride the ring, For you I wear the'. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of 'p'.

p heart; — And he that bends not to thine eye, Shall rue it to his
blue, — For you a - lone I strive to sing, O tell me how to

cres. *rit.*

cres. *colla voce*

p a tempo smart! } Then tell me how to woo thee love, O tell me how to woo thee! For
woo! }

p a tempo

thy dear sake no care I'll take, Tho' ne'er an - o - ther trow me, For thy dear sake no

f

cres. *f*

care I'll take, Tho' ne'er an - o - ther trow me. trow me.

f *ff*

D.S. for 2nd verse. *Last time.*

Come back to Erin.

CLARIBEL.

Arr. by ALFRED MOFFAT.

Moderato.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with a trill in the first measure, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment. Dynamics include *mf* and *poco rit.*

1. Come back to E - rin, Ma - vour - neen, Ma - vour - neen, Come back, A - roon, to the
 2. O - ver the green sea, Ma - vour - neen, Ma - vour - neen, Long shone the white sail that
 3. O may the An - gels, O, wak - in' and sleep - in', Watch o'er my bird in the

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line is marked *p legato*. It features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand.

*Col. 2do.**rit. e espress.*

land of thy birth, — Come with the sham - rocks and spring - time, Ma - vour - neen,
 bore thee a - way, — Rid - ing the white waves that fair sum - mer morn - in',
 land far a - way, — And it's my pray'rs will con - sign to their keep - in'

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line is marked *colla voce*. It continues the melodic and harmonic development of the piece.

And its Kil - lar - ney shall ring with our mirth.
 Just like a May - flow'r a - float on the bay.
 Care o' my jew - el by night and by day.

The piano accompaniment for the third vocal line features a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) in the final measures, indicating a more powerful accompaniment.

Sure, when we lent ye to beau - ti - ful Eng - land,
 O, but my heart sank when clouds came be - tween us,
 When by the fire - side, I watch the bright em - bers,

The piano accompaniment for the final vocal line is marked *mf*. It concludes the piece with a steady accompaniment.

Lit - tle we thought of the lone win - ter days,
 Like a grey cur - tain, the rain fall - ing down,
 Then all my heart flies to Eng - land and thee,

Lit - tle we thought of the
 Hid from my sad eyes the
 Crav - in' to know if my

hush of the star - shine, O - ver the moun - tain, the Bluffs, and the Brays!
 path o'er the o - cean, Far, far a - way where my col - leen had flown. } Then
 dar - lin' remem - bers, Or, if her thoughts may be cross - in' to me.

ritard.

colla voce

f

Animato.

come back to E - rin, Ma - vour - neen, Ma - vour - neen, Come back a - gain to the

mf *sempre legato*

land of thy birth. Come back to E - rin, Ma - vour - neen, Ma - vour - neen,

ritard.

And its Kil - lar - ney shall ring with our mirth.

colla voce

ritard.

f

ritard.

Du, du liegst mir im Herzen.

THOU, THOU REIGN'ST IN MY HEART, LOVE.

Translation by JOHN ARNOLD HUNTER, M.B.

Volkswaise.

Andante.

VOICE. *p*

Du, du liegst mir im Her - zen, Du, du
Thou, thou reign'st in my heart, love, Thou, thou

PIANO. *p*

liegt mir im Sinn; Du, du machst mir viel Schmerzen,
dwell'st in my mind; Yet, there thou leav'st a smart, love,

Weisst nicht wie gut ich dir bin! Ja, ja,
Still to my pas-sion art blind! Ah, ah,

f

ja, ja, Weisst nicht wie gut ich dir bin!
ah, ah, Still to my pas-sion art blind!

p

Du, du liegst mir im Herzen.

THOU, THOU REIGN'ST IN MY HEART, LOVE.

*D*U, du liegst mir im Herzen,
 Du, du liegst mir im Sinn;
 Du, du machst mir viel Schmerzen,
 Weisst nicht wie gut ich dir bin!
 Ja, ja, ja, ja,
 Weisst nicht wie gut ich dir bin!

*S*o, so wie ich dich liebe,
 So, so liebe auch mich!
 Die, die zärtlichsten Triebe
 Fühl' ich allein nur für dich!
 Ja, ja, ja, ja,
 Fühl' ich allein nur für dich!

*D*och, doch, darf ich dir trauen
 Dir, dir mit leichtem Sinn?
 Du, du darfst auf mich bauen,
 Weisst ja wie gut ich dir bin!
 Ja, ja, ja, ja,
 Weisst ja wie gut ich dir bin!

*U*nd, und wenn in der Ferne
 Dir, dir mein Bild erscheint,
 Dann, dann wünscht' ich auch gerne,
 Dass uns die Liebe vereint!
 Ja, ja, ja, ja,
 Dass uns die Liebe vereint!

THOU, thou reign'st in my heart, love,
 Thou, thou dwell'st in my mind;
 Yet there thou leav'st a smart, love,
 Still to my passion art blind!
 Ah, ah, ah, ah,
 Still to my passion art blind!

*S*o, so thus do I love thee,
 So, so must thou love me!
 Love, pure as heaven above me
 Feel I, but only for thee!
 Ah, ah, ah, ah,
 Feel I, but only for thee!

*Y*et, yet dare I believe thee,
 With mind lightsome and frail?
 Thou know'st I ne'er could grieve thee,
 Knowest my love ne'er could fail!
 Ah, ah, ah, ah,
 Knowest my love ne'er could fail!

*A*nd, and when we are parted
 Still let my image remain,
 Then pray I, broken-hearted,
 Love may unite us again!
 Ah, ah, ah, ah,
 Love may unite us again!

The King in Thule.

DER KÖNIG IN THULE.

Göthe. (1774)

From the German by J. SCOLAR THOMSON.

KARL FRIEDRICH ZELTER. (1812)

Adagio.
BASS.

VOICE. There lived a King in Thu - le, Was

PIANO. *p*

faith - ful to the grave. A maid who loved him

tru - ly, In death her keep - sake. gave.

THERE lived a King in Thule,
Was faithful to the grave.
A maid who loved him truly,
In-death her keepsake gave.

The beaker was his treasure;
Each feast he drained it dry.
And as he raised the measure,
The tear welled in his eye.

And when he came to dying,
His towns he counted up,
Nought to his heir denying
Except the golden cup.

One night he held high wassail,
His barons by his side,
Within his father's castle,
Above the foaming tide.

Up stood that toper fearless,
And drank with life's last glow;
Then flung the vessel peerless
Into the flood below.

He saw it falling, brimming,
And sinking in the sea,
His eyes in dark death swimming—
Not one drop more drank he.

The Serenade.

Translation by J. ROSSIE-BROUN.

JOS. HAYDN. (?)

VOICE.

1. Soft - ly raise thy lat - tice, sweet; Hear me and have pi - ty
2. Shades of ev - 'ning on the lea Twi - light's fall are tim - ing;

PIANO.

On this heart whose rest - less beat Tunes my plain - tive dit - ty.
Up - ward haste I then to thee, On the i - vy climb - ing.

Though the clois - ter wall be strong, Hold - ing thee se - cure - ly;
Cease thy sor - row, lit - tle maid, Priest nor ab - bess heed - ing;

Still the bur - den of my song Reach - es thee as sure - ly.
Stoop, and for my se - re - nade Pay me that I'm plead - ing.

A Rose.

J. SCOLAR THOMSON.

DAVID H. KEMP.

VOICE. *Allegretto.* *p*

PIANO. *dim. e rall.* *p*

A rose be-neath her

case - ment grows. O would I were that bliss - ful rose! — For at the dawn-ing

cres. *dim. e rall.*

it doth see the face that is so dear to me, so dear, so dear to

dim. e rall.

a tempo

me. O, if I were that joy - ous flower, That climb-eth up my

molto rall. *a tempo*

la - dy's bower; How would I lean to brush her cheek, Each hap - py noon-day

dim. e rall. of the week, Each noon-day of the week. *a tempo* And as she go - eth

cres. poco a poco in and out, it frames her door-way round a-bout, *p* And in the twi - light

ff it doth hear her voice that sing - eth sweet and clear, that *mp* sing - eth, that

rall.
sing-eth sweet and clear.

mp rall. *a tempo*

Ad.

mp *cres.*
Yea would I stoop to kiss her hair; a hun-dred o - ther deeds I'd dare;

mp

dim.
Did she but touch me as she passed, would pray that mo - ment were my last, that

dim.

e rall. *pp a tempo*
mo-ment were my last, And if she raised her lips to me,

e rall. *molto rall.* *pp a tempo*

For ev-er joy - ous would I be. Straightway I'd droop

cres.

cres.

— up-on her breast — and therein Par - a - dise would rest, in Par - a-dise, in

rall.

rall.

Par - a - dise, in Par - a - dise would rest. A rose be-neath the

lunga pausa

pp Lento (al fine)

lunga pausa

pp Lento (al fine)

case - ment grows, a rose.

pp

My Sweetheart, when a Boy.

FREDERICK ENOCH.

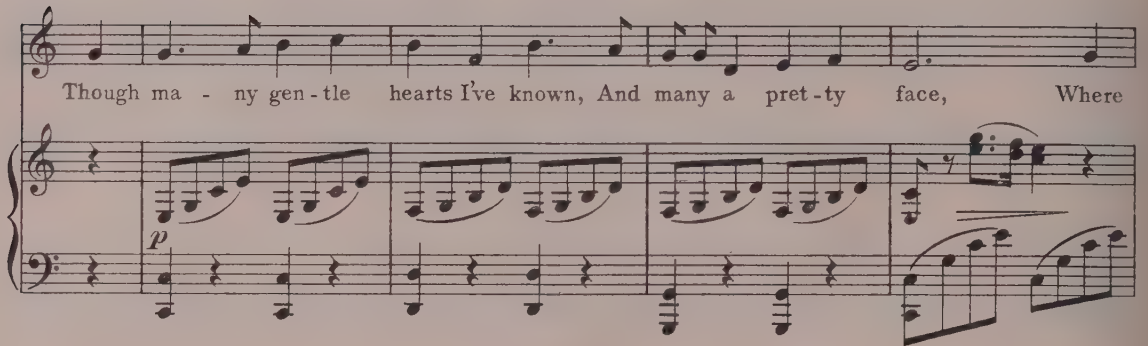
WILFORD MORGAN.

Moderato.

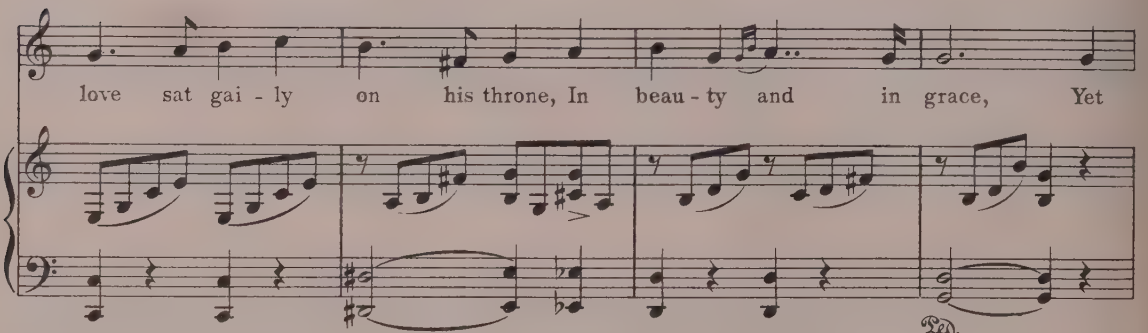
VOICE. 

PIANO. 

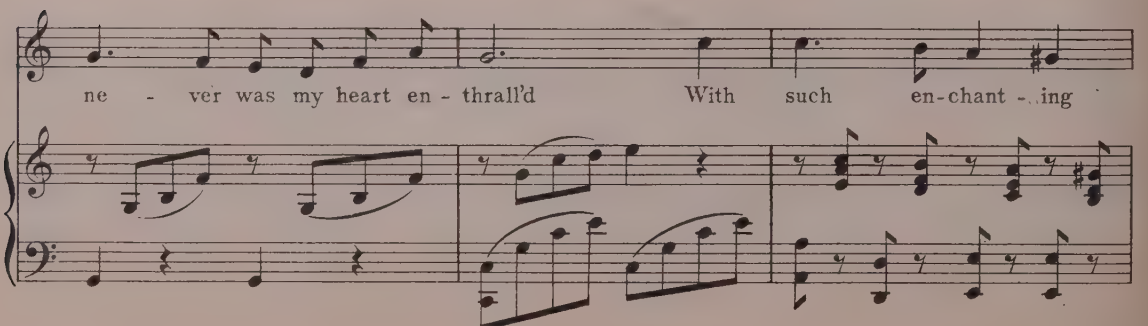
Though ma - ny gen - tle hearts I've known, And many a pret - ty face, Where



love sat gai - ly on his throne, In beau - ty and in grace, Yet



ne - ver was my heart en - thrall'd With such en - chant - ing



joy, As- by the dar - ling whom I call'd My

f *colla voce*

ff *

sweet-heart, when a boy, My sweet-heart, when a boy.

colla voce

I hung up-on her light-est word, My ve-ry joys were fears, And

p

flutter'd, ti - mid as a bird, When sun-shine first ap - pears. I

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The vocal line begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a dotted quarter note A4, and then a half note B4. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand and a more static bass line in the left hand.

ne - ver thought my heart could rove, Life then had no al - loy; With

colla voce *rall.*

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a dotted quarter note C5, followed by a quarter note D5, and then a half note E5. The piano accompaniment includes a section marked *colla voce* and *rall.* (rallentando). There are two asterisks (*) in the bass line, one above and one below the staff, indicating specific performance points.

such a truth I seem'd to love My sweet-heart, when a boy, — My

f *colla voce*

The third system shows the vocal line starting with a quarter note F5, followed by a dotted quarter note G5, and then a half note A5. The piano accompaniment is marked *f* (forte) and includes a section marked *colla voce*.

sweet-heart, when a boy. —

colla voce *p* *mf*

The fourth system continues the vocal line with a quarter note B5, followed by a dotted quarter note C6, and then a half note D6. The piano accompaniment includes a section marked *colla voce*, *p* (piano), and *mf* (mezzo-forte).

Lento.

And yet the dream has pass'd a - way, Though

The fifth system begins with a *Lento.* (Lento) tempo marking. The vocal line starts with a quarter note E5, followed by a dotted quarter note F5, and then a half note G5. The piano accompaniment features a more active and rhythmic pattern in both hands.

as it liv'd, it pass'd, Each mo - ment was too bright to stay, But

spar - kled to the last. Still on my heart the beams re -

mf colla voce

Tempo I.

main, In gay, un-cloud - ed joy, When I re - mem - ber

molto cres.

her a - gain, My sweet - heart, when a boy, — My sweet - heart, when a

colla voce

boy.

mf

Ar hyd y nos.

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT.

English words from
JOHN PARRY'S Collection (slightly altered).

Harmonised by D. EMLYN EVANS.

Andante grazioso.

Soprano.
Alto.

p

1. Car - w'i iaith yw gwaith y Cym - ro, Ar hyd y nos;
2. Ni awn ad - re' bawb dan gan - u, Ar hyd y nos;
I. Oh! my love how sad and drea - ry, All through the night;
2. Sweet - ly sang be - side a foun - tain, All through the night;

Tenor.
Bass.

Car - w'i wlad gu, fad, tra bydd - o, Ar hyd y nos;
Saisf ein hiaith tra, saf - o Cym - ru, Ar hyd y nos;
Is my heart with sigh - ing wea - ry, All through the night;
Mo - na's maid - en on that moun - tain, All through the night;

mf

Car - u urdd - as ei berth - nas - au, Car - u moes - au a def - od - au
Bydd - ed un - deb a brawd - gar - wch, I - ni'n gw - lwn di - og - el - wch,
Dear - est love, could'st thou but hear me, Sure - ly thou would'st haste to cheer me,
When wilt thou from war re - turn - ing, In whose breast true love is burn - ing,

mp

Ei od - id - og ddewr - ion dad - au, Ar hyd y nos.
Fell - y can - wn er hyf - ryd - wch, Ar hyd y nos.
And re - main for e - ver near me, Both day and night.
Come and change to joy my mourn - ing, By day and night.

3. O weis anwyl, nid oes heno,
Ar hyd y nos;
Yn ein gwlad na brad na brwydro,
Ar hyd y nos;
Ond tan wenu, tynnu tannau,
Gyda chordiad mewn caniaadau,
O lawenydd ein calonau.
Ar hyd y nos.

April and November.

Words from TRUTH.

Music by J. A. PARKS.

VOICE. *Moderato.*

Last night I held her 'on my
 knee, — The lit-tle girl that I love best; That cur-ly head so dear to
 me — Was gent-ly pil-lowed on my breast. — I held her lit-tle hand in
 mine, — And kissed her twen-ty times or more; — But
 then you see *she's* on - ly nine, While I, a - las, am six - ty - four.

PIANO. *p*

Farewell, Dear Heart.

(SCHÄTZCHEN, ADE!)

From the German by A. R. M.

Volkswaise. 1816.

VOICE. *Moderato.*

Fare - well, dear heart; 'tis sad to
part. Yet here I dare not stay. Kiss me, for
I must say, "Fare - well, dear heart, we now must part."

PIANO.

FAREWELL, dear heart; 'tis sad to part,
Yet here I dare not stay.
Kiss me, for I must say,
"Farewell, dear heart, we now must part!"

Farewell, dear heart; though now we part,
Guard thou thy love for me,
As I am true to thee,
Constant in heart, though far apart.

Farewell, dear heart; sadly we part,
Dim thy sweet eyes no more.
Love lasts, when life is o'er.
Then, loving heart, no more we part.

SONGS OF REVELRY.

Tavern Song.

WILLIAM WATSON.

J. SEYMOUR HALLEY.

PIANO.

When win-ter-ly weather doth pierce to the skin, Then hey! for a bot-tle of

wine from the bin; And hey! for a tankard, and ho! for a tankard, Sing ho! for a tankard of

CHORUS.

ale at the inn. It's hey! for a bottle, It's ho! for a bottle, Sing ho! for a bottle of

wine from the bin; And it's hey! for a tankard, It's ho! for a tankard, Sing ho! for a tankard of

Verses 1-4 | Verse 5.

ale at the inn. ale at the inn.

The image shows a musical score for a song. It consists of three staves: a vocal line at the top, a piano accompaniment on the right, and a bass line at the bottom. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line has two phrases: 'ale at the inn.' followed by a repeat sign and 'ale at the inn.'. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords. The bass line provides a steady accompaniment with quarter and eighth notes.

WHEN winterly weather doth pierce to the skin,
 Then hey! for a bottle of wine from the bin;
 And hey! for a tankard, and ho! for a tankard,
 Sing ho! for a tankard of ale at the inn.
 It's hey! for a bottle, it's ho! for a bottle,
 Sing ho! for a bottle of wine from the bin;
 And it's hey! for a tankard, it's ho! for a tankard,
 Sing ho! for a tankard of ale at the inn.

The squire's at the hall with his kith and his kin;
 He'll drink like a hero till day-light begin,
 With hey! for a bottle, with ho! for a bottle,
 A mellow old bottle of wine from the bin.
 Sing hey! for a bottle, a mellow old bottle,
 Sing ho! for a bottle of wine from the bin;
 And sing hey! for a tankard, a right flowing tankard,
 Sing ho! for a tankard of ale at the inn.

The parson, God bless him, he says it's no sin,
 When winterly weather hath made the blood thin,
 To toss off a tankard, to toss off a tankard,
 To toss off a tankard of ale at the inn.
 So it's hey! for a bottle, a bottle, a bottle,
 It's ho! for a bottle of wine from the bin;
 And it's hey! for a tankard, a heart-easing tankard,
 It's ho! for a tankard of ale at the inn.

For duns and the devil he cares not a pin
 Who is rich in a bottle of wine from his bin,
 And the cream of all wisdom is quaffed from a tankard,
 A heart-easing tankard of ale at the inn.
 Then hey! for a bottle, a mellow old bottle,
 Then ho! for a bottle of wine from the bin;
 And hey! for a tankard, a fair-foaming tankard,
 And ho! for a tankard of ale at the inn.

The lads must have lasses and woo them and win,
 And the business of wives is to bake and to spin,
 But men love a tankard, but men love a tankard,
 But men love a tankard of ale at the inn.
 Then hey! for a bottle, then ho! for a bottle,
 Sing ho! for a bottle of wine from the bin;
 And it's hey! for a tankard, a tankard, a tankard,
 And ho! for a tankard of ale at the inn.

Away, Away.

THOMAS MOORE.

J. ARMISTEAD.

Vigorously.

PIANO.

Piano introduction in G major, 4/4 time. The music is marked *f* (forte) and begins with a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the first line of lyrics. The vocal line is marked *f* and begins with the lyrics "A - way, a - way, you men of rules, .What have I to". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the introduction.

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics. The vocal line is marked *mf* (mezzo-forte) and begins with the lyrics "do with schools? They'd make me learn, they'd make me think, But". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the third line of lyrics. The vocal line is marked *rall.* (rallentando) and *f a tempo* (forte a tempo). It begins with the lyrics "would they make me love and drink? Teach me this, and". The piano accompaniment also includes *rall.* and *f a tempo* markings.

let me swim My soul up - on the gob - let's brim;—

Age be - gins to blanch my brow, I've time for nought but

rall. plea - sure now. *After 2nd verse.*

AWAY, away, you men of rules,
 What have I to do with schools?
 They'd make me learn, they'd make me think,
 But would they make me love and drink?
 Teach me this, and let me swim
 My soul upon the goblet's brim;
 Age begins to blanch my brow,
 I've time for nought but pleasure now.

O fly, and cool my goblet's glow
 At yonder fountain's gelid flow,
 I'll quaff, my boy, and calmly sink
 This soul to slumber as I drink!
 Soon, too soon, my jocund slave,
 You'll deck your master's grassy grave!
 And there's an end—for ah! you know,
 They drink but little wine below!

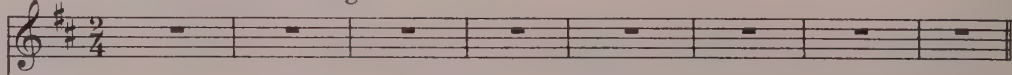
Le Carillon du verre.

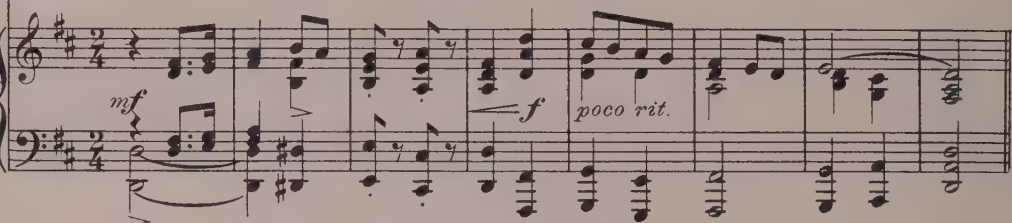
THE CHIMING GLASS.

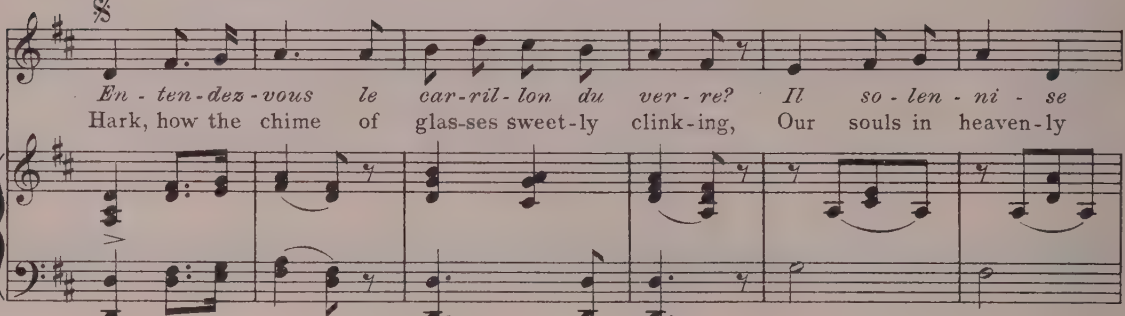
Old French Song.
English by DAVID SWAN.

Arr. by ALFRED MOFFAT.

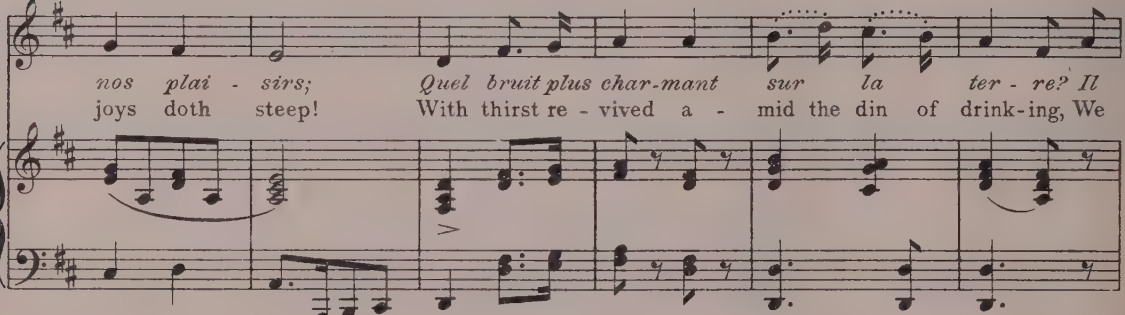
Moderato e con energia.

VOICE. 

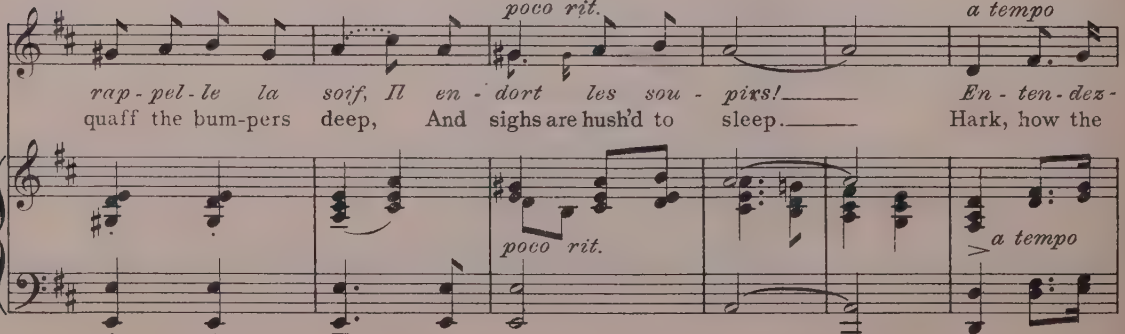
PIANO. 



En - ten - dez - vous le car - ril - lon du ver - re? Il so - len - ni - se
Hark, how the chime of glas - ses sweet - ly clink - ing, Our souls in heav - en - ly



nos plai - sirs; Quel bruit plus char - mant sur la ter - re? Il
joys doth steep! With thirst re - vived a - mid the din of drink - ing, We



rap - pel - le la soif, Il en - dort les sou - pirs! ——— En - ten - dez -
quaff the bum - pers deep, And sighs are hush'd to sleep. ——— Hark, how the

f

vous le ca-rit-lon du ver-re? Il so-ten-ni-se nos plai-
 chime of glas-ses sweet-ly clink-ing Our souls in heaven-ly joys doth

ff largamente e ritard. *Fine.* *mf*

sirs, Il so-ten-ni-se nos plai-sirs. Les
 steep, Our souls in heaven-ly joys doth steep. When

rit. *ff largamente e ritard.* *Fine.* *a tempo*

clo-ches par leur son é-car-tent le ton-ner-
 high a-bove the storm yon peal-ing bell pre-vail-

mf

p cres.

re, Quand il fait gron-der son cour-roux: Ce-tui des
 eth, Who hears the thun-der's crash and roll? And when the

cres.

con espress. e ritard. *D. C. al Segno*


ver-re é-car-te loin de nous Les sou-cis qui nous font la-guer-re.
 tinkling bowl makes mu-sic to the soul, No long-er a-ny care as-sail-eth.

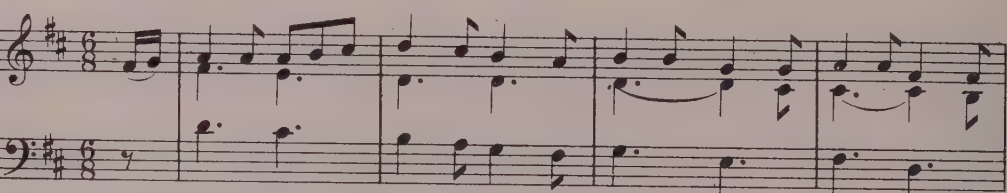
colla voce ritard.

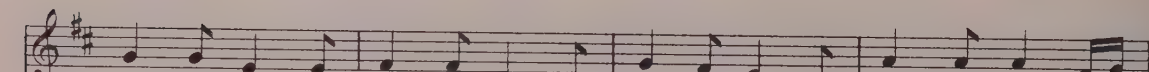
The Leather Bottél.

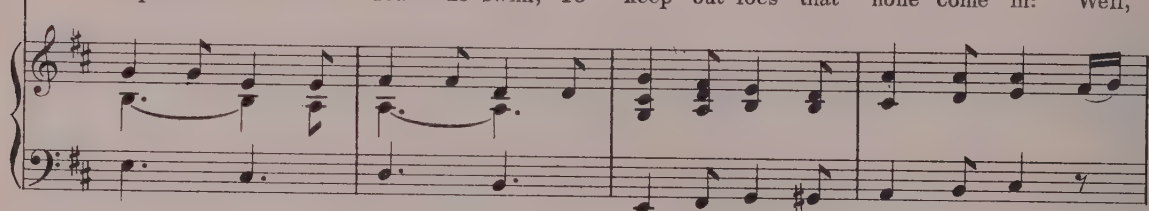
Allegretto.

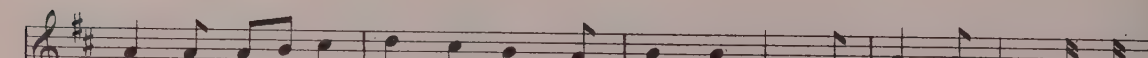
* Arranged by JOHN FARMER.

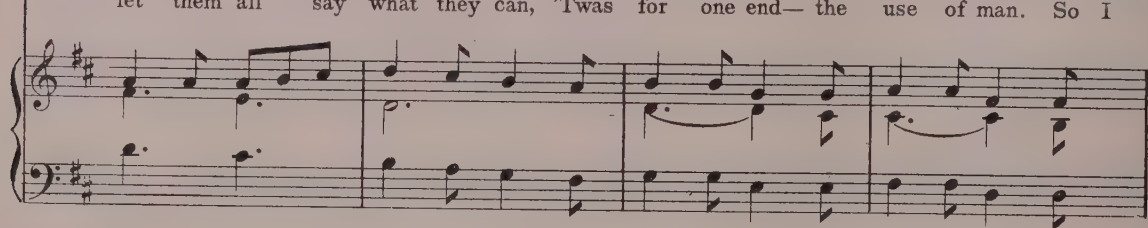
VOICE. 
 When I sur-vey the world a-round, The wondrous things that do a-bound, The

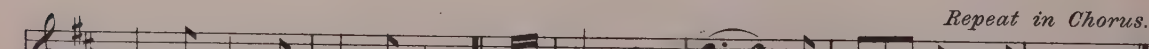
PIANO. 

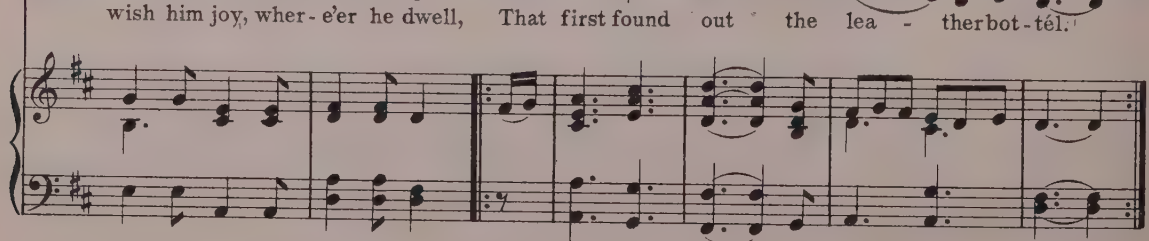

 ships that on the sea do swim, To keep out foes that none come in: Well,




 let them all say what they can, 'Twas for one end—the use of man. So I




 wish him joy, wher-e'er he dwell, That first found out the lea-therbot-tél.

Repeat in Chorus. 

The Leather Bottél.

WHEN I survey the world around,
 The wond'rous things that do abound,
 The ships that on the sea do swim,
 To keep out foes that none come in;
 Well, let them all say what they can,
 'Twas for one end—the use of man.
 So I wish him joy where'er he dwell,
 That first found out the leather bottél.

Now, what do you say to those cans of wood?
 Oh, no, in faith, they cannot be good,
 For if the bearer fall by the way,
 Why, on the ground your liquor doth lay;
 But had it been in a leather bottél,
 Although he had fallen, all had been well.
 So I wish him joy where'er he may dwell,
 That first found out the leather bottél.

Then what do you say to these glasses fine?
 Oh, they shall have no praise of mine,
 For if you chance to touch the brim,
 Down falls the liquor and all therein;
 But had it been in a leather bottél,
 And the stopper in, all had been well.
 So I wish him joy where'er he dwell,
 That first found out the leather bottél.

Then what do you say to those black pots three?
 If a man and his wife should not agree,
 Why, they tug and pull till their liquor doth spill;
 In a leather bottél they may tug their fill,
 And pull away till their hearts do ache,
 And yet their liquor no harm can take.
 So I wish him joy where'er he dwell,
 That first found out the leather bottél.

At morn the haymakers sit them down,
 To drink from their bottles of ale nut-brown;
 In summer, too, when the weather is warm,
 A good full bottle will do them no harm.
 Then the lads and lasses begin to tattle,
 But what would they be without this bottle?
 So I wish him joy where'er he dwell,
 That first found out the leather bottél.

And when the bottle at last grows old,
 And will good liquor no longer hold,
 Out of the sides you may make a clout,
 To mend your shoes when they're worn out;
 Or take and hang it up on a pin,
 'Twill serve to put hinges and odd things in.
 So I wish him joy where'er he dwell,
 That first found out the leather bottél.

A Jug o' Punch.

SAMUEL LOVER.

Arr. by ALFRED MOFFAT.

Moderato.

VOICE. *As I was*

PIANO. *f* *dim. rit.* *p a tempo*

Red. * *Red.* *

sit-ting in my room One pleasant evening in the month of June, I heard a

thrush sing-ing in a bush And the song he sung was a Jug o' Punch.

poco rit.

colla voce

CHORUS.

f *mf*

(1-5.) Too-ral - loo! too-ral - loo! too-ral - loo! Too-ral - loo! a jug o'
 (Ver. 6.) Too-ral - loo! too-ral - loo! too-ral - loo! Too-ral - loo! a jug o'

f *mf*

Red. * *Red.* *

punch! a jug o' punch! And the song he sung was a Jug o' Punch!
 punch! a jug o' punch! Oh, more power to your el - bow, my Jug o' Punch!

poco rit.

poco rit.

A Jug o' Punch.

AS I was sitting in my room
 One pleasant evening in the month of June,
 I heard a thrush singing in a bush,
 And the song he sung was a Jug o' Punch!
 Too-ral-loo! too-ral-loo! too-ral-loo!
 Too-ral-loo! a jug o' punch! a jug o' punch!
 The song he sung was a Jug o' Punch!

What more divarshin might a man desire
 Than to be seated by a nate turf fire,
 And by his side a purty wench,
 And on the table a Jug o' Punch?
 Too-ral-loo! etc.

The Muses twelve and Apollis famed
 In Castilian pride dhrinks pernicious sthrames.
 But I would not grudge them tin times as much,
 As long as I had a Jug o' Punch.
 Too-ral-loo! etc.

The docthor fails with all his art,
 To cure an imprission on the heart.
 But if life was gone—within an inch—
 What would bring it back like a Jug o' Punch?
 Too-ral-loo! etc.

Then the martial gods drink their nectar wine.
 And they tell me claret is very fine;
 But I'd give them all just in a bunch
 For one jolly pull at a Jug o' Punch.
 Too-ral-loo! etc.

But when I ^{am} dead and in my grave,
 No costly tombstone will I crave,
 But I'll dig a grave both wide and deep
 With a jug o' punch at my head and feet.
 Too-ral-loo! too-ral-loo! too-ral-loo!
 Too-ral-loo! a jug o' punch! a jug o' punch,
 Oh, more power to your elbow, my Jug o' Punch!

A Wee Drappie O't.

Arr. by J. S. KERR.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The left hand plays a bass line in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a quarter note.

O life is a jour - ney we a' ha'e to gang, And

The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp and common time. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

care is a bur - den we car - ry a - long - Tho' hea - vy be our bur - den, and

The vocal line continues in treble clef. The piano accompaniment continues in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

pov - er - ty our lot, We are hap - py wi' our frien's o'er a wee drap - pie o't.

The vocal line continues in treble clef. The piano accompaniment continues in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

CHORUS.

O'er a wee drap - pie o't, o'er a wee drap - pie o't, When we

The chorus begins in treble clef. The piano accompaniment continues in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

The piano accompaniment continues in bass clef, providing a harmonic foundation for the end of the chorus.

The image shows a musical score for the song 'O'er a wee drappie o't'. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'a' meet the-gi-ther o'er a wee drap-pie o't.' The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second system continues the piano accompaniment with a more complex melodic line in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef.

○ LIFE is a journey we a' hae to gang,
 And care is a burden we carry along—
 Though heavy be our burden, and poverty our lot,
 We are happy wi' our frien's o'er a wee drappie o't.
 O'er a wee drappie o't, o'er a wee drappie o't.
 When we a' meet thegither o'er a wee drappie o't.

Our cares come daily on us, like the waves along the shore,
 This wee bit blink o' pleasure is very quickly o'er,
 Death may come quite unawares, and hurry us frae the spot:
 While we can, let's a' be happy o'er a wee drappie o't.
 O'er a wee drappie o't, etc.

View the birk in winter, sae leafless and sae bare,
 Rembles a man wi' a burden o' care—
 But view the birk in summer, wi' its green verdant coat,
 Rejoicing like a man o'er a wee drappie o't.
 O'er a wee drappie o't, etc.

Rabbie sang a mournful glee, that man was made to mourn,
 That there was little pleasure 'tween the cradle and the urn,
 But in these meditations he surely had forgot
 The pleasure man enjoys o'er a wee drappie o't.
 O'er a wee drappie o't, etc.

The trees are a' stripped o' their blossoms sae green,
 The leaves are a' withered, they are there to be seen;
 Winter is come wi' its cauld icy coat,
 But we've a' met thegither o'er a wee drappie o't.
 O'er a wee drappie o't, etc.

Since we've a' met thegither o'er a dram and a sang,
 Since we've a' met thegither by special command,
 Free frae ambition and every wicked plot,
 We'll be happy while we may o'er a wee drappie o't.
 O'er a wee drappie o't, etc.

The wee drappie o't can do naebody ill,
 But the big drap is sure to plunder and kill;
 He only is wise who can husband a goat,
 And never buy mair than a wee drappie o't.
 O'er a wee drappie o't, etc.

Wi' a wee drappie o't we a' can agree,
 Takin' a big drap mak's a' wisdom flee—
 And he wha would wear an honest man's coat,
 Must never tak' mair than a wee drappie o't.
 O'er a wee drappie o't, etc.

Here's to them, that's far, far away,
 And may we never forget them that are cold in the clay,
 And here's to every loving friend, may he always have a goat,
 And be happy wi' his comrades o'er a wee drappie o't.
 O'er a wee drappie o't, etc.

Happy we've been a' Thegither.

Arr. by T. S. GLEADHILL.

Allegretto.

PIANO.

Hap-py we are a' the-gi-ther, Hap-py we'll be ane and a';

Time shall see us a' the bly-ther ere we rise to gang a-wa'.

1. Here a-round the in-gle bleez-in' Wha sae hap-py and sae free
2. See the mi-ser o'er his trea-sure Gloat-ing wi' a gree-dy e'e,

Repeat Chorus.

Tho' the north-ern wind blows freez-in', Friend-ship warms baith you and me.
Can he feel the glow of plea-sure That a-round us here we see.

3. Thus then let us a' be toss-in', Aff our stoups o' gen'-rous flame,
 4. Friend-ship mak's us a' mair hap-py, Friendship gi'es us a' de-light,

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 3/4. The piano part begins with a dynamic marking of *mf*. The vocal line contains two lines of lyrics, with the first line starting on a higher note than the second.

An' while roun' the board 'tis pass-in', Raise a sang in Friendship's name.
 Friendship con-se-crates the drap-pie, Friendship brings us here the night.

The second system continues the musical score with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part maintains a steady accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands.

Hap-py we've been a' the-gi-ther, Happy we've been ane and a'
 Time shall find us a' the bly-ther when we rise to gang a-wa'.

The third system of the musical score includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a dynamic marking of *f* (forte). The vocal line continues with two lines of lyrics.

Time shall find us a' the bly-ther when we rise to gang a-wa'.

The fourth system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment for the final line of lyrics on this page. The piano part continues with its accompaniment.

The fifth system consists of the piano accompaniment for the final line of lyrics, featuring a dynamic marking of *f*. The piano part concludes with a final chord.

The Charm of Life.

Translation by DAVID C. T. MEKIE.

Allegretto.

VOICE.

En-joy life while you may, You have on-ly once to live;— The

PIANO.

cup that sparkles and cheers,— Is ea-ger its plea-sures to give,— The

cup that sparkles and cheers,— Is ea-ger its plea-sures to give.—

ENJOY life while you may,
 You have only once to live;
 The cup that sparkles and cheers,
 Is eager its pleasures to give.

Heroes want worship and praise,
 Wreaths of laurel for their brows;
 A wreath of leaves of the vine's
 Enough when we wish to carouse.

We know not the lore of the stars;
 Know not the lore of the sun or the sky,
 For the star on which we gaze
 Is the bright star of Burgundy.

Enjoy life while you may,
 You have only once to live;
 And may the sparkling cup
 Cease not its pleasures to give!

Here's to Good Old Whiskey.

First Setting.

Allegro.

VOICE.

Here's to good old whiskey, drink it down, —

PIANO.

f

rit.

Here's to good old whis-key, drink it down, —

Here's to good old whiskey, that

makes us all so fris-ky, So here's to good old whis-key, drink it down.

CHORUS.

There's balm in Gilead, Gilead balm — There's balm in Gilead, Gilead balm, — There's

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Balm in Gilead'. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The vocal line contains the lyrics: 'balm in Gi-lead, Gilead balm in Gilead, There's balm in Gi-lead, Gilead balm.' The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second system is a piano solo, marked with an '8' above the first measure, indicating an eighth-note pattern. It continues with a similar rhythmic accompaniment.

HERE'S to good old whiskey, drink it down,
 Here's to good old whiskey, drink it down,
 Here's to good old whiskey, that makes us all so frisky,
 So here's to good old whiskey, drink it down.
 There's balm in Gilead, Gilead balm.
or There's corn in Egypt, Egypt corn.

Here's to good old beer, drink it down,
 Here's to good old beer, drink it down,
 Here's to good old beer, that makes us all so queer,
 So here's to good old beer, drink it down.
 There's balm, etc.

Here's to good old brandy, drink it down,
 Here's to good old brandy, drink it down,
 Here's to good old brandy, that makes the nose like candy,
 So here's to good old brandy, drink it down.
 There's balm, etc.

Here's to good old cider, drink it down,
 Here's to good old cider, drink it down,
 Here's to good old cider, that makes our waistcoats wider,
 So here's to good old cider, drink it down.
 There's balm, etc.

Here's to good old sherry, drink it down,
 Here's to good old sherry, drink it down,
 Here's to good old sherry, that makes us bright and merry,
 So here's to good old sherry, drink it down.
 There's balm, etc.

Here's to sparkling ale, drink it down,
 Here's to sparkling ale, drink it down,
 Here's to sparkling ale, that keeps us well and hale,
 So here's to sparkling ale, drink it down.
 There's balm, etc.

Here's to sweet old port, drink it down,
 Here's to sweet old port, drink it down,
 Here's to sweet old port, that gives us lots of sport,
 So here's to sweet old port, drink it down.
 There's balm, etc.

Here's to flowing "Phizz," drink it down,
 Here's to flowing "Phizz," drink it down,
 Here's to flowing "Phizz," that sets us on the bizz,
 So here's to flowing "Phizz," drink it down.
 There's balm, etc.

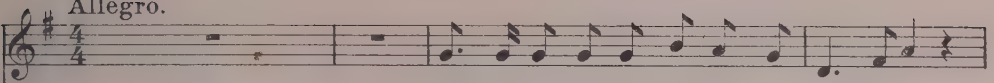
Here's to all good liquor, drink it down,
 Here's to all good liquor, drink it down,
 Here's to all good liquor, that fills the flowing bicker.
 So here's to all good liquor, drink it down.
 There's balm, etc.

Here's to Good Old Whiskey.

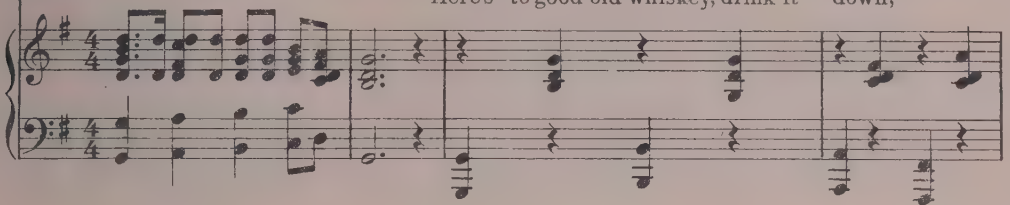
Second Setting.

Allegro.

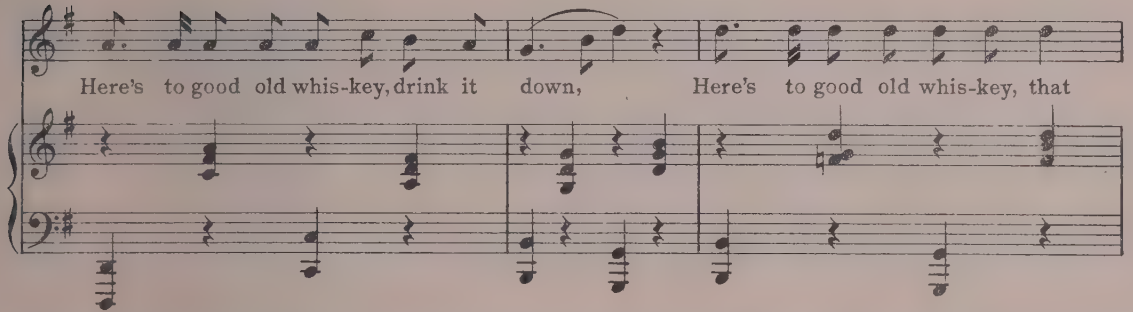
VOICE.



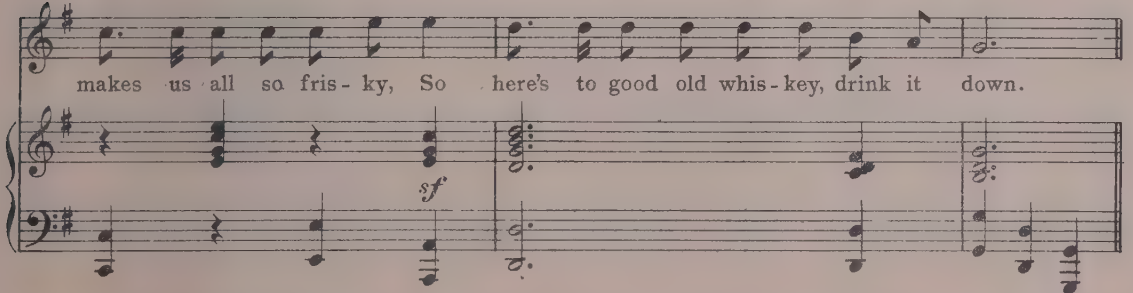
PIANO.



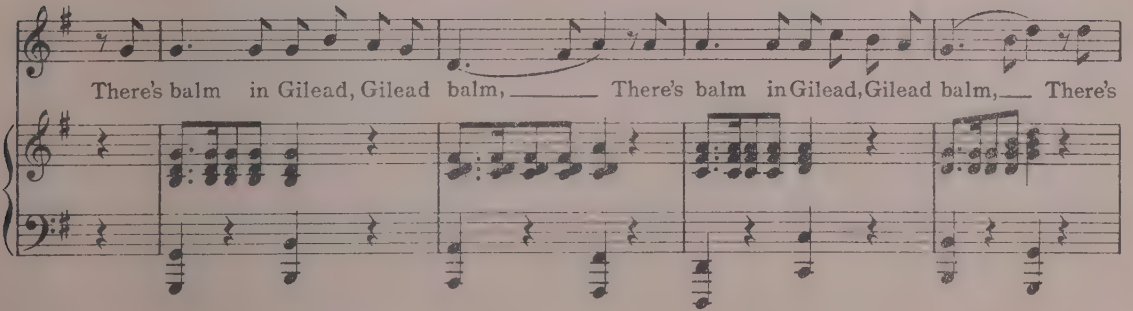
Here's to good old whis-key, drink it down, Here's to good old whis-key, that



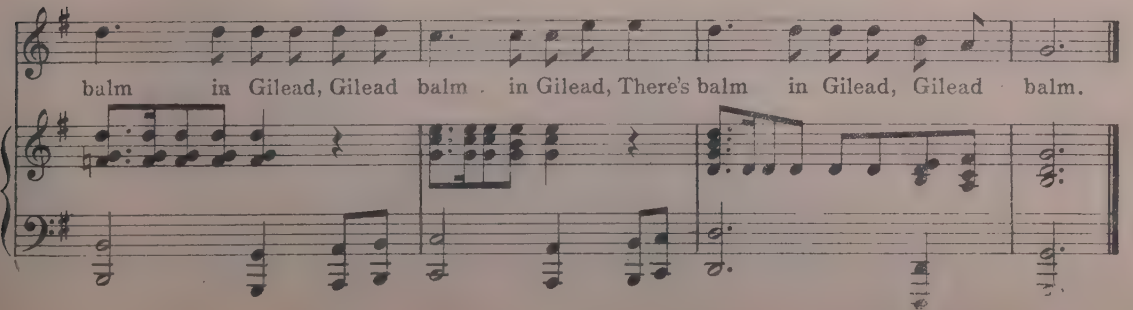
makes us all so fris-ky, So here's to good old whis-key, drink it down.



There's balm in Gilead, Gilead balm, ——— There's balm in Gilead, Gilead balm, ——— There's



balm in Gilead, Gilead balm in Gilead, There's balm in Gilead, Gilead balm.



Drinking Song.

Translation by DAVID C. T. MEKIE.

Allegro.

VOICE. All fore-noon I've stud-ied hard; The af-ter-noon I'll give to beer;

PIANO.

I'm ve-ry sure that here I'll stay, Till the watch-man's cry of twelve rings clear. Vi-

val-le-ra, lal-le-ra, lal-le-ral-la, vi-val-le-ral-lal-le-ral-la.

ALL forenoon I've studied hard;
 The afternoon I'll give to beer;
 I'm very sure that here I'll stay,
 Till the watchman's cry of twelve rings clear.
 Vi-vallera, lallera, lalleralla, vi-vallerallalleralla.

I feel that I can drink like a fish;
 I see the landlord pass with a tun.
 So come, my friend, fill up your glass,
 When noon is past, our studies are done.
 Vi-vallera, etc.

The landlord takes away my glass,
 And fills it up again with liquor.
 If he counts up the score in full,
 I cannot pay— I'll leave my ticker.
 Vi-vallera, etc.

At last it almost seems to me
 That (hic!) my eyes begin to stammer;
 I really think I've lost my wits,
 And (hic!) my nose is like a hammer.
 Vi-vallera, etc.

DIVERS DITTIES.

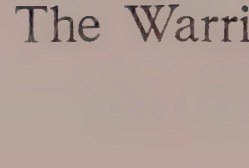
The Warrior Bold.

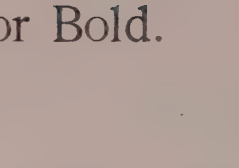
STARTIN PILLEAU.

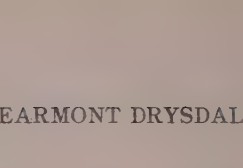
LEARMONT DRYSDALE.

VOICE. 

PIANO. 

 1. The war-ri-or bold lives a life full of ease, And
2. A glo-ri-ous life lives a war-ri-or bold, Though

 glo-ry and hon-our, ex-cite-ment and fun, You drink what you like and you
hard-ships are ma-ny I will not de-ny, We care not for com-fort, we

 kiss whom you please, You're wel-comed with rap-ture by ev-ry one, Where
seek not for gold, For coun-try and du-ty we cheer-ful-ly die. Let

ev - er your quar - ters, There mo - thers and daughters Fall cap - tive the mo - ment your
deeds of con - ven - tion Have o - thers' at - ten - tion, Let false lit - tle - Eng - land - ers

coat they be - hold, Then toss off your glass - es With toasts to the lass - es, (Hur -
treason up - hold, Such may be ex - cit - ing, But we do the fight - ing.)

rah! for the life of a war - ri - or bold,

Hur - rah! for the life of a war - rior bold. Hur -

rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah!

Left, right, left, right, marching on our way, Left, right, left, right, gal-lant brave and gay, The

Bri-tish sol-dier goes, To fight his country's foes, Where - e'er he's called by

du - ty, Where-ev-er he is called by du - ty Left, right, left, right,

banners waving high, Drums beat, pipes scream, maidens wave good-bye, As through the pressing through We

gai-ly march a - long, A - dored by all the rank and beau - ty. *1st verse* *D.C.* *2nd verse*
 beau - ty. *Fine.* *D.C.*

The Soldier's Farewell.

From the German by LOUIS C. ELSON.

JOHANNA KINKEL.

VOICE. *Andante.* *Con affetto.*

1. How can I bear to
 2. Ne'er more may I be -
 3. I think of thee with

PIANO.

leave thee, One part - ing kiss I give thee; And
 hold thee, Or to this heart en - fold thee; With
 long - ing, Think thou, when tears are throng - ing What

cresc. e poco accel. *p*

then, what-e'er be - falls me, I go where hon - our calls me:
 spear and pen - non glan - cing, I see the foe ad - van - cing: } Fare -
 with my last faint sigh - ing, I'll whis - per soft while dy - ing: }

cresc. e poco accel.

Tranquillo e molto espress. *f*

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

p *pp* *D.C.*

well! fare - well? my own true love.

pp *D.C.*

A Lullaby.

L. MACBEAN.

Tranquillo.

VOICE. Hush - a - by, dar - ling, and hush - a - by,

PIANO. *p*

dear, O, Hush - a - by, dar - ling will yet be a he - - ro; None will be

big - ger or brav - er or strong - er. Lul - la - by, lit - tle one, cry - ing no long - er.

HUSHABY, darling, and hushaby, dear, O,
 Hushaby, darling will yet be a hero;
 None will be bigger or braver or stronger.
 Lullaby, little one, crying no longer.

Lullaby, little one, bonnie wee baby!
 He'll be a hero and fight for us maybe;
 Cattle and horses and sheep will his prey be,
 None will be bolder or braver than baby.

Softly and silently eyelids are closing;
 Dearest wee jewel! so gently he's dozing;
 Softly he's resting by slumber o'ertaken;
 Soundly he's sleeping, and sweetly he'll waken.

Placidly, peacefully, slumber has bound him;
 Angels are lovingly watching around him.
 Beautiful spirits! his sorrow beguiling,
 Sweetly they whisper, and baby is smiling.

From "Songs and Hymns of the Gael"

By kind permission of the author, Mr. L. Macbean, and the publisher, Mr. Eneas Mackay, Stirling.

I am a Friar of Orders Grey.

WILLIAM REEVE.

Arr. by ALFRED MOFFAT.

Con spirito.

VOICE. *mf*

PIANO. *mf non legato f*

I. I

am a Fri - ar of Or - ders grey, And down the val - leys I
2. Af - ter sup - per of Heav'n I dream, (But that is fat pul - lets and

take my way, I pull not black - ber - ry, haw, nor hip, Good
clout - ed cream,) My - self by dé - ni - al I mor - ti - fy (With a

store of ven - son does fill my scrip, My long bead - roll I
dain - ty bit of war - den pie,) I'm cloth'd in sack - cloth

mer - ri - ly chant, Wher - ev - er I walk, no mo - ney I want, Wher -
for my sin, With old sack wine I'm lined with - in, With

f

ev - er I walk, no mo - ney I want. *mf*
old sack wine I'm lined with - in. And
A

f

why I'm so plump, the rea - son I'll tell, Who leads a good life is
chirp - ing cup is my ma - tin song And the ves - per's bell is my

mf

f largamente

sure to live well, Who leads a good life, is sure to live well, } What
bowl, ding dong, And the ves - per's bell is my bowl, ding dong, - }

f largamente

ba - ron, or squire, or knight of the shire, Lives half so well, as a ho - ly friar. Lives

mf sempre non legato

half so well, half so well, Lives half so well, as a ho - ly friar, —

f

As a ho -

mf *cres.*

mf *cres.*

ly friar, a ho -

f

ly friar, lives half so well as a ho - ly friar.

ff poco rit.

ff colla voce

sf

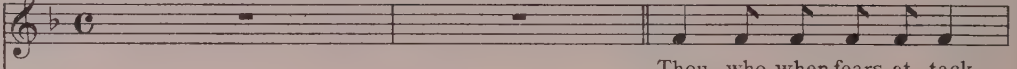
*Ode to Tobacco.

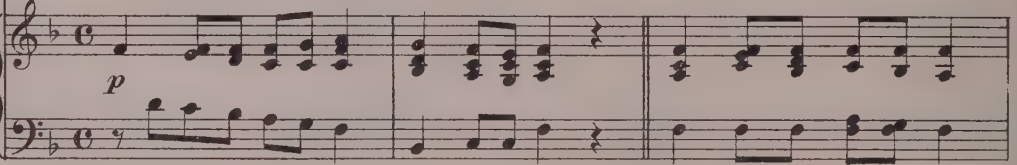
Words by C.S.C.

JOHN FARMER.

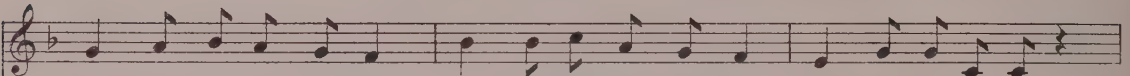
(By kind permission of Mrs C.S. CALVERLEY.)

Andante.

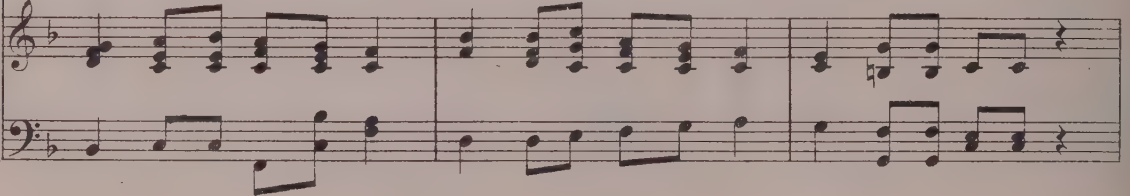
VOICE. 

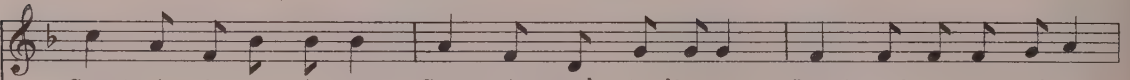
PIANO. 

Thou who, when fears at - tack,

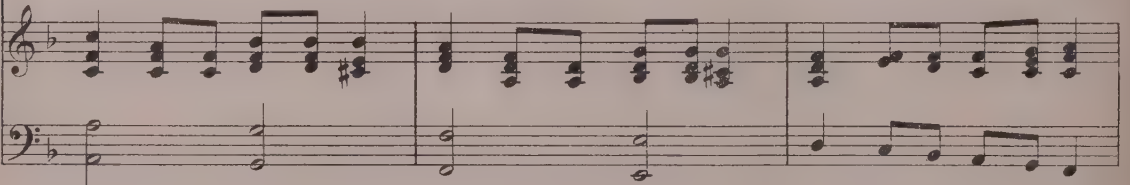


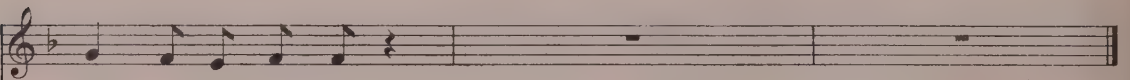
Bidd'st them a-vaunt, and Black Care, at the horse-man's back Perch-ing, un-seat-est;



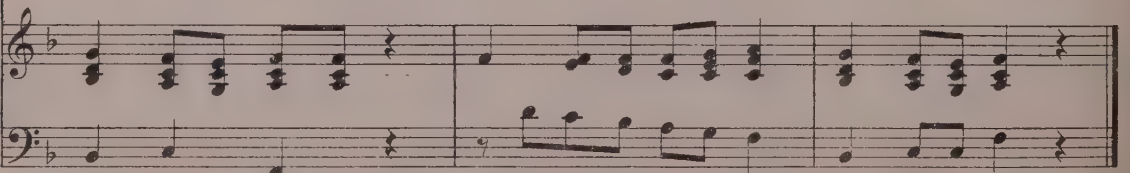


Sweet, when the morn is grey, Sweet, when they've clear'd a-way Lunch; and at close of day





Pos - si - bly sweet-est.



Ode to Tobacco.

THOU who, when fears attack,
 Bidd'st them avaunt, and Black
 Care, at the horseman's back
 Perching, unseatest;
 Sweet, when the morn is grey;
 Sweet, when they've cleared away
 Lunch; and at close of day
 Possibly sweetest.

I have a liking old
 For thee, though manifold
 Stories, I know, are told,
 Not to thy credit:
 How one (or two at most)
 Drops make a cat a ghost—
 Unless, except to roast—
 Doctors have said it;

How they who use fusees
 All grow by slow degrees
 Brainless as chimpanzees,
 Meagre as lizards;
 Go mad and beat their wives;
 Plunge (after shocking lives)
 Razors and carving knives
 Into their gizzards.

Confound such knavish tricks!
 Yet I know five or six
 Smokers who freely mix
 Still with their neighbours;
 Jones (who, I'm glad to say,
 Asked leave of Mrs. J.)
 Daily absorbs a clay
 After his labours.

Cats may have had their goose
 Cooked by tobacco-juice;
 Still why deny its use
 Thoughtfully taken?
 We're not as tabbies are;
 Smith, take a fresh cigar!
 Jones, the tobacco-jar!
 Here's to thee. Bacon!

O'er the Brown Heath Far.

Prof. J. STUART BLACKIE.

ALAN REID.

Con spirito.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in G major and 4/4 time. The right hand features a rhythmic melody of eighth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of quarter notes.

O'er the brown heath far, by the steep red scaur, Where the

The first system of the song features a vocal line on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: "O'er the brown heath far, by the steep red scaur, Where the".

yel - low furze bloom is glow - ing; When the keen cold East, And the

The second system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "yel - low furze bloom is glow - ing; When the keen cold East, And the".

North hath ceas'd, And the soft - wing'd South is — blow - - ing.

The final system of the song shows the vocal line concluding with a long note on "is" and the piano accompaniment providing a final chordal resolution. The lyrics are: "North hath ceas'd, And the soft - wing'd South is — blow - - ing."

CHORUS.

A - way! a - way! a - way! a - way! Where bright shines the May, Where

bright shines the May, And the fields are green with grow - - - ing! *D. C.*

O'ER the brown heath far, by the steep red scaur,
 Where the yellow furze bloom is glowing;
 When the keen cold East, and the North hath ceased,
 And the soft-winged South is blowing.

Away! away! away! away!
 Where bright shines the May,
 Where bright shines the May,
 And the fields are green with growing!

Where the dark old pine, in the bright sunshine,
 Its fresh green tips is trimming;
 Where the light feathered throng, with the airy song
 Of full-throated glee are brimming.

Away! away! etc.

Where the bright blue sky, on the pinnacle high
 Of dark Lochnagar, rests clearly;
 Where snows no more wreath the frontlets hoar
 Of bleak Ben-Awn so drearly.

Away! away! etc.

Like a ruddy-faced boy, with a vagabond joy,
 When the long school term is over;
 Like a bright-haired girl, with a light tossed curl,
 When she runs to meet her lover.

Away! away! etc.

The Auld Stane Stile.

J. P. REID.

J. O. MURDOCH.

Andante espressivo.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and single notes in a 7/4 time signature, while the left hand provides a steady bass line with chords and single notes.

Noo the gen - tle Sim - mer bree - zes saft - ly blaw frae out the

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "Noo the gen - tle Sim - mer bree - zes saft - ly blaw frae out the".

west. And the sun gawn ower the dale - he brings the loor o' night - ly

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "west. And the sun gawn ower the dale - he brings the loor o' night - ly".

ness. While my heart has gane a - dream - ing, and I'm waft - ed back the

The third line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "ness. While my heart has gane a - dream - ing, and I'm waft - ed back the".

while. To the days I spent in child - hood at the auld Stane Stile.

The fourth line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "while. To the days I spent in child - hood at the auld Stane Stile."

CHORUS.

Oh the Auld Stane Stile, by the dear auld vil-lage green, What a host o' sun-ny
joys and youthful can-trips has it seen, When the younk-ers used to ga-ther, a' to
rin a-boot the while, Or to play at a wee hoo-sie at the auld Stane Stile.

NOO the gentle Simmer breezes saftly blaw frae out the west,
And the sun gaun over the Ochils brings the 'oor o' nictly rest,
While my heart has gane a-dreaming, and I'm wafted back the while,
To the days I spent in childhood' at the auld Stane Stile.

Oh the Auld Stane Stile, by the dear auld village green,
What a host o' sunny joys and youthful cantrips has it seen,
When we younk-ers used to gather, a' to rin about the while,
Or to play at a wee hoosie at the auld Stane Stile.

It was there we row'd and tumelt doon the braes, sae fu' o' fun,
It was there we pu'd the buttercups, while baskin' in the sun.
An' I mind, when for my Nelly, ever fain tae win her smile,
That I wove a chain o' gowans at the auld Stane Stile.

Oh the Auld Stane Stile, etc.

It was there we used to gaiter floo'rs to mak' a poppie show,
It was there we fetched the buckies frae the burnie doon below,
An' we aften ran barefitted back and forrit for a mile
While we left oor buits and stockin's at the auld Stane Stile.

Oh the Auld Stane Stile, etc.

But the past is past for ever, and oor youth will come nae mair,
Though the auld Stane Stile is stan'in' and the floo'ries bloom as fair;
Sae I'm sittin' lanely dreamin' two, three meenits to beguile,
Wi' the fondly cherished mem'ries o' the auld Stane Stile.

Oh the Auld Stane Stile, etc.

The Moss Trooper.

EDWARD OXENFORD.

LOUIS DIEHL.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 6/8 time, marked with a forte (f) dynamic. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

I. O far and wide I'm free to ride, And
claim no home, but free-ly roam, O'er

none shall stay my rein— No King I own, as bold and lone, I scour the bor-der
mos-ses soft and green; Not Eng-land's crown, or Scotch re-nown, Can van-quist me, I

plain,— When I am nigh the hire-lings fly, Nor dare at-tempt a stand, For
ween.— What tho' they say I stay the way, And Kings and ru-lers brave, 'Tis

well they know if horn I blow, My com-rades are at hand. } Heigh-
true, and I would soon-er die Than live, a ty-rant's slave. }

ho, my life is sweet, Heigh-ho, my life is free, — A win-some lass, a flow-ing glass, Have

colla voce

both a' charm for me. — Heigh-ho, my life is sweet, Heigh-ho, my heart is free, — A

win-some lass, a flow-ing glass, Have both a charm for me, Heigh-ho, Have both a charm for

1st Verse.

me.

ff

D. S. *2nd Verse.*

2. I me.

ff

Where are you going to, my pretty Maid?

Old English.

DAVID H. KEMP.

VOICE. *mf*

Where are you going to

PIANO. *f*

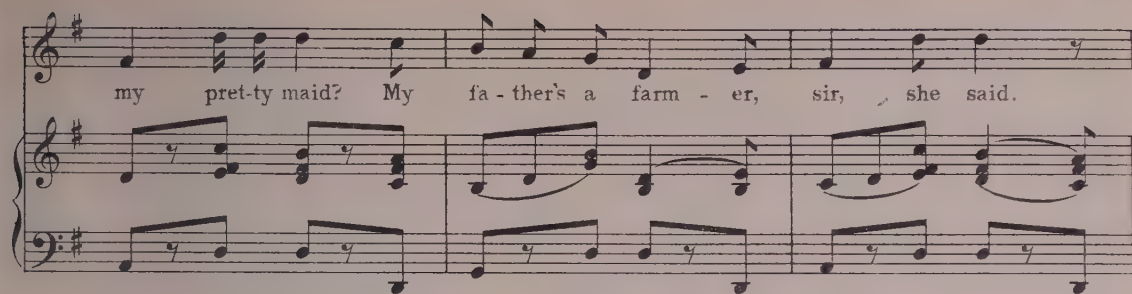
my pret-ty maid? I'm go-ing a-milk-ing sir, she said.

Shall I go with you my pret-ty maid? Yes, if you please, kind

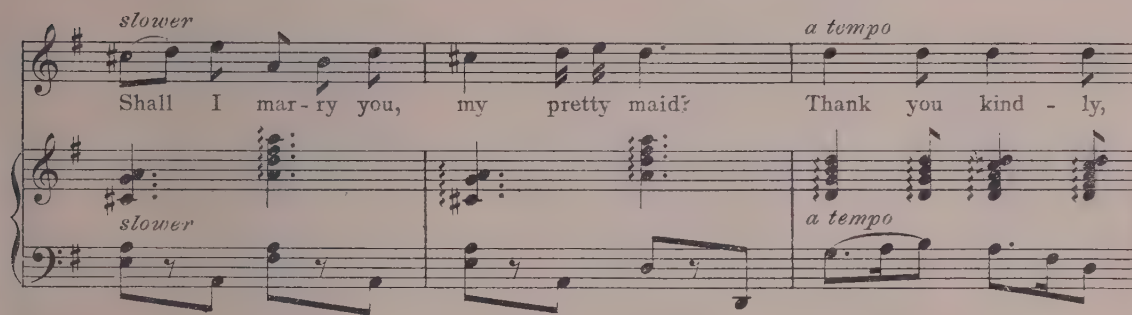
str. she said. *mf* What is your fa-ther,

rall. *a tempo*

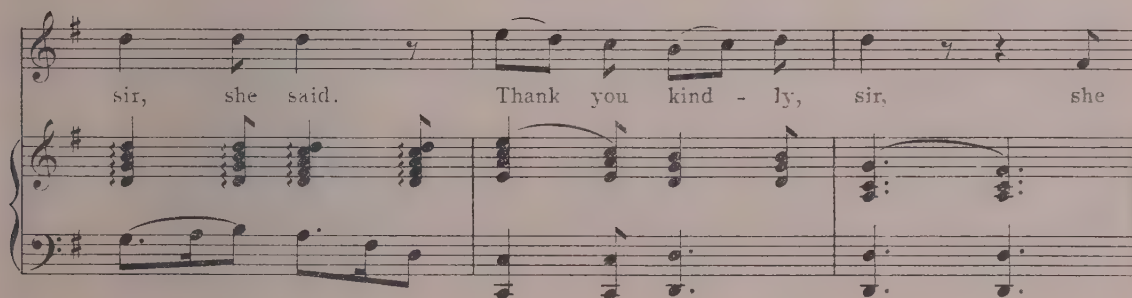
The musical score is arranged in three systems. Each system consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is written in treble and bass clefs. The vocal line includes lyrics and dynamic markings such as *mf* and *f*. Performance directions like *rall.* and *a tempo* are placed above the piano part. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8.



my pret-ty maid? My fa - ther's a farm - er, sir, she said.



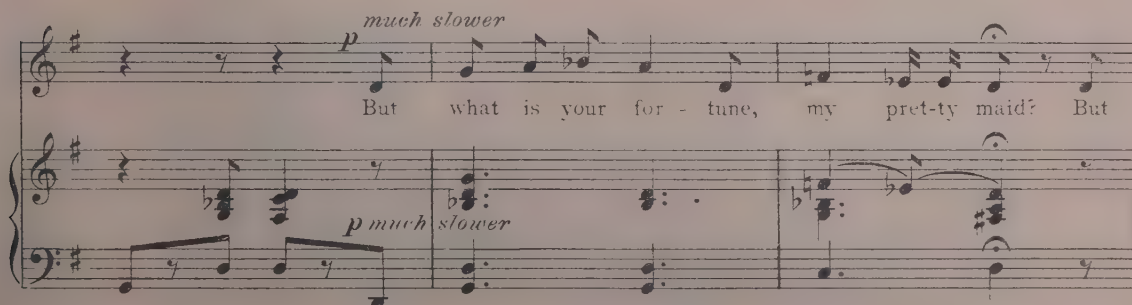
slower Shall I mar-ry you, my pretty maid? *a tempo* Thank you kind - ly,



sir, she said. Thank you kind - ly, sir, she



said.



much slower *p* But what is your for - tune, my pret-ty maid? But

a tempo

what is your for - tune, my pret - ty maid? My face is my for - tune.

molto rall. *f accel.*

sir. she said, sir, she said, sir, she said. Then

molto rall. *f accel.*

I can't mar - ry you, my pret - ty maid, my pret - ty maid.

No - bo - dy asked you, sir, she said; No - bo - dy asked you,

sir, she said; No - bo - dy asked you sir, she said.

The Queen's Maries.

Arr. by CHARLES MACPHERSON.

Moderato con espressione.

VOICE. *mp*

PIANO. *mf* *p*

Yes-treen the Queen had four Ma - ries, The

mf *dim.*

nicht she'll ha'e but three;— There's Ma - ry Seaton, an' Ma - ry Beaton An'

except last verse *last verse molto rit.*

Ma - ry Car-mich-ael an' me. — been the dule o' me. —

p *mf* *p molto rit.*

YESTREEN the Queen had four Maries,
The nicht she'll ha'e but three;
There's Mary Seaton an' Mary Beaton
An' Mary Carmichael an' me.

Oh! often ha'e I dressed my Queen,
An' put gowd in her hair,
But noo I've gotten for my reward
The gallows to be my share.

Oh! little did my mither ken,
The day she cradled me,
The land I was to travel in,
The death I was to dee.

Oh! happy, happy is the maid
That's born o' beauty free;
It was my dimpling rosie cheeks
That's been the dule o' me.

Santa Lucia.

Translation by MILLAR PATRICK, M. A.

Andante.

Italian.

PIANO.

1. Lo, o'er the glitt-'ring sea Sil-ver light flow-ing
 2. Oh! what de-light to be On the deck stand-ing,
 3. When the calm waves, the breeze Soft-ly ca-ress-es,

Gen-tly o'er wa-ters calm Fair winds are blow-ing.
 While ze-phys soft as these The sails are ex-pand-ing.
 Soon from the sai-lor's heart Fly all dis-tress-es.

Lo, o'er the glitt-'ring sea Sil-ver light flow-ing Gen-tly o'er
 Oh! what de-light to be On the deck stand-ing, While ze-phys
 When the calm waves, the breeze Soft-ly ca-ress-es, Soon from the

f

wa - tern calm Fair winds are blow - ing. To my swift
 soft as these The sails are ex - pand - ing. Taste you this
 sai - lor's heart Fly all dis - tress - es. List, how his

mf

bark a - way, Speed you and sail with me, San - ta Lu - ci - a!
 joy to - day, Come, bear me com - pa - ny! San - ta Lu - ci - a!
 mer - ry lay Rings o'er the sparkling sea, San - ta Lu - ci - a!

San - ta Lu - ci - a! To my swift bark a - way, Speed you and
 San - ta Lu - ci - a! Taste you this joy to - day, Come, bear me
 San - ta Lu - ci - a! List, how his mer - ry lay Rings o'er the

sail with me, San - ta Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a!
 com - pa - ny! San - ta Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a!
 sparkling sea, San - ta Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a!

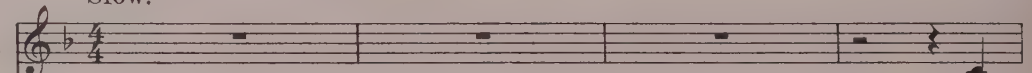
mf *f*


I write in a Manner Idyllic.

J. MALCOLM BULLOCH.

FRITZ ERCKMANN.

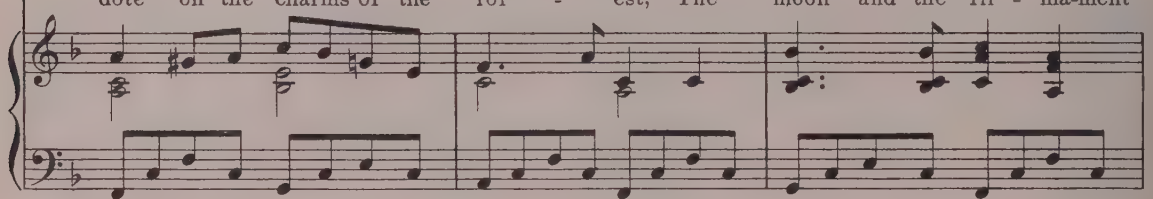
Slow.

VOICE. 

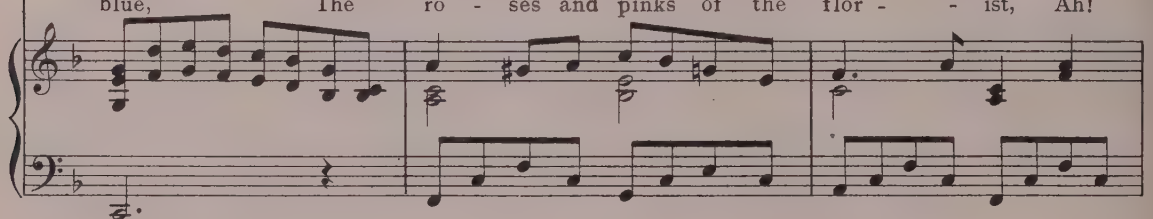
PIANO. 

1. I
2. My
3. I

write in a man - ner i - dyl - lic Sweet son - nets com - pose by the
lays are as fresh as the morn - ing, My soar - ings like those of the
dote on the charms of the for - est, The moon and the fir - ma - ment



score, And poems both ep - ic and ly - ric And
lark; Yet cri - tics de - clare the a - dorn - ing I
blue, The ro - ses and pinks of the flor - ist, Ah!



ver - ses of mys - ti - cal lore. They've ma - ny a time been re -
give to my verse makes it dark. I've an ex - qui - site sense of the
na - ture's the maid - en I woo. For this I con - ceive is my



ject - - ed, A fact which I ful - ly de - plore, But
 pro - - per, No mat - ter what - e - ver I do, But
 du - - ty, To chant in the praise of the earth, But

gen - ius is sad - ly ne - glect - ed, An E - di - tor's al - ways a
 some - how I come to a crop - per, Oc - cur - rence I con - stant - ly
 nath' - less of po - ets of beau - ty They tell me there is - n't a

bore, An E - di - tor's al - ways a bore.
 rue, Oc - cur - rence I con - stant - ly rue.
 dearth, They tell me, there is - n't a dearth.

My Wife and I.

Translated from the German
by L. STANLEY JAST.

Arr. by ALFRED MOFFAT.

VOICE. *Con spirito.* *mf* *Meno mosso.*

I've got a wife, and
Wenn mei-ne Frau mich

PIANO. *mf* *f* *sf* *mf*

on the rack She puts me ev-ry day; I'll tie her up in-side a sack And
är-gern will Dann weiss ich was, ich thü, Dann spun ich sie im Ha-ber-sack Und

when to me she'll say "Oh hus-band dear, pray let me out," I'll not be such an
bin-de o-ben zu. Und wenn sie mich dann bit-tend fleht "Ach lie-ber Mann, mach

ass, But take my stick so long and stout And round-ly spank my lass!
auf!" So nehm' ich mei-nen Ham-mer-stiel Und klop-fe tüch-tig d'rauf!

CHORUS.

Tra la la la la tra la la - la la la la Tra la la la la la tra la la la

la Tra la la la la tra la la la la la Tra la la tra la la tra la la la la!

I'VE got a wife, and on the rack
 She puts me every day;
 I'll tie her up inside a sack
 And when to me she'll say
 "Oh husband dear, pray let me out,"
 I'll not be such an ass,
 But take my stick so long and stout
 And roundly spank my lass!
 Tra la la la la, etc.

I know my wife delights to tease;
 Oh, wretched is my state!
 But wives were made their lords to please
 And not to irritate.
 And when she begs me let her out,
 So sweetly I untie;
 Then joining hands we whirl about
 And dance right merrily.
 Tra la la la la, etc.

And when of spanking, dancing, we
 Have had our merry fling,
 My little wife creeps close to me—
 A penitent wee thing,
 And then off home for all our lives
 We merrily do skip:
 Oh, married men, who love your wives,
 Pray don't forget the whip!
 Tra la la la la, etc.

WENN meine Frau mich ärgern will
 Dann weiss ich was ich thu',
 Dann spun ich sie im Habersack
 Und binde oben zu.
 Und wenn sie mich dann bittend fleht
 "Ach lieber Mann, mach auf!"
 So nehm' ich meinen Hammerstiel
 Und klopfe tüchtig d'rauf.
 Tra la la la la, etc.

Denn ach! sie ärgert mich so gern,
 Das weiss ich ganz genau,
 Drum ist es doch ein schrecklich Ding
 Zu haben so'ne Frau.
 Doch bittet sie so süß mich an
 Dann ist's um mich geschehen,
 Ich walze dann mit ihr herum
 Das weit die Kleider wehen.
 Tra la la la la, etc.

Und wenn geschlagen und gewalzt
 Wir nun genügend sind,
 Dann pack' ich ein mein kleines Weib,
 Das allerliebste Kind!
 Dann geht's nach Haus in Saus und Braus
 Fidel und stillvergnügt:
 Es ist doch gut wenn mal die Frau
 Ein bischen Keile kriegt!
 Tra la la la la, etc.

The Best Pipe.

R. F. MURRAY.

JOHN FARMER.

Rather quick.

VOICE. In vain you fer-vent-

PIANO.

ly ex-tol, In vain you puff your cut-ty clay, A twelve-month smok'd, and black as coal, 'Tis

re-do-lent of rank de-cay And bones of monks long pass'd 'a-way— A fra-grance I do

p

Repeat in Chorus. *ad lib.*

not ad-mire; And so I hold my nose and say, Give me a fine-ly - sea-son'd 'briar.

ad lib.

The Best Pipe.

IN vain you fervently extol,
 In vain you puff your cutty clay,
 A twelvemonth smoked, and black as coal,
 'Tis redolent of rank decay
 And bones of monks long passed away—
 A fragrance I do not admire;
 And so I hold my nose and say,
 Give me a finely-seasoned briar.

Macleod, whose judgment on the whole
 Is faultless, has been led astray
 To nurse a high-born meerschaum bowl,
 For which he sweetly had to pay.
 Ah! let him nurse it as he may,
 Before the colour mounts much higher
 The grate shall be its fate one day;
 Give me a finely-seasoned briar.

The heathen Turk of Istamboul,
 In oriental turban gay,
 Delights his unbelieving soul
 With hookahs, bubbling in a way
 To fill a Christian with dismay,
 And wake the old Crusading fire.
 May no such pipe be mine, I pray;
 Give me a finely-seasoned briar.

* Clay, meerschaum, hookey, what are they
 That I should view them with desire?
 Both now, and when my hair is grey,
 Give me a finely-seasoned briar.

* These four lines may be sung as a Refrain to the third verse, repeating the last nine bars of the melody.

The Sardine and the Sprat.

W. J. SAMS.

LEARMONT DRYSDALE.

Allegretto.

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time, marked *f* (forte). It features a rhythmic melody in the right hand with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a supporting bass line in the left hand with chords and single notes.

1. A Sar - dine lived in the deep blue sea, And a
 2. O great was their rage when they re - al - ised that, She had
 3. Of these twain that were part - ed by par - ents' pride, He—

The first system includes the vocal line with lyrics and the piano accompaniment. The piano part is marked *p* (piano) and continues the rhythmic pattern from the introduction.

high and a well - born fish was she, From ev - 'ry sea came
 giv - en her heart to a hum - ble sprat, They scold - ed, she wept, the
 drank like a man, while she sat and cried; But there came a day when the

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features more complex chordal textures and melodic lines.

fish - es to win Her lit - tle soft heart and her dain - ty fin.
 sprat came to call, But was made, like a ser - vant, to wait in the hall:
 lov - ers met In the twin - ey mesh of a fish - er - man's net.

The third system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part ends with a *mf* (mezzo-forte) dynamic marking.

But her par - ents, so proud of her sil - v'ry tail, Said
 While Fa - ther Sar - dine in a white, white heat, Used
 And fate — was kind and em - balmed them in The

"She — shall mar - ry naught less than a whale," But a - las! for am - bi - tion, that
 language to him that I'd blush to re - peat: "You blank - et - y blank, cant you
 ve - ry same oil in the ve - ry same tin, So, u - ni - ted in death as they

sweet sar - dine Fell in love with a sprat who was poor — and mean.
 re - al - ise that A — sar - dine can nev - er be bride to a sprat."
 gave up the ghost, They were fin - al - ly served on the same piece of toast.

CHORUS.

For

P a tempo

love is love wher - ev - er you go, In the sky — a - bove, in the

P a tempo

dephts be - low, With the folks on land, with the fish in the sea, Love will command wher -

f *rall.* *rall.*

eer you may be, Yes love is the rul - er of all — I ween, And love ruled the life of that

colla voce

f *rall.*

a tempo *1st & 2nd time*

sweet — sar - dine.

colla voce *a tempo* *f*

last time

dine.

A Life Lesson.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

WALTER HOWE JONES.

Baritone Solo. *With expression.*

Tenors. *Humming. pp* *m*

Basses. *m*

There, lit - tle girl, don't cry, — They have
 There, lit - tle girl, don't cry, — They have
 There, lit - tle girl, don't cry, — They have

bro - ken your doll, I know, And your tea - set blue, and your
 bro - ken your slate, I know, And the glad, wild ways of your
 bro - ken your heart, I know, And the rain - bow gleams of your

m *m*


play - house too, Are things of the long a - go; — But
 school - girl days Are things of the long a - go; — But
 youth - ful dreams Are things of the long a - go; — But

m

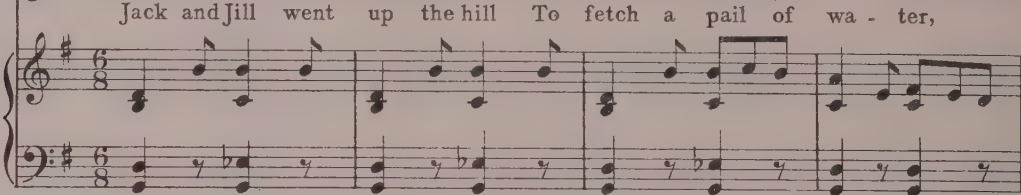
child - ish troubles will soon pass by; *rit.* There, lit - tle girl, don't cry. — *pp*
 life and love will soon come by; There, lit - tle girl, don't cry. —
 Heav'n holds all for which you sigh; There, lit - tle girl, don't cry. —


m

Jack and Jill.

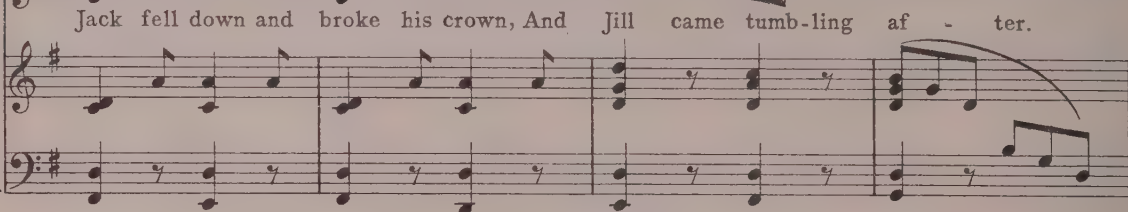
VOICE. 


Jack and Jill went up the hill To fetch a pail of wa - ter,

PIANO. 

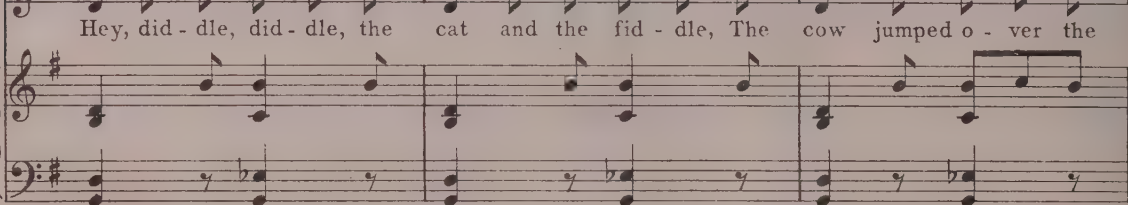



Jack fell down and broke his crown, And Jill came tumb-ling af - ter.



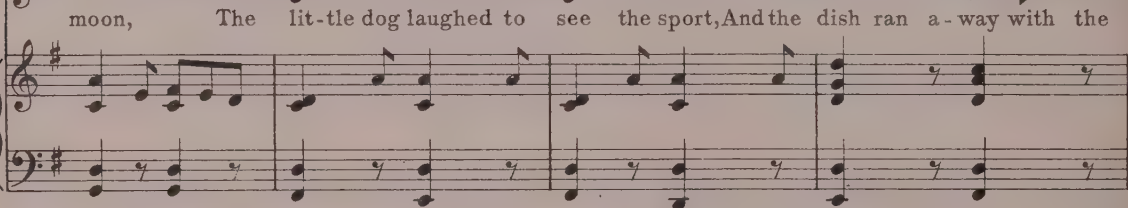
CHORUS. 

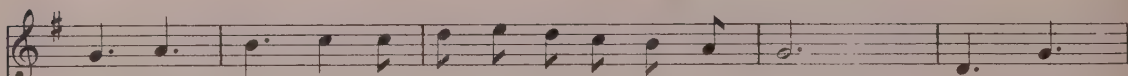
Hey, did - dle, did - dle, the cat and the fid - dle, The cow jumped o - ver the



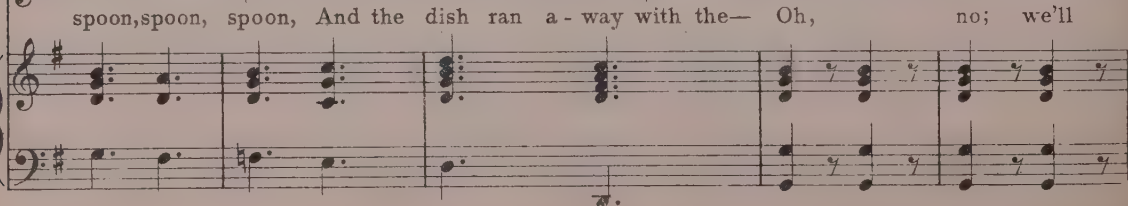


moon, The lit-tle dog laughed to see the sport, And the dish ran a - way with the





spoon, spoon, spoon, And the dish ran a - way with the— Oh, no; we'll



ne-ver get drunk a - ny more. Oh, no; we'll ne-ver get drunk a - ny

more.— Oh, no; we'll ne-ver get drunk a - ny more.

Ne-ver get drunk, Ne-ver get drunk, Ne-ver get drunk a - ny more.

JACK and Jill went up the hill
 To fetch a pail of water.
 Jack fell down and broke his crown,
 And Jill came tumbling after.
 Hey, diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
 The cow jumped over the moon,
 The little dog laughed to see the sport,
 And the dish ran away with the spoon, spoon, spoon.
 Oh, no; we'll never get drunk any more.

Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cup-board
 To get her poor dog a bone
 When she got there, the cup-board was bare,
 And so the poor dog got none.
 Hey, diddle, diddle, etc.

Mother, may I go out to swim?
 Oh, yes, my darling daughter;
 Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
 But don't go near the water.
 Hey, diddle, diddle, etc.

Lang Lang Syne.

Rev. Dr. LAWRIE, Monkton.

J. INGLIS.

Allegro moderato.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in G minor, starting with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The left hand provides harmonic support with chords: G4-B4, G4-B4-C5, G4-B4-C5, and G4-B4-C5.

With Spirit.

Hae ye mind o' lang lang syne, when the

The first system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a quarter rest, then a half note G4, and a quarter note A4. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

sum-mer days were fine, And the sun shone bright-er far than he's

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5. The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note accompaniment.

ev-er dune sin' syne? Dae ye mind the Hag Big turn, whar we

The third system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5. The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note accompaniment.

guddled in the burn, And were late for the schule in the morn - ing?

HAE ye mind o' lang lang syne, when the summer days were fine,
 And the sun shone brighter far than he's ever duine sin' syne?
 Dae ye mind the Hag Big turn, whar we guddled in the burn,
 And were late for the schule in the morning.

Dae ye mind the sunny braes, whar we gather't hips and slaes
 And felt among the bramble bushes, tearin' a' oor claes,
 And for fear we would be seen, we gaed slippin' hame at e'en,
 But were licket for oor pains in the morning?

Dae ye mind the miller's dam, when the frosty winter cam,
 We slid across the curlers' rink, and made their game a sham;
 When they chased us thro' the snaw, we took leg bail ane and a'?
 But we did it ower again in the morning.

What famous fun was there, wi' oor games at houn' and hare,
 When we played the truant frae the schule because it was the fair
 And we ran frae Patie's Mill thro' the woods to Winning Hill,
 But were fear't for the taws in the morning!

Whar are these bright hearts noo, that were then so leal and true?
 Oh, some hae left life's troubled scene, some still are struggling through;
 And some hae risen high in life's changeful destiny,
 For they rose wi' the lark in the morning.

Noo life's sweet spring is past, and oor Autumn's come at last,
 'Oor Summer day has passed away, life's Winter's coming fast,
 But tho' lang the night may seem, we will sleep without a dream,
 Till we wake on yon bright Sabbath morning.

The Pawkie Duke.

DAVID RORIE.

With spirit.

VOICE. *f* There

PIANO. *f*

p

since was a ve-ry paw-kie Duke, Far kent for his joo-ker-ie paw-ker-ie, Who

owned a hoose wi' a grand out-look A gaird-en and a rock-er-y.

f Hech! Mon! a paw-kie Duke! Hoot! Ay! and a rock-er-y! A

bon-net laird wi' a sma' kail-yaird, Is nae-thin' but a mock-er-y.

THERE aince was a very pawkie Duke,
 Far kent for his jookerie pawkerie,
 Who owned a hoose wi' a grand out-look,
 A gairden and a rockery.
 Hech! Mon! A pawkie Duke!
 Hoot! Ay! And a rockery!
 A bonnet laird wi' a sma' kail yaird
 Is naethin' but a mockery.

He dwalt far up a Heelant glen,
 Where the foamin' flood and the crag is;
 He dined each day on the usquebae,
 And he washed it doon wi' haggis.
 Hech! Mon! A pawkie Duke!
 Hoot! Ay! And a haggis!
 For that's the way the Heelanters dae
 Where the foamin' flood and the crag is!

He wore a sporran and a dirk,
 And a beard like besom bristles.
 He was an elder o' the kirk,
 And he hated kists o' whistles.
 Hech! Mon! A pawkie Duke!
 And doon on kists o' whistles!
 They're a' red-heidit fowk up North,
 Wi' beards like besom bristles.

Syne ilka four hoors through the day
 He took a muckle jorum,
 And when the gloamin' gathered grey
 Got fou wi' great decorum.
 Hech! Mon! A pawkie Duke!
 Blin' fou wi' great decorum;
 There ne'er were males among the Gaels
 But lo'ed a muckle jorum.

His hair was red as ony rose,
 His legs were lang and bony;
 He had a hoast-and-a rubbin'-post,
 And a buskit cockernony.
 Hech! Mon! A pawkie Duke!
 And a buskit cockernony;
 Ye ne'er will ken true Heelantmen
 Who'll own they hadna ony.

And aye afore he socht his bed
 He danced the Gillie Callum,
 Then wi's Kilmarnock owre his neb
 Nae evil could befall him.
 Hech! Mon! A pawkie Duke!
 What evil could befall him,
 When he cast his buits and soopled his cuits
 Wi' a guid-gaun Gillie Callum?

Noo, if he met a Cockney loon
 A-tour in Caledonia,
 He garred him lilt in a cotton kilt
 Till he had an acute pneumonia.
 Hech! Mon! A pawkie Duke!
 And a Sassenach wi' pneumonia;
 He lat him feel that the land o' the leal
 Is gey near Caledonia.

But they brocht a joke—they did indeed!
 Ae day for his eedification,
 And they needed to trephine his heid,
 So he deed o' the operation.
 Ochone! The pawkie Duke!
 Wae's me for the operation!
 For weel-a-wot this typical Scot
 Was a mighty loss to the nation!

Vilikins and his Dinah.

Allegretto.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a quarter note G3, followed by a half note chord of G3-Bb3-Eb4, and continues with a series of chords and single notes. The left hand starts with a bass clef and a 3/4 time signature, beginning with a quarter rest, followed by a half note chord of G2-Bb2-Eb3, and continues with a series of chords and single notes.

'Tis of a rich mer-chant, who in Lon-don did dwell, He had but one

The first line of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 3/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, with the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef, both in the same key signature and time signature. The piano part provides harmonic support with chords and single notes.

daugh-ter, an un-kim-mon nice young gal; Her name it was Di-nah, scarce

The second line of the song continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line and piano accompaniment follow the same musical structure as the first line, with the piano part providing harmonic support through chords and single notes.

six-teen years old, With a ve-ry large for-tune in sil-ver and gold.

The third line of the song continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line and piano accompaniment follow the same musical structure, with the piano part providing harmonic support through chords and single notes.

Sing-ing too - ral - li, too - ral - li, too - ral - li, la.

Four times.

The fourth line of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 3/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, with the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef, both in the same key signature and time signature. The piano part provides harmonic support with chords and single notes. The line ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

CHORUS.

Sing-ing too - ral - li, too - ral - li, too - ral - li, la.

'TIS of a rich merchant, who in London did dwell,
 He had but one daughter, an unkimmon nice young gal;
 Her name it was Dinah, scarce sixteen years old,
 With a very large fortune in silver and gold.
 Singing too-ral-li, too-ral-li, too-ral-li, la,
 Singing too-ral-li, too-ral-li, too-ral-li, la.

As Dinah was a-valiking the garden one day,
 Her papa he came to her, and thus he did say—
 "Go dress yourself, Dinah, in gorgeous array,
 And take yourself a husiband both galliant and gay!"
 Singing, etc.

"Oh papa, oh papa, I've not made up my mind,
 And to marry just yet, why, I don't feel inclined;
 To you my large fortune I'll gladly give o'er,
 If you'll let me live single a year or two more."
 Singing, etc.

Go, go, boldest daughter, the parient replied;
 If you won't consent to be this here young man's bride,
 I'll give your large fortune to the nearest of kin,
 And you shan't reap the benefit of one single pin.
 Singing, etc.

As Vilikins was valiking the garden around,
 He spied his dear Dinah laying dead upon the ground,
 And the cup of cold pison it lay by her side,
 With a billet-dux a stating 'twas by pison she died.
 Singing, etc.

He kissed her cold corpus a thousand times o'er
 And called her his Dinah though she was no more,
 Then swallowed the pison like a lovyer so brave.
 And Vilikins and his Dinah lie both in one grave.
 Singing, etc.

MORAL.

Now all you young maidens, take warning by her,
 Never not by no means disobey your gov'nor,
 And all you young fellows, mind who you clap eyes on,
 Think of Vilikins and Dinah and the cup of cold pison.
 Singing, etc.

Mary had a little Lamb.

SOLO.

VOICE. *Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb, Its fleece was white as snow;*

PIANO.

CHORUS. *Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom. And ev - ry - where that Ma - ry went That*

SOLO.

CHORUS. *lamb was sure to go. Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom, The*

un - ion for e - ver Hur - rah! boys, Hurrah! Down with the traitor and

The un - ion for e - ver Hur - rah! boys, Hur - rah! Down with the

con 8ves

up with the star. And ev - 'ry-where that Ma - ry went That
 trai - tor and up with the star. Where Ma - ry went That
 lamb was sure to go. Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - - dom.
 lamb was sure to go.

MARY had a little lamb,
 Its fleece was white as snow.
 Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.
 And ev'rywhere that Mary went,
 The lamb was sure to go.
 Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom
 The union for ever Hurrah! boys, Hurrah!
 Down with the traitor and up with the star
 And ev'rywhere that Mary went,
 That lamb was sure to go.
 Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

It followed her to school one day,
 It was against the rule—(Shouting—)
 And made the children laugh and play.
 To see a lamb at school. (Shouting, etc.)

And so the teacher turned him out,
 But still he lingered near (Shouting—)
 And waited patiently about
 Till Mary did appear. (Shouting, etc.)

And then he ran to her and laid
 His head upon her arm (Shouting—)
 As if he said, "I'm not afraid,
 You'll shield me from all harm!" (Shouting, etc.)

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
 The eager children cry, (Shouting—)
 "Why, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
 The teacher did reply. (Shouting, etc.)

Poor Ned.

H. I. KOERNER.

Allegro moderato.

VOICE. *p*

Dere vas a young man, named Ned;— Dere

PIANO. *p*

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written on a single staff in a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a time signature of 6/8. It begins with a whole rest, followed by a quarter rest, and then a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment is written on two staves (treble and bass clefs) and features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a similar accompaniment in the left hand, with some chordal textures.

vas a young man, named Ned,— Who just be- fore going to bed, to bed, Dere

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a melodic line with some slurs and rests. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern as the first system.

vas a young man, named Ned,— Dere vas a young man, named Ned,— Who

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a melodic line with some slurs and rests. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern as the first system.

just be-fore go-ing to bed,— Ate ve-ry much of a cheese dat vas Dutch,

The fourth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a melodic line with some slurs and rests. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern as the first system.

Ate ve-ry much of a cheese dat vas Dutch, Dere vas a young man, named

The fifth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a melodic line with some slurs and rests. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern as the first system.

Ned, Who just be-fore go-ing to bed, Ate ve-ry much of a

cheese dat vas Dutch, And when he a-woke, he vas dead, dead. There

DERE vas a young man, named Ned;
 Dere vas a young man, named Ned,
 Who just before going to bed, to bed,
 Dere vas a young man, named Ned,
 Dere vas a young man, named Ned,
 Who just before going to bed,
 Ate very much of a cheese dat vas Dutch,
 Ate very much of a cheese dat vas Dutch,
 Dere vas a young man, named Ned,
 Who just before going to bed,
 Ate very much of a cheese dat vas Dutch,
 And when he awoke, he vas dead, dead.

There was a young girl, named Perkins,
 Who just simply doted on gherkins;
 In spite of advice she ate so much spice
 That it pickled her internal workins.

There was a young man from Chicago,
 Who wanted to see a buzz-saw go;
 He put down his face very close to the place,
 And the doctor said, "Where did his jaw go?"

There was an old maid in Peru,
 Who thirty-one languages knew;
 With one pair of lungs she worked thirty-two tongues,
 I don't wonder she's single, do you?

A tutor who tooted the flute
 Tried to tutor two tooters to toot;
 Said the two to the tutor, "Is it harder to toot,
 Or to tutor two tooters to toot?"

The Lum Hat wantin' the Croon.

DAVID RORIE.

Lively, with spirit.

VOICE. *p*

PIANO. *f* *p*

The

burn was big wi' spate, An' there cam' tum-blin' doon Tap-sal-tee-rie the

half o' a gate, An auld fish hake, an' a great muc-kle skate, An' a

lum hat want-in' the croon. The *Fine.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 6/8 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Lively, with spirit.' The score is divided into four systems. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a piano introduction marked 'f' and a vocal entry marked 'p'. The lyrics 'The burn was big wi' spate, An' there cam' tum-blin' doon Tap-sal-tee-rie the' are under the first system. The second system continues the lyrics: 'half o' a gate, An auld fish hake, an' a great muc-kle skate, An' a'. The third system concludes the lyrics: 'lum hat want-in' the croon. The'. The score ends with a 'Fine.' marking. The piano accompaniment includes various dynamics like 'f' and 'p', and features a section marked '8va' at the end of the piece.

The Lum Hat wantin' the Croon.

THE burn was big wi' spate,
 An there cam' tumblin' doon
 Tapsalteerie the half o' a gate,
 An' auld fish hake, an' a great muckle skate,
 An' a lum hat wantin' the croon.

The auld wife stood on the bank,
 As they gaed swirlin' roon,
 She took a gude look, and syne, says she,
 "There's food an' there's firin' gaun to the sea,
 An' a lum hat wantin' the croon."

So she gruppit the branch o' a saugh,
 An' she kickit aff ane o' her shoon,
 An' she stuck oot her fit, but it caught in the gate,
 An' awa' she went wi' the great muckle skate,
 An' the lum hat wantin' the croon.

She floated fu' mony a mile,
 Past cottage and village and toon,
 She'd an awfu' time astride o' the gate,
 Though it seemed to 'gree fine wi' the great muckle skate,
 An' the lum hat wantin' the croon.


A fisher was walkin' the deck,
 By the licht o' his pipe and the moon,
 When he sees an auld body astride o' a gate,
 Come bobbin' alang in the waves wi' a skate,
 An' a lum hat wantin' the croon.

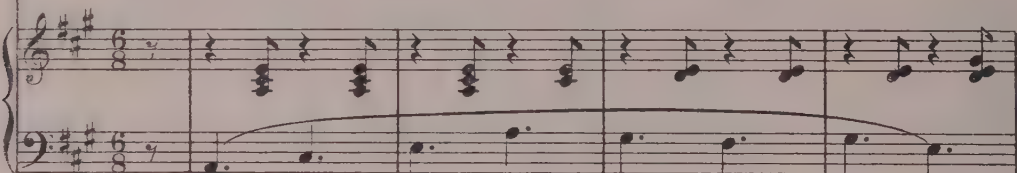
"There's a man overboard," cries he;
 "Ye leear," quo' she, "I'll droon.
 A man on a boord? It's a wife on a gate,
 It's auld Mistress Mackintosh here wi' a skate
 An' a lum hat wantin' the croon."


Was she nippit to death at the Pole?
 Has India bakit her broon?
 I canna tell that, but whatever her fate,
 I'll wager ye'll find it was shared by a gate,
 An' a lum hat wantin' the croon.

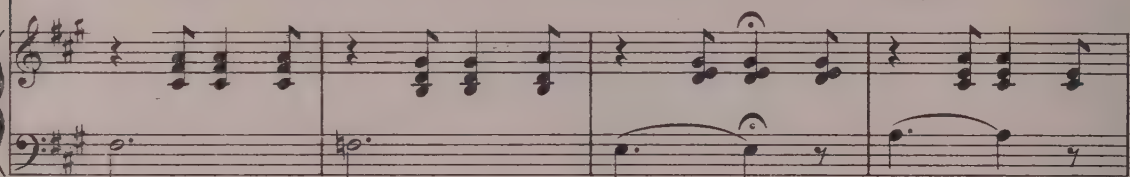
There's a moral attached to my song,
 On greed ye should aye gie a froom,
 When ye think o' the wife that was lost for a gate,
 An auld fish hake an' a great muckle skate
 An' a lum hat wantin' the croon.


The Last Cigar.

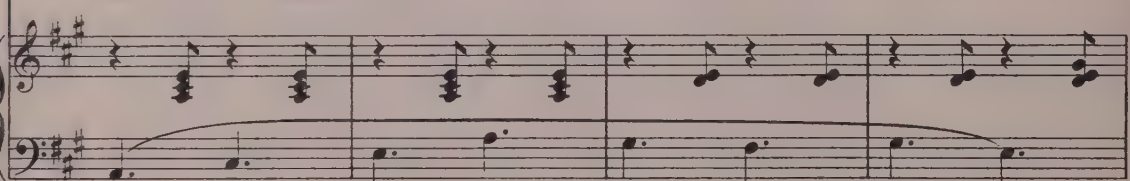
VOICE.  'Twas off the blue Ca - na - ry isle, A glo - rious sum - mer day, — I


PIANO. 

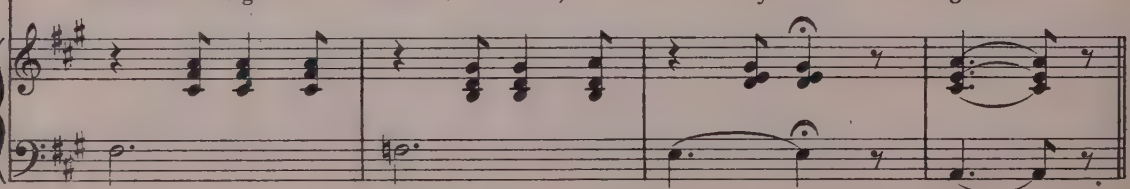
 up - on the quar - ter - deck, And whiffed my cares a - way; — And



 as the vol - umed smoke a - rose, Like in - cense in the air — I



 breathed a sigh to think in sooth, It was my last ci - gar. —



CHORUS.

Tenors:
It was my last ci - gar, — It was my last ci - gar, — I

Basses:

breathed a sigh to think in sooth, *rit.* It was my last ci - gar. —

rit.

'TWAS off the blue Canary isle,
A glorious summer day,
I sat upon the quarter-deck
And whiffed my cares away;
And as the volumed smoke arose
Like incense in the air,
I breathed a sigh to think in sooth,
It was my last cigar.
It was my last cigar,
It was my last cigar,
I breathed a sigh to think in sooth,
It was my last cigar.

I leaned upon the quarter rail,
And looked down in the sea;
E'en there the purple wreath of smoke
Was curling gracefully.
Oh what had I at such a time,
To do with wasting care?
Alas, the trembling tear proclaimed
It was my last cigar.
It was my last cigar, etc.

I watched the ashes as it came
Fast drawing toward the end,
I watched it as a friend would watch
Beside a dying friend;
But still the flame crept slowly on,
It vanished into air,
I threw it from me, spare the tale,
It was my last cigar.
It was my last cigar,
It was my last cigar,
I breathed a sigh to think in sooth,
It was my last cigar.

I've seen the land of all I love
Fade in the distance dim,
I've watched above the blighted heart,
Where once proud hope hath been;
But I've never known a sorrow
That could with that compare,
When off the blue Canaries
I smoked my last cigar.
It was my last cigar, etc.

When we were Boys together.

JOHN LEGGE.

EDWARD LAND.

Moderato.

VOICE. *f* *'Tis*

PIANO. *f*

for - ty years, my old friend John, Since you and I were young; Bird -

nest - ing thro' each for - est glen, What mer - ry, mer - ry lays we've sung! We

climbd the rug - ged moun - tain side, And cull'd the bright topp'd hea - ther — Me -

stacc. cresc.

thinks it seems but yes - ter - day, Since we were boys to - ge - ther.

CHORUS.

Risoluto.

Since we were boys, mer-ry, mer-ry boys, Since we were boys to-ge-ther, Me-

Repeat in Chorus. §

thinks it seems but yes-ter-day Since we were boys to-gether.

'TIS forty years, my old friend John,
 Since you and I were young;
 Bird-nesting thro' each forest glen,
 What merry, merry lays we've sung!
 We climb'd the rugged mountain side,
 And cull'd the bright topp'd heather—
 Methinks it seems but yesterday
 Since we were boys together.

Since we were boys, merry, merry boys,
 Since we were boys together,
 Methinks it seems but yesterday
 Since we were boys together.

There's gladness in remembrance, John,
 Our friendship has been true;
 In all the weal and woe of life,
 No change that friendship knew;
 We've miss'd some lov'd ones, one by one,
 Since first we trod the heather,
 And now there's but sweet mem'ry left,
 Since we were boys together.

Since we were boys, merry, merry boys,
 Since we were boys together,
 Unalter'd is our friendship, John,
 Since we were boys together.

I need not then remind thee, John,
 Of days long past and o'er,
 The flow'r, the nest, the humming bee,
 For us will charm no more;
 And our frail forms are fading fast,
 We could not bound the heather,
 As hand in hand with gladsome hearts,
 We did when boys together.

When we were boys, merry, merry boys,
 When we were boys together;
 Yet many a tranquil year, friend John,
 May find us still together.

Song of The Wanderer.

(WANDERLIED.)

Kerner. (1811.)

From the German by J. SCOLAR THOMSON.

Volkslied. 1827.

Lively.

VOICE.

f Come, pour out a mea - sure Of red spark - ling wine, Now

drink we good - bye to The land of the Rhine. Good - bye to the

moun - tains, Good - bye to my home! A - way to the Far - land The

wan - d'rer must roam. Good - bye to the moun - tains, Good - bye to my

home! A - way to the Far - land The wan - d'rer must roam - must roam.

CHORUS.

p a tempo

p

Ju - vi - val - le - ra, ju - vi - val - le - ra, ju - vi - val - le - ral - le - ra! Ju -

f

vi - val - le - ra, ju - vi - val - le - ral - le - ra, ju - vi - val - le - ral - le - ral - le - ra!

f

COME, pour out a measure
 Of red sparkling wine.
 Now drink we good-bye to
 The land of the Rhine.
 Good-bye to the mountains,
 Good-bye to my home!
 Away to the Far-land
 The wanderer must roam.
 Juvivallera, etc.

The sun in the heavens
 Stays never his pace;
 O'er river and valley
 He hastens his race.
 The waters lie silent
 On never a strand;
 And wild storms are blowing
 Through every land.
 Juvivallera, etc.

No bird but remembers
 The house of his youth.
 No flower but recalls
 A maid and her truth.
 And soon shall his true love
 Sail over the sea;
 So even the Far-land
 His heart's home shall be.
 Juvivallera, etc.

The bird with the wind
 Flies away to the west,
 And sings in the Far-land
 A song of her nest.
 So hies him the student
 By forest and wold,
 The way of his mother,
 The wandering world.
 Juvivallera, etc.

Beyond the blue waters
 Are birds on the wing.
 Of old in the meadows
 The boy heard them sing.
 The bloom of the flowers
 That perfume the earth,
 Bring back to his bosom
 The land of his birth.
 Juvivallera, etc.

The Boilin' o' the Milk.

J. SMITH.

With lively expression.

PIANO. *p*

The piano introduction consists of two staves of music in common time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The piece begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

Come, all ye gen-tle dai-ry-maids that war-ble thro' the glen, I'll

The first system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a quarter note followed by eighth notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

tell ye of a se-cret ye may be din-na ken! What is the greatest bliss that yer

The second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with a mix of quarter and eighth notes. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern.

ten-der hearts could claim? It's the boi-lin' o' the milk whan the

The third system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a rising melodic line. The piano accompaniment includes some chordal textures.

kye come hame, Whan the kye come hame, whan the kye come hame, It's the

The fourth system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with a series of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment provides a final harmonic support.

boi - lin' o' the milk whan the kye come hame!

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with a treble clef, containing the lyrics. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment with treble and bass clefs respectively. The music is in a 3/4 time signature and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is present in the piano part.

COME, all ye gentle dairymaids that warble through the glen,
 I'll tell ye of a secret ye may be dinna ken!
 What is the greatest bliss that yer tender hearts could claim?
 It's the boilin' o' the milk whan the kye come hame!
 Whan the kye come hame, whan the kye come hame,
 It's the boilin' o' the milk whan the kye come hame!

See yonder pawky coo-feeder that's sittin' on the hill,
 He kens the milk's rank puzhon that he sells, and that 't wad kill
 A wean; but then he feels he's absolved frae a' the blame
 By the boilin' o' the milk whan the kye come hame!
 Whan the kye come hame, etc.

Lang syne when bairns were fed wi' milk that was baith warm an' new,
 We little kent sic ferlies were rampagin' through the coo;
 Sic pliskies noo wad quickly bring mischanter tae oor frame
 But for boilin' o' the milk whan the kye come hame!
 Whan the kye come hame, etc.

Ye mithers wha may whiles aucht a bacillus o' yer ain,
 An' wadna hae hereditary skaith befa' yer wean,
 I rede ye a' tak tent that the remedy's the same,
 As the boilin' o' the milk whan the kye come hame!
 Whan the kye come hame, etc.

Awa' wi' antiseptics then, what comfort can they gie,
 Or a' the airts that prey upon frail man's credulity?
 Gie me a canty hour wi' the lad I winna name,
 Whan he's boilin' o' the milk whan the kye come hame!
 Whan the kye come hame, etc.

It's neither the Inspectors nor the Baillies o' the toon,
 Nor a' their Regulations that can pit the evil doon,
 But a chield has fand the cure, an' tae him belongs the fame.
 It's the boilin' o' the milk whan the kye come hame!
 Whan the kye come hame, etc.

Little Jock Elliot.

MATTHEW GOTTERSON.

A Border Ballad.

JAMES BARTON.

With spirit.

PIANO. *f*

My cas-tle is aye my ain, An' her-ried it nev-er shall be; For

I maun fa' ere it's taen, An' wha daur med-dle wi' me? Wi' my

kuit i' the rib o' my naig, My sword hing-in down by my knee, For

man I am nev-er a-fraid—An' wha daur meddle wi' me? Wha daur meddle wi' me?

Wha daur med-dle wi' me? Oh, my name is Lit - tle Jock El - liot, An'

wha daur med-dle wi' me?

MY castle is aye my ain,
 An' herried it never shall be;
 For I maun fa' ere it's taen,
 An' wha daur meddle wi' me?
 Wi' my kuit i' the rib o' my naig,
 My sword hingin down by my knee,
 For man I am never afraid—
 An' wha daur meddle wi' me?
 Oh, my name is Little Jock Elliot,
 An' wha daur meddle wi' me?

Fierce Bothwell I vanquished clean,
 Gar'd troopers an' fitmen flee;
 By my faith, I dumfoondert the Queen,
 An' wha daur meddle wi' me?
 Alang by the Dead-Water Stank,
 Jock Fenwick I met on the lea;
 But his saddle was toom in a clank,
 An' wha daur meddle wi' me?
 Oh, my name is Little Jock Elliot,
 An' wha daur meddle wi' me?

Where Keeldar meets wi' the Tyne,
 Mysel an' my kinsmen three,
 We tackled the Percys nine,
 They'll never mair meddle wi' me.
 Sir Harry wi' nimble brand,
 He prickit my cap ajee,
 But I cloured his head on the strand,
 An' wha daur meddle wi' me?
 Oh, my name is Little Jock Elliot,
 An' wha daur meddle wi' me?

The Cumberland rieviers ken,
 The straik my arm can gie,
 An' warily pass the glen,
 For wha daur meddle wi' me?
 I chased the loons down to Carlisle,
 Jook't the raip on the Hairibee,
 My naig nickert an' cockit his tail,
 But wha daur meddle wi' me?
 Oh, my name is Little Jock Elliot,
 An' wha daur meddle wi' me?

My kinsmen are true, an' brawlie
 At glint o' an enemie,
 Round Parke's auld turrets they rally,
 An' wha daur meddle wi' me?
 Then heigh for the tug an' the tussle,
 Though the cost should be Jethart tree;
 Let the Queen an' her troopers gae whistle,
 Oh, wha daur meddle wi' me?
 Oh, my name is Little Jock Elliot,
 An' wha daur meddle wi' me?

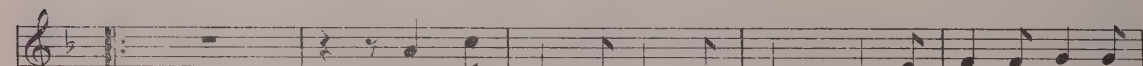
Waitin' on the Glesca' Train.

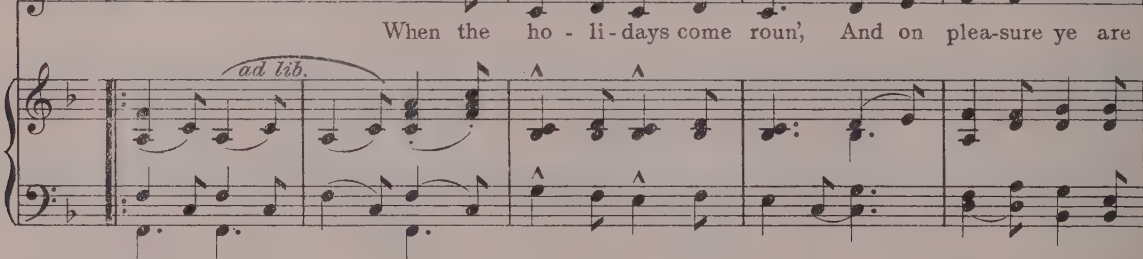
ANDREW LANG.

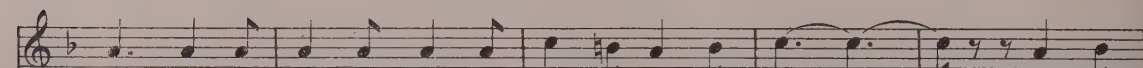
R. T. BOOTHBY.

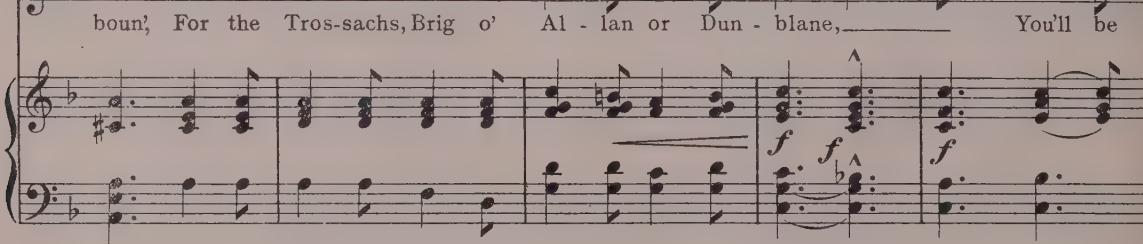
VOICE. 

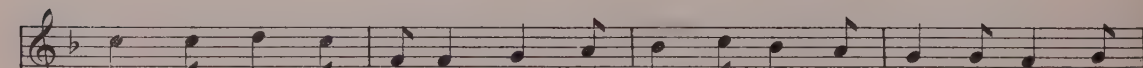
PIANO. 

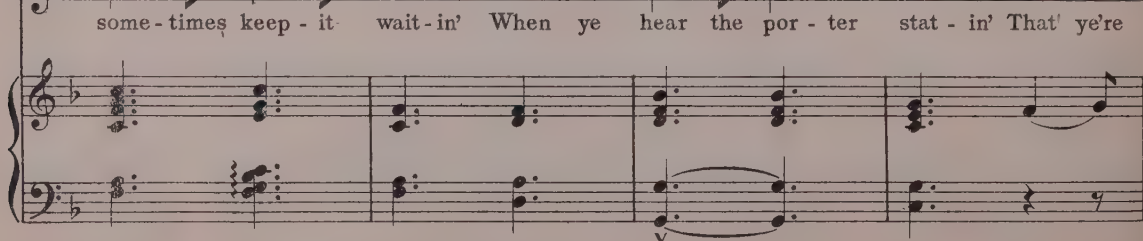

When the ho - li - days come roun', And on plea - sure ye are

ad lib. 


boun', For the Tros - sachs, Brig o' Al - lan or Dun - blane, You'll be




some - times keep - it wait - in' When ye hear the por - ter stat - in' That' ye're



wait - in', Aye, ye're wait - in' on the Gles - ca' train.

CHORUS.

Tak' yer time, tak' yer time, With in - dif - ference sub - lime, You may

watch the peo - ple hur - ry nicht an' main. *piu mosso* Just tak' a seat and

wait, For ye can - na be ower late, When ye're wait - in' on the Gles - ca'

Last time.

train.

Waitin' on the Glesca' Train.

WHEN the holidays come roun',
 And on pleasure ye are boun',
 For the Trossachs, Brig' o' Allan or Dunblane;
 You'll be sometimes keepit waitin',
 When ye hear the porter statin'
 That ye're waitin' on the Glesca' train.
 Tak' yer time—tak' yer time,
 With indifference sublime,
 Ye may watch the people hurry nicht an' main;
 Just tak' a seat an' wait,
 For ye canna be ower late,
 When ye're waitin' on the Glesca' train.

It's attended wi' expense;
 For a lad o' ony sense,
 If it's het or cauld or looks like rain,
 The interval maun fill
 Wi' a mutchkin or a gill,
 When he's waitin' for the Glesca' train.
 Tak' yer time, etc.

There's a frien' o' mine, Mackay,
 Constitutionally dry,
 Thocht that he had just got time to tak' a drain,
 But he somehow lost his way,
 An' he's no' foun' to this day,
 A' wi' waitin' on the Glesca' train.
 Tak' yer time, etc.

I was ettlin' at Kinross,
 Where the trains is kin' o' cross,
 And Bradshaw's no' that easy to explain;
 And what was left o' me
 Was jist coupit at Dundee,
 A' wi' waitin' on the Glesca' train.
 Tak' yer time, etc.

But the ploy has merit whiles,
 For a sonsie lassie's smiles
 Had entrappit aince ma frien' Maclean;
 But Maclean he clean got off it,
 For the lass was lost at Moffat,
 A' wi' waitin' on the Glesca' train.
 Tak' yer time, etc.

There's occasions when I think
 That the interests o' drink
 Is a notion that Derectors entertain;
 And that's maybe why ye're waitin',
 When ye hear the porter statin',
 That ye're waitin' on the Glesca' train.
 Tak' yer time, etc.

To The Old Road we will Hie.

(GABHAIDH SINN AN-RATHAD MOR.)

J. SCOULAR THOMSON.

Arr. by J. BELL, Mus. Doc.

CHORUS.

To the old road we will hie, To the old road we will hie,

He that shall his clan de - ny, With the De - vil let him hie.

VERSE.

We go up the hea - ther ben; We go down the gras - sy glen.

If we meet the Eng - lish - men, We will slit them there and then.

WE go up the heather ben;
We go down the grassy glen.
If we meet the Englishmen,
We will slit them there and then.

What care we for Macintyres?
What care we for Macintyres?
Naught we care for Macintyres;
Naught we care for sons or sires.

Up the mountainside we stride;
Through Glencoe we swiftly glide.
We are on the royal side,
And to victory we ride.

Here's Glengarry and Lochiel,
Trusty Clansmen, brave and leal.
And here's Keppoch, true as steel,
Follow woe, or follow weal.

Clan Macpherson shall come forth,
Bold Mackenzie from the north.
Pity them who cross their path,
When the slogan fires their wrath.

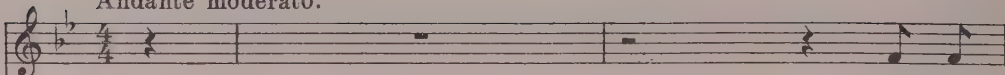
Come with Gregor, fierce in fight;
And the Stuarts, kings by right.
To the Pibroch, day and night,
Wet or weary, we'll step light.

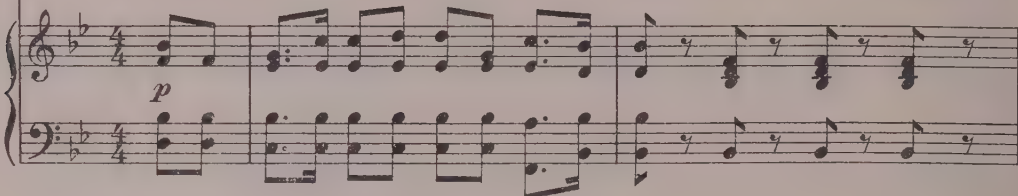
Chorus. To the old road we will hie,
To the old road we will hie,
He that shall his clan deny,
With the Devil let him lie

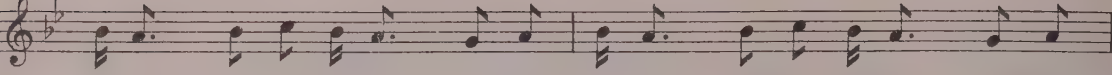
Woman.

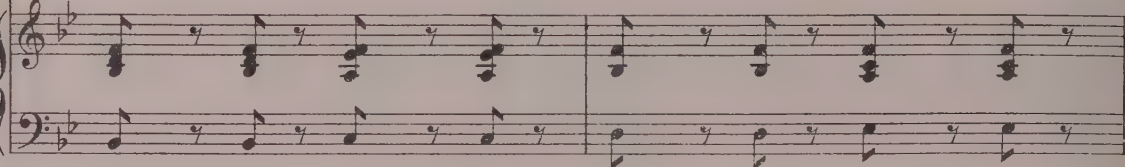
J. A. PARKS.

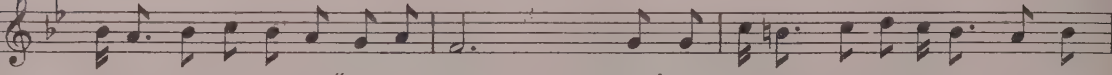
Andante moderato.

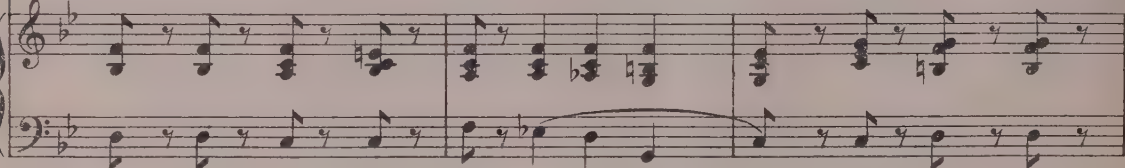
VOICE.  There's the

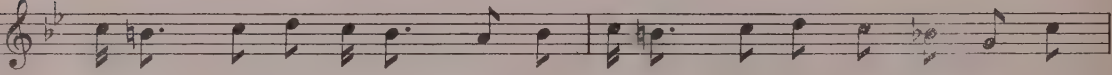
PIANO. 


 wo-man who is wit-ty, and the wo-man who is pret-ty, And the

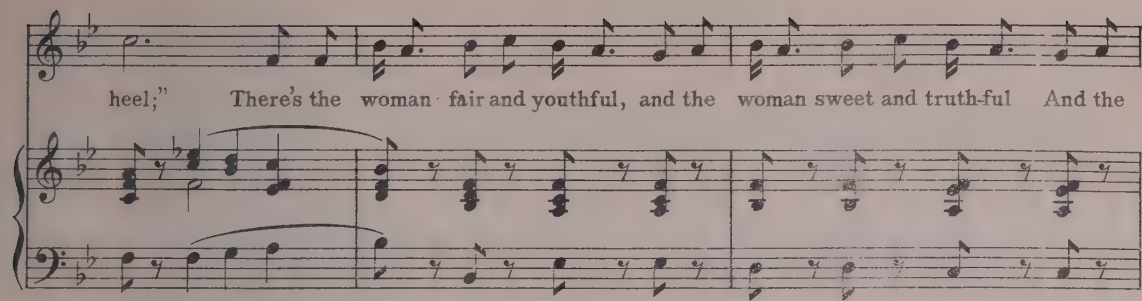


 woman who is al-ways "true as steel;" There's the wo-man fat and shifty, and the

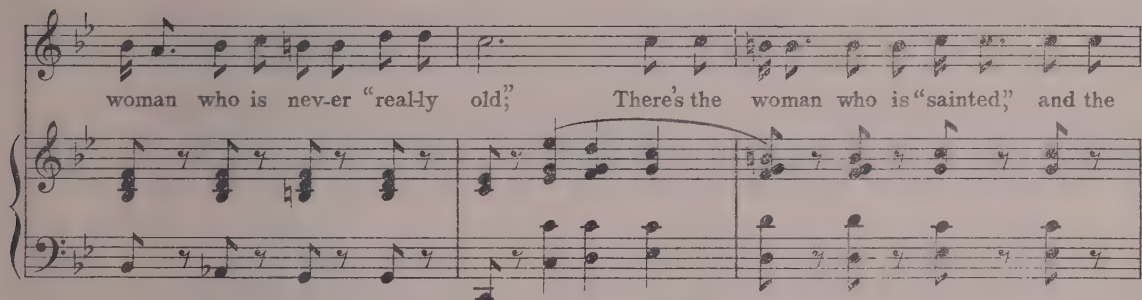


 wo-man slim and thrif-ty, And the wo-man who is "run down at the

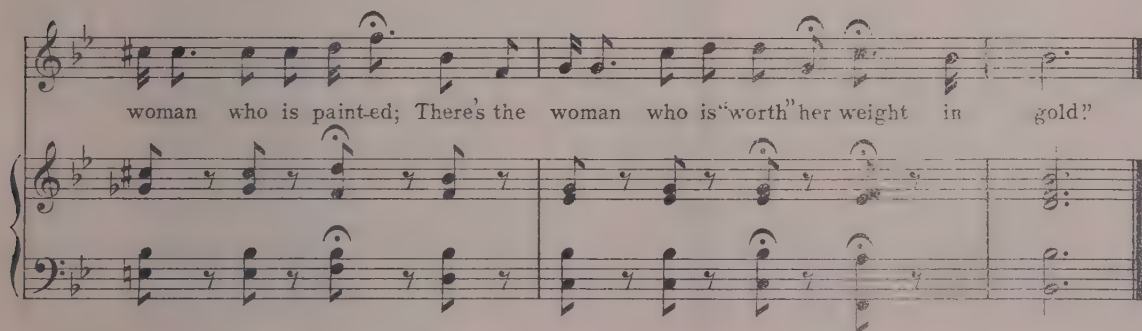




heel;" There's the woman fair and youthful, and the woman sweet and truth-ful And the



woman who is nev-er "really old;" There's the woman who is "sainted," and the



woman who is painted; There's the woman who is "worth" her weight in gold?"

THERE'S the woman who is witty, and the woman who is pretty.

And the woman who is always "true as steel;"

There's the woman fat and shifty, and the woman slim and thrifty,

And the woman who is "run down at the heel?"

There's the woman fair and youthful, and the woman sweet and truthful,

And the woman who is never "really old;"

There's the woman who is "sainted," and the woman who is painted;

There's the woman who is "worth her weight in gold."

There's the woman with her poodle, and the woman with her "booboo;"

And the woman who don't think it's "nice" to dance;

There's the old maid, flannel skirted, and the young maid who has flirted,

And who'd marry if she only had a chance;

There's the woman who is tender, and the woman who is slender,

And the woman who is large and fat and red;

There's the woman who is married, and the woman who has tarried;

There's the woman who don't gossip— but she's dead!

The Story of a Bee.

Words and Music by J. A. PARKS.

SOLO. TUTTI. SOLO.

Tenors. There was a bu-sy lit-tle bee,— But that was all! And

Basses.

TUTTI.

he did buzz right mer-ri - ly,— But that was all! The sun was sink - ing
was sink-ing

SOLO. TUTTI.

in the West, While half in earn - est,— half in jest, The lit-tle bee sat down to rest, But
in earnest, half in jest,

SOLO. TUTTI. SOLO.

that was all! Two lov-ers happen'd on the spot,— But that was all! He

TUTTI. SOLO. TUTTI.

whisper'd, "Sweet, for - get me not!"— And that was all! But when she nestled on his knee, He
SOLO.

SOLO. TUTTI.

groan'd and smil'd so tear-ful - ly, For he was sitting on—the bee, And that was all!
ad lib.

Phyllis.

Transl. by DAVID C. T. MEKIE.

Allegretto.

VOICE. Phyl - lis wait - ing for her lov - er, In - to the gar - den she did creep;

PIANO.

Sat she down be - neath the myrtle - He tar - ried long - she fell a - sleep.

Tral - le - ra - ri, ti - ral - le - ra - la, ti - ral - le - ra - li, ti - ral - le - ra - la.

PHYLLIS waiting for her lover,
 Into the garden she did creep;
 Sat she down beneath the myrtle -
 He tarried long - she fell asleep.
 Trallerari, tirallerala, tirallerari, tirallerala.

Half awakened from her slumber
 By the mother's tender touch,
 Quoth the maiden, "David, dear,
 Why so late? I missed you much."
 Trallerari, etc.

Mother looking for her daughter,
 Into the garden she did peep,
 Slipped along the garden pathway,
 Found the maiden fast asleep.
 Trallerari, etc.

"Little gipsy!" cried the mother,
 "Is this the way your time is spent?
 David dear! You shameless hussy!
 I'll have you to a convent sent."
 Trallerari, etc.

"Mother, dear, dont be so cruel!
 When a girl, you were not sent!
 And, were all lovers treated thus,
 I should like to see the convent."
 Trallerari, etc.

Can ye say "Hooch aye?"

ERNEST LEGH.

ERNEST LEGH.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a series of eighth-note chords and melodic fragments, while the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with quarter notes and rests.

There wis an Eng-lish chiel, wha thoct That he could mak' a Scotch man, He

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The piano part includes a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand.

dyed his hair a burn - in' red, Put on a kilt an' a', man; But

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand.

when he met a Hie - lan' man Wha asked if he wis dry, He

The third line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand.

juist said "Yes, I think I am", When he should hae said, Hooch aye!" Hooch

rit. *a tempo*

The fourth line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand. The tempo markings *rit.* and *a tempo* are present above the staff.

aye! Hooch aye! He should hae said, "Hooch aye!" It's

ea - sy wark tae wear a kilt, But can ye say, "Hooch aye?"

THERE wis an English chiel, wha thoct
 That he could mak' a Scotchman.
 He dyed his hair a burnin' red,
 Put on a kilt, an' a', man;
 But when he met a Hielan' man
 Wha asked if he wis dry,
 He juist said "Yes, I think I am",
 When he should hae said, "Hooch aye!"
 Hooch aye! Hooch aye! He should hae said "Hooch aye!"
 It's easy wark tae wear a kilt,
 But can ye say, "Hooch aye?"

Oor English freen he thoct he'd like
 Tae dance the Hielan' fling, man.
 He said that he could ride a bike
 An' "Auld Lang Syne" could sing, man.
 He flung his airms abune his heid,
 He jumpit gey and high—
 He danced till he was nearly deid,
 But he never said, "Hooch aye!"
 Hooch aye! Hooch aye! He never said, "Hooch aye!"
 It's no a Hielan' fling at a'
 Without a guid "Hooch aye!"

He started aff ae Simmer's morn
 Tae learn the mystic wurd, man;
 Upon a mountain sat forlorn
 An' made himsel' absurd, man.
 He tried the dictionary through
 Frae "Hog" tae "Hook" an' "Hock";
 He stampit, raged and puffed and blew
 Until he thoct he'd chok'.
 Hooch aye! Hooch aye! He couldna say, "Hooch aye!"
 He lived on porridge for a year,
 But he never said, "Hooch aye!"

feh-an, and *Miln-gavie. Wi' my hi hu hon-el, an' my 'hon-el hu hi— She's a

praw lad ta clerk in ta of - fish.

NOO, Rosie she'll be prood, aye, an' Rosie she'll be praw,
 She'll be whiter than the ro-o-ses and redder than the snaw;
 For the praw, praw lad's come and tookit her awa'
 She's a praw lad a clerk in an offish.
 Wi' my hi hu honel an' my honel hu hi,
 Camlachie, Auchtermuchty, Ecclefechan and Milngavie.
 Wi' my hi hu honel an' my honel hu hi—
 She's a praw lad ta clerk in ta offish.

Aye, an' this praw lad was o' shentle parents born,
 Her great gran'faither was head piper tae Lord Shon, Shu'ke o' Lorn;
 An' her nainse's ancestor could play upon the horn—
 She's a praw lad ta clerk in ta offish.
 Wi' my hi hu honel, etc.

Aye an' this praw lad when she was but a pairn,
 She was sent tae the college, her eedication for tae learn;
 An' O, but she could tell hoo many bains were in a herrin'¹—
 She's a praw lad ta clerk in ta offish.
 Wi' my hi hu honel, etc.

Aye an' this praw lad she could tell ye a' forbye,
 Hoo many sousan' mile's Pen Nevis she'll be high,
 An' hoo many million stars will be hung into ta sky—
 She's a praw lad ta clerk in ta offish.
 Wi' my hi hu honel, etc.

Noo, she'll no tak' the mason, nor she'll no tak' the wricht;
 Nor the weaver, for she's just a toosie lookin' sicht;
 But she'll shust hav' the lad that scrapes ta black upon ta white,
 Wi' a sma' puny stick in an offish.
 Wi' my hi hu honel, etc.

Noo, we'll a' be prood o' Rosie, o' Rosie we'll be prood,
 On ta very place at this present moment she'll stood,
 For she's married to the lad that's come o' shentle plood,
 Ta praw lad, ta clerk in an offish.
 Wi' my hi hu honel, etc.

*Pronounced Mulgye.

Sweet Kitty Clover.

KNIGHT.

EDMUND KEAN.

Arr. by ALFRED MOFFAT.

Allegretto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Sweet Kit-ty Clo-ver, she bothers me so, — O, ——— O! ———

Sweet Kit-ty Clo-ver, she bothers me so, O, ——— O, O! ——— Her

face is round, And red, and fat, Like pul - pit cush - ion, Or

red-der than that, O sweet Kit - ty Clo-ver, she bothers me so, O, ———

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "red-der than that, O sweet Kit - ty Clo-ver, she bothers me so, O, ———". The piano accompaniment is in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. It features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

O, ——— O! sweet Kit - ty Clo-ver, she bothers me so, O, ——— O, O! ———

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line lyrics are: "O, ——— O! sweet Kit - ty Clo-ver, she bothers me so, O, ——— O, O! ———". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

SWEET Kitty Clover, she bothers me so, O, O!
 Her face is round,
 And red, and fat,
 Like pulpit cushion,
 Or redder than that,
 O sweet Kitty Clover, she bothers me so, O, O!

Sweet Kitty in person is rather lów, O, O!
 She's three feet tall,
 And that I prize
 As just a fit height
 For a man of my size.
 O sweet Kitty Clover, you bother me so, O, O!

Where Kitty resides I am sure to go, O, O!
 One moonlight night—
 Ah me! what a bliss!
 Through a hole in the window
 I gave her a kiss!
 O sweet Kitty Clover, you bother me so, O, O!

If Kitty to kirk with me would go, O, O!
 I think I should never
 Be wretched again,
 If after the parson
 She'd say "Amen!"
 Then Kitty should ne'er again bother me so, O, O!

Rig-a-Jig.

Presto.

Tenors.

I. As I was walk - ing down the street, Heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh -
 2. Said I to her, "What is your trade?" Heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh -

Basses.

o, heigh-o, A pret - ty girl I chanced to meet, Heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh - o.
 o, heigh-o, Said she to me, I'm a weav - er's maid, Heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh - o.

Rig - a - jig - jig, and a - way we go, a - way we go, a - way we go.

Rig - a - jig - jig, and a - way we go, Heigh - o, heigh-o, heigh - o, heigh -

o, heigh-o, heigh - o, heigh-o, heigh - o, heigh-o, heigh - o, heigh-o.

Rig - a - jig - jig, and a - way we go, Heigh - o, heigh-o, heigh - o.

'Cause I'd nothing else to do.

HERBERT FRY.

J. A. PARKS.

VOICE.

'Twas a pleasant sum-mer morning, Just the day I like t'en-joy; I

PIANO.

woke and looked out early, Wond'ring how my time t'employ; In such fine and splendid weather I don't

care for work, do you? So I went to see my sweetheart, As I'd nothing, nothing else to do.

'TWAS a pleasant summer morning, just the day I like t'enjoy;
 I woke and looked out early, wond'ring how my time t'employ;
 In such fine and splendid weather I don't care for work, do you?
 So I went to see my sweetheart, as I'd nothing, nothing else to do.

Off I started through the meadow, and my heart was blithe and gay;
 Responsive to the song-birds, I kept singing all the way;
 Quite surprised was she to see me come so early there to woo;
 So I said I'd just walked over, 'cause I'd nothing, nothing else to do.

So we rambled forth together down the lane, beneath the trees;
 So gently stirred the shadows of their branches in the breeze;
 And when'er our conversation languished for a word or two,
 Why, of course, I kindly kissed her, 'cause I'd nothing, nothing else to do.

But before the day was over, I somehow made up my mind
 To pop the question to her, if to me her heart inclined;
 So I whispered, "Sweet, my darling, will you have me, yes or no?"
 "Well," said she, "Perhaps I may, dear, when I've nothing, nothing else to do."

My Heart, it is a Beehive.

(DAS BIENENHAUS.)

Transl. by DAVID C. T. MEKIE.

Moderato.

VOICE. *p*
My heart is like a bee - hive; The mai - dens therein are the

PIANO. *p*

bees; They fly in and they fly out, And, oh! they dearly love to

f

mf CHORUS.
tease. So in the chamber of my heart They buzz and sting me, oh! Buzz, buzz, and

buzz and sting; They buzz and sting, oh! buzz and sting; They buzz and sting; They buzz and sting.

MY heart is like a beehive;
The maidens therein are the bees;
They fly in and they fly out,
And, oh! they dearly love to tease.

So in the chamber of my heart
They buzz and sting me, oh!
Buzz, buzz, and buzz and sting;
They buzz and sting, oh! buzz and sting;
They buzz and sting;
They buzz and sting.

They fly out and they fly in,
Those darling little bees that sting,
And yet upon their tender lips
The honey sweet they ever bring.
So in the etc.

There's one I fain would call my Queen,
For her I love above them all.
If she would but return my love,
She'd reign alone — I'd be her thrall.
So in the etc.

The Story of a Tack.

Allegro.

VOICE.

PIANO.

There was a boy; there was a tack; There was a

teach-er new. The tack sat down up - on its head, The

1st & 2nd Verses *Last Verse.*

teacher sat down, A - las! the teacher sat down too. point (of the tack.)

THERE was a boy, there was a tack;
 There was a teacher new.
 The tack sat down upon its head;
 The teacher sat down, Alas! the teacher sat down too.

Then suddenly and with ala-
 -Cricity the teacher rose;
 He leaped up with a piercing cry.
 The air grew chilly; the blood within each trembling youngster froze.

He seized the boy, who trembling stood
 And shook in every joint;
 He meant it for a little joke,
 But the teacher somehow! He somehow failed to see the point.....
 of the tack.

Begone, dull Care!

Allegretto.

Arr. by ALFRED MOFFAT.

PIANO

mf *f*

mf

1. Be - gone, dull care! — I pri - thee be - gone from me! — Be
 2. Too much care — will make a young man turn grey, — And

mf

gone, dull care! you and I shall nev - er a - gree. — Long
 too much care — will turn an old man to clay — My

time hast thou been tarry - ing here, And fain thou would'st me kill, — But i'
 wife shall dance and I will sing, So mer - ri - ly pass the day, — For I

cres. *cres.*

faith, dull care, — Thou nev - er shall have thy way. —
 hold it one of the wis - est things To drive dull care a - way. —

f

Inverary Mary.

NELSON JACKSON.

(N.B. A Scottish Accent is *not absolutely* necessary in singing this song. A mere suggestion now and then will do.)

With Smoothness.

PIANO.

To be sung in the usual "Coon" manner.

There's a girl frae In-ver-a-ry By the name o' Mis-tress Ma-ry An' the

sur-name o' the las-sie is Mc-Gloo. Her

fai-ther he's a mil-ler Wi' an' aw-fu' power o' sil-ler An' I'm

aif-ter her, ma name is Jock Mc - Fou. She's a neb that's brow an' rud-dy, She's a

for - ty year auld cud-dy, But she's boond tae get the mil-ler's sil-ler, see? Tho' she's

Drone.

fat, an' squat. an' stock - y, I'll re - main her faith - fu' Jock - y, For the

Drone.

last chance on the airth she's got is me. Oh! Aye! H'm

With closed lips.

An' she's my In - ver - a - ry Ma - ry An' her i - ther name's Mc - Gloo.

"I may be cra-zy" but I'm boond tae be Her guid mon Jock Mc - Fou.

Some gowks fash their-sels wi' nig-ger las-sies, Ca' them Lu lu Loo, But there's

no' a single yin o' them That's hauf sae weel tae do As In-ver-a-ry Ma-ry Mc-Gloo-oo-oo.

THERE'S a girl frae Inverary
 By the name o' Mistress Mary,
 An' the surname o' the lassie is Mc Gloo.
 Her faither, he's a miller
 Wi' an' awfu' power o' siller,
 An' I'm aifter her: ma name is Jock Mc Fou.
 She's a neb that's braw an' ruddy,
 She's a forty-year-auid cuddy,
 But she's boond tae get the miller's siller, see?
 Tho' she's fat, an' squat, an' stocky,
 I'll remain her faithfu' Jocky,
 For the last chance on the airth she's got is me.

An' she's my Inverary Mary,
 An' her ither name's Mc Gloo.
 "I may be crazy" but I'm boond tae be
 Her guidmon Jock Mc Fou.
 Some gowks fash theirsels wi' nigger lassies,
 Ca' them Lu lu—loo,
 But there's no' a single yin o' them
 That's hauf sae weel tae do,
 As Inverary Mary Mc Gloo.

Noo her lugs are like twa platters,
 No' that *that* sae muckle matters,
 An' her "neck is no' a wee bit like the swan."
 She is no' like Annie Laurie—
 An' her face wad mak ye sorry—
 For it's no' "the fairest ere the sun shone on."
 Then her faither plays the fiddle,—
 Puir, foolish twiddle-diddle,
 An' he thinks he's playin' Strathspeys, but he's not.
 Mary sings— *It's worse than murder.*
 But I'll wed her— though I've heard her,—
No' for what she is, but just for what she's got.

For she's my Inverary Mary,
 An' her ither name's Mc Gloo.
 I'm no' just crazy—don't ye think it—
 For I ken weel what tae do.
 Some gowks fash theirsels wi' nigger lassies,
 Ca' them Lu lu—loo,
 But the girl wi' lots o' siller
 Is the girl for me to woo,
 That's Inverary Mary Mc Gloo.

Address to the Woodlark.

ROBERT BURNS.

J. SEYMOUR HALLEY.

Moderato.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in a G major key signature. The left hand plays a simple accompaniment of quarter notes and rests.

1. O stay, sweet warb - ling wood - lark, stay, Nor
 2. Say, was thy lit - tle mate un - kind, And

The vocal line begins with a half rest, followed by a series of quarter notes. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the introduction.

quit for me the - tremb - ling spray, A hap - less lov - er
 heard thee as the care - less wind? Oh, nocht but love and

The vocal line continues with quarter notes and a half note. The piano accompaniment remains consistent.

courts thy lay, Thy sooth - ing, fond com - plain - ing. A -
 sor - row join'd, Sic notes o' woe would wau - ken! Thou

The vocal line concludes with a half note and a quarter note. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

gain, a - gain that ten - der part, That
tells o' nev - er - end - ing care; O'

I may catch thy melt - ing art; For sure - ly that wad
speech - less grief and dark des - pair: For pi - ty's sake, sweet

touch her heart Wha kills me wi' dis - dain - ing.
bird, nae mair! Or my poor heart is bro - ken.

On the Mountain high.

G. F. ROOT.

G. F. ROOT.

Allegretto.

SOLO OR SEMI-CHORUS.

On the moun - tain high he's roam ing, In the bright and glo - rious
 When the shades of eve are fall - ing, And the mel - low horn is

CHORUS.

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

morn - ing; To the cham - ois fleet give warn - ing, For my
 call - ing, Then my hun - ter, home re - turn - ing, Glad - ly

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

hun - ter's brave and true.) La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
 joins our mer - ry lay.)

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

Silver threads among the Gold.

E. E. REXFORD.

H. P. DANKS.

Andante cantabile.

PIANO.

The piano introduction for the first system consists of two staves. The right hand (treble clef) begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4. The left hand (bass clef) plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment of G3, A3, B3, and C4.

Dar - ling I am grow-ing old, _____ Sil - ver threads a-mong the

The first system of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line (treble clef) starts with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) continues the eighth-note accompaniment from the introduction.

gold, Shine up - on my brow to - day; _____

The second system of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line (treble clef) starts with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) continues the eighth-note accompaniment from the introduction.

Life is fad-ing fast a - way; _____ But my dar-ling, you will

The third system of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line (treble clef) starts with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) continues the eighth-note accompaniment from the introduction.

be, will be— Al - ways young and fair to me,—

rall.

Yes! my dar-ling, you will be _____ Al - ways young and fair to me.

rall.

rall.

DARLING I am growing old,
 Silver threads among the gold,
 Shine upon my brow to-day;
 Life is fading fast away;
 But my darling, you will be, will be—
 Always young and fair to me, +
 Yes! my darling, you will be
 Always young and fair to me.

When your hair is silver white,
 And your cheeks no longer bright,
 With the roses of the May;
 I will kiss your lips and say—
 Oh! my darling, mine alone, alone—
 You have never older grown—
 Yes my darling, mine alone
 You have never older grown!

Love can never more grow old,
 Locks may lose their brown and gold;
 Cheeks may fade and hollow grow;
 But the hearts that love will know
 Never, never winter's frost and chill:
 Summer warmth is in them still—
 Never winter's frost and chill,
 Summer warmth is in them still.

Neaf de deah ol' Southern pines.

Words and Music by LEROY RUNYAN.

Moderato.

Tenor Solo.

I am think-in' all de day Ob de lan' so far a-way, 'Tis de
O de gen-tle south-ern breeze Makes sweet mu-sic in de trees, As it
Dar's a lit-tle church-yard dere, Look-in' peace-ful, calm an' fair, An' ol'

Tenors.

Basses.

Hum

place whar I was bo'n long years a-go; — An' if I could on-ly fly, From dis
comes up from de gulf not far a-way; — An' de rob-ins in de spring, Round de
Mas-sa went to res' dar, long a-go; — An' ol' Miss-us, too, has foun' Peace be-

Hum

lan' ob cold, grey sky, I would soon be whar sweetscent-ed breez-es blow. Dar de
ber-ry patch-es sing, An' de dark-ies all am hap-py, light an' gay. But I
neaf dat sa-cred groun', Whar de sweet mag-no-lia blossoms eb-er blow. An' dis

Hum

sun am shin-in' bright, Sheddin' rays ob warmth an' light, An' de mock-in' bird am sing-in' ber-ry
now am far a-way, While de pic-ca-nin-nies play Roun' de door all covered o'er with bloomin'
darkey's heart will break, If his way he can-not take To dat hap-py place beyond de Dix-ie

Hum

Hum

fine; — An' some-times I seems to see My ol' mam-my beck-on me To de
 vines; — An' my spir - it, fan - cy free, Quickly takes its flight, to be In de
 line, — An', when all his work is done, Wait de ^{et - tin'} ob de sun In de

rit.

Hum —

To de
 In de
 In de
rit.

Refrain.

cab-in neaf de deah ol' Southern pines, — To de cab-in neaf de deah ol' South-ern
 cab-in neaf de deah ol' Southern pines, — In de cab-in neaf de deah ol' South-ern
 cab-in neaf de deah ol' South-ern pines, — In de cab-in neaf de deah ol' South-ern

cab-in neaf de deah ol' South-ern pines, — To de cab-in neaf de deah ol' South-ern
 cab-in neaf de deah ol' South-ern pines, — In de cab-in neaf de deah ol' South-ern
 cab-in neaf de deah ol' South-ern pines, — In de cab-in neaf de deah ol' South-ern

pine, — To de }
 pine, — In de } cab-in neaf de deah ol' Southern pine; — It is
 pine, — In de }

pine, de deah ol' pine, To de }
 pine, de deah ol' pine, In de } cab-in neaf de deah ol' South-ern pine, de deah ol' pine; It is
 pine, de deah ol' pine, In de }

pine

dar I long to go, From dis lan' ob cold an' snow, To de cab-in neaf de deah ol' Southern pine.

dar I long to go, From dis lan' ob cold an' snow, To de cab-in neaf de deah ol' Southern pine.

Sugar Cane Dance.

A. J. FOXWELL.

ANNUNCIATA SABINI.

Adagio. $\text{♩} = 86.$

PIANO.

Moderato.

mf

O mer-ry is the time in A-la-ba-ma, When the sun-ny day of work is done,

When we hear the fiddle and the ban-jo Fill - ing the air with fun!

Safe - ly su-gar canes are cut and carried in, So shall dance and song, Speed the hours along,

While with nim - ble feet in circles swift we spin, 'Mid a loud and laughing throng. O

mer-ry is the time in A-la-ba-ma, When the sun-ny day of work is done,

When we hear the fid-dle and the ban-jo Fill-ing the air with

fun. Let the cool-ing night-breeze blow,

p e dolce

'Twill but make us fresh and gay; Though we lose the

sun-set glow, Star-ry light will end the day.

mf

So up and down the mid-dle still we ca-per, Or twirl about in never ceas-ing glee, For

mf

cres.

danc-ing can-not tire us day or night, Rather will it fire us with de-light,

cres.

Rather will it fire us with de-light. Let the cool-ing night-breeze blow,

f *p*

ff *p*

'Twill but make us fresh and gay; Though we lose the

p

sun-set glow, Star-ry light will end the day.

mf

O mer-ry is the time in A-la-ba-ma, When the sun-ny

day of work is done, When we hear the fid-dle and the ban-jo

f

Fill - ing the air with fun! Yes, mer-ry is the time in A-la-ba-ma,

When the sun-ny day of work is done, When we hear the fid-dle and the

cres.


ban-jo Fill - ing the air with fun.


cres. *ff*

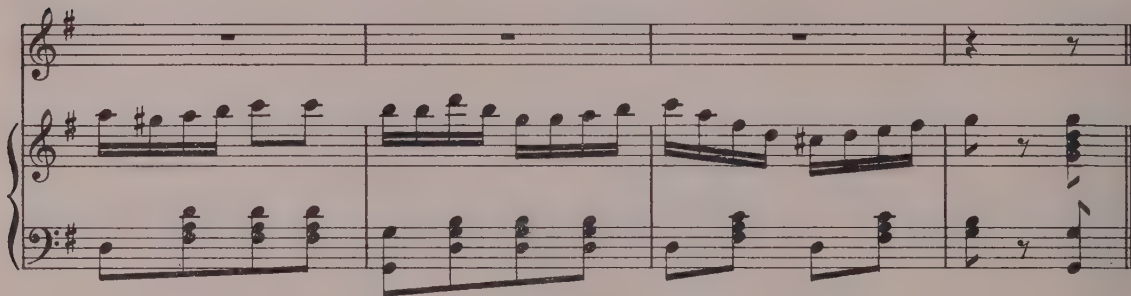
Dar's one more Ribber for to cross.

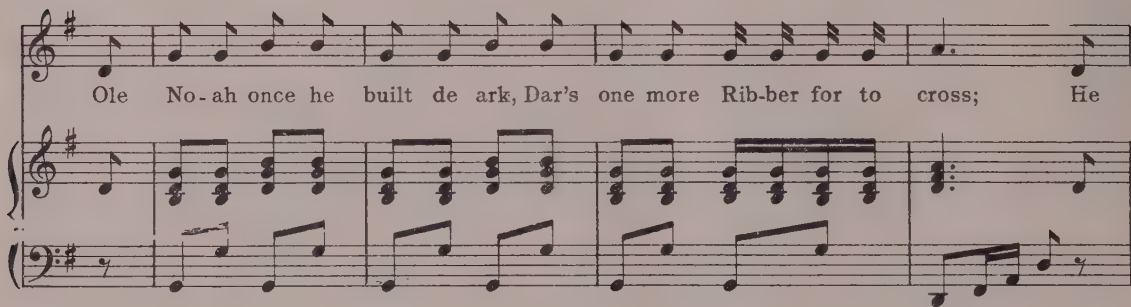
JAMES HOSEY.

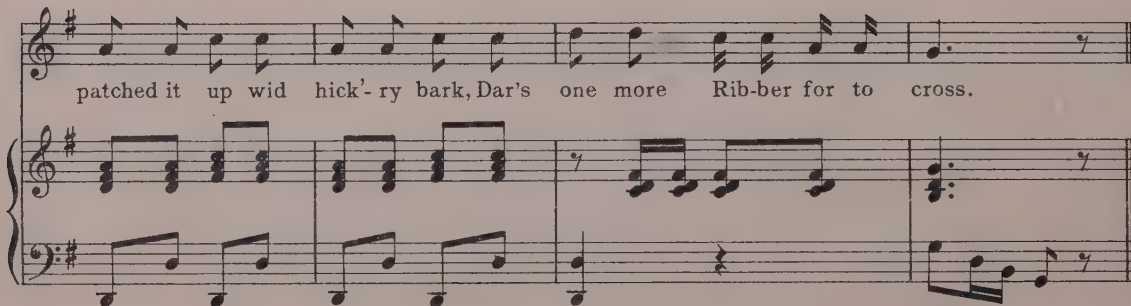
THOS. P. WESTENDORF.

VOICE. 

PIANO. 



Ole No-ah once he built de ark, Dar's one more Rib-ber for to cross; He 

patched it up wid hick'-ry bark, Dar's one more Rib-ber for to cross. 

Dar's one more Ribber for to cross.

OLE Noah once he built de ark,
 Dar's one more Ribber for to cross,
 And patched it up wid hick'ry bark,
 Dar's one more Ribber for to cross.
 One more Ribber,
 And dat ole Ribber am Jordan,
 Dar's one more Ribber,
 Dar's one more Ribber for to cross.

He went to work to load his stock,
 Dar's one more Ribber for to cross,
 He anchored de ark wid a great big rock,
 Dar's one more Ribber for to cross.
 One more Ribber, etc.

De animals went in one by one,
 Dar's one more Ribber for to cross,
 De Elephant chewin' a carraway bun,
 Dar's one more Ribber for to cross.
 One more Ribber, etc.

De animals went in two by two,
 Dar's one more Ribber for to cross,
 De Rhinosceras and de Kangaroo,
 Dar's one more Ribber for to cross.
 One more Ribber, etc.

De animals went in three by three,
 Dar's one more Ribber for to cross,
 De Bear, de Bug, and Bumble-Bee,
 Dar's one more Ribber for to cross.
 One more Ribber, etc.

De animals went in four by four,
 Dar's one more Ribber for to cross,
 Ole Noah got mad and hollered for more,
 Dar's one more Ribber for to cross.
 One more Ribber, etc.

De animals went in five by five,
 Dar's one more Ribber for to cross,
 Wid Saratoga trunks did they arrive,
 Dar's one more Ribber for to cross.
 One more Ribber, etc.

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.
 One more Ribber, etc.

De animals went in seven by seven,
 Dar's one more Ribber for to cross,
 Says de Ant to de Elephant who are you a shoving,
 Dar's one more Ribber for to cross.
 One more Ribber,
 And dat ole Ribber am Jordan,
 Dar's one more Ribber,
 Dar's one more Ribber for to cross.

De animals went in eight by eight,
 Dar's one more Ribber for to cross,
 Dey come wid a rush cause 'twas so late,
 Dar's one more Ribber for to cross.
 One more Ribber, etc.

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.
 One more Ribber, etc.

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.
 One more Ribber, etc.

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.
 One more Ribber, etc.

Dey nebber knowed whar 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.
 One more Ribber, etc.

De ole Ark landed high and dry,
 Dar's one more Ribber for to cross,
 De Baboon kissed the Cow good-bye,
 Dar's one more Ribber for to cross.
 One more Ribber, etc.

Now please just look out for de text,
 Dar's one more Ribber for to cross,
 To be continued in our next,
 Dar's one more Ribber for to cross.
 One more Ribber, etc.

CHORUS.

SOPRANO.

One more Rib - ber, And dat ole Rib-ber am Jor - dan, Dar's

ALTO.

One more Rib - ber, And dat ole Rib-ber am Jor - dan, Dar's

TENOR.

One more Rib - ber, And dat ole Rib-ber am Jor - dan, Dar's

BASS.

One more Rib - ber, And dat ole Rib-ber am Jor - dan, Dar's

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

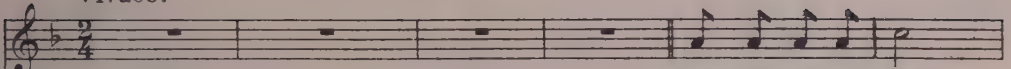
one more Rib - ber, Dar's one more Rib-ber for to cross.

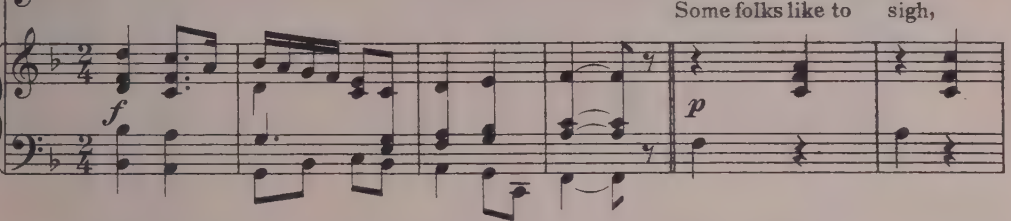
one more Rib - ber, Dar's one more Rib-ber for to cross.

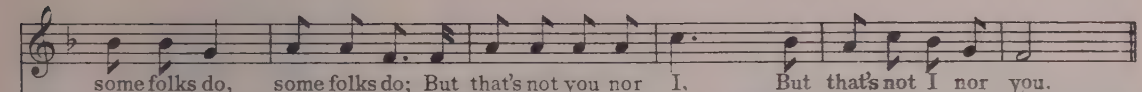
one more Rib - ber, Dar's one more Rib-ber for to cross.

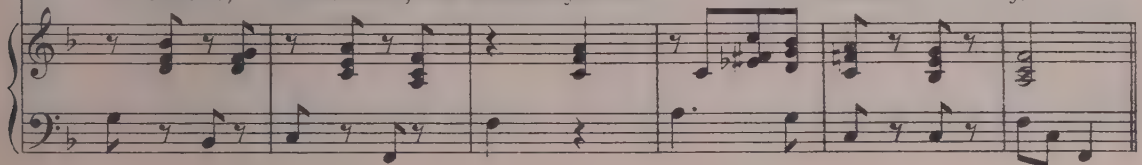
Some Folks like to sigh.


Vivace.

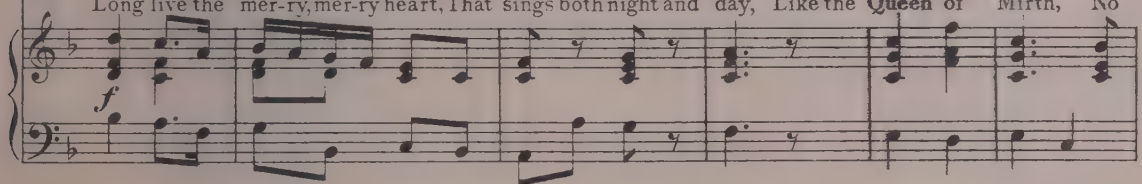
VOICE. 

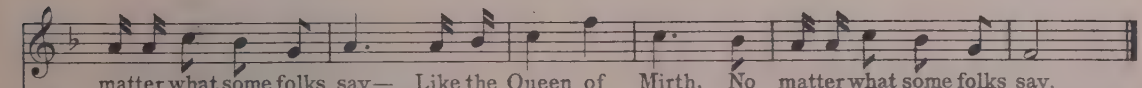
PIANO. 

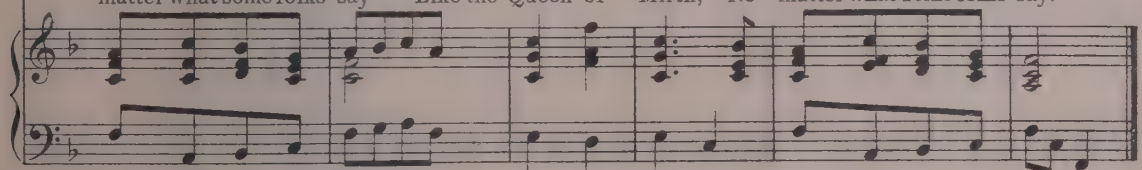




CHORUS. 







SOME folks like to sigh, some folks do, some folks do;
But that's not you nor I, but that's not I nor you.

Long live the merry, merry heart,
That sings both night and day,
Like the Queen of Mirth,
No matter what some folks say.

Some folks fret and scold, some folks do, some folks do;
Soon they'll be sour and old, but that's not I nor you.

Long live the merry, etc.

Some folks get grey hairs, some folks do, some folks do;
Brooding o'er their cares, but that's not I nor you.

Long live the merry, etc.

Some folks toil and save, some folks do, some folks do;
To buy nought but a grave, but that's not I nor you.

Long live the merry, etc.

Massa dear.

FREDERICK MANLEY.

ARTHUR JOHNSON.

Adagio.

PIANO.

The piano introduction for the first system consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and eighth notes in a descending pattern, while the left hand provides a steady bass line with quarter notes and half notes. The tempo is marked 'Adagio' and the dynamics are 'piano'.

1. Mas - sa dear, mas - sa dear, O look down a - while, Winds am still, heav'n am clear,
 2. There's no songs from the corn, And the nights are sad; Ban - jo strings dumb and torn

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line continues with the same melodic and harmonic patterns as the introduction, supporting the vocal melody.

You can hear dis chile. All the home folks is gone, And I'm lone - some here;
 That were once so glad, When some old neigh - bour's tune On the winds was borne;

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line continues, maintaining the 'Adagio' tempo and 'piano' dynamics.

Work is o - ver and done, Take me, mas - sa dear, Take me home, for the light
 And the clear, shin - ing moon Made the night the dawn, Take me home, joy and light

The piano accompaniment for the third vocal line continues, with dynamic markings of *f* and *p* appearing in the right hand.

Went a - way with you; Call me home from the night, As you used to do, As you used to do.

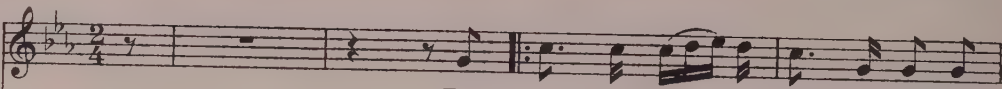
The piano accompaniment for the final vocal line concludes with dynamic markings of *f*, *p*, and *pp molto ritard.* in the right hand.

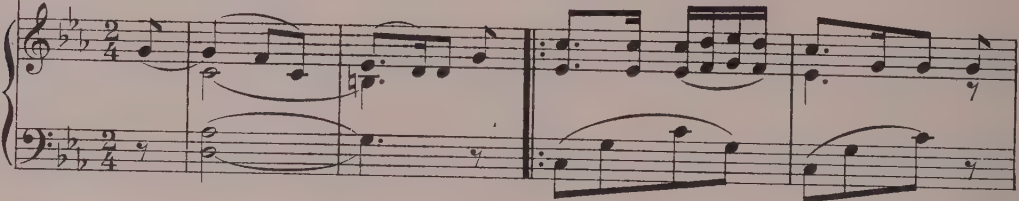
SONGS OF SPORT.

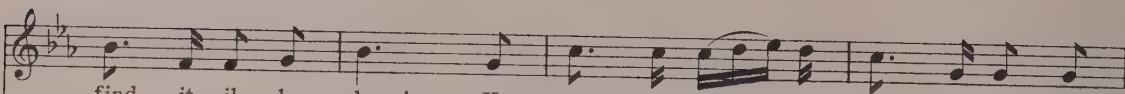
A Song of Life and Golf.

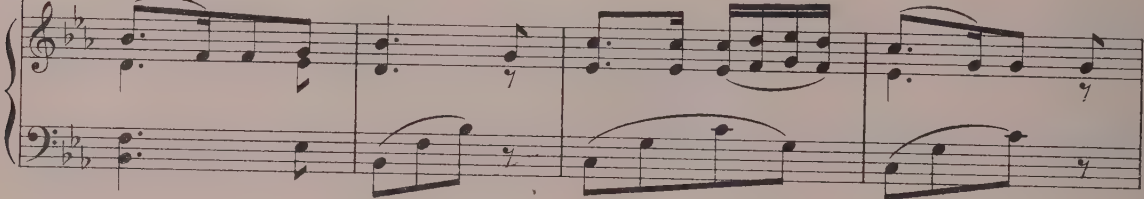
ANDREW LANG.

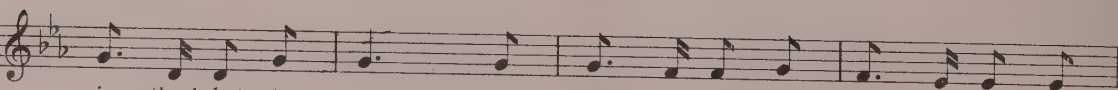
JOHN FARMER.

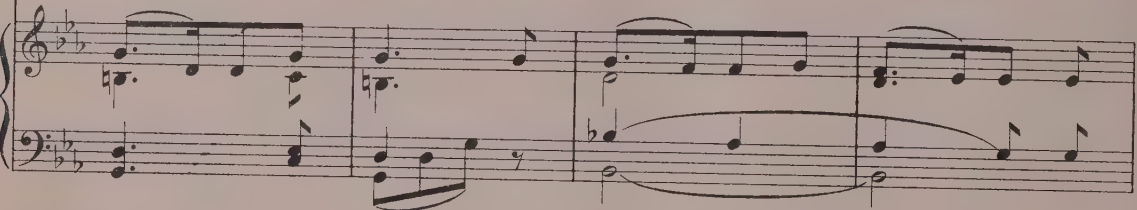
VOICE.  The thing they ca' the sti - my o't, I

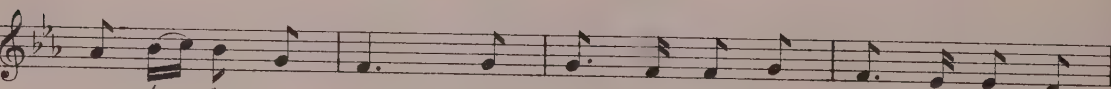
PIANO. 

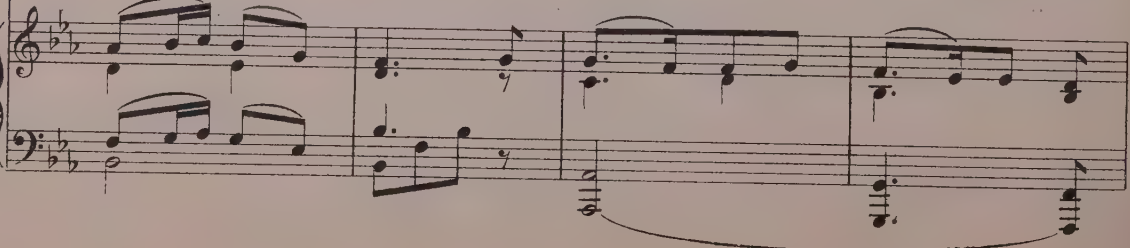
 find it il - ka where! Ye 'maist lie deid— an un - co shot— An -



 i - ther's ba' is there! Ye can - na win in - to the hole How -



 ev - ér gleg ye be, And aye wher - e'er ma ba' may roll Some



May be sung in Chorus.

lim - mer sti - mies me. Some - bo - dy stimy - ing me, Some - bo - dy

stimy - ing me, The grass may grow, the ba' may row, Some lim - mer sti - mies me, Some

lim - mer sti - mies, sti - mies me.

Last verse.

2. I
3. I sti - mies me.
4. It's

THE thing they ca' the stimy o't,
I find it ilka where!
Ye 'maist lie deid—an unco shot—
Anither's ba' is there!
Ye canna win into the hole
However gleg ye be
And aye where'er ma ba' may roll
Some limmer stimies me.
Some-body stimyng me,
Some-body stimyng me,
The grass may grow,
The ba' may row,
Some limmer stimies me,
Some limmer stimies, stimies me.

I lo'ed a lass, a bonnie lass,
Her lips an' locks were reid;
Intil her heart I couldna pass:
Anither man lay deid!
He cam' atween me an' her heart,
I turned wi' tearfu' e'e.
I couldna loft him; I maun part,
The limmer stimied me.
Some body, etc.

I socht a kirk, a bonnie kirk,
Wi' teind an' glebe, an' a';
A bonnie yaird to feed a stirk,
An' links to ca' a ba'!
Anither lad he cam' an' fleeched,
A convertit U. P.,
An' a' in vain my best I preached,
That limmer stimied me.
Some-body stimyng me,
Some-body stimyng me,
The grass may grow,
The ba' may row
Some limmer stimies me,
Some limmer stimies, stimies me.

It's aye the same in life an' gowf,
I'm stimied, late an' ear'!
This world is but a weary howf,
I'd fain be ither where;
But when auld Death wud hole ma corp,
As sure as Death ye'll see
Some coof has played the moudie warp,
Rin in, an' stimied me!
Some body, etc.

*Forty Years On.

EDWARD E. BOWEN.

Harrow Football Song.

JOHN FARMER.

Not too slowly.

VOICE. *p*
 For-ty years on, when a - far and a - sun - der Part - ed are those who are

PIANO. *p*

sing - ing to - day, When you look back and for - get - ful - ly won - der

What you were like in your work and your play — Then it may be there will of - ten come o'er you

p

Glimp - ses of notes, like the catch of a song: Vi - sions of boy - hood shall

float them be - fore you, E - choes of dream - land shall bear them a - long. Fol - low

CHORUS. *Quicker.*
molto cres -

* By kind permission of Messrs Cassell & Co., Ltd. + May be sung in the Key of E \flat or F.

up! Fol-low up! Fol-low up! Fol-low up! Fol-low up! Till the field ring a-gain and a -

cen - - - do

gain With the tramp of the twen-ty two men— Fol - low up! Fol - low up!

SOLO. CHORUS.

f *ff*

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a song. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with the lyrics 'up! Fol-low up! Fol-low up! Fol-low up! Fol-low up!' and ends with 'Till the field ring a-gain and a -'. The piano accompaniment has the lyrics 'cen - - - do' under the first few notes. The second system also has a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with 'gain With the tramp of the twen-ty two men—' and ends with 'Fol - low up! Fol - low up!'. The piano accompaniment has 'ff' under the notes. Above the second system, 'SOLO.' is written above the first measure and 'CHORUS.' is written above the last measure. Dynamics *f* and *ff* are indicated.

FORTY years on, when afar and asunder
 Parted are those who are singing to-day,
 When you look back and forgetfully wonder
 What you were like in your work and your play—
 Then it may be there will often come o'er you
 Glimpses of notes, like the catch of a song:
 Visions of boyhood shall float them before you,
 Echoes of dreamland shall bear them along.

Follow up! Follow up! Follow up!
 Till the field ring again and again
 With the tramp of the twenty-two men—
 Follow up! Follow up!

Routs and discomfitures, rushes and rallies,
 Bases attempted, and rescued, and won,
 Strife without anger, and art without malice—
 How will it seem to you, forty years on?
 Then, you will say, not a feverish minute
 Strained the weak heart and the wavering knee,
 Never the battle raged hottest, but in it,
 Neither the last nor the faintest, were we!

Follow up! etc.

O the great days, in the distance enchanted,
 Days of fresh air, in the rain and the sun,
 How we rejoiced as we struggled and panted—
 Hardly believable, forty years on!
 How we discoursed of them, one with another,
 Auguring triumph, or balancing fate,
 Loved the ally with the heart of a brother,
 Hated the foe with a playing at hate!

Follow up! Follow up! Follow up!
 Till the field ring again and again
 With the tramp of the twenty-two men—
 Follow up! Follow up!

Forty years on, growing older and older,
 Shorter in wind, as in memory long,
 Feeble of foot, and rheumatic of shoulder,
 What will it help you that once you were strong?
 God give us bases to guard or beleaguer,
 Games to play out, whether earnest or fun;
 Fights for the fearless, and goals for the eager,
 Twenty, and thirty, and forty years on!

Follow up! etc.

* Willow the King.

Harrow Cricket Song.

To the Hon. R. GRIMSTON and the Hon. F. PONSONBY,
 than whom, even among Harrovians, King Willow has no more loyal Friends,
 this humble Song is dedicated.

EDWARD E. BOWEN.

JOHN FARMER.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 6/8 time. The right hand features a melody of eighth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

Wil-low the King is a mon - arch grand; Three in a row his cour - tiers stand:

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the grand staff. The lyrics are: "Wil-low the King is a mon - arch grand; Three in a row his cour - tiers stand:"

E - ve - ry day when the sun shines bright The doors of his pal - ace are paint - ed white, And

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "E - ve - ry day when the sun shines bright The doors of his pal - ace are paint - ed white, And"

all the com - pa - ny bow their backs To the King, with his col - lar of cob - bler's wax.

The third line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "all the com - pa - ny bow their backs To the King, with his col - lar of cob - bler's wax."

So ho! so ho! may the cour - tiers sing— Hon - our and life to Wil - low the King!

Repeat in Chorus.

The chorus consists of two staves. The vocal melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the grand staff. The lyrics are: "So ho! so ho! may the cour - tiers sing— Hon - our and life to Wil - low the King!" The section is marked "Repeat in Chorus."

Willow the King.

WILLOW the King is a monarch grand;
 Three in a row his courtiers stand;
 Every day when the sun shines bright,
 The doors of his palace are painted white,
 And all the company bow their backs
 To the King with the collar of cobbler's wax.
 So ho! so ho! may the courtiers sing,
 Honour and life to Willow the King!

Willow, King Willow, thy guard hold tight;
 Trouble is coming before the night;
 Hopping and galloping, short and strong,
 Comes the Leathery Duke along;
 And down the palaces tumble fast
 When once the Leathery Duke gets past.
 So ho! etc.

"Who is this," King Willow he swore,
 "Hops like that to a gentleman's door?"
 "Who's afraid of a Duke like him?"
 "Fiddlededee!" says the monarch slim:
 "What do you say, my courtiers three?"
 And the courtiers all said "Fiddlededee!"
 So ho! etc.

Willow the King stepped forward bold
 Three good feet from his castle hold;
 Willow the King stepped back so light,
 Skirmished gay to the left and right:
 But the Duke rushed by with a leap and a fling.
 "Bless my soul!" says Willow the King.
 So ho! etc.

Crash the palaces, sad to see;
 Crash and tumble the courtiers three!
 Each one lays, in his fear and dread,
 Down on the grass his respected head;
 Each one kicks, as he downward goes,
 Up in the air his respected toes.
 So ho! etc.

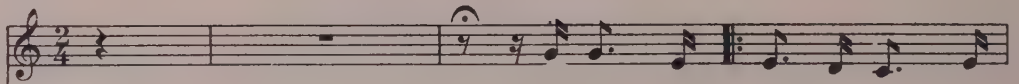
But the Leathery Duke he jumped so high,
 Jumped till he almost touched the sky;
 "A fig for King Willow," he boasting said,
 "Carry this gentleman off to bed!"
 So they carried him off with the courtiers three,
 And put him to bed in a green baize tree.
 So ho! etc.

"What of the Duke?" you ask anon,
 "Where has his Leathery Highness gone?"
 O he is filled with air inside—
 Either it's air, or else it's pride—
 And he swells and swells as tight as a drum,
 And they kick him about till Christmas come.
 So ho! ho! ho! may his courtiers sing,
 Honour and life to Willow the King!


The Channel Stane.

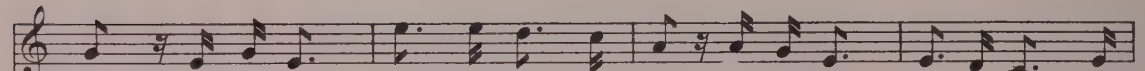
JAMES HOGG.

Air:—"Highland Harry."

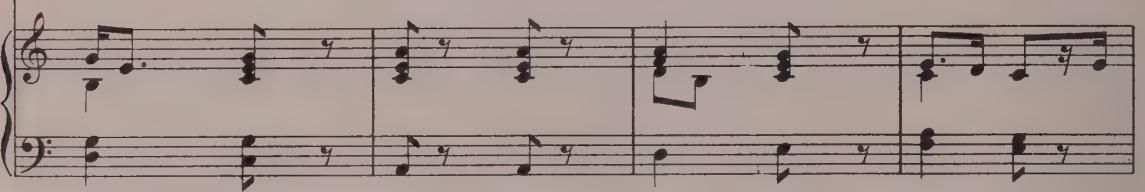
VOICE. 

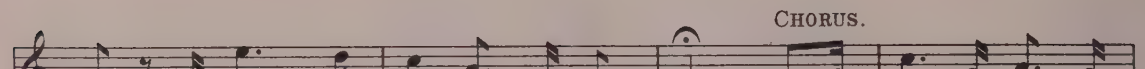
Or a' the games that e'er I

PIANO. 




saw, Man, cal-lant, lad - die, bir - kie, wean, the dearest, far a-boon them

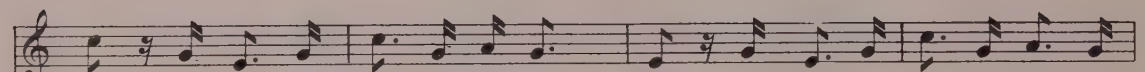





a', Was aye the witch-ing chan-nel stane. Oh, for the chan - nel

CHORUS.





stane, The fell good game the chan-nel stane. There's no' a game that e'er I



Last verse.

saw, Can match auld Scot-land's channel stane. 2. I've been at stane.

OF a' the games that e'er I saw,
 Man, callant, laddie, birkie, wean,
 The dearest, far aboon them a',
 Was aye the witching channel stane.
 Oh, for the channel stane,
 The fell good game the channel stane.
 There's no' a game that e'er I saw,
 Can match auld Scotland's channel stane.

I've been at bridals uncò glad,
 Wi' courting lasses wondrous fain,
 But what is a' the fun I've had,
 Compare it wi' the channel stane?
 Oh, for the, etc.

I've played at quoiting in my day,
 And may be I may do't again,
 But still unto myself I'd say,
 This is no' the channel stane.
 Oh, for the, etc.

Were I a sprite in yonder sky,
 Never to come back again,
 I'd sweep the moon and starlets by,
 And beat them at the channel stane.
 Oh, for the, etc.

We'd boom across the milky way,
 One tee should be the Northern Wain,
 Another, bright Orion's ray,
 A comet for a channel stane.
 Oh, for the, etc.

*Stags in the Forest lie.

(From the Balliol Song Book.)

R. E. EGERTON-WARBURTON.

JOHN FARMER.

CHORUS IN UNISON.

Allegro vivace.

VOICE. *p*

Stags in the for - est lie, hares in the val - ley, O!

PIANO. *p*

Web - foot - ed ot - ters are speard in the lochs; Beasts of the chase that are

not worth a Tal - ly - ho! All are sur-pass'd by the gorse co-ver'd fox.

pp

Fish - ing, though plea - sant, I sing not at pre - sent; Nor

pp *cres.*

shoot - ing the phea-sant; Nor fight - ing of cocks! Song shall de-clare a way

How to drive care a - way, Pain and des-pair a - way, Hunt - ing the fox!

STAGS in the forest lie, hares in the valley-o!
 Web-footed otters are speared in the lochs;
 Beasts of the chase that are not worth a Tally-ho,
 All are surpassed by the gorse-cover fox!
 Fishing, though pleasant,
 I sing not at present,
 Nor shooting the pheasant,
 Nor fighting of cocks;
 Song shall declare a way
 How to drive care away,
 Pain and despair away,
 Hunting the fox!

Bulls in gay Seville are led forth to slaughter, nor
 Dames, in high rapture, the spectacle shocks;
 Brighter in Britain the charms of each daughter, nor
 Dreads the bright charmer to follow the fox.
 Spain may delight in
 A sport so exciting;
 Whilst 'stead of bull-fighting
 We fatten the ox;
 Song shall declare a way, etc.

England's green pastures are grazed in security,
 Thanks to the Saxon who cared for our flocks!
 He who reserving the sport of futurity,
 Sweeping our wolves away left us the fox.
 When joviality
 Chases formality,
 When hospitality
 Cellars unlocks;
 Song shall declare a way, etc.

Bowling Song.

Words by the late JAMES P. BEVERIDGE. Kingskettle.

Air:—"Nellie Gray."

PIANO.

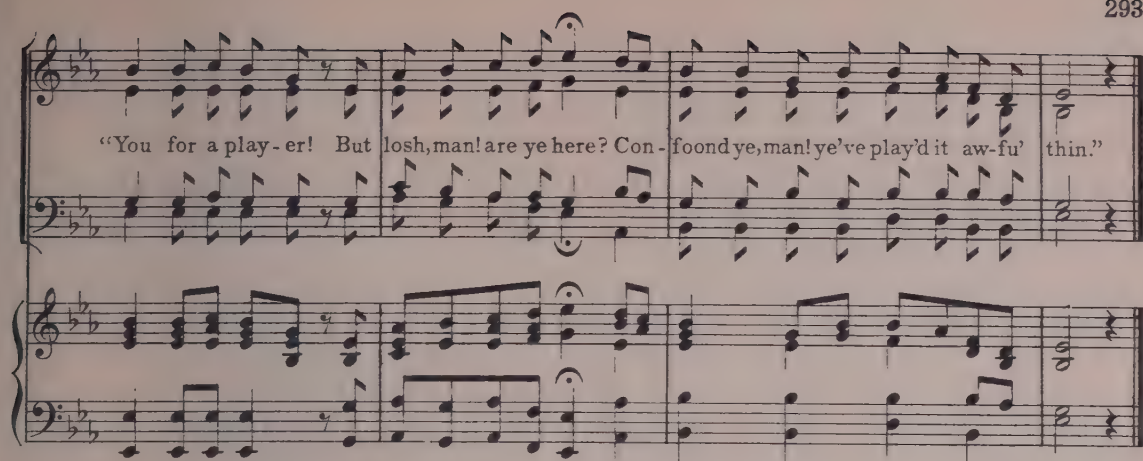
Oh, the fun we hae at Bow-lin' I wad like ye a' to ken, It's the

game to wile the sim-mer nights a - wa'; An' we'll a' be un-co hap-py when the

sea-son comes a - gain, When we'll play a rin-nin' shot or cautious draw.

CHORUS.

It's "Draw roond here," or "Lay ane there!" Or "Juist come can-ni-ly, can-ni-ly cur-lin' in;"



“You for a play-er! But losh, man! are ye here? Con-foond ye, man! ye've play'd it aw-fu' thin.”

OH, the fun we hae at Bowlin' I wad like ye a' to ken,
 It's the game to wile the simmer nichts awa';
 An' we'll a' be unco happy when the season comes again,
 When we'll play a rinnin' shot or cautious draw.
 It's “Draw roond here,” or, “Lay ane there!”
 Or, “Juist come cannily, cannily curlin' in;”
 “You for a player! But losh, man! are ye here?”
 Confoond ye, man! ye've played it awfu' thin.”

Oh leese me on the Bowlin'! mony happy nichts we've seen,
 When oor skips were even tempered at their play;
 But they're whiles a wee thing ruffled if ye tak' owre little green,
 An' sometimes they're excited when they say:—
 “Juist draw roond here,” etc.

Some skips are unco hearty an' aye ready wi' their joke,
 An' some again are raither dour an' dry;
 Nae doot they a' will differ, juist like ony ither folk,
 But they're a' juist eeksie peeksie when they cry,
 “Juist draw roond here,” etc.

They shout, “Noo, gie's a guid ane, juist draw roond to this spot,
 You're juist the very man to kiss an' lie;
 I like ye, man, I like ye! It's a cautious, bonny shot.”
 An' then ye maun excuse them if they cry,
 “Juist draw roond here,” etc.

But whiles they are in error, an' ye're blamed for lyin' back,
 An' yet your Bool will stop when juist Jack-high;
 But they gie ye double credit if by chance ye trail the Jack,
 An' again they get excited, when they cry,
 “Juist draw roond here,” etc.

But strongly I advise them, to mak' it aye a rule
 To coax a backward player, when they may;
 If he rins ahint the Katy, juist ca't “a guid back Bool;”
 Then we'll a' dae what they want us, when they say,
 “Juist draw roond here,” etc.

Noo life is juist like Bowlin', coontin' Heaven as the Jack;
 Let's hope at last we'll see a bonny end.
 An' may nane o' a' my comrades ever think o' lyin' back,
 But canny to the Katy tak' their bend.
 “Draw roond here,” an' “Lay ane there,”
 Or “Juist come cannily, cannily creepin' in;”
 An' when the match is ended, O, may we a' be there,
 An' nane be lyin' back, or landin' thin.

Duffers Yet.

Lord STORMONTH DARLING.


Arr. by J. KENYON LEES.

Andante.

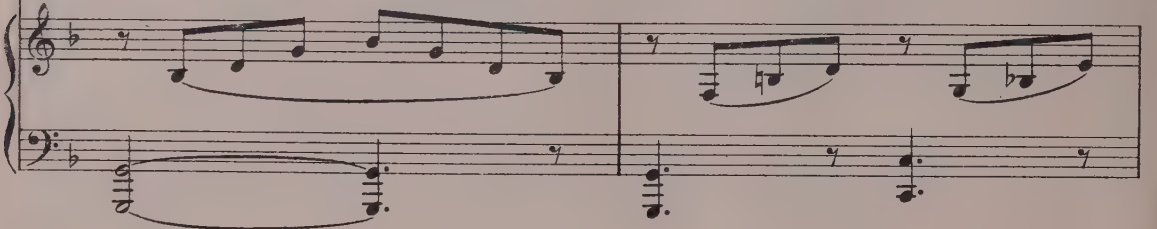
VOICE. 

PIANO. 

Af - - - ter years of play to - ge - ther,



Af - - - ter fair and storm - - y wea - ther,



Af - - - ter rounds of ev - 'ry green, From



West - - ward Ho to A - - ber - deen, _____

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a dotted quarter note on 'West', followed by eighth notes for 'ward', 'Ho', and 'to', and a dotted quarter note on 'A'. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note bass line and a treble line with chords and moving lines.

Why did e'er we buy a set, If we must be

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has a dotted quarter note on 'Why', followed by eighth notes for 'did e'er we buy a set', and a dotted quarter note on 'If'. The piano accompaniment includes a piano dynamic marking (*p*) and a fermata over the first measure of the piano part.

duf - fers yet? Duf - fers yet! Duf - fers yet!

The third system concludes the musical score. The vocal line features a dotted quarter note on 'duf', followed by eighth notes for 'fers yet?'. The piano accompaniment includes a mezzo-forte dynamic marking (*mf*) and a piano dynamic marking (*p*). The system ends with a fermata over the final notes of both the vocal and piano parts.

AFTER years of play together,
 After fair and stormy weather,
 After rounds of ev'ry green,
 From Westward Ho to Aberdeen,
 Why did e'er we buy a set,
 If we must be duffers yet?
 Duffers yet! Duffers yet!

After singles, foursomes— all,
 Fractured club and cloven ball;
 After grief in sand and whin,
 Fozzled drives, and 'putts' not in—
 Ev'n our caddies scarce regret,
 When we part as duffers yet.
 Duffers yet! Duffers yet!

After days of frugal fare,
 Still we spend our force in air;
 After nips to give us nerve,
 Not the less our drivers swerve;
 Friends may recede, and foes may bet,
 And ourselves be duffers yet.
 Duffers yet! Duffers yet!

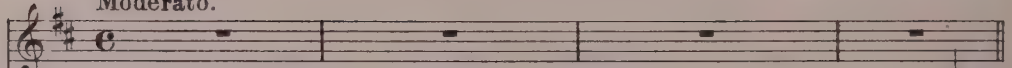
Must it ever then be thus?
 Failure most mysterious!
 Shall we never fairly stand,
 Eye on ball or club in hand?
 Are the bounds eternal set
 To retain us duffers yet?
 Duffers yet! Duffers yet!

Tut! Tut!

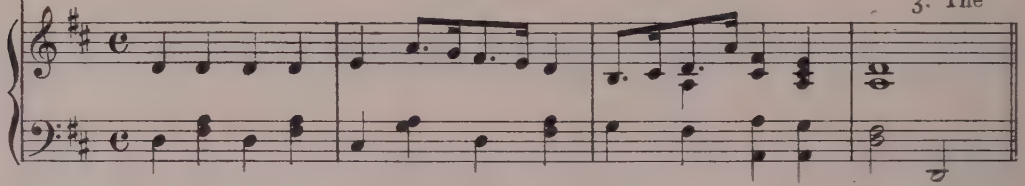
Capt. H. ARMITAGE.

Moderato.

VOICE.



PIANO.

2. Said
3. The

I. Par-son Smi-ley loved to go a golf-ing, O, Tut tut tut a rut a tee! At

Tom Green's tem-per he was al-ways scoff-ing, O, Tut tut tut a rut a tee!

Top your ball or foo-zle it, Bun-ker or bam-boo-zle it; You must n't smash your club a-cross your

knee; You must n't tear your hair; And nev-er, nev-er swear; But say, "Tut!Tut!" like me.

CHORUS.

The musical score is written for voice, piano, and bass. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is simple and repetitive, with the lyrics: "Tut! Tut! Oh! that's the word to use—'Bo-ther-a-tion' or 'Fid-dle-de-dee.' You must n't tear your hair; And nev-er, nev-er swear; But say, 'Tut! Tut!' like me!" The score includes piano accompaniment and a bass line. The piece concludes with a double bar line, a fermata, and the instruction "D. C." (Da Capo). A "Fine." marking is also present at the end of the piano part.

PARSON Smiley loved to go a golfing, O,
 Tut tut tut a rut a tee!
 At Tom Green's temper he was always scoffing, O,
 Tut tut tut a rut a tee!
 Top your ball or foozle it,
 Bunker or bamboozle it;
 You must n't smash your club across your knee;
 You must n't tear your hair;
 And never, never swear;
 But say, "Tut! Tut!" like me.
 "Tut! Tut!" Oh! that's the word to use—
 "Botheration" or "Fiddlededee."
 You must n't tear your hair;
 And never, never swear;
 But say, "Tut! Tut!" like me!

Said Tom Green, "The parson a lesson to us teaches, O,
 Tut tut tut a rut a tee!
 But I doubt if he practises exactly what he preaches, O,
 Tut tut tut a rut a tee!
 There's a bunker at Redan*
 He drives into like a man
 With charming reg-u-lar-i-ty;
 So to-day I'll play the spy,
 And hide myself close by,
 To hear him say ——"Dear me!"
 "Tut! Tut!" etc.

The parson as usual drove into the bunker, O,
 Tut tut tut a rut a tee!
 Each niblick shot, the deeper down he sunk her, O,
 Tut tut tut a rut a tee!
 He thought no one was there,
 So big D's flew through the air,
 And he smashed his club in bits across his knee;
 Then Tom Green popped up his head,
 And he very quietly said,
 You should say, "Tut! Tut!" like me.
 "Tut! Tut!" etc.

* The name given to the 15th hole at North Berwick.

The Medal Round.

J. KENYON LEES.

Andante con moto.

PIANO.

p *mf* *rall.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a common time signature. It begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, quarter notes C5-B4, and quarter notes A4-G4. The left hand starts with a bass clef and a common time signature, playing a steady eighth-note accompaniment of G2-A2-B2-C3-D3-E3-F3-G3. The piece concludes with a double bar line, a repeat sign, and a final chord of G4-B4-D5.

In a hol-low by the bun-ker where the sand lies soft and deep, And each

p

The first system of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and a common time signature. The lyrics are: "In a hol-low by the bun-ker where the sand lies soft and deep, And each". The piano accompaniment is in a bass clef with a common time signature, providing a steady accompaniment. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *p* (piano).

ball takes a heel mark of its own, Where the stance is loose and shift-ing and the

The second system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line lyrics are: "ball takes a heel mark of its own, Where the stance is loose and shift-ing and the". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *p* (piano).

face in front is steep, And you seize up-on your nib-lick with a groan, There's a

The third system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line lyrics are: "face in front is steep, And you seize up-on your nib-lick with a groan, There's a". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment.

spot I nev-er pass, al-though ly-ing safe on grass, But my

accel.

The fourth system concludes the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line lyrics are: "spot I nev-er pass, al-though ly-ing safe on grass, But my". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *accel.* (accelerando).

heart gives a flut - ter and a bound, And I breathe a lit - tle word at

bun - kers of - ten heard, At the place where I lost my me - dal round.

IN a hollow by the bunker where the sand lies soft and deep,
 And each ball takes a heel mark of its own,
 Where the stance is loose and shifting and the face in front is steep,
 And you seize upon your niblick with a groan,
 There's a spot I never pass, although lying safe on grass,
 But my heart gives a flutter and a bound,
 And I breathe a little word at bunkers often heard,
 At the place where I lost my medal round.

There's my driver in the corner and my mashie by its side,
 I had driven, I had lofted, but in vain;
 For I have not won the medal, no, I have not even tied,
 And I'll never get as good a chance again.
 How the ball flew from the tee, and I holed my first in three,
 And I walked as if I hardly felt the grass:
 I had got the lowest score that day, and only two holes more to play,
 At the place where I spoilt my medal round.

Did I heel? I hardly think it. Did I slice? I cannot tell.
 I had done the first sixteen in sixty nine;
 I was swinging like a windmill, I was driving strong and well
 Two hundred yards and never off the line;
 Yet I sometimes fancy, too, that my daring spirit knew,
 I was pressing just a quarter of a pound,
 Yet I played my level best, and my caddie knows the rest,
 At the place where I spoilt my medal round.

Then I watched the ball a minute as it rolled off from the bank,
 Then I hacked it with my niblick where it lay,
 And the more I smote behind it the deeper down it sank
 Says I, "Now your bunkered for the day."
 And when I picked it up from the bottom of the cup
 I dashed it in my frenzy on the ground;
 I had played about sixteen, and I was not on the green,
 And that's how I spoilt my medal round.

There are men, both good and wise, who hold that in a future state
 Poor fellows who are bunkered here below
 Will be always on the green in two and always putting straight.
 Is it folly? let us hope it may be so.
 But if you wish to try the flesh to mortify,
 There is not a better method to be found,
 Than to play with eight or ten in a sandy bunker, when
 You have very nearly holed your medal round.

A Hunter's Life for me.

Wilhelm Bornemann. (1816)

From the German
by A. R. M.

Popular Style (1827.
Von GEHRICKE.

Lively.

VOICE. *mf*

O'er wood and moor - land roam - ing From morn - ing till the

PIANO. *mf*

p *mf*

gloom - ing, A hap - py hunts - man I, ——— A hap - py hunts - man I, ——— Then

p *mf*

through the for - est far and near In sport - ing mood I chase the deer; No

fin - er life I cry, ——— No fin - er life I cry!

Hal - lee, hal - loh, Hal - lee, hal-loh, No fin - er life I cry.

O'ER wood and moorland roaming,
 From morning till the gloaming,
 A happy huntsman I,
 A happy huntsman I,
 Then through the forest far and near
 In sporting mood I chase the deer;
 No finer life I cry,
 No finer life I cry.
 Hallee, halloh, hallee, halloh,
 No finer life I cry.

My food and drink I carry,
 And at no inn need tarry,
 My time is all my own;
 My time is all my own,
 For with my pipe, my dearest friend,
 Throughout the woods my way I wend,
 And sing in gayest tone,
 And sing in gayest tone.
 Hallee, halloh, hallee, halloh,
 And sing in gayest tone.

My mid-day rest I'm taking;
 The moss my carpet making,
 And nature is my Queen,
 And nature is my Queen.
 My dog is watching full of care
 To see the table I prepare
 On God's own floor of green,
 On God's own floor of green.
 Hallee, halloh, hallee, halloh,
 On God's own floor of green.

The bird's are round me singing;
 On high their flight are winging,
 And I can mark them there,
 And I can mark them there.
 The deer, the roe, the hart I chase
 With silent tread, and stealthy pace;
 The fox's coat I wear,
 The fox's coat I wear.
 Hallee, halloh, hallee, halloh,
 The fox's coat I wear.

Let others go a-wooing!
 It may be their undoing,
 Unless they choose aright,
 Unless they choose aright.
 But as I through the forest stride,
 I claim all nature for my bride,
 With heart and pocket light,
 With heart and pocket light.
 Hallee, halloh, hallee, halloh,
 With heart and pocket light.

And with the darkness stealing,
 There comes o'er me the feeling
 Of perfect liberty,
 Of perfect liberty.
 The simple life is all my own;
 In forest depths I reign alone,
 The hunter's life for me,
 The hunter's life for me!
 Hallee, halloh, hallee, halloh,
 The hunter's life for me!

K. Y. T.

KEEP YOUR TEMPER.

Dr. A. P. AITKEN, Edinburgh.

Airs:— "Tak' ye auld cloak about ye,"
and "Three blind mice."

Arr. by J. KENYON LEES.

Allegro.

PIANO.

mf

rall.

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, marked 'Allegro'. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody in the treble clef begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, quarter notes C5-B4, and quarter notes A4-G4. The bass clef accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern: G3-A3-B3-C4-D4-E4-F#4-G4. The piece concludes with a 'rall.' (ritardando) marking.

O hap - py ye who once a week, Be - take you to the links so green, And

mf

cres.

The first system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with quarter notes G4-A4-B4, quarter notes C5-B4, quarter notes A4-G4, quarter notes F#4-E4, quarter notes D4-C4, quarter notes B3-A3, quarter notes G3-F#3, quarter notes E3-D3, quarter notes C3-B2, quarter notes A2-G2. The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note pattern, marked 'mf' and 'cres.' (crescendo).

golf - ing, health and plea - sure seek, And prac - tise mo - ral dis - ci - pline, Your

mf

The second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with quarter notes G4-A4-B4, quarter notes C5-B4, quarter notes A4-G4, quarter notes F#4-E4, quarter notes D4-C4, quarter notes B3-A3, quarter notes G3-F#3, quarter notes E3-D3, quarter notes C3-B2, quarter notes A2-G2. The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note pattern, marked 'mf'.

game's be - gun you face your ball, It rolls a - way from off the tee, A

The third system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with quarter notes G4-A4-B4, quarter notes C5-B4, quarter notes A4-G4, quarter notes F#4-E4, quarter notes D4-C4, quarter notes B3-A3, quarter notes G3-F#3, quarter notes E3-D3, quarter notes C3-B2, quarter notes A2-G2. The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note pattern.

stroke is claimed; 'twas none at all, But— keep your tem - per. K. Y. T.

rall.

f

rull.

The fourth system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with quarter notes G4-A4-B4, quarter notes C5-B4, quarter notes A4-G4, quarter notes F#4-E4, quarter notes D4-C4, quarter notes B3-A3, quarter notes G3-F#3, quarter notes E3-D3, quarter notes C3-B2, quarter notes A2-G2. The piano accompaniment concludes with the eighth-note pattern, marked 'f' and 'rull.' (ritardando).

CHORUS. *Quicker.*

K. Y. T. These ma-gic let-ters three, They keep you un-der sweet con-trol,

Repeat ff *last time.*

And are bet-ter for the good of your soul, Than a great big D! great big D!

ff
8va

○ HAPPY ye who once a week,
 Betake you to the links so green,
 And golfing, health and pleasure seek,
 And practise moral discipline,
 Your game's begun, you face your ball,
 It rolls away from off the tee,
 A stroke is claimed; 'twas none at all,
 But— keep your temper. K. Y. T.
 K. Y. T. These magic letters three,
 They keep you under sweet control,
 And are better for the good of your soul,
 Than a great big D!

Your brassy now you deftly swing,
 And far away the gutta flies,
 But when you come to find the thing,
 Deep in a cartwheel rut it lies.
 You fiercely grasp the niblick stout,
 And hack the missile savagely,
 And when you fail to get it out,
 Too late you mutter— K. Y. T.
 K. Y. T., etc.

You lose the hole with chastened mind,
 But there are 17 yet to play,
 And Fortune tho' sometimes unkind
 Is sometimes quite the other way.
 Your ball has reached the green in 4
 Your partner's lying dead in 3
 You lay a stimey him before,
 He holes you!— Crow not!— K. Y. T.
 K. Y. T. These magic letters three,
 They keep you under sweet control,
 And are better for the good of your soul,
 Than a great big D!

And should you lose your luckless ball
 In whin or wood or bent or ditch,
 Or in the sea, or o'er the wall
 It really doesn't matter which.
 The ball is gone, so let it go
 Don't lose your equanimity
 What matters it— a ball or so,
 Put down another!— K. Y. T.
 K. Y. T., etc.

And so along the course you stray
 And practise golf and self-control,
 Learning new lessons all the way,
 By Bunker, Pool and Rabbit-hole.
 And when at times you feel inclined
 To break your club across your knee,
 Then come before your tutored mind
 The magic letters K. Y. T.
 K. Y. T., etc.

The City of Golf.

To P. A.

R. F. MURRAY.

JOHN FARMER.

VOICE. Would you like to see a ci - ty giv - en o - ver,

PIANO.

Soul and bo - dy, to a ty - ran - nis - ing game? If you would, there's lit - tle

need to be a ro - ver, For Saint An - drew's is the ab - ject ci - ty's name,

It is sure - ly quite su - per - flu - ous to men - tion,

p

To a per-son who has been here half an hour, That Golf is what en-

Repeat the last four bars in Chorus.

gros-ses the at-ten-tion Of the peo-ple, with an all-ab-sorb-ing power.

WOULD you like to see a city given over,
 Soul and body, to a tyrannising game?
 If you would, there's little need to be a rover,
 For St. Andrew's is the abject city's name.
 It is surely quite superfluous to mention,
 To a person who has been here half an hour,
 That Golf is what engrosses the attention
 Of the people, with an all-absorbing power.

Rich and poor alike are smitten with the fever;
 Their business and religion is to play;
 And a man is scarcely deemed a true believer,
 Unless he goes at least a round a day.
 The city boasts an old and learned college,
 Where you'd think the leading industry was Greek;
 Even there the favoured instruments of knowledge
 Are a driver and a putter and a cleek.

Golf, golf, golf—is all the story!
 In despair my overburdened spirit sinks,
 Till I wish that every golfer was in glory,
 And I pray the sea may overflow the links.
 One slender, straggling ray of consolation
 Sustains me, very feeble though it be:
 There are two who still escape infatuation,
 My friend M'Foozle's one, the other's me.


As I write the words, M'Foozle enters blushing,
 With a brassy and an iron in his hand...
 This blow, so unexpected and so crushing,
 Is more than I am able to withstand.
 So now it but remains for me to die, sir.
 Stay! There *is* another course I may pursue—
 And perhaps upon the whole it would be wiser—
 I will yield to fate and be a golfer too!

The Jolly Curlers.

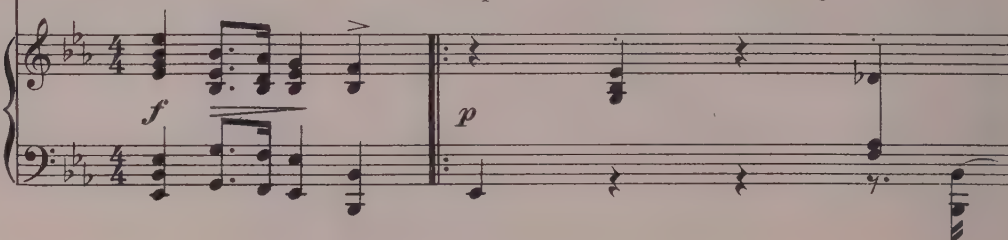
A. GORDON MITCHELL.

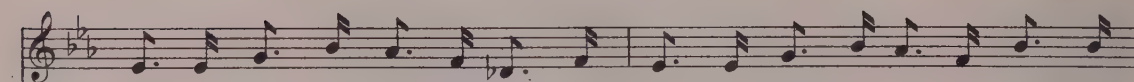
Accomp. by CHARLES MACPHERSON.

Allegro.

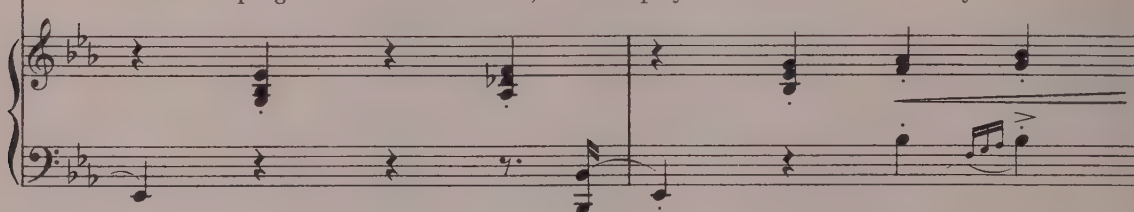
VOICE. 


I. At New'r-day when the frost was keen, And
skips were waled wi' ten - ty care, Their

PIANO. 

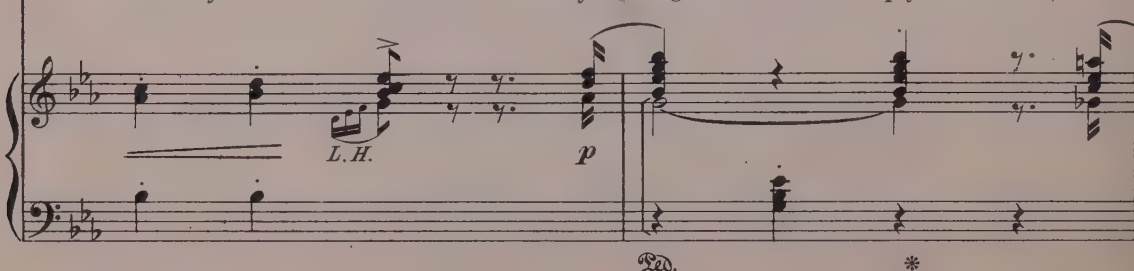


cran-reuch hung whaur leaves had been, And loch - ans glanc'd wi' i - cy sheen, And
heids weel pang'd wi' curl - in' lear, Their play - ers took the i - cy fluir To





burns had ceas'd their pur-lin' O! Some cou - thie bil - lies trig and gash, Con -
car - ry oot di - rec-tions O! They ring the tie and ply the kowe, And



Ped. *

3. The priest was there wi' hert o' pith, The laird, the caird, the wright, the smith, The

ma - son, tai - lor, sou - ter, swith, Up - on the rink kept steer-in' O. A

hum was heard o' mo - ny tones, The reid and blue 'o' Ail - sa hones, And

Bur - nock wa - ters, Craw - ford-johns Gaed up the howe ca-reer-in' O.

Chorus D. C.

Alternative Accomp. II.

4. 'Twas "draw" and "gaird" and "gie him leg;" "Be owre the hog" and "crack an egg." And
 5. Loo - der and loo - der rase the din, And whiles they lose and whiles they win: 'Twas

p L.H.

"a' the poo - ther o' Mons Meg," And "string a - hint the quo-rum O'" "Noo.
 "el - bow oot," and "el - bow in," And hot was the con - ten - tion O. "Noo.

tai - lor lad - die, gie them broeks, And "redd the road" and "rub their cheeks" The
 do - mi - nie, lay on your cane," And "mee - ni - ster re - buke that stane." "Come

p

can - ty game a mirth be - speaks Like reel o' Tul - loch - go - rum. O.
 up and pit them oot o' pain And waur the hale con - ven - tion O.

Chorus. D. C.

Alternative Accomp. III.

6. 'Twas "oh, be cau-tious," "that's the sort" "Rub aff thatgaird," "creep thro' the port." Was
 7. Syne to the snaw-y buird that groans Wi' beef an' greens in place o' stones Like

ev - er sic a day for sport? Till fast the snaw cam' whirl-in' O. They
 migh - ty kings up - on their thrones, Hag - gis and loin are steam-in' O. And

dour - ly soop frae tee to tee, The skips are white as white can be, Till
 speech and sang and toast gang roond, The game is pledg'd wi' luve pro-foond, Till

Chorus D. C.

storm and gloam - in' bear the gree, And gar them quat the curl-in' O.
 "Auld Lang Syne" is heard to soond, Syne hame to weans and weemen O.

cres. *L.H.*

SONGS OF THE NATION.

When the King enjoys his own again.

Words abbreviated by J. OXENFORD.

17th Century.

Arr. by G. A. MACFARREN.

PIANO.

Let moon-struck cheats prog-nos-ti-cate Con-cern-ing Kings' or King-doms' fate, I
'Tis sad to look up-on White-hall, While cob-webs hang up-on the wall, In-

hold my-self to be more wise Than he that gaz-eth on the skies; My
stead of silk and hang-ings brave, Which for-mer-ly it used to have: Yet

sight travels far Be-yond a-ny star, Thus migh-ty se-crets I ex-plain; And
out up-on care, We'll ne-ver de-spair, Nor ut-ter la-men-ta-tions vain; For

this I can tell— That nought will go well Till the King en-joys his own a-gain.
this we can tell— That all will go well When the King en-joys his own a-gain.

No mad a - stro - lo - ger by trade Can high - er soar or
When roy - al Charles re - gains his throne, And gives to ev - 'ry

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The piano part begins with a *p* dynamic marking.

deep - er wade, Or find by gap - ing at the stars, The cause of peace and
man his own, Then all who tread on Eng - lish earth, Shall live in free - dom

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a *p* dynamic marking.

ci - vil wars: The best ho - ros - cope Is not worth a rope, The pla - nets shan't dis -
joy and mirth: So let us all pray To see the great day When our own King shall

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a *p* dynamic marking.

tract my brain; For this I can tell, That nought will go well Till the King en - joys his
o'er us reign. We sure - ly can tell, That all will go well When Charles comes home in

The fourth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a *f* dynamic marking and a *p* dynamic marking.

own a - gain.
peace a - gain.

The fifth system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a *ff* dynamic marking.

The Roast Beef of Old England.

RICHARD LEVERIDGE,
Arr. by ALFRED MOFFAT.

Spiritoso.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 6/8 time, marked *mf*. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

When mighty roastbeef was the Eng-lishman's food, It en - no-bled our hearts and en -

The first system of the song includes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "When mighty roastbeef was the Eng-lishman's food, It en - no-bled our hearts and en -". The piano part is marked *mf*.

rich - ed our blood, Our sol - diers were brave and our cour-tiers were good.

The second system continues the song with the lyrics: "rich - ed our blood, Our sol - diers were brave and our cour-tiers were good." The piano accompaniment continues with the same *mf* dynamic.

CHORUS.
O! the roast beef of old Eng - land! And O! for old Eng-land's roast beef.

The chorus is marked *f* and consists of two staves. The lyrics are: "O! the roast beef of old Eng - land! And O! for old Eng-land's roast beef."

WHEN mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food,
It ennobled our hearts and enriched our blood,
Our soldiers were brave and our courtiers were good.

O! the roast beef of old England!
And O! for old England's roast beef.

Our fathers of old were robust, stout and strong,
And kept open house with good cheer all day long,
Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this song.

O! the roast beef, etc.

When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne,
Ere coffee, or tea, or such slippers were known,
The world was in terror if e'er she did frown.

O! the roast beef, etc.

Song of The Motherland.

J. SCOULAR THOMSON.

HAYDN.

Mo - ther - land, all lands tran - scend - ing, Home of hearts be - yond the sea,

Sons thy sa - cred shore de - fend - ing, Vow to live and die for thee.

From the o - cean to the o - cean, From the east un - to the west,

Bless - ed shrine of our de - vo - tion, Mo - ther - land, we love thee best.

MOTHERLAND, all lands transcending,
 Home of hearts beyond the sea,
 Sons thy sacred shore defending,
 Vow to live and die for thee.
 From the ocean to the ocean,
 From the east unto the west,
 Blessed shrine of our devotion,
 Motherland, we love thee best.

None were truer than our mothers,
 None were bolder than our sires.
 Who are better than our brothers?
 What a lineage inspires!
 May we never shame the story,
 Nor the splendour of their name;
 But the love they had of glory,
 Burn in us, a holy flame!

Sons of heroes, sons and daughters,
 Children of a thousand lands,
 Far divided by the waters,
 Join across the seas their hands.
 Happy be our great dominion
 Where the sunlight never dies!
 Right and freedom, truth and union,
 Be her everlasting ties!

Gogoniant i Gymru.

ALL HAIL TO THEE, CAMBRIA.

English and Welsh words by TALHAIARN.

Air:—"Llwyn Onn?"
Harmonised by D. EMLYN EVANS.

Andante ma non troppo.

Soprano.
Alto.

Go - gon-iant i Gym - ru, an - wyl-wlad fy nhad-au, Pe
All hail to thee, Cam-bria, the land of my fa - thers, I

Tenor.
Bass.

med-rwn, mawr - yg - wn dy fawredd a' th fri; Ma'er Aw - en yn car - u dy
would I could make thee im - mor - tal in song: Thy vir - tues the muse from thy

wedd a' th rin - wedd - au, Hoff fam - maeth ath - ryl - ith a dewr - der wyt ti;
his - to - ry ga - thers, Thou cra - dle of gen - ius and home of the strong:

Bu am - ser pan hoff - ai t'wys - og - ion dy del - yn, A'i sain a gyff -
The strains of thy min - strels were pure as thy foun - tains, They hal - low'd thy

rö - ai wr - ol - ion y gād, I ruth - ron ddi - sym - wth - ar
glo - ry, joy, sor - row, and strife; Thy proud - hearted war - riors have

war - chae y gel - yn, Gan ym - ladd dros rydd - id a breintiau ein gwlad.
roam'd o'er thy moun - tains, And fought in thy val - leys for free - dom and life.

ad lib.

Gogoniant i Gymru.

*G*OGONIA**N**T i Gymru, anwylwlad fy nhadau,
 Pe medrwn, mawrygun dy fawredd a'th fri;
 Mae'r Awen yn caru dy wedd a'th rinweddau,
 Hoff fammaeth athrylith a dewrder wyt ti;
 Bu amser pan hoffai twysogion dy delyn,
 A'i sain a gyffröai wrolion y gâd,
 I ruthro'n ddisymwth ar warchae y gelyn,
 Gan ymladd dros ryddid a breintiau ein gwlad.

Fy henwlad fendigaid, mae anian yn urddo
Pob mynydd a dyffryn, pob clogwyn a glyn,
Ac yspryd prydferthwch â'i liw yn goleuo
Pob afon ac aber, pob llanerch a llyn;
Gwladgarwch a rhinwedd fendithiant dy enw,
Dy feibion a'th ferched a garant dy fri;
Gorhoffedd dy feibion yw denu dy sylw—
Er gwaethaf pob gelyn ein testun wyt ti.

All hail to thee, Cambria.

ALL hail to thee, Cambria, the land of my fathers,
 I would I could make thee immortal in song:
 Thy virtues the muse from thy history gathers,
 Thou cradle of genius and home of the strong:
 The strains of thy minstrels were pure as thy fountains,
 They hallowed thy glory, joy, sorrow, and strife;
 Thy proud-hearted warriors have roamed o'er thy mountains,
 And fought in thy valleys for freedom and life.

All hail to the country where nature discloses
 Her charms in each valley and heath-covered hill,
 'Mid scenes where the spirit of beauty reposes
 In dell, rock and mountain, lake, river and rill:
 Shall thy children disown thee and leave thee to perish?
 Or tarnish the glory that circles thy fame?
 No, no,— In their hearts thy bright forms they will cherish,
 And truth and affection will cling to thy name.

Oh! Land of my Fathers.

HEN WLAD FY NHADAU.

EVAN JAMES.

Air by JAMES JAMES.

Arranged by ALFRED MOFFAT.

Molto maestoso.

PIANO. *mf*

Oh! land of my fa - thers, The land of the free The
 Mae hen wlad fy Nhadau Yn an wyl i mi, Gwlad

mf *a tempo*

home of the *Tel - yn so soothing to me; Thy no - ble de - fenders were
 beirdd a chan - tor - ion, en wog - ion o fri, Ei gwrol ry - fel - wyr, gwlad -

p *cres.*

gal - lant and brave For freedom their heart's life they gave.
 garwyr tra mad, Tros rydd - id goll - as - ant eu gwaed.

f *poco rit.*

f CHORUS. *p*

Wales, Wales, home, sweet home is in Wales Till
 Gwlad! Gwlad! pleid - iol wyf i'm Gwlad, Tra'r

a tempo

*The harp.

cres. death be passed my love shall last, My *f*
môr yn fur i'r bur hoff bau, O

cres.

poco rit. long - ing, my *hir - aeth for Wales!
 bydd - ed i'r hen iaith bar hau.

1 & 2. repeat for Chorus. 3.

poco rit.

Red. *Red.* *

OH! land of my fathers, the land of the free,
 The home of the *Telyn* so soothing to me;
 Thy noble defenders were gallant and brave;
 For freedom their heart's life they gave.
 Wales, Wales, home, sweet home is in Wales.
 Till death be passed my love shall last,
 My longing, my *hiraeth* for Wales!

Thou Eden of Bards and birthplace of song,
 The sons of thy mountains are valiant and strong;
 The voice of thy streamlets is soft to the ear,
 Thy hills and thy valleys how dear.
 Wales, Wales, etc.

Though slighted and scorned by the proud and the strong
 The language of Cambria still charms us in song;
 The *Awen* survives, nor have envious tales,
 Yet silenced the harp of dear Wales.
 Wales, Wales, etc.

MAE hen wlad fy Nhad au yn an wyl i mi,
 Gwlad beirdd a chantorion, en wogion o fri,
 Ei gwrol ryfelwyr, gwladgarwyr tra mad,
 Tros ryddid gollasant eu gwæd.
 Gwlad! Gwlad! pleidiol wyf i'm Gwlad,
 Tra'r môr yn fur i'r bur hoff bau,
 O bydded i'r heniaith bar hau.

Hen Gymru fynyddig, paradwys y bardd,
 Pob dyffryn, pob clogwyn i'm golwg sydd hardd;
 Trwy deimlad gwladgarol, mor swynol yw si
 Ei nentydd, afonydd i mi.
 Gwlad! Gwlad! etc.

Os treisiodd y gelyn fy ngwlad dan ei droed,
 Mae hen iaith y Cymry mor fyw ag erioed;
 Ni luddiwyd yr *Awen* gan erchyll law brâd,
 Na thelyn berseiniol fy ngwlad.
 Gwlad! Gwlad! etc.

God bless the Prince of Wales.

GEORGE LINLEY.

BRINLEY RICHARDS.

Moderato con espressione.

PIANO.

mf *f* *p*

A - mong our an - cient moun - tains, And from our love - ly

p *p*

vales, Oh! let the pray'r re - e - cho "God bless the Prince of Wales!"

cres.

With heart and voice a - wak - en Those min - strel strains of

p *cres.*

yore, Till Bri - tain's name and glo - ry Re - sound from shore to ' shore.

cres. *f*

A - mong our an - cient moun - tains, And from our love - ly

vales, Oh! let the pray'r re - e - cho, "God bless the Prince of Wales!"

CHORUS.

Soprano.
Alto.

A - mong our an - cient moun - tains, And from our love - ly

Tenor.
Bass.

vales! Oh! let the pray'r re - e - cho, "God bless the Prince of Wales!"

AMONG our ancient mountains,
 And from our lovely vales,
 Oh! let the pray'r re-echo,
 "God bless the Prince of Wales!"
 With heart and voice awoken
 Those minstrel strains of yore,
 Till Britain's name and glory
 Resound from shore to shore.
 Among our ancient mountains,
 And from our lovely vales,
 Oh! let the pray'r re-echo,
 "God bless the Prince of Wales!"

Should hostile bands or danger,
 E'er threaten our fair isle,
 May God's strong arm protect us,
 May heav'n still on us smile!
 Above the throne of England
 May fortune's star long shine!
 And round its sacred bulwarks,
 The olive-branches twine.
 Among our ancient mountains,
 And from our lovely vales,
 Oh! let the pray'r re-echo,
 "God bless the Prince of Wales!"

The dear little Shamrock.

ANDREW CHERRY.

W. JACKSON.

Arranged by ALFRED MOFFAT.

Andantino.

PIANO.

p con espress.

poco rit.

Red. Red. *

1. There's a dear lit-tle plant that grows in our Isle, 'Twas Saint
 2. That dear lit-tle plant still grows in our land, Fresh and
 3. That dear lit-tle plant, that springs from our soil, When its

p

Red. Red. *

Pat - rick him - self sure that set it; And the sun on his
 fair as the daugh - ters of E - rin, Whose smiles can be -
 three lit - tle leaves are ex - tend-ed, De - notes from the

p espress.

la - bour with plea - sure did smile, And with dew from his eye oft - en
 witch, and whose eyes can com - mand, In each cli - mate they ev - er ap -
 stalk we to - ge - ther should toil, And our - selves by our - selves be be -

Red. * Red. *

wet it. It shines thro' the bog, thro' the brake, thro' the
 pear in: For they shine thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the
 friend-ed. And still thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the

p espress.

mire - land, And he call'd it the dear lit - tle Sham - rock of Ire - land.
 mire - land, Just like their own dear lit - tle Sham - rock of Ire - land.
 mire - land, From one root should branch, like the Sham - rock of Ire - land.

rit.

The dear lit - tle Sham - rock, the sweet lit - tle Sham - rock, the dear lit - tle,

mf

cres.

poco rit. **CHORUS.** *f a tempo*
 sweet lit - tle Sham - rock of Ire - land. The dear lit - tle Sham - rock, the

colla voce sf *f a tempo*

sweet lit - tle Sham - rock, the dear lit - tle, sweet lit - tle Sham - rock of Ire - land.

cres. *poco rit.*

Scotland Yet!

H. S. RIDDEL.

P. Mc LEOD.

Con spirito.

PIANO.

Gae bring my guid auld harp ance mair, Gae bring it free and fast, For
 I maun sing an - i - ther sang, Ere a' my glee be past. And trow ye, as I
 sing, my lads, The bur - den o't shall be, Auld Scot-land's howes, and Scotland's knowes, And
 Scot-land's hills for me! I'll drink a cup to Scot-land yet Wi' a' the hon-ours three!

p

mf

cres.

rall. ad lib.

mf

colla voce

f

D. S.

D. S.

Scotland Yet!

GAE bring my guid auld harp ance mair,
 Gae bring it free and fast,
 For I maun sing anither sang,
 Ere a' my glee be past.
 And trow ye, as I sing, my lads,
 The burden o't shall be,
 Auld Scotland's howes, and Scotland's knowes,
 And Scotland's hills for me!
 I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet
 Wi' a' the honours three!

The heath waves wild upon her hills,
 And foaming frae the fells,
 Her fountains sing of freedom still,
 As they dance down the dells.
 And weel I lo'e the land, my lads,
 That's girded by the sea;
 Then Scotland's vales, and Scotland's dales,
 And Scotland's hills for me!
 I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet
 Wi' a' the honours three!

The thistle wags upon the fields,
 Where Wallace bore his blade,
 That gave her foemen's dearest bluid
 To dye her auld grey plaid;
 And, looking to the lift, my lads,
 He sang this doughty glee:
 Auld Scotland's right, and Scotland's might,
 And Scotland's hills for me!
 Then drink a cup to Scotland yet
 Wi' a' the honours three!

They tell o' lands with brighter skies,
 Where freedom's voice ne'er rang:
 Gi'e me the hills where Ossian dwelt,
 And Coila's minstrel sang!
 For I've nae skill o' lands, my lads,
 That ken na to be free:
 Then Scotland's right, and Scotland's might,
 And Scotland's hills for me!
 We'll drink a cup to Scotland yet
 Wi' a' the honours three!

Rolling Home to Bonnie Scotland.

CHARLES MACKAY.

Arr. by ALFRED MOFFAT.

Spiritoso.

PIANO. *mf*

poco ritard.

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time. The right hand starts with a melody of eighth notes, while the left hand plays a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. The tempo is marked 'Spiritoso.' and the dynamic is 'mf'. The piece concludes with a 'poco ritard.' marking.

mf

Up a - loft a - mid the rig - ging sings the fresh ex - ult - ing

marcato il melodia

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the grand staff. The lyrics are 'Up a - loft a - mid the rig - ging sings the fresh ex - ult - ing'. The dynamic is 'mf' and the tempo is 'marcato il melodia'. A triplet of eighth notes is present at the end of the line.

gale, Strong as spring - time in the blossoms, fill - ing out each swell - ing

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'gale, Strong as spring - time in the blossoms, fill - ing out each swell - ing'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

sail; And the wild waves cleft be - hind us, seem to mur - mur as they

The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'sail; And the wild waves cleft be - hind us, seem to mur - mur as they'. A triplet of eighth notes is present at the end of the line.

flow, There are kind - ly hearts to greet you in the land to which you go.

CHORUS.

Roll - ing home, roll - ing home, roll - ing home a - cross the sea, Roll - ing home to bon - nie Scotland, roll - ing home, dear land, to thee.

sea, Roll - ing home to bon - nie Scotland, roll - ing home, dear land, to thee.

UP aloft amid the rigging sings the fresh exulting gale,
 Strong as springtime in the blossoms, filling out each swelling sail;
 And the wild waves cleft behind us, seem to murmur as they flow,
 There are kindly hearts to greet you, in the land to which you go.
 Rolling home, rolling home, rolling home across the sea,
 Rolling home to bonnie Scotland, rolling home, dear land, to thee.

Twice a thousand miles behind us, and a thousand miles before,
 Ancient ocean heaves to bear us to the well remembered shore;
 New-born breezes swell to waft us to our childhood's balmy skies,
 To the glow of friendly faces, to the light of loving eyes.
 Rolling home, etc.

Sailing nearer, ever nearer, to the sunrise and the dawn,
 Sailing eastward, ever eastward, to the land where we were born,
 We will sing in joyous chorus through the watches of the night,
 We shall see the shores of Scotland at the dawning of the light.
 Rolling home, etc.

The Lament of Flora Macdonald.

Andante con espressione.

Arr. by CHARLES MACPHERSON.

Soprano. *mp*

1. Far o - ver yon hills of the hea - ther sae green, An'
 3. The tar - get is torn from the arm of the just, The

Alto. *mp*

1. Far o - ver yon hills of the hea - ther sae green, An'
 3. The tar - get is torn from the arm of the just, The

Tenor. *mp*
(See lower.)

1. Far o - ver yon hills of the hea - ther sae green, An'
 3. The tar - get is torn from the arm of the just, The

Bass. *mp*

1. Far o - ver yon hills of the hea - ther sae green, An'
 3. The tar - get is torn from the arm of the just, The

Andante con espressione.

PIANO. *mp*
(ad lib.)

down by the cor-rie that sings by the sea, The bon - nie young Flo-ra sat
 hel - met is cleft on the brow of the brave, The clay - more for e - ver in

down by the cor-rie that sings by the sea, The bon - nie young Flo - ra sat
 hel - met is cleft on the brow of the brave, The claymore for e - ver in

down by the cor-rie that sings by the sea, young Flo - ra sat
 hel - met is cleft on the brow of the brave, for e - ver in

down by the cor-rie that sings by the sea, The bon - nie young Flo - ra sat
 hel - met is cleft on the brow of the brave, The claymore for e - ver in

p

sigh-ing her lane, The dark-ness must rust, But dew on her plaid, an' the red is the sword of the tear in her e'e. She stran-ger and slave. The

sigh - ing her lane, The dark - ness must rust, But dew on her plaid, an' the red is the sword of the tear in her e'e. stran - ger and slave.

sigh - ing her lane, The dark - ness must rust, But dew on her plaid, an' the red is the sword of the tear in her e'e. stran-ger and slave.

sigh-ing her lane, The dark-ness must rust, But dew on her plaid, an' the red is the sword of the tear in her e'e. stran - ger and slave.

p

look'd at a boat, wi' the hoof of the horse and the breezes that swung, A - way on the wave, like a foot of the proud, Have trode o'er the plumes on the

p

a boat that swung like a the proud, Have trode on the

p

She look'd at a boat, wi' the breezes that swung like a The horse and the foot of the proud, Have trode on the

p

She look'd at a boat, wi' the breezes that swung like a The horse and the foot of the proud, Have trode on the

p

bird on the main; An' aye as it les-sen'd, she sigh'd an' she sung, Fare -
 bon - net of blue. Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud, When

bird on the main; An' aye as it les-sen'd, she sigh'd an' sung, Fare -
 bon - net of blue. Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud, When

bird on the main; An' aye as it les-sen'd, she sigh'd an' she sung, Fare -
 bon - net of blue. Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud, When

bird on the main; An' aye as it les - sen'd, she sigh'd an' she sung, Fare -
 bon - net of blue. Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud, When

weel to the lad I shall ne'er see a - gain, Fare-weel to my he-ro, the
 ty - ran-ny revell'd in blood of the true? Fare-weel, my young he-ro, the

weel to the lad I shall ne'er see a - gain, Fare - weel to my he - ro, the
 ty - ran - ny re - vell'd in blood of the true? Fare - weel, my young he - ro, the

weel to the lad I shall ne'er see a - gain, Fare - weel to my he - ro, the
 ty - ran-ny revell'd in blood of the true? Fare - weel, my young he - ro, the

weel to the lad I shall ne'er see a - gain, Fare - weel to my he - ro, the
 ty - ran - ny revell'd in blood of the true? Fare - weel, my young he - ro, the

dim. *p* *slower* *Fine.*

gal-lant an' young, Fare - weel to the lad I shall ne'er see a - gain.
gal-lant an' good? The crown of thy fa - thers is torn from thy brow.

dim. *p* *slower* *Fine.*

gal-lant an' young, Fare - weel to the lad I shall ne'er see a - gain.
gal-lant an' good? The crown of thy fa - thers is torn from thy brow.

dim. *p* *slower* *Fine.*

gal-lant an' young, Fare - weel to the lad I shall ne'er see a - gain.
gal-lant an' good? The crown of thy fa - thers is torn from thy brow.

dim. *p* *slower* *Fine.*

gal-lant an' young, Fare - weel to the lad I shall ne'er see a - gain.
gal-lant an' good? The crown of thy fa - thers is torn from thy brow.

dim. *pp* *slower* *Fine.*

a tempo *p*

(with closed lips)

a tempo *p*

(with closed lips)

mf a tempo

2. The moor - cock that crows on the brows o' Ben - Con - nal, He

a tempo *p*

(with closed lips)

mf a tempo *p*

mf

The ea - gie that soars o'er the
 kens o' his bed in a sweet mos - sy hame;

p

-cliffs o' Clan Ron-ald, Un - aw'd and un-hunt-ed, his ey - rie can claim; The
 The

p

so - lan can sleep on the shelve of the shores. The cor - mo - rant roost on his
 so - lan can sleep on the shores. The cor - mo - rant roost on his

pp

rock of the sea, But ah, there is one whose hard fate I de-plore, Nor
 rock of the sea, with closed lips

pp *pp* *fz* *pp* *fz* *pp* *fz* *pp*

Poco allargando. *mf a tempo*
 house, ha, nor hame in his coun-try has he; The con-flict is past, and our
colla voce *mf a tempo*
 The conflict is past, and our
colla voce *mf a tempo*
 The conflict is past, and our
colla voce *mf a tempo*
 The conflict is past, and our

Poco allargando. *mf a tempo*

p slower
 name is no more: There's nought left but sor-row for Scot-land and me.
p slower
 name is no more. (with closed lips)
p slower
 name is no more. (with closed lips)
 name is no more.

Lament for MacCrimmon.

CUMHA MHIC CRIOMAIN.

Words by J. SCOLAR THOMSON.

VOICE. *Slowly and sadly.*

On Coolin's brow the mist is swimming, The banshee croons her

PIANO.

tale of mourning, Eyes blue and grey with tears are brimming—For thee, for thee, no more returning.

REFRAIN.

In war or peace re - turns he never, No more, no more comes back Macrimmon, Un - til the day the

clans shall gather, Cha till, cha till, cha till Ma - crimmon.

ON Coolin's brow the mist is swimming,
The banshee croons her tale of mourning,
Eyes blue and grey with tears are brimming—
For thee, for thee, no more returning.
In war or peace returns he never,
No more, no more comes back Macrimmon,
Until the day the clans shall gather,
Cha till, cha till, cha till Macrimmon.

The mountain breeze is softly whispering;
The flowing streams are slowly creeping;
The clouds above the trees are clustering
For one who comes no more, they're weeping.
In war or peace, etc.

The sea, the sea is sobbing, sighing;
The keel floats idly by the shore,
The joyless waves are moaning, crying,—
"No more he comes, he comes no more."
In war or peace returns he never,
No more, no more comes back Macrimmon,
Until the day the clans shall gather,
Cha till, cha till, cha till Macrimmon.

Dunvegan now at eve is mournful,
Thy pipes Mactalla wake can never,
Of love the men and maids are scornful,
For thou art gone, art gone for ever.
In war or peace, etc.

The little lone Isle.

335

Words and croon by

LAUHLAN MACLEAN WATT.

Slowly and sadly.

VOICE.

PIANO.

IT'S away and away o'er the waves I'd be,
With the gull in her flight;
For a little lone isle in the Western Sea
Is calling to me, to-night.

Here there is all that can charm the will,
And entrance the eye,
But a quiet grey house on a heath-clad hill
Is haunting me till I die.

In the glens where the heart of a man keeps young,
And the stars shine clear,
And the songs of our fathers in old days rung
In the ancient tongue most dear.

I'm hearing the tumbling streams that flow
Through the haunts of the bee;
By the winding tracks where the children go,
And by green graves low, by the sea.

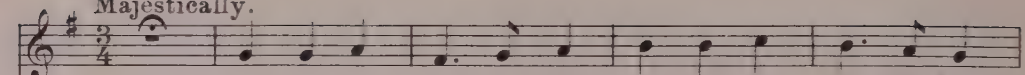
I'm seeing the homes in the hush of the glen,
And I'm hearing the waters cry,
And, tost in the waves, I see the men,
Waving again Goodbye!

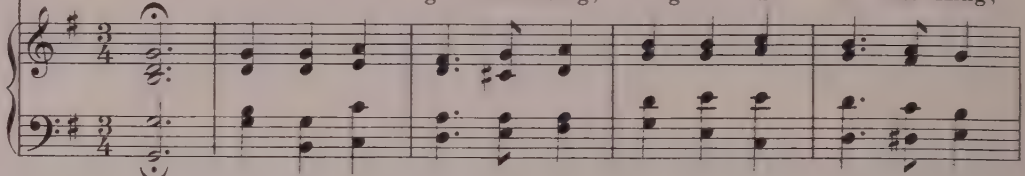
They are lost in the wet mists creeping oft
Through the Hebrides,
Where the winds wail over the lonely croft,
Lifting aloft the seas.

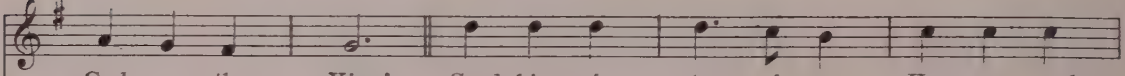
Ah, sweet enough are your field and lea,
And your sunshine bright;
But a little lone isle in the Western Sea
Is calling to me, to-night.

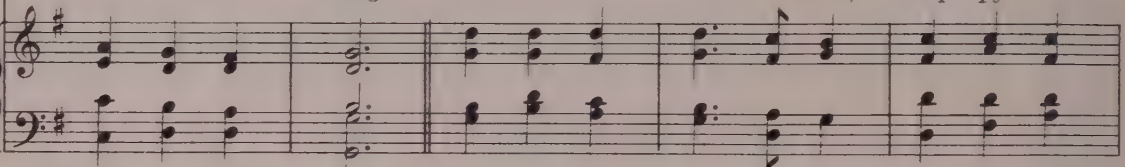
God save the King.

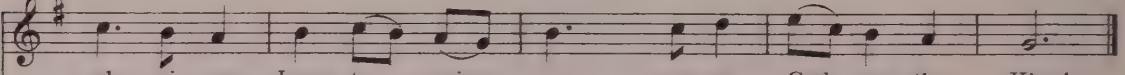
Majestically.

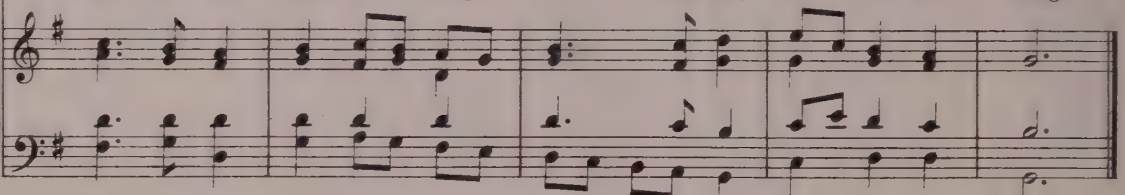
VOICE.  God save our gra-cious King, Long live our no-ble King,

PIANO. 

 God save the King! Send him vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and



 glo - ri - ous, Long to reign o - ver us, God save the King!



GOD save our gracious King,
 Long live our noble King,
 God save the King!
 Send him victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us,
 God save the King!

O Lord our God, arise!
 Scatter his enemies,
 And make them fall!
 Confound their politics,
 Frustrate their knavish tricks;
 On Thee our hopes we fix,
 God save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store,
 On him be pleased to pour,
 Long may he reign!
 May he defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause
 To sing with heart and voice,
 God save the King!

SONGS OF THE COLLEGES.

St. Andrews!

MAGNI NOMINIS UMBRA.

R. F. MURRAY.

To J. B.

JOHN FARMER.

Stately, not too quickly.

VOICE.

1. Saint An - dreds! Saint An - dreds! not for e - ver thine shall
 2. For thou, to whom, for thou, to whom was given the ear - liest
 3. Grey in thine age, grey in thine age, there yet in thee a -

PIANO.

be Mere - ly the sha - dow of a migh - ty name, The
 key Of know - ledge in this land (and all men came To
 bides The force of youth, to make thy-self a - new A

rem - nant on - ly of an an - cient fame, of an an - cient
 learn of thee), shalt once more rise and claim, shalt rise and
 name of hon - our and a place of power, a place of

fame claim power. The A - rise, then! shake the Which time has crum - bled, as thy rocks the
 glo - ry that of right be - longs to
 dust from off thy

sea, Which time has crum - bled, as thy rocks the sea.
 thee, The glo - ry that of right be - longs to thee.
 sides; A - rise, then! shake the dust from off thy sides;

cres.

f

End of 3rd verse.

Thou shalt have ma - ny where thou now hast few, where thou^{*}

ff

now hast few; A - gain thou shalt be great. Quick come the

hour! A - gain thou shalt be great. Quick come the hour!

Carmen Glasgvense.

Edidit GMUS WALLACE.

VOICE. *Laud-e-mus Gil - mor - um mon-tem, Par-nas-si per - en - nem fon-tem,*

PIANO.

Sal - ve, Vit - æ ian - u - a! Sal - ve, Vi - a Ver - i - ta - tis,

Aed - es U - ni - ver - si - ta - tis, Al - ma Ma - ter, Glas - gu - a! *Finis.*

Sal - ve, no - bi - lis Pa - tro - ne, Ken - ti - ger - ne, qui sal - mo - ne

No - bis es præ - sid - i - um. Ar - bor av - i - bus flor - esc - at,

Redeamus ad Initium.

Non cam - pan - a ob - mut - esc - at; Ti - bi sit laus lau - di - um!

LAUDEMUS Gilmorum montem!
 Parnassi perennem fontem!
 Salve, Vitæ ianua!
 Salve, Via Veritatis,
 Aedes Universitatis,
 Alma Mater, Glasgua!

Salve, nobilis patrone,
 Kentigerne, qui salmone
 Nobis es praesidium!
 Arbor avibus florescat,
 Non campana obmutescat,—
 Tibi sit laus laudium!

Chorus:—Laudemus, etc.

Salve, templum Veritatis,
 Aedes Universitatis,
 Sedes sapientiae:
 Nobis Viam Vitæ pandis
 Imperitis et servandis
 In tutela ianuae.

Iuxta Clutham mons Gilmorus,
 Quem vexat Eurus sonorus,
 Stat, vexillum Artium:
 Stat insignis, stat serenus,
 Omni malo alienus,
 Musis ad consortium.

Chorus:— ut ante.

En, lavit flava Kelvina,
 En, collegii ruina
 Prisci portas vigilat:
 Dum fumus mille focorum
 Turres velat, malleorum
 Sonus aures populat.

Urbs festinat, dum Senatus,
 Prudens, gravis, honoratus,
 Regnat mente libera.
 Variæ sunt facultates,
 Medicina, ius et artes,—
 Obliviscor cetera!

Chorus:— ut ante.

Ecce, iam adest puella
 Hæc non vana est fabella
 Studet quasi fulmina:
 Verbum simplex est "amare",
 Vix est simplex declinare,—
 Varium est femina!

Tum examinationes
 Quantæ imprecationes!
 Afferunt pericula:
 Net puella, eheu! netur
 Studens quoque, tum movetur
 Lacrimis ad oscula!

Chorus:— ut ante.

Mox ad graduationem
 Præfectus refert sermonem,
 Aulæ voce resonant:
 Nationes, Glottiana,
 Rothseiana, Loudoniana,
 Transforthana, approbant.

Spatiantur professores,
 En, togæ versicolores,
 En, bedellus signifer:
 En, sorores, patruelles,
 En, materteræ fideles,
 En, parentes pariter.

Chorus:— ut ante.

Laureatæ, laureati,
 Digniores sunt vocati
 Pileum recipere.
 Pulsat organum sonorum:
 Antiquum secundum morem
 Dulce est desipere!

Laudemus Gilmorum montem!
 Parnassi perennem fontem!
 Salve, Vitæ ianua!
 Salve, Via Veritatis,
 Aedes Universitatis,
 Alma Mater, Glasgua!

Chorus:— ut ante.

Dundas Vale.

W. W. A. BELL.

Arr. by D. B. JOHNSTONE.

Soprano.
Alto.

Tenor.
Bass.

For - ward, Dun - das Vale! Ev - er be our

watch - word, For - ward, Dun - das Vale! Be our Song.

Com - rades in ev - ry clime, Join in the ma - gic rhyme,

For - ward, Dun - das Vale, Dun - das Vale!

FORWARD, Dundas Vale!
 Ever be our watchword,
 Forward, Dundas Vale!
 Be our Song.
 Comrades in ev'ry clime,
 Join in the magic rhyme,
 Forward, Dundas Vale,
 Dundas Vale!

|m :- |d :f |m :- |d :- |
 How thy music lingers,
 Bringing sweet memories
 In thy train.
 Oft in my dreams again
 Softly thy sweet refrain
 Floats like an echo.
 Dundas Vale!

How swift, Dundas Vale,
 Speed the moments golden;
 How soon, Dundas Vale,
 Must we part.
 Tho' far my footsteps roam,
 Backward my thoughts fly home:
 Long live thy memry,
 Dundas Vale.

Forward, Dundas Vale!
 Ever be our watchword;
 Forward, Dundas Vale!
 Be our Song.
 Pass on the normal call,
 Join in the chorus all,
 Forward, aye forward!
 Dundas Vale!

Floreat Alma Mater.

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J. J. BELL.

J. B. McEWEN.

PIANO. *Maestoso.*

We come and go; but She re -

con Sves

mains Un - touched by a - - ge's blight; In

love and dig - - ni - ty She reigns A -

bove our day and night, A - bove our day and night. Be -

neath her sway the dark - ness flies, And faith is born of

The first system of music consists of a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The vocal line begins with a half note 'neath', followed by quarter notes 'her', 'sway', and 'the'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

fears— Oh, She is throned on cen-tu-ries, And beau-ti - fied by

The second system continues the vocal line with a half note 'fears—', followed by quarter notes 'Oh,', 'She', 'is', 'throned', 'on', 'cen-tu-ries,' and eighth notes 'And', 'beau-ti - fied', 'by'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns.

years! Come, let us hon - our Her, sons of to -

The third system begins with a half note 'years!', followed by quarter notes 'Come,', 'let', 'us', 'hon - our', 'Her,' and eighth notes 'sons', 'of', 'to -'. The piano accompaniment includes some syncopation and rests.

day, Sons who re - turn a - gain, sons grow - ing

The fourth system starts with a half note 'day,', followed by quarter notes 'Sons', 'who', 're - turn', 'a - gain,' and eighth notes 'sons', 'grow - ing'. The piano accompaniment features a consistent eighth-note bass line.

grey, One song for all to sing, one prayer to

The fifth system begins with a half note 'grey,', followed by quarter notes 'One', 'song', 'for', 'all', 'to', 'sing,' and eighth notes 'one', 'prayer', 'to'. The piano accompaniment continues with the established rhythmic accompaniment.

prayer, Flor - e - at Alma Ma - ter, Alma Ma -

ter!

♩ Last time.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with 'prayer,' followed by 'Flor - e - at Alma Ma - ter, Alma Ma -'. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second system begins with 'ter!' and is marked '♩ Last time.' It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment, ending with a double bar line.

WE come and go; but She remains
 Untouched by age's blight;
 In love and dignity She reigns
 Above our day and night.
 Beneath Her sway the darkness flies,
 And faith is born of fears—
 Oh, She is throned on centuries,
 And beautified by years!
 Come, let us honour Her, sons of to-day,
 Sons who return again, sons growing grey,—
 One song for all to sing, one prayer to pray,—
 Floreat Alma Mater, Alma Mater!

With each new moment's tiny stir,
 The sun doth rise and sink
 O'er men, whose hearts are bound to Her
 By many a loving link.
 They live and labour, near and far,
 Alone and in the throng—
 But wheresoe'er these brothers are
 They have one prayer and song.
 Come, let us, etc.

Oh, who can count the gracious lives,
 Whose fame is Her's and ours,
 The noble dead whose work survives
 Beyond those halls and towers?
 With praise for all who strive in truth,
 And pride in all who rest,
 We worship Her who kissed their youth,
 And made their manhood blest!
 Come, let us, etc.

Birmingham University Gaudy Song.

VOICE.

Gau - de - a - mus, ex - ult - e - mus, Scho - læ,

Med - i - ter - ra - ne - o - rum, Di - em fest - um ce - le -

bre - mus, Di - em gra - du - um nos - tro - rum.

O can - a - mus! O can - a - mus!

PIANO.

CHORUS.

U - ni - ver - si - tas in cho - ro! Gra - di - bus ex - cel - sis

sal - ta, Can - tans, Cla - mans, Ful - mi - nans a

Fo - ro "Per Ar - du - a ad Al - ta!"

GAUDEAMUS, exultemus,
Scholæ, Mediterraneorum
Diem festum celebremus,
Diem graduum nostrorum.

O, canamus! O, canamus!
Universitas in choro
Gradibus excelsis salta,
Cantans,
Clamans,
Fulminans ab Foro,
"Per ardua ad Alta!"

Patres honestissimi,
Matres, fratres et sorores,
Virgines dulcissimæ
Venustissimæ ut flores.
O, canamus! O, canamus!
Universitas, etc.

O, videte! processionis
Duces, binos incedentes
Signo congregationis
Sustentato super gentes.

O, canamus! O, canamus!
Universitas in choro
Gradibus excelsis salta,
Cantans,
Clamans,
Fulminans ab Foro,
"Per ardua ad Alta!"

Advenite Cancellari,
Pontifex et Professores,
(Many a civic dignitary)
Dom-magister, consultores,
O, canamus! O, canamus!
Universitas, etc.

Gaudeamus, gaudeamus,
Senes, juves, doctores,
Persaltemus, percanamus
Totum diem ad sopores.
O, canamus! O, canamus!
Universitas, etc.

Salve Boreale Lumen!

J. WIGHT DUFF, M.A., D. Litt.

C. SANFORD TERRY, M. A.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Sal - ve bo - re - a - le lu - men, Res - plen - den - tis
Hail the North-ern Bea - con, guid - ing Eng - lish stu - dents

Ang - li - æ! Sal - ve ve - ne - ran - dum nu - men
by its light! Hail the sanc - ti - ty pre - sid - ing

Ve - te - ris Du - nel - mi - æ! Al - ma Ma - ter,
O - ver Dur - ham's Cas - tled height! Al - ma Ma - ter!

a - ve! sal - ve! Flo - re - as in se - cu - la!
Wel - fare, Wis - dom Grace thee to E - ter - ni - ty!

The musical score is written in a single system with four staves. The top staff is for the voice, and the bottom three staves are for the piano (treble and bass clefs). The music is in a minor key (one flat) and common time. The lyrics are in Latin and English. The score is divided into four systems of music, each with corresponding lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and simple melodic lines. There are dynamic markings like 'f' (forte) in the third system.

Salve Boreale Lumen!

CARMEN NOVOCASTRENSE.

Candidit JOANNES WIGHT DUFF, A.M., Litt. Doc.
Musicisque modis accommodavit
 CAROLUS SANFORD TERRY, A.M.
 MDCCCXCV.

UNISONI. *S*ALVE boreale lumen
Resplendentis Angliæ!
Salve venerandum numen
Veteris Dunelmiaë!
Alma Mater, ave! salve!
Floreas in secula!

DIVISI. *Binos amnes, Vedram, Tynam,*
Una voce canite:
Litterarum disciplinam
Nunc paullisper sistite.
Alma Mater, etc.

VIRI. *Tomos tineis tradentes*
Jubilante cantico:

FEMINAE. *Togam nigram evuentes*
Indulgete gaudio.

OMNES. *Alma Mater, etc.*

UNISONI. *Jam concentu gaudeamus*
Dunelmenses filii!
Almam Matrem salutamus:
Floreat Pons Aëlii!
Alma Mater, etc.

DIVISI. *Fervet et nescit domari*
Fodinarum suboles:
Ardeat fervore pari
Et nostrorum iudoles!
Alma Mater, etc.

FEMINAE. *Academicæ sorores*
Concinentes floreant!

VIRI. *Floreant et professores*
Et qui illos audiunt!

OMNES. *Alma Mater, etc.*

DIVISI. *Vivat quaelibet doctrina—*
Sancta theologia,
Artes, Musæ, medicina,
Cum juris peritia.
Alma Mater, etc.

UNISONI. *Vivat studiosa proles*
Pia reverentia:
‘Mente moveatur moles’:
Floreat scientia!
Alma Mater, etc.

A NEWCASTLE SONG.

Words by J. WIGHT DUFF, M. A., D. Litt.
Music by C. SANFORD TERRY, M. A.
 1895.

HAIL the Northern Beacon, guiding
 English students by its light!
 Hail the sanctity presiding
 Over Durham's Castled height!
 Alma Mater! Welfare, Wisdom
 Grace thee to Eternity!

Wear and Tyne, with tuneful blending
 Let us in our song unite:
 Students for the moment ending
 Make the hour with music bright.
 Alma Mater! etc.

Bookworms all our books may borrow—
 We will sing our merry glee:
 Doff the gown until to-morrow—
 Harmony shall set us free.
 Alma Mater! etc.

Now in melody rejoicing,
 Students prove your fealty,
 Alma Mater's praises voicing
 With Newcastle's energy.
 Alma Mater! etc.

As a live coal, blown the harder,
 Ever glows to more effect,
 May enthusiastic ardour
 Fire the student's intellect!
 Alma Mater! etc.

Sisters linked by study nearer
 Greet we in sincerity:
 To Professor and to Hearer
 Wish we aye prosperity.
 Alma Mater! etc.

Long may truth all learning nourish
 In the University!
 Music, Arts, and Medicine flourish,
 Science, Law, Divinity!
 Alma Mater! etc.

May the sons of Alma Mater
 Ever love her loyally!
 “Mente moles moveatur!”
 Triumph knowledge royally!
 Alma Mater! etc.

NOTE:— This song, originally written by Professor Wight Duff for Newcastle, was partially re-written to adapt it to Aberdeen, as the most northerly University in the kingdom, and in this later form is contained in *The Scottish Students' Songbook*.

Leeds University Song.

A. BARTLE.

B. BILLAM.

Moderato.

VOICE. *Tho' some*

PIANO. *rallentando*

Var - si - ties be old - er, Being e - stab - lish'd long a - go, By the

sempre staccato

glamour of an - ti - qui - ty sur - round - ed; Yet we're just as proud in York - shire, And have

ma - ny things to show, To prove to you our pride is ful - ly ground - ed.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in a single staff with a treble clef and a common time signature. The piano accompaniment is in two staves, with a treble and bass clef. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The score is divided into four systems. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The piano part features a series of chords and moving lines. The second system contains the first line of lyrics: 'Var - si - ties be old - er, Being e - stab - lish'd long a - go, By the'. The piano part continues with a 'sempre staccato' marking. The third system contains the second line of lyrics: 'glamour of an - ti - qui - ty sur - round - ed; Yet we're just as proud in York - shire, And have'. The piano part continues with similar accompaniment. The fourth system contains the final line of lyrics: 'ma - ny things to show, To prove to you our pride is ful - ly ground - ed.' The piano part concludes with a final chord and a double bar line.

CHORUS.

So Ku - ma - ti! For Leeds and its Var - si - ty; Its
 med' - cine, sci - ence, arts and law, Its tech - ni - ca - li - ties ga - lore, The
 stu - dents and the train - ing corps, So Ku - ma - ti for Leeds!

marcato
rall - en - tan - do

THO' some Varsities be older,
 Being established long ago,
 By the glamour of antiquity surrounded;
 Yet we're just as proud in Yorkshire,
 And have many things to show,
 To prove to you our pride is fully grounded.
 So Kumati! For Leeds and its Varsity;
 Its med'cine, science, arts and law,
 Its technicalities galore,
 The students and the training corps,
 So Kumati for Leeds!

To this somewhat smoky city,
 With its energetic hum,
 Where you find our educational foundation,
 Out of every nook and corner
 Of this busy world they come,
 Presenting us with men of every nation.
 So Kumati! etc.

Now some of us are medicals,
 And some are engineers,
 With a leavening of men of arts and science;
 Whilst a squad of territorials
 Serve to stay our fears,
 Declaring 'tis defence and not defiance.
 So Kumati! For Leeds and its Varsity;
 Its med'cine, science, arts and law,
 Its technicalities galore,
 The students and the training corps,
 So Kumati for Leeds!

And when our time is over,
 At the parting of the ways,
 When we leave our University for ever,
 We shall carry with us mem'ries,
 That will last us all our days,
 Which time will not obliterate—no, *never!*
 So Kumati! etc.

And some will go to Africa,
 And some will travel West;
 From Mexico to Egypt you will find them;
 But all will think of Yorkshire,
 And will count among the best,
 The memory of years they've left behind them.
 So Kumati! etc.

Arduus ad Solem.

Manchester University Song.

S. L. CAIGER, B. A.

Air:—"Wein, Weib, Gesang."

Arr. by CARL FRIEDRICH ZELTER (1802.)

PIANO. *f*

Let o - thers think their work is done, And dream on yes - ter - day, We

look to - wards the ris - ing sun, Nor loi - ter on our way; The

Ow - en's man still leads the van, With glo - rious thirst to

be the first, To greet the Ris - ing Sun, To greet the Ris - ing Sun.

CHORUS.

There is no place like Man-ches-ter, Be-neath the North or
South-ern skies, And Ar-du-us ad So-lem, To greet the dawn we rise.

D. C. al Segno.

LET others think their work is done,
And dream on yesterday,
We look towards the rising sun,
Nor loiter on our way;
The Owen's man still leads the van,
With glorious thirst to be the first,
To greet the Rising Sun.
There is no place like Manchester,
Beneath the North or Southern skies,
And Arduus ad Solem,
To greet the dawn we rise.

We boast no havens on the Cher,
No bridges like the 'Tabs:
Love we our dusty Seminar,
Our dark and dingy labs.,
Our prospect black with chimney stack,
Our Court and Hall—we hold them all
Dear as the Rising Sun.
There is no place, etc.

When we have pored on book or bone,
And burnt the midnight oil,
What Alma Mater like our own
To cheer us after toil?
Our hearts' desire the Union fire,
The baize-clad slate, or keen debate
Bright as the Rising Sun.
There is no place like Manchester,
Beneath the North or Southern skies,
And Arduus ad Solem,
To greet the dawn we rise.

And each for all on field, in gym,
We strive to top the score,
Or swinging past the factories grim
We ply the flashing oar:
The Fete we love of motley Shrove,
When torches bright flare through the night
To speed the Rising Sun.
There is no place, etc.

So when we part for pastures new,
And college days are done,
Our hearts for ever will be true
To Snake and Rising Sun:
And we shall sigh for days gone by,
Or grave or gay, in work or play,
Beneath the Rising Sun.
There is no place, etc.

The Song of the Shield.

From Reading Univ. College.

J. C. B. TIRBUTT.

Allegro. With spirit.
mf

VOICE. *mf*
Come,

PIANO. *mf*

troll forth a song, come, pass it a-long, The Song of the Col-lege Shield! Come,

send up a shout, with - in and with-out, From Common Room, River and Field! For

go where we will, by val-ley or hill, The tale of our to - ken goes, And

p

Detailed description of the musical score: The score is for a song in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a key signature change from one sharp to two sharps (F# and C#). The tempo is marked 'Allegro'. The piano part starts with a dynamic of 'mf'. The second system includes lyrics: 'troll forth a song, come, pass it a-long, The Song of the Col-lege Shield! Come,'. The piano part has dynamics of 'p' and 'mf'. The third system includes lyrics: 'send up a shout, with - in and with-out, From Common Room, River and Field! For'. The piano part has dynamics of 'p', 'rit.', and 'a tempo'. The fourth system includes lyrics: 'go where we will, by val-ley or hill, The tale of our to - ken goes, And'. The piano part has a dynamic of 'p'. The score ends with a final note marked 'f'.

armed are we thrice, ar - rayed in de-vice Of Shells and the Cross and Rose!

CHORUS.

Then work for it, play for it, nev - er say die, Let each do the best that he

knows, Till vic - to - ry dwells with the Cross and Shells, And fame with the fie - ry Rose!

COME, troll forth a song, come, pass it along,
 The Song of the College Shield!
 Come, send up a shout, within and without,
 From Common Room, River and Field!
 For go where we will, by valley or hill,
 The tale of our token goes,
 And armed are we thrice, arrayed in device
 Of Shells and the Cross and Rose!
 Then work for it, play for it, never say die,
 Let each do the best that he knows,
 Till victory dwells with the Cross and Shells,
 And fame with the fiery Rose!

Sing first of the days that sped to the praise
 And sway of the pilgrim sign,
 Let Reading acclaim the days when her name
 Enkindled a homage divine.
 Though sceptre and sway have vanished away,
 And fallen her crown of towers,
 Yet honour shall reign with the Shells once again,
 Enthroned on this Shield of ours!
 Then work for it, play for it, never say die
 Let each do the best that he knows,
 Till victory dwells with the Cross and Shells,
 And fame with the fiery Rose!

Then forth to the field, and follow the Shield—
 Remember the days of yore!
 Each one in the host be true to his post,
 And quit him as never before!
 Together in soul, we strike for the goal,
 Together we face our foes,
 And none shall divide the symbols allied,
 The Shells, and the Cross and Rose!
 Then work for it, etc.

Floreamus.

The Sheffield University Students' Song.

G. C. MOORE SMITH, M. A.

HENRY COWARD, Mus. Doc., Oxon.

With spirit.

VOICES. *f*

O the

life of a Stu-dent's the life made for me, By the Cam or the I - sis, the

Seine or the Spree, But the best of all Students, or more is the pi - ty, Are the

Stu - dents who ga - ther in Shef - field's black Ci - ty.

CHORUS.
Vivace.

O Stu - di - o - se mag - na cum vo - ce, Dic Flor - e -

Vivace.

Flore - a - - - mus.

amus, Dic Flore - amus, Flore - a - mus. 2. Do we

Flore - a - - - mus.

1st time. *last.*

Repeat from ♫ for each verse.

The image shows a musical score for a piece titled 'Floreamus, Dic Floreamus, Floreamus'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has lyrics: 'Flore - a - - - mus.', 'amus, Dic Flore - amus, Flore - a - mus.', and 'Flore - a - - - mus.'. The piano part includes a section with '1st time.' and 'last.' markings, and a note to 'Repeat from ♫ for each verse.'.

○ THE life of a Student's the life made for me,
 By the Cam or the Isis, the Seine or the Spree!
 But the best of all Students, or more is the pity,
 Are the Students who gather in Sheffield's black city!
 O Studiose, Magna cum voce, Dic, 'Floreamus!'

Do we envy the worldlings who toil but for gold,
 With their minds ever shrinking, their hearts growing cold!
 The Student who lives with the great ones of yore
 Has more in his garret than they in their store!
 O Studiose, etc.

When troubles infest us and life is stripped bare,
 With Darwin or Newton we banish our care;
 We have Shakespeare to charm us, and Shelley to sing,
 So, if the flies sting us, Amen, let them sting!
 O Studiose, etc.

There's a joy that descends on the Student alone
 When he conquers a poser and feels himself grown,
 When he sees a bit deeper in nature or man,
 And thinks a bit harder than simple folks can.
 O Studiose, etc.

And when work is put by, and he lifts up his eyes,
 How dear to the Student green fields and blue skies!
 The dark purple moor where he lies with his friend!
 The leaping and laughter! the talk without end!
 O Studiose, etc.

Then here's to our College, its friends, and its founders!
 And here's to sound learning and all its expounders!
 And here's to all Students, wherever they be,
 And, last but not least, here's to you and to me!
 O Studiose, etc.

Aberystwyth College Song.

(CÂN COLEG ABERYSTWYTH.)

Geiriau gan J. R. AINSWORTH DAVIS, M. A.
Efelychiad E. ANWYL, M. A.

Y gerddoriaeth gan
Professor D. JENKINS, Mus. Bac. (Cantab.)

Moderato.

PIANO.

Some boast their clas-sic stream Where nymphs and nai-ads dream, Their
Yn hyf i'r nef-oedd wen Ein Col - eg gwyd ei ben A'i

rit. a tempo

buildings touched by Time till old and grey— Our Col-lege towers in
ieu-angc wedd heb ar - wydd hen - aint caeth; Nid mewn rhyw ddis - taw

pride By the West-ern wa - ters' side, Where wild waves vainly beat a-long the
fan, Ond draw ar greig - iog lan, Lle rhu - ar don dra gwyddol ar y

ad lib.

colla voce

SOME boast their classic stream
Where nymphs and naiads dream,
Their buildings touched by Time till old and grey,—
Our College towers in pride
By the Western waters' side,
Where wild waves vainly beat along the bay.
"What may your motto be, etc.

From near or distant home
Her sons and daughters come,
Awhile to tarry by the wind-swept shore,
Dim midnight oil they burn,
Nor sport and pleasure spurn,
Those days shall dwell in mem'ry evermore.
"What may your motto be, etc.

To South, West, East, and North,
Her children travel forth,
Bright kindle learning's torch like morning star.
From mountain moor and plain,
Across the purple main,
The flamma sacra burns and shines afar.
Fair may your future be, etc.

YN hyf i'r nefoedd wen
Ein Coleg gwyd ei ben
A'i ieuange wedd heb arwydd henaint caeth;
Nid mewn rhyw ddistaw fan,
Ond draw ar greigiog lan,
Lle rhua'r don dragwyddol ar y traeth.
"Beth yw d'arwyddair di, etc.

O lawer gwlad a thref,
Ei feib a'i ferched ef
Gânt aros ennyd wrth dymhestlog fôr.
Eu gwersi'n gysson wnant,
Ond llonder ni chashant,
Gan gasglu mwyn adgofion yn ystôr.
"Beth yw d'arwyddair di, etc.

Ymhell i'r pedwar gwynt,
Ei blant ânt ar eu hynt,
A dysg wasgarant fel y boreu wawr.
O fynydd, rhos, a gwaen.
Dros Werydd fôr ymlaen,
Eu sanctaidd fflam oleua ddaear lawr.
Boed llon dy oriau di, etc.

CHORUS. (CYDGAN.)

bay.
traeth. 1-2 ("What may your motto be, O col-lege by the sea?" "Nid byd, byd heb wyb-
1-2 ("Beth yw d'arwyddair di, O gol-eg ger y lli?" "Nid byd, byd heb wyb-

3. (Fair may your fu-ture be, Our col-lege by the sea! While wind and wave make
3. (Boed llon dy or-iau di, Ein gol-eg ger y lli, Tra sein-ia'r stormus

a tempo

odaeth," an-swer we. Rage ye gales! ye sur-ges seethe! Ab-er-ystwyth fu a fydd!
odaeth," meddwn ni. Rhu-a fôr! Ei glod yn rhydd, Ab-er-ystwyth fu a fydd!

mer-ry minstrel - sy! Rage ye gales! ye sur-ges seethe! Ab-er-ystwyth fu a fydd!
dôn ei chyd-gan hi! Rhu-a fôr! Ei glod yn rhydd, Ab-er-ystwyth fu a fydd!

f



