

JUNIOR LAVREL SONGS

SPECIAL EDITION

M. TERESA ARMITAGE

**C. C. BIRCHARD & COMPANY
BOSTON**



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INTRODUCTION

LAUREL SONGS FOR JUNIORS is the fulfilment of a long-cherished purpose to bring a higher standard of music into the Junior classes (unchanged voices) of the public schools. It does not embody any "Method" in the generally accepted sense of the term. It does not contain a song that has been chosen for any reason save that of genuine merit and living interest. The aim of the editor has been to make a collection of beautiful songs which shall influence and inspire young students and direct them in the pursuit of the vital things in music.

The ideal purpose of the book is to contribute to the growth of individuality and character. To this end songs have been selected which provide for free and spontaneous expression of all the normal moods and activities of young people; songs of joy, humor, hope, courage, sympathy, devotion, ecstasy, aspiration and achievement; songs of action and the dance; of Nature and "the great out-of-doors."

The book teaches an exalted conception of human relations, in songs of altruism, freedom, comradeship, goodness, brotherhood and peace; and sounds a high note of patriotism, as for example, in Lanier's "America," wherein the poet promises glorious fame to our beloved land so long

" . . . as thine Eagle harm no dove;
Long as thy law by law shall grow;
Long as thy God is God above,
Thy brother ev'ry man below."

An aim of the book has been to express "The People" in music — one of the truest forms of community effort and service — our America, the hope of an ideal humanity, with its Washington, Lincoln, and all the heroes of patriotic endeavor whose achievements are made the occasion of public recognition.

The Key-Note throughout is Joy and Courage and the unquenchable optimism of the American spirit which is the very heart of Childhood.

The book is enriched by a number of compositions by American composers and it is gratifying to note that they have all been written in terms of youth and young comprehension. These songs, which have been composed to the carefully selected texts of over twenty immortal poets, mostly American, form an especially notable contribution to the American spirit of the book. Attention is also directed to the distinctive American songs of the Folk and ballad type, some of which appear for the first time for schools in this volume.

Folk music is further represented by examples from various nations. We have a great population of foreign origin. We should not encourage them to forget the land of their birth or ancestry, but to cherish sacred memories and traditions, thus fostering sentiments which rightly directed will create a new love and devotion for the America of their adoption. The influence of music is exerted not only on the children themselves, but through them on the parents. In this connection, attention is further directed to the home songs which are introduced advisedly into this book. The music of these selections will make them popular with young people, although the full meaning expressed in the texts will not appear until in later years, but these choice songs will be sung outside of the schools, and particularly in

the homes, where their deeper meaning will be felt, thus fulfilling one great aim of the editor: to make music the greatest possible force for good throughout the entire community.

The artistic value of the book is shown in its representative melodies of a large number of the master composers, and thirty compositions by contemporary American composers; and also in the nature of the arrangements, all of which are in perfect adaptations of harmony, and many of which are in attractive forms of simple counterpoint. The arrangements in counterpoint, in which each voice has a melody, constitute a unique feature of this collection. In daily instruction the thoughtful teacher will see to it that the melodic line in the subordinate parts is clearly developed. An excellent study, both for reading and interpretation, is for the class to sing the contrapuntal melodies separately, either before or after the parts are taken in harmony.

The songs are in unison, two parts and three parts, and the nature of the melody has determined the form in which the song is used; as, for example, the three part songs are natural three-part songs, the two-part songs are natural two-part songs, and the unison songs are natural unison songs.

The book contains numerous lullabies and songs in legato movement, all of which are of special value in the development of breath control, sustained phrasing and of moods conducive to perfect tone quality. In this and every other possible way the editor has made provision for the care and preservation of the voices of young children.

A safe compass has been regarded as lying between B and E, and a majority of the songs are within this limitation, although B^b and F are freely used; and A, A^b and an occasional G (alto) are introduced in the last half of the book for the limited compass of the lowering voice; but the extremes of compass do not call for sustained or loud effects. Opportunities are provided for development of the full range of the voice by frequent interchanges of melody.

While the book does not aim to work out any gradation method, it will nevertheless be found of great usefulness in technical instruction, inasmuch as it embodies and illustrates practically all the essentials of musical technique for study in these grades, as for example, the various movements, intervals, progressions, and keys, major and minor.

The most important of the arrangements have been made by Mr. N. Clifford Page, a musician of exceptional attainments, through whose imagination and sympathy the familiar melodies present a new significance without loss of their original charm and appeal.

Especial attention has been given to the important consideration of texts in the editing of this volume, both as to content and the adaptability of words to music, and acknowledgment is made in this connection to Mr. David Stevens for distinctive and invaluable service in the literary editorship of the book.

The book is issued in the students' edition (vocal parts only), and the teacher's edition (voice and piano).

Finally, LAUREL SONGS FOR JUNIORS is issued, not simply as another collection of songs, but as a collection of songs to be used with a definite end in view, namely, to add to joy and beauty and spiritual vitality in the growth of American individuality and character.

THE EDITOR AND PUBLISHERS.

JUNE, 1917.

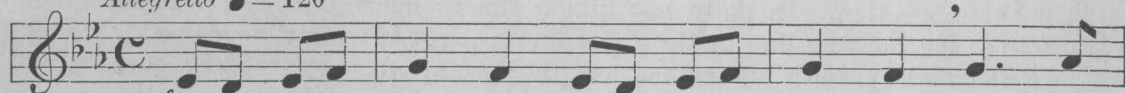
JUNIOR LAUREL SONGS

Come Bright Morning

Stephen Fay

Old French Melody

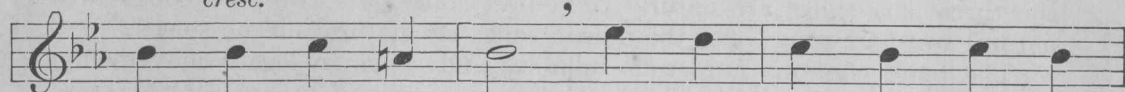
Allegretto ♩ = 120



mf

1. Come bright morn - ing, Earth a - dorn - ing, Sleep - y
2. Song - birds twit - ter, Dew - drops glit - ter, Per - fumes

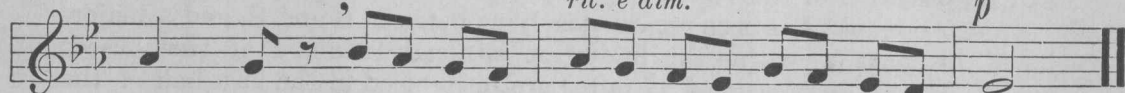
cresc.



eye - lids now un - close; Bells are ring - ing, Hearts are
rise from all the flow'rs; Joy shall meet thee, Glad - ness

rit. e dim.

p



sing - ing, Wakes the world from sweet re - pose.
greet thee, Haste, thou queen of all bright hours!

The Sleeping Forest

David Stevens

German Folk-Tune

Andante con moto ♩ = 80



1. When the love - ly moon on a sum - mer night, O'er the
2. Ev - 'ry leaf is still in the shad - ows deep, And the

mf,

cresc.



for - est dark sheds her sil - ver light, She is send - ing dreams to the
earth it - self must have gone to sleep, While the love - ly moon high in

rit.

dim.

p

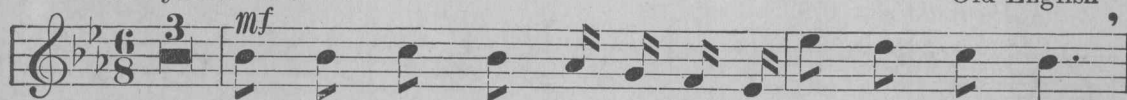


sleep - ing trees, As they nod and sway in the eve - ning breeze.
heav - en gleams, Send - ing down to all bright and sil - v'ry dreams.

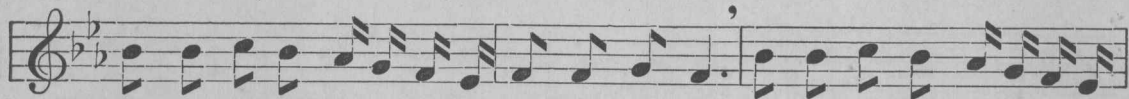
Lavender's Blue

Con grazia ♩. = 60

Old English



1. Lav - en - der's blue, dil - ly, dil - ly, lav - en - der's green,
2. Call up your men, dil - ly, dil - ly, set them to work,
3. If it should hap, dil - ly, dil - ly, if it should chance,



When I'm a King, dil-ly, dil - ly, you shall be Queen; Who told you so, dil-ly, dil - ly,
Some with a rake, dil-ly, dil - ly, some with a fork; Some to make hay, dil-ly, dil - ly,
We shall be gay, dil-ly, dil - ly, we shall both dance; Laven-der's blue, dil-ly, dil - ly,



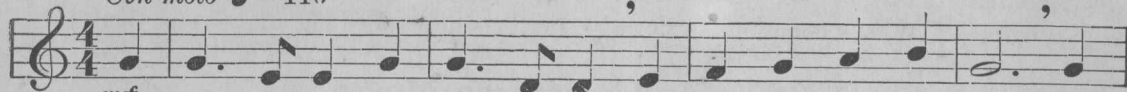
who told you so? 'Twas mine own heart, dil - ly, dil - ly, that told me so.
some to thresh corn, While you and I, dil - ly, dil - ly, keep our-selves warm.
lav - en - der's green, When I'm a King, dil - ly, dil - ly, you shall be Queen.

America the Beautiful

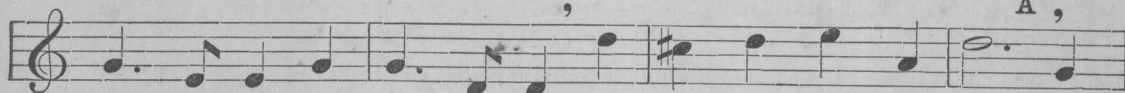
Katharine Lee Bates

Samuel A. Ward

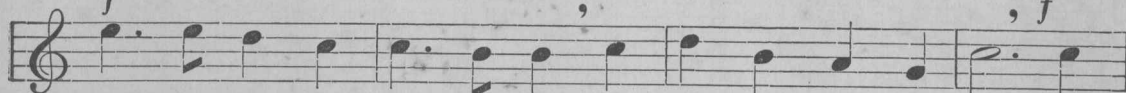
Con moto ♩ = 116



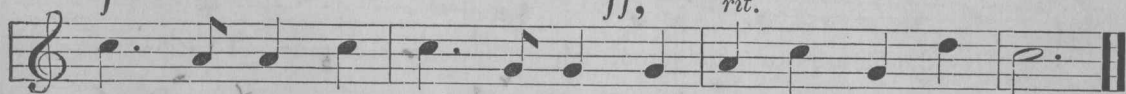
1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain, For
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern im - pas-sion'd stress, A
3. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years, Thine



pur - ple moun-tain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain! A -
thor - ough-fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness! A -
al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam Im - mac - u - late of tears. A -



mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee, And
mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw, Con -
mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee, And



crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!
firm thy soul in self - con-trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
crown thy good with broth - er - hood, From sea to shin - ing sea!

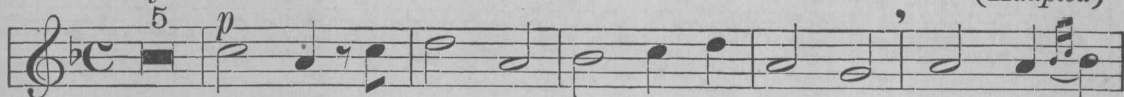
Morning Song

David Stevens

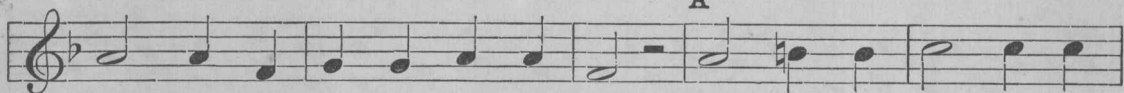
F. Paolo Tosti

Allegretto ♩ = 108

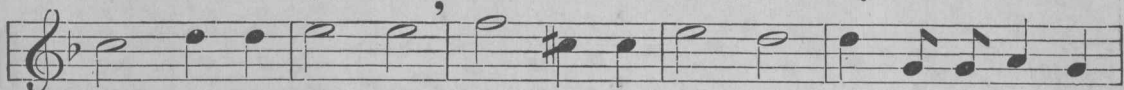
(Adapted)



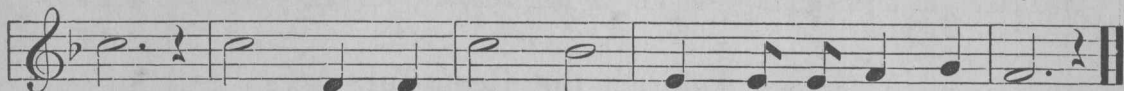
1. Sun - rise! the day-spring, vi - sion re-splen - dent! Wreath'd in its
2. Sun - rise! Au - ro - ra, god - dess im - mor - tal! Deck all the
3. Sun - rise! Re - joice ye! Na - ture is sing - ing; Lift ev - 'ry



glo - ry, the green hill smiles a - new. Earth now a - wak - ens in
earth with thy fair, am - bro - sial flow'rs. Touch with thy mag - ic the
voice in the joy of ra - diant morn. Rise, ev - 'ry heart with the



beau - ty tran - scen - dent, Kissed by the morn - ing, bathed in the sparkling
dawn's ros - y por - tal, Day en - ters smil - ing, bright with the shin - ing
lark sky - ward wing - ing, Wel - come the morn - ing, sing! for a day is

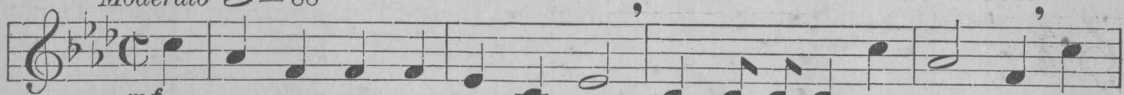


dew, Kissed by the morn - ing, bathed in the spark - ling dew.
hours, Day en - ters smil - ing, bright with the shin - ing hours.
born, Wel - come the morn - ing, sing! for a day is born!

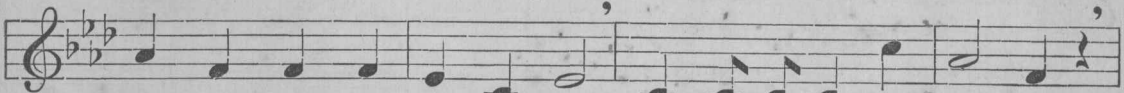
The Tailor and the Mouse

Text adapted by Stephen Fay

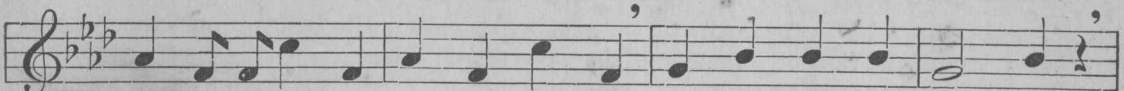
English Folk-Song

Moderato ♩ = 88

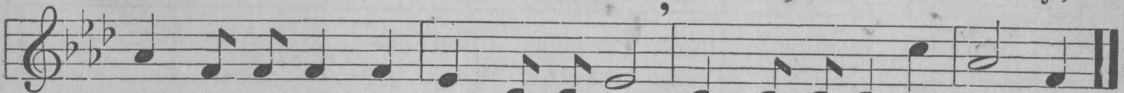
1. There was a tai - lor had a mouse; Hi - did - dle un - kum fee - dle! They
2. The tai - lor tho't the mouse was ill; Hi - did - dle un - kum fee - dle! Be -
3. And so he gave him cat - nip - tea; Hi - did - dle un - kum fee - dle! Un -



lived to - geth - er in one house; Hi - did - dle un - kum fee - dle!
cause he took an a - gue chill; Hi - did - dle un - kum fee - dle!
til a heart - y mouse was he; Hi - did - dle un - kum fee - dle!



Hi - did - dle un - kum tar - um, tan - tum! Thro' the town of Ram - say;



Hi - did - dle un - kum, o - ver the lea, Hi - did - dle un - kum fee - dle!

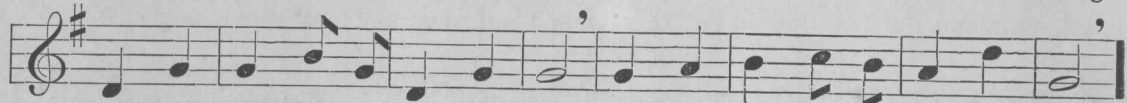
Shepherd Song

David Stevens

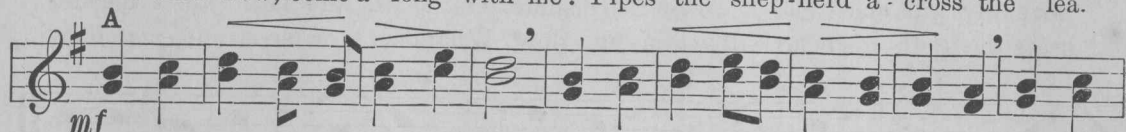
Old French Melody

Allegretto ♩ = 132*mp*

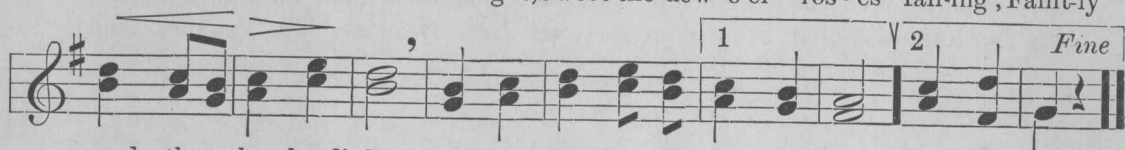
1. Sunbeams now thro' the shad-ows creep, Brightly the blush of the dawn is glow-ing;
 2. Sinks the sun in a gold-en sea, Blithely the lad to his flock is call-ing;



Look you, high on the hill - side steep, Pipes the shep-herd a - mong his sheep.
 "Home-ward now, come a - long with me!" Pipes the shep-herd a - cross the lea.



Life is fair on a summer's day, Sweet the west-ern wind is blowing; Sweetly
 Life is fair on a summer's night, Sweet the dew o'er ros-es fall-ing; Faint-ly



sounds the shep-herd's lay, Life is fair on a summer's day!
 glows the star's first light, Life is fair on a sum-mer's night!

A Refrain

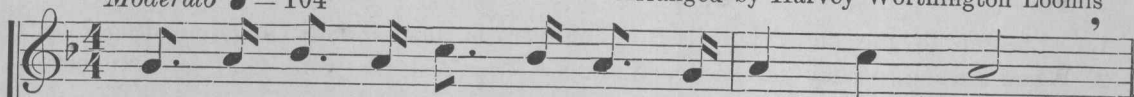
From "Martha"

Harvey Worthington Loomis

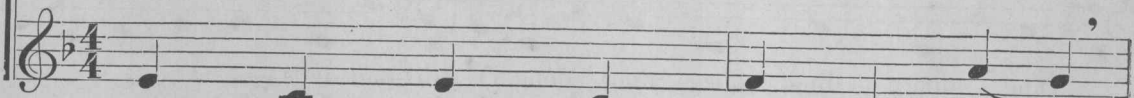
F. von Flotow

Moderato ♩ = 104

Arranged by Harvey Worthington Loomis



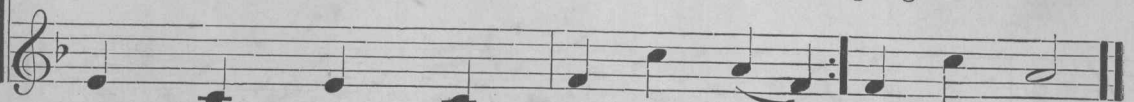
1. Who can count the pearls a - mid the o - cean spray?
 2. Who can count the sands up - on the wave - kissed shore?



Pearls a - mid the o - cean spray,
 Sands up - on the wave - kissed shore,



Who can count the notes that tune the wood - land way?
 Who can count the blos - soms of the spring - tide o'er?



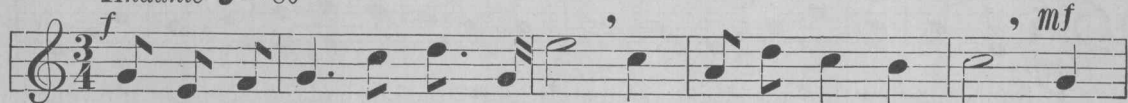
Notes that tune the wood - land way.
 Who can count those won - ders o'er?

Our Land

Words adapted by
Sidney Rowe

Finnish Patriotic Song
Friedrich Pacius

Andante ♩ = 80



1. Our land, our land, dear Fa - ther-land! Thy glo - ry we pro - claim! We
2. Our land, our land, proud Fa - ther-land! Thou dear and sa - cred name! Where



love thy hills and fond-ly - cher - ish'd shore, Our hearts and faith are thine for
beats the broth-er's heart with warm-er glow? What brav - er sons of men dwell



ev - er-more; We hail thy con - se - cra - ted name, Dear land, our Fa - ther - land!
here be - low? May God a - bove pre - serve thy fame, Dear land, our Fa - ther - land!

The Bells of Aberdovey

W. G. Rothery

Welsh Melody
Arranged by John Vance

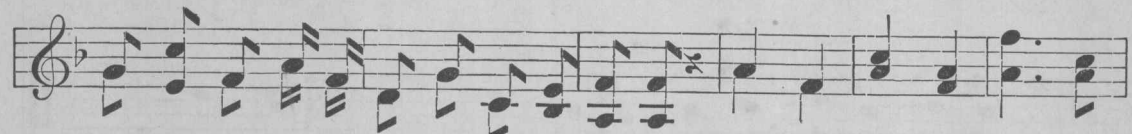
Cheerfully ♩ = 92



1. Lis - ten to the sil - v'ry bells Ring - ing o'er the dis - tant dells, Ding, dong, ding, dong,
2. When the hap - py day is done, "Work is o - ver, rest is won, Go to slum - ber



Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding dong, O'er dis - tant dells, —
Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding dong, "Your rest is won.



Ding, dong, ding, Ring the bells of A - ber - do - vey. Ding, dong, ding, dong, Sil - v'ry
with the sun, "Ring the bells of A - ber - do - vey. Ding, dong, ding, dong, Sil - v'ry



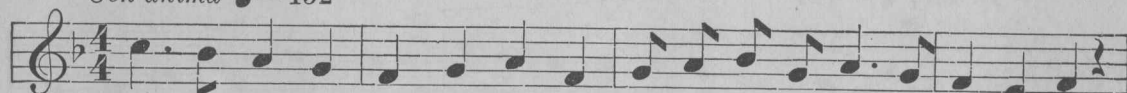
bells; Of peace and rest their chim - ing tells, The bells of A - ber - do - vey.

Anon.
David Stevens

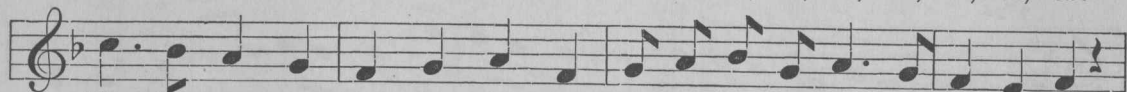
Christmas Song New Year's Song

Welsh Melody

Con anima ♩ = 152

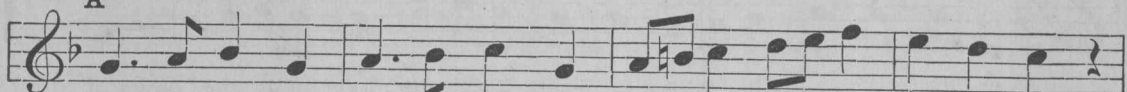


1. Deck the hall with boughs of hol - ly, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!
 2. See the blaz - ing yule be - fore us, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!
 1. Now the stee - ple bell is ring - ing, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!
 2. Ring the bells with joy and laugh - ter, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!



- 'Tis the sea - son to be jol - ly, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!
 Strike the harp and join the cho - rus, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!
 Tid - ings of the New Year bring - ing, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!
 Gone the old, the new comes aft - er, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!

A



- Don we now our gay ap - par - el, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!
 Fol - low me in mer - ry meas - ure, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!
 Speed the Old Year with his sor - row, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!
 Grasp the hand you find the near - est, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!



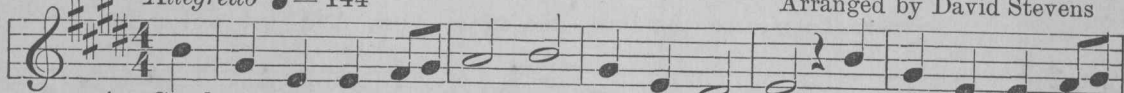
- Troll the an - cient Christmas car - ol, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!
 While I tell of Christmas treas - ure, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!
 Yes - ter - day is not to - mor - row, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!
 Wish to all the hope that's dear - est, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!

Good-Morning, Pretty Maid

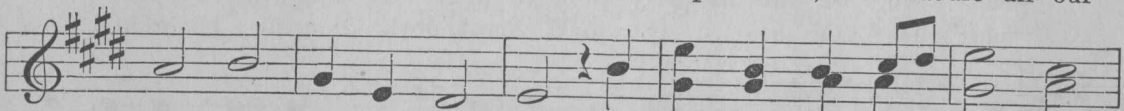
A. J. Foxwell

Old Gloucestershire Melody
Arranged by David Stevens

Allegretto ♩ = 144



1. "Good-morning, pret - ty maid, where are you go - ing, Be - fore the lag - gard
 2. "Oh, morning is the time of peace and pleas - ure, When earth and sky be -
 3. "But what are pleasant views if cares im - pair them, And what are all our



sun o'er earth is glow - ing? Why wan - der thus a - far where
 stow their dear - est treas - ure; To me the ver - dant field can
 joys with none to share them? Let but one friend be near, my



no com - pan - ions are, Up - on the care - less air your smiles be - stow - ing?"
 full en - joy - ment yield And bring me more de - light than words can meas - ure."
 lone - li - ness to cheer, The cares of life are light when comrades bear them!"

Cornish May Song

Sir Alexander Boswell

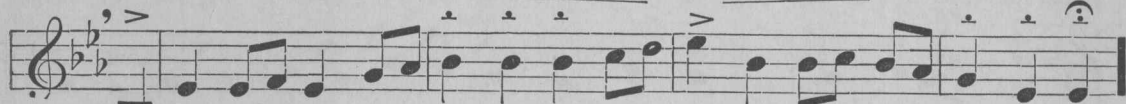
Morris Dance

English Folk-Song

Briskly ♩ = 144



1. Ye coun-try maid-ens, gath-er dew, While yet the morn-ing breez-es blow;
2. Tho' a - ges end and man-ners fade, And an-cient rev - els pass a - way,



The fair - y rings are fresh and new, Then cau-tious mark them as ye go.
I hope it nev - er will be said, For - got - ten is sweet Flo - ra Day.



A - rise, a - rise, the night is past, The sky-lark hails the dawn of day;



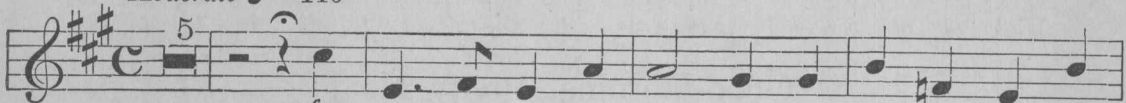
Care, get thee hence, from this place fly! For mirth rules here this morn of May.

The Echo

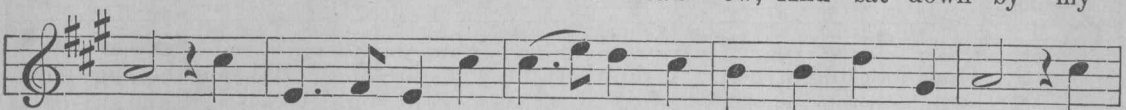
Sybil Paget

Franz Schubert, Op. 130

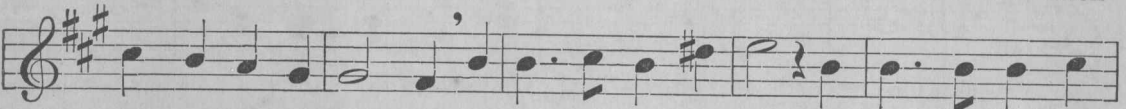
Moderato ♩ = 116



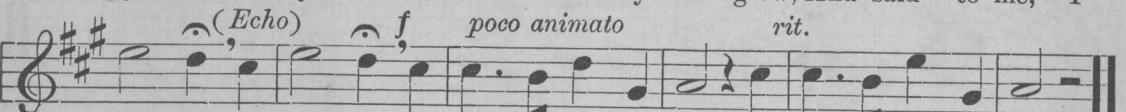
1. Oh, dear - est, sweet - est moth - er, Pray be not vex'd with
2. Then came he thro' the mead - ow, And sat down by my



me, To be his bride I've prom - is'd, It was this way, you see: I
side; He said he tru - ly lov'd me And wish'd me for his bride. Then



sat there in the mead - ow, He saw and came up near, And called: "Shall I be
begged me for my an - swer, With heart and eyes a - glow, And said to me, "I



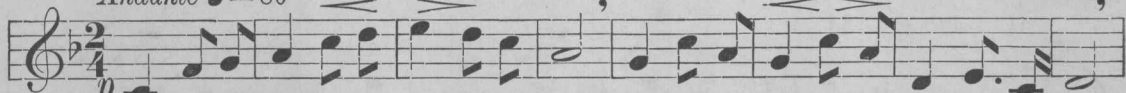
wel - come?" "Be wel - come!" cried Ech - o, loud and clear, Cried Ech - o, loud and clear.
love thee!" "I love thee!" cried Ech - o, soft and low, Cried Ech - o, soft and low.

M. Louise Baum

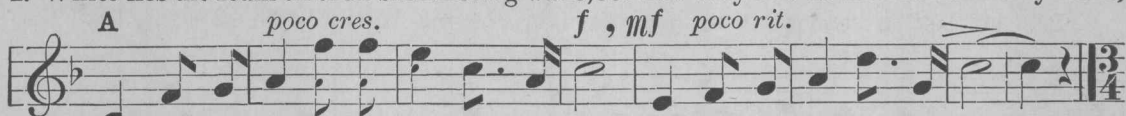
Sailing Song

Franz Lehar

Arranged by N. Clifford Page

Andante ♩ = 80

1. Sails are a-broad on a sil-ver-y sea, Flash-ing or fad-ing to windward or lee;
 2. White lies the foam on their shimmering wake, See how they bow as the headland they make;

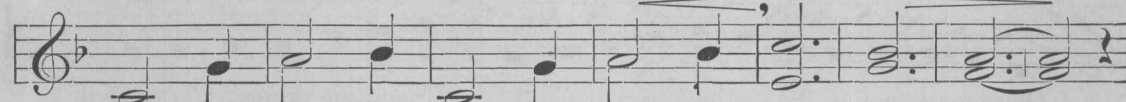


Now in the moonpath they darkle and gleam, Now they are gone like a dream.
 Now it is homeward e'er dawn climbs the sky, Oh, star-ry o-cean, goodbye.

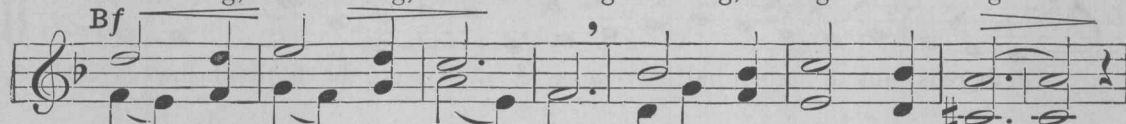
Valse lente ♩ = 63
marcato



Sail-ing, sail-ing, swift-ly sail-ing, Com-rades, sing;
 Sail-ing, sail-ing, swift-ly sail-ing, Laugh-ing light;



Dart-ing, dip-ping, Sea-ward slip-ping, Far a wing.
 Hast-ing, slow-ing, Home-ward go-ing, Through the night.



Ah, through sheen and shad-ow, Star-ry clear or blue,
 Winds may change or fresh-en, O'er the sil-ver foam.



Boats o-bey a faith-ful helm And hearts are true.
 Helms and hearts will heed the star That guides them home.

In Leafy Nest

Cordelia Brooks Fenno

Old French Melody
(1600)*Moderato e tranquillo* ♩ = 120

1. In leaf-y nest the bird is drow-sy, His eve-ning song is end-ing soon;
 2. 'Tis time for birds and babes to slumber, So close thine eyes and nev-er fear;
 3. Oh, thou, my joy, my heart's best treasure, Thy moth-er's love is ev-er near;



In the west, a thread of sil-ver, Shines the tender crescent moon.
 Fragrant beezees gently whisper: Go to sleep, my dearest dear.
 Sweetly sleep and wake at dawning, Rosy, happy, smiling, dear.

The Miller of Tracadé

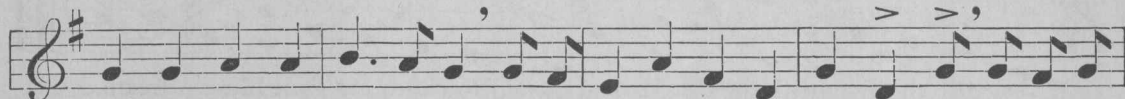
Sidney Rowe

Flemish Air

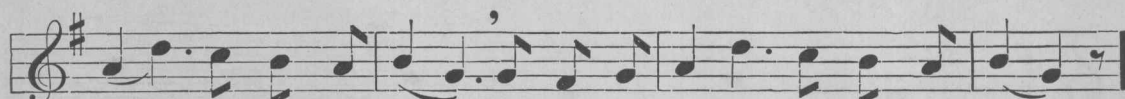
Allegretto $\text{♩} = 84$



1. Once on a time a mil-ler dwelt On the riv-er Tra-ca-dé, Sing hey! And
2. At last a man went up and down, So the vil-lage folk do say, Sing hey! No



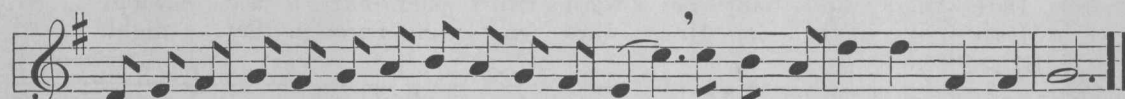
there he lived con-tent-ed-ly As he sang his round-e-lay; Sing hey! Tra-la-la-
oth-er mil-ler could be found On the riv-er Tra-ca-dé! Sing hey! Tra-la-la-



lay, Tra-la-la-lay, . I'm ev-er hap-py, I'm ev-er gay,
lay, Tra-la-la-lay, . And still he gai-ly pur-sued his way,



Oh there is not a mil-ler half so rich as I . Up-on the shores of Tra-ca-dé!



Oh there is not a mil-ler half so rich as I . Up-on the shores of Tra-ca-dé!

Vesper Hymn

Thomas Moore

Russian Air

Adapted and Arr. by N. Clifford Page

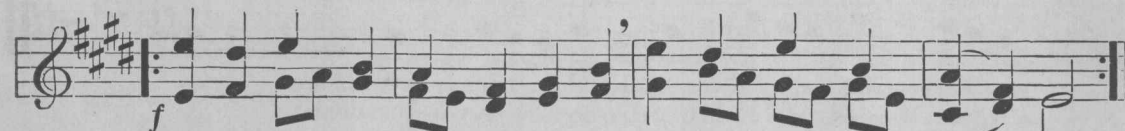
Allegretto $\text{♩} = 108$



1. Hark! the ves-per hymn is steal-ing O'er the wa-ters soft and clear,
2. Now like moonlight waves re-treat-ing, To the shore it dies a-long,
3. Once a-gain sweet voic-es ring-ing, Loud-er still the mu-sic swells.



Near-er yet and near-er peal-ing, Soft it breaks up-on the ear.
Now like an-gry sur-ges meet-ing, Breaks the min-gled tide of song.
While, on sum-mer breez-es wing-ing, Comes the chime of ves-per bells.



Ju-bi-la-te! Ju-bi-la-te! Ju-bi-la-te! A-men!

The Vision

(“Where there is no Vision, the People perish.”)

Thanksgiving Prayer

Cordelia Brooks Fenno
Anon.

Netherlands Air

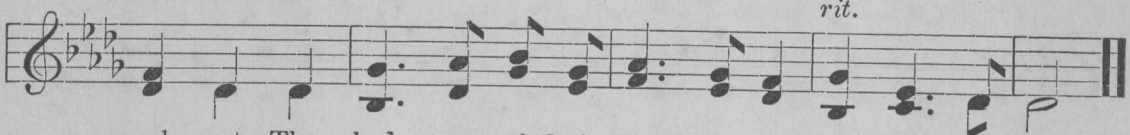
Andante con moto ♩ = 104



1. Great hearts that have bat-tled in a - ges be - hind us, For love of their
2. A her - it - age no - ble that bids us be wor - thy, Be brave and be
3. Oh, what shall we make it, this land of our fa - thers, This realm that ex -
1. We gath - er to - geth - er to ask the Lord's blessing, He chast - ens and
2. Be - side us to guide us, our God with us join - ing, Or - dain - ing, main -
3. We all do ex - tol Thee, Thou Lead - er in bat - tle, And pray that Thou



coun - try, for Jus - tice and Right, Be - held in a Vi - sion, a . Peo - ple tri -
strong with the strength of the Truth; A task fit for he - roes, for . high - est en -
pand - eth from sea un - to sea? Be ours the fair Vi - sion, the fair - er ful -
has - tens His will to make known; The wicked op - press - ing cease them from dis -
tain - ing His king - dom di - vine, So from the be - gin - ning the . fight we were
still our De - fend - er wilt be. Let Thy congre - ga - tion es - cape trib - u -



rit.
umph - ant, The shad - ows of dark Er - ror dis - pers'd by the Light.
deav - or, A task for ev - 'ry one of us, maid - en and youth.
fill - ment, A Na - tion shin - ing glo - ri - ous, might - y and free!
tress - ing, Sing prais - es to His name, He for - gets not His own.
win - ning, Thou, Lord, wast at our side, Let the glo - ry be Thine!
la - tion; Thy name be ev - er prais'd! and Thy peo - ple be free!

Cuckoo, Welcome Your Song

From the German

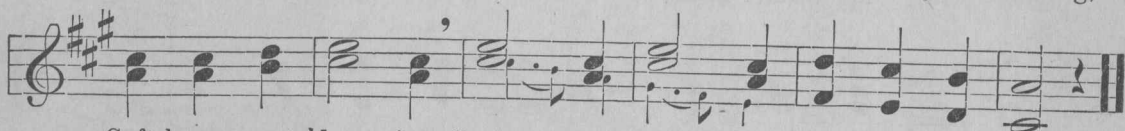
German Melody

Arranged by N. Clifford Page

Allegretto ♩ = 132



1. Cuck - oo, Cuck - oo, Wel - come your song! Win - ter is go - ing,
2. Cuck - oo, Cuck - oo, Loud your notes ring! Joy - ous - ly swell - ing,

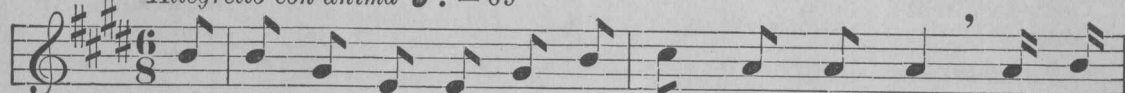


Soft breez - es blow - ing, Spring - time, spring - time soon will be here.
Glad - ly fore - tell - ing, Spring - time, spring - time, beau - ti - ful spring!

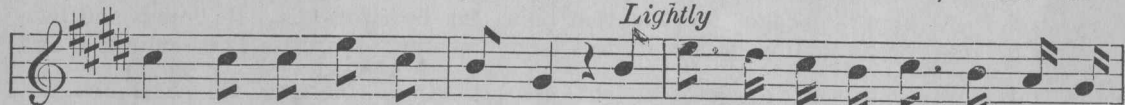
Dance Song

Sidney Rowe

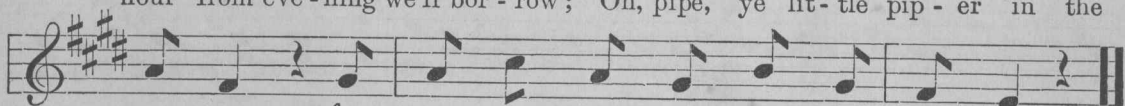
Danish Folk-Song

Allegretto con anima ♩ = 69*mf*

1. Come Hil - da, come O - laf, and Fre - da, come too, There is
 2. Now bal - ance your part - ners and bal - ance a - gain, With a
 3. Good - bye for to - day all our wea - ri - some toil, And an

Lightly*p*

mu - sic play - ing so sweet - ly; Where pipes the lit - tle pip - er in the
 laugh now set them a - spin - ning; Oh, pipe, ye lit - tle pip - er in the
 hour from eve - ning we'll bor - row; Oh, pipe, ye lit - tle pip - er in the

*mf*

twi - light, We'll sing and we'll foot it so neat - ly.
 twi - light! Our pleas - ure is on - ly be - gin - ning.
 twi - light! We've noth - ing to do till to - mor - row.

While Shepherds Watched

Traditional

Old Hampshire Christmas Hymn

Lightly ♩ = 80

Arranged by David Stevens

*p*

1. While shep - herds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground, The
 2. "Fear not," said he, for great dis - tress Had seized their trou - bled mind; "Good

mf

an - gel of the Lord came down And glo - ry shone a - round; And
 tid - ings of great joy I bring To you and all man - kind; To



glo - ry shone a - round, . And glo - ry shone a - round, And
 you and all man - kind, . To you and all man - kind, To



glo - ry shone a - round; The an - gel of the Lord came down And
 you and all man - kind; Good tid - ings of great joy I bring To



glo - ry shone a - round, And glo - ry shone a - round.
 you and all man - kind, To you and all man - kind."

On the Mountain Height

Words adapted by Sidney Rowe

Bavarian Yodel

Allegretto moderato ♩ = 116

, *p*



mf

1. On the mountain height, Near a streamlet bright, U - li - o, U - li - o - e,
2. On the mountain height, With the morning light, U - li - o, U - li - o - e,

, *mf*

, *p*



- U - li - o! In a shad-y spot Stands a lit-tle cot, U - li - o, U - li - o - e,
 U - li - o! It is joy to be Where the winds blow free, U - li - o, U - li - o - e,

, *mf*

, *p*



- U - li - o! In a garden there Bloom the ros-es fair, U - li - o - e, o - e, o - e,
 U - li - o! And when day-light ends And the night descends, U - li - o - e, o - e, o - e,

, *mf*

, *p*



- U - li - o! And wher-e'er I roam, That is still my home, U - li - o - e, o - e, o - e - o!
 U - li - o! Then we homeward go To the cot below, U - li - o - e, o - e, o - e - o!

My Spanish Guitar

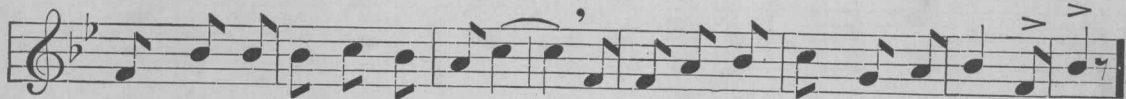
Words adapted by Stephen Fay

College Song

Allegretto con grazia ♩ = 76



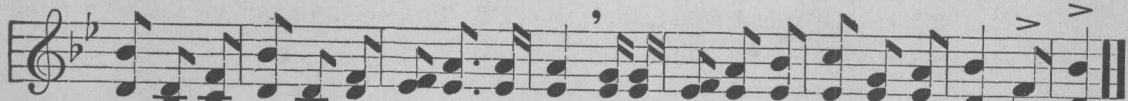
1. If I were a student in Ca-diz, I'd play on the Spanish Guitar, La, la! I'd
2. I'd sing when the moon shone in brightness, I'd sing to each far twinkling star, La, la! And



- learn what the best ser - e - nade is, And all the best tunes that there are, La, la!
 oh! with a del - i - cate light-ness, I'd twang on my Span - ish Gui - tar, La, la!



- Ring, ching, ching, Ring, ching, ching, Ring out, ye bells, Oh, ring out, ye bells, Oh, Ring out, ye bells!

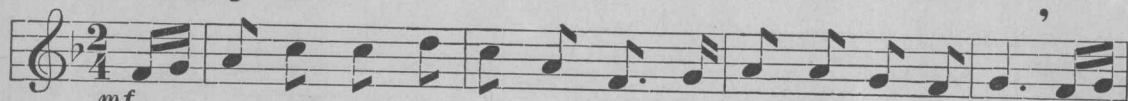


- Ring, ching, ching, Ring, ching, ching, Ring out, ye bells, As I play on my Span - ish Gui - tar, La, la!

Oh! Susanna

Edited by Henry Snow

S. C. Foster

Moderato ♩ = 100

1. I . came from Al - a - ba - ma with My ban - jo on my knee, I'm
It . rained all day the night I left, The weath - er was so dry; The
2. I . had a dream the oth - er night When ev - 'ry-thing was still, I .
The red, red rose was in her hand, The tear was in her eye, I .



going to Loui - si - a - na, My Su - san - na for to see.
sun so hot I froze my - self, Su - san - na don't you cry. Oh, Su - san - na! Oh,
thought I saw Su - san - na come a - saunt'ring down the hill.
said: "I come from Dix - ie - land, Su - san - na don't you cry." Oh, Su - san - na! Oh,



don't you cry for me, For I come from Al - a - ba - ma With my ban - jo on my knee.

The Ancient Soldier

Frederick H. Martens

Norwegian Folk-Song

Allegretto ♩ = 96

1. There sat an an - cient sol - dier be - neath the vil - lage oak. Of
2. The cry was "Up and com - ing!" our reg - i - ment's de - vice. In -
3. Oh yes, 'twas "Up and com - ing!" our glo - rious bat - tle cry! None
4. 'Twas then an an - cient dame to the vil - lage oak drew near. "Come,



bat - tles he had fought and won While serv - ing great Na - po - le - on, Of
to the bat - tle's thick we flew, If but our Em - p'ror bade us to, In -
but Na - po - leon's self has pow'r To bring it to my lips this hour! None
Hen - ry, milk the cow," said she; That gren - a - dier, pray what said he? That



bat - tles he had fought and won, To those a - round he spoke.
to the bat - tle's thick we flew, No need to tell us twice!
but Na - po - leon's self has pow'r, Just let an - oth - er try!
gren - a - dier, pray what said he? "Yes, up and com - ing, dear!"