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THE SONG-BOOK OF THE SCHOOL-ROOM:
COMPRISING A VAST VARIETY OF
SONGS, HYMNS,
AND SCRIPTURAL SELECTIONS WITH APPROPRIATE MUSIC,
ARRANGED TO BE SUNG IN ONE, TWO, OR THREE PARTS.
CONTAINING, ALSO,
THE ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES OF VOCAL MUSIC,
CONCEIVED WITH REFERENCE TO THE INDUCTIVE, OR SENSATIONAL
METHOD OF TEACHING, DESIGNED AS A COMPLETE SONG-
MANUAL FOR SCHOOLS, OR HOMESTYLE SINGING.
BY LOWELL MAJON & GEORGE JAMES WEBB.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY MAJON BROTHERS,
108 & 110 DEAN STREET,
1851.
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THE

SONG-BOOK OF THE SCHOOL-ROOM:

CONSISTING OF A GREAT VARIETY OF

SONGS, HYMNS,

AND SCRIPTURAL SELECTIONS WITH APPROPRIATE MUSIC,

ARRANGED TO BE SUNG IN ONE, TWO, OR THREE PARTS:

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PREPARED WITH REFERENCE TO THE INDUCTIVE, OR FESTALOZZIAN

METHOD OF TEACHING: DESIGNED AS A COMPLETE MUSIC

MANUAL FOR COMMON, OR GRAMMAR SCHOOLS.

BY LOWELL MASON & GEORGE JAMES WEBB.

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY MASON BROTHERS,

108 & 110 DUA NE STREET.

1860.
PREFACE.

This work has been prepared with reference to the wants of Common Schools and Academies. In it will be found many songs, adapted to the various circumstances of school children and youth, from eight or ten, to fourteen or sixteen years of age. The variety is thought to be greater than in most similar works, including the sprightly and enlivening, the calm and soothing, and the sober and devout.

It is regarded as a matter of the first importance, in connection with singing in schools, that the songs introduced, whether joyful and animating, or grave and solemn, should ever be of an elevated character, tending not to abase or degrade, but rather to exalt, ennoble, and purify the thoughts, feelings and associations of the young. If this point be not carefully guarded, or if, in school-singing, such words or melodies be permitted, as tend to vulgarity, coarseness, rudeness, or to mere trifling and frivolity, we may, ere long, regret the day when music was added to the list of school studies; for it may be regarded as certain, that it will not hold a mere neutral position between the good and the bad, but, according to the direction given to it, will put forth an influence either for the one, or for the other.

Under the influence of such views, the editors have selected, with a jealous eye, from the materials they have had before them; and they now present this little volume to parents, teachers and pupils, believing that it is not only free from that which is low, inelegant and pernicious, but that the songs, while they are cheerful and pleasing, will be found to accord, with the efforts of those who labor to make our children better and happier.

It will be observed, that in the elementary department, the principles of notation, or the things to be taught in the elementary principles of music, are defined or explained in such a successive order as is adapted to the inductive method of teaching. But no attempt has been made to guide the teacher to that method; for such a guide, he is referred to “The Primary School Song-Book,” a work designed to precede the use of this, and to the “Manual of Instruction of the Boston Academy of Music.” It may be proper to remark, however, that although in this work the different departments are kept distinct, such is not to be the case in teaching. The teacher is not to go through with Rhythms, before introducing Melodies, but, on the contrary, Melodies should be introduced, perhaps, at the very first lesson, and the different departments be taught in connection.

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THE

SONG-BOOK OF THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

MOUNTAIN SONG.

1. When up the mountain climbing, I sing this merry strain, La, la, . . . . .
   The echoes catch my music, And send it back again.

2. When lightning, hail, and thunder, Loud hissing, flash and roar,
   I stand above its threat'ning, And sing above its roar.
When on the summit standing, High
But when the sun is sinking, And

'mid the cloudless sky, I raise my voice right merrily, And hail the world be-
shades are dark and long, I call my sheep from wandering, And lead them home with
1. The mists of the morning are rolling away,
The stars quickly fade at the coming of day,
The foam of the billows at ready I see,
And there floats my barque, still in waiting for me.
BOATMAN'S MORNING SONG

The mists of the morning are rolling away,
The stars quickly fade at the coming of day,
The foam of the billows already I see,
And there floats my barque, still in waiting for me.

2
We row all the day in the current along,
Our voices uniting in loud swelling song;
No thought of the toil or the tumult of day,
Can ruffle our bosoms, or lure us away.

3
The mountain tops dimly are seen through the mist,
The beach, smooth and sandy, by wavelets is kissed,
The sky, broad and spreading, with crimson and blue,
The ocean that bears on its breast every hue.

4
My heart is entranced into beauty's high realm,
No care of the earth can its peace overwhelm;
The star of the west sends its last lingering ray,
I hail my sweet home, as the light fades away.

SPRING.

The spring breathes around us so softly and warm,
And bears her young children, so kind, on her arm;
She tends them, and feeds them, and nurses with care,
She clothes them with verdure so lovely and fair.

2
With green-springing arches, the brooks she adorns,
With fragrant, white blossoms she garlands the thorns;
With buds, gold and purple, she decks hill and plain,
Brings forth to the sunshine, and cheers with the rain.

3
At night-fall, in gentle and quiet repose,
The flowers their young foldings she teaches to close,
That, safe from all harm, their repose they may take,
"Till morning arising, shall call them to wake.

4
O'er hills and o'er vallies, through forests and bowers,
The spring does the work of its Maker and ours;
The fountain of all, is our Father above,
And spring is his agent of wisdom and love.
1. How lovely are the woods! The verdant, verdant woods! Where sweetly the birds are all singing, And thanks for the morning are ringing, Around in the verdant woods, The
O how I love the woods!
The verdant, verdant woods!
Where lightly the branches are twinkling,
With drops of the dew that are sprinkling
The leaves of the verdant woods,
The verdant, verdant woods.
Trä-la-la, &c.

Will answer your voice by the fountain
That springs in the verdant woods,
The verdant, verdant woods.
Trä-la-la, &c.

How lovely are the woods!
The verdant, verdant woods!
Where sweetly the birds are all singing,
And thanks for the morning are ringing,
Around in the verdant woods,
The verdant, verdant woods
Trä-la-la, &c.
GOING TO SCHOOL.

1. To the school, to the school, now my boy, merry boy, To the school, happy school, we will go;
   To the school, to the school, now my boy, merry boy, To the school, happy school, we will go;
   To the school, to the school, now my boy, merry boy, To the school, happy school, we will go.

If the sun be hot, or sky be clear, Tho' the wind may blow, or storm be near,
2 To the school, to the school, now my boy, merry boy,
    To the school, happy school, we will go; ||
    To the book and slate, we'll haste with joy,
    And in school our time we'll well employ;
To the school, to the school, now my boy, merry boy,
To the school, happy school, we will go.

3 To the school, to the school, now my boy, merry boy,
    To the school, happy school, we will go; ||
    While we now are young, the time we'll spend,
    To improve our minds, our hearts amend,—
To the school, to the school, now my boy, merry boy,
To the school, happy school, we will go.

MERRY BOY.

1 Come away, come away, now my boy, merry boy,
    To the fields, bright with dew, we will stray;
    Now the sun is up, so bright and clear,
    And the morning bird's sweet song we hear:
Come away, come away, now my boy, merry boy,
To the fields, bright with dew, we will stray.

2 Come away, come away, now my boy, merry boy,
    To the fields, bright with dew, we will stray;
    For the new mown hay now fills the air,
    And the wild rose sheds its fragrance there:
Come away, come away, now my boy, merry boy,
To the fields, bright with dew, we will stray.

OH! HOW BRIGHTLY.

1 Oh! how brightly, how brightly, the sun moves along,
From the east to the west, through the sky;
Oh! how lovely, how lovely, the moon looks among
All the stars, shining stars, sparkling high!
    These glorious lights to us were given,
    To raise our thoughts from earth to heaven,—
Oh! how brightly, how brightly, they all move along,
Shedding light o'er the world from on high.

2 Oh! how swiftly, how swiftly, the bird flies away,
    Happy bird, fly away, ever free;
Oh! how sweetly, how sweetly, he sings all the day,
In his home, on the tall forest tree!
    'Tis thus he tells of favors given,
    And while he sings, he soars to heaven;—
Oh! how sweetly, how sweetly, he sings all the day,
In his home, on the tall forest tree.

3 And the roses, the roses and bright lilies fair,
    Which we pluck from the fields in the May,
Fill with fragrance, with fragrance, the fresh morning air,
And to us as they bloom seem to say—
    By whom their sweet perfume was given,
    And thus they send it back to heaven:—
Oh! the roses, the roses and bright lilies fair,
Fill the air, fill the air all the day.
1. Cold the blast may blow, Cold the blast may blow, Wind may loud-ly roar, may loud-ly roar.

   Heap-ing high the snow, Heap-ing high the snow, Trees all brown and bare.

   Heap-ing high tae
Sad may wave in air, Deck'd with leaves no more, Deck'd with leaves no more.

2
Bosoms firm and bold,
Fear not storms nor cold,
Fear not ice nor snow;
Fiercely, through the gale,
Drift the snow and hail,—
Hearts may warmly glow

3
When in school we meet,
Looks of welcome greet,
Sent from smiling eyes

When our teachers dear,
Give us words of cheer,
What are wintry skies!

4
Come then rain or hail,
Come then storm or gale,
Glad to school we'll go;
Bosoms firm and bold,
Shrink not from the cold,
Fear not ice nor snow.
1. The summer's departed, so gentle and brief, The autumn is come with its dry, yellow leaf;

Its breath in the valley, its voice in the breeze, A rich colored hue is spread over the trees.
In red and in purple, the leaves seem to bloom,
But winter, cold winter, hath spoken their doom;
And those that may seem with the rubies to vie,
They tell us that beauty blooms only to die.

Yet, sad as the whispers of sorrow, its breath,
And touching its hues as the garments of death,
Still autumn, though sad and though mournful it be,
With fruits and with flowers, is welcome to me.

HOW BRIGHT IS THY PRESENCE.

How bright is thy presence, thou beautiful May!
How bright are the heavens, and the fields call to play;
Come forth then, sweet maidens, improve the gay hours,
Come twine ye fresh garlands, and dance 'mid the bow'rs.

How bright and how happy is nature around,
The sunbeams are glancing, and warm is the ground;
How smoothly and gently the river flows by,
The white clouds reflecting, that float in the sky.

How green is the meadow, how lovely and mild!
With dew-drops are sparkling the flowers of the field:
Come forth then, sweet maidens, improve the gay hours,
Come twine ye fresh garlands, and dance 'mid the bow'rs.

THE FARMER'S CALL.

Come rouse up ye slothful, the sun's o'er the hill!
The birds are all singing by mountain and rill;
The river is sparkling with red and with gold,
The cattle are lowing, the sheep leave the fold.

Your coat from the nail, and your hat from the wall,
The cows to the pasture, the horse from the stall;
Away to the meadow, away to the field,
For food without labor, it never will yield.

And while you are toiling, your tho'ts raise on high,
For blessings to man always come from the sky;
From thence come the sunbeams, the rain and the
And whoever soweth, the harvest shall find.
JOIN WE IN CHORUS.

1. Join we in chorus, freedom to praise, Let us our voices joyful raise,
   Let us our voices joyful raise.
JOIN WE IN CHORUS:

1 Join we in chorus, freedom to praise,
   Let us our voices joyfully raise.

2 Pledge me your promise, take mine from me,
   Ever united we will be free.

3 Free from all falsehood, free from all hate,
   Free from all malice, free from deceit.

4 Cheerful and happy, duty perform,
   Faithful in danger, braving the storm.

5 Pledge me your promise, take mine from me,
   We will be faithful, we will be free.

JOIN IN A CHORUS.

1 Join in a chorus, love let us sing;
   Voices united joyfully ring.

2 Love with young roses, sweet as the morn;
   Garlands and crowns us, hiding the thorn;

3 Makes sandy deserts edens in bloom,
   Sparkling in freshness, rich in perfume.

4 Love true and living, dim though it burns,
   Coming from heaven, to heaven it returns.

5 Join in a chorus, love we will sing;
   Voices united joyfully ring.

THE WOODLANDS.*

1 Come roam in woodlands, so fresh and so green,
   Come roam in woodlands, where blossoms are seen.

2 Come roam in woodlands, where hidden from light,
   Waters in woodlands, are gushing so bright.

3 Come roam in woodlands, and seek the wild flow’r,
   Come roam in woodlands, or rest in theower

4 Come roam in woodlands, where birds on the spray,
   Sing in the woodlands, so freely and gay.

5 Come roam in woodlands, where tongues may reveal,
   Telling in woodlands, what true hearts may feel.

* Separate the two notes for the word "woodlands."
GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

POETRY BY W. E. HICKSON.

1. { Now to heav'n our pray'r ascending, God speed the right; } Be our zeal in
   { In a noble cause contending, God speed the right. }

heav'n record-ed, With success on earth reward-ed, God speed the right, God speed the right.
2
Be that prayer again repeated—
God speed the right;
Ne'er despairing, though defeated;
God speed the right.
Like the good and great in story,
If we fail, we fail with glory:
God speed the right.

3
Patient, firm and persevering;
God speed the right;
Ne'er the event nor danger fearing;
God speed the right.
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
And in heaven's time succeeding—
God speed the right.

4
Still our onward course pursuing;
God speed the right;
Every foe at length subduing;
God speed the right.
Truth our cause, whate'er delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it;
God speed the right.

THE STUDENT'S VACATION SONG.

Tune,—"The Student's Song," p. 24.

1
Farewell to books! the birds are singing,
How rapidly the days are winging;
Come, brothers, let us haste away,
And have enjoyment while we may.

2
Vacation, haste! I am getting weary,
The school-room now is dull and dreary;
I'll hie me to the verdant field,
And see what nature has to yield

3
And yet I love the paths of learning,
And soon, with joy, will be returning;
When autumn's rich and mellow voice
Makes every heart and tongue rejoice.

4
And then we'll have a joyous greeting,
When in the halls of study meeting,
With minds refreshed, and feelings gay
We'll hail again the bright school-day.
MADELIN.

VENETIAN MELODY.

1. {Our ship is lightly bounding, Madelin; Madelin;}
   The merry winds are sounding, Madelin; Madelin;}
   The facing shore is gone—Now the sun is shining brightly, And the waters dancing lightly,—Madelin, Madel—
1
Our ship is lightly bounding,
Madelin;
The merry winds are sounding,
Madelin;
The fading shore is gone—
Now the sun is shining brightly,
And the waters dancing lightly,—
Madelin, Madelin.

2
When high the waves are rolling,
Madelin;
When loud the storm is howling,
Madelin;
Oh! then I'll think of thee—
When the billows high are roaring,
And the danger I am braving,
Madelin, Madelin.

3
When o'er the swelling ocean,
Madelin;
I view with warm emotion,
Madelin;
My own dear native shore—
To thy cottage beaming brightly,
I will haste with footsteps lightly:
Madelin, Madelin.
THE STUDENT'S SONG.

WORDS BY W. E. HICKSON.

1. { A-wake the song of merry greeting, Sing tra-la-la, la, la, la, la.}
   The notes inspir-ing, joy repeatin', Sing tra-la-la, la, la, la, la.

2. { Let mirth to wisdom tribute pay, } Sing tra-la-la, la, la, la, la.
   But yet be merry when we may.
1
Awake the song of merry greeting;  
The notes inspiring, joy repeating;  
Let mirth to wisdom tribute pay,  
But yet be merry when we may.

2
"Tis well for thought to find a season  
For study always there's no reason;  
We gather knowledge from the past,  
To make life happy while it last.

3
And if the day we give to labor,  
The evening's due to friend and neighbor—  
When nature needful rest designed,  
To strengthen body and the mind.

4
Though care will come, or tribulation,  
We'll sigh not in th'anticipation,  
For joy will soon each grief dispel,  
From hearts where love and friendship dwell.
1. Oh, come, come a way, from labor now resting, Let busy care 
   while for-bear, Oh, come, come a-way. Come, come our social joys re-new, And 
2. From toil, and the cares on which the day is closing, The hour of eve brings 
   sweet reprieve, Oh, come, come a-way. Oh, come where love will smile on thee, And
there, where love and friendship grew, Let true hearts welcome you, Oh, come, come away.
round its hearth will gladness be, And time fly merrily—Oh, come, come away.

3
While sweet Philomel, the weary traveller cheering,
   With evening songs,
   Her note prolongs,
   Oh, come, come away.
In answering song of sympathy
We'll sing in tuneful harmony
   Of hope, joy, liberty,
   Oh, come, come away

4
The bright day is gone, the moon and stars appearing,
   With silver light,
   Illume the night,
   Oh, come, come away.
We'll join in grateful songs of praise,
   To Him who crowns our peaceful days,
   With health, hope, happiness;
   Oh, come, come away
THE MOWERS.

1. When cooling morning breezes blow, And skies are bright and blue; We mowers so happy and
   To meadows fair we haste to mow The grass all fresh with dew.

free We're mowing the flowers and hay! Our scythes are swinging, Our voices ringing, While
mowing the flowers and hay, While mowing the flowers and hay, While mowing the flowers and hay.

2
The lark is singing in the sky,  The sun is shining warm and bright,  The maidens come in beauteous train,
The black-bird on the tree;    And with a merry song,    They love the new mown hay;
And hollow sounding, far away,  And easy swing, so swift and light,    They love the mowers, and we——
We hear the rolling sea:  Our labor flows along:  We mowers, so happy and free!
We mowers so happy and free!  We mowers so happy and free!  We mowers, so happy and free!
We're mowing the flowers and hay!  We're mowing the flowers and hay!  We're mowing the flowers and hay!
Our scythes are swinging,  Our scythes are swinging,  Our scythes are swinging,
Our voices ringing,  Our voices ringing,  Our voices ringing,
While mowing the flowers and hay.  While mowing the flowers and hay.  While mowing the flowers and hay.
BOAT SONG

1. Lightly row! Lightly row! O'er the glassy waves we go; Smoothly glide! Smoothly glide! On the silent tide.

Let the winds and waters be Mingled with our melody; Sing and float! Sing and float! In our little boat.
Far away!
Far away!
Echo, in the rocks at play,
Calleth not,
Calleth not,
To this lonely spot.
Only with the sea-bird's note,
Shall our dying music float!
Lightly row!
Lightly row!
Echo's voice is low!

Lightly row!
Lightly row!
O'er the glassy waves we go;
Smoothly glide!
Smoothly glide!
On the silent tide.
Let the winds and waters be
Mingled with our melody;
Sing and float!
Sing and float!
In our little boat.

FISHER'S SONG.

Up and down, all day long,
Life is gliding like our song;
Up and down, all day long,
Gliding like our song.
On the restless sea we float,
In our little fisher boat;
Up and down, all day long
Glide we like our song.

Far from care, far from pain,
Far from thought of greedy gain
Far from care, far from pain,
Far from thought of gain.
Over life's tempestuous tide,
Calmly, cheerfully we ride;
Up and down, all day long,
Glide we, like our song.
THE BOAT RACE.

1. Pull away, pull away, pull away, brave boys, Pull away, pull away, for the
   victory's ours; Pull away, pull away, to the distant mark, To the prize, our bonny bark.

2. Pull away, pull away, pull away, brave boys, Pull away, pull away, for the
   victory's ours; Pull away, pull away, to the distant mark, To the prize, our bonny bark.
Pull away, pull away, 'mid the waters foaming, sparkling, dashing all around; Pull away, pull away, like the lightning, dashing, flashing, streaming on our way; Pull away, pull away, 'mid the wild confusion, onward to the wished for bound.

Pull away, pull away, 'mid the shouting, cheering, bravely now we win the day.
1. God bless our native land, Firm may she ever stand, Thro' storm and night! When the wild
2. For her our pray'r shall rise, To God above the skies; On him we wait; Thou who art

tempests rave, Ruler of wind and wave! Do thou our country save, By thy great might.
ev'ry nigh, Guarding with watchful eye, To thee aloud we cry: God save the state.
"THRICE HAIL, HAPPY DAY."

For the 4th of July.


1
Thrice hail, happy day, that speak'st our nation's glory;
A voice with thee
Proclaims, "we're free!"
Thrice hail, happy day.
Our hills and plains no more are trod,
By those who wield oppression's rod;
We know no tyrant's nod:
Hail, hail, happy day.

That's ever sought, and ever loved,
By all her free-born sons approved,
And guarded from above:
Then hail, happy day.

2
The graves of our fathers, laurels bright shall crown them:
They fought and died,
That we in pride,
Might hail freedom's day!
Then come, ye sons of freedom's throng,
And shout their deeds in joyful song:
May memory cherish long,
This bright, happy day.

Come, join in our songs, O all ye sons of freedom,
And wide proclaim
Our nation's fame,
On this happy day;
Break forth in joy, my native land,
For 'midst thee dwells a noble hand;
Thy tow'r's shall ever stand:
Then hail, happy day.

3
Oh, where is the land, in all the wide creation,
That beams so bright,
With freedom's light,
On this happy day;

Thrice hail, happy day, that speak'st our nation's glory
A voice with thee
Proclaims, "we're free!"
Thrice hail, happy day!
To God our grateful songs we'll bring,
And bow to Him as sovereign King,
His boundless goodness sing,
On this happy day.
1. Clime! beneath whose genial sun Kings were quell'd, and freedom won: Where the dust of Washington
2. Crownless Judah mourns in gloom, Greece lies slumbering in the tomb, Rome hath shorn her eagle-plume,

Sleeps in glory's bed,—
Lost her con-q'ring name,—

He- roes from thy syl-van shade Chang'd the plough for battle-blade,—
Youthful Na-tion of the West, Rise! with tru-er greatness blest,
Friends of freedom swell the song,
Young and old the strain prolong,
Make the cause of temperance strong;
On to victory:
Lift your banners, let them wave,
Onward still, the wretched save:
Who would fill a drunkard's grave,
Bear his infamy.

Give the aching bosom rest,
Carry joy to every breast,
Make the wretched drunkard blest,
Living soberly:
Raise the glorious watchword high,
"Touch not, taste not, 'till you die,"
Let the echo reach the sky,
Swelling joyfully

Empire of the brave and free!
Stretch thy sway from sea to sea,—
Who shall bid thee bend the knee
To a tyrant's throne?
Knowledge is thine armor bright,—
Liberty, thy beacon-light,
God himself, thy shield of might,—
Bow to Him alone.  L. H. S.

"FRIENDS OF FREEDOM SWELL THE SONG."

Temperance Song.

1
2
3

God of mercy! hear us plead,
Help us while we intercede;
Oh, how many bosoms bleed,—
Heal them speedily:
Hasten, then, the happy day,
When, beneath thy gentle ray,
All the world shall own thy sway.
Reign triumphantly.
1. Luna arise! Ascend the evening skies. The sun is down behind the hill, and darkness covers wood and dell, Luna arise! Luna arise!

FROM F. MENDEL.
THE SAIL.

1
Our little boat is beck'ning by the strand,
And struggles gently, loosened from its band.
So now we leave the shore!
Gaily singing,
Lightly springing,
While our boatman plies the oar.

2
The joyous birds are warbling in the trees,
While swiftly on we're bounding with the breeze,
The waves before us run,
Leaping, dancing,
Foaming, glancing,
In the brightly setting sun.

3
The moon is softly stealing through the sky,
And fills with gentlest feeling every eye;
And many a brilliant star
Flashes o'er us,
And before us.
In the rolling wave afar
HOPE.

1. She comes, our path to light-en, To twine the dia-mond band; U-nit-ing earth to hea-ven, That hap-py spir-it land; And when her way is darkened She
wastes not sigh nor tear, But says "a thorn has pierc'd me, So roses must be near."

1
She comes our path to lighten,
To twine the diamond band,
Uniting earth to heaven,
That happy spirit land;
And when her way is darkened,
She wastes not sigh nor tear,
But says "a thorn has pierced me,
So roses must be near."

2
When clouds are dark and heavy,
She lifts her trusting eyes,
And sees, amid their darkness,
The bow of promise rise.
When flesh and strength are failing,
When powers of nature die,
She says "my Father calls me
To mansions in the sky."
1. All yonder in the meadow, Is sunshine clear and bright; All yonder in the shadow, Is coolness and delight. 

2. All yonder in the mountain, Is active life and health; All yonder in the valleys, Is rest and peaceful wealth.

3. All brightly in the heavens, The stars at even glow; All lovely bloom the flowers, The stars of earth, below

4. Than health, or wealth, or flowers, Than stars or sunshine bright, More sweet, more blest, more lovely, When heart and heart unite.
THE DAY IS CALMLY ENDING.

1
The day is calmly ending,
   The evening spreads her veil;
With voices sweetly blending,
   This peaceful hour we hail.

2
On rivulet and fountain,
   Still gleams one farewell ray;
Still lingers round yon mountain,
   The glow of parting day.

3
All nature sweetly slumbers,
   Save where the plumed throng,
In clear, harmonious numbers,
   Pour forth their nightly song.

4
The day is calmly ending,
   The evening spreads her veil;
With voices sweetly blending,
   This peaceful hour we hail.

MUSIC.

1
Sweet music cheers the spirit,
   And joy speaks out in song;
It gives the timid courage,
   It makes the feeble strong.

2
It soothes the anxious bosom,
   It brings the weary rest;
Disarms the base and evil,
   And better makes the best.

3
The elements speak music,
   In every leafy grove;
And all the birds, in music,
   Are telling forth their love.

4
To us, who here are singing,
   Have human minds been given;
And we should feel, that music
   Is but a voice from heaven.
OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

1. Oft in the stilly night, Ere slumber's chain has bound me, Fond mem'ry brings the light Of thus, in the stilly night, Ere slumber's chain has bound me, Sad mem'ry brings the light Of

other days a round me; The smiles, the tears, Of childhood's years, The words of love then

other days a round me.
When I remember all
The friends, so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wint'ry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,

Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed.
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me
GLIDE ALONG, OUR BONNY BOAT

1. Glide a-long our bon-ny boat! The lake . . . is gleaming, With sun - light beaming, Light-ly
2. Now we speed our shining way! Now rock - ing hith-er, Now rock - ing thith-er, O'er the

o'er its bo - son float, . . . . Light-ly o'er its bo - son float.
wa - ters, blithe . . . and gay! . . . . O'er the wa - ters, blithe . . . and gay! . . .
Flies the mist before the wind!  
And as we glide,  
Along the tide,  
How we leave the shore behind!  

Onward then, our little boat!  
For all our hours  
Are twined with flowers,  
While we on the wavelet float.

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LOVELY MAY.  
Tune,—"Hope," p. 40.

1  
Come, May! thou lovely lingerer!  
And deck the groves again;  
And let thy silvery streamlets,  
Meander through the plain;  
We long once more to gather  
The flow'rets fresh and fair,  
Sweet May! once more to wander,  
And breathe thy balmy air.

2  
True, winter days have many,  
And many a dear delight:  
We frolic in the snow-drifts,  
And then—the winter night!

3  
Around the fire we cluster,  
Nor heed the whistling storm,  
When all without is dreary,  
Our hearts are bright and warm.

3  
But oh, when comes the season,  
For merry birds to sing,  
How sweet to roam in meadows,  
And drink the breeze of spring.

Then come, sweet May! and bring us  
The flow'ret fresh and fair;  
We long once more to wander,  
And breathe thy balmy air.
TIME TO WALK.

1. Walk! walk! walk at morn, While the dew-drops weep: Walk! walk! walk at morn, While the dew-drops weep,
   While the birds on every tree, Tuneful matins keep: La, la, la,

2. Walk! walk! walk at noon, Where the breezes blow: Walk! walk! walk at noon, Where the breezes blow,
   Where, thro'lonely forest shade, Rippling waters flow: La, la, la,
Walk! walk! walk at eve,
When the setting sun, :||:
Silently to all proclaims,
Now the day is done. :||:
La, la, la.

Home! home! hie thee home,
Ere the light is gone; :||:
There, with humble, grateful voice,
Raise the cheerful song. :||:
La, la, la.
END OF SCHOOL.

1. And now our study hours have flown, Have lightly flown, were quickly gone, We

fly a-way, To sport and play, So swiftly flies the day. Merrily, merrily,
2
Now let our happy, youthful band,
Be joined in heart, be joined in hand;
And hie away,
To sport and play,
So swiftly flies the day.
 Merrily, merrily, merrily,
Our voices ring,
We merrily sing,
To cheer us on our way.

3
When night descending cools the air,
We'll rest from toil, we'll rest from care,
And when the moon
Shall brightly dawn,
We'll hie to school again.
 Merrily, merrily, merrily,
Our voices ring,
We merrily sing,
To cheer us on our way.
THE FISHER-BOY'S FAREWELL.

1. I stand up on the woody cliff; Below's the valley deep; And yonder lies my

2. O little skiff, so swift to glide With me in moon beam pale, When stars were sparkling

lit-the skiff, As rock'd on waves to sleep: And yonder lies my little skiff, As rock'd on waves to sleep.
in the tide, And freshly blew the gale: When stars were sparkling in the tide, And freshly blew the gale.
3
No more upon the dewy green,
    Shall I now wait for thee,
But float, by mortal eye unseen,
    Far o'er the gladsome sea.

4
I leave my home, I leave these skies,
    And bid the vale farewell;
And all that fills my heart and eyes,
    Must but in memory dwell.

COME AGAIN.
Tune,—“Madelin,” p. 23.

1
We part, but oh! I prithee
    Come again;
Hark! echo hears, and bids thee
    Come again;
We'll ever welcome thee:
Yes, though now we part in sadness,
Thy return we'll hail with gladness;
    So come, come again.

2
Where e'er thy lot pursuing,
    Come again;
Our anxious fears subduing,
    Come again;

3
For thee we'll ever pray:
Oh! may heaven e'er defend thee,
Quickly back in safety send thee;
    So come, come again.

3
Farewell, once more repeating,
    Come again;
Be still our parting greeting,
    Come again;
We'll ever welcome thee:
Yes, though now we part in sadness,
Thy return we'll hail with gladness;
    So come, come again.
1. Hark! the pealing, Softly stealing, Evening bell, Sweetly echoed Down the dell:
   Sweetly echoed Down the dell.

2. Welcome, welcome Is thy music,
   Silvery bell!
   Sweetly telling Day's farewell

3. Day is sleeping,
   Flowers are weeping
   Tears of dew;
   Stars are peeping
   Ever true.

4. Grove and mountain,
   Field and fountain,
   Faintly gleam,
   In the ruddy
   Sunset beam.

5. Happy hour.
   May thy power,
   Fill my breast,
   Each wild passion
   Soothe to rest.
SMILING MAY.


1
Smiling May,
Comes in play,
Making all things fresh and gay;
"From the hall
Come ye all;"
Thus, the flowers call.
Fragrant is the flowery vale,
Sparkles now the dewy dale,
Music floats,
Cheering notes,
Music sweetly floats.

2
As we stray,
Breezes play,
Through the meadow's rich array.
All is bright,
Cheerful sight,
After winter's night.
Shadows now in quivering glance,
On the silvery fountain dance;
Insects bright,
Sail in light,
Cheerful, happy sight.

DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.

Tune,—"Hope," p. 40.

1
Ye days of sunny pleasure,
How soon your bloom is fled?
With music's airy measure,
All silent now and dead!
Dear days, when care nor sorrow
Could break my moon-light dream,
When every new-born morrow
With new-born joy did gleam.

2
Once more, oh! might I wander
By meadow, hill and grove,
Where silvery streams meander,
And skies are bright above;
With kindly friends to greet me,
By morning's early light,
With looks of love to meet me,
Returning home at night.

3
And oh! once more to mingle
Amid the happy throng,
And swell, with tuneful voices,
The glad united song!
Alas! each joyous measure,
How soon 'tis hushed and dead;
Ye days of sunny pleasure,
How soon your bloom is fled.
MAY SHOUT

1. { Oh! the love-ly, love-ly May! } When by vale and mountain, When by brook and fountain,

{ Ever-wel-come, ev-er gay! }

{ Flowerets bloom, and in-sects play, } { Oh! the love-ly, love-ly May! } Charming, charming,

{ In the love-ly, love-ly May. } { Ev-er wel-come, ev-er gay! }
2
Oh! what verdure clothes the ground!
Oh! what fragrance breathes around!
See the willows growing,
By the streamlet flowing,
See, the grain is waving high
'Neath the blue and cloudless sky,—
Oh! the lovely, &c.

3
Oh! how fresh the morning air!
Oh! how lovely all things are!
Birds so gaily singing,
Woods and meadows ringing,
Buds and blossoms fresh and bright,
Leaves so green, enchanting sight,—
Oh! the lovely, &c.

4
Hark! the universal shout!
Nature's fairest forms are out!
Lambs are bleating, skipping,
Bees are buzzing, sipping,
Walk, or ride, or row the boat,
Stand, or fall, or sink, or float,—
Oh! the lovely, &c.
THE HERO.

1. My father was a farmer good, With corn and beef in plenty;
   I mow’d, and hoed, and held the plough, And long’d for one-and-twenty;
   For I had quite a

martial turn, And scorn’d the lowing cattle; I burned to wear a uniform, Hear drums, and see a battle.
My birth-day came: my father urged,  
But stoutly I resisted;  
My sister wept, my mother prayed,  
But off I went and 'listed.  
They marched me on thro' wet and dry,  
To tunes more loud than charming;  
But lugging knapsack, box, and gun,  
Was harder work than farming.

We met the foe—the cannons roared,  
The crimson tide was flowing;  
The frightful death-groans filled my ears,  
I wished that I was mowing;  
I lost my leg—the foe came on,  
They had me in their clutches;  
I starved in prison 'till the peace,  
Then hobbled home on crutches

AUTUMN

A noble friend good autumn is;  
He comes, his treasures bringing,  
'To tempt the taste, and please the sight:  
His silken fringe he's spinning.  
Rich fruits he scatters from his wings;  
And if thou dost not choose them,  
Blame not the bounteous friend who brings,  
But him who will not use them.

A noble friend old autumn is;  
He comes, his treasures bringing,  
To tempt the taste, and please the sight—  
His silken fringe he's spinning.  
Old winter, call up all your powers,  
The snow and whirlwind muster;  
We trim the fire and close the doors,  
And care not how you bluster.
I LOVE THE CHEERFUL SUMMER TIME.

1. I love the cheer-ful sum-mer time, With all its birds and flow'rs; Its shining garments
2. I love the bright and glo-rious sun, That gives us light and heat; I love the pear-ly

green and smooth, Its cool, re-freshing showers. I love to hear the lit-tle birds, That
drops of dew, That spar-kle 'neath my feet. I love to hear the bu-sy hum, Of
3
I love to see the playful lambs,
So innocent and gay;
I love the faithful, watchful dog,
Who guards them night and day.
I love to go to school, and learn
To read, and write, and spell;
I love my teacher's smile to gain
And get my lessons well.

4
I love to think of Him who made
These pleasant things for me,
Who gave me life, and health, and strength,
And eyes that I might see.
I love the holy sabbath day,
So peaceful, calm and still;
And oh! I love to go to church,
And hear my Maker's will.
JOY

1. Laughing and singing, Dancing and springing, Merrily laugh now, yes, laugh while you may.

Shrouded in sorrow, Dawneth tomorrow, Then let the moments pass gaily today.
2

Ever be striving,
Usefully living,
All that is good and is noble to learn.
Seasons are flying,
Many are dying,
Virtue's flame brightly then ever should burn.

3

While on earth dwelling,
Banish each feeling
Luring the soul from the path of the wise.
Laughing and singing,
Dancing and springing,
Now let all voices in gladness arise.

WINTER SPORTS.
Tune—"The Hero," p. 58.

1 O come with me, and we will go
    And try the winter's cold, sir;
It freezes now, and soon 'twill snow,
    But we are tough and bold, sir.
We've had some merry games in spring,
    Of ball, and other sorts, sir;
But winter, too, his share can bring,
    Of old and cheerful sports, sir.

2 With sled and satchel off we start,
    The smoking breakfast through, sir;
And thre' the day, with book and chart,
    We have enough to do, sir;

3 Then come with me, and we will go
    And try the winter's cold, sir;
Nor fear the ice, nor fear the snow,
    For we are tough and bold, sir.
And then at evening, sitting round
    The crackling, cheerful blaze, sir,
We tell our stories, sing our songs,
    And close the winter day, sir.
THE LOVE OF TRUTH

1. My days of youth, tho' not from folly free,
   I prize the truth, the more the world I see;
   I'll keep the straight and narrow path,
   And lead where e'er it may, The
2
My footsteps lead, O truth, and mould my will,
In word and deed my duty to fulfill:
Dishonest acts, and selfish aims
To truth can ne'er belong;
No deed of mine, shall be a deed of wrong.

3
The strength of youth, we see it soon decay,
But strong is truth, and stronger every day;
Though falsehood seem a mighty power
Which we in vain assail,
The power of truth will in the end prevail.

4
My days of youth, tho' not from folly free,
I prize the truth, the more the world I see;
I'll keep the straight and narrow path,
And lead where e'er it may,
The voice of truth, I'll follow and obey.
A LITTLE WORD

1. A little word in love expressed, A motion or a tear, Has often heal'd a

heart depress'd, Has often heal'd a heart depress'd, And made a friend sincere.
A word, a look, has crushed to earth,
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing,
A pleasant word to speak,
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring
A heart may heal or break.

OUR FATHER-LAND.

Tune,—"The Hero," p. 58.

Come, one and all, around me stand;
Come join in swelling chorus;
And praise our goodly native land,
Our father-land that bore us.
Old ocean bore from Mammon's marts,
The plant of freedom hither;
It blossoms yet, and glads our hearts,
And we'll not let it wither.

Where we now stand, our fathers stood;
Firm men were they, true hearted;
Say, lives there now a race so good,
Or have they all departed?

From zeal for freedom and for God,
No charms of wealth could win them;
O'er ocean tossed, these wilds they trod;
They carried home within them.

They cared not to be here renowned,
Cared not for fame or glory;
But persecution on them frowned,
And made them great in story.
Then join in heart, and join in hand,
To raise a swelling chorus;
And praise our goodly native land
Our father-land that bore us.
TRUTH.

1. Be sacred truth, my son, thy guide, Until thy dying day; Nor turn a finger's breadth aside, Nor turn a finger's breadth aside, From God's appointed way.

2. Then shall thy heart be free and light, And near the crystal spring, Thy music be more gay and bright, Thy music be more gay and bright, Than where the wicked sing.
For oh, no joy shall that man know,
Who bears a guilty breast;
His conscience drives him to and fro,
And never lets him rest.

Oh, then, be sacred truth thy guide,
Until thy dying day;
Nor turn a finger's breadth aside,
From God's appointed way.

THE FROST.

Tune.—"The Hero," p. 58.

1
Oh see, the cunning frost has come,
Its magic art revealing;
With pictured tower, and hill, and dome,
Again the windows sealing.
It shuts from us the bluey sky,
The snowy fields and meadow,
The dreary ice that glitters high,
In moonlight and in shadow.

2
And, oh, it gives full many a dream
Of pleasant summer rambles;
The olden bridge, the streamlet gleam,
The ferns, the brakes, and brambles

The sedgy lake, the woody hill,
They live again before us;
Again flows on the little rill,
And summer skies are o'er us.

3
Oh see, the cunning frost has come,
Its magic art revealing;
With pictured tower, and hill, and dome,
Again the windows sealing.
It shuts from us the bluey sky,
The snowy fields and meadow,
The dreary ice that glitters high,
In moonlight and in shadow
1. See where the rising sun, In splendor decks the skies, His daily course begun,
2. Fair is the face of morn; Why should your eyelids keep Closed, when the night is gone?

Haste, and arise. Oh, come with me, where violets bloom, And fill the air with
Wake from your sleep! Oh, who would slumber in his bed When darkness from his
THE LABORER'S SONG.

Tune,—"The Hero," p. 58.

1
Oh, ever happy will I be,
For I've a noble treasure,
And who is richer, who than me,
Or who has sweeter pleasure?
For though I have no downy bed,
And humble is my dwelling,
Yet sweetly rests my weary head,
Both fear and care dispelling.

2
My labor in the open air,
Is health and strength affording,
And makes me able well to spare,
The gold the miser's hoarding.
With simple food and quiet rest,
I'm daily bright and cheerful;
And never is my heart depressed,
Nor is my visage tearful.

3
All future ills I let alone,
And trouble never borrow;
For every day has but its own,
And not another's sorrow.
Thus free and happy do I live,
Contented, cheerful, ever;
I thank the hand so good to give,
Withholding from me, never.
THE FALL OF DAY.

1. Oh! lay your weary work aside, Oh! put your cares away, It is the pleasant eventide, The merry time of play. And hark! the shoutings on the green, An.

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How sweet when work is laid aside,
And closed the doors of school,
Among the spreading trees to hide,
That shade the limpid pool;
Let joy, then, light up every face;
Come all, with glad array,
And let us run a merry race,
As gently falls the day.

Oh! pleasant is the merry ring,
The race o'er hill and dale;
And lightsome are the hearts that sing,
When evening sports prevail;
But fainter, fainter grows the sound,
Less jocund is the play,
For twilight shades are gathering round,
As gently falls the day.
COME, WITH THY LUTE, TO THE FOUNTAIN.

1. Come, with thy lute, to the fountain,
   Sing me a song of the mountain,
2. Come, where the zephyrs are stray- ing;
   Where, 'mid the flower buds, play- ing,

Sing of the happy and free. There, while the ray is de- clin- ing,
Rambles the blithe summer bee; Let the lone churl, in his sor- row,
He who des- pairs of the
SUMMER MORNING.

Tune,—"The Fall of Day," p. 72.

1
How beautiful the morning,
   When summer days are long;
Oh, we will rise betimes and hear,
   The wild-bird's happy song.
For when the sun pours down his ray,
   The bird will cease to sing;
She'll seek the cool and silent shade,
   And sit with folded wing.

2
Up, in the morning early,
   'Tis nature's gayest hour!
While pearls of dew adorn the grass,
   And fragrance fills the flower;
Up, in the morning early,
   And we will bound abroad,
And fill our hearts with melody,
   And raise our songs to God.
OLD FRIENDS.

WORDS BY W. E. HICKSON.

1. Old friends shall never be forgot, Whose love was love sincere; And still, whatever
be their lot, We'll make them welcome here. The kindness they have often shown, We
in our youth, We'll love when they are old. And if in ills which we withstand, They

2. It shall not yet be said with truth, That now our hearts are cold; The friends who lov'd us
FRIENDSHIP.

1
How sweet to stray abroad, at eve,
My trusty friend, with thee,
The toil of care and earth to eave,
And commune full and free.

2
With one true friend to share his lot,
What mortal can repine?
Come want, come woe, I murmur not,
With this dear hand in mine.

How sweet to stray abroad, at eve,
My trusty friend, with thee,
The toil and care of earth to leave,
And commune full and free.

What though these hands return to dust,
Their beating hearts decay?
That love which warmed our spirits first,
Will live in endless day.
1. Oh give me back my native hills, Rough, rugged, tho' they be; No other clime, no other land, Is half so dear to me. The sun is bright—the world looks fair, And friends surround me here, But mem'ry brooding o'er the past, Gives home its tribute tear.
2 Tho' far from home, the heart may still
Reflect surrounding light,
Where stranger smiles enkindle love,
And stranger hearts delight;
Yet, oh! they call the memory back,
As meteor-like they glide,
To tell how kind our early friends,
How sweet our own fire-side.

My native hills, still dear to me,
Wherever I may roam,
With lofty pride, with cherished love,
I'll think on thee, my home.
For rooted in thy rock-bound shore,
The noblest virtues grow;
And beauty's choicest flow'rs are cult'd
From out thy highland snow.

Then give me back my native hills,
Rough, rugged, though they be;
No other clime, no other land;
Is half so dear to me.
Affection's ties around my home,
Like ivy tendrils twine;
My love, my blessings, and my prayers
My native hills, are thine.

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

1 Who hath a happier smile than she
Who waits in yonder sward,
Beneath the spreading walnut tree,
The coming of her lord;
Who makes his hearth gleam fresh and bright,
When daily toil is done,
And sheds around a holier light,
As swiftly fades the sun;

2 Who, open hand and hearted, meets
The cheerless, fainting poor,
And kindly looks on all she greets,
That pass her lonely door?

'Tis she, the merry farmer's wife,
Who sits his chair beside,
And tells him, what a happy life
It is to be his bride.

3 And when misfortune's cares arise,
And earthly hopes grow dim,
She'll point him upward to the skies,
And place her trust in Him,
Who, rich in love, with goodness rise,
Rules over land and sea:
Then blessings on the farmer's wife,
Wherever she may be!
NIGHT SONG

1. Murmur gentle lyre, Thro' the lonely night, Let thy trembling wire,

Wake dear delight. Murmur, gentle lyre, Thro' the lonely night,
1
Murmur, gentle lyre,
Through the lonely night,
Let thy trembling wire,
Waken dear delight.
Murmur, gentle lyre,
Through the lonely night,
Let thy trembling wire,
Waken dear delight.

2
Though the tones of sorrow
Mingle in thy strain,
Yet my heart can borrow
Pleasure from the pain.
Murmur, gentle lyre,
Through the lonely night,
Let thy trembling wire,
Waken dear delight.

3
Hark! the quivering breezes,
List thy silvery sound;
Every tumult ceases,
Silence reigns profound.
Murmur, gentle lyre,
Through the lonely night
Let thy trembling wire,
Waken dear delight.

4
Earth below is sleeping,
Meadow, hill, and grove,
Angel stars are keeping
Silent watch above.
Murmur, gentle lyre,
Through the lonely night,
Let thy trembling wire,
Waken dear delight.
1. Thro' lanes with hedgerows early, Go forth the reapers among the yellow corn; A-

2. At noon they leave the meadow; Beneath the friendly shadow of monarch oak, to dine; Of

3. And when the west is burning, From shaven field returning, Upon the train they come; Up-

among the yellow corn; Good luck betide their shearing, For winter now is nearing, And
monarch oak, to dine; And 'mid his branches hoary, Goes up the thankful story, The
on the train they come; When all their hamlet neighbors, Rejoice to end their labors, With
we must fill the barn... And we must fill the barn.
The harvest is so fine... The harvest is so fine.
With merry harvest home... With merry harvest home.

The busy harvest time... The busy harvest time.
The blessed harvest time... The blessed harvest time.
The joyous harvest time... The joyous harvest time.
NATIONAL SONG

1. Hail! our nation's birth-day morning! Smiles of welcome, greet its dawning! Martial ranks, and banners fair: Martial ranks and banners fair. Many a snowy sail is gleaming, Many a pennon, lightly drum: Piercing fife and rolling drum. Round thy cradle cannon roaring, Shrieks and groans, and life-blood
stream-ing, Gai-ly fans the morn-ing air, Gai-ly fans the morn-ing air.
pour-ing, Bade the in-fant wel-come home, Bade the in-fant wel-come home.

Cruel woes, thy youth surrounded; | Bravely hast thou wooed and won her! | Hail! our nation’s birth-day morning!
Scorned by kin, by brothers wounded; | May thy vows be kept with honor! | Smiles of welcome greet its dawning:
E’vn thy mother left thy side: | May thy bride prove ever true: | Martial ranks and banners fair.
Yet, tho’ all forsook and griev’d thee, | All her sons, alike befriending, | Many a snowy sail is gleaming,
Rich, aye, passing rich, they left thee, | Equal rights and laws extending, | Many a pennon, lightly streaming,
For sweet Freedom was thy bride. | Ever just, and ever true. | Gaily fans the morning air.
THE HAPPY FARMER.

1. How happy and content am I! All nature smiles before me; And oft as to the
fields I hie, Sweet peace seems hov'ring o'er me. I envy not the rich and vain, Their
2
At early dawn, I climb the hills,
While clearest skies are o'er me;
As free and joyous as the rills,
That sparkling dance before me.
Below me, in the pleasant vale,
I see the lambkins springing,
And echoing from hill and dale,
The birds are sweetly singing.

3
When evening shades around are drawn,
And starry heavens are o'er me,
With joy, I hasten through the lawn,
To greet the scenes before me.
And when I reach my happy home,
Where peace and joy are blended,
I love to bless the Guardian Power,
Whose care o'er all's extended.
THE THUNDER-STORM

1. Look! the black cloud rises high, Now it spreads along the sky; See! the quivering
lightnings fly; Hark! the thunders roar. Yet will I not shrink with fear, When the thun-
der-
2

Mid the summer's sultry day,
When the hot winds round us play,
We should sink, the fever's prey,
And revive no more.
But the dark cloud fills the skies,
And the vivid lightning flies:
When the cooling winds arise,
And our pains are o'er.

3

When the black cloud rises high,
When it spreads along the sky,
When the forked lightnings fly,
And the thunders roar—
Never will I feel alarm,
God can shield me from all harm;
In the sunshine or the storm,
Him will I adore.
From o'er the rolling waters, Our fathers, bold and free,
Sought, for their sons and daughters, A home of liberty.

Behold that home round us bloom; 'Tis filled with flow'rs and sweet perfume. New-England's sons and daughters, Re
1
From o'er the rolling waters,
    Our fathers, bold and free,
Sought, for their sons and daughters,
    A home of liberty.
Behold that home around us bloom;
    'Tis fill'd with flow'rs and sweet perfume.
New-England's sons and daughters,
    Rejoice in liberty!

2
Where sparkling gush our fountains,
    No tyrant's voice is heard;
Above our rugged mountains,
    Soars freedom's nameless bird.
This happy land, with blessings rise,
    Our fathers earned in holy strife;
Then from our vales and mountains,
    Let freedom's shout be heard!

3
Forget not, then, the story,
    How came our liberty.
But emulate the glory
    Of those who crossed the sea.
The light of truth shall ever shine,
    And ne'er New-England shall decline,
But be, 'till earth is hoary,
    The home of liberty.
YES, OR NO.

1. Short speech suffices Deep tho' to show, When you, with wisdom, Say yes, or no. Save me from speeches
2. Time never lingers, Moves never slow, While he permits it, Say yes, or no. If he escapes you,

3. Deep may the import, For joy or woe, Be in the utterance Of yes, or no; If even these, then, You would forego, Eyes, sparkling eyes, shall Say yes, or no.

Long, dull and slow, Oh! how much better, Plain yes, or no. Ne'er can you know, If you again may Say, yes, or no.
THE SETTING SUN.

1. The sun is setting brightly: What makes him look so sprightly? How can he smile and
   shine so bright, So soon to sink in gloomy night?

2. Then listen ere he leaves us, This silent truth he gives us: "All they who spend the
day a-right, Are always happy when 'tis night."

3. Along the fields of heaven,
   He walks from morn 'till even,
   Then gently lingers near awhile,
   To cheer us with a parting smile.

4. Then let us walk in beauty;
   So tread the path of duty,
   That when the day of life is o'er,
   We, like the sun, may rise once more.
1. O'er the waters gliding, Our barque pursues her way,
   Onward nobly riding,
   Beneath the twilight ray.
   Stars will soon shine o'er us, And

2. Summer's breath is blowing Up - on our snow-white sail; While the tide is flowing Along our native vale,
   Day is fast awakening A -
MY NATIVE LAND.

Tune,—"My Native Hills," p. 78.

1
Though joy in other climes be found,
There's purer joy at home,
And I the world might wander round,
In distant climes might roam,
But never to my soul be known,
Upon a foreign strand;
The peace, the hope, the pride I own
In this, my native land.

2
Though other fields may be as green,
And other skies as blue,
And other faces fair are seen,
And hearts be found as true,—
Yes, though 'tis ruled by mildest rule,
Or swayed by lawless hand,
With joy, with pride, what e'er betide,
"I'll love my native land."
1. Though Faith may feebly guide thee, Yet raise thy drooping eyes, Where shines, beyond the skies, A sun, to guide and light ... thee.

2. Though Hope, thy side forsaking, Perchance may sleep or stray, Yet He who guards thy way, Is ever true, and waking.

3. Though Love, when earthward flowing, May break the heart, or die, Yet angel's love, on high, Is ever pure and flowing.
1. How lovely are the flowers, That in the valley smile; They seem like forms of angels, Pure, and free from guile.

2. But one thing mars their beauty, It does not always last; They droop, and fade, and wither, Ere the summer's past: Pure, and free from guile. Ere the summer's past.

3. And I am like the flower, That blooms in fragrant May; When days of sickness find me, Then I fade away.

4. Then let me seek the beauty, That innocence can give; For when this life is over, That will ever live.
MORNING DEVOTION

1. How sweet, from gloomy darkness, The blushing morn awakes!
   How rich the early music, That from the forest breaks!

   Sure nature all so love-ly, Its Maker's goodness feels, Which floats in all the breezes, And every blessing seals.
FAREWELL TO SCHOOL.

Tune,—"Old Friends," p. 78.

1
We soon must bid farewell to school,
And scenes of pleasure dear,
To teachers, friends and scholars all,
And shed the parting tear.
But shall we never meet again,
To con our lessons o'er,
In this bright home of happiness?
Ah no! we meet no more.

2
My Father, give me power
To consecrate to thee,
My life, and every blessing
That is conferred on me;
Let wisdom guide my conduct,
Let all my days be peace,
And when my life is ended,
Receive my soul to bliss.

We oft have cheered each other's toils,
And made each labor sweet.
We oft have cull'd sweet friendship's flower
To scatter at our feet.
Then when our pleasures here are o'er,
And scenes that we did love,
May we mount up on seraph's wings,
And meet in heaven above.
1. Oh, see! the snow Is falling now, It powders all the trees; Its flakes abound, And

all around, They float upon the breeze. Its flakes abound, And all around They float upon the breeze.
FRESH AND FAIR. ALL THINGS ARE.


1 Fresh and fair, all things are,  
Flowery fragrance fills the air:  
Fresh and fair, all things are,  
Fragrance fills the air.

Merrily our little boat,  
With the breeze doth gently float.  
Fresh and fair, all things are,  
Fragrance fills the air.

2 Bowers green, now are seen,  
Reddest roses peep between

Bowser green, now are seen,  
Roses peep between.

Roses peep between.

3 Music's note, still doth float,  
While we row our little boat:  
Music's note, still doth float,  
While we row our boat.

Birds are wheeling in the air,  
All we see is bright and fair.

4 Happy we, full of glee,  
Sailing on the wavy sea:  
Happy we, full of glee,  
Sailing on the sea.

Luna sheds her softest light,  
Stars are sparkling, twinkling bright.

Happy we, full of glee,  
Sailing on the sea.

Tis snowing fast,  
And cold the blast;  
But yet I hope 'twill stay:  
Oh! see it blow,  
The falling snow,  
In shadows far away.

Jack Frost is near,  
We feel him here,  
He's on his icy sled;  
And covered deep,  
The flowers sleep  
Beneath their snowy bed.

Come out and play,  
This winter day,  
Amid the falling snow;  
Come, young and old,  
Nor fear the cold,  
Nor howling winds that blow.
1. "Not to-day, we'll do it to-mor-row," Lazy peo-ple say, to their sor-row.
2. "But to-day's as good as to-mor-row, If you wait, 'twill be to your sor-row.

"Yes, to-mor-row is the best; Then, oh then, how hard I'll la-bor,
Ev-ery day's its pro- per task; What is done, I see it plain-ly,

But to-day myself will favor, Yes, to-day I still will rest."
What will come, I look for vainly, Then delay I'll never ask.

3

This before us, that is behind us,
Each dull moment sharply reminds us,
   Time that's lost is never found.
What is floating down life's river,
Take it, or it's gone forever,—
   Moments lost are never found

4

Every day I lose for to-morrow,
In the book of life, to my sorrow
   Stands, a blank, unwritten page.
Well, then, every day I'll labor,
Help myself, and help my neighbor,
   In each work of love engage.
AWAY TO SCHOOL.

Steady time.

1. Our youthful hearts for learning burn, Away, away to school;
To science now our steps we turn, Away, away to school;

Farewell to home, and all its charms, Farewell to love's paternal arms;
Away to school, away to school, Away, away to school.

2
Behold! a happy band appears,
Away, away to school.
The shout of joy now fills our ears,
Away, away to school.
Our voices ring, our hands we wave,
Our hearts rebound with vigor brave,
Away to school, away to school,
Away, away to school.

3
No more we work, no more we play,
Away, away to school.
In study now we spend the day,
Away, away to school.
United in a peaceful band,
We’re joined in heart, we’re joined in band,
Away to school, away to school,
Away, away to school.
1. Ho, ho, vacation days are here, tra-la!
   We welcome them with right good cheer, tra-la!
   In wisdom's halls we love to be, But
   yet 'tis pleasant to be free. Sing, merrily sing, tra-la!
   Sing, merrily sing, tra-la!
Ho, ho, the hill, the wood, the dale,
The lake on which we used to sail,
We greet ye all, with right good cheer,
In thought unchanged, again we're here
Sing, &c.

Ho, ho, ye songsters of the shade,
A merry troop your haunts invade;
Beware, our songs of merry glee,
Shall fright ye from the green-wood tree.
Sing, &c.

Ho, ho, the hours will quickly fly,
And soon vacation time be by;
Ah, then we'll all, in glad refrain,
Sing welcome to our school again.
Sing, &c.
WELCOME HOME.

1. Welcome home my dear-est, Kind-est, best and sweet-est, Welcome home a-gain.

Sad have I been with-out thee, There is a charm a-bout thee, And with thee, sor-row,
MELODIES OF MORN.


1

Wake, wake, the light is breaking,
The darkness flies away,
And see! to greet our waking,
The sun sheds forth his ray;
The birds around us pouring
Their merry matin lay,
On sportive pinions soaring,
To welcome in the day

2

Tell me, then, true hearted,
Since when last we parted,
How has been thy way?
Sad have I been without thee;
There is a charm about thee;
And now may we, as one remain
Nor part again.

Wake, wake, the day advances,
The sun is mounting high:
Rouse, rouse ye, from your trances,
And bid your slumbers fly:
The merry lark now flying,
On upward wing is borne;
All nature is awakening
The melodies of morn
1. Good night! good night! Now to all a kind good night! Lo! the moon from heav’n is beam-ing.

2. Good night! good night! Now to all a kind good night! An-gel-like, while earth is sleep-ing.

O’er the sil-ver wa-ters streaming, ‘Tis the hour of calm de-light. Good Stars a-bove their watch are keeping, As the star of Bethlehem bright. Good
3

Good night!
Now to all a kind good night!
Slumber sweetly 'till the morning,
'Till the sun the world adorning,
Rise in all his glorious might!
Good night!

THE LOVELY MAY IS COMING.


1 The lovely May is coming,
   All decked in glittering green;
   Ye flowers, from grove and meadow,
   Come, to meet your queen!

2 My friendly staff I've taken,
   My little bundle tied,
   And now I'm free to wander,
   Where the road may guide.

3 The birds are floating o'er me,
   In circles light and gay;
   They soar and sing above me,
   High and far away.

4 The lovely May is coming,
   All decked in glittering green;
   Ye flowers, from grove and meadow,
   Come, to meet your queen!
SONG AFTER RAIN.

1. Float away, float away, O'er land and o'er sea! Dark clouds stay not hither, We wait for fair weather. Float away, float away, And welcome the day.
3
Fare ye well, fare ye well,
My books and my play!
Of all I am weary,
The birds warble near me;
I'm away, I'm away,
On wings of the May.

Float along, float along,
Ye white, snowy throng!
No longer ye hover,
The green meadows over;
To the sea, to the sea,
O haste ye away.

Oh, the May! oh, the May!
The glad month for me!
The birds and the flowers,
The bright falling showers;
I'm away, I'm away,
On wings of the May.

AULD LANG SYNE AT SCHOOL.

1
Shall school acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Shall school acquaintance be forgot,
And days of lang syne?
For auld lang syne at school,
For auld lang syne,
We'll have a tho't of kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We'll ne'er forget these hours, when
Are auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne at school,
For auld lang syne,
We'll have a tho't of kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We oft have cheered each other's task,
From morn to day's decline;
But memory's night shall never rest,
On auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne at school,
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne,
We'll have a tho't of kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

4
Then take the hand that now is warm,
Within a hand of thine;
No distant day shall loose the grasp
Of auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne at school,
For auld lang syne,
We'll have a tho't of kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
1. Lo! the heav'ns are breaking, Pure and bright above: Life and light a-

2. Round yon pine clad mountain, Flows a golden flood: Hear the sparkling

waking, Murmur "God is love," Murmur, "God is love."

fountain Whisper "God is love," Whisper, "God is love."
See the streamlet bounding,
Through the vale and wood,
Hear its ripples sounding,
Tell that "God is good."

Music now is ringing,
Through the leafy grove,
Feathered songsters singing,
Warble, "God is good."

Wake my heart, and springing
Spread thy wings above,
Soaring still, and singing,
Singing, "God is good."

THE FARMER.

Tune,—"My Native Hills," p. 78.

1 The farmer is a noble man;
   He ploughs, for us, the field;
   His hand gives food to every man;
   By him the state's upheld.
When eastern skies begin to glow,
   He cheerful hies away,
   And 'till the western sun is low,
   Resounds his merry lay.

2 With careful hand he takes the grain,
   And strews it on the earth;
   And lo! the seed springs up again,
   In new and beauteous birth.

And soon it rears aloft its head,
   To feed on dew and rain;
   Then, brown and ripe, it serves, for bread
   The dwellers of the plain.

3 Then praise the tillers of the soil;
   The nation's strength are they.
Far nobler are the sons of toil,
   Than flies in fashion's ray.
Go, roam the nations, far and wide,
   And ask in every land,
What stays the country's strength and pride?
   "The farmer's honest hand."
1. Days of summer's glory, Days I love to see, All your scenes so brilliant, They are dear to me.
2. All the day I'm lively, Tho' the day is long; And from morn to evening, Sounds my happy song.
3. Let my mind be ever Bright as yonder sun; Pure as are the breezes, Just as night comes on.

4. Meadows, fields and mountains, Clothed in shining green; Little rippling fountains, Through the willows seen.

5. Birds that sweetly warble, All the summer days; All things speak in music, Their Creator's praise.
THE STARS

1. See them beaming! See them gleaming! You bright stars, in heav’n’s blue dome; As if they would invite us, As if they fain would light us, Would light us upward to our heav’nly home.

2. But here staying, here obeying, We must learn the heav’nly way; Ere this dull clay will leave us, Or those high heav’n’s receive us, To worlds above, to bright eternal day.

3. See them beaming! See them gleaming! You bright stars, in heav’n’s blue dome; As if they would invite us, As if they fain would light us, Would light us upward to our heav’nly home.
WHEN THE DAY WITH ROSY LIGHT.

1. When the day with ro-sy light, In the morn-ing glad ap-ears,
   And the dus-ky shades of night, Melt a-way in dew-y tears,
   Up the sun-ny hills I roam,
   Wa-ken, in their highland home,
   To the flowers,
   The min-strels of the bowers.
2

Oh! ’tis sweet at early day,
Then to climb the mountain’s side,
Where the merry songster’s lay,
Sweetly echoes far and wide:
Noon may have its sunny glare,
Eve, its twilight and its dew;
Night, its soft and cooling air;
But give me morning blue.
THOUGHTS IN SPRING.

1. Now winter's gone, And spring comes on, The flowering maple, The

peach and apple, In richest bloom, Shed sweet perfume: In richest
1
Now winter's gone,
And spring comes on,
The flowering maple,
The peach and apple,
In richest bloom,
Shed sweet perfume.

2
From sunny heath,
We cull a wreath;
In greenest meadow
We twine, in shadow
Of spreading tree,
In joy and glee.

3
Who knows how soon,
In midnight gloom,
The solemn calling
Of bell deep tolling,
With echoing tone
Will call us home?

4
While flowers bloom,
As spring comes on,
We'll live so purely,
Of good ne'er weary,
That death will seem
A pleasant dream
HYMN OF PRAISE.

1. Endless praises To our Lord! Ever be his name adored!

2. Angels crown him, Shout his praise, True and holy are his ways.

3 Saints adore him, Sound his fame, You he saves from fear and shame.

4 Saints and angels, Jointly sing, Glory, glory to our King.

ROUND.
1. When the morn is brightly glowing, When the summer breeze is blowing, O'er the wave the sun-beam dancing, As our nimble oars are glancing. Glide we o'er the bright, blue sea, Glide we o'er the
Glide we o'er the bright, blue sea.

On the waves the sun-beam dancing, As our nimble oars are glancing,

Glide we o'er the bright, blue sea, Glide we o'er the bright, blue sea. Oh, what pleasure,

Thus to measure.
Oh, what pleasure,
Oh, what pleasure, Thus to measure, Oh, what pleasure, Thus to measure,

Thus to measure,

Cheerful song and nimble oar, Cheerful song and nimble oar.

When the moon is brightly gleaming,
And the wave with silver streaming,
When the evening bell is pealing,
O'er the waters gently stealing,
Glide we o'er the bright, blue sea
Oh what pleasure, &c.
1. From the mountain—From the mountain flow the streamlets, Through the
valley, all the way, To the river, far away; Running swiftly from the
2
On the mountain—
On the mountain shine the sunbeams,
Brightly in the early morn,
When the darksome night is gone;
Brightly shining on the mountain.

3
On the mountain—
On the mountain sounds the bugle,
Falling gently on the ear,
Waking echo far and near,
Sounds the bugle on the mountain.

4
Up the mountain—
Up the mountain we'll be climbing,
Spending there the happy day,
In the shady, woody way;
We'll be climbing up the mountain.
TYROLESE EVENING HYMN.

MISS BROWNE.

1. Come, come, come, Come to the sunset tree! The day is past and gone; The
   woodman's axe lies free, And the reaper's work is done.

2. Sweet is the hour of rest, And soft the wood's low sigh, The
   gleaming of the west, And the turf whereon we lie! The

1st time. 2d time.
3

Soft is the tuneful sound
That dwells in whispering boughs,
A welcome freshness round,
And the gale that fans our brows.
But rest more sweet and still,
Than the nightfall ever gave,
Our yearning hearts shall fill,
In the world beyond the grave.

Come, come, come, &c.

4

Ne'er shall the tempests blow,
Nor scorching noontide heat;
There shall be no more snow,
Nor the weary, wandering feet
We lift our trusting eyes,
From the hills our fathers trod,
We look above the skies,
To the Sabbath of our God.

Come, come, come, &c.
LAURA.

1. { A maid-en like my Lau-ra, You no where else will find, } She's ev-er dear to
    So good, so sweet, so han-dy, So faith-ful, true and kind. 

me, And well de-serves to be, For a maid-en like my Lau-ra, You no where else will find.
2
Oh, could you hear her singing,
Like birds at break of day;
Oh, could you see her blooming
Like flowers of early May;
But oh, how vain to raise
A song to tell her praise,
For a maiden like my Laura,
You no where else will find.

3
She's ever kind to others,
From duty never swerves;
She tends the sick and suffering,
Her neighbor loves and serves;
And yet her strongest love
Is given to heaven above:
For a maiden like my Laura,
You no where else will find.

WHY WILL YE CHOOSE THE DUSTY STREET?

Tune,—"My Native Hills," p. 78.

1
Why will ye choose the dusty street?
The farm, the farm for me:
The fragrant rose and cowlslip sweet,
There's nought so bright with thee.
Then come away and till the land,
Come, brush the morning dew;
Come, join the ever joyful band,
There'll be a song for you.

2
Oh, where is Eden's blest remain?
Is not the farmer's home?
There's nought so fair on earth's domain,
That we should wish to roam.
The manly, deep and thoughtful brow,
With love's warm heart, are here;
Then come, and join the farmer now,
And let your skill appear.

3
And shall we not prepare the field,
The garden of the Lord?
Where labor's hand will ever yield
Its honest, rich reward.
Oh come, prepare for autumn's board,
And autumn's comforts share;
Where God, the Maker, is adored,
Who makes us all his care.
1. Oh! how I love to roam a-broad, And wander:
   Then come, companions
2. The waters love to foam and roam, And wander:
   They have no rest by
3. See how the mill-wheel loves to turn, And wander:
   The arms can hardly

all, with me, Along the river bank in glee
We'll wander, and wander, and wander.

day or night, But e'er to wander find delight,
To wander, and wander, and wander.

wait for day, But with the dawn they whirl a-way, And wander, and wander, and wander.
The bee loves well from flow'r to flow'r
To wander;
The birds fly singing, to and fro,
Above the fields fresh breezes blow,
And wander, and wander, and wander.

Along the path where roses blow,
We'll wander;
And through the groves and far away,
With joy unceasing, through the day
We'll wander, and wander, and wander.

JUNE SONG.
Tune,—"May Shout," p. 56.

1
Oh, the lovely, lovely June,
Smiling, warming, sunny June,
When by hill and valley,
Nature sings so gaily;
Cheering, cheering, cheering June,
Charming with thy lovely tune.
Oh, the lovely, lovely June,
Smiling, warming, sunny June,
Cheering, cheering, cheering, cheering,
Cheering, lovely June.

2
Fresh and pure the air at morn,
In the lovely, lovely June;
Gentle breezes blowing,
Through the meadows flowing,
Glides the murmuring brook away,
Rippling, bubbling all the day;—
the lovely, &c.

3
Seek we now the cooling bowers,
Breathing fragrance from the flowers,
Running, jumping, singing,
Voices ever ringing;
Then, when day-light fades away,
Oh, the walk at fall of day;—
Oh, the lovely, &c.

4
Wake again the song of joy,
All your tuneful powers employ,
Nature now rejoices,
Swell your cheerful voices,—
Merry birds, on bush and tree,
Sing in joy; and shall not we
Sing the lovely, lovely June,
Smiling, warming, sunny June,
Cheering, cheering, cheering, cheering
Cheering, lovely June.
1. Before all lands in east or west, I love my native land the best, With
   God's best gifts 'tis teeming; No gold nor jewels here are found, Yet men of noble

2. Before all tongues in east or west, I love my native tongue the best; Though
   not so smoothly spoken, Nor woven with Italian art: Yet when it speaks from
souls a-bound, And eyes of joy are beaming, And eyes of joy are beaming.
heart to heart, The word is never broken, The word is never broken.

3
Before all people east or west,
I love my countrymen the best,
A race of noble spirit:
A sober mind, a generous heart,
To virtue trained, yet free from art,
They from their sires inherit.

4
To all the world I give my hand,
My heart I give my native land,
I seek her good, her glory;
I honor every nation's name,
Respect their fortune and their lame,
But I love the land that bore me.
"ONWARD."

1. "Onward," "onward," is our nation's cry, Freedom's cause can never die!

"Onward," "onward," one and all reply, "Onward," "onward," one and all reply.
"Onward" is the loud demand
Freedom smile on every land;
"Onward" still in heart and hand.

"Onward" roll the tide of good,
O'er the earth thy sacred flood;
"Onward" roll the tide of good.

"Onward" fount of holy truth,
Bright with heav'n's eternal youth;
"Onward" fount of holy truth.

"Onward," spreading virtue's reign!
On,'till earth be pure again;
"Onward," spreading virtue's reign!

"Onward" freedom's sacred cause,
Guarded e'er by righteous laws;
"Onward" freedom's sacred cause.

FORGIVENESS.

Tune,—"The Sailor Boy," p. 139.

1
In peace with all the world we'll live,
Nor let our angry passions burn;
But when we suffer, we'll forgive,
And good for evil we'll return.
And we'll forgive, and we'll forget,
And conquer every sullen word;
Unkindness shall with love be met,
And evil overcome with good.

2
It is not pride, it is not strife,
Nor bitter thoughts nor angry deeds,
Which gild with joy the days of life:
Resentment still to sorrow leads.
Then, love shall triumph! love alone
Within our hearts shall ever reign;
Our foes, subdued, its power shall own;
And once loved friends be friends again.
THE SAILOR BOY.

1. Ye soft blue hills, that circling stand, The bound'ries of my native land; Ye crystal streams, that round my home, Delight in murm'ring course to roam: Ye meadows fair, with banks so green, And thousand flow'rs of...
2
For since I chanced to see you last,
How many a year has o'er me past;
And yet scarce fifteen summers now,
Have kindly cheered my youthful brow:
But over many a sea I've been,
And many a varied land I've seen;
And yet I ask, though far away,
Art thou, dear home, still fair and gay?

3
It seems full strange, but well I know,
No land, sweet home, seems fair as thou;
No shore so green, no skies so bright,
No flowers, no fruit, like thine delight,—
And but to think of half thy charms,
With generous heat this bosom warms;
And so I ask, though far away,
Art thou, dear home, still fair and gay?
THE EXCURSION

1. {Merrily ev'ry heart is bounding, Merrily oh! Merrily oh!}
   Joyfully now the news is sounding, Joyfully oh! Joyfully oh!

{To the woods we go, Where the violets grow—}
{Where the violets grow, To the woods we go.}

{Merrily ev'ry heart is...}
Cheerily every face is beaming,
Cheerily oh! cheerily oh!

Playfully every eye is gleaming,
Playfully oh! playfully oh!

In the fields away,
We will rove to-day—
We will rove to-day,
In the fields away.

Merrily every heart is bounding
Merrily oh! merrily oh!
Merrily, &c
HASTE THEE WINTER, HASTE AWAY.

1. Haste thee, winter, haste away, Far too long has been thy stay. Far too long thy winds have roard,
   Haste thee, winter, haste away, Far too long has been thy stay.

2
Haste thee, winter, haste away,
Let me feel the spring-tide ray;
Let the fields be green again;
Quickly end thy dreary reign.
   Haste thee, winter, haste away,
   Far too long has been thy stay.

3
Haste thee, winter, haste away,
Let the spring come, bright and gay
Let the chilling breezes flee,
Weary winter, haste from me.
   Haste thee, winter, haste away,
   Far too long has been thy stay.
THE SILVERY MOON ADVANCES.

1. The sil-very moon ad- van-ces O'er loft-y hill and tree; Who 'mid the star-ry
dances, So beau-ti-ful as she? hailing Her mild and friend-ly light.

2. She comes, so soft-ly steal-ing, A-cross the stil-ly night! How ma-ny hearts are
3 Our eyes she gently closes, When daily toil is o'er;
The weary earth reposes Beneath her soothing power.
4 She comes with night-dews healing The soul with pain distressed;
She wakes the sweetest feeling Within the lonely breast.
5 Our heavenly Father lends us This trusty friend by night,
May he a spirit send us, As pure as her pure light.

6 Her voice is like a song Of love and joy;
7 For she is dear to us In this life;
HOW BEAUTIFUL THE SNOW

1. I-o! I-o! I-o! How beau-ti-ful the snow. I-o! I-o! I-o!

2. o! How beau-ti-ful the snow! What pur-er than its white-ness? What
brighter than its brightness? I-o! I-o! I-o! Illumed in sunset's glow?

2
I-o! I-o! I-o!
We love, we love the snow!
Now wintry winds are blowing
How thick and fast it's snowing
I-o! I-o! I-o!
We love, we love the snow.
I-o! I-o! I-o!
How beautiful the snow!

3
I-o! I-o! I-o!
The sleighs, how swift they go!
The moon, so brightly shining,
The starry sky is climbing;
I-o! I-o! I-o!
The earth is white below.
I-o! I-o! I-o
How beautiful the snow!
I LOVED A SONG-BIRD OF THE SPRING.

1. I loved a song-bird of the spring, I loved its warbling lay! But
ah! the singer spread his wing, and rose, and soared away: way.

2. I loved a gau- dy insect fair, with pinion golden bright; A-
mong the flowers rich and rare, it wandered from my sight: sight.
3 I loved a rose, I loved it best
   Of all I yet had found;
   But when the sun had reached the west,
   Its leaves had strewed the ground.

4 What can I love that takes no flight,
   Nor fades with breeze or blast?
   Oh, love the truth! the truth, both bright
   And beautiful, will last.

AUTUMNAL SONG

Tune,—"The Hero," p. 58.

l. The dingy autumn now has come,
   The yellow leaves are falling;
All things more sombre have become,
   And man to thought are calling.
But autumn is not drear alone;
   It brings us many a pleasure;
A copious harvest now we own,
   A rich and welcome treasure.

3 The lengthened evening, bright and clear
   Is one of autumn's giving,
Where social chat and merry cheer,
   Afford us happy living.
In autumn, too, the happy throng
   Of those are brought together,
Who love to pour the choral song,
   In cool and pleasant weather.

The ruddy apple on the tree,
   The peach, its beauty shedding,
Are things I always love to see,
   Though autumn's gloom is spreading.
The clustering grapes and juicy pear,
   In luscious sweetness vying,
Bestow their blessings free as air,
   Our every want supplying.

4 Then why should autumn be so drear,
   As if devoid of pleasure?
'Tis filled with much that brings good cheer,
   It should be deemed a treasure.
Then why should autumn be so drear,
   As if devoid of pleasure?
There's much to make its season dear
   It shall be deemed a treasure.
1. How bright and fair Thy steps are, O nature! to our eyes! We

see them in the lowly vale, The meadow green, The waterfall, Where smile the plain, With
2
In joyous May,
In autumn day,
Thy glowing beauties shine;
The lovely tints of fields and flowers,
The purple clusters in the bowers,
The healthful breeze,
The blooming trees,
O nature! all are thine!

3
The fountain clear,
The crystal tear,
Both gushing bright are thine.
The birds, on every forest tree
Awake their silvery melody;
And old and young,
In noble song,
Their nobler voices join.

4
With joy and glee
We'll follow thee,
Our life's short journey o'er,
Where'er we see thy lovely face,
Where'er thy beauteous steps we trace;
'Till we shall stand
In yon fair land,
And nature's God adore
1. Wake and sing! Brother, sing! {Let it never grieve you, Tho' the world go wrong;}
{Let not courage leave you, Night cannot be long.}

Wake and sing! Brother, sing! He who does his best en-dea-vor, Peace may fill his soul for-ev-er.}
Pass immediately to 2d stanza.}

Repeat for 3d, 4th stanzas.
Wake and sing! Brother, sing!
Birds are sweetly singing
On the leafy spray,
Joy around is ringing,
Nature all is gay.
Wake and sing! Brother, sing!
Grief and fear by earth are given,
Good alone is sent by heaven.

Wake and sing! Brother, sing!
Though our days with sorrow,
Shrouded are, and care,
Tears of sorrow streaming,
Dark and cold the air.
Wake and sing! Brother, sing!
Let our joyous song be ringing,
Care will vanish while we're singing.

Wake and sing! Brother, sing!
Let us ever cherish
Friendship, love and truth;
Then, when time shall perish,
Bright shall be our youth.
Wake and sing! Brother, sing!
Heavenly care is watching o'er us
Sing aloud in joyful chorus.
POOR MARY

1. Oh! dear, what can the matter be, Dear, dear, what can the matter be, Oh! dear, what can the matter be,

Mary is crying again. But Mary is naughty, she would be playing, When
lessons, she ought, in the school to be saying; And still she persists in the rule disobeying. And

(Second part of the tune.)

But Mary, I hope, will soon own her past errors,
Not give any more, all who love her, such terrors,
But ever obey, as she ought, her superiors,
And then she'll be happy again.

Oh! yes, then she will happy be,
Yes, yes, then she will happy be,
Oh! yes, then she will happy be,
Mary'll be happy again.
"MORN AMID THE MOUNTAINS"

1. Morn amid the moun-tains! Lovely sol-i-tude, Gush-ing streams and foun-tains, Mur-mur, "God is good," Mur-mur, "God is good."

2. Now the glad sun break-ing, Pours a golden flood; Deepest vales awak-ing, Echo, "God is good"

3. Hymns of praise are ring-ing, Through the leafy wood; Songsters sweetly sing-ing, Warble, "God is good."

4. Wake, and join the chorus, Man, with soul endued! He, whose smile is o'er us, God, our God is good.
ELEMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC.

INTRODUCTORY.

GENERAL DIVISION OF THE SUBJECT.—ANALYSIS OF MUSICAL SOUNDS.

I. Distinctions existing in the nature of musical sounds.
A musical sound, or a Tone, may be,
1. Long, or Short.
2. High, or Low.
3. Soft, or Loud.

II. Properties of Tones. A tone has three essential properties:
1. Length.
2. Pitch.
3. Power.

III. Departments in the Elements of Music. There are three departments in the elements of music:
1. Rhythms, treating of the length of tones.
2. Melodics, treating of the pitch of tones.
3. Dynamics, treating of the power of tones.

IV. General view.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Distinctions</th>
<th>Properties</th>
<th>Departments</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. Long, or Short</td>
<td>Length</td>
<td>Rhythmics</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. High, or Low</td>
<td>Pitch</td>
<td>Melodics</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. Soft, or Loud</td>
<td>Power</td>
<td>Dynamics</td>
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CHAPTER I.

RHYTHMICS.—DIVISION OF TIME. COUNTING AND BEATING.

§ 1. The length of tones is measured by a division of time into equal portions, as indicated by counting one, two; one, two.

§ 2. The portions into which time is divided are called measures: thus, at § 1, two measures of two each, are counted.

§ 3. Measures are divided into smaller portions, called parts of measures: thus, at § 1, the first part of the measure is indicated by one, the second part by two.

§ 4. Measures, and parts of measures, are indicated not only by counting, as at § 1, but also by motions of the hand, called beating time.
CHAPTER II.

RHYTHMICS.—DOUBLES MEASURE. BARS. NOTES.

§ 5. A measure with two parts is called double measure. Double measure is indicated by counting one, two; or by two beats, as downward beat, upward beat. It is distinguished (marked, by the figure 2.

§ 6. Double measure should receive an accent on the first part of the measure.

§ 7. In written music, perpendicular lines are used for marking the division of measures, called bars; see examples of bars in the following illustration:

Illustration of double measure, beats, accents and bars.

\[ \text{Là, La,} \quad \text{Là, La,} \quad \text{Là, La.} \]
\[ \text{Downw'd beat, Upw'd b't;} \quad \text{Down. b't, Up. b't;} \quad \text{Down. b't, Up. b't.} \]

§ 8. The relative length of tones is indicated by characters called notes. Notes are signs, representing to the eye the relative length or duration of sounds.
CHAPTER IV

RHYTHMICS.—PRIMITIVE AND DERIVED FORMS OF MEASURE.

§ 13. When a separate sound is sung to each part of a measure, or when, in written music, each part of a measure is occupied by a separate note or rest, the measure is said to be in its PRIMITIVE FORM.

§ 14. When a sound is prolonged so as to occupy both parts of a measure, it is represented by a note of corresponding length, and the measure is said to be in a DERIVED FORM.

EXAMPLE.

Primitive form of measure:  \( \cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot \)

Derived form of measure:  \( \cdot \cdot \)

§ 15. The notes and rest, in the primitive form of measure at § 14, are called QUARTERS, and the note and rest in the derived form of measure, are called HALVES.

EXAMPLE.

Quarter notes. \( \cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot \) Quarter rests. \( \cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot \)

Half notes. \( \cdot \cdot \) Half rests. \( \cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot \)

§ 16. Derived forms are obtained from primitive forms by uniting the parts of a measure, and derived forms are
reduced to primitive forms, by separating united parts of a measure.

Note.—The primitive form of the measure should be taken as a standard by which to determine all derived forms, and, indeed, to solve all rhythmic difficulties.

Questions.—When a separate sound is sung to each part of a measure, in what form is the measure said to be? When is a measure said to be in its primitive form? When both parts of a measure are united, what is the form of the measure called? When is a measure said to be in a derived form? What are the notes and rests called in primitive forms of measure? What are the notes and rests called in derived forms of measure? How are derived forms obtained from primitive forms? How are derived forms reduced to primitive forms?

PRACTICAL EXERCISE.

Questions before singing.—How many measures are there in the lesson? In what notes is the first measure written? Second? Is the first measure in a primitive, or derived form? Why? Is the second measure in a primitive, or derived form? Why? How is the derived form obtained from the primitive form? How may the derived form be reduced to the primitive form?

CHAPTER V.

RHYTHMICS.—TRIPLE MEASURE. ACCENT.

§ 17. A measure with three parts, is called TRIPLE.
CHAPTER VI.

RHYTHMICS.—TRIPLE MEASURE. THREE QUARTER NOTE.

§ 19. When in triple measure a sound is prolonged so as to occupy the three parts, it is represented by a note of corresponding length, called THREE QUARTER NOTE, or DOTTED HALF; thus: \( \cdot \) or \( \cdot \).

§ 20. When in a derived form of measure, the union of the parts commences with the first part of the measure, the derivative is said to be in the FIRST CLASS; when the union commences with the second part of the measure, the derivative is said to be in the SECOND CLASS.

§ 21. When a tone commences on the unaccented, and is continued on the accented part of a measure, such a tone is said to be a SYNCOPE, * or a SYNCOPATED TONE, and the note representing it is called a SYNCOPATED NOTE.

§ 22. A syncopated note should always receive an accent.

Rhythmic Classification, or Example of Primitive and Derived Forms in Triple Measure.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Primitive</th>
<th>1st Class</th>
<th>2d Class</th>
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<td>( \cdot )</td>
<td>( \cdot )</td>
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* From two Greek words, signifying "I cut."—Rousseau.

CHAPTER VII.

RHYTHMICS.—QUADRUPLE MEASURE. WHOLE NOTES.

§ 23. A measure with four parts is called QUADRUPLE MEASURE. Quadruple measure is indicated by counting one, two, three, four; or, by four beats, as downard beat, inward beat, outward beat, upward beat. It is usually accented on the first and third parts of the measure. It is distinguished by the figure 4.

NOTE.—There are frequent exceptions to the rules of accent in the different kinds of measure.
§ 24. When, in quadruple measure, a sound is prolonged so as to occupy the four parts, it is represented by a note called a whole note; thus: \( \mathcal{Q} \). Whole rest: \( \mathcal{R} \).

§ 25. (See § 20.) When, in a derived form of measure, the union commences with the third part of the measure, the derivative is said to be in the third class.

Rhythmic Classification, or Example of Primitive and Derived Forms in Quadruple Measure.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1st Class</th>
<th>2nd Class</th>
<th>3rd Class</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Primitive</td>
<td>( \begin{align*} &amp;\begin{array}{c} \mathcal{Q} \end{array} \end{align*} )</td>
<td>( \begin{align*} &amp;\begin{array}{c} \mathcal{Q} \end{array} \end{align*} )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1st Derivative</td>
<td>( \begin{align*} &amp;\begin{array}{c} \mathcal{Q} \end{array} \end{align*} )</td>
<td>( \begin{align*} &amp;\begin{array}{c} \mathcal{Q} \end{array} \end{align*} )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2nd Derivative</td>
<td>( \begin{align*} &amp;\begin{array}{c} \mathcal{Q} \end{array} \end{align*} )</td>
<td>( \begin{align*} &amp;\begin{array}{c} \mathcal{Q} \end{array} \end{align*} )</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Questions.—What note represents the union of four quarters? How many quarters are equal to a whole note?—Question also as to primitive or derived forms, and synecopes.

Practical Exercises.

1. \( \begin{align*} &\begin{array}{c} \mathcal{Q} \end{array} \end{align*} \)

2. \( \begin{align*} &\begin{array}{c} \mathcal{Q} \end{array} \end{align*} \)

3. \( \begin{align*} &\begin{array}{c} \mathcal{Q} \end{array} \end{align*} \)

4. \( \begin{align*} &\begin{array}{c} \mathcal{Q} \end{array} \end{align*} \)

* Irregularly classified.

CHAPTER VIII.

Rhythmics.—Sextuple Measure.

§ 26. A measure with six parts is called sextuple measure. Sextuple measure is indicated by counting one, two, three, four, five, six; or, by six beats, as downward beat, downward beat, inward beat, outward beat, upward beat, upward beat.

Note.—It is not thought necessary to give any further explanation of sextuple measure. In addition to the four kinds of measure now mentioned, mixed or compound measure is often used; as two threes in double, or three threes in triple measure, &c. These will be easily understood hereafter, by the pupil who is well grounded in the kinds already explained.

CHAPTER IX.

Rhythmics.—Divided Parts, or Compound Forms of Measure. Eighth Notes and Rests.

§ 27. When two sounds are sung to each part of a measure, they are called eighths, and are represented by eighth notes, thus: \( \begin{align*} &\begin{array}{c} \mathcal{Q} \end{array} \end{align*} \) or, \( \begin{align*} &\begin{array}{c} \mathcal{Q} \end{array} \end{align*} \). Rests \( \begin{align*} &\begin{array}{c} \mathcal{Q} \end{array} \end{align*} \).

§ 28. Such forms of measure, with their derivatives, are called compound forms.
RHYTHMICS.

Notes.—Such forms of measure as have heretofore been explained, may now be called simple, in order to distinguish them from compound forms.

§ 29. Compound Forms of Measure. Double Measure.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>1st Class.</th>
<th>2d Class.</th>
<th>3d Class.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Primitive.</td>
<td>(\text{\textbullet\textbullet\textbullet})</td>
<td>(\text{\textbullet\textbullet\textbullet})</td>
<td>(\text{\textbullet\textbullet\textbullet})</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1st Derivative.</td>
<td>(\text{\textbullet\textbullet\textbullet})</td>
<td>(\text{\textbullet\textbullet\textbullet})</td>
<td>(\text{\textbullet\textbullet\textbullet})</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2d Derivative.</td>
<td>(\text{\textbullet\textbullet\textbullet})</td>
<td>(\text{\textbullet\textbullet\textbullet})</td>
<td>(\text{\textbullet\textbullet\textbullet})</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3d Derivative.</td>
<td>(\text{\textbullet\textbullet\textbullet})</td>
<td>(\text{\textbullet\textbullet\textbullet})</td>
<td>(\text{\textbullet\textbullet\textbullet})</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Notes.—It will be seen that this classification might easily be extended further, including various other derived forms of measure; but if the preceding lessons have been thoroughly practiced, the pupil will be able now to overcome any ordinary rhythmic difficulty, especially if the principle of reducing any derived to its primitive form be practically understood.

CHAPTER X.

TRIPLETS.


§ 32. When three sounds are sung to one part of the measure, they are called triplets. The notes representing triplets are usually marked by the figure 3.
CHAPTER XI.

DOUBLE COMPOUND FORMS OF MEASURE. SIXTEENTH NOTES AND RESTS.

§ 33. When four sounds are sung to each part of a measure, they are called sixteenths, and the notes representing them are called sixteenth notes; thus:

\[ \text{Rests: } \frac{1}{4} \]

§ 34. Such forms of measure with their derivatives are called double compound forms.

§ 35. Double Compound Forms. Double Measure.

\[ \text{Note.—Further examples of double compound forms, or double compound forms in triple and quadruple measure, are not supposed to be necessary in this place.} \]

See note at § 31

CHAPTER XI.

VARIEIES OF MEASURE.

§ 36. Each of the different kinds of notes may be taken as the primitive form, in any kind of measure. Thus the primitive form of a measure may consist of whole, half, eighth, or sixteenth notes, as well as of quarters.

§ 37. The different representations, or signs of measure, arising from the use of the different notes as primitive forms, are called varieties of measure.

Note.—Varieties of measure merely furnish different signs for the same thing. To the ear they are all the same, to the eye only do they differ; the movement depending, not in the least, on the kind of notes in which music is written. Notes have no positive, but only a relative length. The different varieties are, of course, unnecessary, but are in common use.

§ 38. There may be as many varieties in all the different kinds of measure, as there are kinds of notes.

§ 39. As figures are used to distinguish the kinds of measure, so also they are used to distinguish the varieties of measure. When used for both purposes, the two figures are written in the form of fractions, the numerator showing the number of parts, on which the kind of measure depends; and the denominator showing what kind of note is used on each part of a measure, on which the variety of measure depends.
EXAMPLE OF DIFFERENT VARIETIES OF MEASURE.

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{2/1} & \quad *\frac{3}{1} & \quad *\frac{4}{1} \\
\text{2/2} & \quad *\frac{3}{2} & \quad *\frac{4}{2} \\
\text{2/4} & \quad *\frac{3}{4} & \quad *\frac{4}{4} \\
\text{2/8} & \quad *\frac{3}{8} & \quad *\frac{4}{8} \\
\text{2/16} & \quad *\frac{3}{16} & \quad *\frac{4}{16}
\end{align*} \]

CHAPTER XIII.

GRADES OF TIME. MOVEMENT.

§ 40. The degree of quickness or slowness with which music should be performed, is expressed, not by the va-
riety of measure, or by notes, but by certain directory terms, placed at the beginning of the piece.

§ 41. There are three principal degrees from slow to quick, and each of these have several grades, as follows:

I. SLOW TIME, three grades.
   1. Adagio Molto (or Assai); very slow. (Molto, much; assai, very.)
   2. Adagio, or Largo; slow.
   3. Larghetto, or Un poco Adagio; (un poco, a little.) Somewhat slow.

II. MIDDLE TIME, three grades.
   1. Moderato; moderate.
   2. Andante; gentle, distinct, rather slow.
   3. Andantino; rather quicker than Andante.

III. QUICK TIME, three grades.
   1. Allegretto; a little quick.
   2. Allegro; quick, or lively.
   3. Allegro Molto; very quick.

Note.—Other designations of movement are sometimes used, but the above are the most common.

*Seldom used.
CHAPTER XIV.

MELODICS.—LETTERS. DIATONIC SCALE.

§ 42. Musical sounds, considered with reference to abstract, or absolute pitch, are named from the letters, A, B, C, D, E, F, G.

§ 43. Musical sounds, considered with reference to relative pitch, are arranged in a certain order, or series, called THE SCALE; or, THE DIATONIC SCALE.*

§ 44. The scale consists of eight tones, which are named numerically from the lowest, upward: ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE, SIX, SEVEN, EIGHT.

§ 45. The letters are applied to the scale as follows:

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8.

C. D. E. F. G. A. B. C.

§ 46. In singing the scale, the following syllables are often used:


Note.—Although the syllables are not regarded as indispensable, the following reasons may be assigned for their use: 1st. An association is quickly formed between each particular syllable, and the relative pitch of the tone to which it is applied; and this enables the inexperienced singer to strike the pitch with comparative ease. 2d. The proper practice of the syllables lays the foundation for the correct delivery of words.

It is obvious that the syllables should always be applied to the scale in the same manner; i.e. Do to one, Re to two, &c., since they are intended to indicate the relative, and not the abstract pitch of tones.

QUESTIONS.—From what are musical sounds named, when considered abstractly? What is that series of tones called, into which sounds are arranged with reference to their relative pitch? Do letters represent the abstract, or relative, pitch of sounds? Do numerals represent the abstract, or relative, pitch of sounds? What is the first tone of the scale called? Ans. One. &c.—To what letter is the tone one applied? Two? &c.—What syllable is sung to one? Two? &c.

CHAPTER XV.

MELODICS.—INTERVALS. STEPS AND HALF-STEPS.

§ 47. The difference of pitch between any two tones, is called AN INTERVAL. Thus, the difference of pitch between one and two, is an interval.

§ 48. In the regular succession of the tones of the scale, there are two kinds of intervals, larger and smaller.

§ 49. The larger intervals are called Steps, or LARGE STEPS; and the smaller intervals are called SMALL STEPS, or HALF-STEPS.
### MELODICS

§ 50. The intervals of the scale occur in the following order:—between one and two, a step; between two and three, a step; between three and four, a small step; between four and five, a step; between five and six, a step; between six and seven, a step; and between seven and eight, a small step.

#### Illustration of the Scale, Tones, Intervals, Letters and Syllables.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TONE</th>
<th>8</th>
<th>C</th>
<th>DO</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Interval</td>
<td>Step</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TONE</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>B</td>
<td>SI</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Interval</td>
<td>Step</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TONE</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>A</td>
<td>LA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Interval</td>
<td>Step</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TONE</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>G</td>
<td>SOL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Interval</td>
<td>Step</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TONE</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>F</td>
<td>FA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Interval</td>
<td>Step</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TONE</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>E</td>
<td>MI</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Interval</td>
<td>Step</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TONE</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>RE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Interval</td>
<td>Step</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TONE</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>C</td>
<td>DO</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### Questions
- What is the difference of pitch between two tones called?
- What is an interval?
- How many kinds of intervals are there in the scale?
- What are the larger intervals called?
- Smaller?
- How many steps are there in the scale?
- Small steps?
- What is the interval from one to two?

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### CHAPTER XVI

#### MELODICS.—THE STAFF AND CLEFS.

§ 51. The pitch of tones is represented by a character called The Staff.

§ 52. The staff consists of five horizontal lines, and the spaces between them.

**Note.**—Five is adopted for the number of lines, as a matter of convenience, but not of necessity.

§ 53. Each line and each space is called a degree; thus, there are in the staff, nine degrees,—five lines and four spaces.

§ 54. The degrees of the staff are counted upwards, from the lowest.

§ 55. The letter C (one,) may be applied to different degrees of the staff; but when the position of this letter is fixed, the other letters, or sounds, must follow in regular succession: thus, if C (one,) be applied to the first line, D (two,) will be applied to the first space, and so on.

§ 56. If it be desirable to extend the compass of the staff, spaces and lines, below or above, are used, called spaces below, or spaces above, and added lines below, or added lines above.
§ 57. There are two ways in which it is common to apply the letters, or scale, to the staff: 1st. The letter C, or one, being applied to, or represented by, the added line below. 2d. The letter D, or one, being applied to, or represented by, the second space.

§ 58. To distinguish between these two ways, or to fix the position of the letters or tones on the staff, a character is used, called a CLEF.

* Clef. Signifying key. The clef is a letter which is taken as a key, or guide, to the position of the letters, or scale, on the staff.

EXAMPLE 1. The Scale, G clef, ascending and descending.

EXAMPLE 2. The Scale, F clef, ascending and descending.
CHAPTER XVII.

PRACTICAL EXERCISES.

§ 64. Rhythmico Melodic exercises. The scale in primitive and derived forms of measure.

Note.—The following practical exercises may now be introduced, provided the different kinds of measure in which they are written have been explained.

QUESTIONS BEFORE SINGING.—In what kind of measure is the lesson written? How many measures are there in the lesson? (Pointing.) Is this measure in its primitive, or is it in a derived form? How is the derived form obtained from the primitive? To which class does it belong? Which derivative is it?—Questions also as to the kinds of notes, and in melodies as to the tones.
CHAPTER XVIII.

LESSONS, IN WHICH THE VARIOUS TONES PROCEED, NOT ACCORDING TO THE REGULAR PROGRESSION OF THE SCALE, BUT BY SKIPS.

§ 65. One and three. With these tones, the following changes may be produced:

1 3 | 3 1

(29)

§ 66. One, three and five. With these tones, the following changes may be produced:

1 3 5 | 3 1 5 | 5 1 3
1 5 3 | 3 5 1 | 5 3 1

See practical exercises in Chap. 19.

§ 67. One, three, five and eight. With these tones, the following changes may be produced:
§ 69. One, three, five, eight, seven and four. Four naturally leads to three. Three, therefore, is the guide to four. See § 68.

See practical exercises in Chap. 19.

§ 70. One, three, five, eight, seven, four and two. One or three will guide to two.

See practical exercises in Chap. 19.

§ 71. One, three, five, eight, seven, four, two and six. Five will guide to six.

See practical exercises in Chap. 19.

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CHAPTER XIX.

§ 72. Rhythmico Melodic Exercises. (See Chap. 18.)
MELODIAS.

17. In two parts.

18. One, Three, Five, Eight and Seven.
MELODICS

In two parts.
Chapter XX.

Extension of the Scale.

§ 73. When tones higher than eight are sung, eight is to be regarded as one of an upper scale.

Example.

§ 74. When tones lower than one are sung, one is to be regarded as eight of a lower scale.

Example.

Practical Exercises.

27.

28.


CHAPTER XXI.

CLASSIFICATION OF VOICES.

§ 75. The human voice is naturally divided into four classes: low male voices, or Base; high male voices, or Tenor; low female voices, or Alto; high female voices, or Treble.

§ 76. The following example exhibits the usual compass of the human voice, and also that of each different class, as Base, Tenor, Alto, and Treble.

EXAMPLE.

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* It will not be necessary to introduce this subject in juvenile classes, as it cannot be fully and practically understood until after the voice has changed.

(23)
§ 77. The G clef is used, not only for the Treble and Alto, but also often for the Tenor; but when used for the Tenor, it denotes G an octave lower than when used for the Treble or Alto. The following table exhibits the common use of the clefs: and also the usual compass, and relative position, of the different parts.

**EXAMPLE.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Treble</th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
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<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>G</td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alto.</td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>G</td>
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<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tenor.</td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>G</td>
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<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Base.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Note.—It is important that the difference of pitch between male and female voices be fully explained and illustrated.
CHAPTER XXII.

THE CHROMATIC SCALE.*

§ 78. Between those tones of the scale which form the interval of a step, an intermediate, or chromatic tone may be introduced: thus, intermediate, or chromatic tones may occur between 1 and 2, 2 and 3, 4 and 5, 5 and 6, and 6 and 7; but not between 3 and 4, and 7 and 8, because the intervals between these tones are already half-steps, and these are the smallest practicable intervals.

§ 79. The intermediate, or chromatic tones, are named from one of the tones, or letters, between which they occur: thus, the intermediate tone between one and two (C and D,) is named from either of these tones or letters, and is called Sharp One, (C sharp,) or Flat Two, (D flat; the intermediate tone between two and three is called Sharp Two, or Flat Three, (D Sharp, or E flat,) &c.

§ 80. If the intermediate, or chromatic tone, between one and two, is called sharp one, (C sharp,) the note representing it, is written on the same degree of the staff as one, with a character before it called a Sharp, (#); and if it be called flat two, (D flat,) the note representing it, is written on the same degree of the staff as two, with a character before it called a Flat, (b); and so also of the other chromatic tones.

§ 81. A scale of thirteen tones, including all the intermediate, or chromatic tones, with twelve intervals of a half-step each, is called the Chromatic Scale.

EXAMPLE.

The Chromatic Scale. Notes, Letters and Syllables.

\[\text{Diagram of the Chromatic Scale with notes and letters.}\]
§ 82. The sign of an intermediate, or chromatic tone, (♭ or ♯,) belongs not only to the note before which it is placed, but also to all the following notes, on the same degree of the staff in the measure.

Example.

§ 83. The sign of a chromatic tone belongs to all the notes that follow it, from measure to measure, when no intervening note occurs.

Example.

§ 84. When it becomes necessary to annul the sign of an intermediate, or chromatic tone, (♯ or ♭,) a character is used, called a Natural (♮).

§ 85. A sharp tone naturally leads to the next tone above it, as C♯ to D, or sharp one to two; and a flat tone naturally leads to the next tone below it, as Db to C, or flat two to one. Hence it is easy to sing a sharp tone, in connection with the tone next above it, and a flat tone, in connection with the tone next below it.
CHAPTER XXIII.

DIATONIC INTERVALS.

§ 96. In addition to those intervals, called steps and half-steps, belonging to the scale in its natural progression, there are also other intervals occasioned by skipping; as Seconds, Thirds, Fourths, Fifths, Sixths, Sevenths and Octaves.

§ 97. Intervals are always reckoned from the lower tone upwards, unless otherwise expressed.

DIATONIC INTERVALS.

NOTES.—Diatonic, because they are produced by skips in the diatonic scale.

§ 98. Two tones being the same pitch, are called Unison.

§ 99. When the voice proceeds from any tone to that on the next degree of the staff, the interval is called a Second; as from 1 to 2, 2 to 3, &c.

§ 100. When the voice skips over one degree, the interval is called a Third; as from 1 to 3, 2 to 4, &c.

§ 101. When the voice skips over two degrees, the interval is called a Fourth; as from 1 to 4, 2 to 5, &c.

§ 102. When the voice skips over three degrees, the interval is called a Fifth; as from 1 to 5, 2 to 6, &c.

§ 103. When the voice skips over four degrees, the interval is called a Sixth; as from 1 to 6, 2 to 7, &c.

§ 104. When the voice skips over five degrees, the interval is called a Seventh; as from 1 to 7, 2 to 8, &c.

§ 105. When the voice skips over six degrees, the interval is called an Octave; as from 1 to 8, 2 to 9, &c.

QUESTIONS.—When two tones are both the same pitch, what are they called? Ans. Unison. When we proceed from any tone to that which is represented on the next degree of the staff, what is the interval called? Ans. Second. When we skip over one degree of the staff, what is the interval called? Ans. Third. When we skip two degrees? Fourth. When we skip three degrees? Fifth. When we skip four degrees? Sixth. When we skip five degrees? Seventh. When we skip six degrees? Eighth or Octave.

PRACTICAL EXERCISES.

These exercises may be sung by two divisions; the first division singing the large, and the second the small notes.
CHAPTER XXIV.

INTERVALLS. MAJOR AND MINOR.

§ 96. Seconds.
1. A second consisting of a half-step, is a minor second.
2. A second consisting of a step, is a major second.

§ 97. Thirds.
1. A third consisting of a step and a half-step, is minor.
2. A third consisting of two steps, is major.

§ 98. Fourths.
1. A fourth consisting of two steps and one half-step, is a perfect fourth.
2. A fourth consisting of three steps, is a sharp fourth.

§ 99. Fifths.
1. A fifth consisting of two steps and two half-steps, is a flat fifth.
2. A fifth consisting of three steps and a half-step, is a perfect fifth.

§ 100. Sixths.
1. A sixth consisting of three steps and two half-steps, is minor.
2. A sixth consisting of four steps and a half-step, is major.

§ 101. Sevenths.
1. A seventh consisting of four steps and two half-steps, is a flat seventh.
2. A seventh consisting of five steps and one half-step, is a sharp seventh.

§ 102. Octave. An octave consists of five steps and two half-steps.

Note.—In addition to the intervals already mentioned, there are others arising out of the chromatic scale, but as they properly belong to the study of harmony, further notice of them is omitted in this work.
CHAPTER XXV.

TRANPOSITION OF THE SCALE.

§ 103. Preliminary remark.—It will be borne in mind that the scale is a succession of sounds, irrespective of any definite pitch, but which sounds bear one to another a fixed relation; this relation consisting in, or depending upon, the intervals, or differences of pitch between them. It will also be remembered that, letters represent the positive, or abstract pitch of sounds; and that the pitch of each letter is unalterably fixed.

§ 104. When the scale begins with C, or C is taken as one, or as the pitch of the scale, it is said to be in its natural position; but the pitch may be changed, and any other letter may be taken as one, in which case, the scale is said to be transposed. Transposition consists in changing the pitch, or in taking any other letter than C as one, or as the basis of the scale.

§ 105. The letter which is taken as one, is called the key letter, or key note, or simply the key. Thus, if the scale be in its natural position, with C as one, it is said to be in the key of C. If its pitch be changed, and D be taken as one, it is said to be in the key of D, &c. By the key of C, is meant that the scale is based on C, or that C is taken as one; by the key of D is meant, that the scale is based on D, or that D is taken as one, &c.

§ 106. In transposing the scale, the proper order of intervals, (steps and half-steps,) or the relative differences of pitch, must be preserved. Thus, in every key, the intervals must be as follows: between one and two, a step; between two and three, a step; between three and four, a half-step; between four and five, a step; between five and six, a step; between six and seven, a step; and between seven and eight, a half-step.

ILLUSTRATION.

| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 |


§ 107. The interval between one letter and another is fixed, and cannot be altered. Thus, the interval is a step between C and D, a step between D and E, a half-step between E and F, a step between F and G, a step between G and A, a step between A and B, and a half-step between B and C.

ILLUSTRATION.

C — D — E — F — G — A — B — C


§ 108. In the transposition of the scale, the proper order of intervals is preserved by the use of the intermediate (sharp or flat) tones: or, in other words, in the transposition of the scale it becomes necessary to
MELODICS.

omit certain tones belonging to the given key, or key from which the transposition is made, and to take from the chromatic scale such other tones, as may be required to preserve the proper order of intervals in the new key.*

ILLUSTRATION. 1.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1</th>
<th>2</th>
<th>3</th>
<th>4</th>
<th>5</th>
<th>6</th>
<th>7</th>
<th>8</th>
<th>2</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>C</td>
<td>G</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>D#</td>
<td>E</td>
<td>F</td>
<td>F#</td>
<td>G #</td>
<td>A</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

ExPLANATION.—The above diagram is designed to represent the chromatic scale, in which each interval is a half-step. The figures above the horizontal line, are intended to represent the scale in its natural position, (key of C,) C as one, D as two, &c. The figures below the horizontal line, are intended to represent the scale transposed into the key of D, D as one, E as two, F# as three, &c.

It will be observed, that if D be one, E must be two, because the interval between one and two must be a step; F will not do for three, because the interval between E and F is but a half-step, whereas, the interval between two and three must be a step; F therefore is omitted, and F# is taken for three.

Analysis.—D being taken as one, the inquiry is made, "what must be the interval from one to two?" Ans. "A step." The interval between D and E being a step, E is found to be two. The inquiry is next made, "what must be the interval from two to three?" Ans. "A step:" but as the interval between E and F is but a half-step, F will not do; F# is therefore taken as three, and the proper interval is thus obtained. Between three and four, the interval must be a half-step; and the interval between F# and G is a half-step; G, therefore, is four. Between four and five, the interval must be a step, and the interval between G and A is a step; A, therefore, is five. Between five and six, the interval must be a step, and the interval between A and B is a step; B, therefore, is six. Between six and seven, the interval must be a step; but as the interval between B and C is but a half-step, C will not do for seven; C# is, therefore, taken, and the proper interval is thus obtained. Between seven and eight, the interval must be a half-step, and the interval between C# and D is a half-step; D, therefore, is eight.

Questions.—When C is taken as one, in what position is the scale said to be? When is the scale said to be in its natural position? When any other letter than C is taken as one, what is said of the scale? When is the scale said to be transposed? In what consists the transposition of the scale?—What is the letter which is taken as one, called? When C is one, in what key is the scale? What is meant by the key of G? What is meant by the key of D? &c.—In transposing the scale, what must we be careful to preserve? What must the interval be between one and two? Two and three, &c.—Can the interval between one letter and another be altered? What is always the interval between C and D? &c. How may the proper order of intervals be preserved in transposition? &c.

* The difficulty, in the transposition of the scale, consists in the transfer of its relative sounds, to the abstract, or absolute pitch of the letters.
CHAPTER XXVI.

TRANPOSITION OF THE SCALE BY FIFTHS.

§ 109. First transposition of the scale by fifths: from C to G.

§ 110. To preserve the proper order of intervals between six and seven, and between seven and eight, in this transposition, it is necessary to take F# as seven in the new key.

§ 111. The sign of F# (♯) is placed at the beginning of the staff, or immediately after the clef, and is called the signature (sign,.) of the key. Thus, the signature to the key of G, is one sharp, or F#. The signature to the key of C, is said to be natural.

QUESTIONS.—What is the first transposition of the scale by fifths? What is the interval from C to G? What intermediate tone is necessary in this transposition? Why is F# necessary in the key of G? How many intervals would be wrong, without the F#? Which interval would be wrong, without the F#? What would be the interval between six and seven, without the F#? What between seven and eight? What is the signature to the key of G? What is the signature to the key of C?

EXAMPLE.—KEY OF G.

\[
\begin{array}{cccccccccccccccc}
& 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 5 & 6 & 7 & 8 & 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 5 & 6 & 7 & 8 \\
G & A & B & C & D & E & F# & G & G & A & B & C & D & E & F# & G \\
Do & Re & Mi & Fa & Sol & La & Si & Do & Do & Re & Mi & Fa & Sol & La & Si & Do \\
\end{array}
\]
EXPLANATION.—On the upper staff in the above diagram, the scale is represented in the key of C. The distances of the notes, one from another, represent the different intervals, as steps and half-steps. On the lower staff, G is taken as one, A as two, B as three, C as four, D as five, E as six; and thus far the intervals are right. But as the interval from six to seven must be a step, it is seen at once, that F will not do for seven, because the interval between E and F, is but a half-step; it becomes necessary, therefore, to take the intermediate tone, F#, for seven, and this gives the proper interval between six and seven, viz., a step. The interval between F# and G being a half-step, G is taken as eight, and the scale is complete in the key of G, thus:

\[
\begin{array}{cccccccc}
1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 5 & 6 & 7 & 8 \\
G & A & B & C & D & E & F# & G
\end{array}
\]
CHAPTER XXVIII.

TRANPOSITION OF THE SCALE BY FIFTHS, CONTINUED.

§ 116. Second transposition of the scale by fifths; from G to D.

§ 117. To preserve the proper order of intervals between six and seven, and between seven and eight, in this transposition, it is necessary to take C♯ as seven in the new key.

§ 118. The sign of C♯ (#) is placed at the beginning of the staff, a little to the right of the previous sharp, and the two sharps (F♯ and C♯) are taken together as the sign of the key, or as the signature.

* Or a fourth below.
EXAMPLE.—KEY OF D.

MELODICS.

Questions.—What was the first transposition of the scale? relation of F# to C? Ans. Sharp four.—What is the relation
What is the interval between C and G? What is the second of C# to G? What is invariably the tone of transposition
transposition of the scale? What is the interval between G and between any key and its fifth? What is the signature to the key
D? What is the tone of transposition between C and G? What of D? Ans. Two sharps.—What are the two sharp letters in the
is the tone of transposition between G and D? What is the key of D?

§ 119. Illustration.

Note.—An explanation of the above diagram is supposed to be unnecessary, as it would be similar to that at § 118.
CHAPTER XXIX.

TRANPOSITION OF THE SCALE BY FIFTHS, CONTINUED.

§ 120. Third transposition of the scale by fifths, from D to A. G♯ is sharp four to D. G♯, therefore, is the next sharp introduced.

Questions.—By what interval have we hitherto transposed the scale? What is the fifth to D? What is the tone of transposition between any key and its fifth? What is sharp four to D? What, then, is the tone of transposition between the keys D and A?

Example.—Key of A.

\[
\begin{array}{cccccccc}
1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 5 & 6 & 7 & 8 \\
A & B & C♯ & D & E & F♯ & G♯ & A \\
Do & Re & Mi & Fa & Sol & La & Si & Do \\
\end{array}
\]

CHAPTER XXX

TRANPOSITION OF THE SCALE BY FIFTHS, CONTINUED.

§ 121. Fourth transposition of the scale by fifths; from A to E. D♯ is sharp four to A. D♯, therefore, is the next sharp.

(Question as before.)
CHAPTER XXXI.

TRANPOSITION OF THE SCALE BY FIFTHS, CONCLUDED.

§ 122. Fifth transposition by fifths; from E to B. A♯ is sharp four to E.

EXAMPLE.—KEY OF B. (Same as C♭.)
§ 123. Sixth transposition by fifths; from B to F#. E♯ is sharp four to B

Example.—Key of F♯. (Same as G♭.)

§ 124. Seventh transposition by fifths; from F♯ to C♯. B♯ is sharp four to F♯.

Example.—Key of C♯. (Same as D♭.)
§ 125. Eighth transposition by fifths, from C# to G♯. F Double Sharp (written thus: F♯) is sharp four to C♯.

**Example.**—Key of G♯. (Same as A♭.)

\[
\begin{array}{cccccccc}
1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 5 & 6 & 7 & 8 \\
G♯ & A♯ & B♯ & C♯ & D♯ & E♯ & F♯ & G♯ \\
Do & Re & Mi & Fa & Sol & La & Si & Do
\end{array}
\]

§ 126. The scale may be still further transposed by fifths: to the key of D♯, with nine sharps, (two double sharps); to the key of A♯, with ten sharps, (three double sharps); to the key of E♯, with eleven sharps, (four double sharps); to the key of B♯, with twelve sharps, (five double sharps), and so on.

Note 1st.—The key of B♯ is the same to the ear as the key of C. The difference is not in the thing itself, but merely in the sign.

Note 2d.—The keys beyond F♯ (six sharps,) are but seldom used, as the same variety may be more easily obtained in transposition by flats. The keys beyond E♭ (four sharps,) are seldom used in vocal music.

**Chapter XXXII.**

**Transposition of the Scale by Fourths.**

§ 127. First transposition of the scale by fourths; from C to F.

§ 128. To preserve the proper order of intervals between three and four, and between four and five in this
transposition, it is necessary to take B♭ as four in the new key. B♭ is, therefore, the signature to the key of F.

**Example.—Key of F.**

<table>
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<tr>
<th>1</th>
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<th>8</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>F</td>
<td>G</td>
<td>A</td>
<td>B♭</td>
<td>C</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>E</td>
<td>F</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Do</td>
<td>Re</td>
<td>Mi</td>
<td>Fa</td>
<td>Sol</td>
<td>La</td>
<td>Si</td>
<td>Do</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Questions.**—What is the first transposition of the scale by without the B♭? What intervals would be wrong without the fourths? What is the interval from C to F? What is the interval between three and four, without the B♭? Why is B♭ necessary in this transposition? Why is B♭ necessary in the key of F? How many intervals would be wrong the key of F?

**Illustration.**
Note.—An explanation of the above diagram would be so similar to that at § 112, that it is supposed to be unnecessary. It will be observed that B♭ is taken for four, and not A♯, because the scale must always proceed from one letter to another; A♯ cannot follow A, in the diatonic scale.

§ 129. It will be observed that in the foregoing transposition, from C to F, the pitch of the scale has been removed a fourth;* and that the intermediate tone, B♭, or flat seven, has been found necessary to preserve the proper order of the intervals. Hence the following rule: "Flat seven transposes the scale a fourth;" or, "The tone, or note of transposition, between any key and its fourth, is flat seven."

Questions.—What is the intermediate tone required in transposition, called? What is the tone of transposition between the keys of C and F? What is the interval between C and F? What is the relation of B♭ to C? What is the tone of transposition between any key and its fourth? What tone will transpose the scale a fourth?

---

CHAPTER XXXIII.

TRANPOSITION OF THE SCALE BY FOURTHS, CONTINUED.

§ 130. Second transposition of the scale by fourths; from F to B♭.

§ 131. To preserve the proper order of intervals between three and four, and between four and five, in this transposition, it is necessary to take E♭ as four in the new key.

§ 132. The sign of E♭ (♭) is placed a little to the right of the previous flat, and the two flats are taken as the signature.

EXAMPLE.—KEY OF B♭.

\[ \text{\includegraphics{key_of_bb.png}} \]

* A fifth below.
CHAPTER XXXIV.

TRANPOSITION OF THE SCALE BY FOURTHS, CONTINUED

§ 133. Third transposition of the scale by fourths; from B♭ to E♭. Ab, is flat seven to B♭. A♭, therefore, is the next flat introduced.

EXAMPLE.—KEY OF E♭.

(Question as before.)

CHAPTER XXXV.

TRANPOSITION OF THE SCALE BY FOURTHS, CONTINUED.

§ 134. Fourth transposition of the scale by fourths; from E♭ to A♭. D♭ is flat seven to E♭. D♭ therefore, is the next flat introduced.

(Question as before.)
MELODICS.

EXAMPLE.—KEY OF AB.

\[ \text{Ab Bb C Db Eb F G Ab} \]
\[ \text{Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Si Do} \]

CHAPTER XXXVI.

TRANSPOSITION OF THE SCALE BY FOURTHS, CONCLUDED.

§ 135. Fifth transposition by fourths; from Ab to Db. Gb is flat seven to Ab.

EXAMPLE.—KEY OF DB. (Same as C♯.)

\[ \text{Db Eb F Gb Ab Bb C Db} \]
\[ \text{Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Si Do} \]
§ 136. Sixth transposition by fourths; from D♭ to G♭. C♭ is flat seven to D♭

**EXAMPLE.**—**KEY OF G♭.** (Same as F♯.)

\[
\begin{array}{cccccccccccccccc}
\text{Gb} & \text{Ab} & \text{Bb} & \text{C} & \text{Db} & \text{Eb} & \text{F} & \text{Gb} \\
\text{Do} & \text{Re} & \text{Mi} & \text{Fa} & \text{Sol} & \text{La} & \text{Si} & \text{Do}
\end{array}
\]

§ 137. Seventh transposition by fourths; from G♭ to C♭. F♭ is flat seven to G♭.

**EXAMPLE.**—**KEY OF C♭.** (Same as B.)

\[
\begin{array}{cccccccccccccccc}
\text{C} & \text{Db} & \text{Eb} & \text{F} & \text{Gb} & \text{Ab} & \text{Bb} & \text{C} \\
\text{Do} & \text{Re} & \text{Mi} & \text{Fa} & \text{Sol} & \text{La} & \text{Si} & \text{Do}
\end{array}
\]

§ 138. Eighth transposition by fourths; from C♭ to F♭. B DOUBLE FLAT (written B♭♭) is flat seven to
MELODIES.

EXAMPLE.—KEY OF Fb. (Same as E.)

\[\begin{align*}
\text{C} \quad \text{Bb} & \quad \text{Gb} \\
\text{Fb} & \quad \text{Gb} & \quad \text{Ab} & \quad \text{Bb} & \quad \text{Cb} & \quad \text{Db} & \quad \text{Eb} & \quad \text{Fb} \\
\text{Do} & \quad \text{Re} & \quad \text{Mi} & \quad \text{Fa} & \quad \text{Sol} & \quad \text{La} & \quad \text{Si} & \quad \text{Do}
\end{align*}\]

§ 139. The scale may be still further transposed by fourths: to the key of Bbb, with nine flats, (two double flats); to the key of Ebb, with ten flats, (three double flats); to the key of A bb, with eleven flats, (four double flats); to the key of D bb, with twelve flats, (five double flats); and so on.

Note 1st.—The key of D bb is the same to the ear as the key of C. The difference is not in the thing itself, but merely in the sign.

Note 2d.—The keys beyond Gb (six flats) are but seldom used, as the same variety may be more easily obtained in transpositions by sharps. The keys beyond Ab (four flats) are seldom used in vocal music.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MINOR SCALE.

§ 140. In addition to the scale as explained at Chapter 14, there is another diatonic scale, differing from that in respect to its intervals, called the MINOR SCALE. The former scale (Chap. 14,) is called MAJOR.

§ 141. The intervals in the minor scale, are as follows: between one and two, a step; between two and three, a half-step; between three and four, a step; between four and five, a step; between five and six, a half step; between six and seven, a step and a half-step; and between seven and eight, a half-step.
MELODICS.

EXAMPLE. MINOR SCALE.

Comparative View of the Major and Minor Scales.

1  2  3  4  5  6  7  8
Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Si Do

1  2  3  4  5  6  7  8
La Si Do Re Mi Fa Si La

Note.—There is also another form of the minor scale, but it is not considered necessary to explain it, since it can be of no practical importance to the singer; the person who can sing the scale in the form here given, or rather who has made some little progress in the practice of the chromatic scale, will find no difficulty in any form of the minor scale.
§ 142. The minor scale, in its natural position, commences with A, or A is taken as one, as in the above example.

§ 143. When the major and minor scales have the same signature, they are said to be related. Thus, the key of C major is the relative major to A minor; and the key of A minor is the relative minor to C major.

§ 144. The relative minor to any major key is found a sixth above it, or is based upon its sixth; and the relative major to any minor key is found a third above it, or is based upon its third.

§ 145. The letters and syllables correspond in the major and its relative minor. Thus, the syllable Do, is applied to C in both cases, although it is one in the major, and three in the minor scale, &c.

Questions.—What other diatonic scale is there beside the major? In what respect does the minor scale differ from the major? Ans. Order of its intervals. How many kinds of intervals are there in the major scale? How many in the minor? What interval has the minor scale, that does not belong to the major? What is the interval between one and two in the minor scale? Two and three, &c.—How many intervals, of a step, are there in the minor scale? Ans. Three. How many of a half-step? Ans. Three. How many of a step and a half-step? Ans. One. When are the major and minor scales said to be related? How much higher is the major scale, than its relative minor? How much lower is the minor scale, than its relative major? How much lower is the major scale, than its relative minor? How much higher is the minor scale, than its relative major? What is the relative major to C major? What is the relative major to A minor? &c. In C major, what tone of the scale is C? In A minor, what tone is C? In A minor, what tone of the scale is A? In C major, what tone of the scale is A? What is the signature to C major? To A minor? &c. &c. &c.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

DYNAMICS.—DYNAMIC DEGREES.

§ 146. A tone produced by the ordinary exertion of the vocal organs, is a medium, or middle tone; it is called mezzo, (pronounced met-zo,) and is marked m.

§ 147. A tone produced by some restraint of the vocal organs, is a soft tone; it is called piano, (pronounced pee-an-o,) and is marked p.

§ 148. A tone produced by a strong, or full exertion of the vocal organs, is a loud tone; it is called forte, and is marked f.

§ 149. A tone produced by a very small, but careful exertion of the vocal organs, softer than piano, yet so loud as to be a good audible sound, is called pianissimo, (pronounced pee-an-is-si-mo,) and is marked pp.

§ 150. A tone produced with still greater exertion of the vocal organs than is required for forte, but not so loud as to degenerate into a scream, is called fortissimo, and is marked ff.
DYNAMICS.

Norm — Mezzo, Piano and Forte, are Italian words, which, by long usage, have become technical terms in music, and are used by all nations.

Questions.—What is the third distinction in musical sounds? What is the department called, which arises out of this distinction? What is the subject of dynamics? When a tone is neither loud nor soft, what is it called? How marked? — When a tone is soft, what is it called? How marked? — When a tone is loud, what is it called? How marked? — When a tone is very soft, what is it called? How marked? — If a tone is very loud, what is it called? How marked? — What does Piano, or P signify? What does Forte, or F signify? What does Mezzo, or M signify? What does Piannissimo, or PP signify? What does Fortissimo, or FF signify?

CHAPTER XXXIX.

DYNAMICS.—DYNAMIC TONES.

§ 151. Organ Tone. A tone commenced, continued, and ended, with an equal degree of power, is called an Organ Tone. (==)

§ 152. Crescendo. A tone commencing soft, and gradually increasing to loud, is called Crescendo. (Crez. or <=)

§ 153. Diminuendo. A tone commencing loud, and gradually diminishing to soft, is called Diminuendo. (Dim. or >=)

§ 154. Swell. An union of the crescendo and diminuendo, produces the Swelling Tone, or Swell. (--)

Note.—Sing the scale very slow, (ah,) applying the swell.

§ 155. Pressure Tone. A very sudden crescendo, or swell, is called a Pressure Tone. (< or <=)

§ 156. Impulsive, or Explosive Tone. A tone which is struck suddenly, with great force, and instantly diminished, is called an Impulsive, or Explosive Tone; also Forzando, or Sforzando. (> or sf. fz.)

Examples.
MISCELLANEOUS CHARACTERS.

$\text{Hah, hah, hah, hah, hah, hah, hah, hah, hah.}$

§ 157. The proper application of dynamics, constitutes the form of musical expression.

QUESTIONS.—When a tone is begun, continued, and ended, with an equal degree of power, what is it called? When a tone is begun soft, and gradually increased to loud, what is it called? When a tone is begun loud, and gradually diminished to soft, what is it called? When the crescendo is united to the diminuendo, what is it called? What is a very sudden crescendo called? What is a very sudden diminish called?

CHAPTER XL.
MISCELLANEOUS CHARACTERS.

§ 158. Passing Note. Ornamental, or grace notes, are often introduced into a melody, that do not essentially belong to it; they are commonly written in smaller characters, and are called passing notes.

§ 159. Appoggiature. When a passing note precedes an essential note, on an accented part of the measure, it is called an appoggiature.

§ 160. After Note. When a passing note follows an essential note, on an unaccented part of a measure, it is called an after note.
The shake (fr) consists of a rapid alternation of two sounds. It should be much cultivated by those who would acquire smoothness and flexibility of voice.
MISCELLANEOUS CHARACTERS.

§ 162. TURN. The turn (\(\uparrow\)) consists of a principal sound, with the sounds next above and below it. It should be performed with care and neatness, but not too quick.

EXAMPLES.

\[\text{Written.}\]

\[\text{Performed.}\]

§ 163. LEGATO. When a passage is performed in a close, smooth, and gliding manner, it is said to be LEGATO.

EXAMPLE.

§ 164. STACCATO. When a passage is performed in a pointed, distinct, and articulate manner, it is said to be STACCATO. (!!!!)
§ 165. **Tie.** A character called a *tie* is used to show how many notes are to be sung to one syllable. It is also used to denote the *legato* style.

§ 166. **Pause.** When a note, or rest, is to be prolonged beyond its usual time, a character called a *pause* is placed over or under it.

§ 167. **Double Bar.** A *double bar* (∥ or ∥∥) shows the end of a strain of the music, or of a line of the poetry.

§ 168. **Brace.** A *brace* is used to connect the staves on which the different parts are written.

§ 169. **Direct.** The *direct* (→) is sometimes used at the end of a staff, to show on what degree the first note of the following staff is placed.
1. Suppliant, lo! thy children bend, Father, for thy blessing now; Thou canst teach us,

2. With the peace thy word imparts, Be thy taught, and teachers blest; In our lives, and in our hearts, Father, be thy laws impressed

guide, defend; We are weak, almighty thou.

3. Shed abroad in every mind, Light and pardon from above; Charity for all our kind, Trusting faith, and holy love.
1. Our Father who in heaven art! All hallowed be thy name; Thy kingdom come, thy
will be done, Throughout this earth-ly frame,-

2. As cheerfully as 'tis by those
   Who dwell with thee on high
   Lord, let thy bounty, day by day
   Our daily food supply.

3. As we forgive our enemies,
   Thy pardon, Lord, we crave,
   Into temptation lead us not,
   But us from evil save.

4. For kingdom, power, and glory, all
   Belong, O Lord, to thee;
   Thine from eternity they were
   And thine shall ever be.
OLD HUNDRED.  L. M.

The composition of this tune has been often ascribed to Martin Luther; but there is no satisfactory evidence that it was written by him.

It is probably of French origin.

Be thou, O God! exalted high; And, as thy glory fills the sky, So let it be on

EXCELLENCE OF RELIGION.  C. M.

1. How happy he, who loves to hear
   Instruction's warning voice;
   And who celestial wisdom makes
   His early, only choice.

2. She guides the young with innocence,
   In pleasant paths to tread;
   A crown of glory she bestows,
   Upon the hoary head.

3. According as her labors rise,
   So her rewards increase;
   Her ways are ways of pleasantness
   And all her paths are peace.
1. O God, my Father and my King, Of all I have, or hope, the spring! Send down thy spirit from above, And fill my heart with heavenly love.

2. May I from every act abstain, That hurts, or gives another pain: And bear a sympathizing part, Whene'er I meet a wounded heart.

3. Let love, through all my conduct shine, An image fair, tho' faint, of thine! Thus let me his disciple prove, Who came to manifest thy love.
1. O thou, to whom all creatures bow, Within this earthly frame, Thro' all the world, how great art thou! How glorious is thy name!

2. When heaven, thy glorious work on high, Employs my wondering sight, The moon, that nightly rules the sky, With stars of feeble light,—

3. Lord, what is man, that he is blessed With thy peculiar care! Why on his offspring, is conferred, Of love, so large a share!

4. O thou, to whom all creatures bow, Within this earthly frame, Thro' all the world, how great art thou! How glorious is thy name!
1. Thy name, Almighty Lord, Shall sound thro' distant lands; Great is thy grace, and sure thy word,

2. Far be thine honor spread, And long thy praise endure, 'Till morning light, and evening shade,

PRAYER. S. M.

1 Lord, lead my heart to learn;  
Prepare my ears to hear;  
And let me useful knowledge seek,  
In thy most holy seat

2 If unforgiven sin  
Within my bosom lies,  
Or evil motives linger there  
'To offend thy perfect eyes,

3 Remove them far away;  
Inspire me with thy love,  
That I may please thee here below  
And dwell with thee above!
1. The pity of the Lord To those that fear his name, is such as tender parents feel—

2. Our days are as the grass,  
   Or like the morning flower!  
   When blasting winds sweep o'er the field,  
   It withers in an hour.

3. But thy compassions, Lord,  
   To endless years endure;  
   And children's children ever find  
   Thy words of promise sure.
SICILY. 8's & 7's. (PRAISE TO GOD.)

1. Praise the Lord, when blushing morning Wakes the blossom rich with dew; Praise him when re-

2. Praise the Lord, and may his blessing Guide us in the way of truth, Keep our feet from paths of error, Make us holy in our youth.

3. Praise the Lord, ye hosts of heaven; Angels, sing your sweetest lays; All things, utter forth his glory, Sound aloud Jehovah’s praise.
MARLOW. C. M. (Death of a School-mate.)

1. Death has been here, and borne away A brother from our side; And young as we, he died.
   Just in the morning of his day, [Omit. . . . . . ]

2 We cannot tell, who next may fall
   Beneath the chastening rod;
   One must be first, but let us all
   Prepare to meet our God.

3 May each attend with willing feet,
   The means of knowledge here;
   And wait around the mercy-seat,
   With hope, as well as fear.

4 Lord, to thy wisdom and thy care
   May we resign our days;
   Content to live, and serve thee here.
   Or die, and sing thy praise.

YOUTHFUL PRAISE.

1 Great God, in whom we live and move,
   Accept our feeble praise,
   For all the mercy, grace and love,
   Which crown our youthful days.

2 For countless mercies, love unknown,
   Lord, what can we impart?
   Thou dost require one gift alone,—
   The offering of the heart.

3 Incline us, Lord, to give it thee,
   Preserve us by thy grace,
   Till death shall bring us all to see
   Thy glory, face to face.
1. The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want:
The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

2. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
He leadeth me beside the still waters

3. He restoreth my soul;
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake

4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil;
For thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.

5. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies;
Thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runneth over.

6. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me, all the days of my life;
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.
I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh... my help;
My help cometh from the Lord... who made... heaven... and... earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved, he that keepeth thee... will not... slumber;
Behold, he that keepeth Israel... shall not... slumber... nor... sleep.

The Lord is thy keepe... ne Lord is thy shade upon thy... right... hand;
The sun shall not smite thee by... day... nor the... moon, by... night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil, he shall serve thy... soul;
The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in, from this time forth, and... ever... more.
CHANT. No. 3.

1. O come, let us sing unto the Lord;  
   Let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation.

2. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving;  
   And show ourselves glad in him with psalms.

3. For the Lord is a great God;  
   And a great King above all gods.

4. In his hand are all the corners of the earth;  
   And the strength of the hills is his also.

5. The sea is his, and he made it;  
   And his hands prepared the dry land.

6. O come, let us worship and fall down;  
   Let us kneel before the Lord, the Lord our Maker.

7. For he is the Lord our God;  
   And we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

8. O worship the Lord, in the beauty of holiness;  
   Let the whole earth stand in awe of Him.

9. For he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth;  
   And with righteousness to judge the world, and the people with his truth.
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