A Golden Collection of

Best Old Songs
for Home, School and Community Singing

It's the songs ye sing an' the smiles ye wear
That's a makin' the sunshine everywhere.—Riley

THE MUTUAL HOME AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION
Mutual Home Building, Main Street at Second
DAYTON, OHIO

Assets July 1, 1924 - $18,600,000.00
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6% - PRESENT DIVIDEND RATE - 6%


**OUR LEADING PATRIOTIC SONGS**

**America** was written in Boston, in Feb. 1832, by Samuel F. Smith, a baptist minister, who had graduated from Harvard and was then a divinity student at Andover. He was born Oct. 21, 1808, and died Nov. 16, 1895. When glancing through some German music books, given him by his friend Lowell Mason, an eminent musician, he discovered the music which he found to be "God Save the King." He was much impressed with the patriotic words, but without endeavoring to translate or imitate them, he was led, under the inspiration of the moment, to write the hymn which is national enough to be called "America." The young student had no idea at that time how much he had done for his country. This hymn, which was to become the most popular song in America, was first sung in public at a Fourth of July children's celebration in Park Street Church, Boston, in 1832. It did not gain great popularity until the Civil War. Since that time, it has become the best known of our national songs, and has been sung in every country in the world.

**The Star Spangled Banner** was written Sept. 14, 1814, by Francis Scott Key, a lawyer of Baltimore, son of John Ross Key, an officer in the Revolutionary army. He was born Aug. 1, 1779, and died Jan. 11, 1843. After the burning of Washington, the British advanced toward Baltimore and captured a number of Americans, among them a Dr. Beanes, an intimate friend of Mr. Key. The prisoners were taken to the British fleet, then preparing to attack Fort McHenry. Authorized by President Madison, Mr. Key went under a flag of truce, to the vessel of Admiral Cockburn and secured his friend's release; but before he could return, the bombardment of the fort had started and he was detained over night on board the Admiral's flag ship. All night long he watched the bombardment of the fort. By the flash of the guns, he could see the Stars and Stripes proudly waving over it and, at early dawn to his great joy, he found that "our flag was still there." His feelings of delight and thankfulness found expression in the song, which he wrote on the back of a letter and which has immortalized his name. It was first printed in the "Baltimore Patriot" Sept. 20, 1814, adopted to an old French air long known in England as "Anacreon in Heaven." Soon the original title gave way to "The Star Spangled Banner" which gradually gained its position as the leading National Anthem of the United States. A number of monuments have been erected to the memory of Francis Scott Key, and every day in the year the American flag floats over his grave at Frederick, Md.

**Battle Hymn of The Republic** was written by Julia Ward Howe, who was born in New York, May 27, 1819, and Died Oct. 17, 1910. It was inspired by the tremendous issues of the Civil War, as they were brought vividly to the author's mind by the sight of the Union Army, on her visit to the National Capital in 1861. The Confederate Army was not far away, and the Army of the Potomac lay like a steel girdle around Washington for its protection. The poem was written under the inspiration of intense patriotic feeling and a great Battle Hymn was born, never to die. It brought its author name and fame throughout the civilized world, in addition to the love and honor of her countrymen which, as she grew older, deepened into a feeling of veneration. No hymn has ever stirred the Nation's heart like the Battle Hymn of the Republic. Although written in the midst of a great Civil War, there is no word of North or South, no appeal to local pride or patriotism, no word of sectional strife or bitterness. It did more to awaken the spirit of patriotism, and to inspire heroism than any other event of the Civil War.

**Dixie Land** or Dixie, the most popular song of the South, was written in New York in 1859 by Danial Decatur Emmet, then a member of Bryant's Minstrels. He was born at Mt. Vernon, Ohio, in 1815, and died in 1904. At the request of his employer for a good negro "walk around," Mr. Emmet wrote the words and music of the song which soon became a favorite all over the land, and as a band composition is played all over the world. In 1860 it was sung at an entertainment given in New Orleans, after which it was taken up by the people, sung upon the streets and soon carried to the Battlefields, where it became the great inspirational song of the Southern Army. Beginning about 1900, Mr. Emmet toured the country with Field's Minstrels and was introduced everywhere by Mr. Field as the author of Dixie.
SING AND SMILE

Memories

Key of F

Round me at twilight come stealing,
Shadows of days that are gone,
Dreams of the old days revealing,
Mem'ries of Love’s golden dawn.

Chorus

Memories, memories, dreams of love so true,
O'er the sea of memory I'm drifting back to you.
Childhood days, wildwood days, among the birds and bees,
You left me alone, but still you’re my own!

In my beautiful memories.

Sunlight may teach me forgetting,
Moonlight bring thoughts that are new,
Twilight brings sighs and regretting,
Moonlight means sweet dreams of you.

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Smiles

Key of A flat

Dearie, now I know just what makes me love you so,
Just what holds me and enfolds me in its golden glow.

Dearie, now I see 'tis each smile so bright and free,
For life's sadness turns to gladness when you smile on me.

Chorus

There are smiles that make us happy,
There are smiles that make us blue,
There are smiles that steal away the tear drops
As the sunbeams steal away the dew;
There are smiles that have a tender meaning
That the eyes of love alone may see,
And the smiles that fill my life with sunshine
Are the smiles that you give to me.

Dearie, when you smile ev'ry thing in life's worth while,
Love grows fonder as we wander down each magic mile;
Cheery melodies seem to float upon the breeze,
Doves are cooing while they're wooing in the leafy trees.

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Till We Meet Again

Key of A flat

There's a song in the land of the lily,
Each sweetheart has heard with a sigh;
Over high garden walls this sweet echo falls,
As a soldier boy whispers good-bye.

Chorus

Smile the while you kiss me sad adieu,
When the clouds roll by I'll come to you;
Then the skies will seem more blue,
Down in lovers' lane, my dearie;
Wedding bells will ring so merrily,
Ev'ry tear will be a memory;
So wait and pray each night for me,
Till we meet again.

Tho' good-bye means the birth of a tear drop,
Hello means the birth of a smile,
And the smile will erase the blighting trace,
When we meet in the afterawhile.

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   JEROME H. REMICK & CO., New York and Detroit
SING AND SMILE

Let The Rest of The World Go By

Key of A flat

Is the struggle and strife we find in this life
Really worth while, after all?
I've been wishing today I could just run away,
Out where the west winds call.

Chorus
With someone like you, a pal good and true,
I'd like to leave it all behind, and go and find
Some place that's known to God alone
Just a spot to call our own.
We'll find perfect peace, where joys never cease,
Out there beneath a kindly sky,
We'll build a sweet little nest somewhere in the West,
And let the rest of the world go by.

Is the future to hold just struggles for gold
While the real world waits outside,
Away out on the breast of the wonderful West,
Across the great Divide?

You're The Flower of My Heart,
Sweet Adeline

Key of B flat

In the evening when I sit alone a-dreaming
Of days gone by, love, to me so dear,
There's a picture that in fancy oft appearing;
Brings back the time, love, when you were near;
It is then I wonder where you are, my darling,
And if your heart to me is still the same,
For the sighing wind and nightingale a-singing,
Are breathing only your own sweet name.

Chorus
Sweet Adeline, My Adeline,
At night, dear heart, for you I pine.
In all my dreams your fair face beams;
You're the flower of my heart, Sweet Adeline.

I can see your smiling face as when we wandered
Down the brook side just you and I,
And it seems so real at times, till I awaken
To find all vanished, a dream gone by;
If we meet some time in after years, my darling,
I trust that I will find your love still mine;
Tho' my heart is sad and clouds above are hoverin'
The sun again, love, for me would shine.

There's a Long, Long Trail

Key of A flat

Nights are growing very lonely,
Days are very long;
I'm a-growing weary only
Listening for your song.
Old remembrances are thronging
Through my memory,
Till it seems the world is full of dreams,
Just to call you back to me.

Chorus
There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing
And the white moon beams;
There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true,
Till the day when I'll be going down
That long, long trail with you.

All night long I hear you calling,
Calling sweet and low;
Seem to hear your footsteps falling,
Ev'ry where I go.
The road between us stretches
Many a weary mile,
I forget that you're not with me yet,
When I think I see you smile.

Where The River Shannon Flows

Key of C

There's a pretty spot in Ireland,
I always dream of my land,
Where the fairies and the blarney
Will never, never die:
It's the land of the shellalah,
My heart goes there daily,
To the girl I left behind me,
When we kissed and said goodbye.

Chorus
Where the dear old Shannon's flowing,
Where the three-leaved Shamrock grows,
Where my heart is I am going,
To my little Irish rose;
And the moment that I meet her,
With a hug and kiss I'll greet her,
For there's not a colleen sweeter,
Where the River Shannon flows.

Sure, no letter I'll be mailing,
For soon will I be sailing,
And I'll bless the ship that takes me
To my dear old Erin's shore;
There I'll settle down forever,
I'll leave the old sod never,
And I'll whisper to my sweetheart,
"Come and take my name, Asthore."
SING AND SMILE

Silver Threads Among The Gold
Key of B flat
Darling, I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold,
Shine upon my brow today,
Life is fading fast away;
But, my darling you will be, will be,
Always young and fair to me;
Yes! my darling, you will be,
Always young and fair to me.

Chorus
Darling I am growing, growing old,
Silver threads among the gold,
Shine upon my brow today,
Life is fading fast away.

When your hair is silver white,
And your cheeks no longer bright,
With the roses of the May,
I will kiss your lips and say;
Oh, my darling, mine alone, alone,
You have never older grown;
Yes! my darling, mine alone,
You have never older grown.

Love can never more grow old,
Locks may lose their brown and gold,
Cheeks may fade and hollow grow,
But the hearts that love, will know
Never, never winter's frost and chill,
Summer warmth is in them still;
Never winter's frost and chill,
Summer warmth is in them still.

Love is always young and fair,
What to us is silver hair,
Faded cheeks or steps grown slow
To the hearts that heat below?
Since I kissed you, mine alone, alone,
You have never older grown;
Since I kissed you, mine alone,
You have never older grown.

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Carry Me Back To Old Virginny
Key of A flat
Carry me back to Old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn and taters grow;
There's where the birds warble sweet in the springtime;
There's where the old darkey's heart am long'd to go.
There's where I labor'd so hard for old Massa;
Day after day in the field of yellow corn;
No place on earth do I love more sincerely,
Than old Virginny, the state where I was born.

Chorus
Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn and taters grow;
There's where the birds warble sweet in the springtime;
There's where this old darkey's heart am long'd to go.

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The Sweetest Story Ever Told
Key of A flat
Tell me, do you love me?
Tell me softly sweetly, as of old!
Tell me, that you love me,
For that's the sweetest story ever told.
Tell me, do you love me?
Whisper softly, sweetly, as of old,
Tell me, that you love me,
For that's the sweetest story ever told.

Chorus
Tell me, do you love me?
Tell me softly sweetly, as of old!
Tell me, that you love me,
For that's the sweetest story ever told.

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Those Endearing Young Charms
Key of E flat
Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly today,
Were to change by tomorrow and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy gifts, fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
And around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still!

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear!
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sun-bower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose!
SING AND SMILE

Flag Song
Tune—"Marching Through Georgia"—Key of A
Bring the good old banner, boys, the emblem of the free!
Fling its starry folds abroad that all the world may see!
So it floated proudly o'er the sons of liberty,
When they were fighting for freedom.

Chorus
Behold! Behold! the flag that floats above!
And cheer! and cheer! the stars and stripes we love.
How the Revolutionary soldiers won the day,
When they were fighting for freedom.

Blue the skies above us, and gemmed with starry light,
Blue for truth to God and man, triumphant for the right,
Red and white and blue they chose, these heroes of the fight,
Chose for the badge of a freeman.

Good Old Melodies
Key of G
In the evening by the moonlight,
You can hear those darkies singing;
In the evening by the moonlight,
You can hear those banjos ringing.
How the old folks would enjoy it,
They would sit all night and listen.
As we sung in the evening by the moonlight.

Hear dem bells,
Don't you hear dem bells,
De's a-ringing out de glory ob de Lamb;
Hear dem bells.
Don't you hear dem bells,
De's a-ringing out de glory ob de Lamb.

Weep no more, my lady, Oh, weep no more today,
For we'll sing one song for my Old Kentucky Home,
For my Old Kentucky Home, good night.
Picture tonight a field of snowy white,
Hear the darkies singing soft and low;
I long there to be,
For some one waits for me,
Down where the cotton blossoms grow.

The U. S. A. Forever
Tune—"Dixie"—Key of C
Come, all who live in the U. S. A.,
Join in our song and sing today;
Work away, work away, for the land of the free.
United, firm, with every state
To make a nation good and great;
Work away, work away, for the land of the free.

Chorus
The U. S. A. forever, hurray! hurray!
The Stars and Stripes shall wave above
The U. S. A. forever.
Hurray! hurray! the U. S. A. forever!
Hurray! hurray! the Stars and Stripes forever!
The North and South, the East and West,
We love them all, for all are best;
Work away, work away, for the land of the free.
United States and hearts and hands
Will make the greatest of all lands;
Work away, work away, for the land of the free.

The Quilting Party
"Seeing Nellie Home"—Key of C
In the sky the bright stars glittered,
On the bank the pale moon shone;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party
I was seeing Nellie home.

Chorus
I was seeing Nellie home,
I was seeing Nellie home.
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party
I was seeing Nellie home.

On my arm a soft hand rested,
Rest nat light as ocean foam;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party
I was seeing Nellie home.

The Mummy Song
Key of A flat
Tune—"The Long, Long Trail"
It's a short, short life we live here,
So let us live while we may,
With a song for every moment
Of the whole bright day:
What's the use of looking gloomy,
Or what's the use of our tears,
When we know a mummy's had no fun.
For about three thousand years.

Smile, Smile, Smile
Tune—"Merry Widow Waltz"
As you wander to and fro,
Smile, smile, smile!
Spread good cheer where'er you go,
Smile, smile, smile!
Keep your heart all free from guile,
Scatter sunshine all the while,
BE AN OIL-CUP, NOT A FILE—
Smile, smile, smile!

Hail, Hail!
Key of G
Hail, hail, the gang's all here!
Never mind the weather,
Here we are together—
Hail, hail, the gang's all here!
Let the trouble start RIGHT NOW!
SING AND SMILE

Darling Nelly Gray
Key of E flat

There's a low green valley on the old Kentucky shore,
There I've whiled many happy hours away,
A-sitting and a-singing by the little cottage door,
Where lived my darling Nelly Gray.

Chorus
Oh, my poor Nelly Gray, they have taken you away,
And I'll never see my darling any more;
I'm sitting by the river and I'm weeping all the day,
For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.

My eyes are getting blinded, and I cannot see my way;
Hark! there's somebody knocking at the door,
Oh! I hear the angels calling, and I see my Nelly Gray,
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

Chorus
Wait till the clouds roll by, Jenny,
Wait till the clouds roll by,
Jenny, my own true loved one.
Wait till the clouds roll by.

My Bonnie
Key of C

My Bonnie is over the ocean,
My Bonnie is over the sea,
Oh! bring back my Bonnie to me.

Chorus
Bring back, bring back,
Bring back my Bonnie to me;
Bring back, bring back,
Oh! bring back my Bonnie to me.

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed,
Last night as I lay on my pillow,
I dreamed that my Bonnie was dead.

Sailing
Key of E flat

Y'heave ho! my lads, the wind blows free,
A pleasant gale is on our lee;
And soon across the ocean clear
Our gallant bark shall bravely steer;
But ere we part from Freedom's shores tonight,
A song we'll sing for home and beauty bright:
Then here's to the sailor, and here's to the hearts so true,
Who will think of him upon the waters blue!

Chorus
Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main,
For many a stormy wind shall blow ere Jack comes home again!
Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main,
For many a stormy wind shall blow ere Jack comes home again!

The tide is flowing with the gale,
Y'heave ho! my lads, set ev'ry sail;
The harbor bar we soon shall clear,
Farewell once more to home so dear;
For when the tempest rages loud and long,
That home shall be our guiding star and song:
Then here's to the sailor, and here's to the hearts so true,
Who will think of him upon the waters blue!

A Life On The Ocean Wave
Key of G

A life on the ocean wave!
A home on the rolling deep!
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep.
Like an eagle caged I pine
On this dull, unchanging shore,
Oh. give me the flashing brine,
The spray and the tempest's roar!

Chorus—Repeat first four lines.

A Motion Song
Tune—"Till We Meet Again"—Key of A flat

Smile awhile and give your face a rest,
(All smile)
Stretch awhile and ease your manly chest;
(Arms to side)
Reach your hands up toward the sky,
(Heads up)
While you watch them with your eye,
(Heads up)
Jump awhile, and shake a leg there, sir!
(Jump lively)
Now step forward, backward, as you were;
(Step back and forth)
Then reach right out to someone near
(Shake hands with neighbor)
Shake his (her) hand and smile.
(All smile)

It Isn't Any Trouble
Tune—"Battle Hymn of the Republic" Key of E flat

It isn't any trouble just to s-m-i-l-e,
It isn't any trouble just to s-m-i-l-e,
So smile when you're in trouble,
It will vanish like a bubble.
If you'll only take the trouble
Just to s-m-i-l-e.
Second Verse—I-a-u-g-h
Third Verse—G-r-i-n
Fourth Verse—H-a, h-a, h-a, h-a
SING AND REJOICE

Onward, Christian Soldiers
Key of F
Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before;
Christ the royal Master, leads against the foe;
Forward into battle see His banners go.

Chorus
Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before.
Like a mighty army moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading where the saints have trod;
We are not divided, all one body we,
One in hope, in doctrine, one in charity.
Onward, then, ye people, join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices in the triumph-song;
Glory, laud and honor unto Christ the King;
Till through countless ages men and angels sing.

Holy Night
Key of C
Silent night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright;
Round yon virgin, mother and Child,
Holy Infant, so tender and mild;
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.
Silent night! Holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight!
Glories stream from Heaven afar;
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia;
Christ, the Saviour, is born!
Christ, the Saviour, is born!
Silent night! Holy night!
Son of God, love’s pure light;
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace;
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth;
Jesus, Lord at Thy birth.

Shall We Gather?
Key of E flat
Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing from the throne of God?

Chorus
Yes, we’ll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows from the throne of God.
On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We shall walk and worship ever
All the happy, golden day.
Soon we’ll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease:
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

I Think, When I Read That Sweet Story
Key of E flat
I think, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men;
How He called little children like lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with Him then.
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around it;
That I might have seen His kind look when He said,
“Let the little ones come unto Me.”
Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above.

Abide With Me
Key of E flat
Abide with me, fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.
Swift to its close ebbs out life’s little day:
Earth’s joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
Oh, Thou who changest not, abide with me.
I need Thy presence ev’ry passing hour,
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter’s pow’r?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Thou cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

Blest Be The Tie
Key of F flat
Blest be the tie that binds,
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds,
is like to that above.
When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
BEST OLD SONGS
WORDS AND MUSIC—MIXED VOICES

A GOLDEN COLLECTION OF
PATRIOTIC, HOME and SCHOOL SONGS

It's the songs ye sing an' the smiles ye wear,
That's a makin' the sunshine everywhere—Riley.

Music is more than entertainment. It begets culture and refinement and builds character. It awakens the very depths of love, sympathy and harmony. It makes home happier and life sweeter.

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1. Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hailed at the
twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight, O'er the ramparts we
silence reposes, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tower-ing steep, As it fitfully
war's desolation, Blest with victory and peace, may the Heav'n-rescued land Praise the Pow'r that hath
watched, were so gallantly streaming. And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave
blows, half conceals, half discloses. Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, in full
made and preserved us a nation. Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just, And

2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mist of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
stands, twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight, O'er the ramparts we
silence reposes, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tower-ing steep, As it fitfully
war's desolation, Blest with victory and peace, may the Heav'n-rescued land Praise the Pow'R that hath
watched, were so gallantly streaming. And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave
blows, half conceals, half discloses. Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, in full
made and preserved us a nation. Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just, And

3. Oh! thus be it ever when free-men shall stand between their loved home and the

CHORUS.

proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh! say, does the star-spangled
glory reflected, now shines on the stream. 'Tis the star-spangled banner, oh!
this be our mot-to, "In God is our trust." And the star-spangled banner in

banner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
triumph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
1. Oh! Co-lum-bia, the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free, The
2. When war waged its wide des-o - la - tion, And threatened the land to de - form, The
3. The star-span-gled banner bring hither, O'er Co-lum-bia's true sons let it wave; May the

shrine of each pa-triot's de - vo - tion, A world of-fers hom-age to thee. Thy
man-dates may he - rees as - sem - ble, When Lib - er-ty's form stands in view; Thy
gar-lands of vic - tory u-round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave crew; With her
ser-vic e u - nit - ed, ne'er sev - er, But hold to their col - ors so true; The

ban-ners make tyr - an - ny trem - ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue. Thy
flag proud-ly float - ing be - fore her, When borne by the red, white, and blue, The
ar - my and na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue. Three

borne by the red, white, and blue, When borne by the red, white, and blue. Thy
beast of the red, white, and blue, The boast of the red, white, and blue, The
cheers for the red, white, and blue, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue. The

ban-ners make tyr - an - ny trem - ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue. Thy
flag proud-ly float - ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue.
ar - my and na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.
SONG TO THE FLAG.

EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Banner bright, with thy colors shining o'er us, Dear bright flag and the emblem of the free;
2. Crimson bars, you can speak to us of courage, Snowy white, give us peaceful hearts and pure;
3. Star-gemmed flag, may thy children long remember What great price has been paid thy folds to raise;

Hearts beat high when we see thee wave above us, Freedom's sign art thou o'er land, o'er sea:
Loyal blue, may our lives in truth be grounded, So we'll wear our colors while time shall endure:
May we live to be worthy of thy keeping, May we show thee honor, devotion and praise.

CHORUS.

Heart and hand we'll pledge to starry banner, Stanch and strong we'll stand to colors true!

Day by day we'll serve with best endeavor, Life's allegiance give to the red, white and blue.

After Chorus last time, or may be used after each verse if desired.

Three cheers for the red, white and blue! Three cheers for the red, white and blue! The

army and navy forever, Three cheers for the red, white and blue!

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SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, 1808-1865.  
HENRY CAYLEY, 1630-1714.

AMERICA.

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
2. My native country, thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love: I love thy
3. Let native swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
4. Our fathers' God! to Thee, Author of liberty, To Thee we sing: Long may our

fa-thers died! Land of the Pilgrims' pride! From every mountain side Let freedom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem-pled hills; My heart with rapture thrills like that above.
tongues a-wake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their si-lence break. The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

THE DEAREST SPOT IS HOME.

W. T. WRIGHTON.

1. The dearest spot on earth to me Is home, sweet home; The fairy-land I've
2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home; I've learned to look with

longed to see Is home, sweet home. There how charmed the sense of hearing, There where hearts are
lo-ver's eyes On home, sweet home. There where vows are tru-ly plight-ed, There where hearts are

so en-dear-ing, All the world is not so cheer-ing, As home, sweet home. The dearest spot on
so u-nit-ed, All the world besides I've slight-ed, For home, sweet home. The dearest spot on

earth to me, Is home, sweet home; The fairy-land I've longed to see Is home, sweet home.
WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG.

GEORGE W. JOHNSON.  J. A. BUTTERFIELD.

Moderato.

1. I wan-dered to-day to the hill, Mag-gie, To watch the scenes be-

2. A cit-y so si-lent and lone, Mag-gie, Where the young and the gay and the

3. They say I am fee-bie with age, Mag-gie, My steps are less spright-ly than

low; The creek and the creak-ing old mill, Mag-gie, As we used to long a-

rest, Is built where the birds used to play, Mag-gie, And join in the songs that were

pen. They say we are a-ged and gray, Mag-gie, As spray by the white break-ers

sprung; The creak-ing old mill is still, Mag-gie, Since you and I were young.

sung; For we sang as gay as they, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.

flung; But to me you're as fair as you were, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.

CHORUS.

And now we are a-ged and gray, Mag-gie, And the tri-al of life near-ly

done; (Let us sing,) Let us sing of the days that are gone, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.
MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are gay;
2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the mead-ow, the hill, and the shore;
3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Where-ev-er the dark-ey may go;

4. The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the day.
They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in door.
A few more days and the trou-ble all will end, In the field where the sug-ar-canes grow;

5. The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright;
The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor-row, where all was de-light;
A few more days for to tote the wea-ry load, No mat-ter, twill nev-er be light;

6. By'm-by hard times comes a-knock-ing at the door, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!
The time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!
A few more days till we tot-ter on the road, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!

CHORUS.

1. Weep no more, my la-dy, O weep no more to-day! We will sing one song for the
2. old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Ken-tuck-y home, far a-way.
DIXIE'S LAND.

DAN D. EMMETT.

1. I wish I was in de land ob cotton, Old times dar am not forgotten,
2. Old Mis-sus mar-ry "Will-de-wea-her," Wil-hum was a gay de-cea-ber;
3. His face was sharp as a butch-er's clea-ber, But dat did not seem to grab'er;
4. Now here's a health to the next old Mis-sus, And all de girls dat want to kiss us;
5. Dar's buck-wheat cakes an' In-gen' bat-ter, Makes you fat or a lit-tle fat-ter;

CHORUS.

Look a-way, Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! In Dix-ie Land, I'll take my stand To lib and die in Dix-ie; A-way, A-

way, A-way down south in Dix-ie! A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dix-ie!
LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG.

1. Once in the dear, dead days beyond recall, When on the world the mists began to fall.
   Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng, Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song;
   And in the dusk, where fell the fire-light gleam, Softly it wove itself into our dream.
   And in the dusk, where fell the fire-light gleam, Softly it wove itself into our dream.
   So till the end, when life's dim shadows fall, Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

2. Even to-day we hear love's song of yore; Deep in our hearts it dwells forevermore;
   Foot-steps may falter, weary grow the way, Still we can hear it at the close of day;
   And in the dusk, where fell the fire-light gleam, Softly it wove itself into our dream.

REFRAIN:

Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low, And the flickering shadows softly come and go;
   The heart be weary, sad the day and long.
   Still to us at twilight Comes love's old song, Comes love's old sweet song.
COME BACK TO ERIN.

Moderato, mp

COME BACK TO ERIN.

Mrs. C. Barnard (Claribel).

1. Come back to Erin, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, Come back, A-roon, to the land of thy birth,
2. O-ver the green sea, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, Long shone the white sail that bore thee a-way,
3. Oh, may the angels o' wak-in' and sleep-in' Watch o'er my bird in the land far a-way,

Come with the shamrocks and springtime, Ma-vour-neen, And its Killarney shall ring with our mirth.

Sure, when we lent ye to beautiful Eng-land, Lit-tle we tho't of the lone win-ter days,

Lit-tle we tho't of the hush of the star-shine O-ver the mountain, the bluffs and the brays! Then

Animato.

come back to Erin, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, Come back again to the land of thy birth,

cres. \( \text{molto cres.} \)
1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a-go, Long, long a-go;
2. Do you re-mem-ber the path where we met, Long, long a-go, Long, long a-go?
3. Tho' by your kind-ness my fond hopes were raised, Long, long a-go, Long, long a-go,

Sing me the songs I de-light-ed to hear, Long, long, a-go, long a-go.
Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would for-get, Long, long, a-go, long a-go.
You by more elo-quent lips have been praised, Long, long, a-go, long a-go.

D.S.-Let me be-lieve that you love as you loved, Long, long a-go, long a-go.
D.S.-Still my heart treas-ures the prais-es I heard, Long, long a-go, long a-go.
D.S.-Blest as I was when I sat at your side, Long, long a-go, long a-go.

Now you are come, all my grief is re-moved, Let me for-get that so long you have roved,
Then, to all oth-ers, my smile you pre-ferred, Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,
But by long ab-sence your truth has been tried, Still to your ac-cents I lis-ten with pride,

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.
(Longfellow."

1. Stars of the sum-mer night, Far in you az-ure deeps, Hide, hide your
gold-en light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.
2. Moon of the sum-mer night, Far down you west-ern steeps, Sink, sink in
sil-ver light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.
3. Dreams of the sum-mer night, Tell her, her lov-er keeps Watch while, in
slum-bers light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.

LONGFELLOW.
(SERENADE.)
J. B. WOODBURY.

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

LONGFELLOW.

Moderato.

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gold-en light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.
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sil-ver light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.
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slum-bers light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.

LONGFELLOW.

Moderato.

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gold-en light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.
2. Moon of the sum-mer night, Far down you west-ern steeps, Sink, sink in
sil-ver light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.
3. Dreams of the sum-mer night, Tell her, her lov-er keeps Watch while, in
slum-bers light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.
1. We're tenting tonight on the old Camp ground, Give us a song to cheer
2. We've been tenting tonight on the old Camp ground, Thinking of days gone by,
3. We are tired of war on the old Camp ground, Many are dead and gone,
4. We've been fighting today on the old Camp ground, Many are lying near;

Our weary hearts, a song of home And friends we love so dear.
Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tears that said "Good-bye!"
Of the brave and true who've left their homes, Others been wounded long.
Some are dead and some are dying, Many are in tears.

CHORUS.

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight, Wishing for the war to cease;
Man-y are the hearts that are looking for the right To see the dawn of peace.

Last verse slowly, dying away.

Tenting tonight, Tenting tonight, Tenting on the old Camp ground.
Last v. Dying tonight, Dying tonight, Dying on the old Camp ground.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

We shall meet, but we shall miss him; There will be one vacant chair; We shall linger to see
2. At our fireside, sad and lonely, Often will the bosom swell At remembrance of the
3. True, they tell us wreaths of glory, Ev'er-more will deck his brow, But this soothes the anguish

D. C.—We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one vacant chair; We shall linger to see

Moderato con espress.

GEO. F. ROOT.
THE VACANT CHAIR.

Fine.

Press him, While we breathe our evening prayer. When a year ago we gathered, joy was story, How our noble Willie fell; How he strove to bear our banner Thro' the only Sweep-ing o'er our heart-strings now. Sleep to-day, oh, ear-ly fall-en, In thy

in his mild blue eye, But a gold-en cord is sev-ered, And our hopes in ru-in lie.

thick-est of the fight, And up-hold our coun-try's hon-or, In the strength of man-hood's might.

green and narrow bed, Dir-ges from the pine and cy-press Mingle with the tears we shed.

KATHARINE LEE BATES.

AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL.

1. O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of grain,............

2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern, im-pas-sioned stress ............

3. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot's dream, That sees be-yond the years............

4. O beau-ti-ful for he-roses proved In lib-er-at-ing strife,.............

For pur-ple moun-tain maj-es-ties A-hove the fruit-ed plain!

A thor-ough-fare for free-dom hear A-cross the wil-der-ness!

Thine al-a-has-ter cit-ies gleam Un-dimmed by hu-man tear!

Who more than self their coun-try loved, And mer-cy more than life!

CHORUS.

A-mer-i-ca, A-mer-i-ca, God shed His grace on thee,.............

And crown thy good with broth-er-hood, From sea to shin-ing sea!
1. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps; They have
3. I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel; "As ye
4. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat; He is
5. In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea, With a

trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fateful
builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps; I can read His righteous
deal with my contemporaries, so with you My grace shall deal." Let the hero, born of
sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat; O be swift, my soul, to
glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me; As He died to make men

lightning of His terrible swift sword; His truth is marching on.
sentence by the dim and flaring lamps; His day is marching on.
woman, crush the serpent with His heel, Since God is marching on.
answer Him! be jubilant, my feet! Our God is marching on.
holily, let us die to make men free, While God is marching on.

CHORUS.

Glory! glory! Hallelujah! Glory! glory! Hallelujah!

Glorry! glory! Hallelujah! His truth is marching on.

HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE.

1. How can I leave thee! How can I from thee part! Thou only hast my heart, Dear one, believe.
2. Blue is a floweret Called the forget-me-not; Wear it upon thy heart, And think of me!
3. Would I a bird were! Soon at thy side to be, Falcon nor hawk would fear, Speeding to thee.
HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE.

Thou hast this soul of mine So close-ly bound to thine, No oth-er can I love Save thee a-lone!
Flow-er and hope may die, Yet love with us shall stay, That can-not pass a-way, Dear one, be-lieve.
Whon, by the fowl-er slain, I at thy feet should lie, Thou sadly shouldst complain, Joyful I'd die.

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.

1. Just be-fore the bat-tle, Moth-er, I am think-ing most of you,
   While up-on the field we're watch-ing, With the en-e-my in view.
2. Hark! I hear the bu-gles sound-ing, 'Tis the sig-nal for the fight;
   Now may God pro-tect us, Moth-er, As He ev-er does the right.

Com-rades brave are round me ly-ing, Filled with tho'ts of home and God;
Hear the "Bat-tle Cry of Free-dom," How it swells up-on the air;
well they know that on the mor-row Some will sleep be-neath the sod.
yes, we'll ral-ly round the stand-ard, Or we'll per-ish no-bly there.

CHORUS.

Fare-well, Moth-er, you may nev-er Press me to your heart a-gain;
you may nev-er, Moth-er,
But oh, you'll not for-get me, Moth-er, If I'm numbered with the slain.
you will not for-get me
OLD BLACK JOE.

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my friends from the cotton-fields away; Gone from this earth to a better land, I know; friends come not again, Grieving for forms now departed long ago? held up on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go.

2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my Where are the hearts once so happy and so free! Children so dear, that I Where are the hearts once so happy and so free! Children so dear, that I

cotton-fields away; Gone from this earth to a better land, I know; friends come not again, Grieving for forms now departed long ago? held up on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go.

3. Where are the hearts once so happy and so free! Children so dear, that I

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

1. Ah, love, how can I leave thee? The sad thought deep doth grieve me; But know, whatever befalls me, I go where honor calls me.

JOHANNA KINKEL, 1810—1858.

2. No more shall I behold thee, Or to my heart enfold thee; In war's array appearing, The foe's stern hosts are near ing.

3. I'll think of thee with longing, When thro's with tears come throng ing; And on the field, if lying, I'll breathe thy dear name, dying.
THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

Farewell, farewell, my own true love! Farewell, farewell, my own true love!

LITTLE MAGGIE MAY.

G. W. MOORE.

1. The spring had come, the flowers in bloom, The birds sang out their lay; Down by a little
2. The years rolled on, yet still I loved, With heart so light and gay; And never will this
3. May heaven protect me for her sake; I pray both night and day, That I ere long may
4. The running brook I first saw Maggie May; She had a roguish, jet-black eye, Was
heart deceive My own dear Maggie May. When others thought that life was gone, And
call her mine, My own dear Maggie May; For she is all the world to me, Al-
sing ing all the day, And how I loved her none can tell, My little Maggie May.

death would take away, Still by my side did linger one, And that was Maggie May.
the I'm far away, I oft-times think of the running brook, And my little Maggie May.

CHORUS. pp

My little, witching Maggie, Maggie, Singing all the day;

Oh! how I love her none can tell, My little Maggie May.
1. Dashing thro' the snow, In a one-horse open sleigh, O'er the fields we go,
2. A day or two ago I tho't I'd take a ride; And soon Miss Fannie Bright Wa
3. Now the ground is white, Go it while you're young; Take the girls to-night; And

Laughing all the way; Bells on bob-tail ring. Making spirits bright; What fun it is to seat-ed by my side. The horse was lean and lank; Mis-fortune seemed his lot; He got in to a sing this sleighing song. Just get a bob-tailed bay, Two-for-ty for his speed; Then hitch him to an ride and sing A sleigh-ing song to-night! drift-ed bank, And we—wo got up-set. o- pen sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead.

Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse open sleigh! In a one-horse open sleigh!

THE CHURCH IN THE WILDWOOD. DR. WM. S. PITTS.

1. There's a church in the valley by the wildwood, No lov-li-er place in the dale;
2. How sweet on a clear Sab-bath morn-ing, To list to the clear ring-ing bell;
3. There, close by the church in the val-ley, Lies one that I loved so well;
4. There, close by the side of that loved one, 'Neath the tree where the wild flow-ers bloom,

D.S.—No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the lit-tle brown church in the vale. Its tones so sweet-ly are call-ing, Oh, come to the church in the vale.
She sleeps, sweetly sleeps, 'neath the wil-low; Dis-turb not her rest in the vale.
When the fare-well hymn shall be chant-ed. I shall rest by her side in the tomb.

FINE.
THE CHURCH IN THE WILDWOOD.

CHORUS.

Come to the church in the wildwood, Oh, come to the church in the dale;
Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come; come, come, come.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

P. KAILMARK.

D. S.

1. How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood, When fond recollection presents them to view! The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood, And ever loved spot which my infancy knew; The wide-spread pond, and the mill that stood by it, The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell; The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it, And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.

2. The moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure, For often at noon, when returned from the field, I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure, The purest and sweetest that nature can yield. How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing, And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell; Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing, And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.

3. How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it, As poised, on the curb, it inclined to my lips! Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it, Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips. The tear of regret will intrusively swell As fancy reverts to my father's plantation, And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well. The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket, The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in the well.
1. Mid pleasures and palaces tho' we may roam, Be it ever so hum - ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the sky seems to
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my moth - er now thinks of her child; As she looks on that moon from our
3. An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain; O give me my low - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain; The birds sing - ing gai - ly, that
hal - low us there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else - where.

REFRAIN.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, There's no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home.

SWEET AND LOW.

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; Low, low,
breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; O - ver the roll - ing
moot - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; Fa - ther will come to his

2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; Rest, rest, on

SWEET AND LOW.

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
wa - ters go, Come ... from the moon and blow,
babe in the heat, Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver
come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of ... the west,

me... While my lit - tle one, while my pre - ty one sleeps.
moon... Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pre - ty one, sleep.

Mrs. NORTON.

JUANITA.

SPANISH MELODY.

1. Soft o'er the foun - tain, Lu-g'ring falls the south - ern moon: Far o'er the moun - tain,

2. When in thy dream - ing, Moons like these shall shine a - gain, And day-light beam - ing,

Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eyes' splen - dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re - lent - ing, For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh?

Wea - ry looks, yet ten - der, Speak their fond fare - well. Ni - ta! Jua - ni - tal
In thy heart con - sent - ing To a prayer gone by? Ni - ta! Jua - ni - tal!

Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - tal! Lean thou on my heart.
Let me lin - ger by thy side! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - tal! Be my own fair bride!
OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

(S'WANE RIVER.)

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Con espressione.

1. Way down up - on de Swa - nee riv - er, Far, far a - way, Dere's wha my heart is
turn - ing ev - er, Dere's wha de old folks stay. All up and down de whole cre - a - tion,
days I squandered, Man - y de songs I sung. When I was play - ing with my broth - er,
mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove. When will I see de bees a - hum - ming,

2. All roun' de lit - tle farm I wan - dered When I was young, Den man - y hap - py
All roun' de comb? When will I hear de ban - jo tum - ming, Down in my good old home?

3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One that I love, Still sad - ly to my
Sad - ly I roam, Still long - ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.

CHORUS.

All de world am sad and drear - y, Eb - ry - where I roam,
Oh! dark - ies, how my heart grows wea - ry, Far from de old folks at home.

GOD SAVE AMERICA. (ROUND.)

1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

God save A-mer-ic-a! Bless the Unit-ed States! Con-tin - ue the Un - ion for - ev - er, and ev - er, A-men.
GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES!

1. Good-night, la-dies! Good-night, la-dies! Good-night, la-dies! We're going to leave you now.
2. Fare-well, la-dies! Fare-well, la-dies! Fare-well, la-dies! We're going to leave you now.
3. Sweet dreams, la-dies! Sweet dreams, la-dies! Sweet dreams, la-dies! We're going to leave you now.

BEAUTIFUL BELLS.

1. On the breeze of evening stealing, Hark! the bells are slowly pealing, Waking
ev-'ry tender feeling, Beau-ti-ful bells, beau-ti-ful bells, bells, beau-ti-ful bells.

2. As the toil of day is ending, Thro' the vales the bells are send-ing Tones with
ev-'ry murmur blend-ing, Beau-ti-ful bells, beau-ti-ful bells, bells, beau-ti-ful bells.
ANNIE LAURIE.

1. Maxwelton's braes are bonnie, Where car-ly fa's the dew, And 'twas there that Annie
2. Her brow is like the snow-drift, Her throat is like the swan; Her face it is the
3. Like dew on th'gowan lying, Is th' fa' o'er her fair-ye feet, And like winds in summer

Laurie Gave me her prom-ise true; Gave me her prom-ise true, Which ne'er for-got will be,
Fair-est That e'er the sun shone on; That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e,
Sigh-ing, Her voice is low and sweet; Her voice is low and sweet, And she's a', the world to me,

And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'll lay me down and dee.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

1. If a bod-ye meet a bod-ye, Com-in' thro' the rye, If a bod-ye
2. If a bod-ye meet a bod-ye, Com-in' frae the town, If a bod-ye
3. Mang the train there is a swain, I dea-ly love my-sel; But what's his name, or

kiss a bod-ye, Need a bod-ye cry? Ev-ry las-sie has her lad-die,
greet a bod-ye, Need a bod-ye frown? Ev-ry las-sie has her lad-die,
where's his name, I din - na choose to tell. Ev-ry las-sie has her lad-die,

None, they say, ha'e I: Yet a' the lads they smile on me, When com-in' thro' the rye.
1. Can a little child, like me, Thank the Father fit-ting-ly? Yes, oh, yes! be good and true,
2. For the fruit up-on the tree, For the birds that sing of Thee, For the earth in beau-ty drest,
3. For the sunshine warm and bright, For the day and for the night; For the les-sons of our youth,
4. For our comrades and our plays, And our hap-py hol-i-days; For the joy-ful work and true

Pa-tient, kind in all you do; Love the Lord, and do your part; Learn to say with all your heart:
Fa-ther, moth-er, and the rest; For Thy pre-cious, lov-ing care, For Thy boun-ty ev-ry-where,
Hon-or, grat-i-tude and truth; For the love that met us here, For the home and for the cheer,
That a lit-tle child may do; For our lives but just be-gun; For the great gift of Thy Son,

Fa-ther, we thank Thee! Fa-ther, we thank Thee! Fa-ther in heav-en, we thank Thee!

BLUE BELL S OF SCOTLAND.

1. Oh! where, tell me where is your High-land lad-die gone? He's gone with streaming banners where
2. Oh! where, tell me where did your High-land lad-die dwell? He dwelt in bon-nie Scot-land, where
3. Oh! what, tell me what does your High-land lad-die wear? A bon-net with a lofty plume and
4. Oh! what, tell me what if your High-land lad be slain? Oh! no! true love will guard him and

no-ble deeds are done, And it's oh! in my heart now I wish him safe at home.
blooms the sweet blue bell, And it's oh! in my heart that I lo'e my lad-die well.
on his breast a plaid, And it's oh! in my heart that I lo'e my High-land lad.
bring him safe a-gain, For it's oh! my heart would break if my High-land lad were slain.
1. Ye sons of Freedom, wake to glory! Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
You children, wives, and grandfathers hoary, Behold their tears, and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breed, peace and liberty lie bleeding?
2. With luxury and pride surrounded, The vile, insatiate despots arise! Your children, wives, and grandfathers hoary, Behold their tears, and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breed, peace and liberty lie bleeding?
3. O Liberty! can man resign thee? Once having felt thy generous rise! Your children, wives, and grandfathers hoary, Behold their tears, and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breed, peace and liberty lie bleeding?

THE MARSEILLAISE.
(National Song of France.)
ROUGET DE Lisle.
THE MARSEILLAISE.

sheathe! March on, march on, all hearts resolved On liberty or death!

SPEED OUR REPUBLIC.

Words and Music by MATTHIAS ELLER, 1813-1880.

1. Speed our republic, O Father on high! Lead us in pathways of justice and right;
   Rulers as well as the ruled, "One and all,"
   Roused by its call; Still as of yore, when George Washington led,
   Mankind's cause—Thus we defy all tyrannical pow'r,

2. Foremost in battle for Freedom to stand, We rush to arms when a
   man's cause—Thus we defy all tyrannical pow'r,
   Fair western world! Fling from thy beak our dear banner of old—
   Giants with virtue the armor of might! Hail! three times hail to our

3. Faithful and honest to friend and to foe—Willing to die in hu
   Faithful and honest to friend and to foe—Will ing to die in hu—
   Show that it still is for Freedom unfurled! Hail! three times hail to our
   While we contend for our Nation and laws! Hail! three times hail to our

4. Rise up, proud eagle, rise up to the clouds, Spread thy broad wings o'er this
   Rise up, proud eagle, rise up to the clouds, Spread thy broad wings o'er this
   Keep that it still is for Freedom unfurled! Hail! three times hail to our
   While we contend for our Nation and laws! Hail! three times hail to our

Fine. mf CHORUS.

country and flag! Rulers as well as the ruled, "One and all,"
country and flag! Still as of yore, when George Washington led,
country and flag! Thus we defy all tyrannical pow'r,
country and flag! Fling from thy beak our dear banner of old,
TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

G. F. R. Geo. F. Root.

1. In the prison cell I sit, Thinking, mother dear, of you, And our bright and happy home so far away; And the tears they fill my eyes, Spite of swept us off, a hundred men or more; But before we reached their lines They were come to open wide the iron door; And the hollow eye grows bright, And the D. S.—neath the starry flag We shall

2. In the battle front we stood, When their fiercest charge they made, And they breathe the air again Of the free land in our own beloved home.

3. So, within the prison cell, We are waiting for the day That shall all that I can do, Thou' I try to cheer my comrades and be gay, beat en back, dismayed, And we heard the cry of victory o'er and o'er, poor heart almost gay, As we think of seeing home and friends once more.

CHORUS.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching, Cheer up, comrades, they will come, And breathe the air again Of the free land in our own beloved home.

D. S.

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

EMMA WILLARD. J. P. KNIGHT.

1. Rocked in the cradle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep; Secure I rest upon the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast power to save.

2. And such the trust that still were mine, The stormy winds sweep o'er the brine, Or tho' the tempest's fiery breath Rouse me from sleep to wreck and death.
ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

I know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall; In ocean cave still safe with Thee, The germ of immortality;

And calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rocked in the cradle of the deep;

MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND!

1. The despot's heel is on thy shore, Maryland, my Maryland! His torch is at thy temple door, Maryland, my Maryland! Avenge the patriotic gore That thee I kneel! Maryland, my Maryland! For life and death, for woe and weal, Thy never rust, Maryland, my Maryland! Remember Carroll's sacred trust, Remember Howard's warlike thrust, And all thy slumberers with the just, Maryland, my Maryland!

2. Hark to an exiled son's appeal, Maryland, my Maryland! My Mother State, to peered chivalry reveal, And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel, Maryland, my Maryland! mem-ber Howard's warlike thrust, And all thy sham-bles with the just, Maryland, my Maryland!

3. Thou wilt not cower in the dust, Maryland, my Maryland! Thy gleaming sword shall flecked the streets of Bal-ti-more, And be the battle-queen of yore, Maryland, my Maryland! peer-less chivalry reveal, And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel, Maryland, my Maryland! mem-ber Howard's warlike thrust, And all thy sham-bles with the just, Maryland, my Maryland!

JAS. R. RANDALL.
LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid the circling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see... The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears... Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!

3. So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still The night is gone, And with the morn those do not ask to see... The distant scene; one step enough for me.

ANNE L. WALKER. WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING. DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thru' the morning hours; Work, while the dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing flowers; Work, when the day grows brighter, hours with labor, Rest comes sure and soon. Give every flying minute, tints are glowing, Work, for daylight flies. Work till the last beam fadeth,

2. Work, for the night is coming, Work thru' the sunny noon; Fill brightestest Work, for the night is coming, Under the sunset skies; While their bright dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing flowers; Work, when the day grows brighter, hours with labor, Rest comes sure and soon. Give every flying minute, tints are glowing, Work, for daylight flies. Work till the last beam fadeth

3. Work, for the night is coming, Un - der the sunset skies; While their bright Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done. Some - thing to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more. Fadeth to shine no more; Work while the night is dark-ning, When man's work is o'er.

JOHN B. DYKES.
KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE.

Mrs. ABBY HUTCHINSON PATTON.

1. Kind words can never die, Cherished and blest, God knows how deep they lie, Lodged in the breast;
2. Childhood can never die, Wrecks of the past Float o'er the memory, Fright to the last.
3. Sweet thoughts can never die, Tho', like the flow'rs, Their brightest hues may fly In wintry hours.
4. Our souls can never die, Tho' in the tomb We may all have to lie, Wrapt in its gloom.

Like childhood's simple rhymes Said o'er a thousand times, Go thro' all years and climes, The heart to cheer.
Many a happy thing, Many a daisy spring, Floats on time's ceaseless wing, Far, far a-way.
But when a gentle dew Gives them their charms anew, With many an added hue, They bloom again.
What tho' the flesh decays, Souls pass in peace away, Live thro' eternal day With Christ above.

CHORUS.

Kind words can never die, never die, Kind words can never die, no, never die.
Childhood can never die, never die, Childhood can never die, no, never die.
Sweet thoughts can never die, never die, Sweet thoughts can never die, no, never die.
Our souls can never die, never die, Our souls can never die, no, never die.

CAROLINE KEPPEL, 1760. ROBIN ADAIR.

SCOTCH MELODY.

1. What's this dull town to me? Rob-in's not near; Where's all the joy and mirth
2. What made the play shine? Rob-in A-dair; But now thou art cold to me, Rob-in A-dair; Still in my heart shall dwell, Oh! I can ne'er forget Rob-in A-dair.
3. What was I wished to see? What wished to hear? What, when the play was o'er,
4. What made the hall so fine? Rob-in A-dair; Yet him I loved so well,

That made this town a heav'n on earth? Oh! they're all fled with thee, Rob-in A-dair.
What made my heart so sore? Oh! it was part-ing with Rob-in A-dair.
THE BULL-DOG.

Moderato. mf
Solo, First Tenor.

1. Oh! the bull-dog on the bank, And the bull-frog in the pool, Oh! the
2. Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him, And the snap-per caught his paw, Oh! the

Solo, First Bass.

ATTACCA il c'hor.
CHORUS. Allegro.

bull-dog on the bank, And the bull-frog in the pool, Oh! the bull-dog on the
bull-dog stooped to catch him, And the snap-per caught his paw, Oh! the bull-dog stooped to

Solo, Second Bass. rit. ad lib.

bank, And the bull-frog in the pool, The bull-dog called the bull-frog
catch him, And the snap-per caught his paw, The pol-ly-wog died a-laughing

Air:

A green old wa-tor-fool. Sing-ing tra la la la la la la, Sing-ing
To see him wag his jaw.

tra la la la la la la, Sing-ing tra la la la la la, Sing-ing

tra la la la la, Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la la.

Repeat pp

3 Says the monkey to the owl:
"Oh! what'll you have to drink?"
"Why, since you are so very kind,
I'll take a bottle of ink."

4 Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,
Little Moses in the pool.
She fished him out with a telegraph pole,
And sent him off to school.
1. In the star-light, in the star-light, let us wander gay and free, For there's nothing in the day-light half so dear to you and me. Like the fair-ies in the shadow of the woods we'll steal a long, And our sweetest lays we'll warble, for the night was made for song; When none are by to listen, or to chide us in our glee, In the way Where the silvery waters murmur, by the margin of the sea, In the star-light, in the starlight, let us wander gay and free, In the starlight, in the starlight, let us wander gay and free.

2. In the star-light, in the star-light, at the day-light's dewy close, When the night-in-gale is breezes softly play, From the glitter of our dwelling we will gently steal a-rit. a tempo. cres.

In the calm, clear night of summer, when the song; When none are by to listen, or to chide us in our glee, In the way Where the silvery waters murmur, by the margin of the sea, In the star-light, in the starlight, let us wander gay and free, In the starlight, in the starlight, we will wander gay and free, In the starlight, in the starlight, we will wander gay and free.

In the star-light, in the star-light, let us wander gay and free, In the starlight, in the starlight, let us wander gay and free, In the starlight, in the starlight, we will wander gay and free, In the starlight, in the starlight, we will wander gay and free.
DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

BEN JONSON. 1573-1637.

mf Rather slowly.

1. Drink to me on-ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine, Or leave a kiss with-
2. I sent thee late a ro-sy wreath, Not so much hon-ring thee, As giv-ing it a

1. There's not a grief, how-ev - er light, Too light for sym-pa - thy; There's not a care, how-
2. There's not a se - cret sigh we breathe But meets Thine ear di - vine, And ev - 'ry cross grows

in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine; The thirst that from the soul doth rise Doth
hope that there It could not with-ered be; But thou there-on didst on-ly breathe, And
ev - er slight, Too slight to bring to Thee. Thou who hast trod the thorn-y road Wilt
light be - neath The shad - ow, Lord, of Thine. Life's woes with-out, sin's strife with-in, The

ask a drink di - vine; But might I of Jove's nec-tar sup I would not change for thine.
send'st it back to me; Since when it grows and smells, I swear, Not of it-self, but thee.
share each small distress; For He who bore the great-er load Will not re-fuse the less.
heart would o-ver-flow; But for that love which died for sin, That love which wept with woe.

WHEN FIRST I KISSED SWEET MARGARET.

WALTER HOWE JONES.

1. When first I kissed sweet Mar - ga - ret, When first I kissed sweet Mar - ga - ret, She blushed rose-
2. Last night I kissed sweet Mar - ga - ret, Last night I kissed sweet Mar - ga - ret, She blushed rose-

red, and stern-ly said, "You must - n't! stop!"
red, but sim - ply (Omit ...) said, "You must - n't stop."

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TENDERLY NOW WE REMEMBER OUR HEROES.

CHAPLAIN F. C. H.  Sacred to our honored dead.  CHAPLAIN FRANK C. HUSTON.

1. Tenderly now we remember our heroes, tenderly
2. Tenderly now we remember our heroes; nobly they
3. Tenderly, lovingly, too, we remember Those who, by

here we would honor our dead; Shrined in our hearts are these
fought, and as nobly they died; Grateful our hearts for the
nature, were dearest of all; Precious their gift, and in

heroes of Freedom; For them each tear-drop is lovingly shed.
service they rendered, Ours is a love that could not be denied.
grateful remembrance, Mingle we, with them, the tears that must fall.

CHORUS.

Tenderly now we remember our heroes, Heroes so

willing for others to give; Closed are their lives, but their

deeds never forgotten, Fresh in our memories forever shall live.
THE AMERICAN'S CREED

I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign states; a perfect union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

I, therefore, believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies.

William Tyler Page.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

The stars upon it were like the bright morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it were beams of morning light. As at the early dawn the stars shine forth even while it grows light, and then, as the sun advances, that light breaks into banks and streaming lines of color, glowing red and intense white striving together and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent; so, on the American Flag, stars and beams of many colored light shine out together.

It is the banner of dawn. How glorious has been its origin! How glorious has been its history! How divine its meaning! In all the world there is no other banner that carries such hope, such grandeur of spirit, such soul inspiring truth, as our dear old American flag. Made by liberty, made for liberty, nourished in its spirit, carried in its service, and never once, in all the earth made to stoop to despotism!

Our flag carries American ideas, American history, and American feelings. It is a whole National history. It is the Constitution. It is the Government. It is the free people that stand in the government on the Constitution.

It speaks sublimity, and every part has a voice. Its stripes of alternate red and white proclaim the original union of thirteen states to maintain the declaration of independence. White is purity; red, for valor; blue, for justice.

Henry Ward Beecher.

WHAT OUR FLAG STANDS FOR

Our flag stands for freedom and equality. It is the banner of a people who still cheerfully lay down their lives in the defense of right, justice and freedom. It is the emblem by which we proclaim to the world that this is "The home of the brave and the land of the free."

Our flag is an emblem of true patriotism, the patriotism of deeds, the patriotism of courage, of loyalty, of devotion to freedom, justice and humanity; the patriotism of men who have lived and died—not for themselves but for the glory of their Country.

When we look at our flag, its stars and stripes, its red, white and blue, and read its story and hear its message; when we contemplate what it means and stands for, and think at what cost of life and sacrifice our flag flies over us today, it mutely entreats us to cherish it, to protect and defend it.

THE PLEDGE TO THE FLAG

Flag of our Great Republic! Hallowed by noblest deeds and loving sacrifice; Guardian of our honor; an inspiration in every battle for the right; whose stars and stripes stand for Beauty, Purity, Truth, Patriotism and the Union. We SALUTE THEE and for thy defense, the protection of our Country and the conservation of the liberty of the American people, we pledge our hearts, our lives and our sacred honor.

THE VOW OF ALLEGIANCE

I pledge allegiance to my Flag, and the Republic for which it stands; one Nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.
THE SIGNIFICANCE OF OUR COLORS

America's most gifted poets and orators have vied with one another in setting forth the significance of the red, the white, and the blue of the Star Spangled Banner. "A thoughtful mind, when it sees the nation's flag, sees not only the flag, but the nation itself. We read in the flag the government, the principles, the truths, the history, that belongs to the nation which the flag represents."

THE STRIPES—Standing side by side, as they do, the thirteen stripes recall to us the struggle of the thirteen Colonies for independence, and exemplify the principle that "In union there is strength." They are a permanent tribute to the brave founders and defenders of our Republic.

THE STARS—Each star is an emblem recording a great event in the history of the Country. The first thirteen stars represent the original thirteen states and stand for the work of our Forefathers. Each added star tells a story of struggle, of danger, of hardship, of suffering and privation to transplant a state from the wilderness to the Union. What a record is contained in this field of blue with its forty-eight stars! A record of growth and achievement unsurpassed by any people in the world.

THE RED—Red proclaims courage, zeal and fervency. The courage which men of our country have always shown. The courage that inspires men to face danger and to do the right. There is scarcely a place in our land which does not record some courageous deed done under our flag. There is hardly a sea on the globe on which our Glorious Banner has not been unfurled, ready to give aid and protection where honor and duty called.

As civilization progressed westward, year by year, each step marked a struggle, a battle for victories on the part of toiling men and women bearing the Flag—victories of peace often greater than those of war.

THE WHITE—White is for purity, correction of life and rectitude of conduct. The white stripes in our Flag are emblematic of the "Land of the Free," the country to which the oppressed of all the world may come to enjoy equality and liberty. Washington once said: "We take the star from Heaven, the red from the Mother Country, separating it by white stripes, thus showing that we have separated from her, and the white stripes shall go down to posterity, representing liberty."

THE BLUE—Blue signifies loyalty, devotion, friendship, justice and truth. The blue is the blue of the Heavens, the true blue. It tells the story of thousands of men and women who have been loyal to their country through suffering and hardship; who have not hesitated at any sacrifice, even their own lives, to obey their country's command.

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS—NOV. 19, 1863

Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new Nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that Nation, or any Nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come here to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that Nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, or long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have, thus far, so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this Nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.
ETIQUETTE OF THE FLAG

The American Flag is the oldest modern National Flag in the world. However, the flag of Switzerland dates back to 1339 and the flag of Turkey to 1453.

The national salute is one gun for every state. The international salute is, under the law of nations, twenty-one guns.

Always stand when the Star Spangled Banner is being played, excepting when played in a medley.

When the flag is passing in parade or in review, the spectators should, if walking, halt, and, if sitting, arise and stand at “attention.”

When two American Flags are crossed, the blue fields should face each other.

When carried in parade or when crossed with other flags, the Stars and Stripes should always be at the right.

In draping the flag against the side of a room or building, the proper position for the blue field is toward the north or toward the east.

As an altar covering, the Union should be at the right as you face the altar and nothing should be placed upon the flag except the Holy Bible.

When the flag is placed over a casket, the starry field should be at the head.

The flag should never be worn as the whole or part of a costume. As a badge it should be worn over the left breast.

From private flag poles, the Secretary of War advises that the flag may fly at all hours, day and night, with due respect to the colors.

Old government flags are sent by the Quartermaster’s Department to Philadelphia, where they are shredded.

There are three standard sizes for the flag provided by the War Department regulations: Garrison flag, 38x20 feet; Post flag, 19x10 feet, and Storm flag, 9½x5 feet.

Hail Columbia was sung at the ceremony of lowering the flag at sunset until 1904 when Secretary Moody ordered that the Star Spangled Banner be substituted.

In handling the flag, it should not be allowed to touch the ground, and never allowed to lie upon the ground as means of decoration—nor should it be laid flat with anything placed upon it.

The arrangement of the stars on the flag is regulated by law and executive order. An executive order, issued Oct. 26, 1912, provided for forty-eight stars to be arranged in six horizontal rows of eight stars each.

Whenever our flag and any other are hoisted on the same staff, the Star Spangled Banner must float from the top. In the heart of every American citizen, the American Flag must have the first and highest place—must be supreme.

If a foreigner wishes to raise the flag of his nationality in this country, he must raise the flag of the United States above it, not below it. If for decoration, the Stars and Stripes must be at the right.

When the flag is flown at half staff as a sign of mourning, it should be hoisted to full staff at the conclusion of the funeral. In placing the flag at half staff, it should first be hoisted to the top of the staff and then lowered to position.

When the flag is shown horizontally, the blue field should be at the upper corner to the left of the person facing the flag, when vertically, the blue field should be at the upper corner to the right of a person facing the flag.

The field of the flag is the stripes, the union is the blue and the stars. The flag is known as Old Glory, Stars and Stripes, Star Spangled Banner, and the Red, White and Blue.
HISTORY OF OUR FLAG

From the maze of uncertainty which obscures the origin of our flag, it is possible to see in the various theories advanced that the emblem we love and honor most today is the result of a development covering a rather long period, beginning before the Revolution and continuing down to 1818. Indeed, one scholar asserts that our flag goes back to the coat of arms of the Washington family, appearing on the monument of Lawrence Washington and dating back to 1564. This coat of arms was used by George Washington and consisted of vertical red and white stripes with a row of red stars across the white band at the top. Whether or not this statement be true, the flag of our country, one of the youngest of great nations, is one of the oldest national emblems.

We might naturally assume that in pre-Revolutionary days the flag used by the colonies was that of Great Britain, but such was not the case. This was especially true in the decade just preceding the battle of Lexington. In that period a number of colonial ensigns were to be seen and, while they varied greatly in design, the word “Liberty” appeared frequently.

The opening months of the Revolution saw a marked development in our flag. While there were still various colonial devices, of which the best known were the Pine-tree Flag of New England and the Rattlesnake Flag, we see a decided trend toward our emblem of today. The most notable example of this is the common use of red and white stripes.

At the same time, however, the early Revolutionary flags often showed the attachment felt by the colonists for Great Britain, while the war was still not for independence but rather for the maintenance of the “rights of Englishmen.” Thus the British field of red was retained, although it was striped with white to indicate the grievances of the colonies toward their mother country. In others the Cross of St. George and of St. Andrew were retained. This was especially illustrated by the flag recommended by a committee appointed in 1775. This flag was to consist of 13 alternating red and white stripes with the canton of the British flag in the upper left hand corner. It was first used by John Paul Jones, Dec. 3, 1775, and by Washington, Jan. 2, 1776, at Cambridge as the standard of the Continental army.

After July the 4th, 1776, a change became highly desirable, and on June 14, 1777, Congress adopted the resolution of John Adams that the flag consist of 13 alternating red and white stripes, representing the thirteen colonies and a union of 13 stars emblematic of a new constellation of 13 states. June 14 is known as Flag Day and was first observed in 1893.

A congressional committee consisting of Washington, Major Ross, and Robert Morris shortly afterward waited upon Mrs. Betsy Ross in Philadelphia to engage her to make a flag. She agreed to do after persuading the committee to have a five rather than a six-pointed star. Washington is credited with having roughly sketched the design to be followed. The stars were originally arranged in a circle but this was necessarily changed with the growth in the number of states. The new flag was unfurled for the first time at the battle of Brandywine, Sept. 11, 1777, and shortly after witnessed the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga.

In January, 1794, after the admission of Vermont and Kentucky, Congress ordered two more stars and stripes added to the flag. It was this flag with its fifteen stripes that inspired Francis Scott Key to write the song which sends a thrill to the heart of every American—The Star Spangled Banner. No further change was made until 1818 when Congress enacted a law providing that the number of stripes should be fixed at thirteen, representing the original states and a new star added for each of the five states admitted since 1795. Thereafter, when a new state was admitted an additional Star was to be added on the following Fourth of July.

This is the flag which calls to our minds the heroic work of Washington, the courage of John Paul Jones and Commodore Perry, the victories of Taylor and Scott, the determination of Grant and Sherman, the humanitarian motives of McKinley thru Dewey and Schley, the indomitable purpose of Pershing to destroy autocracy and to establish democracy, justice, brotherhood and universal peace in the great cause of humanity.

Such is the history of our flag, an emblem which has grown with our country, a standard of liberty, a beacon to the oppressed, a rainbow of hope to the champions of democracy, a token of divine wrath to the oppressors of mankind!
"Serves as it Should for Mutual Good"

We believe in the American flag and the American songs
We believe in this Great Country of ours and its future
We believe in the American home, the safeguard of American liberties
We believe that music in the home and school brings sunshine and cheer
to every heart and makes life happier and better everywhere.

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