THE
PROGRESSIVE MUSIC SERIES

FOR BASAL USE
IN PRIMARY, INTERMEDIATE, AND GRAMMAR GRADES

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BOOK THREE

SILVER, BURDETT AND COMPANY
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THE PROGRESSIVE MUSIC SERIES

BOOK ONE. 144 pages, for second and third grades
BOOK TWO. 170 pages, for fourth and fifth grades
BOOK THREE. 208 pages, for sixth and seventh grades

TEACHER'S MANUAL with accompaniments
Book One and Primary Song Book
BOOK OF ACCOMPANIMENTS for Books and Three

PRIMARY SONG BOOK FOR SIGHT READING

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THE Progressive Music Series, in material and plan, aims to realize the ideals of leading authorities in music and pedagogy.

The music material comprises the best that could be found in the libraries of America and Europe, together with a large number of original songs, written by many of the foremost living composers, whose interest and cooperation were secured through personal interviews; and characteristic folk songs obtained from sources hitherto unavailable. All the music material has been subjected to careful critical study both in regard to its musical worth and to its adaptability to school use. Equal care has been exercised in the selection of the words of the songs.

Three periods of development in the child's school life are recognized by present-day educators: the sensory period, the associative period, and the adolescent period. Book Three is designed to cover the work of the latter part of the associative period of the child's development, that is, the work of the sixth and seventh school years. This period is essentially the time for drill and the time for the development of musical strength and musical concepts gained in the fundamental musical problems presented in a logical sequence for formal drill. In developing these problems four steps are involved: (1) A review of a familiar song which embodies the problem. (2) A clear statement of the problem to the pupils. (3) Thorough drill on the problem, isolated from the context. (4) Application of the known problem to reading new songs in which it occurs. The chapters of Book Three form, with Book Two, a consecutive series of lessons which, beginning with the simplest tonal and rhythmic relations, progress to the study of all the musical problems essential for the mastery of music suitable for school use.

Book Three is in four parts. Part One is for the first half of grade six, Part Two for the second half of grade six, and Part Three for the first half of grade seven. Part Four contains patriotic and devotional songs for general use in both grades. Communities differ as to the time of the appearance of the changing voices of boys. In most places this evidence of adolescence is sufficiently marked to demand consideration early in the eighth grade, occasionally in the latter half of the eighth grade, and sometimes it is noticeable in the seventh grade. To meet these variable conditions Book Three is so planned that, while ordinarily it will serve as the textbook through grade six and the first half of grade seven, it may be condensed into an outline of one year, or, because of the large amount of material, it may serve for two full years.

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THE PROGRESSIVE MUSIC SERIES

BOOK THREE

PART ONE

Chapter I: Melodies Reviewing Topics of Book Two

The Pearl

Franz Joseph Haydn

A. Louise Baum

1. On a rose leaf fresh and fra-grant, Lay a

2. So the dew-droop reached the o-cean, Neath the

shin-ing drop of dew; Came a bird and bent the
blue to toss and whirl; Then white pris-ons walls en-

rose-bush, Swayed and swung there just to woo, Till the
fold it, All its rain-bow col- ors forl, Till at

drop fell in the brook-let, Seek-ing last the shell falls o- pen With its pure and shin-ing

car-ol.
To the River

Under the stars our watch we are keeping, Past three o’clock, and a
Safe is your house and safe is your treasure. Past three o’clock, and a
Gift as your thank, your homes whose fond-ed. Past three o’clock, and a
Cold frosty morn-ing; Past three o’clock, good morn-masters all.

Swallow, Swallow

Franz Joseph Haydn

1. Swallow, swallow, far a-way, To the South-land wing-ing;
   2. Swallow, swallow, here thee well, Till some bright to-mor-row,

Gray the sky and drear the day, Wild the North Wind’s sing-ing,
When the spring, o’er the field and fell, Banish-es our sor-row.

Swallow, Swallow

Johannes Persson

1. While in your beds you’re peace-ful-ly sleep-ing,
2. We go the round, you rest at your lei-sure,

When morning breaks, and slum-ber is end-ed,

Past three o’clock, and a cold, frosty morn-ing; Past three o’clock, good
morn-masters all.
Autumn Holiday

Abbie Farwell Brown

Where Go the Winds

Welsh Melodartha Hanley

Adolf Weidig

Allegro

1. Come, my comrades, hear the cho-rous, Fa la la la la la la la la.
2. Come, my comrades, taste your leisure, Fa la la la la la la la la.
3. Up a-long the coun-try highways, Fa la la la la la la la la.
4. Care and woe we leave behind us, Fa la la la la la la la la.

It up-ty hours are spread before us, Fa la la la la la la la la.
Lo, the day was made for pleasure, Fa la la la la la la la la.
Down the lit-tle lanes and by-ways, Fa la la la la la la la la.
As the mer-cy strains re-mind us, Fa la la la la la la la la.

That's where it went, O - ho! That's where it went, O - ho! O - ho!
That's where it went, O - ho! That's where it went, O - ho! O - ho!
That's where it went, O - ho! That's where it went, O - ho! O - ho!

Ere the evening spreads her shadows, Fa la la la la la la la la.
Sing the song of a - ges old-er, Fa la la la la la la la la.
Here we race and there we daw-ly, Fa la la la la la la la la.
May be-sure have singer before us, Fa la la la la la la la la.

That's where it went, O - ho! That's where it went, O - ho! O - ho!
That's where it went, O - ho! That's where it went, O - ho! O - ho!
That's where it went, O - ho! That's where it went, O - ho! O - ho!
The Song of the Lark

Frederick H. Martens
From the German

Through blue skies is borne The lark's crystal song, That

The River Path

George W. Chadwick

No bird-song float-ed down the hill, The ti-n-gled

dusk of twi-light round us grew, We felt the

bank below was still; No rus-tle from the

heaven it brings On mel-o-dy's wings The hymn that the green-earth

falling of the dew; For, from us, ere the

raising, The Mas-ter of all gladly prais-ing.

Welcome to Autumn

Pauline Frances Camp

Seesaw

Peter I. Tchaikowsky

THREE-PART ROUND

Old English Round

Turns a-way to leave us, Care-less if he griev-es,

1. The Summer's tale is o-ver, And the rest-less rover:

2. But ne-ver heed nor mind him, Since he leaves be-hind him

The mul-ti-plied hills shut out the

in his gle-ry With his gold-en sic-ry.

Now I go up on the see-saw, heigh-ho! When I come

down a-gain, up you will go. See-saw! See-saw!
Chapter II: Melodies in the Melodic Minor Scale

The Little Red Owl

May Morgan

1. A little red owl in the old apple tree,
   Too-who! Too-who! Too-who! Too-who! Too-who! (And) eather a sleep, or pretending to be,
   Whoo! Whoo! Whoo!

2. While there he sits dozing in the apple tree,
   Is drowsily blinking
   Too-who! Too-who! Too-who! Too-who! Too-who! (And) eather a sleep, or pretending to be,

The other birds shrank

Cinderella
French Folk Song

liltle red owl in the old apple tree, Too-who! Too-who! Too-who! Too-who! Too-who! Too-who! Too-who!

lit little red owl in the old apple tree, Too-who! Too-who! Too-who! Too-who! Too-who! Too-who! Too-who!

1. Sad am I, sad and shy, Far away from friendly eyes; Night and day, Here I stay In my corner hid a way. Here sit I in dust and ashes. Here sit I in rage and tears! Hence they claim, to my shame, Cinder-ela, is my name, Hence they claim, to my shame, Cinder-ela, is my name. Hence they claim, to my shame, Cinder-ela, is my name.

2. Yet it seems in my dreams, Fairy light around my gleanings, And I hear in my ear: Cinder-là, have no fear, Kitchen dogs will soon be gone, And a prince will send.
Chapter III: The Eighth-Note Beat

The Remembrance Bouquet

M. Louise Baum

Allegretto

1. I must choose me the yel-low-est ro-ses,
2. Then with fil-ligee pa- per I wreath it,

For the sweetest, completest of po-sies;
I will min-gle the

In a hold-er of sil-ver I sheath it;
Tis that gallant of

Are the r. y. Mi-gray-est, so-ber par-ties and gray;
yore gave a la-dy, There it swung at her waist on a chain.

Purple vi-o-leet, snow-ly car-na-tion; All the low-liest
Oh, but all grace my posy and wear it? None is left now with

flowrs in cre-a-tion Go to make a re-member-ance bou-quet,
whom I may share it. And my flowrs have but blossomed in vain.

The Gypsy Dance

Virginia Baker

1. The twinkle-stars are bright; The sil-ver moon is beam-ing; The
2. Like nymphs and fawns at play, In mys-tic mea-sures twine-ning, The

Gypsies mer-i-ly Now dance be-th the greenwood tree,
dawn be-gins to peep The Gyp-sies their re-vels keep.

Mary Stanhope

Lovely Night

Ludwig van Beethoven

1. Love-ly night, love-ly night! With the la-dy moon for
2. Love-ly night, love-ly night! How the moon-light res-si-

queen; O-ver field and wood she smil-eth And the lake to song be-
Shining harps with sil-ver thrill-ing, El-fin flutes ecstatic

smil-eth With her sil-ver light se-rene! Love-ly night, love-ly night!
Shipp-ing Lall the heart to sweet re-pose. Love-ly night, love-ly night!
Halloween

1. The sparks fly high in the chimney deep. Where the birch log glows. Through the casements of the ground floor, lace upon lace, the blissful sound.

2. On hallowe'en, in the shadows dim. Of the gray twilight, pop-corn snaps and the chestnuts leap. While gay laughter flows. And Jack o' lanterns and witchcraft slides In a nod-cap flight. Then there comes into my head some-times A saucy young tune that walks a tempo.

Apples red are luscious to eat. When fall the snows. And apples and rhymes, Climbs up high and drops down low. Full moon tops the wood-ed hill rim. And laughs out-right.

The Huntsmen

Three-part round

Old English Bells. A southerly wind and a cloudy sky Proclaim it a hunting morn. As a merry young tune will go. Then runs a-way laughing and aclik.

To horse my brave boys and a-way; Bright Phoebus the hill is a-dorned With fun. With a Heigh-O-Heigh, With a Heigh-O-Heigh, with. Hark! hark! forward, Tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra.

With a Heigh-O-Heigh! and the tune is done.
Faithful Friends

1. Faithful friends are life's best treasure; Wealth and fame may pass away, but faithfulness is never lost. Faithful friends are near in need, Their support will make us brave.

2. Life is full of stern delights and sorrows; Oh, we miss the joys we play. Faithful friends are near in need, Their support will make us brave.

On the Ling, Ho!

1. Sly reynard lay by the dusky pine On the ling, ho! on the ling, ho! And
2. Sly reynard leaped from the dusky pine On the ling, ho! on the ling, ho! And

Clang! Clang! Clang!

From the French

Abbie Farwell Brown
Alyne B. E.

Bun-ny sport-ed in the sunny shine, On the ling, ho! on the ling, ho! on the

zig, ho! And Oh, 'tis merry, when moon is high, To frisk and trip both the
ling, ho! And Oh, 'tis merry, to feast at ease, To spring and scamper when

bright summer sky On the ling, ho! On the ling, ho! Ira, la la la! 
no bo dy sees, On the ling, ho! On the ling, ho! Ira, la la la! 

Chapter VI: The Half-Note Beat

National Hymn

D.C. Roberts

Horatio P.

1. God of our fathers, whose almighty hand Leads forth
   the glad hymns we are singing.
   Lead us, Lord, in paths of righteousness for evermore.

2. Thy love divine hath guided us in the past;
   Thy word, our law, Thy path our chosen way,
   May we be ever true, ever strong.

3. From war's alarms, from deadly peril, God be Thy strength.
   Thy bounty good shall we be evermore.
   Lead us, Lord, in paths of righteousness for evermore.

4. Refresh Thy people on their toil some way, Lead us, Lord, in paths of righteousness for evermore.

Evening Hymn

Nellie Poorman

1. In Thy love the children's voices are joyful and bright
   For all Thy kindness our thanks we are grateful to bring.

2. By Thy love, the will to do right on the poor row,
   Thoughtful and loving, may we bring our comrades no sorrow.

Lead, Kindly Light

Henry Newman

John B. Dykes

1. Lead, kindly light, a midst the encircling gloom,
   Lead me to Thee, my Father, lead me home.
   Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
   The distant scene, one step enough for me.

2. When the long day wastes,剩less and fearless
   Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace,
   Lord of hosts, I loved the garish day, and spite of tears,
   I loved the rosy clouds, the angel faces smile.

3. With the morn, those angel faces smile;
   Re-remember me the past years!
   With which I have loved long since and lost a while.

The night is dark, and I am far from home,
   Lead Thou me on; I loved to choose and see my path, but now,
   Lead Thou me on, over moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till the night is.

The night is dark, and I am far from home,
   Lead Thou me on; I loved to choose and see my path, but now,
   Lead Thou me on, over moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till the night is.
Father and Friend

John Bowring

1. Father and Friend, Thy light, Thy love, Beaming o'er the face of nature, Thou in whom we trust.
2. Why should we part ed be, Kathleen A roon!
3. How sweet the sound of Thy voice we hear, Thy presence feel, Whilst Thou art near.
4. Why should we part ed be, Kathleen A roon!

Kathleen Aroon

Horatio Parry

1. We know not in what hal lowed part of the earth our home may be; But this we know, that where Thee art, we are.
2. Why should we part ed be, Kathleen A roon!
3. Our hearts will fa thered be, Kathleen A roon.
4. Why should we part ed be, Kathleen A roon!

White Sand and Gray

THREE-PART ROUND

Old English Round

1. Thy glo ry gilds the heav'ns a bove, All the earth is full of Thee.
2. White sand and gray sand, Who'll buy my gray sand? Who'll buy my white sand?
Winter Clouds
Margaret Aliona Dole

1. Clouds are rolling fast across the winter sky;
2. How the sun-light fills the clouds of gold,

Balls of filmy down, like swans, are floating by,
Over valleys deep and mountains high up-rolled.

O'er valleys deep and mountains high up-rolled,

Birds that glide along a river, wild and free,
On the fields of snow the creeping shadows fall.

Or like gulls when resting on a great blue sea,
Shadows blue of tree and cloud and mountain wall.

Bright their soft white feathers gleam as forth they fly!
Yet the cloud and sky and sunlight are too cold!

Chapter VIII: The Introduction of Three-Part Singing

Prayer
Ludwig van Beethoven

O Heav'nly Father, grant us the blessing Of Thy comp-

Passion, peace, and love, And may Thy kindness our lives be

Blessing With warmth and joy and sunshine from above!

Tempo di Marcia
Hungarian Folk

Jay Smith

German
Set too fast
Chapter IX: Four Equal Notes to a Beat

Love's Power

Nellie Poorman

Cradle Song

Franz Schubert

Johann Franz HER

1. Where love casts a po-tent spell, Sweet Joy and beau-ty ev-er dwell; A beau-ty
2. As van-ish the shades of night Be-
yand com-pare, A gloomy fears, When love, sweet love ap-pears.

Mother-er loving care doth a-round thee twine; Sweet and rest-fal
Still deth moth-er's love a-round thee glow; Strong-er is it
The thou li-est hearth the mos-sy sod, Thou shalt wake in

be this hour, Sooth-ing fall this hel-la-zy of mine. than death power, Guard-ing thee where-er thy spir-it go.

3. Slum-ber, slum-ber, lit-tle an-gel flow-er,

Ros-es grew a-round the throne of God.
Chapter X: Four Tones Ascending Chronically

The Bluebirds

George Cooper

Joyfully

Myles B. H.

1. A mist of green on the willow;
2. The snow-dropped peas to the sunlight;

Have come to us again!
Hark! the blue-birds, the blue-birds, the blue-birds,
Wiz always come again!
And the blue-birds, the blue-birds, the blue-birds, the blue-birds,

Have come to us again!
Be strong, the brook-let stripes the heart.
Yes, the blue-birds, the blue-birds, the blue-birds, the blue-birds,

Have come to us again!
Will always come again!
Yes, the blue-birds, the blue-birds, the blue-birds, the blue-birds,

Have come to us again!
Wiz always come again!
Yes, the blue-birds, the blue-birds, the blue-birds, the blue-birds,

Have come to us again!

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Chapter XI: Tripletts; Three Notes in the Time of Two

Alice C. D. Riley
From the German
Quickly

Garry Liesel

Punchinello

Karl Vogt

French Folk Song

1. When the Maybells all are ringing, When the sky o'erhead is blue, Wise,
2. When the fields of grain are waving, When the landsfists on the sea, Wise,
3. When the flocks go thither, thither, Grazing wide up on the world, Wise,

Brightly

joyance bring; Then, ah, then 'tis mer - ry spring,
in its prime, Then 'tis love - ly sum-mer time, Then Liesel is happy.
grapes appear. Then is mel - low autumn here.

la, tra - la! Then Liesel is happy and dances with glee. Then Liesel

happy, tra - la, tra - la! For Liesel is good as a maiden can be.

Row, Row, Row Your Boat

FOUR-PART ROUND

E. O. Lyte

E. O. Lyte

Life is but a dream.
Chapter XIII: Syncopation

Friends

Haskell Dole
Allegretto

Hungarian Folk Song

The Squirrels

Abbie Farwell Brown
Andantino

Mrs H. H. A. B. (Composed for this book)

1. How good to lie a little while at
Jack Frost thru' the woods has passed;
Leaves are turning,

2. The wind comes stealing o'er the grass To
Chil-dren hunt-ing 'mid the leaves; Squirrels look up -

look up through the tree! The sky is like a
As they go scat-tring, Squirrels are

whis-per pre-tty things; And though I
on as thieves! Chestnuts and wal-nuts, A - cors and

kind, big smile Best sweetly o-ver me. The sunshine fluts see him past, I feel his care-ful wings. So many gen-

rat-ting, Hap-py 'tis har-vest time at last!

through the lace Of leaves a - bore my
friends are near Whom one can scarce-ly

Kiss-es me up - on the face Like Moth-er in my
child should nev-er feel a fear, Where-ev-er he may

New World Symphony

Anton Dvořák

Theme
The Sandman

1. At candle light I softly come, When little stars peep-
    ing, To see if toys are laid away to
    sprinkle, Then took a dream in his small hand;

2. And when I find a child awake, His eyes with wee folk are sleeping,
    sleep in a twin-kle. "Children, good night!"

Chil- dren, good night! Sof- tly I whis- per to
    ev'ry door, "Chil- dren, good night!"

Slumber gently till night is
    God's in His heav'n, All's right with the world!

Part Three

Chapter XIV: Miscellaneous Songs in One, Two, and Three Parts

Pippa's Song

William G. Hammond

The year's at the spring And days at the

The year's at the spring And

The larks on the wing; The snails on the

The larks on the wing; The snails on the
Beneath the Lilies

Kate Greenaway

Ratho slow

Be-neth the li-lies, tall, white gar-den li-lies, The

Prin-cess slept, a charmed sleep al-ways; For-ev-er were the fairy blues-

ring-ing, For-ev-er thru' the night and thru' the day. En-

long a Prince came rid- ing in the sun-shine, A wind just swayed the

lil-lies to and fro; He woke the Prin-ces-s, the blue-beil mu-sic.

ring-ing, ring-ing, sleep-i-ly, sleep-i-ly, sleep-i-ly, and low, low, low, low.

Chapter XV: Complicated Rhythms

Dragon Flies

Peter Christian Lottkın

Composer: Rich, Sti-ke

A-bove the brook the dra-gon flies, With wings a-quiver, A-

play! A mo-ment here, a mo-ment there, They

pause and then a-way! As blue as steel their

gau-zy wings, As swift as thought their flight. Now

here, now there, then who knows where? They dart like gleams of light.

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Come, Dance with Me

When stars are melting in the sky. Before the
Dance with me, ah! come and dance with me! Light, ah! light and fleet of
foot are we. Trip it, come, ah! come and trip it fleet.

When waking birds are on the wing, And mat - in
Dancing light on willing feet. Up on your tip toes now and
pirouette! Sway like a bird about to fly!

Down with your curr-son now, a gay coquette, Smile demure and down-
eye! Dance with me, ah! come and dance with me!

Bend, ah! bend the head and bow the knee. Right and left, ah! what a
jolly row! Up and down the line we go!
Chapter XVII: Contrapuntal Style

Apollo's Cows

Florence C. Fox

A - pol - lo's cows the long day thro', A - way up in the sky,
Go wan - dring o'er their fields of blue, Or in their mead - ow lie.

Her - mes comes with fly - ing feet, And milks them on - his way.
A - pol - lo's cows the long day thro', A - way up in the sky,
Go wan - dring o'er their fields of blue, Or in their mead - ow lie.

And the fly - ing feet, And milks them on his way, And the drops are fall -
And the drops are fall - ing in our street, "It rains, the chil - dren say."

It rains, it rains, the chil - dren say.
It rains, the chil - dren say.
"It rains, the chil - dren say."

Turn Again, Whittington

Three-Part Round

Peter Christian La -

Old English Round

Turn again, Whittington, Thou worthy ci -

Lord Mayor of Lon -

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He Shall Feed His Flock

From The Messiah

George Frederick Handel

He shall feed His flock like a shepherd, and
He shall gather the lambs with His arm,
with His arm; and carry them in His bosom, and gently lead those that are with young; and gently lead those that are with young.

PART FOUR

Patriotic and Devotional Songs

Come, Thou Almighty King

F. de Giardini

1. Come, Thou Almight-y King! Help us Thy name to sing;
2. Come, Thou Al-might-y Lord, By both and earth adored!
3. Ne-ver from us de-part; Rule Thou in ev-ry heart,
Help us to praise! Fa-ther al glo-rious, O'er all vic-
Our prayer at-lead! Come, and Thy chil-dren bless! Give Thy good
Hence ev-er-more. Thy sov-ereign maj-es-ty May we in
to-ri-ous Come and reign o-ver us An-cient of days!
word suc-cess; Make Thine own ho-li-ness On us de-scend, glo-
D-y see, And to e-ter-ni-ty Love and a-dore.

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The Star-Spangled Banner

Frances Scott Key  John Stafford Smith

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 through the dawn-red purple they shine, \n   The home of the brave.
2. On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep, Where the foe had brought us,uityed and wounded we were.\n   What is that which the brave men fight for? It is the star-splendid banner.
3. And where is that band who so vauntly swore? That the by the dawn-red purple they shine, \n   The home of the brave.
4. Oh, thus be it ever when freemen stand by the sea, From the torrid zone, \n   The home of the brave.

5. And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, One says, that stars and stripes cannot be destroyed. \n   Oh, say, does that star-splendid banner yet wave over the land of the free and the home of the brave?
6. What is it that the brave men fight for? It is the star-splendid banner. \n   Oh, say, does that star-splendid banner yet wave over the land of the free and the home of the brave?

In God is our trust! And the star-splendid banner in perilous flight, O'er the beacons we watched, were so gallant tow'er-ing steep, As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half

The home of the brave.

It is the star-splendid banner.

The home of the brave.

It is the star-splendid banner.
America

Samuel F. Smith

Henry Carey

1. My country 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From every mountain side Let freedom ring.

2. My native coun-try, thee, Land of the no-ble free, Say doth thy voice ring, Breathe par-take, My heart with ris-ture thrill, Like that a holy light: Protect us.

3. Let me dic-swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees. In the woods, the trees. In the woods, the trees.

4. Our fa-thers' God, to Thee, An-thor of lib-er-ty, Of thee I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and trees; From every mountain side Let freedom ring.

Pilgrim's pride. From ev-ery moun-tain side Let free-dom thrum. 

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Pilgrim's Pride

England

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*Composed for The Programme Music Sheet*