THE
PUBLIC SCHOOL
SONGING BOOK:
A COLLECTION OF
ORIGINAL AND OTHER SONGS, ODES
Hymns, Anthems, and Chants.
USED IN THE VARIOUS
PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY LEAVY & GREE.
NO. 188 NORTH SECOND STREET.
SINGING BOOK.

THERE’S MUCH GOOD CHEER.

There’s much good cheer in youthful age When fairy sources the heart engage, When all is merry, clear and bright, And pleasure ranges from morn till night. O, who like us, to love and care, O, who in sports has held our share; We bound like novices for the plains, And ever fresh and free remain.

The summer’s smile, we ever greet, We love its terrors with our feet, And autumn comes with welcome glee, The winter weeks are long and drear. And all the year to mild with good Puts us who stand in Paulo’s bright flood; We let our pleasures take the wing, And ever, ever, ever ring.

Pray tell, why should our hearts be sad! You, yes, why should we not be glad! We’ve food and drink, and clothes so warm And all for which we need to care;
YE BANKS AND BRAES.

Ye banks and braes of Bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom so fresh and fair?
How can ye bloom, so little birds,
And I so weary, full of care?

Then I break my breast, through wandering rill,
That spears on through the Monthly nook,
Then made its home of shadow, sage,
Departed, never to return.

Oh, have I long, by Bonnie Doon,
To cheer the friend that now are gone;
I could not think they'd take to storm,
And sleep beneath the old, cold stone.

With lighthearted heart I pluck'd the flower,
To deck the friend I may not see—
But weary long will be her heart,
Till they are all restored to me.

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

O, Colombia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The worthy arms of Columbia.

The worth of her patriot's devotion,
A world often baseness to her,
The standard which her heroes advance,
When liberty's arms stand in view.

The banners rise, tyranny trembles,
When borne by the red, white, and blue,
When borne by the red, white, and blue.

When war was wrung its wide dimonition,
And threatened the land to depart,
The sails then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia rode safe on the storm;
With her graces o'er the waves she rose,
With her braves they have been brave,
With her flag proudly flying high over,
The town of the red, white, and blue,
The town of the red, white, and blue.

The Star-Spangled Banner being likened,
They Columbia's gos wakka in her ways.
May the wreaths they have won forever
May the stars forever shine for her.

The Navy and Army can't be spoke,
Nor the stars cease to shine on the brave,
May the brave be united in her cause.

Three cheers for the red, white, and blue,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.
Gaily the Fisherman.

ERS—The Troubadour.

Gaily the fisherman pulled his light oar, As he was hastening home from sea, Slipping this lasso light he came, Pull, my boys! pull, my boys! we're near the home.

None for the fisherman hopefully says, As he then pulled the hare, white others stays, Slipping this lasso light we will not remain, Pull, my boys! pull, my boys! we're coming home.

Hark! 'tis the fisherman dropping his oar, As he so merrily jumped up the shore, Slipping this lasso light he said, Not relating, Rest, my boys! rest, my boys! we are going.

* ECHO SONG, FOR HOLIDATES.

Up the hills on a bright sunny morn, Voices sung as the lasso light, Look to the echoes as they play, Here go, we go, we go! Come follow, follow we.

We'll come, we'll come with glee.

SOFT MUSIC IN STEALING.

ERS—Then, glass, rap on the house. Soft music in stealing. Here go, there go, the strain. Loud, loud, now it is stealing. Whisper the echoes again.

Yes, yes, yes, yes, whispering the echoes again.
CHILDHOOD'S SONG.

Happy days are golden days,
Life is sweet, and death is bliss;
Sorrow swiftly goes before us,
And we gladly lengthen our.
From our quiet slumber springing,
Cheerfully we pass the day.
Each succeeding season bringing
Potisses joys, work, or play.
Sometimes angry passions ruling,
Brave away our years of mind;
Oh, how strange, 'tis quite surprising
We are not always kind.
If we cherish good affections,
And our course doth flow,
If we follow the direction
Of our teachers through the day.

SINGING BOOK.

If our spires, modest learning,
Then find their boughs give
Like the modest violet turning
To the sky its wistful leaves.
Then we never need be forgetful—
As the earth and soiling love.
We are happy, we are shown
When our hearts are full of love.

BETH.

Hark—'tis the bells of the village church,
How pleasantly they strike on the ear.
And how merry they ring.
Come let us join and we'll inflame their echoes.
Let us be a part in the harmony, and sing.
I love a hearty peal of bells,
Of hope and joy their music tells,
When wandering homeward early,
They greet us ever cheerily.
Hark, hark, repeating.

THE NIGHT WITH THE RIGHT.

May every year but dawn more fair
The time when wise shall cease;
And truth and love all hearts shall move,
To live in joy and peace.
'Tis near the spot

'Tis near the spot in which I dwell,

'Tis near the spot in which I dwell,

'Tis near the spot in which I dwell,

'Tis near the spot in which I dwell,

'Tis near the spot in which I dwell,

'Tis near the spot in which I dwell,

'Tis near the spot in which I dwell,

'Tis near the spot in which I dwell,

'Tis near the spot in which I dwell,

'Tis near the spot in which I dwell,

'Tis near the spot in which I dwell,

'Tis near the spot in which I dwell,

'Tis near the spot in which I dwell,

'Tis near the spot in which I dwell,

'Tis near the spot in which I dwell,

'Tis near the spot in which I dwell,

'Tis near the spot in which I dwell,

'Tis near the spot in which I dwell,
MALTESE BOATMAN'S SONG.

Dear brothers, see, how the night comes on,
Mostly since the setting sun.
Half how the solemn vapor's sound
Severely tells upon the air.

Then haste, let us work till daylight
And seek our rest as we now to the shore—
Our toil and labor being o'er,
How sweet the boatman's welcome home.
Home, home, home—how sweet the boatman's welcome home! [Chorus]

SALT WATER LEE.

Sweet! oh, sweet—the boatman's welcome
See how the time of daylight flies,
Now we'll hear the tender sigh.
The call of labor's over,
We shall meet our friends on shore;
Then haste, let us work till the daylight is o'er,
And dwell no more as we now to the shore.
For none or good how we meet,
No sound so sweet as welcome home.
Home, home, home.

THE PILOT.

O Pilot, 7 is a fearful night,
There's danger on the deep,
I'll come and put the deck with thee,
I do not dare to sleep.

I see them on their winding way.
About their necks the monstrosity play;
Their lovely deeds and daring huge.
Blond with the notes of merry
And waving arms, and banners bright,
Are glowing in the mellow light.
They're lost and gone—the scene is past,
The wood's dark shade is o'er them cast.
And simmer, simmer, simmer still,
The sun is rising o'er the hill.
I see them, &c.

Again, again, the pealing drum,
The clashing horns—they come, they come,
Through every pace, o'er wooded steep;
In song and lingering they retreat.
And nearer, nearer, yet more near,
Their solemn cheer greets the ear.
Forth, forth, and meet them on their way,
The trumping boots break no delay;
Directing 4th, and pealing drum,
And clashing horns—they come, they come,
I see them, &c.

THE SUNSET SONG
Come to the sunset's close,
The day is past and gone,
The woodman's axe is free,
The herder's work is done;
The twilight star in Heaven,
As the summer dew to flowers,
And rest to us is given.
By the silent evening hour,
I see them, &c.

SUNSHINE BOOK.

THE SUNSET SONG
Come to the sunset's close,
The day is past and gone,
The woodman's axe is free,
The herder's work is done;
The twilight star in Heaven,
As the summer dew to flowers,
And rest to us is given.
By the silent evening hour,
I see them, &c.

CANADIAN BOAT SONG
Painfully as with the evening chime,
Our voices keep time and our oars keep time;
Now, o'er the waves on the shear, Judy's dam,
We'll sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn;
Now, brothers, now, the stream's first span,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.
Why should we yet our oars unsheathe,
There's not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But when the wind bodes off the shore,
Oh, sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, brave, blow, the stream from that,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

BELL CHIMES
Wake ye bells, from every echoing steep!
Brother voices, wake! with loud reply;

SUNSHINE BOOK.
COME ALL LITTLE CHILDREN.

Aye—The Lost Rose of Shannon.

Come all little children, and grateful hearts bring
With young light and joy we'll cheerfully sing.

SINGING BOOK.

Great the hearts of all the people,
Friendship's theme is thrilling high—
Its blaring high, its blaring high.

Wake, while thousand hearts, all one, are beating,
Far and wide proclaim their jubilant,
Spearl through hill and vale our greeting,
Tell to all the world, We're free,
We're free—we're free.

Rag, we've fought the battle for opinion;
Say, we dare to beat around, above;
All we feel, we speak; dominion—
There is none we own, but love.
But love—but love.

Wake, ye bells! your chimes are blear as morning,
When its breath makes all the world seem new;
Yet a sound of triumph warning,
Blessing with them says, Be true.
Be true—be true.

COME ALL LITTLE CHILDREN.

Aye—The Lost Rose of Shannon.

Come all little children, and grateful hearts bring,
With young light and joy we'll cheerfully sing.
Merry hitherto has spared,
But have ereon been improved!
Let us ask, Are I prepared,
Should I be this week removed?

Some we now no longer see,
Who their mortal race have run,
Seemed to fall for life as we,
When the former work began.
While we pray, and while we hag,
Help us, Lord, each one to think,
Fast morning is near,
I am standing on the brink.

DEATH OF A SCHOLAR.
A morning class, a vacant seat,
Tell us that one we loved to meet.
Will join our youthful throng no more,
Till all these changing scenes are o'er.
That welcome face, that sparkling eye,
And sprightliness must perish too;
Deep is the void, and silent glooms,
The reposeless night that fills the tomb.
And we live on, but none can say,
How near or distant in the day.
When death's avenging hand shall come,
To lay us in our narrow home.

God tells us, by this mournful death,
How vain and fleeting is our breath.
And bids our souls prepare to meet
The trial of the judgment seat.

EVENING HYMN.
Ann—Pindley's Hymn.
Gently comes the close of day,
Shall we now our evening say?
To our pleasant homes we flee,
Ere the stars are in the sky.
Let our gratitude arise,
To the builder of the close,
For our parents, teachers, friends,
For the blessings which He sends.
Let us at the twilight ray,
Lift our youthful hearts, and pray;
Ask the God of bounteous might,
To protect us through the night.
When the closing hour shall come,
When we leave our earthly home,
May we then with prayers rise,
Then our heavenly Father see.

PARTING.
Father, once more be grateful praise,
And humble prayer to Thee ascend.
These Guide and Guardian of my ways,
Our first, and last, and only Friend.
Since every day and hour that's gone
Has been with mercy richly crowned;
Mercy, we know, shall still flow on,
Forever more, as time rolls round.
Here, thou, the parting prayer we pose,
And bind our hearts in love above;
Though we may meet in earth no more,
May we at last surround Thy throne.

DISMISSAL.
We now from school depart,
Grace in God's house to seek;
Be prudent, Lord, with every heart,
There, and throughout the work.
May Father, Spirit, Son,
Rule us in grace and love;
And when on earth thy will is done,
Receive our souls above.

INDEX.
Across the Links ........................................... 36
Ad Astra .................................................. 124
Am I Not a Child of God? ............................... 24
A Beautiful Song ........................................... 62
A Christmas Carol ......................................... 104
Away in a Manger .......................................... 122
Behold the Bridegroom ................................. 127
Before all Lands be Hark ye Well ....... 49
Here is Pitying ................................. 36
Hip, Hip ................................. 36
Sleep of Children ........................................... 137
Sleepers with Hearts of the Good .................................................... 154
Tender is my Heart ....................................... 36
Thou Art My Life ........................................... 49
Tribute to Father .......................................... 104
Vespers of Hope ........................................... 122
Weary of Weariness ........................................... 154
Why dost thou love me? ....................................... 86
Over my mother's shoulder; ........................... 124
Dearly is my Home ........................................... 35
Eating Wheat ................................................ 157
INDEX.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Tempestuous Ocean's Song</td>
<td>269</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tempestuous Wind</td>
<td>268</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tempestuous Wave</td>
<td>267</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tempestuous Storm</td>
<td>266</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tempestuous Gale</td>
<td>265</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tempestuous Hail</td>
<td>264</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Siren's Song</td>
<td>263</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Bells of Doom</td>
<td>262</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There is a Full Moon, There is a Wind, There is a Moon</td>
<td>261</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Doomsday</td>
<td>260</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Last of the Academy</td>
<td>259</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Bay of Biscay</td>
<td>258</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Land's of Broadwater</td>
<td>257</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The High Tide</td>
<td>256</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There is a Rising Storm</td>
<td>255</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There is a Coming Storm</td>
<td>254</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Rising of the Waters</td>
<td>253</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Rising of the Sea</td>
<td>252</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Rising of the Moon</td>
<td>251</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Rising of the Sun</td>
<td>250</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Rising of the Wind</td>
<td>249</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Rising of the Gale</td>
<td>248</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Rising of the Gale</td>
<td>247</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Rising of the Gale</td>
<td>246</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Rising of the Gale</td>
<td>245</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Rising of the Gale</td>
<td>244</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Rising of the Gale</td>
<td>243</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Rising of the Gale</td>
<td>242</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Rising of the Gale</td>
<td>241</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Rising of the Gale</td>
<td>240</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>