

four stals 96

## The Old Musician and his Harp

Years have come and passed away, Golden locks  
Have turned to gray, Golden ringlets once so fair,  
Time has changed to silvery hair, Yes I've reached the  
river side, Soon I'll launch upon the tide Soon my  
boat with noiseless oar, Safe will pass to yonder shore  
Eho

Bring me harp to me once more again let me ring a  
gentle strain let me hear its chords once more Eho pass  
to you bright shore

Oh those chords with magic power Take me back to chills  
hoods hours To that cot beside the sea where I knelt at  
mother's knee But that mother she has gone calm she sleeps beneath  
the stone while I wander here alone sighing for a brighter home

Soon I'll among the blest where the weary are at rest  
Soon I'll tread the golden shore bringing praises  
ever more Now my boat is on the stream I can  
see the waters gleam Soon I'll be where angels  
roam Dear old harp I'm going home

Barney McCoy

I am going away Nook darling and leaving  
such a girl far behind It will break my heart  
in two which I fondly gave to you and no  
other one so loving kind and true

Cho

Then come to my arms Nook darling Bid your  
friends in Old Ireland good bye and its  
happy we will be in that dear land of the  
free living happy with your Barney McCoy

I would go with you dear Barney darling but  
the reason why I told you off before It would  
break poor Mothers heart if from her I had  
to part and go roaming with you Barney McCoy

I am going far away Nook darling just as sure  
as there is a God that I adore But remember what  
I say that until the Judgment day you will  
never see your Barney any more

I would go with you dear Barney darling if my mother and the rest of  
them was there for I know we would be best in that dear land  
of the free living happy with you Barney McCoy



I am going far away Noah darling and the  
ship is now anchored in the bay and before  
to morrow you will hear the signal gun  
So be ready for it - will carry us away

Charley Dear Dont Slam the Gate  
Now Charlie Dear Ray dont laugh at me but when  
you go so late I wish you would be carefull dont never  
slam the gate For Bessie listens every night - and so does  
teasing Kate to tell me next day what o'clock they heard  
you slam the gate

It was nearly ten last night - you know but now tis very late  
Weve talked about so many things oh do not - slam the  
gate For all the neighbors hearing it - would say our  
future fate - weve been discussing so I beg you  
will not slam the gate

Now Charlie dear I love to have you stay  
until tis late but - be a little careful  
dear and do not slam the gate

Paul Mine H

The years are passing quickly by Dear Paul  
The winters come and go <sup>my dear Paul</sup>  
The wind sweeps past - with mournful  
And pelt - my face with snow  
But - there's no snow upon my heart dear Paul  
It's sunshine always there  
~~That~~ early loves throw sunshine over all  
And sweetens memory dear

I've kept you ever in my heart - dear Paul  
Thro' years of good and ill  
Our hearts could not be torn apart - dear Paul  
They're bound together still  
<sup>I never knew how dear you were to me</sup>  
They frowning said it must not - cannot be  
Break into the hopeless bands  
And Paul you know how well that - bitter day  
I bent - to their commands

Perhaps we'll never never meet - dear Paul  
Upon this earth again - ~~(again)~~ dear Paul  
But - there where happy angels greet -  
You'll meet - Lovina there  
rather up the ever spinning way  
Will press with hoping heart  
together through the night - eternal day  
and never more to part -



# Lorena

##  
H

The years creep slowly by Lorena  
The snow is on the grass again  
The sun's low down the skies Lorena  
The frost-gleams where the flowers have <sup>been</sup>  
But the heart-beats on as warmly now  
As when the summer days were nigh  
The sun can never dip so low  
Adown affection cloudless sky

Repeat —

A hundred <sup>months</sup> ~~years~~ have passed Lorena  
Since last I held your hand in mine  
And felt your pulse beat fast - Lorena  
But mine beat faster far <sup>than</sup> thine  
A hundred months since 'twas flowering <sup>mine</sup>  
As up the hilly slope we climbed  
To watch the dying of the day  
And hear the distant-church bell chimed

3 We loved each other then Lorena more  
than we ever dared to tell and  
what we might have been Lorena had  
but our lovings prospered well

~~& glorious future glo~~

But- thū t'is past- the years are gone  
I'll not- call up thūe shadowy forms  
I'll say to thūe lost-years sleep or sleep  
on nor heed lifes falling stōne



Why The Cows Came Late

b b  
3

Crimson sunset-braving o'er the tree fringed hills;  
Golden are the meadows, Ruby flushed the hills,  
Noon in the farm house home the farmer hires  
But his wife is watching shading anxious eyes  
Chorus

While she lingers with the pail beside the Barnyard gate  
And wonders where her Jenny and the Cows can be so late  
And wonders where her Jenny and the cows can be so late

Jenny brown eyed maiden wandered down the lane  
That was ere the daylight had begun to wane  
Deeper grow the shadows Circling swallows cheep  
Ratydids are calling must' o'er meadows creep  
Chorus

Loving sounds are falling homeward now at last  
Speckle Bess and Brindle through the gate have passed  
Jenny sweetly blushing Charley gravely shy  
Takes the pail from mother who stands silent by  
Chorus

Not one word is spoken as that mother shuts the gate  
But now she knows why Jenny and the cows came home so late  
But now she knows why Jenny and the cows came home so late

# Some Day I'll Wander Back Again

Some day I'll wander back again to where the old house  
stands Beneath the old tree down the afar in other lands  
No humble cot will shelter me from every care and pain  
and life be sweet as sweet can be when I am home again  
Oho

I'll wander back yes back again where childhood  
home may for memory in sweet refrain still sings  
its-praise to me.

Some day I'll wander back again to scenes so dear to me  
where life's sweet infancies refrain Beside a mother's knee  
To live once more the golden hour of joyous merry play  
No thorns but only sweetest flowers there in life's merry  
way

Some day I'll wander back again To hearts  
so kind and true whose gentle faces still  
remain In memory's cherished view No more  
my wayward feet shall roam life's trou-  
bled path way over But in the life and love  
of home I'll rest me ever more



## When Silver Threads are Gold again

You tell me we are growing old, and show the  
Silver in your hair, whence time has stolen all  
the gold that made your youthful tresses fair  
But years can never steal away the love that  
never can grow old. So what care we for tresses  
gray since love will always keep its gold.

Oh love I tell you with a kiss if heaven give  
back the youth we miss your face will be no  
then when silver threads are gold again

Oh darling though your step grows slow and  
time has furrowed well your brow and all  
fine roses hide in snow you never were so dear  
as now Oh truest-tendrest heart of all can own me  
when you weary grow as days like leaves of  
autumn fall — ~~I count~~ — about the feet that  
fall to

Oh darling I can read to day the question  
in your thoughtful eyes you wonder if I long  
for May Beneath the autumn's frosty  
skies Oh love of mine be sure of this

For me no face could be so fair as this  
one that I stoop to kiss beneath the crown  
of silver hair.

Oh Darling with your hand in mine  
will journey all lifes pathway through with  
happy tears your dear eyes shine like sweet  
blue blossoms in the dew the sorrow of the  
passing years have made us love each  
other more And every day that disappears  
I count you dearer than before



## Zulu Song

I have loved thee Zulu Song  
 And thy life was like a song  
 Like a tender loving smile  
 It was sunshine all the while  
 It was like a fairy tale  
 Told within a sylvan dale  
 It was like a dream of love  
 Told by angels from above  
 Chorus

Oh! Zulu smouldering Zulu  
 Silent is thy silver song  
 Oh Zulu Angel Zulu  
 Dear departed Zulu Song

I have missed thee Zulu Song  
 And the days seemed sad and long  
 When the winter shifts its snow  
 And the vernal blossoms blow  
 When the sheaves of wheat are ripe  
 When the swallows take their flight  
 Night and morning all the while  
 Zulu Song I miss thy smile  
 Cho

Key of a flat

Far away where Angels dwell  
On that bright and sunny shore  
Where the sound of angel feet  
Over all the sary floor  
Maketh music rich and sweet  
We shall meet the Lord and love  
After death's cold dreary spell  
When the river we have crossed  
Far away where angels dwell

Chorus

Far away where angels dwell  
In the summer land above  
When they wave their sweetest spell  
Over all the world of love



Oh! how pleasant thus to meet—  
All the loved ones gone before  
Hear each loving voice repeat—  
Words of welcome o'er and o'er  
Thro' the fadeless fields to roam  
As we Heaven's praises tell  
Knowing we are safe at home  
Far away where angels dwell  
Chorus—

Just beyond yon clouds of gold  
Many feet that onward press  
In a realm of bliss untold  
~~The~~ <sup>we</sup> at last shall find sweet rest—  
Wear a fadeless robe of white  
aftr death's cold dreary spell  
Out of darkness into light—  
Far away where angels dwell  
Chorus

Thou hast-gone and bereft-me of all  
I hold dear

The joy from my bosom forever hath fled  
there is no one in future to comfort or cheer <sup>me</sup>  
joys that were boundless now faded and <sup>dead</sup>  
Cho

Life hath no charms for I miss thee forever  
how dark is the future my Idol has flown  
Oh sad is my poor heart-a stranger to  
pleasure I miss thee my darling lost star  
of my hope

Last star of my home wilt thou roam  
over the the billows to dwell among stran-  
gers beloved and unknown And leave  
me in sorrow to weep neath the willow  
And sadly remember the days that are gone

Bright was the day when forgetting the morrow  
I wandered at night-as my lone star would  
rise I thought-not of sadness I thought-not of  
sorrow But drank in the light-of your beautiful  
eyes



Favourite Songs

Dreaming of home and Mother

Far from the old Folks at home

Old Black Joe

Old Log Cabin in the Lane

Little Obe

Watching and waiting for thee

A flower from Mother's grave

Why did they dig mas grave so deep

Cantitena

Some day I'll wander back again

Lost in the Fire

Dreaming of the loved ones

a Spanish Cavalier

Little ones at home

Little bare foot

Naughty men

Dying for some one to love me

No Sir No

Pass under the rod

Our Blossom

b6  
b

O Paradise O Paradise receive our Blossom <sup>sweet</sup>  
To nurture and mature her ~~sole~~ soul we know we are not <sup>meet</sup>  
But in thy heavenly garden fair where angels guard <sup>her</sup>  
We know our Blossom will expand through everlasting day

Chorus

Blossom Blossom darling of our hearts all the  
bloom and beauty of the summer land is thine  
Blossom Blossom where no teardrop starts with  
celestial glory thou dost shine

O Paradise O Paradise we know that thou art fair  
And that to pastures ever green the Lord will lead her there  
But O we sigh yet once again to clasp within our arms  
Our child of beauty radiant now with all celestial charms

Chorus

Yet Paradise sweet Paradise there is no joy like this  
To know that they the lost beloved share with us thy bliss  
And with innumerable they wait for us to rise  
To those celestial heights to dwell with them in Paradise



A Flower From Mother's Grave

<sup>By</sup>  
{Harry Kennedy}

I've a casket at home that is filled with precious  
gems I have pictures of friends deare to me.  
And I've trinkets so rare, that came many years ago  
From my far distant home across the sea  
But there one sweet little treasure that I'll ever dearly prize  
Better far than all the wealth beneath the wave  
Tho' a small faded flower that I plucked in childhoods days  
'Tis a flower from my angel Mother's grave

Chorus

Treasured in my memory Like a happy dream are the  
Loving words she gave Ad my heart fondly cleaves to  
the dry and withered leaves 'tis a flower from my  
Angel Mother's grave

In the quiet-country churchyard they laid her down to sleep  
Close beside the old home she's at rest  
And the low sacred mound is enshrined within my heart  
By the sweet ties of love for-ever blest  
In the still and silen night I often dream of home again  
And the visions tells me ever to be grave  
For the last link that binds me to that place I love so well  
Is the flower from my Angel Mother's grave

186  
6

Why Did They Dig This Grave so Deep  
 Poor Little Nellie is weeping tonight  
 Thinking of days that were full of delight  
 Lonely she sits by the old kitchen grate  
 Searching for mother but now 'tis too late  
 Under the daisies now covered with snow  
 Rests the fond mother away from life's woe  
 Nellie is left now to murmur and weep  
 Why did they dig this grave so deep  
 Cho

Why did they dig this grave so deep down  
 in the clay so deep why did they leave  
 me here to weep why did they dig this grave so deep

Only sweet-memories of gladness and love come  
 to the child of the dear one above shadows are creeping  
 around the lone room Early and late there's a feeling  
 of gloom Out in the churchyard the wild breeze  
 blow seeming to echo her heart's grief and woe Softly she  
 murmurs while chills o'er her creep why did they dig  
 this grave so deep



Poor little Nellie in her mother's quiet rest - Dreams all the  
night of that mother so blest - Saw her again in a vision  
of light - Praying God bless little Nellie to night - Smiling  
upon her with glorified face - Calling her home to  
that bright resting place - Poor little Nellie ft. slips  
in her sleep - Why did they dig mas grave so  
deep