

## Bridal Chorus from "Lohengrin."

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Richard Wagner.  
*mf Andante.*

Arr. by Henry S. Sawyer

Guid - ed by us, thrice hap-py pair, En - ter this door-way, 'tis love that in - vites;

All that is brave, all that is fair, Love now tri-um-phant for - ev - er u - nites.

Champion of vir - tue, bold-ly ad-vance, Flow'r of all beau-ty, gen - tly ad-vance;

Now the loud mirth of rev-'ling is end-ed, Night, bringing peace and bliss, has de-scend-ed.

Fanned by the breath of hap - pi-ness, rest, Closed to the world, by love on - ly blest!

The piano is the greatest love-maker in the world.—J. John.  
The Kingsbury Piano is especially "guilty," since there are more in use to-day than any other single style in the country.

## Bridal Chorus from "Lohengrin."



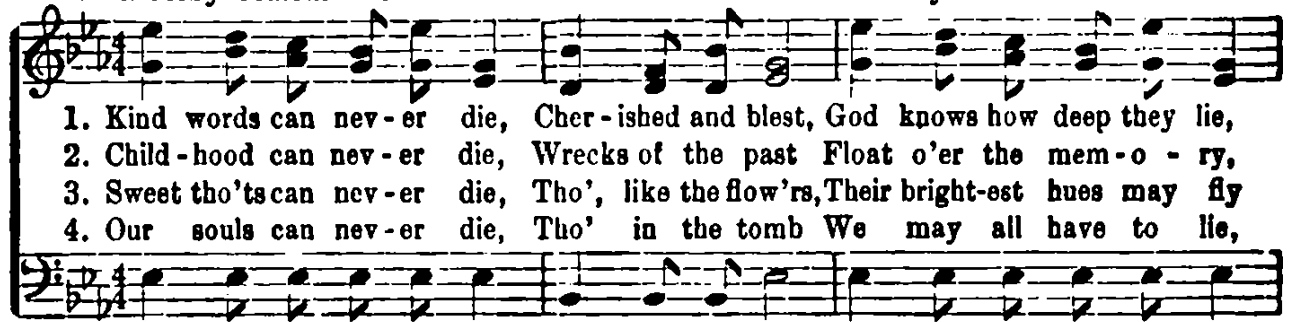
um-phunt 'for - ev - er u - nites, for - ev - er u - nites.

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## Kind Words Can Never Die.

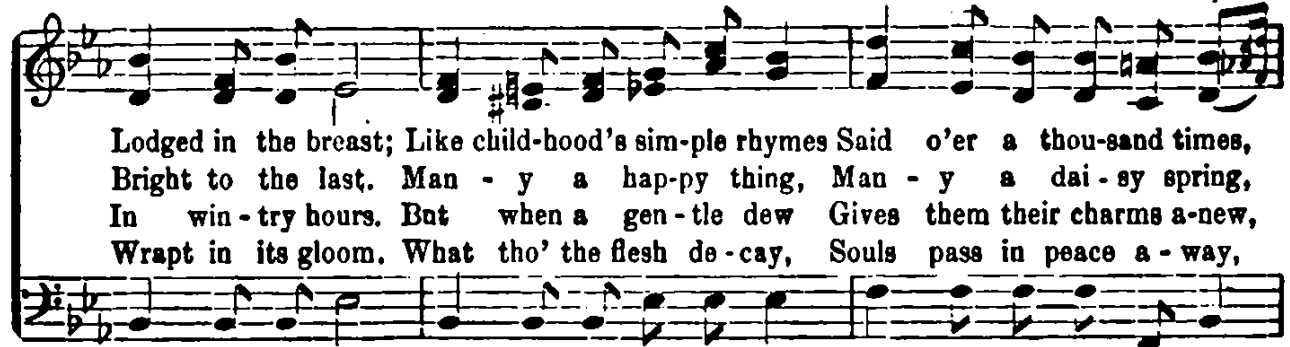
Mrs. Abby Hutchinson Patton.

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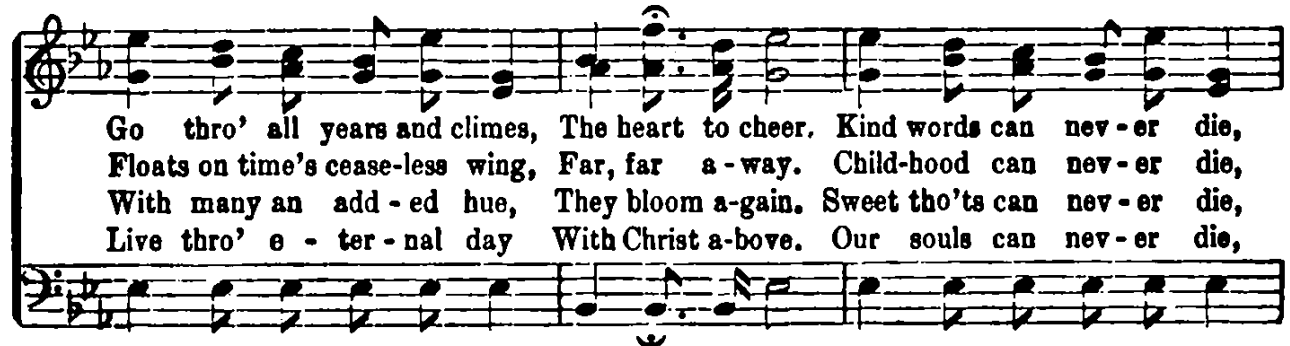


1. Kind words can nev - er die, Cher - ished and blest, God knows how deep they lie,  
 2. Child - hood can nev - er die, Wrecks of the past Float o'er the mem - o - ry,  
 3. Sweet tho'ts can nev - er die, Tho', like the flow'rs, Their bright - est hues may fly  
 4. Our souls can nev - er die, Tho' in the tomb We may all have to lie,

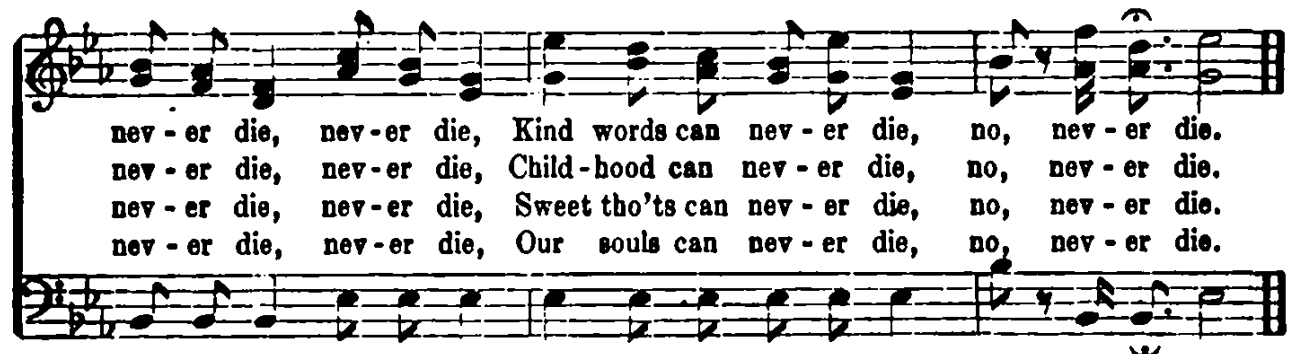
*rall. tempo.*



Lodged in the breast; Like child-hood's sim-ple rhymes Said o'er a thou-sand times,  
 Bright to the last. Man - y a hap-py thing, Man - y a dai-sy spring,  
 In win - try hours. But when a gen - tle dew Gives them their charms a - new,  
 Wrapt in its gloom. What tho' the flesh de - cay, Souls pass in peace a - way,



Go thro' all years and climes, The heart to cheer. Kind words can nev - er die,  
 Floats on time's cease-less wing, Far, far a - way. Child-hood can nev - er die,  
 With many an add - ed hue, They bloom a - gain. Sweet tho'ts can nev - er die,  
 Live thro' e - ter - nal day With Christ a - bove. Our souls can nev - er die,



nev - er die, nev - er die, Kind words can nev - er die, no, nev - er die.  
 nev - er die, nev - er die, Child - hood can nev - er die, no, nev - er die.  
 nev - er die, nev - er die, Sweet tho'ts can nev - er die, no, nev - er die.  
 nev - er die, nev - er die, Our souls can nev - er die, no, nev - er die.

"My friends \* \* \* are sacred to me. Their well-being and their interest is as dear to me as my own. I love to have others praise 'em, prize 'em as I do; an' should jist as soon think of goin' 'round trying to rake and scrape somethin' to say against myself as against them."—Josiah Allen's Wife.