

All Through the Night.

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Welsh Air.
Arr. by J. S. Fearis.

1. Sleep, my love, and peace at-tend thee All thro' the night; Guard-ian an-gels
2. Tho' I roam a min-strel lone-ly, All thro' the night, My true harp shall
3. Hark! a sol-ern bell is ring-ing, Clear thro' the night; Thou, my love, art

God will lend thee All thro' the night. Soft the drow-sy hours are creep-ing,
praise thee on-ly, All thro' the night. Love's young dream, a-las! is o-ver,
heav'nward wing-ing Home thro' the night. Earth-ly dust from off thee sha-ken,

Hill and vale in slumber steeping; Love a-lone his watch is keep-ing All thro' the night.
Yet my strains of love shall hov-er Near the presence of my lov-er All thro' the night.
Soul im-mor-tal, thou shalt waken, With thy last dim journey ta-ken, Home thro' the night.

The Soldier's Farewell.

Trans. from the German
by Louis C. Elson.

Johanna Kinkel. 1810-1858.

1. Ah, love, how can I leave thee? The sad tho't deep doth grieve me; But know, whate'er befalls me, I
2. No more shall I be-hold thee, Or to my heart enfold thee; In war's ar-ray ap-pear-ing, The
3. I'll think of thee with longing, When tho'ts with tears come thronging; And on the field, if lying, I'll

go where hon-or calls me.
foe's stern hosts are nearing. Farewell, farewell, my own true love! Farewell, farewell, my own true love.
breathe thy dear name, dying.

No matter if you are hidden in an obscure post, never content yourself with doing your second best, how-ever unimportant the occasion.—Gen. Phil Sheridan.