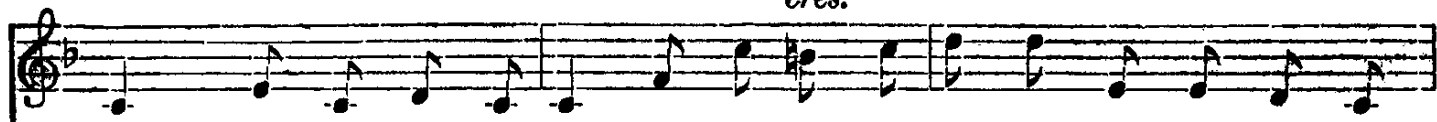


cres.

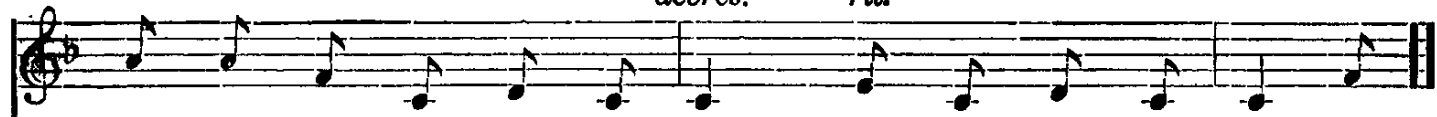


weep - ing, My lone watch keep-ing. When from my win-dow's height, I look out
 weep - ing, Thy lone watch keep-ing. When at some fu - ture day, I shall be
 weep - ing, Thy lone watch keep-ing." But hope he'd come once more, And love me
 weep - ing, My lone watch keep-ing! His face I ne'er shall see, And naught is



cres.

deces. rit.



on the night, I still am weep - ing, My lone watch keep - ing.
 far a - way, Thou shalt be weep - ing, Thy lone watch keep-ing."
 as be - fore And say "Cease weep - ing, Thy lone watch keep-ing."
 left to me, But bit - ter weep - ing, My lone watch keep-ing!



deces.

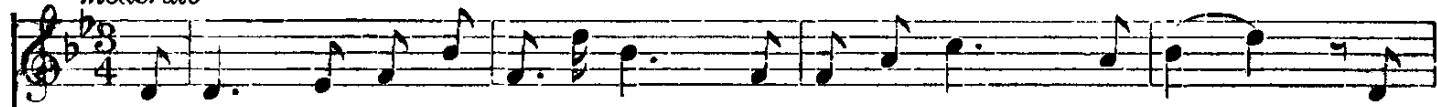
dim.

Blanche Alpen

CHARLES JEFFERYS

STEPHEN GLOVER

moderato



1. You speak of sun - ny skies to me, Of or - ange grove and bower; Of
 2. You tell me oft of riv - ers bright, Where gold - en gal - leys float, But
 3. Had you been rear'd by Al - pine hills, Or lov'd in Al - pine dells, You'd



rall.

winds that wake soft mel - o - dy From leaf and bloom - ing flow'r; And
 have you seen our lakes by night, Or sail'd in Al - pine boat? You
 prize, like me, our moun - tain rills, Nor fear the tor - rent swells. It

*a tempo*

you may prize those far - off skies, But tempt not me to roam. In
 speak of lands where hearts and hands Will greet me as I come, But
 mat - ters not how drear the spot, How proud or poor the dome,—Love



sweet con - tent my days are spent— Then where - fore leave my
 tho' I find true hearts and kind, They're kind - - er still at
 still re - tains some death - less chains, That bind . . . the heart to



home? In sweet con-tent my days are spent—Then wherefore leave my home?
 home. But tho' I find true hearts and kind, They're kind-er still at home.
 home. Love still re-tains some death-less chains, That bind the heart to home.

Shining Shore

G. F. Root

1. My days are glid-ing swift-ly by, And I, a pil-grim stran-ger, Would not de-tain them
 2. Should coming days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing-ing; That per-fect rest naught
 3. Let sorrow's rud-est tem-pest blow, Each chord on earth to sev-er, Our King says, Come, and

CHORUS

as they fly,—Those hours of toil and dan-ger. For now we stand on Jor-dan's strand, Our
 can mo-lest Where gold-en harps are ring-ing.
 there's our home, For - ev - er! Oh, for - ev - er!

friends are pass-ing o-ver; And just be-fore the shin-ing shore We may al-most dis-cov-er.