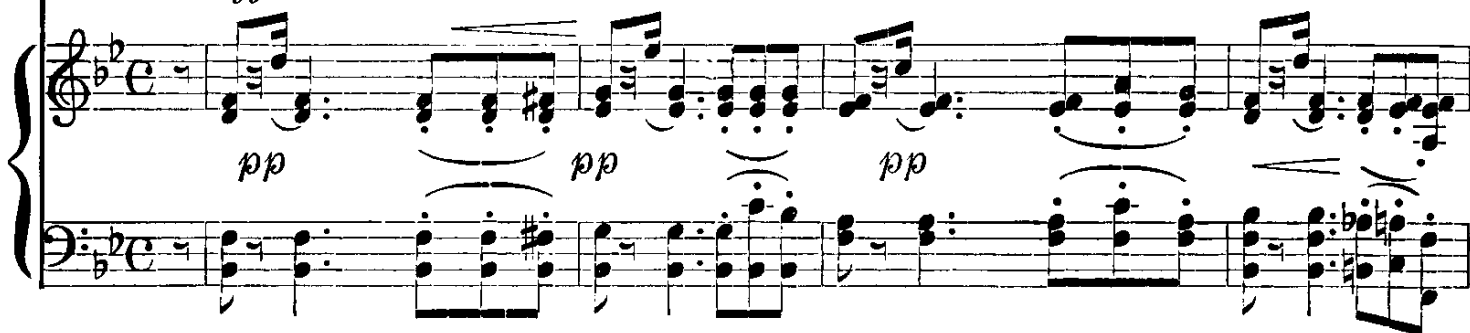


Embarrassment

I. AIT

Andantino grazioso

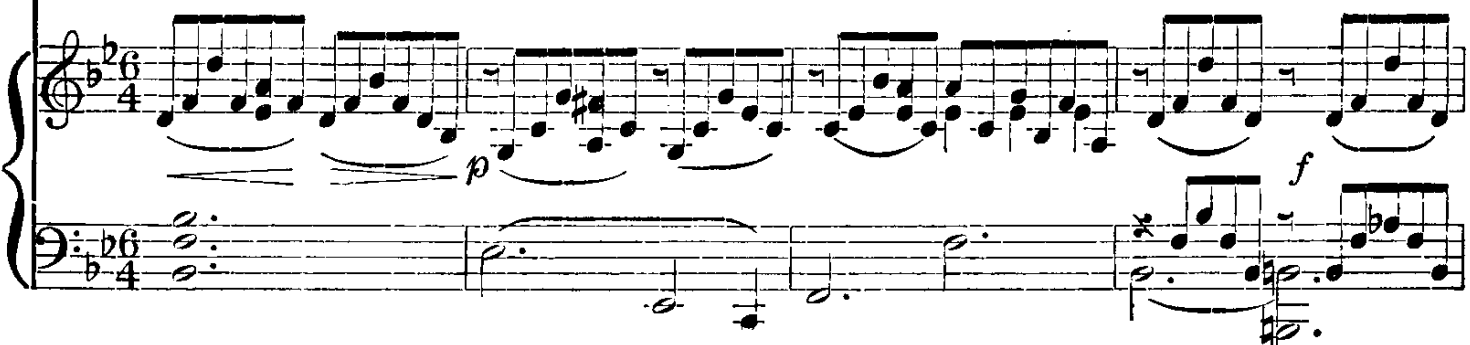
1. I fain a winning tale would tell thee, And know my-self scarce what it is! And
 2. I fain would sing in plain-tive mea-sure A lay that to thy heart should go, But
 3. I fain would write a lov-ing let - ter That might to me thy heart in-cline, But
Con leggerezza



if the question thou shouldst ask me, My an - sw^{er} should be on-ly this: 'Tis
 when I seek the tuneful trea - sure, A voice within me an-swers so: 'Tis
 here a - gain I fare no bet - ter For all my tho'ts in this com-bine: I

*molto espressivo**molto cres. e appassionato*

thee I love with all my heart, 'Tis thee a - lone, yes, thee, . . . I
 thee I love with all my heart, 'Tis thee a - lone, yes, thee, . . . I
 love but thee with all my heart, But thee a - lone, yes, thee, . . . I



love but thee with all my heart, But thee a-lone, yes, thee!

The Son of God Goes Forth to War

Bishop HEBER

H. S. CUTLER

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain; His blood-red ban-ner
 2. The mar-tyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce beyond the grave, Who saw his Mas-ter
 3. A glo-ri-ous band, the cho-sen few On whom the Spir-it came, Twelve valiant saints, their
 4. A no-ble ar-my, men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid, A-round the Saviour's

streams a-far: Who fol-lows in His train? Who best can drink His cup of woe,
 in the sky, And called on Him to save: Like Him, with par-don on his tongue
 hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame: They met the ty-rant's brandished steel,
 throne re-joice, In robes of light ar-rayed: They climbed the steep as-cent of heav'n

Tri-umphant o-ver pain, Who patient bears his cross below, He fol-lows in His train.
 In midst of mor-tal pain, He pray'd for them that did the wrong: Who follows in his train?
 The li-on's go-ry mane; They bowed their necks the death to feel: Who follows in their train?
 Thro' per-il, toil, and pain: O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol-low in their train. A-men.