

## Kate O'Shane

GEORGE LINLEY

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*mf Andantino semplice*

1. The cold winds of Au-tumn Wail mourn-ful-ly here; The leaves round me fall-ing Are  
2. 'Twas here we last part-ed, 'Twas here we first met, And ne'er has he caused me One

fad-ed and sere; But chill though the breeze be, And threatening the storm, My  
tear of re-gret; Tho' sea-sons may al-ter, Their change I de-fy, My

heart full of fond-ness, Beats kind-ly and warm. Oh! Den-is dear, come back to  
heart's one glad sum-mer, When Den-is is by. Oh! Den-is dear, come back to

me, I count the hours away from thee: Re-turn, O nev-er part a-gain From thy own

dar-ling, Kate O' Shane.

*mf*

### 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-rious 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 step 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.