

Robin Ruff

HENRY RUSSELL



1. If I had but a thou - sand a year, Gaf - fer Green! If I
 2. The best wish you could have, take my word, Rob - in Ruff, Would scarce
 3. I'd do I . . scarce - ly know what, Gaf - fer Green, I'd
 4. But when you are a - ged and grey, Rob - in Ruff, And the
 5. I scarce - ly can tell what you mean, Gaf - fer Green, For your
 6. There's a place that is bet - ter than this, Rob - in Ruff, And I



had but a thou-sand a year, . . What a man would I be, and what
 find you in bread or in beer; . . But be hon - est and true, and say
 go, faith! I hard - ly know where; . . I'd scat - ter the chink and leave
 day of your death it draws near, . . Say what with your pains would you
 ques - tions are al - ways so queer, . . But as oth - er folks die, I sup -
 hope in my heart you'll go there, . . Where the poor man's as great though he



sights would I see, If I had but a thou - sand a
 what would you do, If you had but a thou - sand a
 oth - ers to think, If I had but a thou - sand a
 do with your gains, If you then had a thou - sand a
 pose so must I.— What, and give up your thou - sand a
 hath no es - tate, Aye, as if he'd a thou - sand a



year, Gaf - fer Green! If I had but a thou - sand a year! . . .
 year, Rob - in Ruff? If you had but a thou - sand a year? . . .
 year, Gaf - fer Green! If I had but a thou - sand a year! . . .
 year, Rob - in Ruff? If you then had a thou - sand a year? . . .
 year, Rob - in Ruff? And give up your thou - sand a year? . . .
 year, Rob - in Ruff, Aye, as if he'd a thou - sand a year. . . .

The Homeland

H. R. HAWEIS

A. S. SULLIVAN

1. The Home-land! O the Home-land! The land of souls free-born! No gloom-y night is
 2. My Lord is in the Home-land, With an-gels bright and fair; No sin-ful thing, nor
 3. For loved ones in the Home-land Are wait-ing me to come Where neither death nor

known there, But aye the fade-less morn: I'm sigh-ing for that coun-try, My
 e - vil, Can ev - er en - ter there; The mu - sic of the ran -omed Is
 sor - row In -vades their ho - ly home: O dear, dear na - tive coun - try! O

heart is ach-ing here; There is no pain in the Home-land To which I'm draw-ing near.
 ring - ing in my ears; And when I think of the Home-land, My eyes are wet with tears.
 rest and peace a - bove! Christ bring us all to the Home-land Of His e - ter - nal love.