All Through the Night.

English words by Walter Maynard.

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Arr. by J. S. Pearis.

1. Sleep, my love, and peace attend thee All thro' the night; Guardian angels
2. Thou, I roam a minstrel lonely, All thro' the night, My true harp shall
3. Hark! a solemn bell is ringing, Clear thro' the night; Thou, my love, art

God will lend thee All thro' the night. Soft the drowsy hours are creeping,
praise thee on ly, All thro' the night. Love's young dream, alas! is o ver,
heav'ward wing ing Home thro' the night. Earthly dust from off thee shaken,

Hill and vale in slumber steeping; Love alone his watch is keeping All thro' the night.
Yet my strains of love shall hover Near the presence of my lover All thro' the night.
Soul immortal, thou shalt awaken, With thy last dim journey taken, Home thro' the night.

The Soldier's Farewell.

Trans. from the German by Louis C. Elson.

Joahanna Kinkel. 1810-1858.

1. Ah, love, how can I leave thee? The sad that deep doth grieve me; But know, whatever befalls me, I
2. No more shall I behold thee, Or to my heart enfold thee; In war's array appearing, The
3. I'll think of thee with longing, When thou'st with tears come thronging; And on the field, if flying, I'll

go where honor 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, however unimportant the occasion.—Gen. Phil Sheridan.