

My Old Kentucky Home.

Stephen C. Foster-1850.

Stephen C. Foster

Rather slow.

1. The sunshines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are
 2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the meadow, the hill and the
 3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher - ev - er the dark-ey may

gay; The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the
 shore; They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in
 go; A few more days, and the trouble all will end, In the field where the su-gar - canes

day. The young folks roll on the lit - tle cab - in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright;
 door. The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sorrow where all was de-light;
 grow. A few more days for to tote the wea-ry load, — No mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light;

By'm-by hard times comes a-knocking at the door, Then, my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!
 The time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then, my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!
 A few more days till we tot-ter on the road, Then, my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!

CHORUS.

Weep no more, my la-dy, O weep no more to-day! We will sing one song for the

Abraham Lincoln was born near Hodgenville, Kentucky, February 12, 1809. It is of more than passing interest to know that Edward Everett, one of the leading orators of the day, was selected to deliver the address at the dedication of the Gettysburg National Cemetery. President Lincoln was invited to make a few appropriate remarks. The President's speech became a classic in the English language, while the studied oration of Edward Everett has long since been forgotten.

My Old Kentucky Home.

old Ken-tuck - y home, For the old Ken-tuck - y home, far a - way.

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The Watch On the Rhine.

Max Schueckenburger.

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Carl C. Wilhelm.
Arr. by Harold Spencer.

1. A roar like thun-der strikes the ear, Like clang of arms or break-ers near, Rush
2. A hun-dred thou-sand hearts beat high, The flash darts forth from ev - 'ry eye, For
1. *Es braust ein Ruf wie Don - ner-hall, Wie Schwert-ge-klirr und Wo - gen-prall; Zum*
2. *Dureh Hun-dert tau-send zuckt es schnell, Und Al - ler Au - gen blit - zen hell; Der*

for - ward for the Ger-man Rhine! Who shields thee, dear be - lov - ed Rhine? Dear
Teu - tons brave, in - ured by toil, Pro - tect their coun-try's ho - ly soil. Dear
Rhein, zum Rhein, zum deut-schen Rhein; Wer will des Stro-mes Hue-ter sein? Lieb'
Deut - sche, bie - der, fromm und stark, Be - schuetzt die heil' - ge Lan - des-mark. Lieb'

Fa - ther-land, thou need'st not fear, Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here! Dear land, dear
Va - ter-land, magst ru - hig sein, Lieb' Va - ter-land, magst ru - hig sein; Fest steht und

Fa - ther-land, thou need'st not fear, Thy watch, thy Rhineland watch stands firm-ly here!
treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein; Fest steht und treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein!

Of all work that produces results, nine-tenths must be drudgery. There is no work, from the highest to the lowest, which can be done well by any man who is unwilling to make that sacrifice.—*Bishop of Exeter.*