

We're Tenting To-Night.

Walter Kittredge.

Arrangement Copyright, 1911, by The Gable Company

Walter Kittredge.
Arr. by J. S. Fearis.

1. We're tent - ing to-night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to
 2. We've been tent - ing to-night on the old camp ground, Thinking of days gone
 3. We are tired of war on the old camp ground, Man - y are dead and
 4. We've been fight - ing to - day on the old camp ground, Man - y are ly - ing

cheer Our wear - y hearts, a song of home, And
 by, Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand, And the
 gone, Of the brave and true who've left their homes,
 near; Some are dead and some are dy - ing,

REFRAIN.

friends we love so dear.
 tear that said "good - bye!" Man - y are the hearts that are
 Oth - ers been wound - ed long.
 Man - y are in tears.

wear - y to-night, Wish - ing for the war to cease, Man - y are the

hearts that are look - ing for the right, To see the dawn of peace.

"Music washes away from the soul the dust of every-day life."

We're Tenting To-Night.

Repeat pp.

Tent-ing to-night, Tent-ing to-night, Tent-ing on the old camp ground.
 Last v - Dy - ing to-night, Dy - ing to-night, Dy - ing on the old camp ground.

90 F. Kaillmark. The Old Oaken Bucket. Samuel Woodsworth.

1. { How dear to my heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec-ol-
 The or - chard, the mead-ow, the deep tangled wild-wood, And ev - 'ry loved

D. C.—The old oak-en buck-et, the i - ron-bound buck-et, The moss - covered

FINE

lec - tion pre-sents them to view! } The wide-spread-ing pond, and the mill that stood
 spot which my in - fan - cy knew; }

buck - et that hung in the well.

by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell; The cot of my

D. C.

fa - ther, the dai - ry-house nigh it, And e'en the rude buck-et that hung in the well.

The moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
 For often at noon, when returned from the field,
 I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
 The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
 How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing,
 And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
 Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
 And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it
 As poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
 Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
 Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
 And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
 The tear of regret will intrusively swell
 As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
 And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

Some one has said that no home is complete without music. If that be true, we say that no home need now be incomplete, because anyone can have the best of music with one of our Inner-Player Pianos.