

SOUVENIR

Porter County's Celebration

OF

Indiana's Centennial

OF

Statehood



VALPARAISO

SEPTEMBER 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30

1916

County Commissioners

August H. Pollentzke

Joseph H. Quinn

F. William Alpen

County Council

Schuyler C. Billings

C. Eugene Fifield

Marion Curtis

Thomas M. Brown

William P. Rosenbaum

Charles F. Leeka

John F. Pillman

Greetings

Progress is best assured by giving thoughtful consideration to previous accomplishment, endeavoring to emulate all worthy examples and striving to advance and improve the application of principles which experience has demonstrated to be of greatest benefit. It is therefore consistent and well ordered that we this year observe with fitting exercises the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of our state, and pause to consider the marvelous changes which the prudence, energy and perseverance of our people have produced during the preceding century, hoping that our deliberations may prompt the performance of greater things and our environment thereby be made more harmonious and helpful.

As the Chief Executive of the City of Valparaiso, it affords me much pleasure to hereby cordially welcome all visitors to the community on the occasion of our Centennial Ceremonies, and to express the appreciation of the city to all participants therein.

Respectfully,

September 24, 1916.

PERRY L. SISSON, Mayor.

What means the stir in Indiana during this year of 1916? Only that we, her children, are gathering home in the old fashioned way, enacting over again in pageant the days of yore, and binding our hearts more closely together in sympathy and purpose for the future, as a fitting monument to the one hundredth anniversary of her statehood. Dear Old Indiana! The nineteenth state to knock for admission, the second to be carved from the Northwest Territory, one with no stain on her loyalty, the hub of the Union! What more pleasing tribute could her children offer than to speak, sing, and enact her parishes by counties? How appropriate that these exercises should open in her southern part among the older counties, proceed gradually northward, as she herself has grown, into the later additions, and finally close with the "State at Home" in her capital city!

Porter, one of her younger counties, extends greetings to you each and all who love our Indiana. May you be with us and of us, not only for this last week of September, while we humbly do her honor, but for all time.

NETTIE DOWDELL WILLIAMS,

County Chairman Centennial Committee.

CLUB NOTES.

Join our Christmas Accumulative Club. It will aid you in getting better gifts for your friends, and cost you less. Further particulars given at THE JEWELRY STORE, 19 Main Street.

W. H. VAIL, Jeweler.

THEO. JESSEE, Optometrist.

OFFICIAL PROGRAM.

Sunday, September 24—Centennial Sunday.

10:00 A. M.—Services in all churches in the county.

3:00 P. M.—Rally Union Service on Court House lawn in Valparaiso.

5:00 to 9:00 P. M.—Historical Exhibit, Public Library.

Monday, September 25—10:00 A. M. to 9:00 P. M.—Historical Exhibit.

Tuesday, September 26—10:00 A. M. to 9:00 P. M.—Historical Exhibit.

Wednesday, September 27—CENTENNIAL MEMORIAL DAY.

10:00 A. M. to 2:30 P. M.—Historical Exhibit.

2:30 P. M. to 5:00 P. M.—Marking of Old Sac Trail.

Marking site of first school house in Valparaiso.

7:30 P. M.—Old time concert and entertainment, Memorial Opera House.

Thursday, September 28—2:30 P. M.—Historical Parade.

10:00 A. M. to 2:30 P. M.—Historical Exhibit.

5:00 P. M. to 9:00 P. M.—Historical Exhibit.

Friday, September 29—Pageant Day. (Fair Grounds.)

10:30 A. M.—Music by band.

11:00 A. M.—Community Singing.

Basket Dinner.

1:15 P. M.—Old Settlers' Reunion.

2:00 P. M.—Centennial Chorus.

Historical Pageant of Porter County.

Music furnished by The Salisbury Family Orchestra.

Saturday, September 30—Band Concert by City Band.

THUNE & MEAGHER,

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WALL PAPER

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STYLE INDIVIDUALITY is a feature characteristic of Siegel COATS and SUITS—and the fall showings are most interesting now. You are invited to call and see them.

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Service First

CENTENNIAL SUNDAY—September 24.

Mrs. Frank B. Chester, Chairman.

10:00 A. M.—Services in all churches in the county.

3:00 P. M.—Rally Union Service on Court House lawn in Valparaiso.

PROGRAM.

Selection—City Band.

Song—Chorus—Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Invocation—Rev. Walter B. Williamson.

Chairman—Hon. E. D. Crumpacker.

Interpretation—Rev. E. J. Mungovan.

Gloria—Mozart—

Sanctus—Gounod—

Special number with orchestral accompaniment.

Address—INDIANA—Judge Harry Olson.

Auld Lang Syne—By the People.

America—Band and company.

Benediction—Rev. J. N. Gelston.

5:00 P. M. to 9:00 P. M.—Historical Exhibit. Public Library.

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HISTORICAL EXHIBIT. (Public Library.)

Margaret Cameron Beer, Chairman.

Open:

Sunday, September 24—5:00 P. M. to 9:00 P. M.

Monday, September 25—10:00 A. M. to 9:00 P. M.

Tuesday, September 26—10:00 A. M. to 9:00 P. M.

Wednesday, September 27—10:00 A. M. to 2:30 P. M.

Thursday, September 28—10:00 A. M. to 2:30 P. M., and 5:00 P. M. to 9:00 P. M.

Saturday, September 30—10:00 A. M. to 7:30 P. M.

This exhibit, consisting of jewelry, coins, silver, China, pewter, manuscripts, books, hand work, pictures, and all other articles of historical interest, will be placed by townships and will be judged according to arrangement and historic value.

TOWNSHIP COMMITTEES.

Boone—Mrs. Jay Buchanan, Mrs. M. E. Dinsmore.

Center—Mrs. S. C. Billings.

Jackson—Mrs. T. K. Whitlock, Ruby Forbes, Mrs. C. E. Barrett.

Liberty—Mrs. S. W. Fries, Grace Barden, Grace Moore, Mrs. Henry Atkinson, Mrs. George Hoeffle, Mrs. G. V. Gustafson.

Morgan—Mrs. Ranson Conover, Mrs. Lawrence Casbon.

Pine—Mildred Carver.

Pleasant—Kathryn Kring.

Portage—Mrs. L. H. Robbins, Mrs. Eugene Fifield, Mrs. J. W. Kuehl, Mrs. Glen Robbins.

Porter—Mrs. Lewis Stevens.

Union—Mrs. A. O. Dobbins, Mrs. Samuel B. Eason, Mrs. John M. Brown, Martha Marquart, Vera Bradley, Ethel Ruth.

Washington—Mrs. Isaac Cornell, Mrs. Ross Jones, Ruby Forbes.

Westchester—Mrs. J. H. Busse.

Valparaiso—Narcissa Hamell, Mrs. Will H. Henry, May Hamell Stickney.

At Large—Mrs. Peter Horn, Mrs. H. H. Loring, Mrs. Alexander Lippman.

Indiana History—Mrs. W. E. Harris, Mrs. Eugene Parker, Mr. Lee F. Bennett.

Literature—Mrs. M. A. Gregory.

Art—Mrs. John Oldham.

Music—Ruth Evans.

Porter County History—Ella Vincent, Anna Gillespie.

AWARDS.

Township having best arranged exhibit—J. Lowenstine & Sons.

Township having exhibit of greatest historical value—Specht, Finney Co.

Judges—Myra Finette Pinney, MinnieMcIntyre, Mrs. Harry Pagin, Hon. Edgar Dean Crompaker, Calvin Snyder Hoover.



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J. M. TENNERY & CO.

CENTENNIAL MEMORIAL DAY—WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 27.

2:30 P. M. Dedicatory Exercises by the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Porter County Historical Society—Martin A. Gregory, Chairman.

PROGRAM.

Song—Indiana—Audience, accompanied by Salisbury Orchestra.
Daughters of the American Revolution—Mrs. Edgar Dean Crumpacker, Regent William Henry Harrison Chapter.
Address—Our State—Margaret Cameron Beer.
Reading—The Old Sac Trail—by Hubert M. Skinner—Mrs. Henry Baker Brown.
Lest We Forget—Valparaiso University Choir, conducted by H. Rowland Roberts.
Address—Our Country.
Song—Star Spangled Banner—Audience, accompanied by Salisbury Orchestra.
Dedication of Markers on Old Sac Trail and Site of First School House in Valparaiso.

7:30 P. M. Centennial Concert of Ye Old Time Melodies—Mrs. Henry Martyn Beer, Director.

PROGRAM.

Song—Indiana—Croup of Children—Director, Miss Mildred Archer.
Quartet—(A) Number Song. (B) Listen to the Mocking-bird—Eva M. Bondy, Neva A. Brown, Alla Bryant, Charlotte Crumpacker.
Solo—Lorena—Mr. F. W. Cole.
Piano—Maiden's Prayer—Mrs. Mary Dodge.
Duet—(A) Far, Far Away. (B) Beautiful Star—Mrs. J. M. Sheldon, Mrs. Bessie Brown Fisher.
Solo—The Last Rose of Summer—Helen Axe Brown Stephens.
Recitation—Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night—Mrs. L. Wheeler.
Solo—The Trundle Bed—Mrs. E. D. Crumpacker.
Duet—Larboard Watch—Dr. R. D. Blount, Mr. P. W. Clifford.
Duet—Reuben and Rachel—Mr. A. N. Worstell, Mrs. J. M. Sheldon.
Solo—(A) Thou Hast Wounded The Spirit That Loved Thee.* (B) Genevieve—Mrs. O. E. Weaver.
Note—*Words written by the wife of Commodore Porter, for whom this county was named.
Quartette—The Nut Brown Maid—Mr. A. Schneider, Mr. W. Von Doehren, Mr. H. M. Jessee, Dr. H. M. Evans.
Reading—Money Musk—Mrs. C. W. Boucher; Accompanist, Mr. W. Sterling.
Solo—When You and I Were Young, Maggie—Mr. C. Schneider.
Solo—Oft In The Stilly Night—Mr. G. Benny.
Chorus—Blue Juniata—Chiqua Camp-Fire—Vera Cole, Vera Conover, Margery Ellis, Alice Heard, Martha Heard, Genevieve Holman, Ruth Jessee, Ruth Maguire, Gretchen Marquart, Rachael McGill, Marian Osborne, Ruth Parks, Lillian Sayre, Helen Herrick, Guardian, Ethelyn Gardner Farrand.
Song—The Star Spangled Banner—Chorus and Audience.

Conductor—Professor O. E. Weaver.

Assistants in Song Tableaux—Beulah Bondy, Inez Parker, Grace Edith Salyer, Louise Horn.

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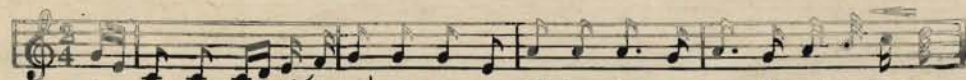
America	23
Annie Laurie	9
Auld Lang Syne	23
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Battle-Hymn of the Republic	29
Blue-Bells of Scotland, The	32
Catch the Sunshine	20
Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean	30
Come, With Thy Lute	2
Comin' Thro' the Rye	23
Darling Nelly Gray	8
Dearest Spot, The	4
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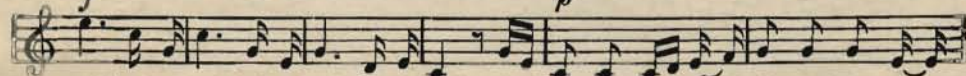
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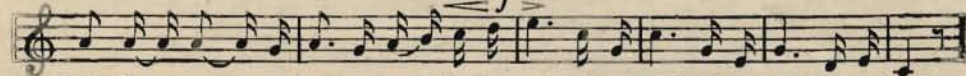
DIXIE LAND.



1 I wish I was in de land ob cot-ton, Old times dar am not for-got-ten, Look a-
 2 Old Mis-sus mar-ry Will, de wea-ber, Will-um was a gay de-ceab-er; Look a-
 3 His face was sharp as a butch-er's clea-ber, But dat did not seem to greab'er; Look a-



way! Look a-way! Look a-way, Dix-ie Land. In Dix-ie Land whar' I was born in,
 way! Look a-way! Look a-way, Dix-ie Land. But when he put his arm a-round'er He
 way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. Old Mis-sus act-ed the fool-ish part, And



Ear-ly on one frost-y mornin', Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.
 smiled as fierce as a for-ty pounder, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.
 died for a man dat broke her heart, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.

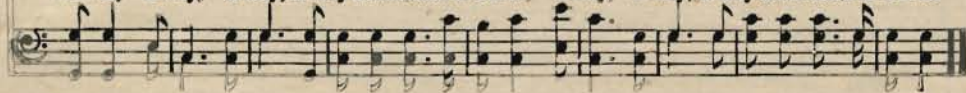
CHORUS.



Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! In Dixie Land, I'll take my stand To lib and die in



Dix-ie; A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dix-ie. A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dix-ie.



5 Dar's buck-wheat cakes an' Ingen' batter,
 Makes you fat or a little fatter;
 Look away! etc.,
 Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble.
 To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble,
 Look away! etc.

4 Now here's a health to the next old Missus,
 And all de gals dat want to kiss us;
 Look away! etc.,
 But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
 Come and hear dis song to-morrow,
 Look away! etc.

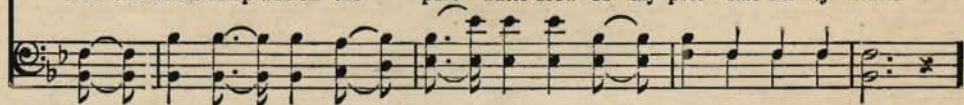
LILLY DALE.



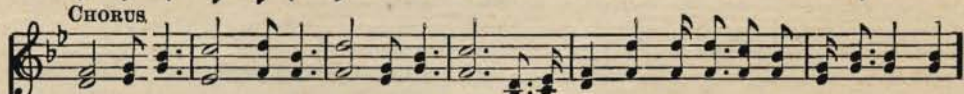
1. 'Twas a calm, still night, and the moon's pale light Shone soft o'er hill and vale.
2. Her cheeks that once glowed, with the rose-tint of health, By the hand of disease hath turned pale.



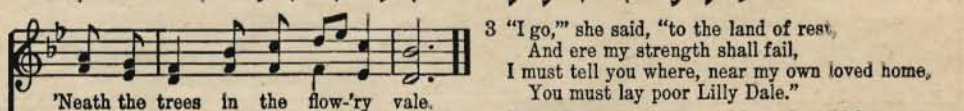
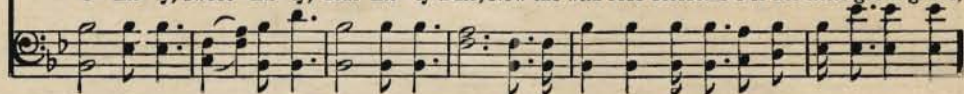
When friends, mute with grief, stood around the death bed Of my poor lost Lil - ly Dale.
And the death damp was on the pure white brow Of my poor lost Lil - ly Dale.



CHORUS

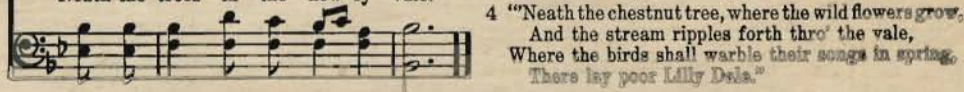


O Lil - ly, sweet Lil - ly, dear Lil - ly Dale, Now the wild rose blossoms o'er her little green grave,



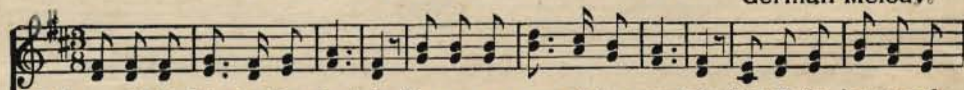
'Neath the trees in the flow-ry vale.

- 3 "I go," she said, "to the land of rest,
And ere my strength shall fail,
I must tell you where, near my own loved home,
You must lay poor Lilly Dale."
4 "Neath the chestnut tree, where the wild flowers grow,
And the stream ripples forth thro' the vale,
Where the birds shall warble their songs in spring,
There lay poor Lilly Dale."

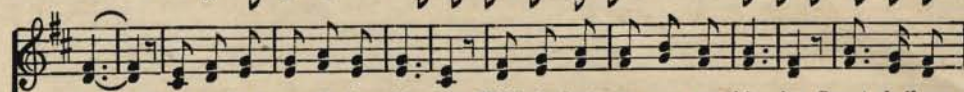


COME, WITH THY LUTE.

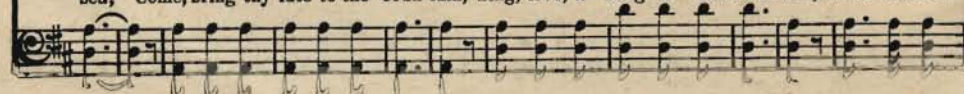
German Melody.



1. Come, with thy lute, to the fountain; Sing me a song of the moun-tain; Sing of the hap-py and
2. Come, where the zephyrs are stray-ing, Where, mid the flow-er-buds play-ing, Rambles the blithe summer
3. Why should we droop in our sad-ness? Nature, her prom-ise of glad-ness Sheds o-ver land and o'er



free, There, while the ray is de-clin-ing, While its last ro-ses are shin-ing, Sweet shall our
bee; Let the lone churl, in his sor-row, He who de-spairs of the mor-row, Far to his
sea; Come, bring thy lute to the foun-tain, Sing, love, a song of the mountain; Sweet shall our



mel-o-dies be, Un-der the broad lin - den tree, Un-der the broad lin-den tree.
sol - i-tude flee, Un-der the dark cy - press tree, Un-der the dark cypress tree.
mel-o-dies be, Un-der the broad lin - den tree, Un-der the broad lin-den tree.

Un-der the lin - den tree, Under the lin-den trees.

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.

G. F. Root

Geo. F. Root.

1 { Just be - fore the bat - tle, Moth - er, I am think - ing most of you, }
2 { While up - on the field we're watch - ing, With the en - e - my in view. }
3 { Hark! I hear the bu - gles sound - ing, 'Tis the sig - nal for the fight; }
4 { Now may God pro - tect us, Moth - er, As He ev - er does the right. }

Com - rades brave are round me ly - ing, Filled with tho'ts of home and God;... For
Hear the "Bat - tle Cry of Free - dom," How it swells up - on the air;... Oh,

well they know that on the mor - row Some will sleep be - neath the sod.....
yes, we'll ral - ly round the stand - ard, Or we'll per - ish no - bly there.....

CHORUS.

Fare - well, Mother, you may nev - er you may never, Mother, Press me to your heart a - gain; But

Oh, you'll not for - get me, Mother, (you will not forget me) If I'm numbered with the slain.

THE DEAREST SPOT.

W. T. Wrighton.

1. The dear - est spot on earth to me Is home, sweet home; The fair - y land I've
 2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home; I've learned to look with

D. C.—The dear - est spot on earth to me Is home, sweet home; The fair - y land I've
Fine.

longed to see Is home, sweet home; There how charmed the sense of hearing, There where hearts are
 lov - er's eyes On home, sweet home; There where vows are tru - ly plighted, There where hearts are

longed to see Is home, sweet home.

D. C.

so en - dear - ing; All the world is not so cheer - ing As home, sweet home.
 so u - ni - ted; All the world be - sides I've slight - ed For home, sweet home.

Mrs. Norton.

JUANITA.

Spanish Melody.

1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, Lin-g'ring falls the south-ern moon; Far o'er the moun-tain,
 2. When in thy dreaming, Moons like these shall shine a - gain, And day-light beam-ing,

Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eyes' splen-dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
 Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re - lent - ing, For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh?

Wear-y looks, yet ten - der, Speak their fond fare - well. Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta!
 In thy heart con - sent - ing To a prayer gone by? Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta!

Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart.
 Let me lin - ger by thy side! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Be my own fair bridel

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

1. Rocked in the cra - dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep;
 2. And such the trust that still were mine, Tho' storm - y winds sweep o'er the brine,

Se - cure I rest up - on the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save.
 Or though the tempest's fier - y breath Rouse me from sleep to wreck and death,--

I know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the spar - row's fall;
 In o - cean cave still safe with Thee, The germ of im - mor - tal - i - ty;

And calm and peace - ful is my sleep, Rocked in the cra - dle of the deep;

And calm and peace - ful is my sleep, Rocked in the cra - dle of the deep.

LONG, LONG AGO.

T. H. BARRY.

1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go;
 2. Do you re - mem - ber the path where we met, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go!
 3. Tho' by your kind - ness my fond hopes were raised, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go,

Fine.
 Sing me the songs I de - light - ed to hear, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
 Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would for - get, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
 You by more el - o - quent lips have been praised, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

D. S.—Let me be - lieve that you love as you loved, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

D. S.—Still my heart treas - ures the prais - es I heard, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

D. S.—Blest as I was when I sat by your side, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

D. S.

Now you are come, all my grief is re - moved, Let me for - get that so long you have roved,
 Then, to all oth - ers, my smile you pre - ferred, Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,
 But by long ab - sence your truth has been tried, Still to your ac - cents I list - en with pride,

ROBIN ADAIR.

CAROLINE KEPPEL.

1. { What's this dull town to me? Rob - in's not near; }
 2. { What was't I wished to see, What wished to hear? } Where's all the joy and mirth
 3. { What made th'as - sem - bly shine? Rob - in A - dair; }
 { What made the ball so fine? Rob - in was there, } What, when the play was o'er,
 { But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob - in A - dair; }
 { But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob - in A - dair; } Yet him I loved so well,

That made this town a heav'n on earth? Oh! they're all fled with thee, Rob - in A - dair.
 What made my heart so sore? Oh! it was part - ing with Rob - in A - dair.
 Still in my heart shall dwell, Oh! I can ne'er for - get Rob - in A - dair.

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG.

Clifton Bingham.

J. L. Molloy.

1. Once in the dear dead days be-yond re-call, When on the world the mists be-gan to
 2. E-ven to-day we hear love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it dwells for-ev-er-

fall, Out of the dreams that rose in hap-py throng, Low to our hearts love sang an
 more, Foot-steps may fal-ter, wear-y grow the way, Still we can hear it at the

old sweet song; And in the dusk, where fell the fire-light gleam, Soft-ly it
 close of day; So till the end, when life's dim shad-ows fall, Love will be

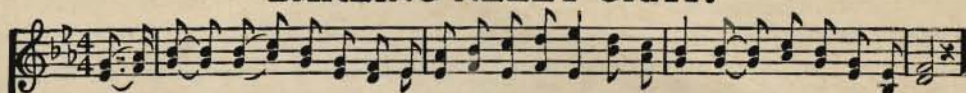
REFRAIN.

wove it-self in-to our dream. } Just a song at twi-light, when the lights are
 found the sweetest song of all. }

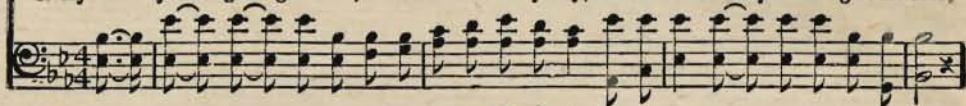
low, And the flick-ring shad-ows soft-ly come and go; Tho' the heart be wear-y,

sad the day and long, Still to us at twilight comes love's old song, Comes love's old sweet song.

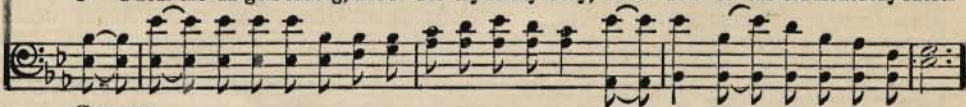
DARLING NELLY GRAY.



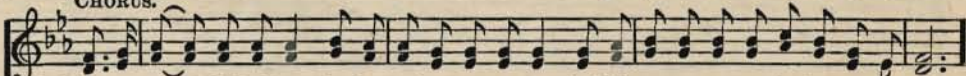
1. There's a low green val-ley on the old Kentucky shore, Where I've whiled many happy hours away,
2. When the moon had climbed the mountain, and the stars were shining too, Then I'd take my darling Nelly Gray,
3. My eyes are getting blinded, and I cannot see my way; Hark! there's some-bod-y knocking at the door;



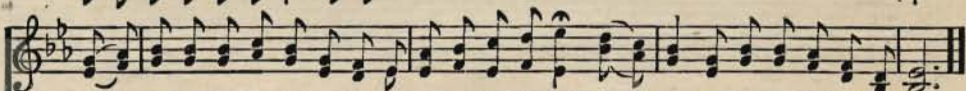
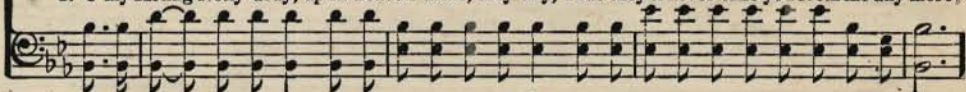
A - sit-ting and a-sing-ing by the lit-tle cottage door Where lived my dar-ling Nel-ly Gray.
 And we'd float down the riv-er in my lit-tle red can-oe, While my ban-jo sweet-ly I would play.
 O I hear the an-gels calling, and I see my Nel-ly Gray, Fare-well to the old Kentucky shore.



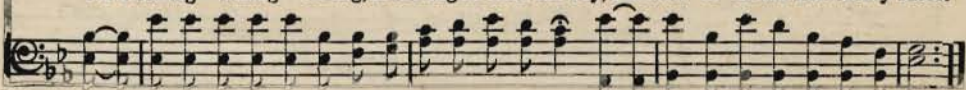
CHORUS.



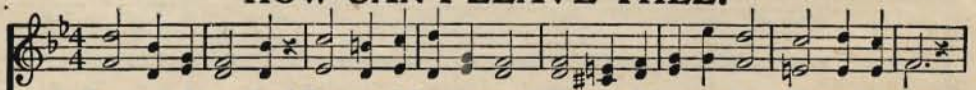
- 1-2. O my poor Nelly Gray, they have taken you a-way, And I'll nev-er see my dar-ling an-y more;
3. O my dar-ling Nelly Gray, up in heaven there, they say, That they'll never take you from me any more;



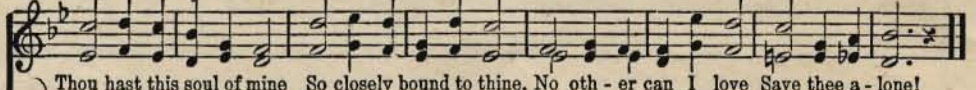
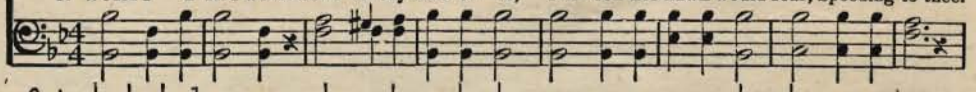
I'm sit-ting by the river and I'm weeping all the day, For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.
 I'm a com-ing—com-ing—com-ing, as the an-gels clear the way, Farewell to the old Ken-tuck-y shore.



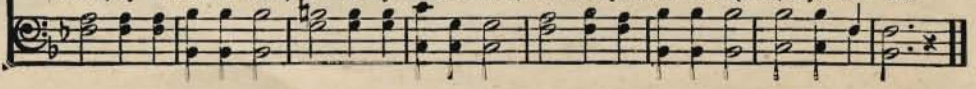
HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE.



1. How can I leave thee! How can I from thee part! Thou on-ly hast my heart, Dear one, be-lieve.
2. Blue is a flow'r-et Called the For-get-me-not, Wear it up-on thy heart, And think of me!
3. Would I a bird were! Soon at thy side to be, Fal-con nor hawk would fear, Speeding to thee.



Thou hast this soul of mine So closely bound to thine, No oth-er can I love Save thee a-lone!
 Flow'ret and hope may die, Yet love with us shall stay, That can-not pass a-way, Dear one, be-lieve.
 When, by the fowler slain, I at thy feet should lie, Thou sadly shouldst complain, Joyful I'd die.



MY BONNIE.

1. My Bon-nie is o-ver the o - cean, My Bon-nie is o-ver the sea, My Bon-nie is
 2. O blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean, And blow, ye winds, o-ver the sea, O blow, ye winds,
 3. Last night as I lay on my pil - low, Last night as I lay on my bed, Last night as I
 4. The winds have blown over the o - cean, The winds have blown over the sea, The winds have blown

CHORUS.

o - ver the o - cean, O bring back my Bon-nie to me.
 o - ver the o - cean, And bring back my Bon-nie to me.
 lay on my pil - low, I dreamed that my Bon-nie was dead. } Bring back, bring back,
 o - ver the o - cean, And bro't back my Bon-nie to me.

Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me; Bring back, bring back, O bring back my Bonnie to me.

ANNIE LAURIE.

Lady John Scott.

1. Max-wel-ton's braes are bon-nie, Where ear-ly fa's the dew, And 'twas there that An-nie
 2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her throat is like the swan; Her face it is the
 3. Like dew on th'gow-an ly - ing Is th' fa' o'her fair-y feet, And like winds in sum-mer

Lau-rie Gave me her prom-ise true; Gave me her promise true, Which ne'er for-got will be,
 fair-est That e'er the sun shone on; That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e,
 sigh-ing, Her voice is low and sweet; Her voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to me,

And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me down and dee.

HAIL, COLUMBIA!

1. Hail, Co-lum-bia, hap-py land! Hall, ye heroes! heav'n-born band! Who fought and bled in
 2. Im - mor - tal pa-triots! rise once more, Defend your rights, defend your shore; Let no rude foe with
 3. Sound, sound the trump of fame! Let Wash-ing-ton's great name Ring thro' the world with
 4. Be - hold the Chief who now commands, Once more to serve his country stands, The rock on which the

Freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in Free-dom's cause, And when the storm of war was gone, En-
 im - pious hand, Let no rude foe with im - pious hand, In - vade the shrine where sa-cred lies, Of
 loud ap-plause, Ring thro' the world with loud ap-plause; Let ev - 'ry clime to free-dom dear
 storm will beat, The rock on which the storm will beat; But armed in vir - tue, firm and true, His

joyed the peace your val - or won. Let In - de-pend-ence be our boast, Ev - er mind-ful
 toll and blood the well-earned prize. While off ring peace, sin-cere and just, In heav'n we place a
 Lis - ten with a joy - ful ear. With e - qual skill, with God - like pow'r, He gov-erns in the
 hopes are fixed on heav'n and you. When hope was sink-ing in dis-may, When gloom obscured Co-

CHORUS.

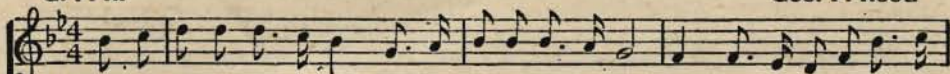
what it cost; Ev - er grate-ful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.
 man-ly trust, That Truth and Justice will prevail, And ev-'ry scheme of bondage fall. } Firm, u - ni - ted,
 fear-ful hour Of horrid war; or guides with ease The hap-pier times of hon-est peace. }
 lum-bia's day, His steady mind, from changes free, Resolved on death or lib - er - ty.

let us be, Rallying round our liberty; As a band of brothers joined, Peace and safety we shall find.

THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM.

G. F. R.

Geo. F. Root.



1. Yes, we'll ral - ly round the flag, boys, we'll ral - ly once a - gain, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of
2. We are springing to the call of our brothers gone be - fore, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of
3. We will wel - come to our num - bers the loy - al, true and brave, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of
4. So we're springing to the call from the East and from the West, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of



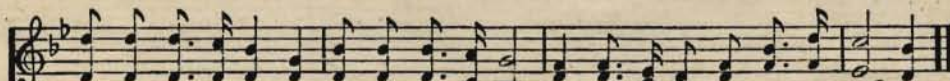
Freedom; We will rally from the hillside, we'll gather from the plain, Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.
 Freedom; And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million freemen more, Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.
 Freedom; And al-tho' they may be poor, not a man shall be a slave, Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.
 Freedom, And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we love the best, Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.



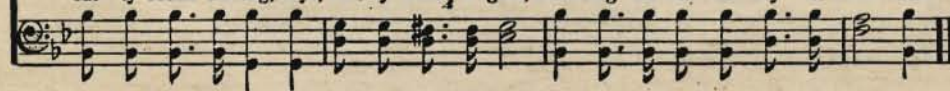
CHORUS.



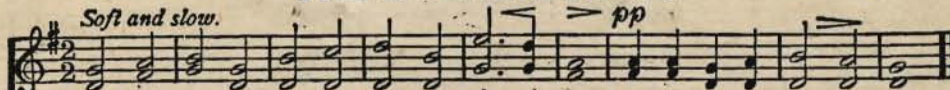
The Un - ion for - ev - er, hur - rah, boys, Hurrah! Down with the traitor, Up with the star; While we



ral - ly round the flag, boys, ral - ly once a - gain, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom.



THE EVENING BELL.

Soft and slow.


1. Hark! the peal - ing, soft - ly steal - ing, Eve - ning bell, Sweet - ly ech - oed down the dell.
2. Wel - come, wel - come is thy mu - sic, Sil - v'ry bell, Sweet - ly tell - ing day's fare - well.



MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

H. C. Work.

1. Bring the good old ba - gle, boys! we'll sing an - oth - er song— Sing it with a
 2. How the dark - ies shout - ed when they heard the joy - ful sound! How the tur - keys
 3. Yes, and there were Un - ion men who wept with joy - ful tears. When they saw the
 4. "Sherman's dash - ing Yan - kee boys will nev - er reach the coast!" So the sau - cy
 5. So we made a thor - ough - fare for free - dom and her train, Six - ty miles in

apir - it that will start the world a - long— Sing it as we used to sing it,
 gob - bled which our com - mis - sa - ry found! How the sweet po - ta - toes e - ven
 hon - ored flag they had not seen for years; Hard - ly could they be restrained from
 reb - els said, and 'twas a hand - some boast; Had they not for got, a - las, to
 lat - i - tude—three hun - dred to the main; Treason fled be - fore us, for re -

D. S.—So we sang the cho - rus from At -

FINE. CHORUS.

fif - ty thou - sand strong, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.
 start - ed from the ground, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.
 breaking forth in cheers, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia. } Hur - rah! hur - rah! we
 reck - on with the host, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.
 sis - tance was in vain, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.
 lan - ta to the sea, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.

D. S.

bring the ju - bi - lee! Hur - rah! hur - rah! the flag that makes you free!

G. F. R.

TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

Geo. F. Root.

1. In the pris - on cell I sit, Think - ing, Moth - er dear, of you, And our
 2. In the bat - tle front we stood, When their fierc - est charge they made, And they
 3. So, with - in the pris - on cell, We are wait - ing for the day That shall

bright and hap - py home so far a - way; And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of
swept us off, a hun - dred men or more; But be - fore we reached their lines They were
come to o - pen wide the i - ron door; And the hol - low eye grows bright, And the
D. S.—neath the star - ry flag We shall

FINE.

all that I can do, Though I try to cheer my com - rades and be gay.
beat - en back, dis - mayed, And we heard the cry of vic - t'ry o'er and o'er.
poor heart al - most gay, As we think of see - ing home and friends once more.
breathe the air a - gain Of the free - land in our own be - lov - ed home.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march - ing, Cheer up, comrades, they will come, And be -
marching on, O cheer up, com - rades, they will come,

OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

Robert Burns.

F. Mendelssohn.

1. Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast, On yon - der lea, On yon - der lea, My plai - die to the an - gry
2. Oh, were I in the wildest waste, Sae bleak and bare, Sae bleak and bare, The desert were a Par - a -

airt, . . . I'd shel - ter thee, I'd shel - ter thee; Or did mis - for - tune's bit - ter storms A -
dise. . . . If thou wert there, If thou wert there; Or were I mon - arch of the globe, With

round thee blaw, Around thee blaw, Thy shield should be my bosom, To share it a', To share it a'.
thee to reign, With thee to reign, The brightest jewel in my crown Wad be my queen, Wad be my queen.

MASSA'S IN THE COLD GROUND.

Stephen C. Foster.

1. Round de meadows am a - ring - ing De darkeys' mournful song, While de mocking bird am sing - ing,
 2. When de autumn leaves were falling, When de days were cold, 'Twas hard to hear old Massa call - ing,
 3. Mas - sa make de darkeys love him, Cayse he was so kind, Now dey sad - ly weep a - bove him,

Hap - py as de day am long. Where de ivy am a - creep - ing, O'er de grass - y mound,
 Cayse he was so weak and old. Now de orange trees am blooming, On de sand - y shore,
 Mourning cayse he leave dem behind. I can - not work before to - mor - row, Cayse de tear - drop flow;

CHORUS.

Dare old mas - sa am a - sleep - ing, Sleep - ing in de cold, cold ground. }
 Now de summer days am com - ing, Mas - sa nebbber calls no more. } Down in the corn - field
 I try to drive a - way my sor - row, Pick - ing on de old ban - jo. }

Hear dat mournful sound; All de dark - eys am a - weep - ing, Mas - sa's in de cold, cold ground.

DIP, BOYS, DIP THE OAR.

Sarona.

1. 'Tis moon - light on the sea, boys, Our boat is on the strand; She
 2. The zeph - yrs woo the spray, boys, Their laugh - ter fills the air; We'll
 3. What tho' the dark rocks frown, boys, Their home is on the shore; When

CHORUS.

bids us all be free, boys, And seek a fair - er land. }
 lid them wake our song, boys, And steal a - way our care. } Dip, boys, dip the oar,
 fair - er lands ap - pear, boys, Our dan - gers will be o'er. }

Bid fare-well to the dusk - y shore; Free-dom ours shall be, As we cross the deep blue sea

WE'RE TENTING TO-NIGHT.

Walter Kittredge.

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

wear - y hearts, a song of home, And friends we love so dear.
 loved ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear that said "good-bye!"
 brave and true who've left their homes, Oth-ers been wound-ed long.
 Some are dead and some are dy-ing, Man-y are in tears.

CHORUS.

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

Man-y are the hearts looking for the right, To see the dawn of peace. Tent-ing to-night,
Last v. - Dy-ing to-night,

Tent-ing to-night, Tent-ing on the old camp ground. Dy-ing on the old camp ground.
 Dy - ing to-night, (*Omit.*)

UNCLE NED.

1. There was an old darkey and his name was Uncle Ned, And he died long a-go, long a-go;
 2. His fin-gers were long as the cane In the brake, And he had no eyes for to see;
 3. One cold, frost-y morn-ing, old Ned died, Mas-sa's tears they fell like the rain;

He had no wool on the top of his head, In the place where the wool ought to grow.
 And he had no teeth for to eat a hoe cake, So he had to let the hoe-cake be.
 For he knew when Ned was laid in the ground, He'd nev-er see his like a gain.

REFRAIN, Bass Solo.

Harmony.

Then lay down the shov-el and the hoe, Hang up the fid-die and the bow;

For there's no more work for poor old Ned, He's gone where the good darkies go.

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

1. Ah, love, how can I leave thee? The sad thought deep doth grieve me; But know, what'er befalls me, I
 2. No more shall I be-hold thee, Or to my heart en-fold thee; In war's ar-ray ap-pear-ing. The
 3. I'll think of thee with longing, When tho'ts with tears come thronging; And on the field, if ly-ing. 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. }

Flotow.

1. { 'Tis the last rose of sum-mer, Left bloom - ing a - lone; }
 { All her love - ly com - pan - ions Are fad - ed and gone; } No flow - er of her kin - dred,
 2. { I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem; }
 { Since the love - ly are sleep - ing, Go sleep thou with them; } Thus kind - ly I scat - ter
 3. { So soon may I fol - low, When friend - ships de - cay, }
 { And from love's shining cir - cle The gems drop a - way; } When true hearts lie with - ered,

No rose - bud is nigh, To re - flect back her blush - es, Or give sigh for sigh.
 Thy leaves o'er the bed Where thy mates of the gar - den Lie scent - less and dead.
 And fond ones have flown, Oh, who would in - hab - it This bleak world a - lone!

THE VACANT CHAIR.

N. S. W.

Geo. F. Root.

1. We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one vacant chair; We shall lin - ger to ca -
 2. At our fire - side, sad and lone - ly, Oft - en will the bos - om swell At remembrance of the
 3. True, they tell us wreaths of glo - ry Ev - er - more will deck his brow, But this soothes the anguish

D. C. - We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one vacant chair; We shall linger to ca -
 Fine.

ress him, When we breathe our evening prayer. When a year a - go we gath - ered, Joy was
 sto - ry How our no - ble Wil - lie fell; How he strove to bear our ban - ner Thro' the
 on - ly Sweep - ing o'er our heart - strings now. Sleep to - day, O ear - ly fall - en, In thy

ress him, When we breathe our evening prayer.

in his mild blue eye, But a gold - en cord is sev - ered, And our hopes in ru - in lie.
 thick - est of the fight, And up - hold our country's hon - or, In the strength of manhood's might.
 green and nar - row bed, Dir - ges from the pine and cy - press Min - gle with the tears we shed.

D. C.

MY MARYLAND.

1. The des-pot's heel is on thy shore, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land! His torch is at thy
 2. Hark to an ex - iled son's ap - peal, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land! My Moth - er State, to
 3. Thou wilt not cow - er in the dust, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land! Thy gleaming sword shall

tem - ple door, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land! A - venge the pa - tri - ot - ic gore That
 thee I kneel! Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land! For life and death, for woe and weal, Thy
 nev - er rust, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land! Re - mem - ber Car - roll's sa - cred trust, Re -

flecked the streets of Bal - ti-more, And be the bat - tle-queen of yore, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land!
 peer - less chiv - al - ry re-veal, And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel, Ma-ry-land, my Ma - ry-land!
 mem - ber Howard's war-like thrust, And all thy slumb'ers with the just, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land!

GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES.

1. Good-night, la-dies! Good-night, la-dies! Good-night, la-dies! We're going to leave you now.
 2. Fare-well, la-dies! Fare-well, la-dies! Fare-well, la-dies! We're going to leave you now.
 3. Sweet dreams, ladies! Sweet dreams, la-dies! Sweet dreams, la-dies! We're going to leave you now.

Mer - ri - ly we roll along, Roll a-long, roll a-long, Mer - ri - ly we roll along, Over the dark blue sea.

THREE BLIND MICE. (Round.)

1. 2. 3.

Three blind mice, Three blind mice, See how they run, See how they run! They all ran after the farmer's wife,

4.

She cut off their tails with a carving knife; Did ever you see such a thing in your life, As three blind mice?

FLAG OF THE FREE.

1. Flag of the free, fair - est to see, Borne thro' the strife and the thun-der of war;
 2. Flag of the brave, long may it wave, Obo - en of God while His might we a-dore; In

Ban - ner so bright with star - ry light, Float ev - er proud - ly from moun - tain to shore.
 Lib - er - ty's van, for man - hood of man, Sym - bol of Right thro' the years pass - ing o'er.

Fine.

D. S. - While thro' the sky loud rings the cry, Un - ion and Lib - er - ty! one ev - er - more!

Em - blem of Free - dom, hope to the slave, Spread thy fair folds but to shield and to save,
 Pride of our coun - try, hon - ored a - far, Scat - ter each cloud that would dark - en a star,

D. S.

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR.

1. There's mu - sic in the air When the infant morn is nigh, And faint its blush is seen
 2. There's mu - sic in the air When the noontide's sultry beam Re - flects a gold - en light
 3. There's mu - sic in the air When the twilight's gentle sigh Is lost on eve - ning's breast,

On the bright and laughing sky. Many a harp's ec - stat - ic sound, With its thrill of
 On the dis - tant moun - tain stream: When be - neath some grateful shade, Sor - row's ach - ing
 As its pen - sive beau - ties die. Then, oh, then the loved ones gone Wake the pure ce -

joy pro - found, While we list, en - chant - ed there, To the mu - sic in the air.
 head is laid, Sweet - ly to the spir - it there Comes the mu - sic in the air.
 les - tial song, An - gel voi - ces greet us there, In the mu - sic in the air.

OLD BLACK JOE.

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my friends from the
 2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my
 3. Where are the hearts once so hap-py and so free? The chil-dren so dear that I

cot-ton-fields a-way; Gone from the earth to a bet-ter land, I know,
 friends come not a-gain? Griev-ing for forms now de-part-ed long a-go,
 held up-on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go,

CHORUS.

I hear their gen-tle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe!" I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing. For my

head is bend-ing low; I hear those gen-tle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe!"

CATCH THE SUNSHINE.

1. Catch the sunshine! tho' it flick-ers Thro' a dark and dis-mal cloud, Tho' it falls so faint and
 2. Catch the sunshine! tho' life's tem-pest May un-furl its chill-ing blast, Catch the lit-tle, hope-ful
 3. Catch the sunshine! don't be griev-ing O'er that darksome bil-low there! Life's a sea of storm-y

fee-ble On a heart with sor-row bowed. Catch it quick-ly! it is pass-ing, Pass-ing
 strag-gler! storms will not for-ev-er last. Don't give up, and say "for-sak-en!" Don't be-
 bi-lows, We must meet them ev-ry-where. Pass right thro' them! do not tar-ry, O-ver-

Catch the Sunshine.

rap - id - ly a - way; it has on - ly come to tell you There is yet a brighter day.
gin to say 'I'm sad!' Look! there comes a gleam of sunshine! Catch it! oh, it seems so glad!
come the heaving tide, There's a spark - ling gleam of sun - shine Wait - ing on the oth - er side.

The Old Oaken Bucket.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

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 - tan - gled wild-wood, And ev - 'ry loved

CHO.—The old oak - en buck - et, the i - ron-bound buck - et, The moss - cov - ered
Fine.

lec - tion pre - sents them to view! } The wide - spreading 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. for Chorus.
fa - ther, the dai - ry-house nigh it, And e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well.

That 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.

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.

SCOTLAND'S BURNING. (Round.)

1. 2. 3. 4.

Scotland's burning, Scotland's burning, Look out, look out! Fire, fire, fire, fire! Pour on water, Pour on water.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Stephen C. Foster.

1. 'Way down up - on de Swa - nee riv - er, Far, far a - way,
 All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
 2. All roun' de lit - tle farm I wan - dered, When I was young;
 When I was play - ing with my broth - er, Hap - py was I;
 3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One that I love,
 When will I see de bees a - hum - ming All roun' de comb?

Fine.

Dere's wha my heart is turn - ing av - er, Dere's wha de old folks stay.
 Still long - ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.
 Den man - y hap - py days I squan - dered, Man - y de songs I sung.
 Oh! take me to my kind old moth - er, There let me live and die.
 Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove.
 When will I hear de ban - jo tum - ming, Down in my good old home?

D. S.—Oh! darkies, how my heart grows wear - y, Far from de old folks at home.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

All de world is sad and drear - y, Ev - 'ry - where I roam;

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

Longfellow.

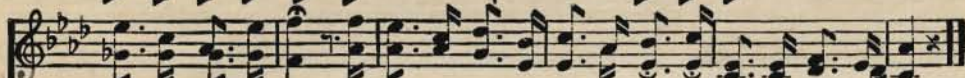
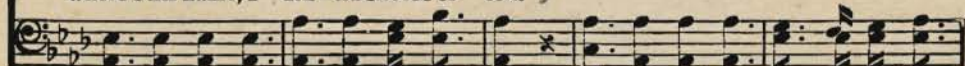
1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon az - ure deeps, Hide, hide your
 2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down yon west - ern steeps, Sink, sink in
 3. Dreams of the sum - mer night, Tell her, her lov - er keeps Watch while, in
 gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
 sil - ver light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
 slum - bers light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.



1. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' thro' the rye, If a bod-y
2. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' frae the town, If a bod-y
3. Among the train there is a swain I dear-ly love my-sel'; But what's his name, or



kiss a bod-y, Need a bod-y cry? } Ev-'ry las-sie has her lad-die,
greet a bod-y, Need a bod-y frown? } where's his hame, I din-na choose to tell.

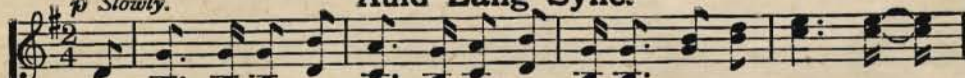


Nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet a' the lads they smile on me, When comin' thro' the rye.



♩ Slowly.

Auld Lang Syne.



1. Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should
2. We twa ha'e run a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans fine; But we've
3. We twa ha'e sported i' the burn Frae morn-in' sun till dine, But
4. And here's a hand, my trust - y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll



♩ CHORUS.



auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And days of auld lang syne? }
wan-dered mony a wea - ry foot Sin' auld lang syne. } For auld lang
seas be-tween us braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne. }
tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne. }



Repeat Chorus ff.



syne, my dear, For auld lang syne; We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet For auld lang syne.



ALFRED TENNYSON.

J. BARNEY.

pp *Larghetto.*

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea;
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;

Low, low, breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea;
Rest, rest, on moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;

mf O - ver the roll - - ing wa - - ters go, Come from the
Fa - ther will come to his babe in the nest, Come.....
pp Fa - - - ther will come to his babe, Sil - - ver
Sil - - ver

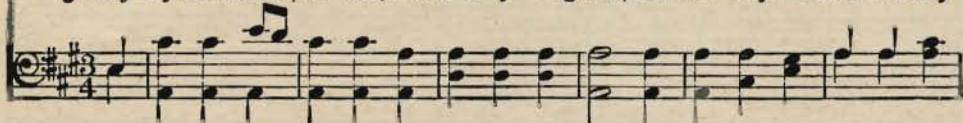
dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to me,
from the moon and blow,
sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver moon
sails out of the west,

p While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.....
Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep.....
Rall. e dim. *pp*

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.



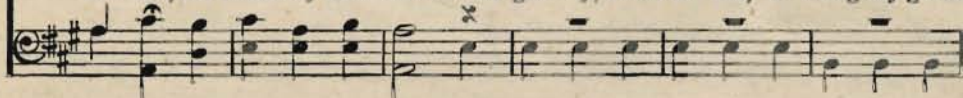
1. Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, a-mang thy green braes; Flow gently, I'll sing thee a
2. How loft-y, sweet Af-ton, thy neigh-bor-ing hills, Far marked with the cours-es of
3. Thy crys-tal stream, Af-ton, how love-ly it glides, And winds by the cot where my



song in thy praise; My Ma-ry's a-sleep by thy murmuring stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet clear-winding rills! There dai-ly I wan-der, as morn ris-es high, My flocks and my Ma-ry re-sides! How wan-ton thy wa-ters her snow-y feet lave, As, gath'ring sweet



Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream. Thou stock-dove, whose ech-o re-sounds from the Ma-ry's sweet cot in my eye. How pleas-ant thy banks and green val-leys be-flow'rets, she stems thy clear wave! Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, a-mang thy green



hill, Ye wild whistling black-birds in yon thorn-y dell, Thou green-crest-ed low, Where wild in the wood-lands the prim-ros-es blow! There oft, as mild braes, Flow gen-tly, sweet riv-er, the theme of my lays: My Ma-ry's a-



lap-wing, thy screaming for-bear, I charge you, dis-turb not my slum-ber-ing fair, eve-ning creeps o-ver the les, The sweet-scented birch shades my Ma-ry and me, sleep by thy murmuring stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream.



MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

STEPHEN C. FORD.

Rather slow.

1. The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home, 'Tis summer, the darkies 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 matter, 'twill nev - er be light;

By'm-by hard times comes a-knock - ing at the door, Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!
 The time has come when the darkies have to part, Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!
 A few more days till we tot - ter on the road, Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

CHORUS.

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

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

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

Fine.

1. Those eve - ning bells! those eve - ning bells! How man - y a tale their mu - sic tells,
 2. Those joy - ous hours have passed a - way; And man - y a heart that then was gay,
 3. And so 'twill be when I am gone, That tune - ful peal will still ring on,

D. C.

Of youth and home, and that sweet time When last I heard their soothing chime.
 With - in the tomb now dark - ly dwells, And hears no more those eve - ning bells.
 While oth - er bards shall walk these dells, And sing your praise, sweet eve - ning bells.

WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY.

1. When the swal - lows homeward fly, When the ro - ses scat - tered lie, When from
 2. When the white swan southward roves, To seek at noon the or - ange groves, When the
 3. Hush, my heart! why thus complain? Thou must, too, thy woes con - tain, Tho' on

nei - ther hill nor dale Chants the sil - v'ry night - in - gale; In these words my bleeding
 red tints of the west Prove the sun has gone to rest; In these words my bleeding
 earth no more we rove, Loud - ly breathing words of love; Thou, my heart, must find re -

heart Would to thee its grief im - part, When I thus thy im - age lose,
 heart Would to thee its grief im - part, When I thus thy im - age lose,
 lief, Yield - ing to these words be - lief; I shall see thy form a - gain,

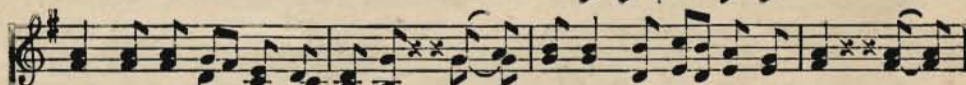
Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose?
 Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose?
 Though to - day we part a - gain, Though to - day we part a - gain.

Spirited.

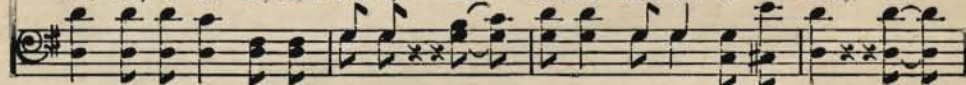
1. O Co-lum-bia, the gem of the o-cean, The home of the braves and the free, The
 2. When war winged its wide des-o-la-tion, And threatened the land to de-form, The
 3. The star-spangled banner bring hither, O'er Co-lum-bia's true sons let it wave; May the



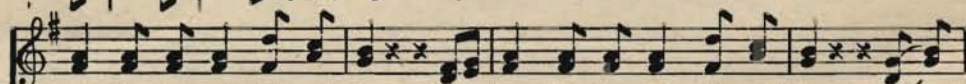
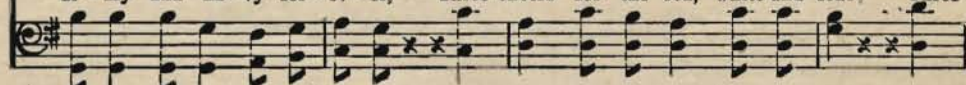
shrine of each pa-triot's de-vo-tion, A world of-ers hom-age to thee. Thy
 ark then of freedom's foun-da-tion, Co-lum-bia, rode safe thro' the storm: With the
 wreaths they have won never with-er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave: May the



mandates make he-roes as-semble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view; Thy
 gar-lands of vic-t'ry a-round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave crew, With her
 serv-ice, u-nit-ed, ne'er sev-er, But hold to their col-ors so true; The



ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue; When
 flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue; The
 ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue; Three



borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue, Thy
 boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue, With her
 cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, The



ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
 flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
 ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.



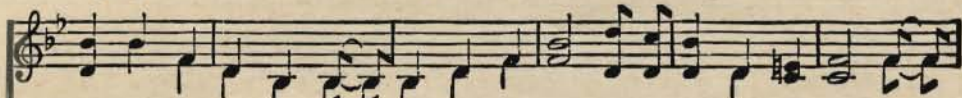
The Star-Spangled Banner.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY. 1814.

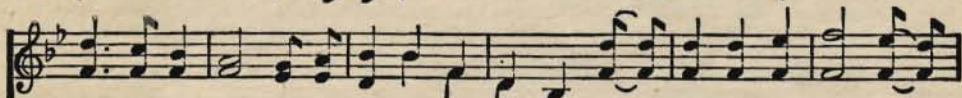
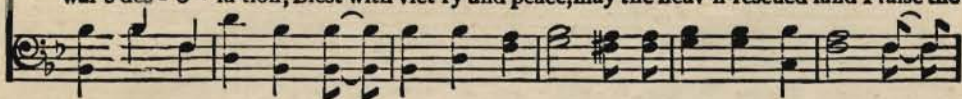
SOLO OR QUARTET.



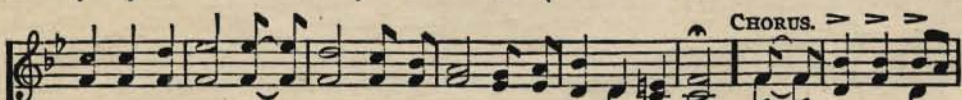
1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proudly we hailed at the
2. On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
3. And where is that band who so vaunt-ing-ly swore That the hav-oc of war and the
4. Oh, thus be it ev-er when freemen shall stand Between their loved home and wild



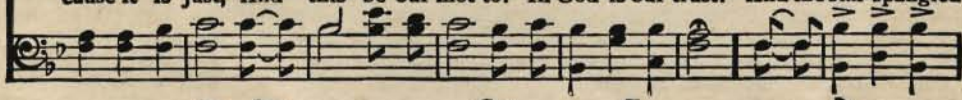
twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per-il-ous fight, O'er the
 si-lence re-pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing steep, As it
 bat-tle's con-fu-sion A home and a country should leave us no more? Their
 war's des-o-la-tion; Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the



ram-parts we watched, were so gal-lant-ly streaming? And the rock-ets' red glare, the bomba-
 fit-ful-ly blows, half conceals, half dis-clos-es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the
 blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pol-lu-tion. No ref-uge could save the
 Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na-tion! Then con-quer we must, when our



bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that
 morning's first beam, In full glory reflected now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-spangled
 hireling and slave From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave: And the star-spangled
 cause it is just, And this be our mot-to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled



star-spangled ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
 ban-ner: oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
 ban-ner in tri-umph doth wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
 ban-ner in tri-umph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.



THE BLUE-BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

1. O where, and O where is your High-land lad - die gone? O where, and O
 2. O where, and O where does your High-land lad - die dwell? O where, and O
 3. Sup - pose, and sup - pose that your High-land lad should die? Sup - pose, and sup -

where is your High-land lad - die gone? He's gone to fight the foe, for King
 where does your High-land lad - die dwell? He dwelt in mer - ry Scot - land, at the
 pose that your High-land lad should die? The bag-pipes shall play o'er him, and I'd

George up - on the throne; And it's oh! in my heart, how I wish him safe at home!
 sign of the Blue-Bell; And it's oh! in my heart that I love my lad - die well.
 lay me down and cry; But it's oh! in my heart that I wish he may not die.

Cres.

Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

Rev. J. B. DYER.

1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th' en-cir-ling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I
 choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish
 fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

do not ask to see..... The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
 day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will Re-mem-ber not past years!
 an - gel fa - ces smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

p *Cres.*

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HISTORICAL PARADE—THURSDAY, SEPT. 28.

Mrs. C. W. Boucher, Chairman.

Prizes will be given to the aggregate and the individual having either the most original, the most typical, or the most artistic display.

CHAIRMEN.

Mr. Fred Cole	Townships	Mrs. H. V. Doepker.....	Kouts
Mr. Chas. L. Jeffrey...	Chesterton	Mr. John Busse.....	Porter
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PAGEANT DAY—FRIDAY, SEPT. 29.

Mrs. A. A. Williams, Chairman; Mrs. A. R. Putnam, Mrs. L. F. Bennett, Assistants.

10:30 Concert—Salisbury Family Orchestra.

11:00 Community Song—H. Rowland Roberts, Director.

11:30 Drill—Me-Tek-Yah-Rita Camp Fire.

Helen Black, Hazel Butler, Margery Chaffee, Lillian Darst, Emily Dille, Louise Dolch, Aida Foster, Mary Jessee, Mildred McCord, Alberta Miner, Thelma Passow, Ina Pierce, Helen Schleman, Dorthy Tousley, Vivian Worstell, Margaret Rex, Guardian.

Basket Dinner.

1:15 Old Settlers' Reunion. (Floral Hall.) Mrs. Amos Lantz in charge.

2:00 Centennial Chorus. 'Indiana', an Indian legend.

Words and music composed and published by Prof. C. L. Loomis, of Valparaiso University, especially for the Centennial Chorus.

HISTORICAL PAGEANT OF PORTER COUNTY.

Nettie Dowdell Williams—Writer of Pageant.

Rollo A. Tallcott—Pageant Master.

H. Rowland Roberts—Director of Chorus.

Musical Accompaniment—Salisbury Family Orchestra.

Assistant Directors.

Episode I—The Indians H. M. Jessee

Episode II—The Explorers P. W. Clifford

Episode III—Invasion by the Whites—

P. Lowell Dowdell, J. M. Lentz, Homer F. Black, T. L. Hyttinen, R. C. Yoeman, Mrs. Cora Benham.

Interlude—Columbia and the States.....Mrs. E. L. Loomis

Episode IV—The Civil War Dr. D. D. Rose

Interlude—Indiana and her Counties.....Estella Diefenbach

Episode V—Retrospective and Prospective.

OUTLINE.

EPISODE I.

THE INDIANS—1679.

March—Come from north towards south part of field in single file. Part of braves lead, squaws dragging tepees and bearing burdens, follow with children; remainder of braves bring up rear. Braves whoop, children shout, dogs bark.

Village—Squaws set up tepees; gather fagots, piling them at center of stage and lighting by striking flints. Braves loll about.

Dance—Squaws join braves in dance about fire. Drumbeats, rattles, whoops, make a terrible din. Children and dogs sit, lie or stand about looking on, or in small

(Friday Continued on Next Page.)

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(Friday Continued.)

bands mimic their elders. Arrow shot by attacking Iroquois from ambush starts confusion. Squaws and children flee to cover. Braves rally for battle.

Battle—Potawatomie braves engage attacking Iroquois. One Potawatomie falls dead. Four of enemy are wounded. One is tomakawked. One escapes. Remainder are captured and have hands bound.

Victory—Braves return to camp, bearing their dead fellow, carrying uplifted the dripping scalp of the enemy, and driving before them the prisoners. (Whooping.) Squaws mourn over dead Potawatomie and rejoice over scalp and prisoners whom they cuff. Babel of noise and confusion.

Punishment—One of enemy is bound to a tree and fagots are piled about. Remainder of prisoners run gauntlet. Both braves and squaws stand in line and strike and cut fugitives, most of whom fall injured. All injured and wounded enemy are carried to rear of camp, where they later recover one at a time and swell size of village. The one bound to tree is saved by pleadings of Chief's daughter.

Funeral—Wailing over dead Potawatomie. Digging of a hole about a foot deep and placing dead in this in sitting posture. More wailing, moaning.

EPISODE II.

THE EXPLORERS—1679.

Marseillaise by Orchestra.

Approach—Approach of LaSalle's company is discovered. Consternation in Indian village. Signal calls for any without camp (bird calls). Dead brave is hustled into one of tepees. Indian guide of French confers with Chief. LaSalle and others come forward, greet Chief and plant French flag. Smoké Calumet. Black robes of Chief attract much attention. Squaws examine. French barter with Indians for furs. Fathers gather children together and teach them. Squaws soon join them, then braves and French. Now Fathers hold a service in which all join. LaSalle and followers move on. Priests linger, pointing to cross and skyward. They then move slowly away, walking backward and pointing upward. The French leave both the Flag and the Cross. Indians gaze motionless after those departing.

Domestic Life—Squaws replenish fire, prepare meal, weave baskets. Children play about shouting. Braves sprawl on ground, smoke, hunt, wrestle. Sick child and Medicine Man.

EPISODE III.

INVASION BY THE WHITES—1763-1834.

Rule, BritanniaOrchestra
Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.....Orchestra
Hubert Skinner's Indiana.....Chorus
British Take N. W. Territory—Indians suddenly lay aside work and stretch out asleep. Indians' slumber very profound. John Bull struts in and exchanges English flag for French.

Brady, 1777—Tom Brady, with fifteen followers, passes along Old Sac Trail on his

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DRUGS AND SODA

East Side of Square

(Friday Continued.)

way from Illinois to attack a fort of British northeast of Indiana. They replace the British flag by the Stars and Stripes (13 stars).

Interlude, 1816—Columbia, in a Roman chariot, coming from east, followed by:

Delaware	1787	Virginia	1788
Pennsylvania	1787	New York	1788
New Jersey	1787	North Carolina	1789
Georgia	1787	Rhode Island	1790
Connecticut	1788	Vermont	1791
Massachusetts	1788	Kentucky	1792
Maryland	1788	Tennessee	1796
South Carolina	1788	Ohio	1802
New Hampshire	1788	Louisiana	1812

They meet Indiana coming from the West. All are dressed in white robes with sashes bearing name of state and date of admission. Columbia wears a crown. The thirteen colonies follow chariot and are holding long, white streamers. The remaining five States follow singly and alone. They meet the child, 'Indiana,' in center of stage and stand extending hands of greeting while chorus sing first stanza of Hubert Skinner's INDIANA. Indiana falls behind into place and chorus continue song while Columbia and States proceed from stage.

Traders, 1822—Alexander Robinson and Joseph Bailey appear at village. Make friends with Indians and trade for furs. Bailey acts as a missionary and teaches Indians. Goes northward and returns with wife, "The Lily of the Lakes."

Squatter Snavelly—Arrives leaning on staff and heavily laden. Barter with Indians for land. Erects cabin.

Settlers—Arrival in mover's wagon. Unsuccessful attempt to take Snavelly's land. Go for help, and return with government officers only to find Snavelly barricaded. Ousting of Snavelly and giving possession to settler, who has paid government for land. Spurning of allowance made for improvements by government, and Snavelly's start on foot to Washington to find justice.

Social life of Settlers—Husking bee with red ear, cider and apples, Virginia Reel. Horse trading and racing.

Home Life—Feeding Indians from village. Spinning. Tilling soil.

Stage Coach—Passing of stage along Old Sac Trail. Stoppage to hand out mail and exchange gossip.

Removal of Indians, 1834—The village is taken down. Some old and feeble are loaded into wagon; most of them walk, carrying burdens. Much suffering, weariness and sorrow should be depicted.

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(Friday Continued.)

EPISODE IV.

THE CIVIL WAR—1861.

Old Black Joe.....	} Orchestra
Marching Through Georgia.....	}
Tenting To-night.....	} Chorus
Just Before the Battle, Mother.....	}

Underground Railway—Two negro men creep up to house. They are kindly received. Woman and child are brought by neighbor abolitionist. All are hidden just in time to avoid discovery by slave traders who follow closely on their track. Traders talk loudly, gesticulating and pointing in various directions, and then turn back. The fugitives are then conducted northward.

Declaration of War—Men gather in excited groups. One makes loud speech from a dry goods box. All cheer and get excited. Women congregate, talk wildly, weep.

Recruiting Station—Enlisting. Drilling. Camp-fire and camp life. Songs: Tenting To-night. Just Before the Battle, Mother.

Interlude—Indiana and counties forming flag.

The Old Flag Has Never Touched the Ground.....Chorus

EPISODE V.

RETROSPECTIVE AND PROSPECTIVE.

Medley—Orchestra.

Recessional on Highway—

- 1 Indians march single file, part of braves lead; women bearing burdens, carrying papooses and dragging tepees. Children are mixed among them; dogs run hither and thither; and rest of braves follow, whooping.
- 2 LaSalle and company of French, Fathers and Indian guide. Followers are carrying canoes and camp paraphernalia. Priests bear crosses. All chanting.
- 3 John Bull bearing English flag.
- 4 Tom Brady's men bearing Stars and Stripes.
- 5 Columbia followed by the nineteen states, Indiana bringing up the rear.
- 6 Traders, Alexander Robinson, Joseph Bailey.
- 7 Snavelly.
- 8 Settlers in mover's wagon.
- 9 Stage Coach.
- 10 Negro slaves slouching along. Slave masters. G. A. R. bearing "OLD GLORY." School children of Porter County bearing small flags.

END.

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BAND CONCERT—SATURDAY, SEPT. 30.

L. O. Gordon, Director.

Program

America	Foster
King Rose Overture	Barnard
The Palms	Faure
A Hunting Scene	Bucalossi
Garde du Corps March	Hall
American Home Songs	Ascher
Poet and Peasant Overture	Von Suppe
Stars and Stripes Forever	Sousa
Star-Spangled Banner	Key

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