

See-Saw Waltz Song

A. G. CROWE

Tempo di Valse

See - saw, see - saw, now we're up or down, See - saw, see - saw, Now we're

off to Lon-don Town. See - saw, see - saw, Boys and girls come out and play, See - saw,

FINE

see - saw, On this our hol - i - day. 1. There's Pol-ly and John-ny and Kit-ty and
2. Then come, boys and girls, and all join hands a -

Jane, All run-ning to get on the See-saw a - gain, But Bob-by and Sal-ly al -
round, And mer - ri - ly skip with de - light o'er the ground, Such fro-lic-some games ne'er be -

read - y are there, And swinging the See-saw up high in the air. Ha! ha, ha, ha, ha,
fore have been seen, As we'll have to - day on the old village green. Ha! ha, ha, ha, ha,

ha, ha, ha, ha, What fun! Ha! ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, What fun!

D.C. al fine

Angelic Songs are Swelling

Rev. F. W. FABER

J. M. ARMSTRONG, arr.

1. Hark! hark! my soul, an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry souls, for
 3. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve - ning peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus
 4. Rest comes at length; tho' life be long and drear - y, The day must dawn, and
 5. An - gels, sing on! your faith - ful watch - es keep - ing; Sing us sweet frag - ments

o - cean's wavebeat shore. . . How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing
 Je - sus bids you come! . . . And, through the dark, its ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing,
 sounds o'er land and sea; . . . And la - den souls by thousands meek - ly steal - ing,
 darksome night be past; . . . All jour - neys end in wel - come to the wea - ry,
 of the songs a - bove; . . . Till morn - ing's joy shall end the night of weep - ing,

dim. CHORUS
 Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,
 The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home.
 Kind Shep - herd, turn their wea - ry steps to thee.
 And heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last.
 And life's long shad - ows break in cloud - less sky.

rall.
 An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night.