

Yet I look on, beyond earth's limitation,
 To where a home of rare vision gleams,
 Fairer than earth's most wonderful crea-
 tion
 Bathed in the light of heaven's own
 morning beams.
 There we shall meet, from every clime
 and nation,
 There we shall meet in answer to the
 call,
 There we shall meet in joyous consecra-
 tion,
 Sons of one Father, brothers one and
 all.

6. RULE, BRITANNIA (7)

When Britain first, at heav'ns command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 Arose, arose, arose from out the azure
 main,
 This was the charter, the charter of the
 land,
 And guardian angels sang this strain.

Chorus:

Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the
 waves;
 Britons never shall be slaves.

7. BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS (172)

Believe me if all those endearing young
 charms,
 Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
 Were to change by to-morrow and fleet
 in my arms,
 Like fairy gifts fading away,
 Thou wouldst still be ador'd, as this
 moment thou art,
 Let thy loveliness fade as it will
 And around the dear ruin each wish of
 my heart
 Would entwine itself verdantly still.

8. DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES (34)

With thine eyes,
 With mine,
 With the cup,
 With mine;
 The soul doth rise,
 With mine;
 The nectar sup
 With thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much hon'ring thee
 As giving it a hope that there
 It could not withered be;
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent'st it back to me,
 Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself but thee.

9. I'LL TAKE YOU HOME AGAIN, KATHLEEN (128)

I will take you back, Kathleen,
 To where your heart will feel no pain;
 And when the fields are fresh and green,
 I'll take you to your home again.

10. THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS

The harp that once thro' Tara's Halls
 The soul of music shed,
 Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
 As if that soul were fled;
 So sleeps that pride of former days,
 So glory's thrill is o'er,
 And hearts that once beat high for praise
 Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
 The harp of Tara swells;
 The chord alone that breaks at night
 Its tale of ruin tells:
 Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,
 The only throb she gives,
 Is when some heart indignant breaks
 To show that still she lives.

11. ANNIE LAURIE (175)

Maxwelton's braes are bonnie,
 Where early fa's the dew,
 And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
 Gi'ed me her promise true;
 Gi'ed me her promise true;
 Which ne'er forgot will be,
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me doon and dee.

12. COMIN' THRO' THE RYE (177)

If a body meet a body,
 Comin' thro' the rye,
 If a body kiss a body
 Need a body cry?
 Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,
 Nane they say ha'e I.
 Yet a' the lads they smile on me,
 When comin' thro' the rye.

EVERYBODY SINGS"