

69. S-M-I-L-E (151)

It isn't any trouble just to s-m-i-l-e,
Oh, it isn't any trouble just to s-m-i-l-e.
If you smile when you're in trouble,
It will vanish like a bubble,
If you'll only take the trouble just to
s-m-i-l-e.

70. STARS OF THE SUMMER
NIGHT (21A)

Stars of the summer night,
Far in the azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light,
She sleeps, my lady sleeps,
She sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps.

Moon of the summer night,
Far down yon western steeps,
Sink, sink in silver light,
She sleeps, my lady sleeps,
She sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps.

71. SWEET AND LOW (176)

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea;
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea.
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon and blow;
Blow him again to me,
While my little one, while my pretty one
sleeps.

72. SWEET GENEVIEVE (173)

O Genevieve, I'd give the world
To live again the lovely past!
The rose of youth was dew-impearl'd,
But now it withers in the blast.
I see thy face in every dream,
My waking thoughts are full of thee;
Thy glance is in the starry beam
That falls along the summer sea.

O Genevieve, sweet Genevieve,
The days may come, the days may go,
But still the hands of mem'ry weave
The blissful dreams of long ago.

73. TAPS (40)

Fading light dims the sight,
And a star gems the sky, gleaming
bright,
From afar drawing nigh,
Falls the night.

Dear one, rest!
In the sweet Sable night lulls the day on
her breast;
Sweet, good-night!
Now away, To thy rest.

Love, sweet dreams!
Lo, the beams of the light fairy moon
kiss the streams;
Love, good-night!
Ah, too soon! Peaceful dreams!

74. ADESTE FIDELES (100J)

O come, all ye faithful
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem.
Come and behold Him,
Born the King of Angels:
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord.

Sing choirs of Angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing all ye citizens of heav'n above:
Glory to God—,
In the highest, glory!
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord.

75. GOOD KING WENCESLAS (100i)

Good King Wenceslas look'd out
On the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
Deep and crisp and even;
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Tho' the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gath'ring winter fuel.

"Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling;
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where, and what his dwelling?"
"Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain;
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain."

In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed;
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

" E V E R Y B O D Y S I N G S "
