

Diamond Music No. 1

HOME, SWEET HOME.

*With expression.*

1. Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam, Be it ever so  
 2. An exile from home, splendour dazles in vain, Oh! give me my

*cres.*

hum-ble, there's no place like home! A charm from the skies seems to hal-low us  
 low-ly thatch'd cot-tage a-gain; The birds sing-gai-ly, that came at my

*with expression.*

there, Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with else-where,  
 call, Give me them with that peace of mind, dearer than all, Home! home!  
 Home! home!

*cres.* *calando.*

sweet, sweet home! There's no place like home! There's no place like home!  
 sweet, sweet home! There's no place like home! There's no place like home!

Diamond Music No. 2

ANNIE LAURIE.

SCOTCH BALLAD.

*Tenderly.*

1. Max-wel-ton's braes are bon-nie, Where ear-ly fa's the dew,  
 2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her throat is like the swan;  
 3. Like dew on th'gow-an-ly-ing Is th' fa'o' her fair-y feet,

And 'twas there that An-nie Lau-rie Gave me her prom-ise true,  
 Her face it is the fair-est That e'er the sun shone on,  
 And like winds in sum-mer sigh-ing, Her voice is low and sweet,

*cres.*

Gave me her prom-ise true, Which ne'er for-got will be,  
 That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e,  
 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.  
 And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me down and dee.  
 And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me down and dee.

Diamond Music No. 3

AULD LANG SYNE.

ROBERT BURNS.

*p* *Slow.*

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

Should auld - acquaint-ance be for-got, And days of auld lang syne?  
 But we've wander'd mony a wea - ry foot Sin' auld lang syne.  
 But seas be-tween us braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne.  
 We'll tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet, For auld lang syne.

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne;  
 For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne;

*Repeat Chorus ff*

We'll tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet For auld lang syne.

Average weight of smallest font, 60 lbs. Price, \$3.20 per lb.

Diamond Music No. 4

WATCH ON THE RHINE.

WILHELM.

1. There swells a cry as thun-ders crash, As clash of swords and break - ers dash; To  
 2. Two mil - lions swift - ly came the cry, And lightnings flash'd from ev - ry eye; Our  
 3. And though my heart should beat no more, No for - eign foe will hold thy shore; Rich

Rhine, to Rhine, to the Ger-man Rhine, Who will pro-tect thee riv - er mine?  
 so good and brave will stand, And guard thee Ho - ly bor - der Land.  
 as in wa - ter is thy flood, Is Ger - ma - ny in he - ro blood.

CHORUS.

Dear Fath - er - land, let peace be thine, Dear Fath - er - land, let peace be thine,  
 Dear Fath - er - land, let peace be thine, Dear Fath - er - land, let peace be thine,

Brave hearts and true de - fend the Rhine, Brave hearts and true de - fend the Rhine.