

**SONGS FOR
INTERMEDIATE
GRADES**

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Songs for Intermediate Grades by Various

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VARIOUS

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INTERMEDIATE
GRADES**

SAN JOSE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

SONGS

FOR

Intermediate Grades



CALIFORNIA
STATE PRINTING OFFICE
1916

SPRING BLOSSOMS.

LEAFLET XV.

I.

There is no time so sweet as spring, When nature dons her best;
Dispell'd is gloom, when bud and bloom Awake from winter's rest.
The birds again their carols sing Within the vernal trees,
And violets rise with purple eyes To greet the gentle breeze.

CHORUS:

Springtime, sweet springtime, We love these joyous hours,
And gaily roam o'er hill and vale, Among the fragrant flow'rs.

II.

Oh, spring is sweet, for ev'ry flow'r Glows gaily in the sun,
And in the air it breathes a prayer, For hours so sweet begun;
No longer reigns the frost and snow, Soft summer now is nigh;
The buds of spring the tidings bring, That wintry days must die.

CHORUS:

III.

O'er hill and dale the herald roves With flowerets in his hand,
And casts away the blossoms gay To deck the waking land.
Oh, spring is sweet, for ev'ry flow'r Glows gaily in the sun;
And in the air it breathes a prayer, For hours so sweet begun.

THE TIME OF THE SINGING OF BIRDS.

I.

The time of the singing of birds is come,
The trees are robed in green;
The flow'rs unfold their tints of gold,
And the fair pink may be seen;
O'er all the land doth a promise lie,
The herald of Summer's reign;
At the golden beat of her flying feet
The old Earth smiles again.

II.

Away in wood-lands wide and deep
The shadowy grass bends low,
Before winds that creep where daisies sleep,
And the dainty wind-flow'rs blow.
And deep in the heart of the dim old woods
The sun-beams fair have strayed;
Like shafts of light they have pierced the night
By the arching branches made.

III.

But not over meadow and wood alone
Doth their spell of beauty steal;
There are human hearts whose bitter smarts
Its smile hath power to heal.
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And we pause in our weary way,
While the sad hearts thrill and the sad eyes fill
At the breath of the scented May.

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CALIFORNIA BESIDE THE RESTLESS SEA.

LEAFLET XVI.

In dear old California, The state we all love best,
Where grows the golden poppy, The flow'r of the Golden West;
Where songbirds gaily singing, All nature seems in tune,
And the fragrant orange blossoms Fill the air with sweet perfume.
My tho'ts are ever turning, My heart is ever yearning,
For dear old California Beside the restless sea;
On high the snow-capped mountains, Below the valleys green;
No grander place in all the world— More peaceful and serene.

CHORUS:

California, Golden State, golden sunsets, Golden Gate,
Land of sunshine, fruit and flowers,
Where we spend life's golden hours.
Land of health and beauty fair, Home of dear old grizzly bear,
We are ever true to thee,
California, beside the restless sea.

Methinks I see in fancy, The days of the Pioneers,
When first they turned their footsteps Toward the land we love so dear,
With slowly moving oxen And prairie schooners, too,
With naught to guide them but the stars And Heaven's eternal blue.
They came o'er snowy mountains, And o'er the burning plain,
Where many, many dear ones By the Indians were slain;
They immigrated westward, Where shady palm trees grow,
And built their little settlements, So many years ago.

BLOSSOM BELLS.

SUNDAY SCHOOL SERIES NO. I.

Over hill and valley ring the blossom bells,
On the breezes wafted how their gladness tells;
Summer days have come at last their ringing tells,
Ring, oh ring, ye blossom bells!

Blossom bells, ring, oh ring!
Join the chorus with the birds that sing;
Let your chime sweetly tell
Of the joy that fills each blossom bell,
Winter's gloom now is past,
Summertime is come with joy at last,
Blossom bells, ring your praise
On this happy day of days!

Swinging, softly swinging in the sunlit air,
How their cheerful music echoes everywhere;
Welcome is the message which to us their bear,
Ring, oh ring, ye blossom bells!

WELCOME SWEET SPRING.

SCHOOL SONG BOOK.

Welcome, sweet Springtime, We greet thee in song,
Murmurs of gladness fall on the ear,
Voices long hush'd now their full notes prolong,
Echoing far and near.
Sunshine now wakes all the flowerets from sleep,
Joy-giving incense floats on the air;
Snowdrop and primrose both timidly peep, Hailing the glad new year. [bestowing.
Balmy and life-breathing breezes are blowing, Swiftly to nature new vigor
Ah, how my heart beats with rapture anew,
As earth's fairest beauties again meet my view.
Sing then ye birds, raise your voices on high;
Flowerets awake ye, burst into bloom.
Springtime is come and sweet Summer is nigh.
Sing, then, ye birds, O sing!

Welcome, sweet Springtime. What joy now is ours,
Winter has fled to far distant climes,
Flora thy presence awaits in the bowers,
Longing for thy commands.
Brooklets are whisp'ring as onward they flow,
Songs of delight at thy glad return,
Boundless the wealth thou in love dost bestow, Ever with lavish hands.
How nature loves thee, each glad voice disclose;
Herald thou art of the time of the roses.
Ah, how my heart beats with rapture anew,
As earth's fairest beauties again meet my view.
Sing then ye birds, raise your voices on high;
Flowerets awake ye, burst into bloom;
Springtime is come and sweet Summer is nigh.
Sing, then, ye birds, O sing!

THE YEAR'S AT THE SPRING.

LAUREL MUSIC READER.

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn,
Morning's at seven,
The hillside's dew pearled;
The lark's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn,
God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world.

BIRD OF THE AZURE WING.

EDUCATIONAL.

Bird of the azure wing, Come, for it is the spring, And high the white clouds float;
Come, bluebird, come, Come, bluebird, come.
Bird of the circling flight, Softly the winds of night, And lonely waters cry,
Come, swallow, come, Come, swallow, come.

Bird of the silver note,
Come, it is the spring, and high the white clouds float,
Come, bluebird, come, Come, bluebird, come.

Bird of the twilight sky,
Softly the winds of night, And lonely waters cry,
Come, swallow, come, come, Come, swallow, come.

SWEET SPRING IS HERE.

ELEANOR SMITH.

Sweet spring is here, sweet spring is here!
All gloom he'll quickly banish.
With tender green he decks each tree,
Fair flow'rs he calls to vale and lea,
And winter drear shall vanish,
And winter drear shall vanish!
Sweet spring is here, sweet spring is here!
Sweet spring, Glad spring is here!

Sweet spring is here, sweet spring is here!
Restor'd he bringeth hither,
The birdling's songs, the sun's bright smile,
The bloom, that winter's hand awhile
So ruthlessly did wither,
So ruthlessly did wither!
Sweet spring is here, sweet spring is here!
Sweet spring, Glad spring is here!

Sweet spring is here, sweet spring is here!
The joyous lark is singing,
Of life new-born, of earth so fair;
In thrilling praise he mounts the air,
His bright course heav'nward winging,
His bright course heav'nward winging,
Sweet spring is here, sweet spring is here!
Sweet spring, Glad spring is here!

SPRING SONG.

TEACHER'S EDITION.

List to the bluebird, Over the meadows winging,
Message of happiness to the earth 'tis bringing;
Joy bells are ringing, caroling, swinging,
Vanished is every sadness: List to the bluebird,
O'er the meadows winging,
Message of gladness to the earth 'tis bringing.

See the bright sunbeams, O'er the glad world glancing,
Swiftly and joyfully capering and dancing;
Leap to the measure, Join in this pleasure,
Winter's long reign is ending:
See the glad sunbeams, O'er the wide world glancing,
Swiftly descending, capering and dancing.

DAYS OF SPRING.

TEACHER'S EDITION.

Out among the daffodils,
In the happy spring,
Running up and down the hills,
While the robins sing.

Out among the buttercups,
In the merry May,
Never once stops
All the livelong day.

Laughing just for very glee,
Glad at everything,
Days sweet as days can be
In the happy Spring.

A LITTLE ROBIN.

SUPPLEMENTARY SONG SERIES No. 3.

A little robin, sweetly singing, Came to my window, on a Christmas day;
And from her little throat came ringing, A most melodious lay.
"Wake, ye sleepers, on this joyous morning," Thus the songster seemed to sing;
"Herald it from gray dawning, Let your voices ring."

SPRINGTIME.

INTERMEDIATE.

Coming from over the mountains, The forests and hills,
Filling the rivers and fountains, The brooklets and rills.

CHORUS:

Hail, lovely Summer, With sunshine and shower,
Thou bringest the seedtime, The bud and the flow'r.

Meadows and fields now are wearing, Their mantle of green,
Fruit trees their sweet blossoms bearing, In beauty are seen.

CHORUS:

Birds in the greenwood are singing, In songs sweet and clear,
Nature's soft voices are ringing, The springtime is here.

GOOD MORNING.

INTERMEDIATE.

The rosy, rosy morning,
Breaks in the eastern sky,
With golden light adorning,
The hill tops far and nigh,
The hill tops far and nigh.

Come when the morning breaketh
O'er all the earth along;
Come when all nature waketh,
And sing our morning song,
And sing our morning song.
Good morning!

LILY BELLS RING.

LEAFLET No. II.

I.

The lily bells ring in the garden fair, To and fro, soft and low,
The violets peep from the grass to share The joy that the bluebirds know.
Swing, swing, lily bells, swing, Whispering softly, the winter is past,
Ring, ring, joyfully ring, Glorious Springtime has come at last.

II.

The buttercups stand in their robes of gold, Bright and gay, bright and gay,
The white clover treasures of honey hold, And welcome the happy day.
Swing, swing, lily bells, swing, Whispering softly, the winter is past,
Ring, ring, joyfully ring, Glorious Springtime has come at last.

III.

The children of spring, with their fragrant breath, Bud and flow'rs, hour by hour,
Repeat the glad message, there is no death, For life is the only pow'r.
Swing, swing, lily bells, swing, Whispering softly, the winter is past,
Ring, ring, joyfully ring, Glorious Springtime has come at last.