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Seven Songs

as unpretentious as the Wild Rose

Carrie Jacobs-Bond

CARRIE JACOB-BOND & SON
INCORPORATED
HOLLYWOOD
CALIFORNIA

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Parting

Shadows

Just Awearyin' For You

I Love You Truly

De Lus' Long Res'

Still Unexprast

"Yes Hold My Hands."

PROPERTY OF CITY OF NEW YORK
Once more I sit at evening And watch the embers burn,
Oft we watched the embers And said, "how bright they glow!"

Shadows all come creeping Around me as I turn.
Then how fast the hours went, But now, alas! how slow.

To F.E.H.

Shadows
(Soprano)

Words and Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

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then I see a sweet face, From which all care is gone,
That
days are all too long, dear, The nights are longer still;
But
starts my soul to dreaming Of old times, love and song.
How
I would not recall you My long-ing heart to
fill. I know you’re way off yon-der, But still you seem with me,
And
in the evening shadows Your form I almost see.

almost hear you whisper These words, "I love but you, And

soon we'll be united, Sweetheart, be brave, be true."
Parting
(Soprano)

Words by
WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

Allegretto sostenuto

The light of the morn is breaking
Across the distant sea,
But the beauty is lost in sadness,
Sweet
love, when I think of thee,
Would it were dark and dreary,
A mist across the brine,
And I were standing near thee,
With thy dear hand in mine.
To F.B.

Just A-Wearyin' For You

Word by
FRANK STANTON

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

Moderato

1. Just a-weary-in' for you, All the time a-feel-in' blue,
2. Wish-in' for you, wond-rin' when You'll be com-in' home a-gain. Rest-less, don't know
3. Eve-nin' comes, I miss you more When the dark gloom's round the door,

Wish-in' for you, wond-rin' when You'll be com-in' home a-gain. Rest-less, don't know Seems just like you or-ter be There to o-pen it for me. Latch goes tink-lin',

what to do, Just a-weary-in' for you. thrills me through, Sets me wear-y-in' for you.

Fine

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2. Mornin' comes, the birds awake,

Used to sing so for your sake! But there's sadness

in the notes That come trill'in' from their throats. Seem to feel your

ab-sence, too, Just a-wear-y in' for you. D. S. al Fine

D. S. al Fine
De Las' Long Res'  
(Soprano)  

Words by  
PAUL LAURANCE DUNBAR  

Music by  
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND  

To J.K.

Moderato

Lay me down be-nea' de wil-lows in de  
Lay me nigh to whah it makes a lit-tle  
Let me set-tle when my shoulders drop de

grass, — Whah de breeze'll be a sing’in’ as it pass, — An’ when I se ly-in’ low, I kin
pool, — An’ de wa-tah stan’s so qui-et-like an, cool, — Whah de lit-tle birds in spring Ust to
load, — Nigh e-nough to hear de noises in de road, — Foh I tink dat las’long res’ Gwine to

dim. e rall.

hear it as it go, Sing-in’, “sleep mah hon-ey, take y’r res’ at las,” —
come an’ drink an’ sing, An’ de chil-luns wad-ed on der way to school —
suit my spir-it bes’ If I se ly-in’ ‘mong de tings I al-ways know’d —
I Love You Truly

Words and Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

Andante con amore

I love you truly, truly,
Ah love, 'tis something to feel your kind

dear, Life with its sorrow, life with its tear, Fades into
hand, Ah yes, 'tis something by your side to stand; Gone is the

dreams when I feel you are near, For I love you truly, truly, dear.
sorrow, Gone doubt and fear, For you love me truly, truly, dear.
To H. D. P.

Still Unexprest

Words and Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

Ah! 'tis but a dainty flow'r I bring to you,
Ah! 'tis but a faded flow'r Kept thro' the years,

Yes, 'tis but a violet

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glistening with dew. But deep in its wet with my tears. Yet deep in my

heart there lie, Beauties concealed, heart of hearts, Truest and best,

So too in my heart of hearts, Love unrevealed. There lives my love for you Still unrevealed.

a tempo

prest.

a tempo

morendo

ppp

Rd.

D. 227

PROPERTY OF CITY OF NEW YORK
Des Hold My Hands Tonight

Words and Music by CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

Tranquilly

Some little children hear a song
Oh, little hands so soft and white,

that mother sweetly sings
When they are tired and

your memory I keep
Could I but live that

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bed - time comes, What joy and peace it brings

time a gain, To lay you down to sleep

And some sweet children take their dolls to hold so snug and

This lone - ly life that I have led would all seem gay and

tight But my own dear - ie al ways said,
bright If I could on - ly hear you say,

"Des hold my hands to - night."

"Des hold my hands to - night."

PROPERTY OF CITY OF NEW YORK
"Art, at the last, is a matter of heart, not head; and this fact was brought home to me strongly a few weeks ago on hearing Carrie Jacobs-Bond. Here is a woman who writes poems, sets them to music and sings them in a manner that reveals the very acme of art. Her performance is all so gentle, spontaneous and unaffected that you think you could do the same yourself—simple, pattering little child-songs, set to tunes that sing themselves. But in some way they search out the corners of your soul, and make you think of the robin that used to sing at sunset, calling to his lost mate from the top of a tall poplar in the days of long ago. As a reader and a singer Carrie Jacobs-Bond is as subdued as a landscape by Monet, and as true and effective as a sketch by De Moville."—Elbert Hubbard.
Two Hard Days For Mother.

"There's just two days that I don't like,"  
Said Mother Bates to me—  
"The Circus Day and July Fourth,  
They're hard as they can be.
But when they both come in one week,  
It's just a cryin' sin.
To watch the four boys that I've got,  
An' try to keep 'em in.

Now, I don't mean all day, you know—  
But long enough for me  
To get 'em lookin' nice an' clean  
An' fit for folks to see.
An' long enough for me to say,  
"Now boys, don't you forget  
(Not even if you haven't seen  
The entire Circus yet)

"Come home, for dinner'll taste good  
An' you can go again  
An' see the rest this afternoon—  
That Circus'll remain."  
But do you think I see a boy  
Until the sun is set?
No, not a boy from Bob to Jim,  
They're 'round that Circus yet.

But if the Circus ended there  
I wouldn't care so much,  
The Circus now has just begun—  
I get the final touch—
For every strap that's in our barn  
An' every bit of clothes
That's got a button made of brass  
Out in the wood-shed goes.

An' we've a Circus here at home  
About a week or two
Until my old head nearly buste  
An' somethin' comes that's new,  
This year the Circus didn't last,  
The Fourth come in next day,  
In' I just thought them boys would die  
A workin' hard that way,

At four o'clock they all got up  
An' each one fired the gun,  
An' every livin' thing, I guess,  
Around that farm-yard run
'Cept Pa and me—we'd clean forgot  
That July Fourth was near—
So, night before, we went to bed  
Without a doubt or fear,

An' thinkin' what a blessin' that  
The Circus come and went  
Without a broken arm or two,  
An' we was plumb content  
When, goodness me! That gun was fired
An' I thought, "One day more!  
Will all my boys be here to-night,  
Or on the other shore?

"Or will they turn from white to black  
By blowin' in the gun?  
Or find that one eye is enough  
To see the July fun?  
Or just find out one hand will do  
For helpin' on the farm?"
Well—all day long I prayed the Lord  
To keep them boys from harm.

But by an' by—the end it come,  
An' Bob was carried in;  
His shirt-sleeve torn to smitherens,  
A bullet in his chin.
But Doctor said, "Oh, he's all right;  
For sure we'll pull him thro'."  
An', Mother-like, I kissed that boy,  
As Mothers always do.

An' I forgive him everything  
He'd done since he was born,  
An' hurried up to make him feel  
He wasn't as forlorn;  
As though he'd blew his head clean off—  
(That's what I thought he'd do)  
But honest, how I loved that boy,  
Just loved him thru and thru.

Them other three came walkin' in  
Just like a funeral band,  
An' all their faces pale as death  
An' tremblin' every hand;  
An' all o' 'em they looked at me  
Thru tears a fallin' fast—
I'll finally I had to say,  
"Thank God, this Fourth is past!"
The Path o' Life.

I have a little tale to tell
(And hope 'twill do some good),
It's 'bout a couple of young folks
A-wa ikin' through a wood.
They started off about noon time,
Some fifteen years ago,
To take a journey just because
They didn't exactly know
Its length or hardships would be much,
They loved each other so.

About the time these two set off
Another pair set out;
The same Church-door they left behind
Their hearts all strong and stout.
They all walked down the "Path o' Life,"
And then 'twas clear and bright,
And looked as though for miles to come
'Twould all be straight and right.

Of course this weddin' day (I guess)
Was near the first of June,
The time o' day—again I say
Came pretty nigh to noon.
And if you take life in its Spring
And just about midway,
This world is bound to look real good
And things look bright and gay.

That's just the time for weddin's, when
The birds are singin' sweet,
And the violets are comin' up
To kiss the fern leaf's feet—
But, enough about the weather
And the flowers a-bloomin' gay,
I must tell you 'bout my two pair
Startin' off this weddin' day.

That "Path o' Life" looked pretty smooth
About a year or two
And then the weeds began to come
Where once the sweet flow'rs grew.
One pair o' them walked hand in hand
Aitha' the path grew rough;
He helped her over all the stones
And she called LOVE enough.

The other two? Well, I must tell
Their hands loosed on the way,
And their paths widened as they walked
And clouds came every day,
And all because they didn't know
That burdens shared by two
Will always lighten fully half
If hearts are strong and true.

And so my two pair wandered on—
On thro' the "Path o' Life";
One pair caught all the sunshine,
So God called them "man and wife".
My other pair are lost to sight,
Their forms no more I see,
Lost somewhere on the "Path o' Life",
For they could not agree.

When stones were rough, she would complain
And, answerin', he would say,
"Just come along now, Mary Ann,
You helped to make the day
When we this journey undertook;
I've done the best I could;
Come, hurry up and catch me now,
It's dark here in this wood."

And so she wanders on alone:
He thinks he's been 'kind;
But by and by he finds, alas!
That Mary's far behind,
And then he wonders where she is,
And what she's doin' now;
And as he thinks how they have walked,
A frown comes on his brow.

And then he wonders how it is
This world for him is cold,
And lightnin'-like a thought comes in—
Why, he is growin' old;
And that smooth path he once called "life"
All full o' briers has grown,
And that companion he called "wife"
Is lost and he's alone.

I guess a moral is a thing
That you don't need just now,
But I would like to say a word
To smooth each wrinkled brow.
Just grasp the hand that's in your path—
Sometimes the path is long—
And life is sweeter when you have
Companions, with a song
Kind words smooth all the "Path o' Life"
And smiles make burdens light,
But uncomplaining' friends can make
A day-time out o' night.
**Talkin' About Little Things**

**You say I see the little things**
Well yes. I guess I do.
For big things seldom come along
To folks like me, that's true,
And little things are all I have.
To come and help me thru
This world o' tryin' to get on
With comforts small and few.

A talkin' about little things—
Now, there's a baby's smile—
Do you suppose a millionaire
Could have that for a while
And love it and forget it
In the hum and buzz o' style,
And ever feel the same again
Without that baby's smile?

Still talkin' about little things,
Now there's a baby tear—
Who ever saw the quiverin' lid
With baby pain or fear,
Give out its little message
And not feel their hearts go near
To comfort and caress it
And to wipe away the tear?

The very smallest o' small things
Amounts to lots in life
And folks could find a heap o' help
To carry 'em thru' strife,
If they would only look along
Just where they're walkin' now,
Instead o' lookin' way ahead
An' furrowin' their brow—

'Cause what you look for way ahead
Sometimes you never find,
Its only what you've got in sight
Or what you've left behind,
That ever does you any good
(By livin' I know this)
But seein' small things as you go
You very little miss.

Take anything that you can't buy
And try it for a while
Course what you get for nothin'
Don't seem worth a tear or smile,
But by and by you will be seein'
Somethin' come along
That just grew out o' nothin'
An' grew mighty big and strong

Now, here's a lingo told you
By beginnin' with a smile—
An' talkin' 'bout a baby
Precious little for a while.
But you know that baby's growin'
An' he soon'Ull be a man
And you know its truth I'm tellin'
Look and find it—'cause you can.
"The Hand of You"

Another of

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND'S

GEMS

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