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(Deposited August 27. 1849
Recorded Vol. 24. P. 272.)

No. 1[illegible]

MUSIC

OF THE

BAKER FAMILY

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY

JOHN C. BAKER

Sung with great applause at their

CONCERTS THROUGHOUT THE UNION.

THE BAKERS NEW ENGLAND GLEE *38 cts nett.* D SING THAT GENTLE STRAIN AGAIN *25 cts nett*

BOSTON *Published by* OLIVER DITSON *115 Washington St.*
FOR THE BAKER FAMILY.

Entered according to act of Congress A.D. 1849 by J. C. Baker in the Clerks office of the Dist. Court of Mass.

THE BAKER'S NEW ENGLAND GLEE.

Words by E. W. B. Canning Esq. Music by J. C. Baker.

Soprano. *mf* *Animated:* The Hills of New

Alto. *mf* The Hills of New

Tenor. *mf* *Animated:* The Hills of New

Bass. *mf* *Animated:*

m *f*

Eng-land! How proudly they rise In the wild-ness of grandeur To blend with the

Eng-land! How proudly they rise In the wild-ness of grandeur To blend with the

Eng-land! How proudly they rise In the wild-ness of grandeur To blend with the

1739

skies! With their far azure out-line, And tall, ancient trees— New Eng-land, my

skies! With their far azure out-line, And tall, ancient trees— New Eng-land, my

skies! With their far azure out-line, And tall, ancient trees— New Eng-land, my

country! I love thee for these.

country! I love thee for these.

country! I love thee for these.

Second Verse:

mf *m*

The Vales of New Eng - land! That cra - dle her streams, And smile in their

mf *m*

The Vales of New Eng - land! That cra - dle her streams, And smile in their

mf *m*

The Vales of New Eng - land! That cra - dle her streams, And smile in their

f *m*

p

green - ness like land in our dreams: All sun - ny with beau - ty, Em-

p

green - ness like land in our dreams: All sun - ny with beau - ty, Em-

p

green - ness like land in our dreams: All sun - ny with beau - ty, Em-

p

-bos-omed in ease— New Eng-land, my country! I love thee for these.

-bos-omed in ease— New Eng-land, my country! I love thee for these.

-bos-omed in ease— New Eng-land, my country! I love thee for these.

Third Verse:

The Woods of New Eng-land! Still

The Woods of New Eng-land! Still

The Woods of New Eng-land! Still

ver - dant and high, Though rocked by the tem - pests Of a - ges gone by. Ro -

ver - dant and high, Though rocked by the tem - pests Of a - ges gone by. Ro -

ver - dant and high, Though rocked by the tem - pests Of a - ges gone by. Ro -

p f ff

- mance dims their arch - es, And speaks in the breeze,— New Eng - land, my country! I

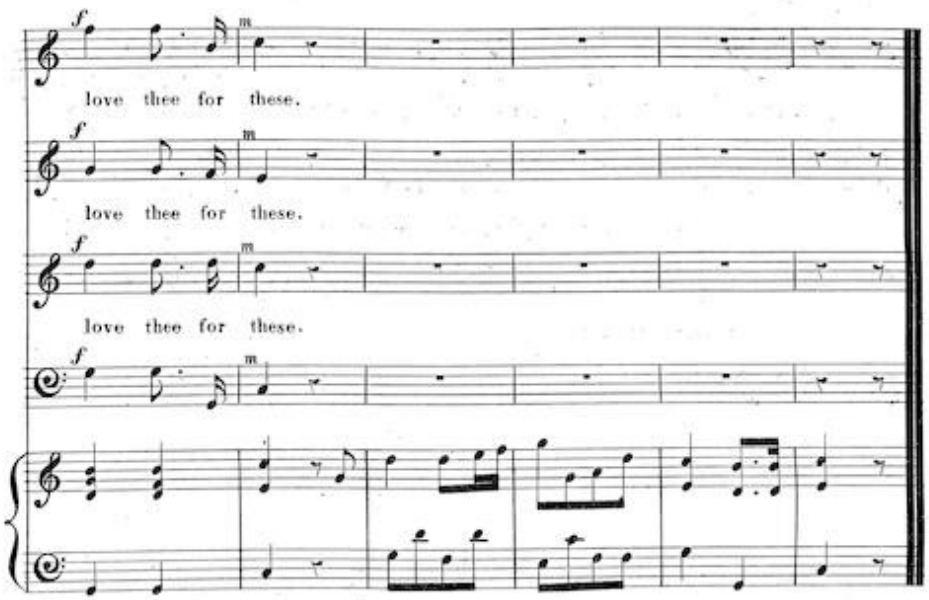
p f ff

- mance dims their arch - es, And speaks in the breeze,— New Eng - land, my country! I

p f ff

- mance dims their arch - es, And speaks in the breeze,— New Eng - land, my country! I

p f ff



4

The Streams of New England!
That roar as they go;
Or seem, in their stillness,
But dreaming to flow.
O bright gilds the sunbeam
Their march to the seas—
New England, my country!
I love thee for these.

5

The Homes of New England!
Free, fortuned and fair;
O many a heart treasures
Its terraphim there!
E'en more than thy mountains
Or streamlets they please—
New England, my country!
I love thee for these.

6

God shield thee, New England!
Dear land of my birth!
And thy children that wander
Afar on the earth.
Thou still art my country,
Where'er I am cast;
Take thou to thy bosom
My ashes at last.