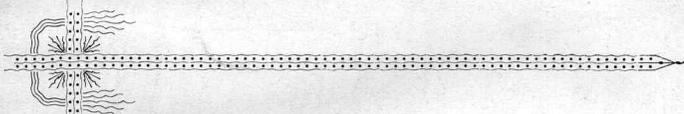


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THE CHILDREN OF TOIL.

Character Song.

BY

NED. STRAIGHT.

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NEW YORK:

Hitchcock and McCargo Publishing Company, Limited,

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NEW COPYRIGHT SONGS.

Mother's Loving Care . . . Milton. 35

A delightful home song.
 Mother's loving care, a precious thought to me,
 What memories it calls up to my mind,
 Darling Mother's face I almost seem to see
 So full of love, so gentle, sweet, and kind,
 Years may come and go with all else I may part,
 However much of sorrow be my share,
 Yet while life remains, I'll cherish in my heart
 The memory of Mother's loving care.

Children of the Poor . . . Tucker. 35

Nest, pretty, and suitable for Entertainments.
 Remember, you rich darlings while you rest in slumber sweet,
 From every ill and every want secure
 A thousand tiny sufferers are freezing in the street.
 Oh! help the dying children of the poor—
 You'll never miss the giving, and when you're called away
 The Lover of these little ones to see,
 How great will be your rapture when you hear Him sweetly say
 "Well done thou good and faithful come to me."
 CHORUS.

Our Master loved the children, and claimed them for his own
 And would you drive the lost ones from your door?
 How can you when you meet Him, such a grievous fault atone?
 Then help the suffering children of the poor.

It Seems like an Age since We Parted . . . Danks. 35

A charming new Song by the author of "Silver Threads among the Gold."
 It seems like an age since we parted,
 'Neath the shade of the dark waving pine;
 When together we sat in the gloaming,
 And her hand lightly rested in mine;
 But I know that her heart beats as warmly,
 That she clings to me fondly as then
 And I know, for the sophts have whispered—
 That I soon shall behold her again.
 CHORUS—Oh it seems like an age since we parted, etc.

He has Ploughed his last Furrow . . . Geibel. 35

A Baritone or Alto Song of extraordinary merit.
 The best song of its kind since "The Old Sexton."
 On a green grassy knoll, by the banks of the brook,
 That so long and so often has watered his flock;
 The old farmer rests in his long, last sleep,
 White the waters a low lapping lullaby keep.
 He has ploughed his last furrow
 He has reaped his last grain,
 No more shall awake him to labor again.

Tear-Drops Falling on the Strings . . . Geibel. 35

Sweet, plaintive melody, in the popular style.
 Mother's eyes are ever on you—
 Angel mother gone before—
 And whenever and soon you
 Enter sins deceitful door,
 Hushed at once her songs of gladness,
 Still the harp to which she clings
 Silent, save low notes of sadness,—
 Tear-drops falling on the strings.
 CHORUS—Oh while tender recollection
 Fondly to thy mother clings,
 Heed those notes of griefed affection
 Tear-drops falling on the strings.

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THE CHILDREN OF TOIL.

CHARACTER SONG.

As Sung by the COLLINS Sisters.

Words and Music by NED. STRAIGHT.

Moderato.

mf

mp

mp

1. How is it some peo - ple own a - cres of land, Have thou - sands and mill - ions of
 2. Some say it's a crime in this world to be poor, If so, then the rich are to
 3. But there'll be a day when the poor and op - press'd In ma - jest - ic pow'r will a -

gold? The price up - on coal ris - es at their com - mand, While poor folks are
 blame; Fair wa - ges will keep the dread wolf from the door, And that is the
 - rise, And strang - le mo - nop - o - ly in it's foul nest, Then Jus - tice will

shiv - 'ring with cold ; Our " God - less of Lib - er - ty's " bound with the chain Of mo -
 work - ing man's aim ; When Jus - tice by the rich ras - cal's mo - ney is bought, Or when
 o - pen her eyes ; 'Tis then that the la - bor - ing class will be free, And the

- nup - o - ly's mer - ci - less coil, But we hope that she soon will her
 hon - or is bar - ter'd for spoil, Then 'tis time that the bat - tle of
 wiles of the ty - rant they'll foil ; Then no lon - ger can wealth crush out

free - dom re - gain By the help of the child - ren of toil,
 free - dom was fought By an arm - y of child - ren of toil,
 sweet lib - er - ty, Nor op - press the poor child - ren of toil.

The Children of Toil.

CHORUS.

'Tho' the rich may look down on the poor with a frown, Lest a touch might their

mf

fine gar - ments soil; Yet I'm thank - ful to - day, I so

proud - ly can say, That I'm one of the child - ren of toil.

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