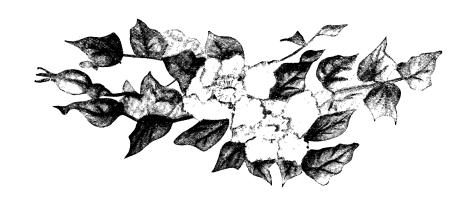


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· Parting ·

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· I · Love · You · Truly · · Pe · Las' · Long · Res'-

-Still - Anexprest -- "Pes - Hold - My - Hands ,, -

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## Shadows (Soprano)





Shadows - 3



Shadows - 3

To E. L. P.

# Parting (Soprano)

Words by

Music by



Copyright MCMI by Carrie Jacobs-Bond



Parting - 2

8

To F.B.

## Just A-Wearyin' For You



By Permission.



## De Las' Long Res' (Soprano)

Words by PAUL LAURANCE DUNBAR

Music by CARRIE JACOBS-BOND



Copyright MCMI by Carrie Jacobs - Bond

### I Love You Truly

Words and Music by CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

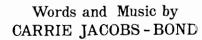


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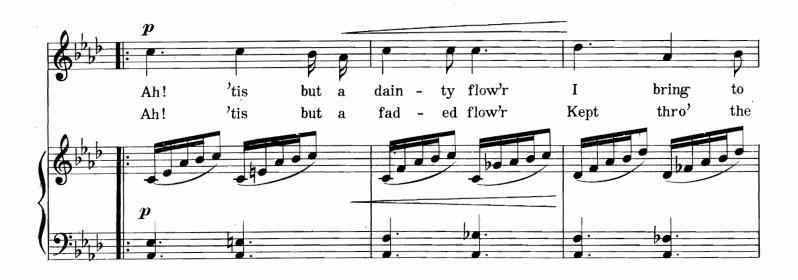


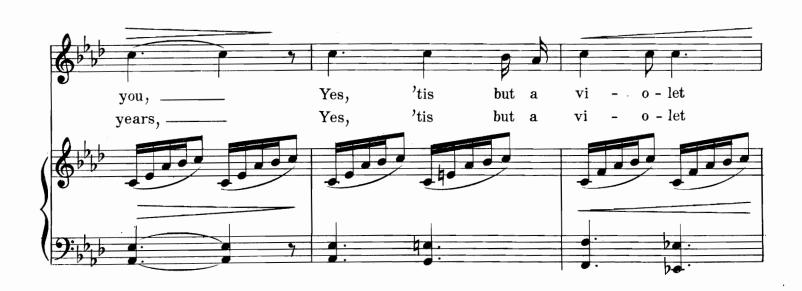
To H. D. P.

## Still Unexprest







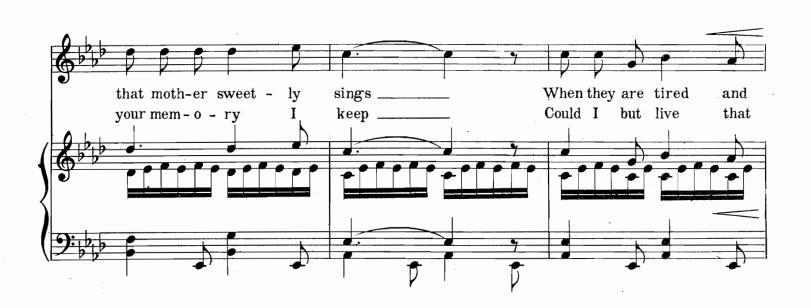




#### XIV

## Des Hold My Hands Tonight







Des hold my hands tonight - 2

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"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 sogentle, 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 busts
An' somethin' comes that's new.
This year the Circus didn't last,
The Fourth come in next day,
An' 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 came,
An' Bob was carried in;
His shirt-sleeve torn to smithereens,
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 blowed 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—
Till finally 1 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-walkin' 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 o' 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
Altho' the path grew rough;
!ie helped her over all the stones
And she called LOVE enough.

The other two? Well, I must teil
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 bein' kind;

But by and by he finds, alasi

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 uncomplainin' 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' trvin' 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 white.
But you know that baby's growin'
An' he soon'll be a man
And you know its truth I'm tellin
Look and find it—'cause you can.