

THE INDEPENDENT FARMER. Quartet.

P. P. B. 53
FINE.



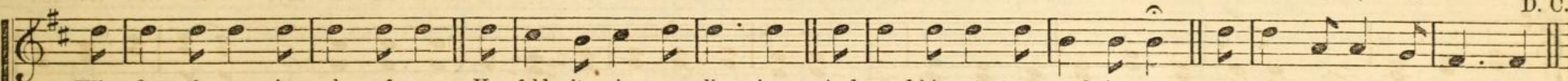
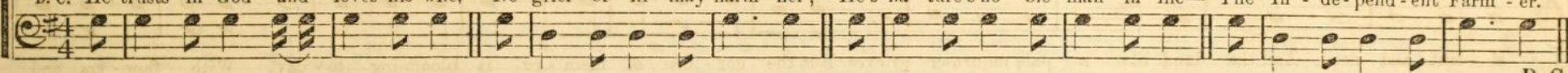
1. Let sail - ors sing of the roll - ing deep, Let sol - diers praise their ar - mor; But in my heart this toast I keep-- The In - de - pend - ent Farm - er.
D. C. When banks of bloom their sweet - ness yield To bees who gath - er hon - ey— He drives his team a - cross the field, Where skies are soft and sun - ny.



2. The blackbird clucks be - hind the plow, The quail pipes loud and clear - ly; Yon orch - ard hides be - hind its bough, The home he loves so dear - ly;
D. C. But yon - der in the porch there stands His wife, the love - ly charm - er, The sweet - est rose on all his lands— The In - de - pend - ent Farm - er.



3. To him the spring comes dan - cing gay, To him the sum - mer blush - es, The au - tumn smiles with pleasant ray, His sleep old win - ter hush - es.
D. C. He trusts in God and loves his wife, No grief or ill may harm her; He's na - ture's no - ble - man in life— The In - de - pend - ent Farm - er.



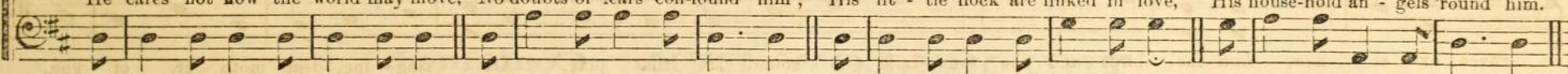
When first the rose in robe of green, Un - folds its crim - son lin - ing, And round his cot - tage porch is seen The hon - ey suck - le twin - ing;



The gray old barn, whose doors un - fold His am - ple store in mea - sure, More rich than heaps of hoard - ed gold, A pre - cious, bless - ed trea - sure:



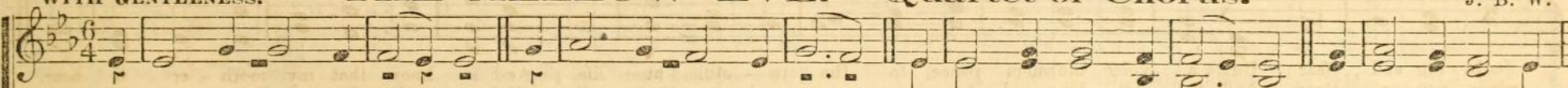
He cares not how the world may move, No doubts or fears con - found him; His lit - tle flock are linked in love, His house - hold an - gels 'round him.



WITH GENTLENESS.

THE MELLOW EVE. Quartet or Chorus.

J. B. W.



1. The mel - low eve is glid - ing Se - rene - ly down the west, So, ev - ery care sub - sid - ing, My soul would sink to
2. The eve - ing - star has light - ed Her crys - tal lamp on high, So, when in death be - night - ed, May hope il - lume the

