Summer Evenings

A collection of FAVORITE MELODIES for the

GUITAR

ARRANGED BY

JUSTIN HOLLAND

ANNIE LAURIE DEMS.
DEAREST SPOT WRIGHTON.
JOHN ANDERSON MY JOE
MADOLINE CHERRY.
WILL YOU COME TO AN ISLE LYONS
KITTY MOORE DEMING.
SHELLS OF OCEAN CHERRY.
HARK I HEAR AN ANCEL SING SHIVAL.
DOWN THE BURN DAVY LOVE
SOME ONE TO LOVE
AWAY WITH CARE AND SORROW
HER BRIGHT SMILE HAUNTS ME STILL
HAUNTED STREAM.
SOMETHING TO LOVE ME.
DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE I STRAY
MY DEAR OLD HOME WARD.
NEVER COURT BUT ONE CHOISY.
TWAS BUT A DREAM LYONS.
VALLEY OF CHAMOUNI GLOVER.
SPARKING SUNDAY NIGHT CHOISY.
CHARITY GLOVER.
I'M A MERRY ZINCARA BALFE.
AH YES THY SPELL TOO FAST WEBER.
OH SING THAT MELODY AGAIN
JENNIE WRIGHT
LA MANOLA
DO THEY THINK OF ME AT HOME
THE BATTLE PRAYER.
THEN YOULL REMEMBER ME.

CLEVELAND. Published by S. BRAINARD & Co.

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS AD 1858, BY S. BRAINARD & CO. IN THE CLERKS OFFICE OF THE DIST COURT OF OHIO.

HARK! I HEAR AN ANGEL SING.

Composed by
R. G. SHRIVAL.

Arranged for the Guitar by
JUSTIN HOLLAND.



Entered according to Act of Congress, A.D. 1866, by S. Brainard & Sons, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Northern District of Ohio


sun, Ris - ing higher in the sky? As each day, as each day it passes
by. Hark! I hear an an-gel sing, An - gels now are on the
wing. And their voices singing clear, Tell us that the spring is
near.
2. Just be-yond yon cliff of snow, Sil - ver rivers brightly flow,
3. Look! oh look the southern sky, Mir - rors flow'rs of ev - ry dye,
Smil-ing woods and fields are seen Mantled in a robe of green;
Chil - dren tripping o'er the plain, Spring is coming back a - gain.


Birds and bees and brooks and flow'rs Tell us all of ver - nal
Spring is com - ing shouts of glee, Singing birds on bush and
hours, There the birds are weav-ing lays, For the
tree, And the bees with their mer - ry hums, For the
hap - py, the hap-py spring-time days Just beyond yon cliff of
spring - - time comes, it comes, it comes, Hark! I hear an an - gel
snow, Sil - ver riv - ers brightly flow,
sing, An - gels now are on the wing,
Smil-ing woods and fields are seen Mantled in a robe of green.
And their voic-es singing clear, Tell us that the spring is near.

Oakes, Eng.