Songs
for
Montana Clubs

Montana State College Extension Service
Bozeman, Montana

BULLETIN NO. 208  APRIL, 1942
# TABLE OF CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Twenty Points for Song Leaders</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>National Songs</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Montana Songs</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4-H Club Songs</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greeting Songs</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rounds</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fun Songs</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Songs From Other Lands</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>American Folk Songs and Favorites</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Index</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

# FOREWORD

This song book has been prepared primarily for the 4-H Clubs of Montana, but is suitable for use in Home Demonstration Clubs, Recreation Councils and other extension groups.

Music will enrich the club program, thus aiding in the development of “the finer and more significant things of rural life.” A singing group can work together and achieve. National and state songs, 4-H club songs, old favorites, fun songs, greeting songs, etc. all have their own place in the club program. Singing develops spirit and friendliness within the group.

Arranged by Pauline Bunting, Assistant State 4-H Club Leader

Issued by the Montana State College Extension Service, Bozeman
Twenty Points for Song Leaders

1. Announce your song clearly and definitely.

2. Be sure that the pitch or tone on which the song is to be started is heard.

3. Get your singers all "set" for the start of the song. Leave no doubt in the minds of the audience that now is the time you are going to start to sing.

4. Give a sharp, decisive movement which will bring everybody in on the first note.

5. A clean-cut release or ending of a song is no less important than a good attack.

6. Do not neglect any part of your audience during the leading of the song.

7. Think of your audience as individuals and not as a collective mass; and treat them as individuals.

8. Always maintain variety in the choice of songs.

9. Before you get up to lead a group in singing, have the song program fully organized and know what you are going to do every second.

10. Start with a song that the crowd knows and likes to sing.

11. For the final song, choose one that will make an appropriate and effective ending.

12. Master the song, so that you do not have to refer to words or music.

13. If the singing occupies only part of a program, consider proportion. Don’t use more than your share of the time.

14. In singing at a banquet, see to it that the songs are between the courses.

15. Always arrange to have the song leader properly introduced.

16. At a banquet the song leader should have his place at the table along with the other guests, preferably at the speaker’s table.

17. Have the piano so placed that the accompanist can see the leader.

18. In selecting the accompanist for community singing, preferably get one who can play most of the songs from memory.

19. Have an understanding regarding what is to be used as an introduction. Generally it is sufficient to have the pianist play merely the tonic chord in the particular key. Otherwise, the audience is likely to mistake the start of the piano introduction for the start of the song.

20. Be on the lookout for promising soloists, groups whom you can call on impromptu to sing a verse or chorus to give variety to the singing.
Key to Music for Songs

The music to most of the songs included in this booklet may be found in one or more standard song books now on the market, which may be purchased from the publishers or from most music stores.

The Letters “SB” Mean—Song Book.
The numbers 1, 2, 3, etc., refer to the particular song book, as listed below, in which the music for the words may be found. Ex. SB:2, after “America,” means the song with music will be found in “The Golden Book of Favorite Songs.”

SB:1—“The Everybody Sing Book,” published by Paull-Pioneer Music Co., 119 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.


SB:4—“Sociability Songs,” published by the Rodeheaver Co., 218 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.


SB:10—“Sing,” published by C. C. Birchard & Co., Boston.


SB:12—“Let’s Sing,” arranged for several musical instruments, published by Amsco Music Sales Co., 1600 Broadway, New York.

For information and convenience of the Song Leader and Accompanist, the “key” of the song, best pitched for group singing, and also the “Time” for the music, is given at the left and right, respectively, of the title.
National Songs

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER
By Francis Scott Key

B Flat SB:1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 12 3-4

1. Oh, say! can you see, by the dawn’s early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight’s last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro’ the perilous fight,
O’er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets’ red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro’ the night that our flag was still there.
Oh, say! does that Star Spangled Banner yet wave
O’er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

2. Oh, thus be it ever when free men shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war’s desolation,
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: “In God is our trust!”
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O’er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL
By Katherine Lee Bates and Samuel A. Ward

C SB:1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 10 4-4

1. O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties Above the fruited plain.
American! American! God shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shining sea.

2. O beautiful for pilgrim feet
Whose stern impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom, beat
Across the wilderness.
American! American! God mend thine ev’ry flaw, Confirm thy good in self-control Thy liberty in law.

3. O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved, And mercy more than life.
American! American! May God thy gold refine Till all success be nobleness And every gain divine.

4. O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years,
Thine alabaster cities gleam Undimmed by human tears.
American! American! God shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shining sea.
**AMERICA**

Words by Samuel Francis Smith  
Music attributed to Henry Carey

1. My country, 'tis of thee,  
   Sweet land of liberty,  
   Of thee I sing.  
   Land where my fathers died,  
   Land of the Pilgrims' pride,  
   From every mountain side,  
   Let freedom ring.

2. My native country, thee,  
   Land of the noble free,  
   Thy name I love.  
   I love thy rocks and rills,  
   Thy woods and templed hills,  
   My heart with rapture thrills,  
   Like that above.

3. Let music swell the breeze,  
   And ring from all the trees,  
   Sweet freedom's song.  
   Let mortal tongues awake,  
   Let all that breathe partake,  
   Let rocks their silence break,  
   Thy sound prolong.

4. Our father's God, to Thee,  
   Author of liberty,  
   To Thee we sing.  
   Long may our land be bright,  
   With freedom's holy light,  
   Protect us by Thy might,  
   Great God, our King.

**BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC**

By Julia Ward Howe

1. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,  
   He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored,  
   He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword,  
   His truth is marching on.

Chorus:  
   Glory, glory, hallelujah,  
   Glory, glory, hallelujah,  
   Glory, glory, hallelujah,  
   His truth is marching on.

2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps,  
   They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps  
   I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;  
   His day is marching on.

3. In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the seas,  
   With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;  
   As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,  
   While God is marching on.
COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN

David T. Shaw Thomas A. Becket

G SB:3, 5, 6, 7, 8 4-4

1. O Columbia, the gem of the ocean
   The home of the brave and the free,
   The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
   A world offers homage to thee.
   Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
   When liberty's form stands in view;
   Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
   When borne by the red, white and blue;
   When borne by the red, white and blue;
   When borne by the red, white and blue,
   Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
   When borne by the red, white and blue.

2. When war wing'd its wide desolation,
   And threatened the land to deform,
   The ark then of freedom's foundation,
   Columbia rode safe thro' the storm;
   With the garlands of victorious around her,
   When so proudly she bore her bold crew,
   With her flag floating proudly before us
   The boast of the red, white and blue,
   The boast of the red, white and blue,
   The boast of the red, white and blue,
   With her flag proudly floating before her,
   The boast of the red, white and blue.

3. The star-spangled banner bring hither,
   O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave;
   May the wreaths they have won never wither,
   Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave;
   May the service united ne'er sever,
   But hold to their colors so true;
   The army and navy forever,
   Three cheers for the red, white and blue;
   Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
   Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
   The army and navy forever,
   Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

GOD BLESS AMERICA

Irving Berlin

F 4-4

While the storm clouds gather far across the sea,
Let us swear allegiance to a land that's free;
Let us all be grateful for a land so fair,
As we raise our voices in a solemn prayer.

God bless America. Land that I love
Stand beside her and guide her thru the night
   with a light from above;
From the mountains, to the prairies
To the oceans white with foam,
God bless America, my home sweet home.
Montana Songs

MONTANA

1. Tell me of that Treasure State
   Story always new,
   Tell of its beauties grand,
   And its heart so true
   Mountains of sunset fire,
   The land I love the best,
   Let me grasp the hand of one,
   From out the golden West.

   Chorus:
   Montana, Montana, glory of the West,
   Of all the States from coast to coast,
   You're easily the best.
   Montana, Montana, where skies are always blue,

2. Each country has its flow'r
   Each one plays a part,
   Each bloom brings a longing hope,
   To some lonely heart,
   Bitter Root to me is dear,
   Growing in my land.
   Sing then that glorious air,
   The one I understand.

MONTANA, MY MONTANA

(State University Song)

1. Our chosen state, all hail to thee,
   Montana, my Montana;
   Thou hast thy portion with the free,
   Montana, my Montana,
   From shore to shore, from sea to sea,
   Oh, may thy name full honored be,
   Symbol of strength and loyalty,
   Montana, my Montana.

2. God bless our state for what is done,
   Montana, my Montana;
   God bless our people, ev'ry one,
   Montana, my Montana.
   And as the years shall go and come,
   May freedom's bright eternal son
   Find here full many a victory won,
   Montana, my Montana.

3. Thus ever thru our valley wide,
   Montana, my Montana,
   Re-echoing from each mountain side,
   Montana, my Montana.
   Thy fame an ever swelling tide,
   Which time's encroachment cannot hide,
   Shall ever be our joy and pride,
   Montana, my Montana.

WE'RE FROM MONTANA

We're from Montana, out in the West,
We're from the state that stands for the best.
We pledge our health, our heart and our hand
To Montana, our own land.
4-H Club Songs

Sheet music for Dreaming, Plowing Song, Song of Health, 4-H Pastoral, Stop!-Look!-Listen and Sing, and Song of the Open Country can be secured at 25c per copy; Four-Leaf Clover and Pride O' the Land at 50c per copy; Friendship, Greeting Song, 4-H Club Pledge Song, and Field Song at 10c per copy. Write National Committee on Boys and Girls Club Work, 59 East Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

DREAMING

Fannie R. Buchanan
Rena M. Parish

F  SB:3  6-8

1. My home must have a high tree above its open gate,
My home must have a garden, where little dreamings wait.
My home must have a wide view of field and meadow fair,
Of distant hill, of open sky, with sunlight everywhere.

2. My home must have a friendship with every happy thing,
My home must offer comfort for any sorrowing,
And every heart that enters shall hear its music there
And find some simple beauty, that every life may share.

3. My home must have its mother, may I grow sweet and wise,
My home must have its father, with honor in his eyes.
My home must have its children, God grant their parents grace,
To keep our home through all the years, a kindly, happy place.

THE PLOWING SONG

Fannie R. Buchanan
Rena M. Parish

G  SB:3  4-4

1. A growing day and a waking field, and a furrow straight and long,
A golden sun, and a lifting breeze, and we follow with a song.

Chorus:
Sons of the soil are we, lads of the field and flock,
Turning our sods, asking no odds; where is a life so free?
Sons of the soil are we, men of the coming years,
Facing the dawn, brain ruling brawn, lords of our lands we'll be.

2. A guiding thought, and a skillful hand, and a plant's young leaf unfurled.
A summer's sun, and a summer's rain, and we harvest for the world.
SONG OF HEALTH

Fannie R. Buchanan

1. Iron of the earth, Glow of the sun,
   Breath of the four winds clean;
   Hours for work, Hours for play,
   With stars and sleep between.

Chorus:
Our goal is health, the quest for man and maid,
The great adventure rare,
For health holds life and laughter and strength, and
happiness to spare.
Our goal is health, the quest for man and maid,
Lift high the goblet fair,
And pledge the toast from coast to coast,
“Our health, the wealth we keep and share.”

2. Faces that lift, Pulses that throb,
   Limbs that are lithe and strong,
   Heads that think, Hands that do,
   And Hearts that serve with song.

4-H FIELD SONG

Fannie R. Buchanan

Sing for the wide, wide fields,
Sing for the wide, wide sky,
Sing for the good, glad earth,
For the sun on hill tops high.
Sing for the comrade true,
Sing for the friendship sweet.
Sing as together we swing along,
With the turf beneath our feet.

THE PRIDE O’ THE LAND

Anna M. Priestley

America we pledge to thee
Our Heads, our Hearts, our Hands;
Our splendid Health shall prove thy wealth,
Thou dearest of all lands.
America, our strength and zeal
Thy shining sword shall be;
We pledge our youth to stand for truth,
For right and liberty.

(repeat)

GREETING SONG

Clare A. Rood

With a cheery Hello as together we go
Down the pathway of friendship so true,
May a rich happiness, friendship, joy
and success crowd your future.
Here’s Good Luck to you.
A SONG OF THE OPEN COUNTRY
Clare A. Rood

1. A song of the open country
That we love so well,
Where freedom of outdoor living
Holds us in its spell;
The splendor of skies at dawning
The golden sunset's glow
Our hopes arise 'neath starlit skies,
All nature helps us grow.

2. The awak'ning of life in spring time
Gives us hope anew
The long growing days of summer
Give us work to do.
In autumn the golden harvest
Fulfills our hopes of spring
And proves the love of Him above
Who guards each living thing.

3. So life in the open country,
With growing things around,
Where our Creator's wisdom
On every hand is found,
Gives youth of the open country
A partnership with Him.
The work we share builds us four-square
Head, heart, hands, health for Him.

4-H FRIENDSHIP
Fannie R. Buchanan
Rena M. Parish

Everybody needs a bit of friendship,
Friendship that is tried and true,
Everybody needs a bit of friendship
Whether skies are gray or blue.
Everybody everywhere must have it
Every day the whole year through,
Everybody needs a bit of friendship
And I need you.

SING ALONG
E Flat (School and Community Version)

1. As down the road of life we go
To seek our Promised Land,
We'll often find our progress slow
And need a helping hand,
So day by day and mile on mile,
However rough and long,
Let's greet each other with a smile
And sing some cheering song!

Chorus:
Sing along! Oh, sing along!
At work or while at play,
If skies be gray and dull the day,
Just sing along the way!
Sing along! Oh, sing along!
And make the sad heart gay,
You'll always find the sunshine if
You sing along the way.

2. If ever we grow tired and worn
And skies above seem grey,
If all the burdens we have borne
Grow harder ev'ry day,
Perhaps some old familiar strain
That we've forgotten long,
Will bring the sunshine back again,
So, cheer up with a song!
1. Oh, a south wind blows over winter snows,
And I know that spring is coming,
When soft warm rain will fall again
On green things gently growing;
On green things gently growing.

Chorus:
So as we live let us learn to give
To the folks the wide world over
Whose hearts may yearn for the things we learn
At the sign of the four-leaf clover.

2. There's a time of joy for the girl and boy
Who live in the open country,
When garden and field give up their yield
And the table groans with plenty;
And the table groans with plenty.

3. So we cook and sew and we plant and hoe,
In a highly approved manner,
As our happy band march hand in hand
Underneath the 4-H banner;
Underneath the 4-H banner.

STOP! - LOOK! - LISTEN AND SING

Ruth H. Williams

1. The world is full of beauty from the springtime
to the fall
Stop! Look! Listen and Sing!
There's magic in a summer's day and in the
winter's call
Stop! Look! Listen and Sing!
The etchings of majestic trees against the sky
at night
The glory of the rising sun that floods the earth
with light
The hills and valleys all about that fill us with
delight.
Stop! Look! Listen and Sing!

Chorus:
Stop! Look! Listen and Sing!
Stop! Look! Listen and Sing!
Oh the world is full of joy
Let every girl and boy
Stop! Look! Listen and Sing!

2. Each bird that wakes at break of day can show
us what to do
Stop! Look! Listen and Sing!
The bees that hum in clover seem to feel the
gladness too
Stop! Look! Listen and Sing!
Some creatures of creation have no happy song
to raise
They only stop and listen and in silence they may
gaze.
But we can see and hear and voice our song in
nature's praise.
Stop! Look! Listen and Sing!
WE'RE ON THE UPWARD TRAIL
(For 2 groups)

I. We're on the upward trail
   We're on the up-ward trail
II. Singing, Ev'rybody Singing,
    As we go,
   We're on the up-ward trail
   We're on the up-ward trail
   Singing, Singing, Ev'rybody Singing,
   Homeward bound.

SPEED AWAY
SB:3

Speed away, speed away with your 4-H Club light,
To the girls and the boys who are waiting tonight,
With your message of service and comradeship true,
With your songs and your smiles spread our club
work anew.
Head, heart, health and hand join all in one band,
Speed away, speed away, speed away.

FOUR-LEAF CLOVER

Ella Higginson
L. M. Brownell

I know a place where the sun is like gold,
   And the cherry blooms burst with snow,
   And down underneath is the loveliest nook,
   Where the four-leaf clovers grow,
One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,
   And one is for love, you know;
   And God put another in for luck—
   If you search, you will find where they
grow.
But you must hope and you must have faith,
   You must love and be strong—and so—
If you work, if you wait, you will find the
place
   Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

A THINKING SONG

Words by Margaret H. Tuller

May I give clearer thinking
   To ev'ry daily deed,
That I may grow in wisdom
   And strive always to succeed,
My life, may it ever be worthy,
   Purposeful, pure and true,
Reflecting thoughts that are noble
   A'right in God's searching view.
May I give clearer thinking
   To ev'ry daily deed.

Accompaniment may be found in Program Choruses
—The Green Book, published by Hall & McCreary
Co., Chicago.
FOLLOW THE GLEAM

1. To knights in the days of old
   Keeping vigil on mountain height
   Came a vision of Holy Grail
   And a voice thro’ the waiting night
   Follow, follow, follow the gleam!
   Banners unfurled o’er all the world.
   Follow, follow, follow the gleam,
   Of the Chalice that is the Grail.

2. And we who would serve the King
   And loyally Him obey
   In the consecrate silence know
   That the challenge still sounds today.
   Follow, follow, follow the gleam!
   Standards of worth o’er all the earth.
   Follow, follow, follow the gleam.
   Of the light that shall bring the dawn.

CLOSING SONG

U. S. Army Bugle Call—Taps

1. Fading light dims the sight,
   And a star gems the sky, gleaming bright.
   From afar, drawing nigh, falls the night.

2. Day is done, gone the sun,
   From the lake, from the hill, from the sky;
   All is well, safely rest; God is night.

3. Then good night, peaceful night,
   Till the light of the dawn shineth bright;
   God is near, do not fear, Friend, good night.

Greeting Songs

HELLO

E Flat

Hello! Hello! Hello! Hello!
We’re glad to meet you—
We’re glad to greet you.
Hello! Hello! Hello! Hello!

(Hold through to the completion of the full chord, singing the middle part in unison.)

HOW DO YOU DO?

A Flat

How do you do, Mr. .........................,
How do you do?
Is there anything that we can do for you?
We’ll do the best we can,
With Head, Heart, Health and Hand,
How do you do, Mr. .........................,
How do you do?

(Use names according to circumstances. “Thanks to you” may be substituted for “How do you do?”)
THREE BLIND MICE
D
Three blind mice, Three blind mice,
See how they run, See how they run,
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
She cut off their tails with the carving knife,
Did you ever seen such a sight in your life as
Three blind mice?

ARE YOU SLEEPING?
G
Are you sleeping, are you sleeping?
Brother John, Brother John,
Morning bells are ringing;
Morning bells are ringing;
Ding, ding, dong, ding, dong.

WHERE IS JOHN?
E Flat
Where is John, the old white hen has left her pen,
Oh, where is John, the cows are in the corn again;
Oh, John.

THE TREES
To ope' their trunks the trees are never seen,
How do they then put on their robes of green?
They leave them out.

PUFFABILLIES
Down at the station early in the morning,
See the little puffabilies all in a row,
See the little driver turn a little handle,
Puff, puff, shh, shh—off they go.

ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT
D
Row, row, row your boat,
Gently down the stream;
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,
Life is but a dream.

THE GOOSE
Why is it that thy goose sings as well
as my goose,
When I paid for my goose twice as
much as thou?

FROG SONG
F
Hear the lively song of the frogs
in yonder pond
Crick crick crickety crick
Brrr-r-r-r-rump.

BRIGHT CORAL BELLS
C
I. Bright coral bells upon a slender stalk,
II. Lilies of the valley deck my garden walk.
III. Oh, don't you wish that you could hear them ring;
IV. That will happen only when the fairies sing.
Fun Songs

I LOVE LITTLE WILLIE
Appalachian Mountain Song

1. I love little Willie, I do, Mama
   I love little Willie I do, Ha ha
   I love little Willie,
   But don't you tell Pa,
   'Cause he wouldn't like it at all, Mama.
2. He wrote me a letter, he did, Mama.
3. We're going to be married, we are Mama.
4. The chariot is coming, it is Mama.
5. Next Sunday's the day, it is, Mama.
6. And now we are married, we are, Mama.
   And now we are married, we are, Ha ha,
   And now we are married, and you can tell Pa,
   'Cause he can't do nothing at all, Mama.

MOLLY MALONEY

A Flat

"Is your mother in, Molly Maloney?"
"No, she's out."
"Is your father in, Molly Maloney?"
"No, he's out."
"Then may I come in by your fireside
   And sit for a while with you?"
   But she said with a smile,
   "No, you can't for a while,
   For the fire's out, too."

WHO DID?

B Flat

Divide group into two sections and sing as indicated

(1st Sec.) (2nd Sec.)
1. Daniel Daniel
   Daniel Daniel
   (All) Daniel in the li-yi-yi-yi Daniel Daniel
   Daniel Daniel
   (All) Daniel in the li-yi-yi-yi Daniel Daniel
   Daniel Daniel
   (All) Daniel in the li-yi-yi-yi Daniel in the lion's Daniel in the lion's den!
   Daniel in the lion's den!
2. Gabriel, Gabriel, Gabriel, Gabriel,
   Gabriel, blow your trump-ump-ump-ump-............ etc.
   Gabriel, blow your trumpet,............etc. loud.
3. Who did, who did, who did, who did,
   Who did swallow jo-jo-jo-jo-
   ..........etc.
   Who did swallow Jonah,
   .............etc. down.
4. Whale did, whale did, whale did, whale did,
   Whale did swallow jo-jo-jo-jo-
   ..........etc. up.
LITTLE SIR ECHO

C

Sometimes I hear your voice so very distinctly.
Sometimes, so far, it fades then is gone like the dawn.

Chorus:

1. Little Sir Echo how do you do.
Hello, (hello), Hello, (hello).
Little Sir Echo I'm very blue,
Hello, (hello), Hello, (hello),
Hello, (hello), Hello, (hello).
Won't you come over and play (and play)
You're a nice little fellow,
I know by your voice,
But you're always so far away (away).

2. Little Sir Echo you're very near,
Hello, (hello), Hello, (hello).
Little Sir Echo you're very clear,
Hello, (hello), Hello, (hello),
Hello, (hello), Hello, (hello).
Won't you come over and play (and play)
You're a nice little fellow,
I know by your voice,
But you're always so far away (away).

THE CROCODILE

D Motion Song

Oh, she sailed away on a sunny summer's day (flutter hands)
On the back of a crocodile (make crocodile mouth)
"You see," said she, "He's as tame as he can be (pat back of hand)
I'll speed him down the Nile" (flutter fingers)
The croc winked his eye as she bade them all goodbye (point to wink; wave goodbye)
Wearing a happy smile (outline smile)
At the end of the ride (whirl hands)
The lady was inside (hands on stomach)
And the smile was on the crocodile (outline smile and make crocodile mouth).

GOOD NIGHT MEDLEY

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss covered bucket that hung in the—
Evening by the moonlight,
You could hear those darkies singing,
In the evening by the moonlight,
You could hear those banjos ringing,
How the old folks would enjoy it,
They would sit all night and listen,
As we sang one song for my old Kentucky home,
For my old Kentucky home—
Good night ladies, good night ladies,
Good night ladies, we're going to leave you now
Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along, o'er the deep blue sea.
Songs from Other Lands

THE BELLS OF ST. MARY'S (English)
By A. Emmett Adams

1. The bells of St. Mary's at sweet eventide,
   Shall call me, beloved, to come to your side.
   And out in the valley, in sound of the sea,
   I know you'll be waiting, yes, waiting for me.

   Chorus:
   The bells of St. Mary's, ah, hear, they are calling,
   The young loves, the true loves, who come from the sea,
   And so, my beloved, when red leaves are falling,
   The love bells shall ring out, ring out for you and me.

2. At the porch of St. Mary's I'll wait there for you.
   In your soft wedding dress, with its ribbons of blue,
   In the church of St. Mary's sweet voices shall sing,
   For you and me, dearest, the wedding bells ring.

   (Music for above song may be obtained from Chappell-Harms, Inc., 62 W. 45th St., New York City).

GOOD NIGHT, BELOVED (Bohemian)
Folk Songs and Ballads, Set III
E. C. Schirmer Music Co., Boston

Good night, beloved, good night, good night,
God keep you safe in His watchful sight.
Good night, dear, softly sleep,
Sweet be the dreams of your slumber deep.
Good night, dear, softly sleep,
Sweet be the dreams of your slumber deep.

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES
E Flat  Ben Johnson—Old English Air 6-8

1. Drink to me only with thine eyes,
   And I will pledge with mine;
   Or leave a kiss within the cup,
   And I'll not ask for wine;
   The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
   Doth ask a drink divine;
   But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
   I would not change for thine.

2. I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
   Not so much hon'ring thee
   As giving it a hope that there
   It could not withered be;
   But thou there on didst only breathe,
   And sent'st it back to me,
   Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
   Not of itself but thee.
SWEET AND LOW

By Alfred Tennyson and J. Burnby

C SB:2, 12

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low;
Wind of the western sea,
Blow, blow, breathe and blow;
Wind of the western sea,
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon and blow,
Blow him again to me—
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon,
Rest, rest, on Mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon,
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails from out of the west,
Under the silver moon—
Sleep my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

COMIN' THRU THE RYE

Robert Burns—(Scotch Melody)

A Flat SB:2, 3, 5, 6, 8, 9, 12

1. If a body meet a body,
Comin' thro' the rye,
If a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?

Chorus:
Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,
Nane they say hae I;
Yet all the lads they smile on me,
When comin' thro' the rye.

2. If a body meet a body,
Comin' frae the town,
If a body greet a body,
Need a body frown?

3. Among the train there is a swain
I dearly love mysel',
But what's his name or where his name,
I dinna choose to tell.

AULD LANG SYNE

Robert Burns—(Scotch Air)

F SB: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 12

1. Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never bro't to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And the days of auld lang syne?

Chorus:
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

2. And here's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gi's a hand of thine;
We'll tak' a cup o'kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT
David Owen—(Old Welsh)

A Flat SB:2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8

1. Sleep my child, and peace attend thee
   All through the night;
Guardian angels God will send thee,
All through the night,
Soft the drowsy hours are creeping,
Hill and vale in slumber steeping,
My loving vigil keeping
All through the night.

2. While the moon her watch is keeping
   All through the night;
While the weary world is sleeping
All through the night.
O're thy spirit gently stealing,
Visions of delight revealing,
Breaths a pure and holy feeling,
All through the night.

THE KEEPER (English)
Folk Songs and Ballads, Set I.
E. C. Schirmer Music Co., Boston

D SB:7

1. The keeper did a shooting go
   And under his cloak he carried a bow,
   All for to shoot at a merry little doe
   Among the leaves so green, oh.

Chorus:
(First Voices) (Second Voices)
Jacky boy, Master
Sing ye well, Very well
Hey down, Ho down.
(All) Derry derry down
Among the leaves so green, oh.

(First Voices) (Second Voices)
To my hey down, down To my ho down, down
Hey down, Ho down.
(All) Derry derry down
Among the leaves so green, oh.

2. The first doe she did cross the plain
   The keeper fetched her back again
   Where she is now she may remain
   Among the leaves so green, oh.

3. The second doe she crossed the brook
   The keeper fetched her back with his hook
   Where she is now you may go and look
   Among the leaves so green, oh.

4. The third doe she ran over the plain
   But he with his hounds did turn her again
   And there he did hunt in a merry, merry vein
   Among the leaves so green, oh.
BLOW AWAY THE MORNING DEW (English)


SB:7 2-2

1. Upon the sweetest summer time,
   In the middle of the morn,
   A pretty damsel I espied,
   The fairest ever born.

Chorus.
   And sing, blow away the morning dew;
   The dew and the dew
   Blow away the morning dew,
   How sweet the winds do blow.

2. She gather'd to her lovely flowers,
   And spent her time in sport;
   As if in pretty Cupid's bow'rs.
   She daily did resort.

3. She's gone with all those flowers sweet
   Of white, of red, of blue,
   And unto me, about my feet,
   Is only left the rue.

COME LET US BE JOYFUL (English)

D Sharp SB:9 6-8

Come, let us be joyful,
While life is bright and gay,
Come, gather its rose-buds
Ere they fade away.
Oh, don't you worry and don't you fret,
There's lots of life in the old world yet,
We'll take the rose, the thorn forget,
And go on our way rejoicing.
(Repeat first four lines.)

THE FROG AND THE MOUSE—(English-Traditional)


SB:10

1. There was a frog liv'd in a well,
   Whipsee diddle dee dandy dee.
   There was a mouse liv'd in a mill,
   Whipsee diddle dee dandy dee.
   This frog he would awooing ride,
   With sword and buckler by his side.
   Ending to each verse:
   With a harum scarum diddle dum darum,
   Whipsee diddle dee dandy dee.

2. He rode till he came to Mouse's Hall, (etc.)
   Where he most tenderly did call, (etc.)
   "Oh Mistress Mouse, are you at home?
   And if you are, oh, pray come down."

3. "My Uncle Rat is not at home, (etc.)
   I dare not for my life come down." (etc.)
   Then Uncle Rat he soon comes home,
   "And who's been here, since I've been gone?"

4. "Here's been a fine young gentleman, (etc.)
   Who swears he'll have me if he can." (etc.)
   Then Uncle Rat gives his consent,
   And made a handsome settlement.

5. Four partridge pies with season made, (etc.)
   Two potted larks and marmalade, (etc.)
   Four woodcocks and a venison pie.
   I would that at that feast were I!
SWANSEA TOWN (English)
Folk Songs and Ballads, Set II,

SB:7 4-4

1. Oh, farewell to you, my Nancy, ten thousand times adieu!
   I'm bound to cross the ocean, girl, once more to part from you!
   Once more to part from you, fine girl,
   You're the girl that I adore,
   But still I live in hopes to see old Swansea Town once more.
   Old Swansea Town once more, fine girl, you're the girl that I adore,
   But still I live in hopes to see old Swansea Town once more.

2. Oh, it's now that I am out at sea, and you are far behind,
   Kind letters I will write to you of the secrets of my mind;
   The secrets of my mind, fine girl,
   You're the girl that I adore,
   But still I live in hopes to see old Swansea Town once more.
   Old Swansea Town once more, fine girl, you're the girl that I adore,
   But still I live in hopes to see old Swansea Town once more.

CAPTAIN JINKS (English)
SB:1, 8, 9

I'm Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines,
I often live beyond my means,
I sport young ladies in their teens,
To cut a swell in the army.

I teach the ladies how to dance, how to dance,
I teach the ladies how to dance,
For that's the style in the army.

I'm Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines,
I give my horse good corn and beans,
Of course, it's quite beyond my means,
Tho' a Captain in the army.

THE HUNTER'S HORN
(English Hunting Song)

F

1. The hunter winds his bugle horn,
   To horse, to horse, hello hello-o!
   The fiery coursers sniff the morn—
   While eager chase the lords pursue.

2. Away they bound like life at stake
   As through the bush, the briar, the brake,
   While answering hounds and horns that quake
   The mountain echoes startled 'wake.

3. Up springs from yonder tangled thorn
   A deer more white than mountain snow
   Out louder rang the hunter's horn
   Hark forward, forward, hello, hello! (May be sung as a round)
BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMs

Words by Thomas Moore—(Irish Air)

E Flat SB:2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 12 6-8

1. Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly today,
Were to change by tomorrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy gifts, fading away,
Then would'st still be adored as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
And around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

2. It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear!
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets, The same look which she turned when he rose.

THE LARK IN THE MORN (English)

Folk Songs and Ballads, Set I.

G 4-4

1. As I was a walking one morning in the spring,
I met a young damsel so sweetly she did sing;
And as we were a walking these words she did say:
"There's no life like a plough-boy's all in the month of May."

2. The lark in the morn she will rise up from her nest,
And mount in the air with the dew all on her breast;
And like the pretty plough-boy she will whistle and sing,
And at night she'll return to her own nest back again.

ROSA, LET US BE DANCING (Flemish)

Folk Songs and Ballads, Set III,

G SB:6 6-8

1. Rosa, let us be dancing, dancing, dancing,
Rosa, let us be dancing, O Rosa sweet!
Rosa, with her hat of flowers
Has little wealth, but happy hours
And dances sweetly.
Rosa, let us be dancing, dancing, dancing,
Rosa, let us be dancing, O Rosa sweet.

2. Rosa, will you be mine now, mine now, mine now.
Rosa, will you be mine now, O Rosa sweet.
Rosa with her hat of flowers,
Has little wealth but happy hours
And dances sweetly.
Rosa, will you be mine now, mine now, mine now.
Rosa, will you be mine now, O Rosa sweet.
ANNIE LAURIE (Scotch)

William Douglas  Lady John Scott
C  SB:2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 12  4-4
Maxwelton’s braes are bonnie
Where early fa’s the dew,
And it’s there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true,
Gave me her promise true,
Which ne’er forgot will be,
And for Bonnie Annie Laurie
I’d lay me doon and dee.

A WALKING SONG (Swiss)

Folk Songs and Ballads, Set III,
E Flat  SB:3,  2-4
1. From Lucerne to Weggis on,
Hol-di-ri-di-a, hol-di-ri-a,
Care and labor now are gone,
Hol-di-ri-di-a, hol-di-a.
Chorus:
Hol-di-ri-di-a,
Hol-di-ri-di-a, hol-di-ri-a,
Hol-di-ri-di-a,
Hol-di-ri-di-a, hol-di-a,
2. O’er the mountain trails we’ll go,
Hol-di-ri-di-a, hol-di-ri-a,
Lovely deep ravines below,
Hol-di-ri-di-a, hol-di-a.
3. Weggis leads to the highest hill,
Hol-di-ri-di-a, hol-di-ri-a!
Give a cheer, boys, with a will,
Hol-di-ri-di-a, hol-di-a.

THE GALWAY PIPER (Irish)

Folk Songs and Ballads, Set III,
D  SB:7  4-4
1. Ev’ry person in the nation, Or of great or humble station,
Holds in highest estimation Piping Tim of Galway.
Loudly he can play or low; He can move you fast or slow;
Touch your hearts or stir your toe, Piping Tim of Galway.
2. When the wedding bells are ringing. His the breath to lead the singing,
Then in jigs the folks go swinging, What a splendid piper!
He will blow from eve to morn, Counting sleep a thing of scorn,
Old is he but not out-worn, Know you such a piper?
3. When he walks the highway pealing, Round his head the birds come wheeling,
Tim has carols worth the stealing, Piping Tim of Galway.
Thrush and linnet, finch and lark, To each other twitter, “Hark!”
Soon they sing from light to dark Pipings learnt in Galway.
ALOHA OE
(Hawaiian Farewell Song)

G SB:12

1. Proudly sweep the raincloud by the cliff,
   Borne swiftly on the western gale,
   While the song of lovers' parting grief
   Sadly echoed amid the flowery vale.

   Chorus:
   Farewell to thee, farewell to thee,
   Thou lovely one who dwells among the bowers.
   One last embrace before we have to part,
   Until we meet again.

2. Sweet the thoughts I bear away with me,
   Dear mem'ries of the happy past
   And tho' we whisper, fare-thee-well,
   Yet we know we shall meet again at last.

MERRY LIFE (Italian)
(Funiculi-Funicula)

E Flat SB: 3, 5, 6, 8, 12 Fast 6-8

1. Some think the world is made for fun and frolic,
   And so do I, and so do I.
   Some think it well to be all melancholy,
   To pine and sigh, to pine and sigh;
   But I, I love to spend my time in singing
   Some joyous song, some joyous song,
   To set the air with music bravely ringing,
   Is far from wrong, is far from wrong.

   Chorus:
   Harken, harken, music sounds afar,
   Harken, harken, music sounds afar,
   Tra-la-la-la, Tra-la-la-la,
   Tra-la-la-la, Tra-la-la-la,
   Joy is everywhere,
   Tra-la-la-la, Tra-la-la-la,

2. Ah, me, 'Tis strange that some should take to
   sighing;
   And like it well! And like it well!
   For me, I have not tho't it worth the trying,
   So cannot tell! So cannot tell!
   With laugh and dance and song the day soon
   passes,
   Full soon is gone; Full soon is gone;
   For mirth was made for joyous lads and lasses,
   To call their own! To call their own!

SANTA LUCIA
(Neapolitan Boat Song)

C SB:1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8 3-8

1. Now 'neath the silver moon ocean is growing,
   O'er the calm billow soft winds are blowing;
   Here balmy breezes blow, pure joys invite us,
   And as we gently row, all things delight us.

   Chorus:
   Hark, how the sailors' cry joyously echoes nigh;
   Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia! Home of fair poesy,
   Realm of Pure Harmony, Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!

2. When o're thy waters, light winds are playing,
   Thy spell can soothe us, all care allaying;
   To thee, sweet Napoli, what charms are given,
   Where smiles creation, till blest by heaven.
CIELITO LINDO (Mexican)

C
SB:10, 11
3-4

1. I’m waiting near—by the fountain here,
Come my lovely Cielito Lindo.
Over there—in the village square,
There is music, Cielito Lindo.

Chorus:
Ay, ay, ay ay, Come, come to your window
Ere moonlight fails and the starlight pales,
We must hasten, Cielito Lindo.

2. Your bright-eyed glance, in the sprightly dance,
Lights the shadows, Cielito Lindo.
Here I wait, we must not be late
For the tango, Cielito Lindo.

3. They’re happy there, so forget your care,
If you’ve any, Cielito Lindo.
Come along where there’s dance and song,
For we love you, Cielito Lindo.

TIRITOMBA (Italian)

Folk Songs and Ballads, Set I,

F

1. When the Mountain top through purple mist is glowing,
And the wood faint green is showing,
When with merry ripple all the brooks are flowing,
Then must I be on my way.
Tiritomba, tiritomba, all the world is calling,
calling, to me so,
Tiritomba, tiritomba, tiritomba, I must go.

2. When the morning dew is still on petal clinging,
And the lark his song is singing,
O'er my shoulder stick and bundle gaily slinging,
To the road I take my way.
Tiritomba, tiritomba, with my lusty song the countryside will ring,
Tiritomba, tiritomba, tiritomba, I must sing!

THE SERENADERS (Italian)

Folk Songs and Ballads, Set III,

E Flat

1. With skillful hands they thrum the light guitar;
Upon the evening air their voices fall.
With skillful hands they thrum the light guitar;
Upon the evening air their voices fall.
O lovely ladies, O lovely ladies all,
We have come to serenade you, below the garden wall,
Below the garden wall, below the garden wall,
O lovely ladies, answer to our call!

2. Behind the dusky lattice glows a face;
From window high the crimson roses fall.
Behind the dusky lattice glows a face;
From window high the crimson roses fall.
O serenaders, O serenaders all,
We have heard your evening music, below the garden wall,
Below the garden wall, below the garden wall,
The roses shower in answer to our call!
O SOLE MIO (Italian)
(My Sunshine)
SB: 1, 6, 7, 12
2-4
The fairest sunshine, I realize,
Is e'er the sunshine within your eyes.
My sun, my radiant sunshine,
Is in your eyes, your lovely eyes.

THE SILVER MOON IS SHINING (Italian)
Folk Songs and Ballads, Set III,
D Flat
3-4
The silver moon is shining upon the silent meadow,
I walk a-down the meadow with no one near me.
The nightingale is singing beyond the forest shadow
I sigh within the shadow where none can hear me.
How lovely is the moonlight between the shadows
breaking!
My heart would ease its aching if thou were near me.

DANCING (Slovak)
Folk Songs and Ballads, Set III,
E
2-4
1. Here we come advancing, advancing,
   To music gay, entrancing, entrancing,
   While sparkling eyes a glancing, a glancing,
   Are begging for the dancing, the dancing.
Chorus:
   Tra la la la la, Tra la la la,
   Tra la la la la, tra la la,
   (Repeat above two lines, adding you).
2. Hop while heel and toeing, a toeing,
   Then swiftly round be-going, a-going,
   O how the heart is glowing, a-glowing,
   Though wintry winds are blowing, a-blowing.
3. Fiddler, keep on playing, a-playing,
   Our going home delaying, delaying,
   To dance here we'll be staying, a-staying,
   Until for rest you're praying, a-praying.

MORNING COMES EARLY
(Slovakian Folk Song)
Folk Songs and Ballads, Set I,
D
2-4
1. Morning comes early and bright with dew,
   Under your window I sing to you;
   Up, then, my comrade, up then, my comrade,
   Let us be greeting the morn so blue!
   (Repeat last two lines).
2. Why do you linger so long in bed?
   Open the window and show your head.
   Up then, with singing, up then with singing,
   Over the meadows the sun comes red.
   (Repeat last two lines).
FINLANDIA
Jean Sibelius

1. O! land of ours, to thee we raise our praises,
O! native land where lakes reflect the sky.
In forest groves the pine and larch are growing
Above thy plains the mountains stand high.
O! land of ours, with beauty God has blessed thee,
We shall keep strong; our faith shall not die.

2. From out thy soil a glorious race has risen;
For freedom's cause thy sons have fought and won;
And may we hold this past of ours forever
Within our hearts as bright as the sun;
Thee may we serve as thy true sons forever,
Keep faith in God, whose will shall be done.

Accompaniment may be found in The Red Book
of Program Songs and Choruses, published by Hall
and McCreary Co., Chicago.

SONG OF THE VOLGA BOATMAN (Russian)

A SB:6, 7, 12
Row, men row! Tho' the winds blow,
'Gainst the current, row, men row.
Yonder birches on the shore,
We must reach them, bend the oar!
Swiftly the Volga's waters flow,
We're their masters, onward still we go.
Row, men row! Tho' the winds blow,
'Gainst the current, row, men row.

I SAW YOU (Spanish)
Folk Songs and Ballads, Set II,

D 3-3
1. I saw, I saw you, I saw you,
Your hair and apron were flying,
A washing clothes in the river,
And hanging them out for drying.

Chorus:
Now here in my cart
Is water for you:
Your clothes you may wash
Till they're whiter than snow,
And down to the river you never need go.

2. I've passed the girls in the village
Whose eyes are bright and bold.
But shy is the girl by the river,
And she's more precious than gold.

ALLELUIA (German)
Folk Songs and Ballads, Set I

E Flat 3-2
All creatures of our God and King, Lift up your
voice and with us sing,
Alleluia! Alleluia! Thou burning sun with golden
beam,
Thou silver moon with softer gleam, O praise Him,
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
THE GENEROUS FIDDLER (German)

Folk Songs and Ballads, Set II, 

E Flat

1. Who will play a tune for dancing? 
   Who will play the fiddle sweet? 
   All the girls are shyly waiting 
   Waiting with impatient feet. 
   Fiddler, Fiddler, come you soon 
   And play us all a merry tune!

Chorus:
   Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, 
   Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la, 

2. "Now, before I make you music, 
   You must pay the fiddler's fee!" 
   "Ah, we've neither pence nor farthing, 
   Poor and humble folk are we." 
   "Naught care I for what you say! 
   If you must dance, then I must play."

HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE (German)

B Flat

SB:1, 2, 5, 6, 8

1. How can I leave thee! How can I from thee part! 
   Thou only hast my heart, dear one, believe, 
   Thou hast this soul of mine, so closely bound to 
   thine, 
   No other can I love, save thee alone!

2. Blue is a flow'ret called the forget-me-not, 
   Wear it upon thy heart, and think of me! 
   Flow'ret and hope may die, yet love with us 
   shall stay, 
   That cannot pass away, dear one, believe.

3. Would I a bird were! Soon at thy side to be, 
   Falcon nor hawk would fear, speeding to thee. 
   When, by the fowler slain, I at thy feet should lie, 
   Thou sadly shouldst complain, joyful I'd die.

SONG OF THE SEASONS (Hungarian)

C

1. Heigh-O! Now from the eaves no sound is 
   dripping, 
   Feel how the frost is sharp and nipping, 
   Thru night the stars are slipping; 
   Clap your hands, and shout for winter weather; 
   Laugh at cold, we're coasting to-gether.

2. Heigh-O! The apples, gaily petal flinging, 
   Toss out a robin, singing, winging, 
   O'er fields with flowers springing 
   Clap your hands, Sing HO! for April weather, 
   Touch the soil we're ploughing to-gether.

3. Heigh-O! A lazy burly bee is humming, 
   And evenings hot with crickets drumming, 
   The lady moon is coming, 
   Clap your hands, it's golden summer weather, 
   Watch at dawn, we'll wander to-gether.

4. Heigh-O! The leaves are flame and copper 
   falling, 
   Out from the sea the nets are hauling; 
   High up a grey goose calling, 
   Clap your hands, it's tossing autumn weather, 
   Hail, great storm, we're trudging to-geth-er.
American Folk Songs and Favorites

FROG WENT A COURTING
(Kentucky Mountain Song)

1. Frog went a courting and he did ride,
   Rink-tum body minch-y cam-bo,
   Sword and buckler by his side,
   Rink-tum body minch-y cam-bo.

Chorus:
Ki-man-ee-ro down to Cairo, Ki-man-ee-ro Cairo,
Sraddlle lad-da bob-bo lad-da bob-bo
link-tum,
Rink-tum body minch-y cam-bo.

2. He rode down by the mill side door,
   Rink-tum body minch-y cam-bo,
   To hear his saddle squeak and roar,
   Rink-tum body minchy-cam-bo.

3. Who will make the wedding gown? etc.
   Old Miss Rat from pumpkin town, etc.

4. Where will the wedding breakfast be?
   Way down yonder in a hollow tree.

5. What will the wedding supper be?
   A fried mosquito and a roasted flea.

6. First came in was a bumble bee,
   A fiddle buckled on his knee.

7. Next came in was a little flea,
   To dance a jig for the bumble bee.

OLD BLACK JOE
Stephen C. Foster

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young
   and gay,
   Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away;
   Gone from the earth to a better land I know.
   I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

Chorus:
I'm coming, I'm coming,
For my head is bending low;
I hear their gentle voices calling,
"Old Black Joe."

2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
   Why do I sigh that my friends come not again?
   Grieving for forms now departed long ago,
   I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

3. Where are the hearts once so happy and so free?
   The children so dear that I held upon my knee?
   Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go,
   I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT
By James Bland

E
SB:8, 10

In the evening by the moonlight,
You can hear those darkies singing.
In the evening by the moonlight,
You can hear those banjoes ringing.
How the old folks would enjoy it,
They would sit all night and listen,
As we sang in the evening by the moonlight.
SOURWOOD MOUNTAIN
(Appalachian Mountain Song)
E SB:6 4-4

1. Chicken crowing on Sourwood Mountain
Hey de ing dang diddle ally day,
So many pretty girls I can't count 'em,
Hey de ing dang diddle ally day.
My true love she lives in Letcher,
Hey de ing dang diddle ally day.
She won't come and I won't fetch her
Hey de ing dang diddle ally day.

2. My true love's a blue-eyed daisy
Hey de ing dang diddle ally day.
If I don't get her I'll go crazy
Hey de ing dang diddle ally day.
Big dogs bark and little ones bite you,
Hey de ing dang diddle ally day.
Big girl'll court and little one slight you,
Hey de ing dang diddle ally day.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME
Stephen C. Foster
G SB:1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 12 4-4

1. The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corntop's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day;
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright;
By'n by hard times comes a-knocking at the door,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

Chorus:
Weep no more, my lady, 0 weep no more today! We will sing one song for my old Kentucky home,
For my old Kentucky home, far away.

2. They hunt no more for the 'possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door;
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight,
The time has come when the darkies have to part,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

BEAUTIFUL DREAMER
Stephen C. Foster
E Flat SB:1, 12 9-8

1. Beautiful dreamer, wake unto me,
Starlight and dewdrops are waiting for thee,
Sounds of the rude world heard in the day,
Lull'd by the moonlight have all pass'd away!
Beautiful dreamer, queen of my song,
List while I woo thee with soft melody;
Gone are the cares of life's busy throng,
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me.

2. Beautiful dreamer, out on the sea,
Mermaids are chanting the wild lore-lei,
Over the streamlet, vapors are born,
Waiting to fade at the bright coming morn.
Beautiful dreamer, beam of my heart,
E'en as the morn on the streamlet and sea;
Then will all clouds of sorrow depart,
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me.

Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me.
OH, SUSANNA
Stephen C. Foster

E Flat SB:1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 12 2-4

1. I came to Al-a-ba-ma wid my banjo on my knee
I'm g'wan to Lou-si-ana, My true love for to see
It rain'd all night de day I left, De weather it was dry,
De sun so hot I froze to death; Su-san-na don't you cry.

Chorus:
Oh, Su-san-na, oh, don't you cry for me,
For I'm goin' to Lou-si-an-a wid my banjo on my knee.

2. I had a dream the od-der night, When everything was still;
I thought I saw Su-san-na, O com-ing down de hill.
De buck-wheat cake war in her mouth, De tear was in her eye.
Says I, I'm com-ing from de South, Su-sun-na don't you cry.

3. I soon will be in New Orleans, And den I'll look all 'round,
And when I find Su-san-na, I'll fall up-on-de ground.
But if I do not find her, Dis dark-ie'll surely die;
And when I'm dead and buried, Su-san-na don't you cry.

CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY
By James Bland

A Flat SB:1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 10 4-4

1. Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn and taters grow,
There's where the birds warble sweet in the springtime,
There's where the old darkey's heart am long'd to go.
There's where I labored so hard for old Massa,
Day after day in the field of yellow corn,
No place on earth do I love more sincerely
Than old Virginny, the state where I was born.

Chorus: Repeat first seven lines.

2. Carry me back to old Virginny,
There let me live till I wither and decay,
Long by the old Dismal Swamp have I wandered,
There's where this old darkey's life will pass away.
Massa and Missis have long gone before me,
Soon we will meet on that bright and golden shore,
There we'll be happy and free from all sorrow,
There's where we'll meet and we'll never part no more.
SHE'LL BE COMIN' 'ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

A Flat SB:8, 10, 11, 12 2-4

1. She'll be comin' round the mountain when she comes,
   She'll be comin' round the mountain when she comes;
   She'll be steamin' and a-puffin', And she'll never stop for nuffin,
   She'll be comin' round the mountain when she comes.

2. She'll be drivin' six white horses when she comes.

3. Oh, we'll all go out to meet her when she comes,
   We will kill the old red rooster, We will kill the old red rooster,
   And we'll all have chicken dumplings when she comes.

JACOB'S LADDER

E Flat (Negro Spiritual) 4-4

1. We are climbing Jacob's ladder, ladder;
   We are climbing Jacob's ladder, ladder;
   We are climbing Jacob's ladder;
   Soldiers of the Cross.

2. Every round goes higher, etc.

3. Sinner, do you love your Jesus?

4. If you love Him why not serve Him?

5. Do you think I'd make a soldier?

6. Rise, Shine, Give God glory!

7. We are climbing higher, etc.

OVER HILL, OVER DALE

(The Caisson Song of U. S. Army)

E Flat SB:7 2-4

Over hill, over dale, on the open woodland trail,
We go swinging and singing along!
Rain or shine, up or down, we will leave the crowded town,
And go swinging and singing along.
Then its hi, hi, hee, the woodland trail for me!
Sing out its praises loud and strong!
Where'er you go, Fun it is you'll know,
To go swinging and singing along, (keep a-singing)
To go swinging and singing along!

MARCHING ALONG TOGETHER

G SB:8 6-8

Marching along together
Sharing every smile and tear
Marching along together
Whistling till the skies are clear,
Swinging along the highway
Over the road that's wide,
With step that's light and hearts so gay
We sing our journey through,
There's work and fun along our way
We're out to see and do.
We're marching along together
Life is wonderful side by side.
I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.
A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;
A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;
A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;
Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

THE COWBOY'S DREAM

1. Last night as I lay on the prairie,
And look'd at the stars in the sky,
I wonder'd if ever a cowboy,
Would drift to that sweet bye and bye.

Chorus:
Roll on, roll on; Roll on, little dogies, roll on, roll on.
Roll on, roll on; Roll on, little dogies, roll on.

2. The road to that bright, happy region,
Is a dim, narrow trail, so they say;
But the broad one that leads to perdition
Is posted and blazed all the way.

3. They say there will be a great round-up,
And cowboys, like dogies, will stand,
To be marked by the Riders of Judgment,
Who are posted and know every brand.

4. And I'm scared that I'll be a stray yearling,
A maverick unbranded on high;
And get cut in the bunch with the "rusties"
When the Boss of the Riders goes by.

5. They say he will never forget you,
That he knows every action and look;
So, for safety, you'd better get branded,
Have your name in the great Tally Book.

GOODBYE, OLD PAINT

Chorus:
I'm a-leaving Cheyenne, I'm off to Montana;
I'm a-leaving Cheyenne.

2. Old Paint's a good pony, he paces when he can;
I'm a-leaving Cheyenne.

3. Go hitch up your hosses and give them some hay,
And seat yourself by me so long as you stay.

4. My hosses ain't hungry, they won't eat your hay,
My wagon is loaded and rolling away.

5. My foot's in the stirrup, my bridle's in my hand;
Good mornin', young lady, my hosses won't stand.
A HOME ON THE RANGE
(An Old Cowboy Song)

G
SB:1, 6, 10, 11 6-8

1. Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam,
   Where the deer and the antelope play;
   Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
   And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Chorus:
Home, home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

2. How often at night where the Heavens are bright
   With the lights from the glittering stars,
   Have I stood there amazed and asked as I gazed
   If their glory exceeds that of ours.

3. Oh, give me a land where the bright diamond sand
   Flows leisurely down the stream;
   Where the graceful white swan goes gliding along
   Like a maid in a heavenly dream.

4. Where the air is so pure, the zephyrs so free,
   The breezes so balmy and light,
   That I would not exchange my home on the range
   For all of the cities so bright.

5. Oh, I love those wild flowers in the dear land of ours.
The curlew I love to hear scream,
   And I love the white rocks and the antelope flocks
   That graze on the mountain tops green.

YOU CAN SMILE
A. H. Ackley

F
SB:4 4-4

1. There are many troubles that will burst like bubbles,
   There are many shadows that will disappear,
   When you learn to meet them, with a smile to greet them,
   For a smile is better than a frown or tear.

Chorus:
You can smile when you can’t say a word,
You can smile when you cannot be heard,
You can smile when it’s cloudy or fair,
You can smile any time any where.

2. Tho’ the world forsake you, joy will overtake you,
   Hope will soon awake you, if you smile today;
   Don’t parade your sorrow, wait until tomorrow,
   For your joy and hope will drive the clouds away.

3. When the clouds are raining, don’t begin complaining,
   What the earth is gaining should not make you sad;
   Do not be a fretter, smiling is much better,
   And a smile will help to make the whole world glad.
LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG

D

SB:2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 12

1. Once in the dear, dead days beyond recall,
   When on the world the mists began to fall,
   Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng
   Low to our hearts Love sang an old sweet song;
   And in the dusk where fell the firelight gleam,
   Softly it wove itself into our dream.

Chorus:
   Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,
   And the flick-ring shadows softly come and go,
   Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
   Still to us at twilight comes Love's old song,
   Comes Love's old sweet song.

2. Even today we hear Love's song of yore,
   Deep in our hearts it dwells forever more,
   Footsteps may falter, weary grow the way,
   Still we can hear it at the close of day;
   So till the end when life's dim shadows fall,
   Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT

D

SB:1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10

1. Stars of the summer night, far in yon azure deep,
   Hide, hide your golden light, she sleeps, my lady sleeps.
   She sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps.

2. Moon of the summer night, far down the western steep,
   Sink, sink in silver light, she sleeps my lady sleeps.
   She sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps.

3. Dreams of the summer night, tell her, her lover keeps
   Watch, while in slumber light she sleeps, my lady sleeps,
   She sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps.

JINGLE BELLS

Words and Music—J. Piepont

G

SB:1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9

1. Dashing thro' the snow, In a one horse open sleigh;
   O'er the fields we go, Laughing all the way.
   Bells on bob-tail ring, Making spirits bright,
   What fun it is to ride and sing
   A sleighing song tonight!

Chorus:
   Jingle bells, Jingle bells, Jingle all the way!
   Oh! what fun it is to ride in a one horse open sleigh!
   Jingle bells, Jingle bells, Jingle all the way!
   Oh! what fun it is to ride in a one horse open sleigh!

2. Now the ground is white, Go it while you're young;
   Take the girls tonight, And sing this sleighing song;
   Just get a bob-tailed nag, Two-forty for his speed,
   Then hitch him to an open sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead.
MOTHER MACHREE

Lyric by Rida Johnson Young—Music by Chauncey C. Olcott and Ernest R. Bull

1. There's a spot in me heart
   Which no colleen may own,
   There's a depth in me soul
   Never sounded or known;
   There's a place in my mem'ry,
   My life, that you fill,
   No other can take it,
   No one ever will.

Chorus:
   Sure I love the dear silver
   That shines in your hair,
   And the brow that's all furrowed
   And wrinkled with care.
   I kiss the dear fingers,
   So toil-worn for me,
   Oh! God bless you and keep you,
   Mother Machree!

2. Every sorrow or care
   In the dear days gone by,
   Was made bl'ight by the light
   Of the smile in your eye;
   Like a candle that's set
   In a window at night,
   Your fond love has cheered me,
   And guided me right.

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING

Italian Hymn by Charles Wesley and Giordini

1. Come, Thou Almighty King, help us Thy name to sing,
   Help us to praise; Father all glorious,
   O'er all victorious.
   Come and reign over us, Ancient of Days.

2. Come, Thou incarnate Word, gird on Thy mighty sword,
   Our prayer attend; Come, and Thy people bless,
   And give Thy word success;
   Spirit of holiness on us descend!

3. To the great One in three eternal praises be,
   Hence evermore, His sov'reign majesty,
   May we in glory see,
   And to eternity love and adore!

DOWN IN THE VALLEY

Appalachian Mountain Song

1. Down in the valley, the valley so low,
   Hang your head over, hear the wind blow
   Hear the wind blow, dear, hear the wind blow
   Hang your head over, hear the wind blow.

2. Roses love sunshine, violets love dew,
   Angels in heaven know I love you
   Know I love you, dear, know I love you
   Angels in heaven know I love you.

3. Write me a letter containing three lines,
   Answer my question, say you'll be mine.
   Say you'll be mine, dear
   Say you'll be mine;
   Answer my question, say you'll be mine.
LONG, LONG TRAIL
A Flat
There’s a long long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing
And a white moon beams.
There’s a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true.
Till the day when I’ll be going
Down that long, long trail with you.

KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING
A Flat (From England) SB:2
Keep the home fires burning
While your hearts are yearning,
Though your lads are far away,
They dream of home.
There’s a silver lining
Through the dark cloud, shining;
Turn the dark clouds inside out
Till the boys come home.

SOLOMON LEVI
G SB:2, 4, 12
My name is Solomon Levi
And my store’s on Salem Street;
That’s where to buy your coats and vests
And ev’rything else that’s neat;
Second handed ulsterettes,
And overcoats so fine,
For all the boys that trade with me at
Hundred and forty-nine.
Poor Sollie Levi, Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la.
Second handed ulsterettes,
And overcoats so fine,
For all the boys that trade with me at
Hundred and forty-nine.

THE SPANISH CAVALIER
By Wm. D. Hendrickson
G SB:1, 2, 4, 5, 8
A Spanish cavalier stood in his retreat,
And on his guitar played a tune, dear;
The music so sweet, would oft-times repeat
The blessing of my country and you, dear.
Chorus:
Oh say, darling, say, when I’m far away,
Sometimes you may think of me, dear;
Bright sunny days will soon fade away,
Remember what I say, and be true, dear.

OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS
Out where the handclasp’s a little stronger
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,
That’s where the West begins;
Out where the sun is a little brighter,
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter,
That’s where the West begins.
WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING
Lyric by Chauncey Olcott and George Graff, Jr.  
Music by Ernest R. Ball

There’s a tear in your eye and I’m wondering why,  
For it never should be there at all;  
With such pow’r in your smile, sure a stone you’d beguile,  
So there’s never a tear-drop should fall.  
When your sweet lilting laughter’s like some fairy song,  
And your eyes twinkle bright as can be,  
You should laugh all the while and all other times smile,  
And now smile a smile for me.

Chorus:
When Irish eyes are smiling,  
Sure it’s like a morn in Spring,  
In the lilt of Irish laughter  
You can hear the angels sing,  
When Irish hearts are happy,  
All the world seems bright and gay,  
And when Irish eyes are smiling  
Sure, they steal your heart away.

MY WILD IRISH ROSE

My wild Irish rose,  
The sweetest flow’r that grows.  
You may search ev’rywhere,  
But none can compare  
With my wild Irish Rose,  
My wild Irish Rose,  
The dearest flow’r that grows,  
And some day for my sake,  
She may let me take  
The bloom from my wild Irish Rose.

BRIGHTEN THE CORNER WHERE YOU ARE

Ina Dudley Ogden  
Chas. H. Bagriel

1. Do not wait until some deed of greatness you  
   may do,  
   Do not wait to shed your light afar,  
   To the many duties near you now be true,  
   Brighten the corner where you are.

Chorus:
Brighten the corner where you are!  
Brighten the corner where you are!  
Someone far from harbour you may guide across the bar;  
Brighten the corner where you are!

2. Just above are clouded skies that you may help to clear  
   Let not narrow self your way debar;  
   Tho’ into one heart alone may fall your song of cheer,  
   Brighten the corner where you are.

3. Here for all your talent you may surely find a need,  
   Here reflect the bright and Morning Star,  
   Even from your humble hand the bread of life may feed,  
   Brighten the corner where you are.
THE HOME ROAD

E Flat

1. Sing a Hymn of Freedom
   Fling the banner high!
   Sing the Songs of Liberty,
   Songs that shall not die.

Chorus:
   For the long, long road to Tip-pe-ra-ry
   Is the road that leads me home,
   O'er hills and plains,
   By lakes and lanes,
   My Woodlands!
   My Corn—fields!
   My Country! My Home!

2. In the quiet hours
   Of the Starry night
   Dream the dreams of far away.
   Home-fires burning bright.

O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL (Adeste Fidelis)

John Reading

D

1. O come, all ye faithful, Joyful and triumphant,
   O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
   Come and behold Him born the King of Angels:
   O come, let us adore Him,
   O come, let us adore Him,
   O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

2. Sing, choirs of Angels, Sing in exultation,
   Sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above:
   Glory to God . . . In the highest:
   O come, let us adore Him,
   O come, let us adore Him,
   O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

SING YOUR WAY HOME

Sing your way home at the close of the day;
Sing your way home, drive the shadows away,
Smile every mile, for wherever you roam
It will lighten your load,
It will brighten your road,
If you sing your way home.

GRACE SONG

G

Tune—Doxology or Old Hundredth

Be present at this table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored,
These mercies bless, and grant that we
May dwell in Paradise with Thee. Amen.
### INDEX

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Song Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alleluia</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All Through the Night</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aloha Oe</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>America</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>America The Beautiful</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Annie Laurie</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Are You Sleeping?</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Auld Lang Syne</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Battle Hymn of the Republic</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beautiful Dreamer</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bells of St. Mary’s, The</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blow Away the Morning Dew</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bright Coral Bells</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brighten the Corner Where You Are</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Captain Jinks</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carry Me Back to Old Virginny</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cielito Lindo</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Closing Song</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come Let Us Be Joyful</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, Thou Almighty King</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Comin’ Thro’ the Rye</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cowboy's Dream, The</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crocodile, The</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dancing</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Down in the Valley</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dreaming</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Finlandia</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Follow the Gleam</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Four-H Field Song</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Four-H Friendship</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Four-H Pastoral</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Four Leaf Clover</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frog and the Mouse, The</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frog Song</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frog Went A Courting</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Galway Piper, The</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Generous Fiddler, The</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God Bless America</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goodbye, Old Paint</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Good Night, Beloved</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Good Night Medley</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goose, The</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grace Song</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greeting Song</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hello</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Home On The Range, A</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Home Road, The</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How Can I Leave Thee?</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How Do You Do?</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hunter's Horn, The</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Love Little Willie</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In the Evening by the Moonlight</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Saw You</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song</td>
<td>Page</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jacob's Ladder</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jingle Bells</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Keeper, The</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Keep the Home Fires Burning</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lark in the Morn, The</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Sir Echo</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Long, Long Trail</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love's Old Sweet Song</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marching Along Together</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Merry Life</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Molly Maloney</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Montana</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Montana, My Montana</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morning Comes Early</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mother Machree</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Old Kentucky Home</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Wild Irish Rose</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Come All Ye Faithful</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Sole Mio</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh Susanna</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Black Joe</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Out Where the West Begins</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Over Hill, Over Dale</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plowing Song, The</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pride of the Land, The</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Puffabillies</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rosa, Let Us Be Dancing</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Row, Row, Row Your Boat</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Santa Lucia</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Serenaders, The</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Silver Moon Is Shining, The</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sing Along</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sing Your Way Home</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Solomon Levi</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song of Health</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song of the Open Country, A</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song of the Seasons</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song of the Volga Boatman</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sourwood Mountain</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spanish Cavalier, The</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Speed Away</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Star Spangled Banner, The</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stars of the Summer Night</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stop! - Look! - Listen and Sing</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Swansea Town</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweet and Low</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thinking Song, A</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Three Blind Mice</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tiritomba</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trees</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trees, The</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walking Song, A</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We're From Montana</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We're On the Upward Trail</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When Irish Eyes Are Smiling</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Where Is John?</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who Did?</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You Can Smile</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
“Just whistle a bit if the day be dark
And the sky be overcast;
If mute be the voice of the piping lark,
Why, pipe your own small blast.”
—Paul Laurence Dunbar

“Music is in all growing things,
And underneath the silky wings
Of smallest insects there is stirred
A pulse of air that must be heard,
Earth’s silence lives, and throbs, and sings.”
—Lathrop

“It’s the song you sing,
And the smile you wear,
That’s making the sun shine everywhere.”
—Riley