

SONGS

... for ...

Montana Clubs

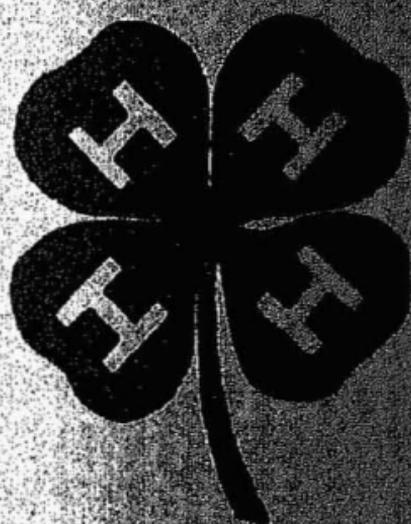


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FOREWORD

This song book has been prepared primarily for the 4-H Clubs of Montana, but is suitable for use in Home Demonstration Clubs, Recreational 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

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4-H Club Leader

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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. Where the crowd is restless or tired, use a play song or a round.
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. In acknowledging requests, don't hesitate to "hear" the one that you think will go best at that point.
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:2—"The Golden Book of Favorite Songs," published by Hall & McCreary Co., 434 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

SB:3—"The National 4-H Club Song Book," published by C. C. Birchard & Co., Boston and New York. May also be purchased from National Committee on Boys and Girls Club Work, 431 South Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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

SB:5—"Twice Plus 55 Community Songs—The New Brown Book", by C. C. Birchard & Co., of Boston and New York.

SB:6—"The New American Song Book", by Hall & McCreary Co., 434 So. Wabash, Chicago, Ill.

SB:7—"The Home and Community Song Book", published by E. C. Schirmer & Co., 221 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass. May also be secured through National Recreation Association, 315 Fourth Avenue, New York.

SB:8—"America Sings", published by Robbins Music Corporation, 799 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

SB:9—"The Red Book—Games With Music", by C. C. Birchard & Co., Boston and 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 Frances Scott Key

B Flat SB:1, 2, 3, 4, 5 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 desola-
tion,

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 4-4

1. O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain.

America! America! 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.

America! America! 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.

America! America! 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.

America! America! God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood

From sea to shining sea.

AMERICA

By Samuel Francis Smith. Attributed to Henry
G Carry. SB:1, 2, 3, 4, 5 3-4

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

B Flat SB:1, 2, 3, 4, 5 4-4

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.

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.

MONTANA SONGS

MONTANA

4-4

Tell me of that Treasure State
 Story always new,
 Tell me 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,
 M-O-N-T-A-N-A, Montana, I love you.
 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.

HOW I LONG FOR MONTANA

Oh, I long, how I long for Montana,
 And the sweet smell of pine in the air,
 Where the lark every evening sings melodies rare,
 To the sage brush and sweet prickly pear;
 Oh, I long, how I long for Montana,
 Where the sinking sun sets all aglow.
 In the hart of the Rockies, the land of my dreams,
 It is there that my heart longs to go.

CARRY ME BACK TO OLD MONTANA

A Flat SB:1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8 4-4
 (Tune: Carry Me Back to Old Virginia)

Carry me back to old Montana,
 There's where the hunting and the fishing sure am
 fine,
 There's where the birds warble sweet in the spring-
 time,
 There's where the mountains tower white above the
 pine.
 There's where I courted, I loved, and I labored,
 Day after day where the rushing waters fall
 No place on earth do I love more sincerely,
 Than old Montana, the dearest land of all.

MONTANA SMILES

A Flat (Tune: Smiles) 4-4

There are smiles from Indiana,
 There are smiles from Idaho.
 There are smiles from Maine to California,
 There are smiles from North to Mexico.
 There are smiles all over this great nation,
 In whatever place your footsteps fall,
 But the smiles that come from old Montana
 Are the smiles that are best of all.

CHEER FOR MONTANA

A Flat SB:1, 2, 3, 8, 9 6-8

(Tune: "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here.")

Hail, hail, the gang's all here,
 Cheer for old Montana,
 Cheer for old Montana,
 Hail, hail the gang's all here.
 Cheer for old Montana—NOW!

I'M GLAD I LIVE IN MONTANA

F (Tune: We Won't Go Home Until Morning) 6-8

I'm glad I live in Montana,
 The glorius State of Montana,
 I'm glad I live in Montana,
 The best of all the States.

Chorus:

The best of all the States,
 The best of all the States,
 Oh! I'm glad I live in Montana,
 The best of all the States.

STAND UP AND CHEER

C Montana State College Song 4-4

Stand up and cheer
 Cheer loud and long for dear Montana
 For today we raise
 The blue and gold to wave victorious.
 Our sturdy band now is fighting
 And we are here to win the fray
 We've got the vim—rah, rah!
 We're here to win—rah, rah!
 For this is dear Montana's day!

HIT THE LINE

For G Montana State College Song 4-4

Hit the line Montana
 Montana wins today
 We'll show the sons of _____
 That the blue and gold hold sway
 Rush them down the back field
 Victory or die
 You can hear the boosters cheering
 As the backs go tearing by,
 RAH! RAH!

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.

BENEATH MONTANA SKIES**E Flat**

3-4

1. When evening comes and shadows fall,
If mem'ries make you blue;
All you need is a rest and a chance to forget;
Montana calls to you.

Chorus:

- Beneath Montana skies, you'll find paradise,
waiting for you.
Beneath Montana skies, right before your eyes
dreams will come true,
Clouds of gray will float away, while you're
looking on,
Happiness will come to stay, when the clouds
have gone.
You'll find life is worth while as you wear
your only smile,
Beneath Montana skies.
2. At break of day, the sun ascends;
Its beams reach 'cross the sky;
When the wild life awakes, and the meadow
lark sings;
It's a thrill that will never die.

4-H CLUB SONGS**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 every-
where.
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. Buchanon. SB:3 Rena M. Parish.
G 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. Rena M. Parish.
G SB:3 4-4

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 to 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.

Fannie R. Buchanon Rena Parish
B. Flat 4-H FIELD SONG 2-4

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.

Words by Fannie R. Buchanon—Music by Rena M.
Parish

B Flat 4-H FRIENDSHIP 2-4

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.

A SONG OF THE OPEN COUNTRY

G (Words and Music by Clare A. Rood) 3-4

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.

Sheet music for Dreaming, Plowing Song, Song of Health and Song of the Open Country can be secured at 25c per copy; Friendship and Field Song at 10c per copy. Write National Committee on Boys' and Girls' Club Work, Inc., 431 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

SING ALONG

E Flat (School and Community Version) 4-4

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!

Refrain

- 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!

HAIL! HAIL! THE CLUB'S ALL HERE

A Flat

SB:1, 2, 3, 8, 9

6-8

Hail, hail, the club's all here,
 Do we like our club work?
 YES! We like our club work,
 Hail, hail, we're full of cheer,
 Do we like our club work?—yes, yes, YES.
 (Shout each "yes" louder)

Hail, hail, the club's all here.
 Everyone a winner,
 Everyone a winner.
 Hail, hail, the club's all here,
 We're ready for a good time now.

Hail, hail, the club's all here,
 Everyone a winner,
 Hear that call for dinner,
 Hail, hail, the club's all here,
 Can't we have our dinner now?

CLUB PERFECTION

B Flat

Tune: Tipperary

4-4

It's a long way to club perfection,
 It's a long way to go.
 It's a long way to club perfection,
 But we'll get there yet, I know.
 Goodbye, loss and failure,
 Goodbye, doubt and fear.
 It's a long way to club perfection,
 But we're getting near.

BRING THE 4-H SIGN

Tune: Marching Through Georgia

Bring the good old 4-H sign,
 We'll give a hearty cheer,
 For the club work training,
 That gives us every year.
 Heart and Head, and Hands and Health,
 Are all remembered here,
 In making the best even better.

Chorus:

Hurrah! Hurrah! We'll make the echoes ring,
 Hurrah! Hurrah! The club work is the thing,
 We'll boost the farm and country,
 Till old Agriculture's king,
 By making the best even better.

ON WITH CLUB WORK

F

Tune: On Wisconsin

4-4

On with club work! On with club work,
 In our Treasure State,
 We, the loyal sons and daughters,
 Hail club work as great.

On with club work! On with club work,
 See Montana go,
 We'll talk and plan club work,
 Just watch us grow.

On with club work! On with club work,
 Do you hear the call?
 Club work is the big idea,
 Heed it one and all.

On with club work! On with club work,
 Plunge right through the line,
 Victory will be ours 'neath the 4-H Sign.

OUR CLUB WILL SHINE TONIGHT

- G SB:1, 5, 8, 2-4
 Tune: Our Boys Will Shine Tonight
 Our club will shine tonight,
 Our club will shine;
 We'll shine with beauty bright,
 All down the line;
 We're all dressed up tonight,
 That's one good sign,
 When the sun goes down,
 And when the moon comes up,
 Our club will shine.

OH, ME! OH, MY!

- A Flat SB:1, 2, 3, 2-4
 Oh, me! Oh, my!
 We'll get there by and by,
 If anybody loves his club work,
 It's I, I, I, I, I.
 Oh, me! Oh, my!
 We're happy as can be,
 If any body loves their club work,
 It's we, we, we, we, we!

CLUB WORK GIRLS, CLUB WORK BOYS

- G SB:1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9 4-4
 Tune: Jingle Bells
 Club work girls, club work boys, club work every
 day,
 Oh, what joy it is to work, and oh, what fun to play
 Head and heart, hand and health, that is what we
 say,
 Stands for club work everywhere, in our good old
 U. S. A.

4-H FRIENDS

- A Flat Tune: Smiles 4-4
 There are friends as sweet as sugar,
 There are friends a trifle tart,
 There are friends who stir the mind to action,
 There are friends who dearly warm the heart,
 There are friends to grant a smile at parting,
 There are friends to cherish to the end,
 But no heart can ever be too crowded,
 To make room for a 4-H friend.

SERVICE

- A Flat Tune: Moonlight and Roses 2-4
 Service for others
 The 4-H Club slogan shall be.
 Helping each member,
 The beauty in life to see;
 Sharing our blessings
 Brings golden dreams sparkling anew,
 Service for others
 Brings joy, deep and true.

ACHIEVEMENT DAY

G Tune: Solomon Levi SB:2, 4 6-8

We're here for our Achievement Day,
The best day of the year,
We like to play as well as work,
But don't you ever fear,
We'll strive to make our better best,
Like all clubs in the state
So 4-H Junior clubs are here,
Right here to celebrate.

CHORUS

Oh, friends and parents
Our hats are off to you;
We're here to show you,
What the 4-H clubs can do;
We strive to make our better best,
Like all clubs in the state,
So 4-H Junior clubs are here,
Right here to celebrate.

(From New Mexico.)

COME ON YOU CLUB FOLKS

B Flat Motion Song 4-4

Come on you club folks, come down and play with
me.
Come bring your dollies three, swing in our apple
tree.
Shout down our rain barrel, slide down our cellar
door,
We'll be your jolly friends for ever more.
If we've a weakness, it is for climbing trees,
There's no one more enjoys down barrels to make
a noise.
What fun if we could slide down your cellar door
We'll be your jolly friends for ever more.
But no! you club folks we cannot play with you,
Our dollies have the "flu", boo-whoo-oo-oo-oo-oo,
Can't shout down your rain barrel,
Can't slide down your cellar door,
But we'll be jolly friends for ever more.

COME AND JOIN OUR CLUB

A Flat Tune: Pack Up Your Troubles 4-4

You lose all your troubles when you join our club,
So smile, smile, smile.
In 4-H's you will find our sign,
So smile, boys, that's the style;
Club work gives you happiness,
It always is worth while—SO
Pack up your troubles, come and join our club,
And smile, smile, smile.

BOOSTING CLUB WORK

Tune: I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles

We're forever boosting club work,
Boosting club work everywhere,
Our aims are high,
We will always try,
To keep our banner in the sky;
Achievement is our watchword,
Four-H's are our sign,
We're forever boosting club work,
Boys' and Girls' Clubs all the time.

WE'VE GOT A CLUB

E Flat Tune: Li'l Liza Jane SB: 1, 6 2-4

1. We've got a club down where we live,
 We're on the go,
 Our very best we try to give,
 To club work you know.

Chorus:

Here's to club work,
 We love it so,
 We will not shirk it,
 We're on the go.

2. Head and Heart, and Hand we pledge,
 With Health we glow,
 Let the 4-H be our sign,
 Where e'er we go.

Chorus:

Oh, Montana,
 Let's make a noise,
 Oh, Montana,
 Club girls and boys.

FOUR-LEAF CLOVER

By Ella Higginson

F Used in 4-H Candle-Lighting Service 6-8

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.

(From "When the Birds Go North Again," by Ella Higginson, Copyright, The Macmillan Co., N. Y.)

Sheet music for the above song can be furnished by the National Committee on Boys and Girls Club Work, 430 South Michigan Ave., Chicago, at 50c per copy.

SPEED AWAYE SB:3 3-8
 Used in 4-H Candle-Lighting Service

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.

FOLLOW THE GLEAM

G

SB:3

3-4

Used in 4-H Candle Lighting Service

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 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

G

SB: 1, 3, 4, 5

4-4

Used in 4-H Candle-Lighting Service

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

A THINKING SONG

G Tune: Mendelssohn's "On Wings of Song" 6-8

May I give clearer thinking
 To every 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
 All right in God's searching view.
 May I give clearer thinking
 To ev'ry daily deed.

CONFERENCE SONG

E Flat

SB:2, 3, 5, 6, 7

6-8

Tune: Believe Me, If All Those
 Endearing Young Charms

Oh, friends, as we gather today to renew
 Our hopes and our faith in our task,
 May our failures all fade as the mists and the
 dew,
 While strength for new duties we ask.

We must work with new zest, we must all do
 our best,
 To render the service we see,
 And to strengthen the leadership of 4-H clubs,
 That effective our efforts may be.

GREETING SONGS

HELLO

E Flat

SB:1, 4

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

(Divide the singers into four groups, each singing one "Hello" and holding it through to the completion of the full chord, singing the middle part in unison.)

HOW DO YOU DO?

A Flat

SB: 1, 2, 3, 8, 9

4-4

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?")

IT'S A GOOD TIME TO GET ACQUAINTED

B Flat

Tune: Tipperary

4-4

It's a good time to get acquainted,
 It's a good time to know
 Who is sitting close beside you
 And to smile and say "hello";
 Good-bye lonesome feeling,
 Good-bye glassy stare,
 When we all join hands and pull together
 We're sure to get there.

HAIL! HAIL!

A Flat

SB:1, 2, 3, 8, 9

6-8

Tune: Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here
 Hail, hail, we're glad you're here,
 Come again to see us,
 It's good to have you with us,
 Hail, hail, we're glad you're here,
 Come again to see us soon.

OH, WHEN WE ARE TOGETHER

SB:1, 3, 8

G

Tune: Ach Du Lieber Augustine

3-4

Oh, when we are together, together, together,
 Oh, when we are together
 How happy are we.
 For **your** friends are **my** friends
 And **my** friends are **your** friends.
 Oh, when we are together
 How happy are we.

(Variations: Start slowly and at a low key. Repeat several times, pitching higher and singing faster each time.)

YOU'RE A WONDER

D SB:1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8 2-4

Tune: Reuben, Reuben, I've Been Thinking

Mr., you're a wonder
 And when you are old and gray
 We will all say
 "Yes, by thunder, you were some boy
 in your day."

Variation:

Oh Miss is a dandy,
 And when she is old and gray,
 We will send her lasses candy,
 On a lovely golden tray.

VARIATION OF "HOW DO YOU DO?"

A Flat SB:1, 2, 4, 8, 9 4-4

How do you do,, how do you do?
 How do you do,, how do you do?
 We will welcome you with cheer
 And we hope you like it here;
 How do you do,, how do you do?

STAND UP

B Flat SB:1, 2, 4, 5, 8, 9 3-4

Tune: Bring Back My Bonnie to Me

1. Stand up, stand up, stand up,
, stand up, stand up.
 2. Sit down, sit down, sit down,
, sit down, sit down.
- (Repeat)

SING-A-LING-A-LING

G SB:1, 3, 4, 9 2-4

Oh, Mr. Wing*, we sing-a-ling-a-ling
 With all our hearts to you;
 We hope there'll be some-thing-a-ling-a-ling
 That we can do for you.
 In autumn, winter, spring-aling-a-ling
 And all the whole year through,
 We'll ring-aling-aling,
 And ting-a-ling-aling,
 And ching-a-ling-a-ling for you.

*Substitute any other name as desired.

(At banquets, the rhythm of this song may be emphasized by tapping a glass with a spoon when singing the words "sing-aling-a-ling.")

B Flat **HOWDY** 4-4

So when we meet together,
 Together, together,
 No matter what the weather,
 Or what the time of day,
 Let's grab a hand and shake it,
 And as for greeting make it,
 That old-fashioned way.

Howdy do, Howdy do, Jen,
 Howdy do, Brother Hugh.
 Howdy do, Sister Prue, Howdy do, Bill,
 Howdy do, Lil, Howdy do, Lew and Sue,
 Howdy do!

WE'RE HERE FOR FUN

F SB:1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8 4-4
Tune: Auld Lang Syne

We're here for fun right from the start,
Pray drop your dignity.
Just laugh and sing with all your heart,
And show your loyalty;
May other meetings be forgot,
Let this one be the best,
Join in the songs we sing today,
Be happy with the rest.

GLAD TO MEET NEW FRIENDS

F SB:1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8 4-4
Tune: Auld Lang Syne

We're always glad to meet new friends,
Our greetings are for you.
We cannot all shake hands, you see,
So here's our "how-do-you-do".
(Motion of shaking hands.)

GIVE YOURSELF A PAT ON THE BACK

Oh, give yourself a pat in the back,
A pat on the back, a pat on the back,
And say to yourself, you're in jolly good health,
I've had a good day today.
Yesterday was full of trouble and sorrow,
Nobody knows what's going to happen tomorrow.
So, give yourself a pat on the back,
A pat on the back, a pat on the back,
And say to yourself, you're in jolly good health,
We've had a good day today.

HE'S ALL RIGHT

E Flat SB:4 4-4
Tune: What's the Matter With Father

What's the matter with
He's all right,
What's the matter with
Out of sight;
Of him, you bet, we think a lot,
He can have whatever we've got,
What's the matter with
He's all right.

GOOD MORNING

E Flat 4-4
Tune: Good Morning Mr. Zip, Zip, Zip

Good morning, every one of you,
You're surely looking fine.
Good morning, every one of you,
Oh yes, I'm feeling fine.
Fresh air and water, and wholesome food,
With restful sleep makes us all feel good;
Good morning, every one of you,
Oh you are feeling happy,
And I am feeling peppy,
We all are feeling peppy—Ho!

IT ISN'T ANY TROUBLE

B Flat

SB: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 9

4-4

Tune: John Brown's Body

It isn't any trouble just to S-M-I-L-E
 It isn't any trouble just to S-M-I-L-E
 So smile when you're in trouble,
 It will vanish like a bubble,
 If you'll only take the trouble,
 Just to S-M-I-L-E.

Repeat, using L-A-U-G-H, G-R-I-N, and Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha. After singing all verses through, have each person turn to a neighbor and act out parts as verses are repeated.)

STYLE ALL THE WHILE

E Flat

SB:1, 8

6-8

They say Mister
 He ain't got no style.
 He has style all the while,
 He has style all the while.
 They say Mister
 He ain't got no style;
 He's style all the while,
 All the while, all the while.

Variation:

They say that Miss
 She never does smile.
 She smiles all the while,
 She smiles all the while.
 They say that Miss
 She never does smile,
 She smiles all the while,
 All the while, all the while.

Variation:

He ain't got no pep.
 Substitute—"They say that the club work."

ROUNDS**THREE BLIND MICE**

D

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

6-8

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 see such a sight in your life as
 Three blind mice.

ARE YOU SLEEPING

G

SB:1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 9

4-4

Are you sleeping, are you sleeping?
 Brother John, Brother John,
 Morning bells are ringing,
 Morning bells are ringing,
 Ding, ding, dong, ding, ding, dong.

WE'VE LEFT OUR WORK AT HOME

G SB:2, 9 6-8

Tune: Farmer in the Dell

1. We've left our work at home,
We've left our work at home,
We've come to learn, we've come to play,
We've left our work at home.
2. Vacation time is here,
Vacation time is here,
We're here for fun, we're glad we've come
Vacation time is her.
3. We like to camp, we do,
We like to camp, we do,
We feel so young, we'd like to run,
We like to camp, we do.

PERFECT POSTURE

G SB:1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 9 4-4

Tune: Are You Sleeping?

Perfect Posture! Perfect Posture!
Do not slump, do not slump;
You must grow up handsome,
You must grow up handsome,
Hide that hump, Hide that hump!

WHERE IS JOHN?

E Flat SB:1, 3, 9 2-4

Where is John, the old white hen has left her pen,
Oh, where is John, the cows are in the corn again.
Oh, J ohn!

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 puffabillies 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 SB:1, 3, 5, 9 2-4

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

Variation: How, How, How Do You Do

How, how, how do you do,
How my friend are you?
I'm glad to say I'm fine today,
I trust that you are too.
Laugh, laugh, laugh and eat,
Gaily through the meal.
The more you laugh, the more you eat
The better you will feel.

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?

HAPPY DAYS

Happy days to all those that we love,
 Happy days to all them that love us,
 Happy days to all those that love them
 That love those, that love them that
 love those that love us.

FUN SONGS**TODAY IS MONDAY**

F SB: 1, 5, 8 4-4
 Today is Monday
 Today is Monday
 Monday wash day
 Monday wash day
 Everybody happy?
 Well, I should say.

(Repeat backward using each stanza)

Tuesday—string beans
 Wednesday—soup (so-oo-oo)
 Thursday—roast beef
 Friday—fish
 Saturday—pay day
 Sunday—church

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

E Flat 2-4

Under the spreading* chestnut tree,
 We were happy as could be.
 When you sat upon my knee,
 Under the spreading chestnut tree.

(*Motions on "spreading," "chest," "nut", and "tree.")

MISTRESS SHADY

B Flat SB: 1, 4, 9 6-8

O, Mistress Shady, she is a lady,
 She has a daughter whom I adore,
 Every day I court her, I mean the daughter,
 Every Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,
 Thursday, Friday, Saturday, afternoon at
 half-past four.

(For an encore, clap hands for various days of the week.)

VARIATION

Oh, Mr., he's a dandy,
 He has awhich we adore.
 We are for, we mean the.....
 Every Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,
 Thursday, Friday, Saturday, afternoon at
 half-past four.

THE MUMMY SONG

E Flat 4-4

Tune—Long, Long Trail
 It's a short, short life we live here,
 So let us live while we may,
 And a song for every moment
 Of the whole bright day.
 What's the use of looking gloomy,
 Or what's the use of our tears,
 When we know a mummy's had no fun
 For more'n three thousand years.

SOCIABILITY

A Flat

4-4

All I want is sociability
 Someone to be sociable to me,
 I'm so very sociable myself
 I like sociable society.
 I've a social temperament,
 Social disposition, social sentiment.
 I'm just as sociable, as sociable can be
 But I've just got to have more sociability.

(Note: Sensibility, lovability, pepability, may also be used.)

A Flat

CROWDS

4-4

Tune—Smiles

There are crowds that make you grumpy,
 There are crowds that make you sad,
 There are crowds that fill your heart with longing,
 Make you wish for home and ma and dad.
 But there are crowds that give you a friendly
 feeling,
 Make you feel that's where you want to be,
 That's the crowd that's gathered here this evening
 It's the kind of a crowd for me.

MULES

F SB: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8 4-4

Tune—Auld Lang Syne

On mules we find two legs behind,
 And two we find before,
 We stand behind before we find
 What the two behind be for.
 When we're behind the two behind
 We find what these be fore;
 So stand before the two behind,
 And behind the two before.

AN ACROBATIC SONG

A SB:1, 2, 5, 7 2-4

Tune—Verse of Yankee Doodle

Oh **Chest**-er, did you 'ear about **Harry**?
 He **chest** got back from the army.
 I 'ear he knows how to wear a rose.
Hip, hip, hooray for the army.

(Sing through the first time without action. The second time act out the first line by smiting the chest, touching the ears, and patting the head. The third time add action for the second line by smiting chest and back and then folding arms in front. The fourth time, add action for the third line by touching eye, ear, nose and coat lapel in rapid succession. The fifth time add action for fourth line by smiting hips twice and folding arms as before.)

THE SMOKE GOES UP THE CHIMNEY

D

SB:3, 9

4-4

In—Twice 55 Games with Music

Oh, you push* the damper in and you pull the damper out,

And the smoke goes up the chimney just the same.
Just the same, just the same,

And the smoke goes up the chimney just the same.

(*Motions on "push," "pull," "goes up the chimney," "just the same.")

MOTION SONG

One little thumb keep moving, One little thumb keep moving

One little thumb keep moving, And all will be happy and gay.

Two little thumbs keep moving, Two little thumbs keep moving

Two little thumbs keep moving, And all will be happy and gay.

Two little thumbs and one little arm keep moving, etc.

Two little thumbs and two little arms keep moving, etc.

Two little thumbs and two little arms and one little head, etc.

Two little thumbs and two little arms and one little head and one little foot keep moving, etc.

Two little thumbs and two little arms and one little head and two little feet keep moving, etc.

I'M IN THE KING'S NA-VY

Tune:—The Old Gray Mare

A Flat

SB: 1

2-4

I don't want to march in the infantry, ride in the cavalry, shoot in the artillery,

I don't want to fly over Germany, For I'm in the King's Na-vy.

Chorus: I'm in the King's Na-vy,
I'm in the King's Na-vy,
I don't want to march in the infantry,
Ride in the cavalry,
Shoot in the artillery,
I don't want to fly over Germany
For I'm in the King's Navy.

Motions on the words: march—tramp with feet
ride — swing
shoot — point
fly — raise arms, elbows
bent
Na-vy — salute

I'D LIKE TO BE A FRIEND OF YOURS

F

2-4

1. I'd like to be a friend of yours
Um—and a little bit more.
I'd like to be a pal of yours
Um—and a little bit more.
I'd like to be a little flower
Growing round your door.
I'd like to give you all I've got
Um—and a little bit,
Um—and a little bit,
Um—and a little bit more.
2. I'd like to be a friend of yours
Um—and a little bit more.
I'd like to be a pal of yours,
Um—and a little bit more.
I'd like to be a bumble bee
Buzzing around your door.
You'd get all that was coming to you
Zzz—and a little bit,
Zzz—and a little bit,
Zzz—and a little bit more.
3. I want to be a jolly girl
Um—and a little bit more.
I want to be a camping girl,
Um—and a little bit more.
I want to be a (club girl)
And then I'll ask no more
For I'll have all that's coming to me
Um—and a little bit,
Um—and a little bit,
Um—and a little bit more.

GYMNASTIC RELIEF

A Flat

3-4

Tune—Till We Meet Again

Smile a while and give your face a rest,
(Extend arms to side)

Stretch a while and ease your manly chest,
(Extend arms above head)

Reach your heads up to the sky,
(Heads up)

While you watch them with your eye,
(Jump lively)

Jump a while and shake a leg there, sir,
(Step back and forth)

Now step forward, backward as you were,
(Shake hands with party to right)

Then reach out to someone near,
(All smile)

Shake his hand and smile.

THE CROCODILE

D

4-4

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 good-
 bye (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)

ALONG CAME A SPIDER

Motion Song

F

4-4

Along came a spider and climbed up the spout,
 Down came the rain and washed the spider out
 Out came the sun and dried up the rain,
 And the little brown spider
 Climbed up the spout again.

MOLLY MALONEY

A Flat

4-4

"Is your mother in, Molly Ma-loney?"
 "No, she's out."
 "Is your father in, Molly Ma-loney?"
 "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."

GEORGIA

Tune:—Marching Through Georgia

Georgia was a little girl who lived in Tennessee,
 She had a ticklish feeling, round her ankle and her
 knee,

Upon investigation found a skeeter and a flea.
 Boy! They were marching on Georgia.
 Hurray! Hurray! Said the skeeter to the flea,
 Hurray! Hurray! Let's have a jubilee,
 You bite her on the ankle,
 And I'll bite her on the knee,
 Boy! They were marching on Georgia.

THERE WAS A LITTLE PUSSY

Scale of C

There was a little pussy,
 Her coat was silver gray,
 She lived out in the meadow,
 She never ran away,
 She'll always be a pussy,
 She'll never be a cat.
 For she's a pussy willow,
 Now what do you think of that?
 Meow, meow, meow, meow,
 Meow, meow, meow, meow, SKAT.

A SMILE

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

4-4

Tune:—Auld Lang Syne

A smile is quite a funny thing,
 It wrinkles up your face,
 And when it's gone,
 You'll never find
 Its secret hiding place.
 But far more wonderful it is,
 To see what smiles can do,
 You smile at one, he smiles at you,
 And so one smile makes two.
 He smiled at someone, since you smiled.
 And then that one smiles back,
 And that one smiles, until in truth,
 You fail in keeping track.
 And since a smile can do great good,
 By cheering hearts of care,
 Let's smile, and smile, and not forget,
 That smiles go everywhere.

LET'S ALL SING LIKE THE BIRDIES SING

Let's all sing like the birdies sing
 Tweet, tweet, tweet, twa, twa;
 Let's all sing like the birdies sing
 Tweet, tweet, tweet, twa, twa;
 Let's all warble like nightingales,
 Give your throat a treat,
 Now we all know the words
 Let us sing like the birds
 Tweet, tweet, tweet, twa, twa.

WHO DID?

B Flat

S B: 9

2-4

Divide group into two sections and sing as indicated.

(1st Sec.)

(2nd Sec.)

1. Daniel
DanielDaniel
Daniel(All) Daniel in the li-yi-yi-yi
Daniel
DanielDaniel
Daniel(All) Daniel in the li-yi-yi-yi
Daniel
DanielDaniel
Daniel(All) Daniel in the li-yi-yi-yi
Daniel in the lions
Daniel in the lions
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.

BIRDS IN THE WILDERNESS

A Flat

SB: 1

2-4

Tune:—Old Gray Mare

Oh, here we sit (stand) like birds in the wilderness,
 Birds in the wilderness, birds in the wilderness.
 Oh, here we sit like birds in the wilderness,
 Waiting for our food. (Show to start.)

YAWNIN' IN THE MORNIN'

2-4

Tune:—Roamin' in the Gloamin'
 Yawnin' in the mornin'
 When the risin' bell is rung;
 Yawnin' in the mornin'
 When the day is just begun.
 How I wish I'd gone to bed
 When the sun was getting red,
 Oh—It's dreadful to be
 Yawnin' in the mornin'.

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.

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES

A Flat

4-4

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag,
 And smile, smile, smile;
 While you've a lucifer to light your fag,
 Smile, boys, that's the style;
 What's the use of worrying?
 It never was worth while—SO
 Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag,
 And smile, smile, smile.

87—CAMP DAYS

Tune:—School Days

Camp days, camp days,
 Dear old gay old camp days,
 Handicraft, lectures and playtime, too,
 Laughter and hiking, new friends for you.
 Sunburn and camp smoke may be thrown in,
 Showers and cloudlets—then sunshine again,
 Whatever the weather, we'll take it and grin,
 All through the dear old camp.

THREW IT OUT THE WINDOW

Motion Song

SB:1, 4

2-4

F

1. Mary had a little lamb,
His fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went,
She threw him out the window.
Window, the window, she threw him out
the window,
And everywhere that Mary went,
She threw him out the window.
2. Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb and pulled out a plumb,
And threw it out the window.
Window, (etc.)
3. Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe and called for his bowl,
And threw them out the window.
Window, (etc.)
Other Mother Goose versus ad lib.

SONGS FROM OTHER LANDS**THE KEEPER (English)**

D SB: 7—Victor Record No. 22,455 B 4-4

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:

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

<p>(First Voices)</p> <p>To my hey down, down Hey down,</p>	<p>(Second Voices)</p> <p>To my ho down, down Ho down</p>
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(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.

(Piano accompaniment for above may be obtained
from E. G. Schirmer Music Co., Boston, Mass.)

THE BELLS OF ST. MARY'S (English)

By A. Emmett Adams

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.

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.)

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES

E Flat Ben Johnson—Old English Air 6-8

SB:1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, Victor Record No. 1238.

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 withered be;
 But thou there on didst only breathe,
 And sent'st it back to me,
 Sine when it grows and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself but thee.

BLOW AWAY THE MORNING DEW

F SB:7 (English)

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.

(Music found also in "Folk Songs and Ballads,
 Set No. 2, by E. C. Schirmer Music Co., Boston,
 Mass.)

COME LET US BE JOYFUL

D Sharp SB: 9 —Victor Record No. 20448 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.

SWANSEA TOWN (English)

C SB:7 4-4

- 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.
- Oh, it's now that I am 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 hope to see old Swansea Town once more.

SWEET AND LOW

By Alfred Tennyson and J. Burnby

C Victor Record No. 21371. SB:2, ' 6-8

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.
 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—
 While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

THE FROG AND THE MOUSE

C English-Traditional—Victor Record No. 19830 6-8

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!

(Music found in "Folk Songs and Ballads, set II"
by E. C. Schirmer Music Co., Boston.)

CAPTAIN JINKS

A SB: 1, 8, 9 Victor Record No. 20,639 6-8

1. 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,
how to dance.
I teach the ladies how to dance,
For that's the style in the army.
2. 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.
3. Salute your partner, turn to the right,
And swing your neighbor with all your might,
Then promenade on the lady's right,
For that's the style in the army.

THE HUNTER'S HORN

F English Hunting Song 6-8

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 with life at stake
As though the bush, the briar, the brake,
While answering hounds and horns that quake
The mountain echoes startle '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 Victor Record 21447. SB: 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 6-8

1. Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so findly today,
Were to change by tomorrow, and fleet in my
arms,
Like fairy gifts, fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored as this moment thou
art,
Let thy loveliest fade as it wil;
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.

ANNIE LAURIE

William Douglas Lady John Scott

C SB: 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 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 popular sentimental song of the Civil War Days
in America.)

I LOVE A LASSIE

D Scotch Melody 4-4

I love a lassie, a bonnie, bonnie lassie,
She's as pure as the lily in the dell:
She's as sweet as the heather,
The bonnie, bloomin' heather,
Mary, my Scotch bluebell.

COMIN' THRU THE RYE

A Flat By Robert Burns—Scotch Melody 4-4
(Victor Record No. 1146)
SB: 2, 3, 5, 6, 8, 9

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's his hame,
I dinna choose to tell.

AULD LANG SYNE

Robert Burns Scotch Air

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

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

Refrain:

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 gie's a hand of thine;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

ALLELUIA (German)

E Flat 3-2

All creatures of our God and King, Lift up your
voices and let us sing,

Alleluia! Alleluia! Thou burning sun with glowing
beam,

Thou silver moon with softer gleam, Oh praise Him,
Alleluia! Alleluia Alleluia! Alleluia!

THE GENEROUS FIDDLER (German)

E Flat 3-8

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 la, Tra la la 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."

(Music found in "Folk Songs and Ballads, Set No. 2", by E. C. Schirmer Music Co., Boston, Mass. Music also found in "Songs for Informal Singing", 10c, by National Recreation Association.)

HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE (German)

B Flat SB: 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 8 4-4

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 my 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 VOLGA BOATMAN (Russian)

A SB: 6, 7 4-4

Row, men row! Tho' the wind 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.

TIRITOMBA (Italian)

F 4-4

1. When the mountain top through purple mist is
glowing,
And the wood faint green is showing,
When the merry ripple all the brooks are
flowing,
Then must I be on my way.

CHORUS:

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.

CHORUS:

Tiritomba, tiritomba, why my lusty song the
countryside will ring,
Tiritomba, tiritomba, tiritomba, I must sing!

Music in Folk Songs and Ballads, Set I, by E. C.
Schirmer Music Co., Boston.

O SOLE MIO (Italian)

F My Sunshine SB: 1, 6, 7 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.

MERRY LIFE (Italian)
(Funiculi-Funicula)

E Flat SB: 3, 5, 6, 8, Fast 6-8
(Start on last beat) (Victor Record No. 20080-A)

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, 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 glowing,
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 sooth us, all care allaying;
To thee, sweet Napoli, what charms are given,
Where smiles creation, toil blest by heaven.

MORNING COMES EARLY

(Slovakian Folk Song)

2-4

D English translation by Katherine Davis
(Victor Record No. 22,457)

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.)

(Music in "Folk Songs and Ballads", Set No. 1,
by E. C. Schirmer Music Co., Boston.)

SONG OF THE SEASONS (Hungarian)

C

2-4

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.

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.
 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.

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.

I SAW YOU (Spanish)

D

3-8

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.

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.

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

Old Welsh

David Owen

A Flat

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

4-4

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,
 I 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.

ALOHA OE

G (Hawaiian Farewell Song) 4-4

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.

Refrain:

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.

 AMERICAN FOLK SONGS AND
FAVORITES

FROG WENT A COURTING 4-4

(Kentucky Mountain Song)

Arranged by Brockway

(Victor Record No. 21,751)

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 Cai-ro, Ki-man-ee-ro Cairo,
Strad-dle ad-le lad-da bob-bo lad-da bob-bo
link-tum,

Rink-tum body mimich-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 minch-y 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.

IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT

By James Bland

E SB:8 4-4

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.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

Stephen C. Foster

G SB:1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 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, O 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.

OLD BLACK JOE

Stephen C. Foster Victor Record 21169

E Flat SB1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8. 2-4

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 the 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."

CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

By James Bland

A Flat

SB:1, 2, 3, 5, 8

4-4

Carry me back to old Virginny,
That's where the cotton
And the corn and 'tatoes 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 place where I was born.

Chorus: Repeat first seven lines.

OH, SUSANNA

Stephen C. Foster Victor Record 21169

E Flat

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

2-4

1. I came to Al-a-aba-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.

TREES

Words by Joyce Kilmer—Music by Oscar Rasbach

D

Victor Record No. 1198

4-4

I think that I shall never see
A poem as 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.

THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL

- A** Flat 4-4
 There's a long long trail a-winding
 Into the land of my dreams,
 Where 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 4-4
 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.

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART

Words by Beth Slater Whitson—Music by Leo

- B** Flat Friedman. SB:1 3-4
 Let me call you sweetheart.
 I'm in love with you;
 Let me hear you whisper
 That you love me true;
 Keep the love light shining
 In your eyes so blue;
 Let me call you sweetheart,
 I'm in love with you.

SOLOMON LEVI

- G** (Old College Song) SB:2, 4 6-8
 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.
 O, Solomon Levi, Tra-la-la-la-la.
 Poor Sollie Levi, Tra-la-la-la-la-la.
 My second handed ulsterettes,
 And overcoats so fine,
 For all the boys that trade with me at
 Hundred and forty-nine.

G THE SPANISH CAVALIER 4-4

By Wm. D. Hendrickson 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.

MOTHER MACHREE

Lyric by Rida Johnson Young—Music by Chauncey
C Olcott and Ernest R. Bull 3-4

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.

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!

Every sorrow or care
In the dear days gone by,
Was made bright 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.

B Flat **MY WILD IRISH ROSE** 3-4

My wild Irish rose,
The sweetest flow'r that grows.
You may search ev'rywhere, but none can compare
With 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.

C **WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING** 3-4

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.

Refrain:

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.

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG

D SB:2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8 4-4

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, 4, 5, 6, 8 4-4

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.
She sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps.
2. Moon of the summer night, far down the western
steeps,
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 the summer light, she sleeps, my lady
sleeps,
She sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps.

JINGLE BELLS

Words and Music—J. Pierpont

G SB:1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9 2-4

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 (Accompanied by jingling glasses)
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 to an open sleigh, And crack! you'll
take the lead.

WHEN IT'S SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES

Words: Mary Hale Woolsey. Music: Robert Sauer
and Milt Taggart.

B Flat

3-4

When it's Springtime in the Rockies,
I am coming back to you,
Lit-tle sweet-heart of the mountains,
With your bonny eyes of blue;
Once again, I'll say "I love you,"
While the birds sing all the day,
When it's Springtime in the Rockies
In the Rockies, far away.

PERFECT DAY

A Flat

By Carrie Jacobs Bond

4-4

When you come to the end of a perfect day,
And you sit alone with your thoughts
While the chimes ring out with a carol gay
For the joy that the day has brought,
Do you think what the end of a perfect day
Can mean to a tired heart,
When the sun goes down with a flaming ray
And the dear friends have to part?

LET THE REST OF THE WORLD GO BY

A Flat

By Ernest A. Ball

3-4

With some one like you,
A pal good and true,
I'd like to leave it all behind
And go and find
Some place that's known to God alone.
Just one spot to call our own,
We'll find perfect peace,
Where joys never cease,
Out there beneath the kindly sky,
We'll build a sweet little nest
Somewhere in the West
And let the rest of the world go by.

SMILES

Words: J. Will Calahan

Music: Lee S. Roberts

A Flat

4-4

There are smiles that make us happy,
There are smiles that make us blue,
There are smiles that steal away the teardrops
As the sunbeams steal away the dew,
There are smiles that have a tender meaning,
That the eyes of love alone may see,
But the smiles that fill my life with sunshine,
Are the smiles that you gave to me.

A HOME ON THE RANGE

(An Old Cowboy Song)

6-8

G

(Victor Record No. 1525) SB:1, 6, 10)

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.

Refrain:

- 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

F

By A. H. Ackley. 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 com-
plaining,
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.

BRIGHTEN THE CORNER WHERE YOU ARE

Ina Dudley Ogden Chs. H. Bagriel

E Flat

SB:4

4-4

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.

Refrain:

Brighten the corner where you are!
Brighten the corner where you are!
Some one 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.

O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL (Adeste Fidelis)

D S B:1, 2, 3, 5, 7 John Reading 4-4

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.

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.

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING

Italian Hymn by Charles Wesley and Giordini

SB:2, 4, 5, 8

3-4

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 Thee, great One, the highest praises be,
Hence evermore; Thy sov'reign majesty,
May we in glory see,
And to eternity love and adore!

DOWN IN THE VALLEY

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.
 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.

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.

CIRIBIRIBEE

SB:1, 8

3-4

F

Ciribiribee, with hearts so free
 We'll dance and sing this melody.
 Ciribiribee, ah, what romance
 With loving hearts in harmony.
 Ciribiribee, what ecstasy
 To sing through life so merrily,
 Ciribiribee, Ciribiribee,
 Ciribiribee means love for thee.

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.

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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



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