MILLION DOLLAR LIBRARY

VOLUME VII

CURRENT & STANDARD HITS

NO REPEATS

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OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Dere's who 'my heart is turn-ing ev-er, Dere's who de old folks stay
All up and down de whole crea-tion, sad-ly I roam.

CHORUS
All de world is sad and dream-y ev'-ry where I roam,
Oh, dar-kies, How my heart grows wear-y, Far from de old folks at home.

BEAUTIFUL DREAMER

Beautiful Dream-er, Wake un-to me, Starlight and dreedrops are wait-ing thee.
Sounds of the rude world heard in the day,
Tulled by the moonlight have all passed a-way.
Beautiful Dream-er,
Queen of my song. List while I woo thee with soft mel-o-dy.
Gone are the cares of life's bus-y throng. Beautiful Dream-er, a-wake un-to me.
MAGGIE BY MY SIDE

Allegretto

The land of my home is flitting flitting from my view, A
gale in the sails is sitting, toils the merry crew.

Here let my home be, on the waters wide, I roam with a proud heart,

Maggie's by my side: My own love, Maggie dear,
sitting by my side. Maggie dear, my own love, sitting by my side.

FAREWELL MY LILLY

Moderato

Oh, Lilly dear, it grieves me, this tale I have to tell; I
have to go a'roaming, so Lilly, farewell! Oh,
farewell my true love, farewell old Tennessee, Then

let us weep for you, love, but do not weep for me.

CHORUS

Farewell forever to old Tennessee;
Farewell my Lilly dear, Don't weep for me.
GENTLE ANNIE

Thou wilt come no more, gentle Annie, Like a flow’r thy spirit did depart,
Thou art gone alas! Like the many that have

Thou wilt come no more, gentle Annie, Like a flow’r thy spirit did depart,
Thou art gone alas! Like the many that have

bloomed in the summer of my heart Shall we never more behold thee never hear thy winning voice again, When the

Spring-time comes, gentle Annie, When the wild flow’rs are scattered o’er the plain.

JEANIE WITH THE LIGHT BROWN HAIR

I dream of Jean-ie with the light brown hair, Borne like a vapor, on the Summer air; I see her tripping where the bright streams play,

Happy as the daisies that dance on her way. Many were the wild notes her merry voice would pour; Many were the blithe birds that warbled them o’er; Oh! I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair

floating like a vapor on the soft summer air.
COME WHERE MY LOVE LIES DREAMING

Andante

Stephen Foster

Come where my love lies dreaming, Dreaming the happy hours away, In
visions bright redeeming the fleeting joys of days;
Dreaming the happy hours, Dreaming the happy hours away.

Come, where my love lies dreaming, So sweetly dreaming the happy hours away.

Soft is her slumber, That's bright and free, Dance thru' her dreams like gushing melody,
Light is her young heart, light may it be, Come, where my love lies dreaming. D.C.

OH, BOYS, CARRY ME 'LONG

Moderato

Stephen Foster

1. Oh, carry me 'long.... There's no more trouble for me.... I'm
2. Farewell to the hills.... The meadows cover'd with green.... Old

fonna room in a happy home, Where there's no worry for me.... I've worked hard in the
brindled boss, and my old grey horse, All beat'en, broken and lean. Oh, farewell to my
fields.... And hambled many a hoe.... I'll turn my eye, before I die, and
dog.... Who always followed me 'round.... Old spot will wail and droop his tail when
see the sugar cane grow.... Oh, boys, carry me 'long; Carry me till I
die.... Carry me down to the bury-in' ground, Oh, boys, don't you cry....
OLD BLACK JOE

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

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home; 'Tis Summer, the darkies are gay. The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in 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 bye hard times comes a knocking at the door; Then my old Kentucky home good night.

CHORUS

Weep no more my lady, Oh, weep no more today. We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home. For my old Kentucky home far away.
CAMPTOWN RACES

Allegretto

Stephen Foster

Doo-Dah! The camp-town race-track's five miles long—Oh! Doo-Dah
Doo-Dah! They fly the track and they both cut cross—Oh! Doo-Dah

1. The camp-town ladies sing this song—Doo-Dah!
2. The long-tail filly and the big black horse—Doo-Dah!

Doo-Dah! I came down there with my hat caved in one day; I
go back home with a pocketful of tin—Oh! Doo-Dah day!
can't touch bottom with a ten-foot pole—G Oh! Doo-Dah day!

CHORUS

Goin' to run all night! Goin' to run all day! I'll bet my money on the bog-tail nag—Somebody bet on the bay.

OLD DOG TRAY

Andante con moto

Stephen Foster

The morn of life is past, And ev'n'ning comes at last, It
brings me a dream of a once happy day; Of youth-ful forms I've seen, up-
on the village green, A sport-ing with my old dog

tray. Old dog-tray's ev-er faith-ful,

Grief can-not drive him a-way,

Cried cannot drive him away,

He's gen-tle, he is kind, I shall

nev-er nev-er find a bet-ter friend than old dog tray.
OH! SUSANNA

Allegretto

Stephen Foster

I came from Alabama with my banjo on my knee, I'm
I jumped aboard the telegraphy and traveled down the river, The
goin' to Louisiana. My true love for to see; It
electric-flu- id-magnified, And killed five hundred critter. The
rained all night the day I left, The weather it was dry. The
bull-gine bust, the horse run off; I really thought I'd die;
sun so hot I froze to death, Susanna don't you cry.
shut my eyes to hold my breath, Susanna don't you cry.

Oh! Susanna, Oh, don't you cry for me I've
come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee.

NELLY WAS A LADY

Stephen Foster

1. Way down on the Missis-sip-pi<br>2. Now I'm so un-happy and I'm<br>work-ing so hard a-long the way. All night the cot-ton bales<br>can't tote the cot-ton bales no more; Last night while Nel-ly was a-
to-sleep-ing, Sing for my true love all the day. Death came a-knock-ing at the door.

CHORUS

Nel-ly was a la-de, Last night she died,

Toll the bell for love-ly Nell, My sweet Vir-gin-ia bride.
NELLY BLY

With motion

Stephen Foster

1. Nelly Bly! Nelly Bly! Bring the broom along, We'll sweep the kitchen clean my dear, and have a little song.

Nelly Bly! Nelly Bly! Has a voice like the turtle dove, I hear it in the meadow, and I

make the fire burn. And while I take the banjo down, just give the mush a turn, as a cup of tea, And bigger than the sweet potatoe down in Tennessee.

2. Nelly Bly! Nelly Bly! Bring the broom along, We'll sweep the kitchen clean my dear, and have a little song.

Nelly Bly! Nelly Bly! Has a voice like the turtle dove, I hear it in the meadow, and I

MASSA'S IN DE COLD, COLD GROUND

Stephen Collins Foster

'Round de meadows a-singing, De dark'ey's mournful song, 'Twas while de mocking bird a-singing, Happy as de day is long.

Where de ivy am a-creeping, O'er de grassy mound.

Dere old Massa am a-sleeping, Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.

CHORUS

Back in de cornfield, hear dat mournful sound, All de darkies am a-weeping, Massa's in de cold cold ground.
THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

Traditional

There is a tavern in the town, in the town, and
there my dear love sits him down, sits him down, and

G7

Drinks his wine 'mid laughter free and
never, never thinks of me

CHORUS

Fare-thee-well, for I must leave thee, do not let the parting

grieve thee, and remember that the best of friends must part, must

part. Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu,

G7

Adieu, I can no longer stay with you, stay with

you, I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow

G7

Tree, and may the world go well with thee.
TA-RA-RA BOOM-DE-AYI

Tempo di Marcia
Henry Sayers

1. A smart and stylish girl you see, belle of good society;
2. I'm not extra-ordinary shy, and when a nice young man is high;
3. I'm a timid flow'r of in-no sense, pa says that I have no sense, I'm
4. You should see me out with pa, prim and most par-ti-cular; The
5. When with swills I'm out to dine, all my hun-ger I re-sign,
6. Some times pa says with A frown, "soon you'll have to set-tle down.

not too strict but rather free yet as right as right can be;
for his heart I have A try and faint A-way with tear-ful cry;
one e-ter-nal big ex pense, but men say I'm just in-mense,
young men say "ah, there you are!" and pa says that's pe cu-li-ar, It's
taste the food and sip the wine, no such dam-ti-mess as mine!
have to wear your wed-ding gown, be the strict-est wife in town,

but the very thing I'm told that in your arms you'd like to hold;
don't come to while I'll off my lips be steals A taste;
free as air I'm nev-er rude I'm not too bad and not too good;
He's quite sat-is fied al-though when his back's turned well you know;
so old frumps to share like stone, chops and chicken are my own,
but till then I shall not sigh, I shall still go in for my ___________

CHORUS

Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay
C7 F

ne-ver for-ward nev-er bold, not too hot and not too cold,
when the good young man in haste, will sup-port me round the waist;
my vers-es I con-clude, I'd like it known and un-der-stood, the'
like their cheeks; I say and so off a-gain with pa I go,
but when I am all a-lee, for short com-ing s I a- tone;
well it must come bye and bye, when wed to keep quiet I'll try.
THERE'LL BE A HOT TIME

W: Joe Hayden
M: Theodore A. Metz

G

Moderato

When you hear dem a bells go ding, ling, ling,

all 'join 'round and sweet-ly you must sing, and when the verse

through, in the cho-rus all join in, there'll be a

hot time in the old town to-night.

SWEET ROSIE O'GRADY

W: Maud Nugent

F7

Bb

Bb

F7

Bb

Sweet Rosie O'Grady

my dear little rose,

She's my steady la-

dy, most ev'-ryone knows and

when we are mar-

ried, how hap-

py we'll be

I love sweet Rosie O'Grady

and Rosie O'Grady loves me.
AFTER THE BALL

Tempo di Valse

W.M.: Charles K. Harris

G

After the ball is over, after the break of
morn, After the dancers leaving,

D7

af-ter the stars are gone; Nan-y a heart is ach-
ing, if you could read them all Nan-y the

E7

hopes that have van-
ished, after the ball.

DAISIES WON'T TELL

Tempo di Valse

W.M.: Anita Owen

Bb

Daisies won't tell, dear, come kiss me
do. tell me you love me, say

F7

you'll be true, And I will prom-

G7

ise al-
ways to be ten-
der and faith-
ful, sweet-heart, to thee.
THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

Waltz Tempo

W&M: Charles B. Lawlor and James W. Blake

East side, West side, all around the town,
The tots sang "Ring a-rose"
"London bridge is falling down."
boys and girls together, me and
Nannie O' Roche, tripped the light fantastic,
on the sidewalks of New York.

SWEET BUNCH OF DAISIES

Moderato

By: Anita Owen

1. Sweet golden daisies, oh, how dear to me,
my ev'ry I hear them whis-p'ring,
love of thee, mur-muring softly,
in a si-lent theme, of
love's bright morn-ing, now one sad sweet dream,
2. Sweet with-ered daisies, treas-ured more than
gold, bring back to mem'ry those sweet
days of old, when we to-geth-er
er streaked thru for-est green, gath-
ering daisies, growing by the stream.
LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

She's my sweet-heart I'm her
been She's my Annie, I'm her

THE SUNSHINE OF PARADISE ALLEY

Every Sunday down to her home we go
All the boys and all the girls, they love her so.

She is the sunshine of Paradise Alley.
BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO

Harry Dacre

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer,
I'm half crazy, all for the love of you.
It won't be a stylish marriage,
I can't afford a carriage,
But you'll look sweet,
on the seat, of a bicycle built for two.

MY SWEETHEART'S THE MAN IN THE MOON

Moderato

James Thornton

My sweetheart's the man in the moon,
I'm going to marry him soon.
'Twould fill me with bliss, just to give him one kiss.
But I know that a dozen I never would miss.
I'll go up in a great big balloon,
and see my sweet heart in the moon.
Then behind some dark cloud, where no one is allowed,
I'll make love to the man in the moon.
THE BOWERY

W: Charles H. Hoyt
M: Percy Gaunt

The bow-ery, the bow-ery they say such things and they do strange things on the bow-ery. The bow-ery I'll never go there any more.

COMRADES

Felix McGlennon

Comrades, comrades, ever since we were boys,
sharing each other's sorrows, sharing each other's joys.

Comrades when manhood was dawning, faithful what e'er may betide, when danger threaten'd, my jolly old comrade was there by my side.
THE BAND PLAYED ON

W: J. F. Palmer
M: Charles B. Ward

Bb

Casey would waltz with a strawberry blonde, and the band played on. He'd glide 'cross the floor with the girl he adored, and the band played on. But his brain was so loaded it nearly exploded, the poor girl would shake with alarm. He'd never leave the girl with the strawberry curls, and the band played on.

SHE MAY HAVE SEEN BETTER DAYS

Wm: James Thornton

G

She may have seen better days, When she was in her prime. She may have seen better days, Once upon a time. The by the way she fell, she may yet mend her ways. Some poor old mother is waiting for her who has seen better days.
ON A SATURDAY NIGHT

Moderato

C

On a Saturday night, dear old Saturday night, when your pockets are filled with coins, everybody is asked to join,
on a Saturday night, The next day is Sunday, but still, on a Monday, we dream of Saturday night.

DREAMING

W: L.W. Heiser

Waltz Tempo

F

Dreaming, dreaming, of you sweetheart I am dreaming, dreaming of days, when you loved me best dreaming of hours that have gone to rest, dreaming dreaming love's own sweet message I'm bringing, yours have not changed the old love still remains, dreaming.
WHILE STROLLING IN THE PARK ONE DAY

Moderato

While strolling in the park one day,
We linger'd there beneath the trees,

in the merry month of May,
A requisit pair of eyes they voice was like the fragrant breeze,
We talked of happy love unt-

took me by surprise, in a moment my poor heart she stole a-
till the stars above, when her loving yes she gave my heart to

And of course we were as happy as could

be.

So neatly I raised my

hat and made a polite remark

I

never shall forget that lovely afternoon, when I

met her at the fountain in the park.
EVERY NIGHT IN CENTRAL PARK

Moderato

George M. Cohan

A summer's night when stars are bright and twinkle up above,
Life's sublime and that's the time to tell your tales of love.
All the boys and all the girls are out on a lark, and sweethearts plan their future every night in Central Park.

MARY KELLY'S BEAU

W: Edward Harrigan

M: Dave Brahman

Oh, little Mary Kelly, she's a Honey Patsy lass,
And when I'm walking with her, all the mashers let her pass.
For I'm her steady company, I want it published so you tell it to your neighbors I am Mary Kelly's beau.
SHE IS MORE TO BE PITIED THAN CENSURED

Moderato

G C G G7

She is more to be pitied than censured, she is
C Cm G

more to be helped than despised, She is only a lassie who
G A7 D7

ventured, on life's stormy path, All advised, do not
G C G G7 C

scorn her with words fierce and bitter, do not laugh at her
B7 E7

shame and downfall, for a moment just step and con-
A7 D7 G

sider, that a man was the cause of it all.

YOU TELL ME YOUR DREAM, I'LL TELL YOU MINE

W: Seymour Rice & Albert H. Brown  W: Charles M. Daniels

G Gdim G Dm E7 A7

You had a dream, well, I
G Ddim D7

had one too, I know mine's best
G0 Eb7 D7

'cause it was of you, Come
Gdim G Dm E7 A7

sweet-heart tell me, now is the
time, you tell me your
dream, I'll tell you mine.
TAKE BACK THE HEART

Moderato

Wm: Mrs. Charles Barnard (Claribel)

Eb  Bb7  Eb

Take back the heart that thou gav'est, what is my

an-guish to thee.  Take back the free-dom thou

Eb  Fm  Bb7  Eb

crav'est, leav-ing the fet-ters to me.  

Cm  Fm  Cm  Fm  Fm

Take back the vows thou hast spo-ken fling them a-

G7  Cm  Fm  Fm

side and be free.  smile o'er each pi-ti-ful

Cm  F7  Bb  F7  Bb7

to spoken, leav-ing the sor-row for me.

Eb  Bb7  Eb

Drink deep of life's fond il-lu-sion, gaze on the

Bb7  Eb  Bb7

storm-cloud and flee  Swift-ly thru strife and con-

Eb  Fm  Bb7  Eb

fu-sion, leav-ing the bur-den to me.
POOR LITTLE MARY

W: Walter H. Ford
M: Maurice Levi

Moderato

Her Christian name was Mary, But she took the "R" away.
She wanted to be a fairy, with the beautiful name of May; But a young man came to wed her, in a year or so
he was "Pa". So he took the "T" away, and made poor little Mary, "Ma".

SHE MAY BE SOMEBODY'S MOTHER

Andante

By: Will C. Carleton

She may be somebody's mother, come, let her go her way,
Let us not treat her unkindly,
Because she's old and gray, who knows but somebody may love her,
As we all love our own mothers dear,
There was tears in the eyes of the crowd that stood by, who chanced the lads kind words to hear.
I WAS ONCE YOUR WIFE

W: Raymond A. Browne  M: 3/4  Rosenfeld

Moderato

1. The court had opened session, and a woman stood in tears, Before the learned judge so stern and cold, not the gray of years, Ah me; her face another story told the truth, for us he gazed Each once loved feature he could dimly trace. "You charge was but a trifling one but with a downcast glance She are discharged", he murmured, "For although you've stained my life, 'Tis begged in voice born of an anxious dread — That sentence be suspended and for God must judge, not I, your sin that day — Here take this gold, I can't forget that just another chance. Then in a tone of anguish sadly said, you were once my wife. The past seemed speaking when I heard you say: You are rich and respected; I am an outcast now — Reaping the bitter harvest of a broken wedding vow — But in the past you loved me, and the' I marred your life — temper your justice with mercy For I was once your wife.
BILL BAILEY

Moderato

WhM: Hughie Cannon

Dm

On one summer's day, sun was shining fine, the
Bill drove by dat door in an automobile, a

A7

lady love of old Bill Bailey was hanging clothes on de line in her back
great big diamond, coach and footman hear dat big woosh squeal he's all a-

Dm

yard, and weeping hard, She married a B. and O.
loin, I heard her gone, She bell-ered thru that

F

breakman, dat took and throw'd her down, Bell-ering like a prairie-fed calf, wid a
door, Bill Bailey is you sure? Stop a minute, won't you listen to me won't

A7

big gang hang-ing round and to dat crowd, she yelled out loud:
I see you no more? Bill winks his eye, as he heard her cry:

CHORUS

Won't you come home, Bill Bailey, won't you come home? She means do
cdim

whole day long, I'll do de cooking darling,

C

I'll pay de rent; I knows I've done you wrong.

D7 Gm

Mem-ber dat rainy eva dat I drove you out, with
Bb G7

nothing but a fine teeth comb? I knew I'se to blame, well
F D7 G7 C7

ain't dat a shame? Bill Bailey, won't you please come home?
WHOA, EMMA

By: John Read

1. I don't mind telling you, I took my girl to Kew
   And Emma was the daring creature's name.

2. I asked them what they meant when some-one at me sent
   While egg which nearly struck me in the eye.

3. An old man said to me, "Why, young man, can't you see
   The joke, and I looked at him with surprise.

Emma was the daring creature's name.
While egg which nearly struck me in the eye.
The joke, and I looked at him with surprise.
He standing on the pier, some chaps at her did leer,
And girl began to scream, saying "Fred, what does this mean?"
I said, "Don't be put out, it's a saying got a bout,"
And asked again and this was their reply:
Then their voices seemed to rend the skies.

CHORUS

Whoa, Emma! Whoa, Emma! Emma, you
put me in quite a dilemma!
Oh, Emma! Emma!

Whoa, Emma! That's what I heard from Putney to Kew.

CALL HER BACK AND KISS HER

By: C. Minasi

A woman's sure to go her way, But when — she's gone
A wife will surely rule the roost, Of course, that's always proper;
Be always gentle, never harsh, and, mind you, do not flirt her;
So, If you've had an angry word, Why, call her back and kiss her.

A7 D7 G C

A7 D7 G C

A7 D7 G

A7 D7 G

A7 D7 G
THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE

W: George Leybourne  M: Alfred Lee

Once I was happy, but now I'm forlorn, like an old coat that is tattered and torn. Left in this wide world to fret and to mourn, betrayed by a maid in her teens.

The girl that I loved, she was handsome, I tried all I knew her to please; But I could not please her one quarter so well, as the man on the flying trapeze. He'd fly thru' the air with the greatest of ease, A daring young man on the flying trapeze. His movements were graceful, all girls he could please, and my love he purloined away.
WE WON'T GO HOME UNTIL MORNING

Traditional

For he's a jolly good fellow, for he's a jolly good fellow, for
We won't go home until morning, we won't go home until morning, we

he's a jolly good fellow, which nobody can deny which nobody can deny, which
won't go home until morning till day-light doth appear! Till day-light doth ap-

no-body can deny For he's a jolly good fellow for he's a jolly good
day-light doth appear We won't go home until morning we won't go home until

fellow for he's a jolly good fellow which nobody can deny.
morning, we won't go home until morning till day-light doth appear.

THE OLD GRAY MARE

Moderato

The old gray mare, she ain't what she used to be, ain't what she used to be

ain't what she used to be the old gray mare, she ain't what she used to be

day-light doth appear. Fine Many long years ago.

man-y long years a-go. Many long years a-go.

man-y long years a-go, The old gray mare, she

ain't what she used to be man-y long years a-go.
HINKY DINKY PARLEY-VOO

Traditional

OLD MacDONALD HAD A FARM

Traditional

(Continue with ducks (quack quack), Turkeys (gobble-gobble), Pigs (boink-boink)
Ford (rattle-rattle), etc., adding and repeating all each time.)
LET ME SHAKE THE HAND THAT SHOOK THE HAND OF SULLIVAN

W: Monroe H. Rosenfeld

I'd see the pride and the style that they wore in ninety-eight,
With the boot-blacks on the corner they all wait to catch his eye.
It's the blacks and the Caseys from Bombay to Donegal;
Whiskers thin fore-ninst, his chin which makes him look so swate;
He holds it there, the black-thorn stick with-in his fist;
He's swingin' night and day; The widow Dolan had a raf-le
And when he drinks it's "Come, me boys, and have anoth-er
ten; if anyone does know him here, I don't care who's the man,
Let me
fight; to set-tle all the dam-a-ges, he stepped up like a man,
Let me sup," he has my vote for pres-i-dent way down to el-der-men,
Let me
shake the hand that shook the hand of Sulli-ven.

He's the pride of the ward
Happy as a lord, He's got the rep-u-ta-tion of a
man; ar-rah, good luck to yez all, let's have anoth-er ball, Let me

F C7 Bb F Bb C7

F C7 Dm Am Bb F

F C7 Dm Bb6 C7 F

F C7 Dm Bb6 C7 F
FINIGAN'S WAKE

Traditional

Am    Dm    Am    G7    C
Tim Fini-gan liv'd in Walker street, an Irish gentle man

G7    E7    Am    Dm    Am    G7
mighty odd, He'd a beautiful brogue so rich and sweet, and to

C    G7    C    F    C
rise in the world he carried the bod; But you see, He'd a sort of a
tippling way; with a love for the liquor poor Tim was born, and to

C    F    G7    Dm    G7
help him through his work each day, he'd a drop of the creature
ev'ry morn. Whack, hurrah, dance to your partners,

Dm    G7    C    Am    CHORUS    Dm    Am    G7
melt the flure your trotters shake, isn't it the

Am    G7    C    G7    C
truth I've told ye, lots of fun at Fini-gan's wake.

2. One morning Tim was rather full, his head felt heavy, which made him shake,
   He fell from the ladder and broke his skull; So they carried him home his corpse to wake;
   They rolled him up in a nice clean sheet and laid him out upon the bed
   With fourteen candles round his feet, and a couple of dozen rounds his head. Chorus.

3. His friends assembled at his wake, Missus Finnigan called out for the lunch;
   First they laid in tay an' cake, thin pies and tibbacky an' whiskey punch.
   Miss Biddy O'Neill began to cry, "Sick a purty corpse did ye ever see;

4. Then Peggy O'Connor took up the job: "Arrah, Biddy," ses she, "'Ter wrong, I'm sure,"
   But then Judy gave her a belt on the gob, an' left her sprawling on the flare.
   Each side in war did then engage - 'Twas woman to woman an man to man -
   Shillelah Law was all the rage, and a bloody ruction soon began. Chorus.
WHO THREW THE OVERALLS IN MRS. MURPHY'S CHOWDER?

Allegro

George L. Giefer

Mis-tress Mur-phy gave a par-ty just a-bout a week a-go
They dragged the pants from out the soup and laid them on the floor

Ev'-ry-thing was plen-ti-ful the Mur-phy's they're not slow
They Each man swore up-on his life he'd ne'er seen them be-fore

They were treat-ed us like gent-le-men we tried to act the same and on-ly for what
plas-tered up with mor-tar and were worn out at the knee They had their man-y

happ-ened well it was an aw-ful shame when Mrs. Mur-phy dished the chow-der out she
ups and downs as we could plain-ly see and when Mrs. Mur-phy she came to she

faint-ed on the spot, she found a pair of over-alls at the
gan to cry and pout, she had them in the wash that day and for-

bot-tom of the pot. Tim No-lan he got rip-ping mad his eyes were bulging
got to take them out. Tim No-lan he ex-cess-ed him-self for what he said that

out, He jumped up-on the pi-an-o and loud-ly he did shout.

CHORUS

Who threw the over-alls in Mis-tress Mur-phy's chow-der? No-body

spoke so he shout-ed all the loud-er it's an I-rish trick that's true I see

lick the mick that threw the over-alls in Mis-tress Murphy's chow-der.
**MY WILD IRISH ROSE**

By: Chauncey Olcott

![Musical notation for "My Wild Irish Rose"]

**O'HOOLIGHAN**

Traditional

![Musical notation for "O'Hoolihan"]

---

They made me carry all the bats, they nearly drove me crazy;
They put me out in the centre field, I paralysed them all;
I put up dukes to catch a fly, be jakers it caught me in the eye
And they hung me up on the fence to dry, the day I played base ball.

I took up the bat and I knocked the ball, I thought of San Francisky,
And 'round the bases I did fly, three times and a half or more,
When all the crowd began to howl, "O'Hoolihan, you've made a foul;"
And they rubbed me down with a turkish towel the day I played base ball.

The reporters came around next day, and presented me with a medal;
They asked for my photography, to hang upon the wall;
Says they, "Young man, you've won the game." Me head was broke, and me shoulder lame,
And they carried me home in the cattle train, the day I played base ball.
MINSTREL BOY

W: Thomas Moore

Andante mosso e brillante

Traditional Air

The min-strel boy to the war is gone, in the ranks of death._You'll find__ him. His fa- ther's sword he hath gird-ed on, and his wild harp slung__ be-hind__ him, Lind of song, said the war-rior bard, Tho' all the world be-trays__ thee, One sword, at least, thy__ rights shall guard, one faith-ful harp shall praise thee.

SNOWY-BREASTED PEARL

W: Stephen de Vere

Moderately

Traditional

1. Oh she is not like the rose that proud in beauty glows and boat-eth that she's so wond-rous fair; But she's like the vio-let blue, ever mod-est, ever true, from her eye; When I smile, those orbs of A-azure gleam forth with love and pleas-ure like leaf-y bow'r per-fume-ing the still night air. Oh, she's gen-tle lovin', wild, she's sud-den glo-ry burst-ing thru' a cloud-ed sky. If I claim her for my bride, she art-less as a child, Her clus-tering tres-es soft-ly flow-ing down; I'll trem-bles at my side. And gen-tly lifts her eyes with looks so ten-der, I love thee ev-er-more, Sweet col-leen oge as there, My true love, my snow-y breast-ed pearl. love thee, on-ly, My col-leen gal Ma-Chree, My ture love, my snow-y breast-ed pearl.
BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS

Andante

Believe me, if all those en-dear-ing young charms which I gaze on so fond-ly to-day, were to change by to-mor-row and fleet in my arms, like fair-y gifts fading a-way, Thou wouldst still be a-dored, as this mo-ment thou art, let thy love-li-ness fade as it will, and a round the dear ru-in each wish of my heart, would en-twine it-self ver-dant-ly still.

OHH THE DAYS ARE GONE WHEN BEAUTY BRIGHT

Allegretto

Oh! the days are gone when beau-ty bright my heart's chain wove; When my dreams of life, from morn till night, was love, still love! New hope may bloom, and days may come, of mild-er, calmer beam; But there's noth-ing half so sweet in life as love's young dream! Oh! There's noth-ing half so sweet in life as love's young dream.
MARY BLACK FROM HACKENSACK

W. Lew Dockstader

Allegretto

Mi George M. Cohan

1. A pi- on girl named Mary Black who used to live in Hack-en-sack, She heard her great big cous-in Jack of ci-ty fri-lics talk. No
told a-bout the Bow-er-y and all the sights there were to see, Poor
Mary pow-dered, then said she, "I'm going to see New York",

Mary Black from Hack-en-sack, she'd nev-ar been out of the town, She
wanted to see the Bow-er-y, the place of great re-nown. She

thought of the trip and she grabbed her grip, and it didn't take long to pack, Things

WERE-N'T SO BLACK WHEN MA- RY BLACK GOT BACK TO HACK-EN- SACK.

2. She bade goodbye to all the jays It took her just about two days, To learn a lot of city ways,
Far New York she'd been thru, She wore no feathers in her hat, She caught a bee, now think of that,
She had a lovely little flat And bought an oil stove too.
CHORS: Mary Black From Hackensack, Etc.

The village preacher cried "Oh, my! A girl in pants before my eye,
Said Mary, "You're a nice old guy, Go on! Get off the earth!"

4. Now at the Hackensack Town Hall That night the town band gave a ball Sweet Mary simply captured all And gave the rebels a treat, She still had on the bloomer pants, She thru the jays all in a trance, She showed them all the latest dance, But didn't move her feet.
CHORS: Mary Black From Hackensack, Etc.

3. For sev'-ral weeks she stayed away But finally returned one day She rode a bike in bloomers gay Which caused the town much mirth,
THE CHARMING YOUNG WIDOW I MET IN THE TRAIN

Traditional

I live in Vermont and one morning last summer, A
Yet scarce was I seated in the compartment, Be-
letter informed me my uncle was dead; And also re-
fore a fresh passenger entered the door; 'Twas a female, a

I'd come down to Boston, As he'd left me a
I knew the journey, and to book myself by the "first class" I was
making the journey, and to book myself by the "first class" I was

The widow and I side by side, sat together, the carriage containing ourselves and more more;
When silence was broken by my fair companion who enquired the time by the watch that I wore;
I of course, satisfied her; and then conversation, was freely indulged in by both till my brain,
Fairly reeled with excitement, I grew so enchanted with the charming young widow I met on the train.
We became so familiar, I ventured to ask her how old was the child that she held at her breast;
"Ah sir," she responded, and into tears bursting, her infant still closer convulsively pressed;
"When I think of my child, I am well-nigh distracted it's father (my husband) oh my heart breaks with pain;"
She chocking with sobs, leaned her head on my waistcoat; Did the charming young widow I met on the train.
By this time the train arrived at a station within a few miles of the great one in town,
When my charmer exclaimed as she looked through the window "Good gracious alive! Why there's Mr. Brown,
He's my husband's brother-Dear Sir, would you kindly my best beloved child for a moment sustain?"
Of course, I complied then off on the platform tripped the charming young widow I met on the train.
Three minutes elapsed when the whistle it sounded, The train began moving-no widow appeared;
I bowed out "Stop! Stop!-But they paid no attention, with a snort and a jerk, starting off as I feared;
In this horrid dilemma I sought for the hour—but my watch, ha! where was it? Where was my chain?
My purse too: my ticket, gold penknife—all gone oh, that artful young widow I met in the train.
While I was my less thus so deeply bewailing the train again stopped and I "tickets please" heard;
So I told the conductor while dandling the infant the less I'd sustain'd—but he doubted my word;
He called more officials—a lot gathered round me—uncovered the child—oh, how shall I explain?
For behold, "twas no baby—'twas only a dummy! Oh, that crafty young widow I met in the train,
Satisfied I'd been robbed they allowed my departure though of course, I'd to settle my fare the next day;
And now I wish to counsel young men from the country, lest they should get served in a similar way,
Beware of young widows you meet on the railway, who lean on your shoulder—whose tears fall like rain;
Look out for your pockets—in case they resemble the charming young widow I met in the train.
SITTING ON A RAIL

Traditional

As I walk'd out by the light of the moon, So merri-ly sing-

This same tune, I came across a big raccoon, A sit-ting on a

rail, Sitt-ting on a rail, Sitt-ting on a

rail, Sleep-in very sound.

2 At De Raccoon I Take A Peep, An Den So Softly To Him Creep,
I Foun De Raccoon Fast Asleep, And Pull Him Off De Rail, (Repeat)
An Fling Him On De Ground

3. De Raccoon Can To Scratch And Bite, I Hit Him Once Wid All My Might,
I Bung His EYE, And Spile He Sight, O I'm Dat Child To Fight, (Repeat)
And Beat De Banjo Too.

4. I Tell De Raccoon Cin To Pray, While On De Ground De Raccoon Lay,
But He Jump Up And Run Away, An Soon He Out Of Sight, (Repeat)
Sittin On A Rail.

5. Ob All De Songs Dat Eber I Sung, De Raccoon Hunt's De Greatest One,
It Always Pleases Old And Young, And Den Day Cry Encore, (Repeat)
An Den I Cum Again.

GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES

Traditional

Good-night, la-dies, Good-night la-dies!

Good-night, la-dies! We're going to leave you now.

CHORUS

Mer-ri-ly we roll a-long, Roll a-long, Roll a-long.

Mer-ri-ly we roll a-long o'er the dark blue sea.
A LITTLE MORE CIDER

Lively

By: Austin Hart

1. I love the thin girl and the fat, And I love all the
rest. I love the girls for loving me, But
her. I'd give my hat and boots, I would if
other. Oh, what a pretty pair we'd make, up-on
bigger. And cider sweet and sour then, and I

love myself the best. O, dear I am so thirsty, I've
could have been beside her. She looked at me I looked at
a tree together. How bad the fallers all would feel
get fat and thicker. But let the cause be what it will

just been down to supper. I drank three pails of apple jack, and a
and then I crossed the street. And then she smiling said to me a
when on the tree they spied. Her, to think how we would be, When
short, small or wider. She is the apple of my soul, And I'm

CHORUS

A tub of apple butter. O, little more cider too, A
little more cider sweet.
we're made into cider.
bound to be beside her.

little more cider too. A little more cider

for Miss Dinah, A little more cider too.
CARELESS LOVE

Moderato

1. Love, Oh love, Oh careless love,
2. Sor-row, sor-row to my heart,
3. I cried last night and the night before,

Oh, well it's love, Oh love, Oh
Oh, well it's sor-row, sor-row,
Oh, well I cried last night and the
care-less love, You see what
to my heart, Since my
ing night. Before, Going to cry to-
care-less love has done.
love and I did part.
night and cry no more.

Traditional

I GAVE MY LOVE A CHERRY (The Riddle)

Moderato

1. I gave my love a cherry that has no stone, I
2. How can there be a cherry that has no stone? I
3. A cherry when it's blooming, It has no stone, A

gave my love a chicken that has no bone, I
can there be a chicken that has no bone? How
chicken when it's piping, it has no bone, A

gave my love a ring that has no end, I
ring when it's rolling, it has no end, A

gave my love a baby with no crying.
can there be a baby with no crying?
baby when it's sleeping, has no crying.
THE FOGGY, FOGGY DEW

Moderato

1. When I was a bachelor I lived alone, I worked at the weaver's trade; And the only, only thing I did that was wrong, was to sleep. She threw her arms around my neck, and

2. One night she knelt close by my side, When I was fast asleep. She stepped into my life, and

3. Oh, I'm a bachelor I live with my son; We work at the weaver's trade; And the only, only thing I did that was wrong, was to sleep. She threw her arms around my neck, and

wool a fair young maid. I wooed her in the winter time and

in the summer too; And the only, only thing I did that was wrong was to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew. Held her in my arms just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

FOLKS THAT PUT ON AIRS

Lyric revised by Alan Skelly

Allegro

I've hit upon a subject that I think will be the thing. I never like to mix at all with anyone's affairs. But

let me tell you what I think of folks that put on airs;

No use talking, No use talking, See it done every where; To

do as folks of fashion do, You've got to put on airs
I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

Moderato

Traditional

G C G G7 C Gm

I've been work-in' on the railroad all the live long day.

G C G G

I've been work-in' on the railroad to pass the time away.

A7 D7

Don't you hear the whistle blowin'? Rise up so early in the morn.

G C Am6 B7

Don't you hear the captain shoutin', Dina' blow your horn.

WAIT FOR THE WAGON

G G7 C

Will you come with me, My Phil-lis dear, To you blue mountain free, Where the blossoms smell the sweet-est, Come, Rove along with me. It's ev'-ry Sun-day morning, When I am by your side, We'll jump into the wagon and all take a ride. Wait for the wagon, Wait for the wagon. Wait for the wagon and we'll all take a ride.
PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE

Moderato

Traditional

I've trav-ell'd a-bout a bit in my time and of trou-bles I've seen a few. But found it bet-ter in ev-er-y clime to pad-dle my own ca-noe. My wants are small, I care not at all if my debts are paid when due. I drive a-way strife in the o-cean of life, While I pad-dle my own ca-noe. Then love thy neigh- bor as your-self, As the world you go trav-ell-ing thru. And nev-er sit down with a tear or a frown, But pad-dle your own ca-noe.

THE BLUE-TAIL FLY

Moderato

Traditional

1. When I was young I used to wait on mas-ter and hand him his plate, And pass the bot-tle when he got dry and brush a-way the blue tail fly. Jim-mie crack corn and I don't care, Jim-mie crack corn and I don't care;

2. And when he rides in the af-ter-noon I'd fol-low with a hick- 'ry broom; The po- ny he was like to shy when bit-ten by a blue tail fly. Jim-mie crack corn and I don't care, Old mas-ter's gone a-way.

3. One day he ride a-round the farm, The flies so num 'rous they did swarm. One chanced to bite him on the thigh; The dev- il take the blue tail fly. Jim-mie crack corn and I don't care, Jim-mie crack corn and I don't care;

4. The po- my run, He jump, he pitch and threw old mas-ter in the ditch. He died and the ju-ry won-dered why; The ver-dict was the blue tail fly. And neath this stone I'm forced to lie; A vic- tim of the blue tail fly.

CHORUS

Jim-mie crack corn and I don't care, Jim-mie crack corn and I don't care;
SHORTNIN' BREAD

Traditional

Three little children, lying in bed; Two were sick and the other most dead! Sent for the doctor, the doctor said, "Feed these children on short-nin' bread." Mama's little baby loves short-nin', short-nin', short-nin', short-nin', Mama's little baby loves short-nin' bread.

CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

James Bland

Carry me back to old Vir-gin-ny, There's where the cotton and the corn and ta-toes grow, There's where the birds war-ble sweet in the Spring-time, There's where the old Dar-key's heart am longed to go.

There's where I labored so hard for old Mas-sa, day after day, in the field of yellow corn, No place on earth do I love more sin-cere-ly than old Vir-gin-ny the state where I was born.
STOP THAT KNOCKING AT THE DOOR

Moderato

1. I once did love a pretty gal Whose name was Susy Brown. She came from old Virginy. She was the fairest in the town; Her eyes so bright, they shone at night when the moon had gone away; She used to call this boyfriend up Just before the break of day. With a once I heard three pretty hard raps, Come bang against my door. Who’s there? Who’s there? Who’s there? And a who’s there knocking at my door? Is that you Sam? Is that you Sam? No, you better stop that knocking at my door. Stop that knocking. Stop that knocking. Oh! You better stop that knocking at the door. Stop that knocking. Stop that knocking. Oh, you better stop that knocking at the door. Stop that knocking, stop that knocking, stop that knocking, stop that knocking, Oh, you better stop that knocking at my door. Stop that knocking, stop that knocking stop that knocking, stop that knocking, Oh, you better stop that knocking at my door.
SHE'LL BE COMING ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

Lyric revised by Edward Cole

G

She'll be com- in' 'round the moun- tain when she comes.

D7

She'll be com- in' 'round the moun- tain when she comes.

G7 C C#dim

mount- ain, She'll be com- in' 'round the mount- ain She'll be

com- in' 'round the moun- tain when she comes.

ROSA LEE

Moderato

Eb Ab Eb Bb7

1. When I lived in Ten- nes- see, U- Li- A- Li, O- La- E,

Ab Eb Bb7

2. I said, you're lovely gal, that's plain, U- Li- A- Li, O- La- E,

I went court-in' Ro- sa Lee, U- Li- A- Li, O- La- E:

eyes as dark as Win- ter night, Lips as red as ber- ries bright; When

first I did her woo- ing go, she said "Now don't be fool- ish, Joe"

Eb CHORUS Ab Eb Bb7

U- Li- A- Li, O- La- E, Cour- tin' down in Ten- nes- see,

Eb Bb7 Eb Bb7 Eb

U- Li- A- Li, O- La- E, 'Neath the wild Ban- an- a tree. D.C.
SUSAN JANE
Lyric revised by Alan Skelly
Allegro moderato
William S. Hays

1. I went to see my Susan, She met me at the door, And
told me that I need'n't come to see her any more; She

2. Her mouth is like a cellar, Her foot is like a ham, Her
eyes are like and owl's at night, her voice is never calm; Her

fell in love with Rufus Andrew Jackson Payne, I
hair is long and curly She looks just like a crane, I

look'd her in the face and said: "Good-bye Susan Jane." Fine
look'd her in the face and said: "Good-bye Susan Jane."

CHORUS

AUNT DINAH'S QUILTING PARTY

W: J. Fletcher
Moderato with expression
M: Francis Kyle

In the sky the bright stars glitter'd, On the grass the moonlight fell, hushed the
sound of daylight bus-tle, clos'd the pink-eyes piper-nell; As a-
down the moss grown wood-path, where the cattle love to roam, from Aunt

Di-nah's quilting par-ty I was see-ing Nel-ly home. In the

sky the bright stars glitter's, on the grass the moonlight shone; From Aunt

Di-nah's quilting par-ty I was see-ing Nel-ly home.
Oh, my golden slippers are a laid-away, 'Cause I don't 'spect to wear 'em till my wedding day. And my long-tailed coat, that I loved so well, I will wear up in the chariot in the morn. And my long white robe that I bought last June. I'm going to get changed 'cause it fits too soon, and the old gray horse that I used to drive, I will hitch him to the chariot in the morn. Oh, them golden slippers!

Am

Oh! them golden slippers! Golden slippers I'm going to wear because they look so neat; Oh! them golden slippers! Oh! them golden slippers!

D7

golden slippers I'm going to wear, to walk the golden street.

2. Oh, My Old Banjo Hangs On The Wall, 'Cause It Hasn't Been Tuned Since Way Last Fall, But The Folks All Say We Will Have A Good Time, When Ye Ride Up In The Chariot In The Morn. There's Brother Ben And Sister Luce, They Will Telegraph The News To Uncle Bacco Joe, What A Great Camp Meeting There Will Be That Day, When We Ride Up In The Chariot In The Morn.

D7

3. So, It's Good-Bye Children, I Will Have To Go Where The Rain Doesn't Fall Of The Wind Doesn't Blow, And Your Ulster Coats, Why, You Will Not Need, When You Ride Up In The Chariot In The Morn. But Your Golden Slippers Must Be Neat And Clean, And Your Age Must Be Just Sweet Sixteen, And Your White Kid Gloves, You Will Have To Wear, Then You Ride Up In The Chariot, In The Morn.
AT A GEORGIA CAMP MEETING

Lyric revised: Alan Skelly
Moderato
M: Kerry Mills

A camp-meeting took place at the old meeting place, way down in Georgia. There were folks large and small, lank-y lean, fat, and tall, at that great old camp meeting. When church was out, how the old folks did shout, they were so happy. But the young folks were tired and wished to be inspired, and hired a big brass band.

CHORUS

When they heard that trumpet begin to play,

pretty music so gay,

Cares were then thrown away,

Thought those foolish young-sters their necks would break,

When they stopp'd their laughing, and talking and started walkin'

for a big choc'-kate cake.

cake.
DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES

W: Ben Johnson  
M: Traditional

C G7 C Dm C F C G7

Drink to me o-n-ly with thine eyes— And I will pledge with the rose

C Edim G7 C Dm

wine, Or leave a kiss with-in the cup, And

C Fm C G7 C

I'll not ask for wine, The thirst that from the

C G7 C Dm C Dm C G C

soul—dooth rise, doth ask a drink—dive, on-

ly breath and send'it back to me,


But might I of joyves nectar sip, I would not change for thine.

Since when it grows and smells, I swear, not of it—self, but thee.

LOGIE O'BUCHAN

W: George Halket  
M: Traditional

Bb D7 Gm F7 Bb F

It's Logie O' Buch-an, It's Logie the laird, He was ta'en away Jamie that

Bb Gm Bb Eb Bb

delved in the year; Wha played on the pipe and the viol sae sma', He was

F Bb Eb Bb D7

ta' an-a- we' Ma-mie, the flow'r o'them a', he said, "Think nae lang, lassie, the'

Eb Gm F7 Bb F Bb

I gang-a-wa', For I'll come back and see ya, in spite o' them a'"

Though Sandy Has Onsea, Has Gear, And Has Kye,
A House And A Hadden, Siller Forbye;
Yet I'd Tak' My Aun Lad Wi' His Staff In His Hand,
Before I'd Hae Sandy Wi' Houses And Land.
Saying, "Think Nae Lang, Lassie," & C.

I Sit On My Creepie And Spin At My Wheel,
And Think On The Laddie That Lo'es Me So Weel;
He Had But Ae Saxpence, He Brak' It In Two;
And Cied Me The Half O't When He Gaed Awa'.
Saying, "Think Nae Lang, Lassie", & C.
ANNIE LAURIE

Maxwelton’s braes are bonnie, where early falls the dew
And ’twas there that Annie Laurie gave me her promise true.

BLUE BELL OF SCOTLAND

Oh, where, tell me where does your highland laddie dwell?
He dwells in merry Scotland at the sign of the blue bell,
Oh in my heart that I love my laddie well.
ON THE ROCKS BY ABERDEEN

Wi: Jean Ingelow

On the rocks, of Aber-deen, Where the whist-ling wave had seen, a, I
Then I busked my self wi' speed, And the neigh-bors cried, what need? Tis a-

wan-dered and at e'en was eer--\--ie; There I saw the sail-ing
las in a-my wee aye ___ son-- nie. Yet my heart. my heart is

West, And I ran with joy op- pres-t, Ay and took out all my best my
sair, What's the good tho I be - fair, For thou'lt nev-er see me
dear- ie.

Mair, Nan

John-nie, For thou'lt nev-er see me mair, man John-nie.

IN THE GLOAMING

Wi: Metta Orrad

In the gloam-ing, Oh, my dar-ling, when the
lights are dim and low, and the qui-et shad-ows
fall-ing soft-ly come and soft-ly go,

Where the winds are sob-bing faint- ly, with a
gen-tle un-known woe, Will you think of
me and love me, as you did once long a- go?
MY HEART IS SAIR FOR SOMEBODY

Moderato

Robert Burns

My heart is sair, I daurna tell. My heart is sair for somebody:

I could wake a Winter night for the sake of somebody oh hon, for somebody!

Oh hey for somebody! I could range the world around for the sake of somebody.

INTERLUDE

Ye Powers That Smile On Virtuous Love,
O! Sweetly Smile On Somebody!
Frac Ilka Danger Keep Him Free,
And Send Me Safe My Somebody.

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON

W: Robert Burns

M: J.E. Spilman

Flow gently, sweet aften, a hang thy green braes, Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise; My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream. Flow gently, sweet aften, disturb not her dream. Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds from the hill. Ye wild whistling black-birds in yon thorny dell, Thou green-crested lap-wing, thy screaming forbear, I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair.
"The Campbells Are Coming"

W: Robert Burns  
Lively  
M: Traditional

The campbells are com-in', O ho, O ho, The campbells are com-in', O ho, O ho! The campbells are com-in' to bon-nie Loch-lev-en, The campbells are com-in', O ho, O ho! Up- on the Lo-monds I lay, I lay, up- on the Lo-monds I lay, I lay, I look'd down to bon-nie Loch-lev-en and heard three bon-nie pi-pers play D.C. A|F

"Auld Lang Syne"

W: Robert Burns  
Moderato  
M: Traditional

Should auld ac-quain-tance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should auld ac-quain-tance be for-got, and days of auld lang syne? For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld, lang syne; We'll take a cup of kind-ness yet for auld lang syne.

2. We Twa Ha'e Run About The Braes, And Pud'd The Cows Fine; But We've Wander'd Mony A Weary Foot, Sin' Auld Lang Syne. (CHORUS)

3. We Twa Ha'e Sported I' The Burn, Frae Mornin' Sun Till Dine, But Seas Between Us Braid Ha'e Roard, Sin' Auld Lang Syne. (CHORUS)

4. And Here's A Hand, My Trusty Frien', And Gie's A Hand O' Thine; We'll Tak' A Cup O' Kindness Yet, For Auld Lang Syne.
MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED RED ROSE

W: Robert Burns
M: Traditional

Oh my love is like a red red rose that's newly sprung in June;
Till all the seas gang dry, my dear, till all the seas gang dry;
And love is like a melody that's sweetly played in tune.
As fair art thou, my bonnie lass, so, I will love thee still, my dear till all the seas gang dry.

Till A' The Seas Gang Dry, My Dear,
And The Rocks Welt Wi' The Sun;
And I Will Love Thee Still, My Dear,
While The Sand O' Life Shall Run.

But Fare Thee Well, My Only Love,
And Fare Thee Well A While;
And I Will Come Again, My Love,
Tho' Twere Ten Thousand Mile.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE

W: Robert Burns
M: Traditional

If a bod-y meet a bod-y com-in' thro' the rye:
If a bod-y kiss a bod-y,
Need a bod-y cry?
Comin' thro' the rye.

Ev-ry lass-ie has her lad-die, Nane, the say, ha' e I;
Yet a' the lads they smile on me, when com-in' thro' the rye.
A HIGHLAND LAD MY LOVE WAS BORN

W: Robert Burns
M: Traditional

A high-land lad my love was born, The low-land lass he held in scorn; But he still has faith-ful to his clan, My gallant braw John high-land man, sing hey, my braw John high-land man, sing ho, my braw John high-land man; There's no a lad in a' the lan' was match wi' my John high-land man.

With His Philabeg And Tartan Plaid, And Gude Claymore Doun By His Side; The Ladies' Hearts He Did Trepan— My Gallant Braw John Highlandman, Sing Hey, & C.

They Banish'd Him Beyond The Sea; But Ere The Bud Was On The Tree, Adoun My Cheek The Pearls Ran, Embracing My John Highlandman. Sing Hey, & C.

BRING BACK MY BONNIE TO ME

W&M: Traditional

My bon-nie lies o-ver the ocean, My bon-nie lies o-ver the sea! My bon-nie lies o-ver the ocean.

Oh, bring back my bon-nie to me. Bring back, bring back, bring back my bon-nie to me, to me, Bring back, bring back, Oh, bring back my bon-nie to me.
A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

Allegretto

Robert Burns

I'd there for honest poverty that hangs his head a' that? The
What though on home-ly fare we dine, wear hod-din-grey, and a' that, Gie

A Man's a man for a' that. For

cow-ard slave we pass him by, we dweir be puir for a' that. For
fools their silks, and knaves their wine; A man's a man for a' that. For

a' that and a' that, our toils obscure, and a' that. The

Rank is but the guinea's stamp, the man's the gowd for a' that.
Honest man, though ne'er sea puir, is king o' men for a' that.

2. What Though On Home-ly Fare We Dine,

Nae Hooden Gery, And A' That;
Gie Fools Their Silks, And Knaves Their Wine;
A Man's A Man For A' That,
Their Tinsel Show, And A' That;
The Honest Man, Though E'er Rae Puir,
Is King O' Men For A' That.

3. Then Let Us Pray That Come It May,

As Come It Will For A' That,
That Sense And Worth; O'er A' The Earth,
May Bear The Cree, And A' That,
For A' That And A' That,
It's Coming Yet, For A' That,
That Man To Man, The World O'er,
Shall Brothers Be For A' That.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL

Adagio

Lady Nairne

I'm wearin' a' wa', Jean, like snow-wreaths in thaw, Jean, I'm wearin' a-

wa' to the land o' the leal. There's nane sorrow there, Jean, there's

neither could nor care, Jean, the day is aye fair in the land o' the leal.

2 Ye Aye Were Leal And True, John,
Yer Toss Is Ended Now,
John, And I'll Welcome You
To The Land O' The Leal.
Our Bonnie Bairn's There, John
She Was Baith Good And Fair,
John And We Grudg'd Her Sair
To The Land O' The Leal.

3 Then Dry That Tearfu' E' John,
My Soul Laungs To Be Free,
John, And Angels Wait On Me
To The Land O' The Leal.
Now Fare Ye Weel, My Ain John,
This World's Care Is Vain,
John, We'll Meet And Aye Be Fein,
In The Land O' The Leal.
CIRIBIRIBIN

W: Edward Cole

Tempo di Valse

M: A. Pestalozza

Cdim Just a simple carefree melody
C7 Heard while
G7 strolling through the town, Just a simple tune sung
F happily by a quaint little street-side clown.

CHORDS

Ciri-bi-ri-bin, A melody your heart can
g7 toss up to the sky. Ciri-bi-ri-bin, A
F song to sing when ever things have gone un-
Bb g7 for a little while. Ciri-bi-ri-bin

C7 soon as you begin, Ciri-bi-ri-bin, The world will smile.
Some think the world is made for fun and frolic And so do I

I And so do I Some think it well to be all melancholic

To pine and sigh, But I I love to spend my time in singing Some joyous song

To set the air with music bravely ringing is far from wrong, Is far from wrong Listen!

Listen! Echoes sound afar Listen listen

Echoes sound afar Tra La La La Tra La La La Tra La La, La, La Tra La La
ALOHA OE

Proudly swept the rain cloud by the cliff
As on it glided thru the trees
Still following with grief the Liliuokalani
A Hi-He-Ne-Mua of the vale
Farewell to thee farewell to thee thou charming one who dwells among the bowers one fond embrace before I now depart until we meet again.

FORGET-ME-NOT

By: Chas. K. Hopkins

1. Thou sweetest bloom of evening hour, Shrin'd within my thoughts I hold, While thy rare perfume dear'est flowers,
   Fill my heart with joys untold. Promise never to forget me, Life without thee is but pain.

2. Sweet recollections fondly keeping, Lover like you seem to be, As on my breast thy petals sleeping;
   Ev'er lov'd and dear to me.
MAUI GIRL

Traditional

I love a pretty Maui girl—She lives at Wai-Ka-

Pa, With rosy cheeks and pearl-y teeth and

lovely nut-brown hair.——Her waist is so

slender, and her opu so much unu-nni.——And of

all the ma-hine I ever did Aloha Sweet Ma-ri-a beats them

CHORUS C

All My love to you Ua Hi-Ki No

Your love with me Pe La No Don’t tell Ma-Na Ku-Li Ku-Li

She’ll tell Pa-Pa Lu-Li Lu-Li Nui-Nui Pi-Li Ki-A with me now.

2. Her Father Keeps A Taro-Patch Ranch Next Door To Bill Cornell’s Sugar Mill,
   And Being On A Sunday Night To See Them There I Went.
   As I Was Strolling Through The Cane Field As On My Way I Roam
   It’s There I Met Sweet Maria As She Drove The Puaa Home. — CHO.

3. I Took My Maria For A Walk Among The Bright Green Grass,
   It’s There I Whisper Words Of Love Unto This Young Country Lass.
   I Placed My Arm Around Her Opu And Sat Down By Her Side
   And Asked Her To Be True And Be My Loving Bride. — CHO.

4. And Now We Name The Wedding Day And How Happy We Should Be
   No Thought Of Pilikia Shall Enter The Mind Of Her Or Me.
   But In Her Firm House We’ll Both Be Happy Night And Day
   And Our Life Shall Pass Like Sunshine For We’ll Always Be Loving And Gay. — CHO.
**HUSH, LITTLE GIRL, DON'T CRY**

Moderato

**Moderato**

E. E. Rice

Hush, little girl, don't cry! You've broken your doll I know; Your tea-set too, with its color of blue, are things of long ago. Dry little eyes and smile, As sunshine follows rain; your childhood cares will soon pass by. Hush, little girl don't cry! (Fine)

And when you older grow, strong hearts you'll serve the same; withered, they die for loss of love, But you'll not be to blame. For little dolls were made for children, sport to make; and manly hearts too often seem for older ones to break.

**BECauses**

W: Charles Horwitz

Moderato

M: Fred V. Bowers

At night I sit alone and dream of days when you were always near, and memory then recalls the time, when both our lives were happy dear. I wish I knew where you can be. I trust your heart is still the same, when nature sleeps and all is still, I whisper fondly one sweet name. Because I love you! Because I love you! My only one regret, since then, we've never met! Because I love you! Because I love you! Because I love you! Yes, my heart is yours, Because I love you!
GET YOUR HEAD ABOVE THE CROWD

W: J. P. Skelly
M: Gus Williams

Moderato

C Cdim C Cdim C Cdim C Cdim C

Get your head a - bove the crowd And with
courage be en - dowed, nev-er seek for care, but, with

F Fdim F Fdim F G7

laugh - ing air, meet the world so stern and proud,

C Cdim C Cdim C Cdim C

If you seek for love or fame, or a

F Fdim F Fdim F D7 Cdim

grand and loft - y name, make a gal - lant fight for the

C G7 C

end so bright, get your head a - bove the crowd;

LUCKY JIM

W: Charles Horwitz
M: Fred V. Bowers

Moderato

G C G G

1. Jim and I as chil - dren played to - geth - er,
2. Years passed by, still Jim and I were com - rades,
3. Years rolled up and death took Jim a - way, boys,

Em A7 D7 G G

best of chums for man - y years were we, I, alas had no luck, was a
he and I, both loved the same sweet maid, She loved Jim and mar - ried him one
left his wid - ow and she mar - ried me, Now we’re mar - ried, oft I think of

G A7 D7

Jo - nah, Jim - my chum was luck - y as could be,
eve - ning, Jim was luck - y, I un - luck - y stayed,
Jim’s boys, sleep - ing in the church - yard by the sea,

CHORUS G Dm E7 Am

Ah! luck - y Jim, How I en - vy him,

Ah! luck - y Jim, How I en - vy him!
ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH, FAR AWAY

Moderato

1. 'Round my Indiana home-stead wave the corn-fields, in the

2. Many years have passed since I strolled by the river. Arm in

distance loom the wood-lands clear and cool. Often

arms, with sweet-heart Mary by my side.

times my thoughts re-vert to scenes of child-hood. Where I

there I tried to tell her that I loved her.

first re-ceived my les-sons Nature's school. But

there I begged of her to be my bride. Long

one thing there is mis-sing in the pic-ture. With

years have passed since I strolled thru the church-yard. She's

out her face it seems to in-com-plete. I long to see my mo-ther in the

sleeping there my an-gel, Mary dear. I loved her but she thought I didn't

door-way as she stood there years a-go, her boy to great.

mean it, still I'd give my fu-ture were she on-ly here.

CHORUS

Oh, the moon-light's fair to-night a-long the Wabash, from the

fields there comes the breath of new-mown hay. Thru the syc-o-mores the cam-dielights are

gleam-ing, on the banks of the Wabash, far a-way.
WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MAGGIE

I wandered today to the hill, Maggie, to watch the scene below,
the creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie, as we used to, long ago. The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie, where first the daisies sprung. The creaking old mill is still, Maggie, since you and I were young.

HONEST JOHN JONES

There once was a man whose name was Jones, honest John Jones, he never sorrowed money nor made any loan; John I'll be mum and just saw wood, honest John Jones, they got him a job in a son stole a horse and was shot by a man, honest John Jones, it filled John's heart with gold. rule do others if you can, or they'll think you're a fool, and he bank one day, and very soon they raised his pay, he terrible dread, he grew very sick and now he is dead: don't made it a law to take things cool, honest John Jones, Hon - est John came cashier than he ran away, honest John Jones, pay to he honest were the last words he said, honest John Jones.

Jones, peace be to his bones, he has gone, He has gone (Who?) honest John Jones.
LILY DALE

W: Revised by: Alan Skelly
W&M: H. S. Thompson
Andante

F\Bb\Eb\Bb\C7
Near the chest-nut tree, where the wild flow'rs grow, and the stream flows soft thru the vale, where the thrush-es shall sing their sweet songs to my love there.

Bb F7 Bb
sleeps poor lil - ly dale. Oh! lil - ly sweet lil - ly dear lil - ly dale, Now the wild rose blossoms on her lone-ly green grave, near the trees in the flow-er - y vale.

DARLING NELLEY GRAY

W: Revised by: Edward Cole
W&M: B. R. Hanby
Moderato

Ab\Eb
There's a low love-ly val-ley on the old Ken-tuck-y shore where I whiled man-y hap-py hours a-way. Just a sit-ting and a sing-ing by the lit-tle cot-tage door, where once lived my poor dar-ling Nel-ly Gray.

Eb Bb7
Oh! my poor Nel-ly Gray, they have tak-en you a-way, And I'll nev-er see my dar-ling an - y more; Oh; I'm sit-ting by the riv-er and I'm weeping all the day. For you've gone from the old Ken-tuck-y shore.
KENTUCKY BABE

W: Richard Buck
M: Adam Geibel

'Creeks are a-hummin' on the honeysuckle vine,
sleep, Kentucky Babe; Sandman is a-comin' to this
little one of mine, sleep, Kentucky, Babe!

Silvery moon is shinin' in the heavens up above,
bo-bo-link is pinin' for his little lady love.

You are mighty lucky, babe of old Kentucky.

Close your eyes and sleep. Fly away!

Fly away Kentucky babe, fly away to rest, fly away:
Lay your little curly head on your mother's breast.

Close your eyes in sleep.
DIXIE

Allegretto

I wish I was in the land of cotton, Old times there are not forgotten. Look away, Look away: Look away! Dixie Land. In Dixie Land where I was born in, Early on one frosty mornin', Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

CHORUS

Then I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray! Hooray! In Dixie Land, I'll take my stand, To live and die in Dixie, away, Away, Away down South in Dixie, Away, Away, Away down South in Dixie.


3. His Face Was Sharp As A Butcher's Cleaver, But That Did Not Seem To Grieve Her; Look Away, Look Away! Look Away! Dixie Land. Old Missues Act The Foolish Part, And Died For A Man That Broke Her Heart. Look Away, Look Away, Look Away, Dixie Land.

4. Now Here's A Health To The Next Old Missus, 5. There's A Buckwheat Cakes And Indian Batter, And All The Gals Who Want To Kiss Us; Makes You Fat Or A Little Fatter; Look Away, Look Away! Look Away! Dixie Land. But If You Want To Drive Away Sorrow, Then Hoe It Down And Scratch Your Gravel, Come And Hear This Song Tomorrow, To Dixie's Land I'm Bound To Travel, Look Away, Look Away, Look Away, Dixie Land.
FRANKIE AND JOHNNY

Moderately

1. Frankie and Johnny were lovers, O- my gawd how they did love, They
2. Frankie she was a good woman, just like ev'ry one knows, She'd
3. Frankie and Johnny went walking, Johnny in his brand new suit, O- my
4. Frankie went down to Memphis, She went on the morning train, She
5. Frankie lived down in a crib-house, Crib-house with only two doors, Gave

F

1. Swore to be true to each other, just as true as the stars are
2. Give a man a hundred dollars, just to buy himself a suit of
3. Gawd, o- my gawd, said Frankie But don't my John-ny look
4. Paid a hundred dollars For John-ny a watch and
5. All her money to John-ny, He spent it on par-lor

C Cdim

1. Bove, He
2. Clothes, He
3. Cute? He was her man, But he done her wrong.
4. Clothes, He

G7 C

6. Frankie went down to the corner, just for a buck--et of beer, She said
7. I don't want to cause you no trouble, I don't want to tell you no lie But I
8. Frankie went down to the pawn shop, She bought a little forty-four She
9. Back, all of you chippies, or I'll blow you all to
10. Frank-ke looked over the trans-urn And there to her great surprise Yes
11. Frankie threw back her ki- no na She took out the forty-four, Roodle-

Cdim

6. Oh, mis- ter bar-tender has my love in' John-ny been
7. Saw your lover half hour ago with a girl named Nel-ly
8. Aimed it at the ceiling and shot a big male in the
9. Bar, all of you chippies, or I'll blow you all to
10. There on the bed sat John-ny, mak-in' love to Nel-ly
11. Toot-toot three times she shot, right through that hard-wood

Ab7 D7 D7-5 G7 Ab7 G7 C

6. Here? He is my man, And he wouldn't do wrong.
7. Bly, He is your man, But he's doin' you wrong.
8. Floor, Where is my man? He is do-in' me wrong.
9. I'll want my man, He is do-in' me wrong.
10. Bly, He was her man, But he done her wrong.
11. Door, She shot her man, 'Cause he done her wrong.
A TOAST

Alfred Williams

FORTY-NINE BOTTLES

Traditional
DRINKING SONG

Slowly

1. How cool and fair this cellar where my throne a-dusk-y cask is! To do no thing but just to sing and drown the time my task is! The who would burst with envious thirst when he can live by winning? A such as I, for ever dry! God made this land of Rhine for! And co-op-er he's re-solved to please, and an-swering to my wink-ing, he ro-seate hue seems to im-bue the world on which I'm blink-ing; my there is bliss in know-ing, this, as to the floor I'm sink-ing; I've fills me up cup after cup for drink-ing, drink-ing, drink-ing, fel-low men I love them when I'm drink-ing, drink-ing, drink-ing, wrong'd no man, and nev-er can, while drink-ing, drink-ing, drink-ing.

WHISKEY-STILL

W: James Barnes

1. There's a whisky still on the top of the hill, and I think, as we home-ward roll, 'twixt you and me we will both a-gree to hill, and her fig-ure's trim, so tall and slim, and her stop and have a bowl. For the incense fair it

2. There's a maid lives there with a face as fair as the ros-es on the roll, and her fig-ure's trim, so tall and slim, and her

3. When we leave there, we leave all care, and a-ban-don ev-ry roll, and her fig-ure's trim, so tall and slim, and her

home we roll, we'll have a bowl of the real old I-rish 'skie.
PASS AROUND THE GOOD OLD BEER

Moderato

Traditional

Pass around the good old beer, Pass around the good old beer,
for it makes you feel so queer; For it makes you feel so queer;

Pass around the good old beer, for it makes you feel so queer; And to-

Pass around the good old beer, for it makes you feel so queer; And to-

Pass around the good old beer, for it makes you feel so queer; And to-

Pass around the good old beer, for it makes you feel so queer; And to-

for it makes you feel so queer; - For it makes you feel so queer;

PASS AROUND THE GOOD OLD BEER

for it makes you feel so queer; - For it makes you feel so queer;

for it makes you feel so queer; - For it makes you feel so queer;

for it makes you feel so queer; - For it makes you feel so queer;

for it makes you feel so queer; - For it makes you feel so queer;

for it makes you feel so queer; - For it makes you feel so queer;

for it makes you feel so queer; - For it makes you feel so queer;

for it makes you feel so queer; - For it makes you feel so queer;

for it makes you feel so queer; - For it makes you feel so queer;

for it makes you feel so queer; - For it makes you feel so queer;

for it makes you feel so queer; - For it makes you feel so queer;

for it makes you feel so queer; - For it makes you feel so queer;

for it makes you feel so queer; - For it makes you feel so queer;

for it makes you feel so queer; - For it makes you feel so queer;

for it makes you feel so queer; - For it makes you feel so queer;

for it makes you feel so queer; - For it makes you feel so queer;

for it makes you feel so queer; - For it makes you feel so queer;

for it makes you feel so queer; - For it makes you feel so queer;

for it makes you feel so queer; - For it makes you feel so queer;

for it makes you feel so queer; - For it makes you feel so queer;

for it makes you feel so queer; - For it makes you feel so queer;

for it makes you feel so queer; - For it makes you feel so queer;

for it makes you feel so queer; - For it makes you feel so queer;

for it makes you feel so queer; - For it makes you feel so queer;

for it makes you feel so queer; - For it makes you feel so queer;

for it makes you feel so queer; - For it makes you feel so queer;

for it makes you feel so queer; - For it makes you feel so queer;

for it makes you feel so queer; - For it makes you feel so queer;
BUFFALO GALS

Brightly

Buffalo gals, woncha come out tonight,
come out tonight, come out tonight; Buffalo gals woncha

COME OUT TO-NIGHT AND DANCE BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON?

I danced with the gal with the hole in her stock-in and her

keep kep'-a-rock-in' and her toe kep'-a-knock-in, I danced with the gal with the

hole in her stock-in' and we danced by the light of the moon.

THE YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS

Moderato

There's a yellow rose in Texas, I'm going there to see,

cried so when I left her, it almost broke her heart, and

other fellow knows her Nobody, only me,

if we ever meet again, We

never more shall part. She's the sweetest rose of color, this

fellow ever knew, Her eyes are bright as diamonds, they sparkle like the

dew. You may talk about your dearest maids and sing of Rosy

Lee, But the yellow rose of Texas beats the belles of Tennessee.
'CROSS THE WIDE MISSOURI'

Moderato

1. Oh Shen-an-deh, I long to hear you
2. Oh Shen-an-deh, I love your daughter way
3. Oh Shen-an-deh, I'm bound to leave you

hay, you rolling river! Oh, Shen-an-deh,
Oh, Shen-an-deh.
Oh, Shen-an-deh.

I long to hear you,
I'll not deceive you,
way, way, 'Cross the wide Missouri!

ON TOP OF OLD SMOKEY

Moderato

On top of old smokey, all covered with
For courtin's a pleasure, and parting is
A thief will just rob you, and take what you

snow,
grief,
have,

I lost my true lover,
And a false-hearted lover,
But a false-hearted lover,

for courtin' so slow.
is worse than a thief.
will lead you to the grave.
RED RIVER VALLEY

W: Alfred Williams

G G7 G

From this valley they say you are going. We will

G D7 G

miss your bright eyes and sweet smile, For they

G G

say you are taking the sunshine. That sure

G D7 G

brightens our pathway a while.
grief you are causing me to see.

DOWN IN THE VALLEY

Brightly

G

1. Down in the valley, valley so

D7 G

hear that train blow. Hear that train

G

know I love you. Know I love

Birmingham jail. Birmingham jail.

D7

later in the evening hear that train blow.

G

angels in heaven know I love you.

Birmingham jail.
BURY ME OUT ON THE PRAIRIE

Traditional

Moderato

BURY ME OUT ON THE PRAIRIE

Traditional

Now, I've got no use for the women—A true one may

seldom be found. They see a man for his

money—When it's gone they'll turn him down. They're

all alike at the bottom—Selfish and

grappling for all—They'll stay by a man while he's

winning, and laugh in his face at his fall.

HAND ME DOWN MY WALKING CANE

Traditional

Moderato

HAND ME DOWN MY WALKING CANE

Traditional

Hand me down my walking cane,

hand me down my walking cane,

hand me down my walking cane,

Oh, hand me down my walking cane, I'm goin' to leave on the midnight train, 'Cause

all of my sins are taken away.
DOGIE SONG

Traditional

G          Am             D7
1. It's ear-ly in spring that we round up the dog-ies, We
G          Am             D7
spied a cow-punch-er all rid-ing a-long; His hat was
G          Am             D7
throwed back and his mark them and brand them and
G          Am             D7
bob off their tails; We round up our horse-s, load
G          Am             D7
oh, now I wish you would on-ly go on; It's whoop-ing and
G          Am             D7
punch-ing, go up on the trail just for pleas-ure; But
G          Am             D7
that's where they get it most em-ful-ly wrong; You have-a't a
G          Am             D7
he-tion the
G          Am             D7

Whoop-ee ti-yi-yo, get a-long, lit- tle dog-ies, it's
G          Em7             A7             D             G
your mis-fortune and none of my own; Whoop-ee ti-yi-yo, Cat a-
G          Am7             D7             G
long, lit-tle dog-ies, You know that Wy-o- ming will be your new home.

THE RAILROAD CORRAL

Traditional

G          C
1. We're up in the morn-ing ere break-ing of
G          C
day, The chuck wag-on's bus- y, the flap-jack's in
G          C          G
play. The herd is a-stir o-ver hill-side and vale, with the
G          C          D7
night rid- ers crowd-ing them in-to the trail.
O BURY ME NOT ON THE LONE PRAIRIE

BADER

Moderato

1. "O bury me not on the lone prairie,"
2. "O bury me not on the lone prairie,"
3. "It matters not, so I've been told.

[Music notation]

C7 [GM7] F

these words came low and mournfully
where coyotes howl and the wind blows free
where the body lies when the heart grows cold

from the palpitant lips of a youth who lay
in a narrow grave Just six by three
Yet Grant, Grant this wish to me,

[Music notation]

C7 [GM7] F

on his dying bed at the close of day
0 bury me not on the lone prairie.
0 bury me not on the lone prairie.

THE OLD CHISHOLM TRAIL

Brightly

1. Well, come along boys, and listen to my tale, I'll
2. I started up the trail Ge to her twenty third, I
3. I went to the boss to draw my rel. And he
tell you of my troubles on the Old Shish-olm Trail.
had me figured nine dollars in the hole,

CHORUS

D7 G D7 G D7 G D7

Com a ti yip ee yip ee yay yip psey yay Com a ti yip ee yip ee

[Music notation]

G D7 G C G D7 G

yay ay ay eyew com a ti yip ee yip ee ay

It's cloudy in the west and it looks like rain, and my derned old slicker's in the wagon again(Chorus)
On a ten-dollar horse and a forty dollar saddle, I'll never punch no more Texas cattle, (Chorus)
Well, I think I'll marry me a pretty young squaw, and settle on the banks of the old Choctaw,(Chorus)
1. On the distant prairie, where the heather wild in its quiet beauty
2. On that distant prairie, when the days were long, tripping like a fairy,
3. But the summer faded, and a chilly blast o'er that happy cottage

liv'd and smil'd, Stands a little cottage, and a creeping vine sweet her song, With the sunny blossoms, and the birds at play, swept at last, When the Autumn song-birds woke the dewy morn,

loves a-round its porch to twine. In that peaceful dwelling beautiful and bright as they. When the twilight shadows

was a lovely child, With her blue eyes beaming soft and mild, gather'd in the West, And the voice of nature sank to rest,

And the wav-y ringlets of her flax-en hair, floating in the summer Like a cherub kneeling seem'd the lovely child, with her gentle eyes so

air. Fair as a Lily, joyful and free, Light of that prairie light. The we shall never look on her more, Gone with the love and

home was she, Ev'ry one who knew her felt the gentle pow'r of home was she, Ev'ry one who knew her felt the gentle pow'r of joy she bore, Far a-way she's blooming in a fade-less bow'r, sweet


light of the prairie home was she, Ev'ry one who knew her felt the gentle pow'r of Rosalie, The Prairie Flower.
HOME ON THE RANGE

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

CHORUS

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

THAT BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN

On a summer day in the month of May a lonesome little boy roamed along the streets and stores. Where a bum can stay for many a day and he won't need any money.

CHORUS

Oh, the buzzing of the bees in the cigarette trees, near the soda fountain, at the lemon-ade springs where the blue-bird sings in that big rock candy mountain.
LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE

Allegro

Traditional

A life on the ocean wave, A home on the rolling deep, where the scatter'd waters rave, and the winds their revels keep. Like an eagle caged, I pine on the dull unchanging shore; 0 give me the flashing brine the spray and the tempest roar. A life on the ocean wave A home on the rolling deep where the scatter'd waters rave, and the winds their revels keep. The winds, The winds The winds their revels keep. The winds, The winds, The winds their revels keep.

Once more on the deck I stand Of my own swift gliding craft; Set sail! farewell to the land, The gale follows far abaft. We shoot through the sparkling foam, Like an ocean bird set free; Like an ocean bird, our home, We'll find, far out on the sea.
SAILING, SAILING

Lively

Godfrey Warks

1. Y'heave ho! my lads, the wind blows free; a pleasant gale is on our lee, and soon a home; my lads, set every sail. The har-der cross the ocean clear our gal-ant barque shall heart more true or brave than he who launch-es bar we soon shall clear, fare-well once more to brave-ly steer; but are we part from England's shore, To home to dear; for when the tempest rages loud and night, a song we'll sing for home and bea-uty bright. roam; with je-cund song he rides the spark-ling foam. long; that home shall be our gui-ding star a- mong. Then here's to the sail-or and here's to the hearts so true who will think of him up-on the wa-ters blue. Sailing, sailing o-ver the bound-ing main for man-y a storm-y wind shall blow ere Jack comes home a-gain. Sailing, sailing o-ver the bound-ing main, for man-y a storm-y wind shall blow ere.
POLLY WOLLY DOODLE

Allegro

Traditional

Oh, I went down south fer to see my Sal, sing: Pol-ly-wol-ly-dood-le all the
day: My Sal-ly am a spunk-y gal, sing: Pol-ly-wol-ly-dood-le all the
With laugh-ing eyes and cur-ly hair, sing

CHORUS

Fare thee well, Fare-well; Fare-well, my fai-ry

Fay: Oh, I'm off to Lou-si-an-a, fer to see my Sa-zy-an-a, sing-ing

"Pol-ly-wol-ly-dood-le-all the day! Fare-well! Fare-well my fai-ry fay!

Oh, I came to a river an' I couldn't get acress;
Sing, "Polly," etc.
An' I jumped upon a fellow, an' I tho't he was a

horse;
Sing, "Polly," etc.
Oh! a grasshopper sittin' on a railroad track,
A-pickin' his teef wid a carpet tack.

Oh! I went to bed, but it wasn't no use;
My feet stuck out fer a chicken roost.

Behind the barn down on my knees;
I thought I heard that chicken sneezs.
He sneezed so hard wid de keepin'-cough,
He sneezed his head an' his tail right off.
THE BULL DOG

Bright

Traditional

Oh! the bull-dog on the bank, and the bull-frog in the pool. Oh! the bull-dog stopped to catch him, and the snap-per caught his paw. Oh! the bull-dog on the bank, and the bull-frog in the pool. Oh! the bull-dog stopped to catch him, and the snap-per caught his paw.

CHORUS

Oh! the bull-dog on the bank, and the bull-frog in the pool. Oh! the bull-dog called the bull-frog, a green-old water feel. Sing-ing tra la la la la la la la la la la la la, sing-ing tra la la la la le, sing-ing tra le la le le le le le le le

Says the monkey to the cat:
"Oh, what'll you have to drink?"
"Why since you are so very kind,
  I'll take a bottle of ink." 
(To Chorus)

Oh! the bull-dog in the yard,
  And the tom-cat on the roof,
Are practising the highland fling,
  And singing opera Bouffe. 
(To Chorus)

Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,
Little Moses in the pool.
Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,
Little Moses in the water.
(To Chorus)

Says the tom-cat to the dog:
"Oh, set your ears agog,
For Jules about to tete-a-tete
  With Romeo, Incag. 
(To Chorus)

Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,
Little Moses in the pool.
Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,
Little Moses in the water.
(To Chorus)

Says the bulldog to the cat:
"Oh, what do you think they're at?
They're spooning in the dead of night,
  But where's the horn in that?"
(To Chorus)

She fished him out with a telegraph pole,
  And sent him off to school. 
(To Chorus)
I've just got here from Paris from the sunny Southern shore, I to Monte-car-lo went just to raise my winter's rent. Dame fortune smiled upon me as she'd never done before, and I've now such lots of money I'm a gent.

Yes I've now such lots of money I'm a gent.

CHORUS

As I walk along the Bois Boo-long, with an independent air, you can hear the girls declare — he must be a millionaire. You can hear them sigh and wish to die, you can see them wink the other eye at the man who broke the bank at Monte-car-lo. As I lo.
SON OF A GAMBOILER

1. I used to be as gay a sport as ever walked the street, I was so very handsome. I was pound, With the chapel bell to put it in. And the almost fit to eat; But now I'm old and clapper to stir it round; I'd drink to the health of seed-y grown, and the pov-er-ty holds me fast, The nas-sau hall, and the girls both far and near, For I'm a boys and girls they smile at me, But still I take my glass. CHORUS

G D7 G G C Cm G
1. Come, join my hum-ble dit-ty, From Tit-ter-y torn I..."
THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

By: A. S. Gatty

A jolly old sow once lived in a sty, and three little pig-gies had
she, And she waddled a-bout, saying umph, umph, umph, While the
little ones said wee, wee; And she waddled a-bout saying

2. "My dear little brothers," said one of the brats, my dear little piggies," said he,
"Let us all for the future say umph, umph, 'tis so children to say wee, wee".

3. Then these three little piggies grew skinny and lean, and lean they might very well be,
For somehow they couldn't say "umph, umph, umph," and they wouldn't say "wee, wee, wee".

4. So after a time these little pigs died, they all died of febo de se,
From trying too hard to say "umph, umph, umph", when they only could say, "wee, wee, wee.

5. A moral there is to this little song, a moral that's easy to see,
Don't try when you're young to say "umph, umph, umph, for you only can say "wee, wee."

THERE WERE THREE CROWS

Traditional

1. There were three crows sat on a tree, 0 Bil-ly Ma-Gee, Ma-Gaw! There
2. There lies a horse on yon-der plain, 0 Bil-ly Ma-Gee, Ma-Gaw; There
3. We'll perch our-selves on his back-bone, 0 Bil-ly Ma-Gee, Ma-Gaw! We'll
TOURELAY

Traditional

1. Oh papa is out breaking rocks on the street, And
   baby is sleeping so cozy and sweet. O baby don't cry now, but be very good. And when papa comes home he'll bring
   you cigareests.
   Tourelay, Tourelay,
   Pacing the floor. Tourelay, Tourelay,
   Boom-to-dey Tourelay, Tourelay,
   and the pride of the house is papa's baby.

2. When papa has gumdrops and baby has none, If
   papa is foolish and gives baby one. When four o'clock comes, and the child sleeps no more, Then papa stays up all night
   with my fillaga-dusa. Sinama-roo-sha balderada.
   Tourelay, Tourelay,
   Tourelay, Tourelay,

SHE'S GONE, LET HER GO

Traditional

1. They say true love is a blessing, but the mine wherever she may be.
   Blessing I never could see; You may
   Only girl that I ever loved has
   Done gone back on me. (To Refrain)

2. There may be a change in the weather; There may be a change in the sea.
   There may be a change all over. But you'll never find a friend like me. (To Refrain)
   There may be a change in me. (To Refrain)
DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE

Allegretto

Traditional

1. A man and a maid went out rowing, All on a fine summer day; The man made love to the maid-en, while the cars floated softly away. And then they were left on the water; And watery tears filled their canoes.

2. A question he asked of the maid-en, Your hand dearest girl I would own; The way she replied to his query would have made a honey moon stone. He waited to hear her sweet answer: "If thou wilt, I'll surely have thee." And for they both started to boogie, see? Down by the riverside,

CHO. - Down by the riverside, down by the riverside,
He cried and she cried; Oh, blest be the tie he tied down by the riverside.

3. "My idol," he cried, as he kissed her, she idled and he idled too; "The belle of creation," he called her, she believed, and what could he do? He called for a pony of brandy, and harnessed it up for a ride, And then they drove off to the parson's, down by the riverside.

CHO. - Down by the riverside, down by the riverside
He bet and I bet, but my debts are bad debts yet, down by the riverside.

4. One day I went out to the races, I thought that the horses I knew, I expected to win a small fortune by risking a dollar or two, I picked an old nag for a winner - hark to my story of woe - The horse could not go, he was so slow, down by the riverside.

CHO. - Down by the riverside, down by the riverside
He bet and I bet, but my debts are bad debts yet, down by the riverside.
OLD MAN NOAH

Traditional

1. A-way, way back in the ages dark, A-way, way back in the
   ages dark, old man No-ah built a sea-going ark.

2. Says old man No-ah to himself one day, Says old man No-ah to him.
   The big flood's coming on the first of May, the
   old man No-ah built a sea-going ark.

3. The rain came down in showers prime, the rain came down in
   showers prime. The ark lit out on the first of May, the
   rain came down in showers prime.

Chorus

Old man No-ah knew a thing or two, He made em all play
Old man No-ah knew a thing or two, because he knew a thing or two, He thought he knew it all! Some say he was an

Al-so-raa, He was the rig-i-nal cir-cus man:

Old man No-ah knew a thing or two, He was a grand old man.
ETON BOATING SONG

W: Arthur Thomas

Traditional

COME BACK TO ME

Andante sostenuto

Alfred Williams
STAR OF THE SUMMER NIGHT

Andante Moderato

Henry W. Longfellow

G    G    G   C  Cm  G    C

1. Stars of the summer night, far in you
2. Moon of the summer night, far down you

D  G7  Em  G  C

a - zure deeps, Hide, hide your gold - en light, she
a - zure deeps, Hide, hide your gold - en light, she

B    D7  G

sleeps, my la - dy sleeps, Sink, sink in gold - en light, she
sleeps, my la - dy sleeps, Sink, sink in gold - en light, she

G  Em  G  D7  G

She sleeps, my la - dy she She sleeps, my la - dy she
She sleeps, my la - dy she

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR

W: Mrs. Fanny J. Croaley
M: George F. Root

Moderato

G    G    G  G7  C  G  A7

1. There's mu - sic in the air When the in - fant mor - n is nigh, And
2. There's mu - sic in the air When the moon-tide's sul - try beam re -
3. There's mu - sic in the air When the twi - light's gen - tle sigh is

G  G7  C  D7  G

faint its blush is seen On the bright and laugh - ing sky,
faint its blush is seen On the bright and laugh - ing sky,
faint its blush is seen On the bright and laugh - ing sky,

C    G  D7  G

sends a gold - en light As its pen - sive beam - ies die.
sends a gold - en light As its pen - sive beam - ies die.
sends a gold - en light As its pen - sive beam - ies die.

G    G    G  D7  G

Many a harp's es - tat - ic sound, with its thrill of joy pro - found,
Many a harp's es - stat - ic sound, with its thrill of joy pro - found,
Many a harp's es - stat - ic sound, with its thrill of joy pro - found,

C  G  D7  G

while we list - en - chant - ed there to the mu - sic in the air,
while we list - en - chant - ed there to the mu - sic in the air,
while we list - en - chant - ed there to the mu - sic in the air,

G

sweet - ly to the spir - it there comes the mu - sic in the air,
sweet - ly to the spir - it there comes the mu - sic in the air,
sweet - ly to the spir - it there comes the mu - sic in the air,

G

ang - el vo - ices greet us there, in the mu - sic in the air,
ang - el vo - ices greet us there, in the mu - sic in the air,
ang - el vo - ices greet us there, in the mu - sic in the air,
THE YELLOW AND BLUE

W: Charles M. Gayley

M: Michael William Balfe

Moderato

[Chord symbols for G, D7, F, Bb, and C7]

1. Sing to the colors that float in the light: Hurrah for the yellow and blue!
   Yellow the stars as they ride thru the night, And true,
   Here’s to the hearts that are blue.

2. Blue are the billows that bow to the sun When yellow rose that morning is due.
   Blue are the curtains that evening has spun, The reel in a rollicking crew;
   Here’s to the maid of the golden hair; And

3. Here’s to the college whose colors we wear; D7
   Here’s to the hearts that are true.
   Here’s to the college whose colors we wear; D7

Here’s to the college whose colors we wear; D7

Hail! hail to the colors that float in the light; Hurrah for the yellow and blue.

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WE MEET AGAIN TONIGHT!

Traditional

Moderato

[Chord symbols for F, Bb, and C7]

1. We meet again tonight, boys, with mirth and song; let melody flow
   We dwell in friendship ever so, where ever we go,

2. Where hand to hand its greeting so kindly gives, let melody flow
   Wherever we go, wherever we go, where hope is never dying, and

true and strong, and sorrow never knows,

Welcome the time, my boys, We meet again.
SPANISH PROVERB

Moderato

Arr. by: Atkinson

1. There's an old Spanish proverb that goes very much like this. Don't let a pretty maiden sit waiting for a golden apple you must find the tree, and shake it; if the thing is worth the having you want a kiss, why, take it; There's no use in waiting longer or the sweetness may forsake it; So I tell you, bashful lover, if you want a kiss, why, take it.

SHOOL

Moderato

Traditional

1. I wish I were in New York city, where all the girls they are so pretty, if I didn't have a time 'Twould be a pity, dis cum name was Fran, I'd sing her a song on this same plan, dis cum hib-ble lo-la boo, slow reel, Shoel, shoel, shoel, I real, hib-ble lo-la boo, slow reel, shoel I shag-a-rack, shoel-a-barb-a-cool, the first time I saw psil-ly bul-ly eel, dis-cum hib-ble lo-la boo, slow reel.
GYPSY LOVE SONG
(From the Opera, The Fortune Teller)

W: Harry B. Smith
M: Victor Herbert
Slowly

Slumber on my little gypsy sweet-heart, dream of the field and the grove.
Can you hear me, hear me in that dream-land where your fancies rove?
Slumber on my little gypsy sweet-heart, wild little woodland dove,
Can you hear the song that tells you all my heart's true love?

JAN WAS A GYPSY BOLD
(From "The Fortune Teller")

W: Harry B. Smith
M: Victor Herbert
Lively

Down, down, down, in the mountain's heart, where a mortal was entered never down in the mines where the red gold shines, The dwarf-men toil forever, and the clatter and clang of their hammers rang, till the bold Jan's heart was cold; yet he swore he would creep to the cavern's deep to rob the dwarfs of their gold, Ho-ho! For Jan was a gypsy bold, ay, Jan was a gypsy bold.
GOOD MORNING

W: Harry B. Smith
M: Victor Herbert

"...on "The Fortune Teller"

Brightly

Cu- ten Mor- gen; Buon; Gior- no! Ben Jour:

Herr Ma- es- tro; Sig- ner Pro- fes- sor; We're

aw- ful- ly tar- dy, Mons- leur; But for- give ev- ry

lit- tle trans- gress- or, Now, mein herr, we are read- y. Be-

gin!

Herr ma- es- tro! Sig- ner Pro- fes- sor;

And your tem- per we'll try to en- dure.

Cu- ten

Morgen; Buon gior- no! Ben jour; Cu- ten Morgen; Buon gior- no, Ben

Ebmaj7

jou-

Cu- ten Morgen and Buon gior- no! Cu- ten Morgen; Buon gior- no; Ben jour:

Cu- ten Morgen; Buon gior- no! Ben jour:
THE LILY AND THE NIGHTINGALE

W: Harry B. Smith
M: Victor Herbert

(From "The Fortune Teller")

Brightly,

Em
Gdim
G7
C

On the lake a white lily lay dreaming, Where the sunbeams loved to stray;

G7
C

A butterfly gaudily gleaming Just stopped to say "Good Day."

And thus there began a flirtation, Progressing you know how.

Ere the sun went to rest the lily confessed "I never loved till now."

She said: "I was so lonely,

Darling, till you came, You and you, dear,

Only set my heart a-flame;

Ever I'll be true, dear, none is like you none.

I love you, dear, only,

You are the only one."
ROMANY LIFE

(From "The Fortune Teller")

Wt Harry B. Smith
M: Victor Herbert

We have a home 'neath the forest shades,
never any other have we. Our campfires glow in the
nooks and glades, where our tents are white to see.

Wandering ever here and there. Our
roof is the sky above! But the Romany eyes are
rare. And the Romany life is love.

Presto

Thru' the forest, wild and free, sounds our magyar
melody; Ever dancing, none can be

half so merry As are we. Sing ye Romany,
children ever, sing ye Romany children all! Life's short
let it Then be gay!
ROMANY LIFE

Thru' the forest, wild and free, Sounds our magyar melody; Ever dancing, none can be half so merry As lads of Romany;

None so gay as we, the lads of Romany,

IF PEOPLE SAID THE THINGS THEY MEAN

(From "The Fortune Teller")

W: Harry B. Smith

Waltz Tempo

M: Victor Herbert

If people said the things they mean, And meant the things they say, No hearts would break, No hearts would ache, And love were joy always.

might believe, None would deceive, No fair words would betray, If people said the things they mean and meant the things they say...
WITH LANCE IN REST

(From "The Fortune Teller")

W: Harry B. Smith
March Tempo

M: Victor Herbert

Where'er in the thick of the fight our banners guide, we ride,
And all noble hearts are a-glow with joy and pride; We ride, the drum-beats fill the air, the
trumpets loudly blare, Oh, comrades, do and dare

For Hungary A. A. With lance in rest,
Where gleams the leader's crest, With trusty sword in hand, Who fears to fall when it is freedom's call?

Come, Magyars, save the fatherland!
THE ANGELUS

(From the Musical Show "The Serenade")

W: Harry B. Smith
A: Andante
M: Victor Herbert

The Angelus sounds from the convent bells like a dear voice low and tender, And over the crest of the hills in the West the red sun dies in splendour, To all it brings peace, And labors all cease at voice of the evening blest; 'Tis a call unto prayer it is solace to care, And it brings to the weary rest! Ring on, ring on, gentle Angelus! Born of the convent bells; Ring on, ring on, gentle Angelus! 'tis the hour of fond farewells! Ringing, swinging, fair thought springing; Sweet thy pealing, Softly stealing Ring on, Ring on, Ye chimes, Ring on, Ring on, gentle Angelus! Born of the convent bells; Ring on, Ring on, gentle Angelus, At this hour of fond farewells.
CUPID AND I

(From the Musical Show "The Serenade"

W: Harry B. Smith  Waltz Tempo  M: Victor Herbert

1. Cupid once found me a-dreaming, Lulled by the soft summer breeze,
   Where golden sunlight was streaming thru the deep bow,
   He gave no heed to my sighing, What could I know of his art?
   Ah! Happy as the day for thee, Free now is thy heart;

2. I found young Cupid asleep, captured his arrow and shade of the trees,
   Tho he explored me with weeping I would not let my prize go,
   "Come! For my bow's safe returning, I promised thee", Sob'd the boy,
   "Never more shalt thou know love's sad yearning, Thou shalt know only its joy".

Ah! Love, Happy was the day for me, Now I know thee well,
From thy pleasant folly I am free, Vain is thy spell Ever;
Ah! Love, Happy was the day for me, Free now is my heart;
Ay, love, gayly I can laugh at thee, My way is thy chain;

Ah! How swiftly his arrow came flying; True was his aim at my heart;
I promised thee, "Never more shalt thou know love's sad yearning, Thou shalt know only its joy".
Ah! Happy as the day for thee, Free now is thy heart;
From thy pleasant folly I am free, Vain is thy spell Ever;
Ah! Love, Happy was the day for me, Free now is my heart;
Ay, love, gayly I can laugh at thee, My way is thy chain;

Cupid is my ruler, no longer, I'm free again.
Cupid is my ruler, no longer, I'm free again.
Cupid is my ruler, no longer, I'm free again.

WOMAN, LOVELY WOMAN

W: Harry B. Smith
Allegretto
M: Victor Herbert

(From the Musical Show "The Serenade")

1. Who was it in Eden en-countered the snake? Wo-man, attractive wo-man; Who
looked at the apple and longed for a rake? Wo-man, attractive wo-man, To
this day we men would have been perfect quite, Ser-pents and sin would have
thinks a low dress at a ball is no crime, While a bath-ing suit bob-bed off like
kept out of sight; But the apple was ros-y, She longed for one bite; Wo-man, im-pulsive
this is sub-lime; This she makes her good points, But not all at one time Wo-man, in-ge-nious

Wo-man ____ Wo-man, love-ly wo-man. ____ Since first the
world be-gan, ____ You've made dou-ble the share of trou-ble ____ For
poor un-fort-u-nate man ____ I but state the froz-en facts,

De-ny them if you can; "Cher-chez La Feme", If there's any-thing
wrong, ____ With mar-ried or sin-gle man "Cher-chez La Feme", If there's

Any thing wrong, ____ With mar-ried or sin-gle man.
GAZE ON THIS FACE

W: Harry B. Smith
M: Victor Herbert

(From the Musical Show "The Serenade")

Moderato

1. Gaze on this face so noble so serene,
   Look in these eyes, How radiant are they;
   Dost thou not see the splendour of his men?
   Such is the glance that common souls obey.  /// Oh, I admit, The Ah! I could gaze enchanted by the hour. I do not think you've fellow's pretty well, Altho with brains he does not look imbued; Stupid he seems, But ever not-led mine, My jove like brow has often been admired; My chiselled lips are one can never tell. I've an idea my looks are just as good. /// His wonderful time, So your reflections, dear, are not required. /// So locks are of an auburn hue. /// To my eyes red's the tint; /// His eyes are of a sapphire blue /// Don't radiant his dark eyes are /// It seems to me they're recessed /// That smile shows teeth so regular /// No you observe his squint? /// I love only thee, Oh my distant I-
   deal, Vague art thou to me, But my love is most real; I must for-sake thee an other fills my mood; I cannot take thee; So be that under-

stood, I cannot take thee, So be that understood.
WITH CRACKING OF WHIP

(From the Musical Show "the Serenade")

W: Harry B. Smith

Allegretto

M: Victor Herbert

With cracking of whip, And rattle of spur, O'er mountainous ways—We ride,

The clatter we make and the dust we stir to our presence is certain guide—There's never a journey that can be dreary, And

never a day belong,—When the traveler hears the posthorn cheer,—And

joins the postilion's song—O-La! Hey!—O-La! Hey!—O-La!

Hey! Hey! For I am a jolly postilion, With a heart that is light and free;—There's many a man with a million would gladly change places with me. Click, click! My whiplash is swinging in the air of an Autumn morn,—Oh, the traveler loves the ringing of the silver toned posthorn.
DON JOSE OF SEVILLA

(From the Musical Show "The Serenade")

W: Harry B. Smith
Temp: Di Marcia
M: Victor Herbert

1. Don Jose, of Seville, was a gay rogue,
   Act ing parts,
   Breaking hearts. Half a score a day.
   Ever with his regiment a-
   Not afraid of his winning way.

2. Don Jose, of Seville, met his fate one day,
   Met a maid,
   Tall and stout at about muscu lar,
   They marched here and there,
   Thought it fun when he's won favors from the

No one could resist him. Oh, dear no!
   "You're too now!"
   Thought she's try to
   Kiss'd him, loved him so.
   Then at once she missed him.
   Off he'd go. Then this dash ing Don Jose snapped his fingers as he'd say:
   Good. Then this dash ing Don Jose snapped his fingers as he'd say:
   Thru: After this day Don Jose quit the bus ness of Rou e.

That for love! Pif! Paf! Let her go! Pif! Paf! 'Tis only
   one more village belle!
   Love's a bore! Pif! Paf! I've girls gal-
   love: Paf! Paf! My mot to's ever vive la bagu
telle!
IN FAIR ANDALUSIA

W: Harry B. Smith
M: Victor Herbert

Moderato

(From the Musical Show "The Serenade")

Where are the stars so brightly twin-king as in fair Andalusi-a?

Where are gui-tars so light-ly tin-king as in fair Andalusi-a?

The girls' dark eyes are like the stars, Their voi-ces like the soft gui-
tars._ Oh, noth-ing love and pleas-ure mars _ in fair Andalusi-a.

When it is eve-ning we dance the Bo-le-ro, Dressed in Man-til-la and
gau-dy Som-bre-ro _ With oth-er things, such as

span-gled trou-se-ro peas-ants, But gay-er than ev-er was Pha-

Ah!

Let ev-’ry care, ev-’ry mis-er-y hang go! Ah!

Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha! While a-mid groves of the ol-live and man-go;

Ah!

Twirl-ing Pe-pi- ta, Sing-ing we trip the Fan-dan-go__ Whirl-ing Jua-ni-

ni-ta, Twirl-ing Pe-pi- ta, Sing-ing we trip in the dance.
I ENVY THE BIRD

(From the Musical Show "The Serenade")

W: Harry B. Smith

M: Victor Herbert

Andante

G7 E7 Am

I envy the bird with-in its cage, Whose song to her is not denied,

His love for her she may assuage, By song, And in her presence may abide.

I envy the red rose in her touch her ros'y lips should be her bliss — But woe, woe is me and said my hair; The And-ring breeze caressing her fair face; But I, alas can scarcely lot. For it is very clear I'm none of these; And so 'tis plain that I can dare — To look upon her from my lowly place. The bird, the breeze, the heedless flow'r can love her, she will not deny; They

by her side can dwell an hour; And in their fashion softly sigh. She welcomes to her maiden bow'r the moon-beam, And the butterfly; Nature's rovers are her lovers, Yes, all, all can love her. Can love her; Why not I?
SONG OF THE CARBINE

W: Harry B. Smith  (From the Musical Show "The Serenade")  M: Victor Herbert

**Allegro Marciale**

Here's a friend that always answers at your call Pif! Paf! Argue with it if you can, sirs, when it speaks; Pif! Paf! There's a flash and a spark in the dark, The dark, And a voice from a foe unseen.

W: Harry B. Smith  (From the Musical Show "The Serenade")  M: Victor Herbert

**Moderato**

I love thee, I adore thee, Oh my heart, Life and soul, all are thine; Give me hope, dear, I implore thee, Let thine eyes look with fondness in mine, Look in mine, ah, say not We must sever, Since I've found thee at last, dearest heart, I will worship thee forever, For my dream and my star thou art.
IN THE FAIR HAMLET OF FANCY

(From the Opera "Prince Ananias")

W: Francis Neilson
M: Victor Herbert

Com all ye weari-y who sigh for bright skies, O-ver the moun-tains to Fanc-y

There dwell the maid-en's with flash-ing black eyes, Charming with grace and piq-uan-cy

Joys are sub-lime, And life is di-vine,

Joys are sub-lime, And life is di-vine, In the fair Ham-let of Fan-cy

THE SILENT ROSE

W: Max Bendix
M: Victor Herbert

When all on earth is si-lent, And stars in heav-en shine I'd be thy lit-tle

rose love and on my heart re-cline. My heart felt love, My se-cret,

I'd give thee in a kiss for in my soul I feel it for I my soul I

feel it to bloom for thee were bliss.

what fu-ture shall be mine, Con-tent to be thy rose love. And on my heart re-

cline. Con-tent to be thy rose love, And on thy heart re-cline.
IN GLORY BREAKS THE GOLDEN MORN

W: Francis Neilson  M: Victor Herbert

G  Moderato

In glory breaks the golden morn, For
eye my heart is thine; The fairest

D7 C

blooms of rosy morn shall deck the prize of

B E7 Am D7 G

thine. With fairest blooms love to adorn, Dear heart. Forever mine.

I'M THE MOST ORIGINAL

W: Francis Neilson  M: Victor Herbert

G Lively

I am the most original of authors 'tis dramatic: My brain is large and whimsical, Oh, it's

G7

acting all the time. Some say I'm as original, in
ev'rything dogmatic; In me there's nothing
clim-2-sical I'm distinctly superfine.
AMARYLLIS
(From the Opera "Prince Ananias")
W: Francis Neilson
Moderato
M: Victor Herbert

Shy Strephon tuned his pipe at morn, And hastened to the
upland lawn to greet fair Amaryllis. His
doubting heart filled with alarm, A wreath of flowers hung
on his arm, with winsome Madrigal. To claim the
waiting Amaryllis

Am A7 D7 G7 Cm
F7 Cm7 D7 Cm7
Cm7 Am7 Gm D7
Gm Cm D7
Gm Cm D7

Am A7 D7
B7 E7 Am gdim D
G A7 D7 G
MY HEART IS PALPITATING
(From the Opera "Prince Ananias")

W: Francis Neilson
Moderato
M: Victor Herbert

He can't help but rhapsodize on my lovely Grecian nose,
For his ecstasies imply For his ecstasies imply,
I'm a perfect lovely maid,
From my eyebrows to my toes, My eyebrows to my toes,
From my eyebrows to my toes, My eyebrows to my toes,

From the Opera "Prince Ananias"

I cannot give the love you crave, For Valentine I wed,
I cannot give the love you crave for Valentine I wed.
TITLED WIDOWS ALL ARE WE

(From the Operetta "Prince Anania"

W: Francis Neilson
M: Victor Herbert

Moderato

Titled widows all are we, Each a brand new divorcee;

Nothing for us but the stage, High the wage, All the rage, There our woes we can assuage.

Also cage, Youth and sage, Matrimonial alterations make the scenic constellations;

Rouge and powder for the faded; Wigs and padding for the jaded. Rustic maids new beauties make

Why not we? Why not we? Why not we?

The fair rustic maiden needs naught on her lips, No chalk or rouge laid on, She suffers no quips; For

deced, her fair child, The graces on her, too, have smiled

The fair rustic maiden needs naught on her lips, No chalk or rouge laid on, She suffers no quips; For

deed, her fair child, The graces on her, too, have smiled.
TIME WILL COME (The Outlaw's Song)

W: Fred Dixon
M: Victor Herbert

Moderato

Who rides a-broad so fierce and fast thru the storm and the blinding rain, And outlaw bold, so fierce and strong, like a hunted dog he flies:

laughs aloud at the thunder's blast as he crosses the open plain 'Tis the

But he laughs as he rides with an oath and a song to the goal that before him lies:

For the time will come when the outlaw he will escape to a land afar; And he'll rattle his chains as he shouts with glee: Ho!

Ho! The outlaw's free! For the Ho! Ho! The outlaw's free!

DREAMING, DREAMING

W: Harry B. Smith
M: Victor Herbert

D7

Dreaming, Dreaming, Talking in my sleep, Wandering in dreamland where happiness is cheap. When we awake things are not what they seem, I thought it was a kiss, But it was just an idle dream.
FAIRY TALES

W: Harry B. Smith  (From the Musical Show "The Idol's Eye")  M: Victor Herbert

Moderato

Fairy tales, Fairy tales, We hear them every day. List! For a while, With pitying smile, Then, wink and walk away.
Fairy tales. Fairy tales. Fairy tale. 'Tis only a fairy tale.

THE TATTOOED MAN

W: Harry B. Smith  (From the Musical Show "The Idol's Eye")  M: Victor Herbert

Moderato

He was a human picture gallery. Such a spectacular gent; He won her heart and drew her salary, he never gave her a cent; Till one good day with her season's pay and the fat lady off her ran, Oh 'tis perfectly true you can beat a tattoo, But you can't beat a tattooed man.
HEY-DIDDLE-DIDDLE! WHEN MAN IS IN LOVE

(From the Music Show "THE GEISHA")

W: Harry Greenbank
M: Sidney Jones

Brightly

He's longing to marry a dear little bride, So beautiful charming and
So come where the banquet is lavishly laid, Our welcome is sure to be
supple That people still say, As he walks at her side, "By
heartily We'll learn from the lips of some quaint little maid the

Jove! What a good-looking couple! But won't he be wild when he
joys of a Japanese party! For dash ing young sailors there's

knows that we dare to laugh at his amorous folly, Be-
always a charm in flirting with short or with tall ones; I

cause we intend to take jolly good care he doesn't get married to
know I can do with a girl on each arm and two on my knees if they're

Wolly small ones!

CHORUS

For hey-diddle-diddle! When man is in love he thinks that he's lucky all

others above to wed such a squeeze able. Sit on your knees able,
An embrace able, Pat on the face able,

Dear little dutiful duck of a dove. Such a dear little duck of a dove!
THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING
(From "The Mikado")
W: William S. Gilbert
Allegro Gracioso
M: Sir Arthur Sullivan

The flowers that bloom in the Spring, Tra La, Breathe promise of merry sunshine
As we merrily dance and we sing, Tra La, We
welcome the hope that they bring, Tra La, Of a summer of roses and wine, Of a summer of roses and wine;
And that's what we mean when we say that a thing is welcome as flowers that bloom in the Spring

Tra La La La La, Tra La La La La, The flowers that bloom in the Spring.

TIT WILLOW
W: W.S. Gilbert
Andante expressivo
(From "The Mikado")
M: Sir Arthur Sullivan

On a tree by a river a little Tom-Tit sang
"Willow, Tit-Willow, Tit-Willow" And I said to him, "Dicky-bird why do you sit jing-ling "Willow, Tit-Willow, Tit-Willow"? "Is it weakness of intellect, birder? I cried, Or a rather tough worm in your little inside?" With a shake of his poor little head he replied "Oh Willow, Tit-Willow, Tit-Willow."
SAID I TO MYSELF, SAID I

(Operetta "Iolanthe")

W: William S. Gilbert
M: Sir Arthur Sullivan

Allegretto

When I went to the bar as a very young man, (Said I to myself, Said I,) And I'll work on a new and original plan, (Said I to myself, Said I,) I'll never assume that a rogue for a thief is a gentle man worthy implicit belief. Because his attorney has sent me a brief, (Said I to myself, Said I).

A WANDERING MINSTREL

(From "The Mikado")

W: W.S. Gilbert
M: Sir Arthur Sullivan

Allegretto con gracia

A wandering minstrel I a thing of shreds — And patches Of ballads songs and snatch- es, And dreamy lullaby! My catalogue is long, Thro' ev'ry passion ranging, And to your humours changing I tune my supple song!
ON WINGS OF SONG

W. Edward Cole & Alan Skelly
Andante Tranquille

Mr. Felix Mendelssohn OP.39 No.2

On wings of song came flying and sighing low in the breeze:

On a wings of song cue flying and signing low in the breeze;

Promising love never dying, Its tune echoed soft thru the trees.

On a wings of song cue flying and signing low in the breeze.

The evening was fill'd with its magic, A cloud hid the moon above.

The evening was fill'd with its magic, A cloud hid the moon above.

Your lips met mine in a moment of bliss and life was a blissful love.

On wings of song love came flying that night we fell in love.

THE LORELEI

Andante

Philipp Silcher

O tell me what it meaneth, This gloom and tearful eye?

'Tis memory that retaineth the tale of years-gone by;

The fading light grows dimmer; The Rhine doth calmly flow,

Lofty hill tops glimmer red with the sunset glow.

THE LORELEI

Andante

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'Tis memory that retaineth the tale of years-gone by;

The fading light grows dimmer; The Rhine doth calmly flow,

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WHO IS SYLVIA?

W: William Shakespeare
M: Franz Schubert

Moderato

G D7 Cdim C G

Who is Sylvia? What is she?
That all our swains commend her?

D7 G D7 G D7 G Bb F#7 Bm

Holly fair and wise is she,
The heav'ns such grace did lend her.

A7 D C E7 Am

That adored she might be.

D7 G Am D7 G

That adored she might be.

HARKI HARKI THE LARK

W: William Shakespeare
M: Franz Schubert

Allegretto

F7 Bb F7 Fdim F7 F-Bb F7

Hark! Hark! The Lark at heav'n's gates sings
And Phoe-bus'gins a-rise, His steeds to wa-ter

Bb F7 Fdim F7 F-Bb Gm C7 F

at those springs on chalic'd flow'rs that lies.
On chalic'd flow'rs that lies.

Db7 Gb Db7 Gb Gb7

wink-ing Mar-y-buds begin to ope the gold-en eyes;
With ev'ry-thing that

Bb F7 Bb Gb7 Bb

prett-y bin; My la-dy sweet, a-rise
With ev'ry-thing that prett-y bin; My

F7 Bb F7 Bdim Cm Ebm F7


F7 Bb F7 Bdim Cm Gm7 F7 Bb

NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART

W: Edward Cole & Alan Skelly

Here in my twi-light dreams, I dream of you, Dear;

Here in my twi-light dreams, When day is through, Dear.

I hold you close to me, But I'm just dream- ing; For in my heart I see

it wasn't meant to be: Fate had a dif- fer- ent plan so

now I'm left a - lone. Here in my twi - light dreams,

I dream of you, Dear. Here in my twi-light dreams,

day is through, Dear. Each night The twi-light finds me

where mem-'ry binds me; In thoughts of you; And then once more

I hear you whis- per soft- ly. Here in my

twi-light dreams, I keep on dream-ing.
VILLANELLE

W: Nathan Haskell Dole
M: Eva Dell'Acqua

Moderato

Oft have I seen the swift swallow
Dart thru the clear morning blue,
Swiftly the keen eye could follow
as to the land of Apollo,
Sunshine and jasmine she flew,
Oft have I seen the swift swallow
Long I strained my eager eyes
Where she vanished in the assured,
And my soul with dreamy pleasure spread
with her thru distant skies, Ah!
Ah! Where the land of mystery lies!
Over hill and over hollow would I still
her path pursue,
Oft-en have I seen the swallow scarcely
could The keen eye follow, The keen eye follow.

(Repeat from top to fine)
**A DREAM**

Slowly

J.C. Bartlett

Last night I was dreaming of thee love, Was dreaming I dream'd thou didst promise me never should part, While thy lov'd voice ad-dress'd me, And soft hands caress'd me I kiss'd thee, And press'd thee once more to my heart I kiss'd thee and press'd thee once more to my heart

**MY LOVE WAS JUST A DAY DREAM**

W: Alan Skelly

Moderato

M: Muritz Moskowski

My love was just a day dream, A mas-querade that I thought a gay dream. I tried to ride on it to the sky; I didn't know then that dreams could lie; Oh, my love was just a day dream, A flight of fancy that seed a gay dream. My heart soon found it was all untrue. But I'm still lost in that day dream of you.
COME INTO THE GARDEN MAUD

Moderato

By: Michael William Balfe

Come in- to the gar- den Maud, For the black bat, night has flown;

Come in- to the gar- den Maud, I am here at the gate a- lone. I am

here at the gate a- lone. And the wood-bine spi- ces are waft- ed a-broad, And the

musk of the ros- es blown, For a breeze of morn- ing moves, And the

plan-et of love is on high, Be- gin- ning to faint in the light that she loves, On a

bed of daf- to-dil sky. To faint in the light of the sun She loves, to

faint in the light And to die. Come! Come!

Come in- to the gar- den Maud, For the black bat, night, is flown,

Come in- to the gar- den Maud, I am here at the gate a- lone. I am

here at the gate a- lone, I am here at the gate a- lone.
ABSENCE MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER

W: Arthur Gillespie

Slowly

M: Herbert Dillea

Ab-sence makes the heart grow fonder,
That is why I long for you.
Lonely thru the nights I ponder
wondering darling, if you're true.
Distance only lends enchantment, tho the ocean waves divide,
Ab-sence makes the heart grow fonder, longing to be near your side.

ROLL ON, SILVER MOON

By Joseph W. Turner

Slowly

1. As I strayed from my cot at the close of the day, 'Mid the ravishing beauties of June,
   'Neath a jasmine shade, I espied a fair maid, and she
   Clever, so kind and sincere, And he loved me full dear. Oh, my
   Plainly sighed to the moon.
   Edward, his equal was never

2. As the heart on the mountain my lover was brave so noble and manly and
   clever, so kind and sincere, And he loved me full dear. Oh, my
   Plainly sighed to the moon.
   Edward, his equal was never

Ed - win, his e - qual was ne'er
Roll on, sil-ver moon, guide the trav - 'ler his way, while the night - ingale's song is in tune;
To nev - er nev - er more with my true love will stray by the soft sil-ver beams, gen - tle moon.
JUST TELL THEM THAT YOU SAW ME

Moderato

Paul Dresser

While strolling down the street one eve upon mere pleasure bent, 'Twas
after business worries of the day I saw a girl who shrank from me, in
whom I recognized, My schoolmate in a village far a-
way. "Is that you, Madge," I said to her, she quickly turned away, "Don't
turn away, Madge, I am still your friend,
Next week I'm going back to see the old folks, and I thought per-
haps some message you would like to send. "Just tell them that you saw me", She
said, "They'll know the rest: Just tell them I was looking well, you
know. Just whisper, if you get a chance, to
mother, dear, and say, I love her as I did long, long ago.
HOME, SWEET HOME

W: John Howard Payne
M: Henry R. Bishop

Moderato

Eb Ab Eb Bb7 Eb

Mid pleasure and palaces though we may roam, Be it ever so humble there's no place like home.

Ab Eb Bb7 Eb

charm from the skies seems to hallown us there, which, seek thru the world is ne'er met with elsewhere. Home! Home! Sweet, sweet home! Be it ever so humble, There's no place like home.

WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER

Alice Hawthorne

Moderato

C F C

1. What is home without a mother? What are all the joys we meet, When her loving smile no longer greet the coming, coming of our feet? The days seem long.

G7 C F C

2. Things we prize are first to vanish; Hearts we love to pass away; And how soon, e'en in our childhood, Her eyes grow dim. Her nights are drear, and time rolls slowly on;

G7 C G7 C

we behold her turning, turning gray; Her joys of earth are past; And

C G7 C

step is slow; Her joys of earth are past; And

G7 C

oh! How few are child-hood's pleasures, When her gentle, gentle care is gone! sometimes ere we learn to know her, She hath breath'd on earth her last.
LONG, LONG AGO

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, Long a-go,

Long, Long a-go, Sing me the songs I de-light-ed to hear,

Long, Long a-go, Long a-go. Now you are come, all my grief is re-moved

let me for-get that so long you have roved. Let me be-lieve that you

love as you loved, Long, Long a-go, Long a-go.

THINE EYES SO BLUE AND TENDER

Thine eyes so blue and ten-der, When their soft glance I seek,

Tho’ts that I may not speak, Dear eyes so blue and ten-der, I see them ev’ry where,

soul like waves of ocean, They drown in light so fair,
SWEET GENEVIEVE

W: George Cooper

G D7

O, Genevieve I'd give the world to live again the lovely past The rose of youth is dew-in-pearled, But now it withers in the blast. I see thy face in ev'ry dream, My waking thoughts are full of thee, My glance is in the starry beam that falls along the Summer sea.

D7

0, Genevieve, sweet Genevieve, the days may come, the days may go, But still the hands of memory weave the blissful dreams of long ago.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

W: W.S. Woodworth

Bb F7 Bb Eb Bb

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood when fond recollection presents to my view the orchard, the meadow the deep-tangled wildwood, And ev'ry lovd spot which my infancy knew; The cot of my father. The dairy house nigh it, And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well. The old oaken bucket, The iron bound bucket, The moss covered bucket that hung in the well.
WHISPERING HOPE

Soft as the voice of an angel, Breathing a lesson unheard,

Hope with a gentle persuasion whispers her comforting word;

Wait till the darkness is over, Wait till the tempest is done.

Wait till the darkness is over, Wait till the tempest is done.

Whispering Hope Oh how welcome thy voice,

Whispering Hope Oh how welcome thy voice.

Mak-ing my heart in its sorrow rejoice.

Mak-ing my heart in its sorrow rejoice.

SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD

Darling I am growing old, Silver threads among the gold.

Shine upon my brow today, Life is fading fast away.

Al-ways young and fair to me, Yes, my darling, you will be,

Al-ways young and fair to me, Yes, my darling, you will be,

Al-ways young and fair to me, Dar-ling I am grow- ing,

Al-ways young and fair to me, Dar-ling I am grow- ing,

Shine upon my brow today, Life is fading fast away.
THE MONASTERY BELLS

Lucy Crawford
Andantino
M: Louis Lefebvre-Wely

When evening bells ring thru the dells, The roam-er's thoughts return to home. He hears the call of those he loves in toll-ing evening bells. — Fine

C G7(C Bass)
Bells, ring-ing out clear in the twi-light; Bells bring thoughts of those he holds dear. And bells, sing-ing their song in the twi-light, Bring love-ly dreams for the night. — S.S. Al Fine

THE DEAREST SPOT ON EARTH

Moderato
W.T. Wrighton

The dearest spot on earth to me is home, Sweet home; The fairy land I long to see is home, sweet home; Fine There how charm'd the sense of hear-ing, There, where love is so en-dear-ing!

All the world is not so cheer-ing as home, sweet home. — D.D. Al Fine
I WANT TO SEE MY DEAR OLD HOME

Alan Skally

Andante

James E. Stewart

I've wandered very far away from the place where I was born, And
my poor heart has been so sad, Dejected and forlorn, No
mother dear to treat me well, to cheer me when in pain, I
want to see the friends I knew, And my dear old home again,

CHORUS
Oh, the good old days are pass'd and gone, I long for them in vain, I
want to see the friends I knew, And my dear old home again,

LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD

Moderato

Alice Hawthorne

1. I'm dreaming now of sweet Hall-y, My sweet Hall-y, My sweet Hall-y, I'm
2. She's sleeping down in the valley, In the valley, In the valley, She's
dreaming now of sweet Hall-y, For the thought of her is one that never dies;
sleeping down in the valley, And the mocking bird is singing

CHORUS
Where she lies, Listen to the mocking bird, Listen to the mocking bird The
mocking bird, singing o'er the grave; Listen to the mocking bird, Listen to the
mocking bird, Still singing where the weeping willows wave.
THE SWEETEST STORY EVER TOLD

By: R.M. Stults

Slowly

Tell me, Do you love me? Tell me softly, sweetly as of old!
Tell me that you love me, For that's the sweetest story ever told.
Tell me, Do you love me? Whisper softly, sweetly, as of old!
Tell me, that you love me, For that's the sweetest story ever told.

WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMeward FLY

W.H. M. Franz Abt

Moderato

When the swallows homeward fly, When the roses scattered lie, When from neither hill nor dale chants the silver nightingale;
In these words my bleeding heart would to thee its grief impart,
"When I thus thy image lose, Can I, Ah, Can I e'er know repose, Can I, Ah, Can I e'er know repose?"
SWEET AND LOW

W: Alfred Tennyson
M: Sir Joseph Barnby

Sweet and low, Sweet and low, Wind of the Western sea.

Low, low, 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.

BEN BOLT

Oh, Don't you remem-ber, sweet Alice, Ben-Bolt, Sweet Alice, With hair so brown. She wept with delight when you gave her a smile and trembled with fear at your frown, In the old church-yard, In the valley Ben Bolt in a corner obscure and alone. They have fitted a slab of granite so gray and sweet Alice lies under the stone. They have fitted a slab of granite so grey, And sweet Alice lies under the stone.
LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG

W: G. Clifton Bingham
M: James Lyman Molloy

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.

DO THEY THINK OF ME AT HOME?

W: J.E. Carpenter
M: Charles W. Glover

Do they think of me at home, Do they ever think of me? I who shared their every grief, I who mingled in their glee. Have their hearts grown cold and strange, To the one now doom'd to roam? I would give the world to know, Do they think of me at home? I would give the world to know, Do they think of me at home?
BREEZE OF NIGHT

Lucy Crawford

Moderato

Mi: Georges Lamothe

C7 Cdim
Near my rose in your hair, Let it

G7 F Cdim F
tell you I care, On its glowing lips find the kiss.

C7 Cdim C7 F Cdim F
My lips have lovingly press'd there. Near my rose on your

breast, Where my head longs to rest, In its blushing

heart find the love, My heart to it confess'd.

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

Moderato

W&M: Henry C. Work

Bb F7 Bb Eb Bb F7
My grandfather's clock was too big on the shelf so it stood ninety years on the

taller-by half, than the old man himself, tho' it weighed not a penny weight

floor; It was it was bought on the morn, of the day that he was born, And was

more.

C7 F Bb F7
always his pleasure and pride. But it stopped, short,

Bb G7 Cm Bb F7 Bb
never to go again, When the old man died. Ninety years without slumbering

(Tick Tock Tick Tock) His life seconds numbering (Tick Tock Tick Tock) It

F7 Bb G7 Cm Bb F7 Bb
stopped, short Never to go again, When the old man died.
THE LITTLE BROWN CHURCH IN THE VALE

William S. Pitts

1. There's a church in the valley by the wild-wood, No lovely place in the dale. No spot is so dear to my childhood as the little brown church in the vale.

2. How sweet on a bright Sabbath morning to list to the clear ringing bell; Its tones so sweetly are calling 0 come to the church in the vale. No spot is so dear to my childhood as the little brown church in the vale.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT

W: Thomas Moore

Affettuoso

Ms: Traditional

Oft in the stilly night, Ere slumber's chain has bound me,

Fond memory brings the light of other days around me. The smiles, the tears, of childhood years, the words of love then spoken, The eyes that shone now dimmed and gone the cheerful heart now broken.

Thus in the stilly night, Ere slumber's chain has bound me,

Sad memory brings the light of other days around me.
GOOD-BYE

W: G.J. Whyte-Melville
A: Francesco Paolo Tosti

F7 C G7 C F7 Bb Bbm F F

F C F#dim G7 C7 F F7 Bb Bbm

C Cm C G7 C F F7 Bb Bbm

C F#dim G7 C7 F F7 Bb Bbm

white in a sul-len sea, Shadows ris-ing on you and

C Cm C G7 C F F7 Bb Bbm

C Cm C G7 C F F7 Bb Bbm

BEAUTY'S EYES

W: Frederic E. Weatherly
A: Francesco Paolo Tosti

Eb Cm Fm

I want no stars in heav'n to guide me, I need no moon, no sun to

Bb7 Eb Bb7 Fm F

shine while I have you, sweet-heart, be-side me, While I know that you are

Eb Bb7 Ab

mine. I need not fear what-e'er be-tide me for

Eb7 Ab F7

straight and sweet my path-way lies, I want no stars in heav'n to

Eb C7 Fm

guide me, While I gaze in your dear eyes, I want no

Abm6 Eb F Bb7 Eb

stars in heav'n to guide me, While I gaze in your dear eyes.
EMMET'S LULLABY

Moderato—with much expression

Close your eyes Lena, my darling; While I sing your lullaby,
Fear thou no danger, Lena. 

for your brother watches o'er you, Lena dear, Angels guard thee,
Lena dear, my darling, nothing evil can come near.

Brightest flowers bloom for thee, Darling sister, dear to me.

Go to sleep, go to sleep my baby, My baby, My baby,
Go to sleep my baby, Go to sleep my baby,

Oh bye, Go to sleep, Lena sleep.

ALOUETTE

French Canadian Folk Song


Je te plume-rai la tête, Je te plume-rai la tête, Et la tête, Et la tête, Oh!

D.C.
STRIKE THE HARP GENTLY

Andante Affetuoso

Isaac Baker Woodbury

G [\(\text{Dm}^7\)]

Strike the harp gently to the memory of those who

D7

ever loved fondly, Ere called to repose;

G

beneath the green turf, where the wild flowers bloom,

D7

scenting the earth, and embroid'ring the tomb; Oh:

Am

strike the harp gently to the memory of those who

D7

ever loved fondly, Ere called to repose.

GIPSY'S WARNING

Traditional

G [\(\text{Dm}^7\)]

Do not trust him gentle lady, Tho' his voice be low and sweet, Heed not

G7

him who kneels before you, Gently pleading at thy feet. Now thy

G

life is in its morning, Cloud not this thy happy lot, Listen

C

to the gipsy's warning, Gentle lady trust him not. Listen

Dm

to the gipsy's warning, Gentle lady trust him not.

2. Do Not Turn So Coldly From Me, I Would Only Guard Thy Youth
   From His Stern And Withering Power, I Would Only Tell The Truth;
   I Would Shield Thee From All Danger, Save Thee From The Tempter's Snare,-
   Lady, Shun The Dark-Eyed Stranger, I Have Warned Thee, Now Beware.

3 Lady, Once There Lived A Maiden, Pure And Bright, And Like Thee, Fair;
   But He wooed, And wooed And won her, Filled Her Gentle Heart With Care.
   Then He Heeded Not Her Weeping, Nor Cared He Her Life To Save,
   Soon She Perished, Now She's Sleeping In The Cold And Silent Grave.
THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

W: Francis Scott Key

Oh—Say can you see, By the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleam—ing? Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight, O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming; And the rocket's red glare, The bombs bursting in air, Gave proof through 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.

AMERICA

W: Samuel F. Smith

My country, 'Tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my father died, Land of the Pilgrims' pride, 4. Our Fathers' 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 Night Great God Our King!

1. My country, 'Tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my father died, Land of the Pilgrims' pride, let freedom ring!

2. My native country, thee, land of the noble free, Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and hills, Thy woods and templed hills.

From every mountain side let freedom ring!

My heart with rapture thrills like that above.

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, The Sound Prolong.
AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

W: Katherine Lee Bates
M: Samuel A. Ward

1. O beautiful for spacious skies, For amber waves of grain, For purple mountain majesties above the fruit ed plain.

2. O beautiful for Pilgrim feet whose stern im passioned stress, A thoroughfare for freedom best across the wilder ness.

3. O beautiful for heroes proved in liberating strife, Who more than self their country loved and mercy more than life.

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
America! America! God mend thine empty flaw, Con
America! America! May God thy gold refine, Till
America! America! God shed his grace on thee, And

Crown thy good with brotherhood from sea to shining sea,

Firm thy soul in self-control, thy liberty in law,

All success be noble ness and every gain divine,

Crown thy good with brotherhood from sea to shining sea.

MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND

W: James R. Randall
M: Traditional

Thou wilt not cow er in the dust, Maryland, My
Maryland. Thy beam ing sword shall never rust,

Maryland, My Maryland. Remember Carroll's sacred trust; Remember Howard's war like thrust and

All thy slumberers with the just Mar yland, My Maryland.
COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN

Moderato

Thomas a Becket

Oh, Columbia, The gem of the ocean, The home of the brave and the free, The shrine of each patriot's devotion 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.

2. When War Wing'd Its Hide Desolation And Threaten'd The Land To Deform, The Ark Then Of Freedom's Foundation, Columbia, Rode Safe Thro' The Storm; With The Garlands Of Vict'ry Around Her, When So Proudly She Bore Her Brave Crew, With Her Flag Proudly Floating Before Her, 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....

G D7 G D G Am

Em A7 D D7

G C Am D7

G D7 G

D7 G

C Am D7 G

C Am D7 G
BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

W: Julia Ward Howe  
Allegretto  
Traditional M:

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 WAS
LOOSED THE FATEFUL LIGHTNING OF HIS TERRIBLE SWIFT SWORD, HIS
TRUTH IS MARCHING ON.

CHORUS

GLO-URY, GLO-URY, HAL-LE-
LU- JAH! GLO-URY, GLO-URY, HAL- LU-
LU- JAH, HIS TRUTH IS MARCHING ON!

HAIL, COLUMBIA

W: Joseph Hopkinson  
Moderato  
M: J. Fayles

O HAIL COLUMBIA HAPPY LAND O HAIL YE HEROES, EV'N-BORN BAND! WHO
FOUGHT AND BLED IN FREE-DOM'S CAUSE, THE FOUGHT AND BLED IN FREE-DOM'S CAUSE, AND WHEN THE STORM OF
WAR WAS GONE, ENJOYED THE PEACE YOUR VALOR WON, LET INDEPENDENCE
BE OUR BOAST, EVER MINDFUL WHAT IT COST, EVER GRATEFUL FOR THE PRIZE
LET IT'S ALTAR REACH THE SKIES. FIRM UNIFIED LET US BE, RALLY-ING ROUND OUR
LIBERTY. AS A BAND OF BROTHERS JOINED PEACE AND SAFE-TY WE SHALL FIND.
ARTILLERY SONG (Caisson Song)

Marcia

Over hill, ever dale, We have hit the dusty trail, And our caissons go rolling along. In and out, hear them shout: "Count

March! And right about! And the caissons go rolling along. Then it's

Hi! Hi! Hee! In the field artillery. Shout out your numbers good and strong. Where e'er you go, You will always know, That those caissons are rolling along. And those caissons go rolling along.

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND

Moderato with expression

We're tenting tonight on the old camp ground, Give us a song to cheer our weary hearts, A song of home, and friends we love so dear.

G C G C G D7

CHORUS G D7

G C G

G C D7 Em C

G D7 G C

G D7 G C

Tenting tonight, Tenting on the old camp ground.
COLUMBIA

W: Clay M. Greene
M: Victor Herbert.

While freedom guides exultingly the genius of our country's fame, Let no fall breath of tyranny be-

dim the lustre of her name, Else fired by patriotic zeal, Our guar-
don every man's right with common woe and common wail, We'll battle for Columbia's might. We'll

fight for the right, fair Columbia, Thou art mother, Thou art goddess, Thou art

shrine: Ever be our proudest boast and our never failing toast; Heart and

soul and good right arm we're ever thine, Columbia! Columbia! Thou'rt

goddess, mother, shrine, Columbia, Columbia! Our strong right arms are

thine Columbia! Columbia! Our strong right arms are thine.
HAIL TO THE CHIEF

W: Sir Walter Scott  
M: James Sanderson

Maestoso

Hail to the chief who in triumph advances; Honored and blessed be the ever-green pine! Long may the tree, in his banner that glances, flourish, the shelter and grace of our line! Hail to the chief who in triumph advances, Honored and blessed be the ever-green pine!

Long may the tree, in his banner that glances, flourish, the shelter and grace of our line! Heaven send it happy dew, Earth lend its sap anew, gaily to bourgeon and broadly to grow. While every high-land glen, sends our shout-back again, "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, Ho! Ieroe!"


C
Dm D7 G
G7

C
F C
F C

G7

C
F C
F C

Dm D7 G

Dm D7 C
F G F C F C F C
JOHN BROWN'S BODY

Moderato


TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP

March time

In the prison cell I sit, thinking mother dear, of you, And our bright and happy home so far away. And the tears they fill my eyes, spite of all that I can do, Tho' I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

CHORUS

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching; Cheer up, comrades, they will come. And beneath the starry flag we shall breathe the air again of the free-land in our own beloved home.
LA MARSEILLAISE

W: Alfred Williams
M: Rouget de Lisle

Te sons of free-dom, wake to glo-ry! Har! Hark! What my-riads bid you rise? Your chil-dren, wives and grand-sires hear-y, Be-hold their tears and hear their cries, Be-hold their tears and hear their cries! Shall hate-ful tyrants, mis-chief-breeding, with-shire-ing hosts a ruf-ian band, Af-fright and de-so-late the land, When peace and lib-er-ty lie bleed-ing, To arms, To arms ye brave!—Th'a-veng-ing sword un-sheath! March on, March on, all hearts re-solved on lib-er-ty or death.

FINLANDIA

W: Lucy Crawford
M: Jean Sibelius

Oh, my Fin-land-ia, Thee I'll love for-ev-er, Though dark days be-set thee,
Thy rug-ged soil has cra-died lib-er-ty, From ev'-ry day the cour-age of each val-iant heart, Our her-i-
fier, From ev'-ry moun-tain, Thy loyal sons sing song to love the ways of free-dom, No tyr-rants grasp will thy en-dur-er, Thy loyal sons will read the chains that bind thee, Thy icy-al sons will e're hold thee free, To bring thee free-dom for ev-er more.
MEXICAN NATIONAL HYMN

Con Spirito

Sp. W & M. Jaime Nuno

OH, THE LAND THAT WE LOVE

W: L.P. Lewis

Moderato

M: Michael William Balfe

Eng. W: M. Barnett

1. Oh, the land that we love is our own native land, Spreading proudly from sea to sea; Her mountains so grand-ly like sen-ti-nels stand, E'er guarding the lands of the free. In her broad fertile val-leys her chil-dren may dwell, un-ner-
rest-ted by ty-rant's de-cree; And the wrong'd of the earth shall find in our land li-

2. Should a foe e'er in-vade thee, My own native land, Ev'ry sword shall un-mach-ed quick-ly fall, We'll con-quer or die by her side.
GLADIATOR MARCH

March Tempo

A

Gm A7 Dm Eb

E

A

Dm Gm A7 Dm Bb7

C7 F Ddim F C7 F

C7

[1. F ] [2. F ]

TRIO

Bb F7 Bbdim Bb

Eb Ebm Bb F7 Bb

Bb tacet

Bb

From sign to sign
KING COTTON

March Tempo

John Philip Sousa

F

G7

Fm  C  G7  C  F  C7

F  C7  F  Dm  G7  C  tacet

F  Bb  D7  Gm  F  C7

1. F

2. F

Gm  Eb  Bb  F  Bb

D7  Cm  Gdim  Bb  F7

[1. Bb]

[2. Bb]

Fm  Bb  Dm  (Fine)  Fm

Db  Ab7  Db  Ab7  Ab7  Db

Ab7  Db  Ab7  Db  Ab7  Db  F  Bbm  Ebm  F

D.S. al Fine
THE WASHINGTON POST MARCH

March Tempo

Am | D7 | G

D7 | G | A7

D7 | Gm | D | A7

D | A7 | D | A7 | D | D7

G | D7 | G | Eb | G

D7 | C | G7

C | G7 | C | G7

C | F | A7 | Dm | A7 | Dm

C | Cdim | G7 | Coda

G | Coda

D.S.al Coda
THE CRUSADERS MARCH

March Tempo

John Philip Sousa

Bb7

Eb

Bb7

Eb

Bb7

F7

Bb

Eb

Bb7

Fm

Fdim

Ab

Eb7

Ab

Eb7

Ab

Eb7

Ab

Db

F7

Bbm

Ab

Eb7

Ddim

Ebm

Abm

Bb

Edim

Fm

Bbm

C

tacet

Ab

Ab
RIFLE REGIMENT MARCH

March Tempo

John Philip Sousa

Bb7

Eb

Bb7

Edim

F7

Bb

Bb

F7

Bb7

Eb

Fm

Eb

tacet

Bb7

TRIO Ab

Eb7

Ab

Eb7

Ab

Eb

Bb7

Eb

Ab

Eb

Ab

Bb7

Ab

Eb7

Ab

D.S. al Fine
OUR FLIRTAION MARCH

March Tempo

John Philip Sousa

Gm D7 Gm

in bass

Gm Gm D7 Gm F7 Bb

Cm Gm Cm Gm Cm Gm D7 Gm D7

Gm Cm Cm Gm Cm Gm D7 Gm F7 Bb

Cm F7 Bb

Cm F7 Bb
SOUND OFF

John Philip Sousa

March Tempo

Dm | A7
---|---
Dm | Gm
Dm | A7
---|---
Dm | C7

D7 | Gm

F

Edim | F | C7 | F
---|---|---|---

TRIO

Bb | Eb | C7 | F
---|---|---|---

Bb | Edim F7 | Bb tacet
---|---|---

Gm | D7 | Gm

C7

Gm | Cm | D7
---|---|---

Gm | F7

sign

Bb
SWEDISH WEDDING MARCH

Moderato

\( \text{C7} \rightarrow F \)

Bb \( \rightarrow F \) tacet

A Dm Gm C7 F \( \rightarrow \) Fine

(Bass continues)

(in Bass)

Dm G7 C D.C. al Fine

TRIO

\( \text{F7} \rightarrow \text{Bb} \)

\( \text{Bb} \rightarrow \text{Eb} \rightarrow \text{Bb} \rightarrow \text{F} \)

\( \text{Bb} \rightarrow \text{Gm6} \rightarrow \text{Bb} \rightarrow \text{F7} \rightarrow \text{Bb} \) tacet

\( \text{F7} \rightarrow \text{Eb} \rightarrow \text{Bb} \)

\( \text{F7} \rightarrow \text{Bb} \)

\( \text{F7} \rightarrow \text{Bb} \) (in Bass) D.C. al Fine
FATINITZA MARCH

Moderato

C C G7

C E7 Am E Am Em B5 E Gdim

G7 Gdim G7 C

G7

C F

Dm C G7 C

G D G7 C

G C G Bm Bm

A7 D G D7

G D7 G
THE AMERICAN PATROL

Moderato

F

C7

F

G7

C

F

Bb

Dm

Gm

C7

F

C7

F

Bb

F

C#dim

Dm

Bb

F

C7

F
THE BRITISH PATROL

Allegro

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Allegro</th>
<th>F</th>
<th>C7</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

Ddim

Am

E7 Am

C7

Bb F C7

F				C7

F				C7

F				D.C. al Fine

TRIO

Bb F7

Gm

F				C7

F

Fine

T. F tacet

2. Cm F7

Bb

D.C. al Fine
THE TURKISH PATROL

Moderato, tempo di marcia

C7 (F Bass)  Dm  A7 (D Bass)  Dm

C7  F

C7 (F Bass)  F  C7  G7

C  Bb  Gm  Bb  Gm  Bb  Gm  F

(Instrumental)

Dm  A7  Dm  A7

F  Dm  A7 (BASS)  Dm

C7  F

C7 (F Bass)

F
THUNDER AND BLAZES

Tempo di Marcia

Julius Fucik

C G7

1. B Em B

G7 G7

2. D7 Eb7 G D7 G

C G7 C

Mel. in Bass

Adim C G7 C

1. (r-4)

2. Trio

F

Db F Bb Bbm F G7 C7

F Db Db7 F F Bdim F

G7 C7 F A Dm A

C Fdim F

G7 C7 F

From sign to sign
UNDER THE DOUBLE EAGLE

Joseph Franz Wagner

March tempo

Bb7

Eb

Bb7

Eb

Bb7

F7

Bb

Ebb

Trio

Ab

Eb7

Ab

Ab7

Db

Bb7

Ab

Eb7
JOLLY COPPERSMITH

Moderato

G D7

G

A7 D A7 D7

G D7 G D7

D7 G D7

G7 C

G7 C

Am D7 G C

G7 C G7 C

G7 C

D.C. al Fine
MARCH OF THE LITTLE LEAD SOLDIERS

Allegretto

Gabriel Pierne

\[ \text{Music notation image} \]
MARCHE MILITAIRE

March Tempo

Franz Schubert

D A7 D A7 D B7 Em B7

Em A7 D A7 D A7 D

E7 A taost C

I:

E7 Am E7 Am D7

G D7 G B Em E7 A E7 A

| A7 D taost |

Fine

G D7 G C

G A7 D A7 D

A7 D A7 D Gm F7

Bb Eb Bb F Bb Gm

F7 Bb Eb Gm D7 Gm D7

G D7 G Am D7 G

D.C. al Fine
QUI VIVE!

Vivo C Cdim C Cdim C G7
G7 Gdim G7 Gm D7 F D7
Gm C7 Cdim C7 F
Gm Fdim F D7 Gm C7 F

D.C. al Fine

YPISILANTI GALOP

Vivo C Cdim C G7 Gdim G7
G7 Gdim G7 Bb7 Bb7
Gm Bb7 Eb Ab
Gm Ab Fm D-57 G tacet
D.C. al Fine
POET AND PEASANT OVERTURE (I)  

Franz von Suppe

D Moderato A7 D Bm

F#m D A7 D

G Gm D A7 Gdim Bm E7

A E7 A7 D G Gm

D A7 Gdim Bm Em7 D A7 D

Fast Dm Eb

Edim A7 Dm

F C7 F A7 Dm Eb

Dm

Edim

F7 Bb
POET AND PEASANT OVERTURE (2)
LUSTSPIEL OVERTURE

Keler Bela

Moderato

\[\text{Eb} \quad \text{Fm7} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{Eb} \]

\[\text{F7} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Bb7} \]

\[\text{Eb} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{Fm} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{Eb} \]

\[\text{Fm} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{Fm} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Cm} \]

\[\text{B7-5} \quad \text{Bb} \quad \text{F7} \quad \text{Bb} \quad \text{F7} \]

\[\text{Bb} \quad \text{Fast Eb} \]

\[\text{Bb7} \]

\[\text{Eb} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{F7} \]

\[\text{Bb} \quad \text{F7} \quad \text{Bb} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{Bb} \quad \text{F7} \]

\[\text{F7} \quad \text{Bb} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{Eb} \]

\[\text{Bb7} \]
RAYMOND OVERTURE (2)

WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE (1) by Gioacchino Rossini

Moderato
Belle Galathea (1)

Lively

Franz von Suppé

G Em G Em G D G

Em G Em G D7 G B7 Em B7 Em

D G D7 G F7 Bm A7 D

D7

G Em G Em G D G

Em G Em G Eb E

F F#

SLOWLY no chords

Abm Eb E

no chords

E7 A E

Adim A F#m C# B7 E7

A Adim A F#m B7-5 A E7 Ddim
BELLE GALATHEA (2)
BARBER OF SEVILLE OVERTURE (2)
ONE HEART, ONE SOUL

Waltz Tempo

Johann Strauss

TRIO F

D.C. al Fine
BLUE DANUBE WALTZ (I)

Waltz Tempo

\[ \text{\textbf{D}} \quad \text{\textbf{A7}} \quad \text{Johann Strauss} \]

\[ \text{\textbf{D}} \quad \text{\textbf{G}} \quad \text{\textbf{A7}} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{Fine} \]

\[ \text{\textbf{E7}} \quad \text{\textbf{A}} \quad \text{Ddim} \quad \text{F#m} \quad \text{Bm} \quad \text{E7} \quad \text{A} \quad \text{D.C. al Fine} \]

\[ \text{\textbf{A7}} \quad \text{\textbf{D}} \quad \text{\textbf{Em}} \quad \text{\textbf{Cm}} \quad \text{\textbf{F7}} \quad \text{\textbf{Bb}} \quad \text{\textbf{F7}} \quad \text{\textbf{Bb}} \]

\[ \text{\textbf{Cm}} \quad \text{\textbf{Gdim}} \quad \text{\textbf{D}} \quad \text{\textbf{Gm}} \quad \text{\textbf{D}} \quad \text{n.s. al} \]
BLUE DANUBE WALTZ (2)

G D7
G Am G D7
G D7 G Am G D7
G Am G D7 G Am G D7
G Bbm6 C7 F C7
F Bb F Gm
F C7 F Dm Bb7 A C7
F C7
F G7
C7 F A C7
C#7 F#m C#7 F#m
BLUE DANUBE WALTZ (3)

LAGOON WALTZES (1)

Allegretto

Johann Strauss
COLISEUM WALTZES

Waltz Tempo

Johann Strauss

\[\text{Music notation image}\]
TALES FROM VIENNA WOODS (I)

Waltz Tempo

Johann Strauss

\[ \begin{array}{c}
\text{F} & \text{Gm} \\
\text{C7} & \text{F} \\
\text{Gm} \\
\text{Ddim} & \text{F} \text{C7} \\
\text{C7} & \text{F} \text{C7} \\
\text{F} \text{F7} \text{Gm} \text{C7} \text{F} \\
\text{Bb} \text{Cm7} \text{Bb} \\
\text{F7} \text{Bb} \text{Cm7} \\
\text{Bb} \text{F7} \\
\text{Bb} \\
\text{Eb} \text{Cm} \text{Bb} \\
\end{array} \]
VIENNA LIFE (Wiener Blut)

Waltz Tempo

[Music notation with chords and notes]
TREASURE WALTZES (I)

Waltz Tempo

Johann Strauss

\[ \text{Am} \quad \text{Dm} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{Dm7} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{D7} \quad \text{Am} \quad \text{D7} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{D7} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{Am} \quad \text{D7} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{B7} \quad \text{Em} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{F}_{3} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{E}_{4} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{Am7} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{D7} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{Am7} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{D} \]
TREASURE WALTZES (2)

G   A7   D   Gm   D   Gm   D

Am   D7    G   D7

G   Am   Adim   Em   Gdim   G   D7   G

Bb7

Eb   Bb7

Eb   Bb

F7   Bb

Eb   Bb7

Eb   Bb7

C   Dm7   G7   C

C   Dm7   G7   C
VOICES OF SPRING (I)

Waltz Tempo

Johann Strauss
VOICES OF SPRING (2)
WINE, WOMAN AND SONG (2)

\[\begin{align*}
& C \quad C\text{dim} \quad C7 \quad C7 \\
& Bb \quad Gm \quad C7 \quad F \\
& Gm \quad A \quad Gm \\
& F \quad Dm6 \quad C7 \quad F \\
& Dm \quad Bb \\
& C7 \\
& 1. \quad F \\
& Bb \quad Gm \quad F7 \\
& Bb \quad Cm \quad G7 \quad Cm \quad G7 \\
& Cm \quad G\text{dim} \quad Bb \quad F7 \quad Bb \quad \text{[1.]} \quad \text{[2.]} \quad Bb \quad \text{[1.]} \quad \text{[2.]} \quad Eb \\
& Eb \quad Fm \quad Adim \\
& Eb \quad Bb7 \quad Eb \quad \text{[1.]} \quad \text{[2.]} \\
\end{align*}\]
A THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS (2)

YOU AND YOU WALTZ

Johann Strauss
ROSES FROM THE SOUTH (1)

Waltz Tempo

C7

F

G7    C    G7    C

A7    D7    G7    C    G7

C    A7    D7    G7    C7

F

Gm    C7    F

Bb

F7

Bb    Gm6    A7    Dm    F7

Bb    D7    Fm6    G7    Cm    F7    Bb

D.C. al Fine
ROSES FROM THE SOUTH (2)
ROSES FROM THE SOUTH (3)

ARTIST'S LIFE (1)
ARTIST'S LIFE (2)

Trio

Gdim

E7

Am

G

D7

G

Am

D7

G

C

G7

C

G7

C

G7

1. C

2. Am

F, Am E Am

E

Dm

C

G7

C

Dm

C

G7

C
ARTIST'S LIFE (3)
HOPE WALTZ

Waltz Tempo

Johann Strauss

Will of the Wisp Waltzes

Waltz Tempo

Johann Strauss, Op. 216
CLEAR AND FULL

Waltz Tempo

Johann Strauss, Op. 216

C\#dim  G7

PHILOMEL WALTZ

Waltz Tempo

Johann Strauss

F  C7

C7  A7  Dm  Bb7-5  A

C7  F  G7

C7  F  C7  F  C7  F
MORNING JOURNALS WALTZ

Tempo di Waltz

G

Am

D7

I.G. | E.G. Fine

C G7

C Am Dm

G7

Trio

Dm7 C G7

C Dm7

C G7 C

G D7

G G7 C C#dim

G D7 Trio D.C. al Fine then D.S.
MANHATTAN WALTZES

Waltz Tempo

Johann Strauss

C

F

Gm

C7

F

C

G7

C

F

Gm

F

C7

F

D.S. al Fine
VILLAGE SWALLOWS WALTZES

Waltz Tempo

Josef Strauss

C

G7

C

Dm

F#dim

C

G7

C

Fine

Trio

G

Am

D7

G

G7

A7

D7

G

D7

G

Fine

G

D7

G

Fine

Em

D

A7

D

A7

Trio D.S.al Fine
ESPAÑA WALTZES

Bright

F

C7

F

C7

F

C7

F

C7

F

C7

F

C7

F

C7

Emil Waldteufel

D.C. al Fine

Fine
MY DREAM (Mon Reve) (1)

Emil Waldteufel

G
D7
G
D7
G
A7

D
Em
Gm
G
Bm
Em
D

E7
A7
D
D
Ddim
D

D7
G
Gdim
G
Em

Gdim
G
D7
G

G

D7

G

E7
Am

G
D7
G

G

G
Cm6
G
Em
Cm
D7
G

C
G7
G
C
Dm
37
E7
MY DREAM (Mon Reve) (2)
DOLORES WALZ (1)

Waltz Tempo

Emil Waldteufel

Dm A7 Dm Gm D7 Gm

A7 Dm A7 Dm A7

Dm Dm Dm A7

Dm D Dm Gm Dm

Dm6 A E7 A

Bb

F7

Bb

D E7

A7 D Gm

Bb F7 Bb
DOLORES WALTZ (2)

Cm Bb F7 Cm7 Ebm
F7
Fm Bb7 Eb Cm
Fm Bb7 Eb Cm
F7 Bb F7 Bb G7-9
Cm Ebm6 Bb C7 F7 Bb F7 Bb

POMONA (1)

Waltz Tempo

F C7 F Bb F
D7 G7 C7 F Gm C7
F Bb Bbm
F C7 F
Bb Bbm
C
G7

Emil Waldteufe!
MERRY WIDOW WALTZ (3)
GOLD AND SILVER WALTZ (1)

Waltz Tempo

Franz Lehár

C

Dm

Dm7

G7

C

G7

C

G

D7

G

G7

C

G

G7

C

G7

C

C7

A

A7

C♯dim

Dm

C

G7

C

G7

C

Dm

G7

C

G7

C

Am6

C

G7

C

F

G7

C7

F

C7

Bb

Ddim

F

Dm6
GOLD AND SILVER WALTZ (2)

\[
\begin{align*}
E7 & \quad Am & \quad Ddim & \quad Am \\
Ddim & \quad Am & \quad Bb \\
F & \quad Dm & \quad Gm & \quad C7 & \quad F & \quad 1. & \quad 2. \\
C7 & \quad F & \quad Gm7 & \quad C7 \\
F & \quad C7 & \quad F \\
C7 & \quad F \\
G & \quad Ab & \quad G \\
C & \quad G7+5 & \quad C & \quad Cdim & \quad C & \quad E7 \\
F & \quad Dm7 & \quad C \\
1. & \quad C & \quad G7 & \quad 2. & \quad Dm & \quad G7 & \quad C
\end{align*}
\]
GOLD AND SILVER WALTZ (3)

VIENNA BEAUTIES (1)
VIENNA BEAUTIES (2)
WAVES OF THE DANUBE (I)

Jan Ivanovici

Mildly

Am—

G7

E7

Dm

Am

E7

Am—

G7

C

E7

Am

Dm

E7

Am

D.C. al Fine

taost

C7

F

Am

E7

Am

F

C7

Am

F

Gm

F

C7

F
WAVES OF THE DANUBE (2)

Am Dm6 Am

E7

Am C

G7 C

Dm

G7 C

F

C7

F C7 F

Gm

F C7 F
LOVE'S DREAM AFTER THE BALL

Alfons Czibulka

Tempo di Valse

\[ F \quad C7 \quad F \quad F7 \quad Bb \quad Db \quad Db7 \quad F \quad C \quad F \quad C7 \quad F \quad C7 \quad F \quad C7 \quad F \quad F \quad F \quad C7 \quad F \quad C7 \quad F \quad C7 \quad F \quad C7 \]

\[ F \quad C7 \quad F \quad C7 \quad F \quad C7 \quad F \quad C7 \quad F \quad C7 \quad F \quad C7 \quad F \quad C7 \]
APRIL SMILES

Waltz Tempo

Maurice Depret

WINTER STORIES WALTZ

Waltz Tempo

Alfons Czibulka

Fine

D.C. al Fine
OVER THE WAVES (1)

Juventino Rosas

Moderato

G

D7

Am

G

Fine, to No. 2

D7

G

E7

Am

G

D7

G

D.C. al Fine

No. 2

D

A7

D
OVER THE WAVES (2)

IL BACIO (The Kiss)

Brightly

Luigi Arditi
THE SKATER'S WALTZ (I)

Tempo di valse

Emil Waldteufel

G

Am

Dm7

G7

C

Fine

Em

B7

Em

G7

G

A7

Cm6

D7

G

Am

B7

Am

D7

Cdim

Em

D7

G

Ddim

Am

G

D7

G

Am

G

D7
THE SKATER'S WALTZ (2)

ANGEL OF LOVE

Waltz Tempo

Emil Waldteufel
KENDALL'S HORNPIPE

ARKANSAS TRAVELER
THE FLIGHT OF THE BUMBLE BEE

Vivo

N. Rimsky-Korsakov

Am Dm Am D

Am Dm Am E7 Am Dm Am E7

A7 Dm G Dm G

Dm Gm Dm A7 Dm Gm Dm A7

Dm Bb7 Dm Bb7

A Bb7 A F+

D Eb7 D Eb7

D Eb7 D Eb7

Gm Cm Gm Cdim Gm Dm

E7

Gm Cm Gm D
ROMANCE

Andante

N. Rimsky-Korsakov

\[\text{G} - \text{Em7} - \text{A7} - \text{D} - \text{G} - \text{C}\]

\[\text{B7} - \text{G} - \text{G7-5} - \text{F#7} - \text{Em7} - \text{A7} - \text{D} - \text{D7}\]

\[\text{G6} - \text{Gdim} - \text{D7} - \text{G} - \text{Gdim} - \text{D} - \text{G}\]

\[\text{Em7} - \text{A7} - \text{D} - \text{Dm} - \text{Dm6} - \text{Em7} - \text{A} - \text{Am}\]

\[\text{Am6} - \text{B7} - \text{E} - \text{Em7} - \text{A} - \text{Am7} - \text{D7} - \text{G} - \text{G7}\]

\[\text{Am} - \text{B7} - \text{G7} - \text{C} - \text{Am} - \text{D7}\]

\[\text{B7} - \text{E} - \text{E7} - \text{A} - \text{D} - \text{D7}\]

\[\text{G} - \text{Em7} - \text{A7} - \text{D} - \text{G7} - \text{C} - \text{Gdim}\]

\[\text{G} - \text{G7} - \text{C} - \text{B7} - \text{Am7} - \text{D7} - \text{G} - \text{G7}\]

\[\text{C} - \text{CDim} - \text{G} - \text{G7} - \text{C} - \text{CDim} - \text{G}\]
SONG OF INDIA

Andantino

N. Rimsky-Korsakov

G

Em

G7

Cm

G

Gm

G

Gm6

G

Gm6

G

D9

D7-9

Em

G7

Cm

G

D7

G

Gm

D7

G

Em

G7

Cm

G

G

C
SABRE DANCE

Aram Khatchaturian

Brightly

\[ \text{Gm7} \]

(Bass continuos)

\[ \text{G7} \]

(Bass lower)

\[ \text{Bb7} \]

(Similar bass, on Bb)

\[ \text{Gm7} \]

\[ \text{Dm} \] (Bass G till F)

\[ \text{G7} \]

\[ \text{Dm} \]

\[ \text{Ddim} \]

\[ \text{C7} \]

\[ \text{F} \]

\[ \text{Fm} \]

\[ \text{C} \]

\[ \text{Cdim} \]

\[ \text{G} \]

\[ \text{G} \]

\[ \text{G9} \]

\[ \text{Bb} \]

\[ \text{Gm7} \]

\[ \text{G7} \]

\[ \text{taoet} \]

\[ \text{G} \]
POLOVETZIAN DANCES (1st Theme)

Moderato

Alexander Borodin

NOCTURNE

Moderato

Alexander Borodin
RUSSIAN SAILOR'S DANCE

Traditional

GOPAK (No. 1)

Brightly

Traditional
GOPAK (No. 2)

Allegretto

THE MOON SHINES BRIGHT

Allegro
TWO GUITARS

Moderato

Gm Dm A7 Dm
Gm Dm A7 Dm
A7 Dm A7
Dm Gm A7 Dm

D.C. al Fine

RED SARAFAN

Moderato

G E7 Am
Em Am B7 Em G
Am Em B7 Em D7 G
D7 G D7 G Am Em B7
Gdim G D7 G

D.C. al Fine
VOLGA BOAT SONG

Traditional

BERCEUSE (Lullaby)

Alex Iljinsky
EVENING SONG

Moderate

Traditional

GOOD-BYE

Moderate

Traditional
COME BACK TO SORRENTO

With Expression

'0 SOLE MIOI

With Expression
LA CUMPARITA

Moderato

Gm

D7

Gm

Cdim

Gm

D7

Gm

D7

Gm

Gm

D7

Gm6

D.C. al Fine

Gm

D7

Gm

Cm

Gm

D7

Gm

D7

Gm

D7

Gm

D.S.

G. Rodriguez
ADIOS MUCHACHOS

Tango Tempo

Julio Sanders
Bridal Chorus from Lohengrin

Slowly

Mendelssohn's Wedding March

Slowly
SPINNING SONG

Allegretto
tacet

Johann Ellmenreich

C7 F

C7 Fm Cdim C7 G7 C Fm Cdim C7

C7 F

C7 F

C7 F

F7 Bb F7

Bb Bb7 G7 Cm Ebm

F7 Bb D7 Gm Dm Gm6 E7-5

A E7 A E7 A

E7 A E7 A tacet

D.C. al Fine
SALUT D'AMOUR (I)

Andante

Edward Elgar

F Gm7 C7 F A7 Dm
G7 C7 C7+ F Bb D7 Gm
F Gm7 C7 F Bb Fdim C7 F
Gm7 C7 F A7 Dm G7 C7 C7+
Bb D7 Gm F Gm7 C7 F
Fm Bbm Eb7 Ab Db Eb7
Ab Ddim Eb7 Ab Fm Bbm C7
Fm Bbm C7 F C Gm
Bbm C7 Gm C7 F
Gm Bbm C7 F A7 Dm G7
F Bb D7 Gm Bbm6 C7
SALUT D'AMOUR (2)

VALSE BLUETTE

Moderato

Riccardo Drigo
CANZONETTA

Victor Herbert

SERENADE

Victor Herbert
LONGING (Heimweh)

With Expression

Albert Jungmann, Op. 96

SEE YOU AGAIN

With Expression

Carl Reinecke
ANDANTINO

With Expression

Edwin H. Lemare

HEARTS AND FLOWERS

With Expression

Theo. M. Tobani
SKIRT DANCE

Bright

D7 G C G
A7 D7 D7 G
E7 Am D G Am D7 G C

THE RAINBOW DANCE

Bright

C G7 C G7
C B7 Em Cm G D7 G
Dm Cdim C G7 C G

D.C. al Fine
TO A WILD ROSE

WILL O' THE WISP (I)
IDYL (Op. 28)

Moderato Bb

Edward MacDowell

PAVANE

Slowly

Maurice Ravel
LOVE SONG

Slowly

Ethelbert Nevin

Op.2, No.3
VALSE SERENADE

Tempo di walse lento

Eduard Poldini

C Gdim G7

Cdim Dm7 G7 C

Gdim G7 Cdim C

1 Am6 E B7 E G7

2 Dm F G7 C Fine

Gdim G7 Cdim C

E7 F Dm

F E

Eb7 D7 G7 E7 Am

E7 F Gdim Dm Fm

Fine D.C. al Fine
DANCE OF THE HOURS (I)

A. Ponchielli

[Music notation]

Moderato
DANCE OF THE HOURS (2)
POLONAISE (I)

Moderato

Ambroise Thomas
ANVIL CHORUS

Giuseppe Verdi

Allegro

tacet (unisono)

D7

G

Dm6

E

Dm6

E

G7

G7 (Bass G)

C

E

Am

D

G

C

Am6

B

Am

G7

G
EVENING STAR

Slowly

Richard Wagner

SIEGMUND'S LOVE SONG

Richard Wagner
MY REVERIE

Andante sognando

Achille Claude Debussy

Gm

F G7 Dm7 Am

F C7 F Dm7 G7 F9

F Bb

F Bb:

G F7 Eb Cm6 D

Gm A Gm A

Gm A A Gm A

A Dm

Gm A Gm A7 Gm6 A7 Gm C7 F
THEME FROM SYMPHONY IN D

Cesar Auguste Franck

Dm  Am  E  Am  Dm  Am  E
Am  Dm  Am  E  G  F  Fm
Am  Dm  Am  E  Am  Dm
Am  E  Am  Dm  A
Dm  Am  Dm  Am  Fm  C
G  Am  E  C  G7  Am  E  C+
Fm  Cm  C7  F#dim  G#dim
Am  C  Em  C  G
Am  F  C
Dm  E7  Am
DANCE CAPRICE (Op. 28 No. 3)

Vivace

G | Em | Ddim | D7

G | E7 | A7 | D7

Am6 | G7 | C

D7 | G | Em | Ddim

D7 | G | Em6 | D7 | G | FINE

Gm | Cm | Gm | Ddim

Dm | Adim | tacet | Adim | tacet | Adim

Gb | Cb6 | Db7 | Gb | Gdim | tacet

Gdim | G | C6 | D7 | G

Gm | Ebma7 | Gm6 | Bb | D7

Gm | Eb | Gm | D.C. at FINE
LIEBESTRAUM (2)
MELODY IN F

With Expression

Anton Rubinstein

SERENADE

Lively

Sergei Rachmaninoff
VALSE CAPRICE

Lively

Anton Rubinstein

D.C. to F, then:

Ab
SWAN LAKE (Theme)

Peter Ilich Tschaikowsky

DANCE OF THE REED-FLUTES

Lively

Peter Ilich Tschaikowsky
VALSE TRISTE, Op. 44 (2)
IN THE CHURCH

MORNING PRAYER
MARCH SLAV

Grave quasi marche funèbre

Peter Ilich Tschaikowsky, Op. 31

HUMORESKE

Peter Ilich Tschaikowsky
MARCH FROM THE NUTCRACKER SUITE

Tempo di marcia vivo.  

Peter Ilich Tchaikowsky, Op. 71A

MARCH OF THE TIN SOLDIERS

Tempo di marcia

Peter Ilich Tchaikowsky
MOONLIGHT SONATA

Adagio sostenuto

Ludwig van Beethoven

Cm (Bass Bb) Ab Db Bass F) G7 Cm G7

Cm G7 Cm Fm Eb (Bass Bb) Eb

Ebm Gb7 Cb Ebm F7 Bbm Ebm Bbm (Bass F) F7

Bb Ebm Bb Ebm Bb Gdim

C7 Fm Gb (Bass Bb Bdim Fm Bass G) Fm C7 Fm Ddim Fm

G7 Cm Fm Cdim G Cm

G7 Cm G7 Cm Fm Eb Bass Bb) Bb7

Eb Bb7 Eb G7 Cm G7 Cm Db (Bass F) Cm C Fm

C Fm C Fm Bb7 Eb Abma7 Fm6 G7 Cm Fm6

Cm G7 Cm G7 Cm G7 Cm
HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING

W: Charles Wesley  Maestoso  M: Felix Mendelssohn

Hark! The Herald angels sing— "Glory to the newborn King;

Peace on earth and mercy mild, — God and sinners reconciled!

Joyful all ye nations, rise, — Join the triumph of the skies.

With the angelic host proclaim "Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

Hark! The Herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn King."

AWAY IN A MANGER

W: Martin Luther  Moderato  M: James E. Spilman

1. Away in a manger, No crib for a bed;
   The little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head;
   The stars in the sky looked down where he lay;
   The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

2. The cattle are lowing, The poor baby wakes;
   But little Lord Jesus no crying he makes;
   I love thee Lord Jesus! Look down from the sky,
   And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.

3. Be near me, Lord Jesus, I ask thee to stay;
   Bless all the dear children in thy tender care,
   And take us to heaven, to live with thee there.
GOD REST YE, MERRY GENTLEMEN

With Spirit

Traditional

God rest ye merry gentlemen, Let nothing you dismay, Remember Christ our Saviour was born on Christmas day. To save us all from Satan' pow'r when we were gone astray.

JOY TO THE WORLD

W: Isaac Watts

Moderato

M: Georg F. Handel

1. Joy to the world, The Lord is come; Let earth receive her king; Let every heart prepare to reign, Let heaven and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing.

2. Joy to the world, The Saviour reigns, Let men their songs employ; While fields and rocks make music low.

3. No more let sin and sorrow grow, Nor thorns infest the ground; He comes to make his peace with man.

4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove the glories of his righteousness. And wonders of his love. And wonders of his love.

Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found. And wonders of his love.
GOOD KING WENCESLAS

W: John Mason Neale
M: Traditional

Moderato

G G D7 G C D G G G D7

Good King Wenceslas look'd out, On the feast of

G G C D7 C G G D

Stephen, When the snow lay round about,

G C D7 G C G D

Deep, and crisp and even; Brightly shone the

G Cdim Em C G C D7 G

moon that night, Tho' the frost was cruel, When a poor man

Em A7 D7 G7 C G Cdim Em G G

came in sight, Gathering Winter funeral.

WE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT ARE

W&H: John Henry Hopkins

Moderato

Em B7 Em

We three Kings of Orient are: Bearing

C B7 Em D

gifts we traverse afar, Field and fountain,

G Em Gdim B7 Em

moor and mountain, following yonder star.

D7 CHORUS

G C G

O star of wonder, Star of night, Star with

G G Em Am E7 Am Em

royal beauty bright, Westward leading, still pro-

C6 D7 G G7 C Eb7 G Eb7 Gdim G

ceeding, Guide us to thy perfect light.
THE FIRST NOEL

Moderato

The first no--el the an-gel did say, was to
cer-tain poor shep-herds in fields as they lay; In fields where
they lay keep-ing their sheep, on a cold Win- ter's night That
was so deep, No--el, No--el, No--el, No-
el, Born is the King of Is---ra--el.

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

W: Rev. Phillips Brooks

O lit-tle town of Beth- Je- hem, How still we see thee
lie, A- bove thy deep and dream- less sleep the
si- lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets
shin- eth the ev- er- last- ing light. The hopes and fears of
all the years are met in thee to- night.
COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL

W: Herbert S. Oakley
Moderato

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;
2. God of God, Light of light, Lo! He abode not in the Virgin's womb; Very God, begotten, not created;
3. Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation Sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above; Glory to God in the highest;
4. Yes, Lord, we greet thee, born this happy morning; Jesus to thee and the world in solemn stillness lay to hear the angels sing.

IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR

W: Rev. Edmund H. Sears
Largo

It came upon the midnight clear, That glorious song of old, From angels bending near the earth, to touch their harps of gold, "Peace on the earth, Good will to men, From heav'n's all gracious King."
CHRISTMAS SONG

W: Johann Krohn

Andantino Semplice

M: Edvard Grieg

Good day and welcome, dear Christmas tree! To young and old bringing peace and pleasure 'mid glow and glimmer and children's glee, 'tis love fruits and flags shines a bright star golden that star shall guide us what e'er be-tide us, toward God.

2. 'Twas Christmas tide In The Eastern Land
When God His Star In The Heavens Kindled,
That All Might Know, To The Farthest Strand,
To Earth That Night He Had Sent Child Jesus,
Oh Wondrous Story, What Light and Glory
In Bethlehem.

STAR OF THE EAST

W: George Cooper

Moderato

M: Amanda Kennedy

Star of the East, Oh Bethlehem's star, Guiding us on the heaven afar! Sorrow and grief are lull'd by thy light, Thou hope of each mortal, in death's lonely night!

Fearless and tranquil we look up to Thee! Knowing thou beam'st thro' eternity! Help us to follow where thou still dost guide, Pilgrims of earth so wide.
JINGLE BELLS

Allegro

G

Dash-ing thru' the snow, In a one-horse o-pen sleigh;

Am D7 G

O'er the fields we go, Laugh-ing all the way:

G

Bells on bob-tail ring Mak-ing spir-its bright: What fun it is to ride and sing a sleigh-ing song to-night:

G

Jin-gle bells! Jin-gle, bells! Jin-gle all the way! Oh! What fun it is to ride in a one-horse o-pen sleigh; One-horse o-pen sleigh;

SILENT NIGHT! HOLY NIGHT!

Slowly

Mi Franz Gruber

C G7

Si- lent night, Ho- ly night! All is calm all is bright, 'Round yon Vir-gin moth-er and child

C G7

Ho-ly In-fant so ten- der and mild, Sleep in heav-en-ly peace, Sleep in heav-en-ly peace.
CLIMBING UP THE GOLDEN STAIRS

Moderato

G

Traditional

Come, all you lit-tle darkies now watch your cues and fig-ures clim-bing up de gold-en
stairs, If they think you are a dude, they will treat you ra-ther rude,

climbing up the gold-en stairs. Ole Pet-er looked so wick-ed when I

ask'd him for a tick-et clim-bing up those gold-en stairs, At the

sight of half a dol- lar he will grab you by the col-lar. And

fire you up de gold-en stairs, Then hear them bells a-

ring-ing 'tis sweet I do de-clare, Oh hear them dark-ies

sing-ing, clim-bing up de gold-en stairs. Then stairs,
NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN

Slowly
Traditional

No-bod-y knows the trou-ble I've seen, No-bod-y knows but

Jes-sus, No-bod-y knows the trou-ble I've seen,

Glo-ry Hal-le-lu-jah!: Some-times I'm up, some-times I'm down; Oh, yes, Lord;

Glo-ry Hal-le-lu-jah!: Some-times I'm up, some-times I'm down; Oh, yes, Lord;

times I'm almost to the ground, Oh, yes, Lord.

Glo-ry Hal-le-lu-jah!: Some-times I'm up, some-times I'm down; Oh, yes, Lord;

times I'm almost to the ground, Oh, yes, Lord.

STEAL AWAY

Slowly, Moderate Motion
Traditional

Steal a-way, steal a-way, steal a-way to Je-sus!

Steal a-way, Steal a-way home, I've not got long to stay here.

My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thun-der; The

trumpet sounds it in my soul: I've not got long to stay here.

Steal a-way, steal a-way, steal a-way to Je-sus!

Steal a-way, steal a-way home, I've not got long to stay here.
HEAV'N HEAV'N

Moderato

Bb

Traditional

I got a robe, You got a robe, All God's children got a robe.

When I get to heaven I'm goin' to put on my robe, I'm goin' to shout all over God's heaven.

Heaven, Everybody talkin' 'bout heaven ain't goin' there,

heaven, Heaven, Goin' to shout all over God's heaven.

HEAR THEM BELLS

Moderato

D.S. McComb

G

Hear dem bells, Don't you hear dem bells?

They are ringin' out the glory of the lamb,

Hear dem bells, Don't you hear dem bells? They are ringin' out the glory of the lamb.
DEEP RIVER

Moderato

Deep river, my home is over Jordan, Deep river, Lord, I want to cross over into camp ground, Lord, I am a-comin', Lord, I am a-comin' I want to cross over into camp ground, Camp ground, Lord.

GO DOWN MOSES

Moderato

Go down Moses 'Way down in Egypt land Tell ol' Pharaoh let my people go. When go. (Fine) Israel was in Egypt land let my people go. Oppressed so hard they could not stand Let my people go.
SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT

Traditional

Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home,
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home.
I looked over Jordan and what did I see,
Coming for to carry me home?
A band of angels coming after me,
Coming for to carry me home.

KEEP THEM GOLDEN GATES WIDE OPEN

Joseph Hart

Keep them golden gates wide open,
Keep them gates ajar!
I want the streets all paved with carpet,
And I don't want any trolley car!
GIVE ME THAT OLD TIME RELIGION

Traditional

Give me that old time Religion, Give me that old time Religion, Give me that old time Religion. It's good enough for me. Give me that old time Religion, It's good enough for me. Give me that old time Religion, It's good enough for me.

JOSHUA FOUGHT THE BATTLE OF JERICHO

Traditional

Joshua fought the battle of Jericho, Joshua fought the battle of Jericho. And the walls came tumbling down. (That morning) down. Fine

Joshua, At the battle of Jericho. Yes, D.C.
THE PALMS

1. Around our way the palm-leaves and the flowers
   send forth their perfume on our festival day, Jesus appears, He comes to
   dry our tears, already crowds approach and hommage pay,
   All nations sing and chant His praise, Now let your voices join with
   ours and anthems raise, Hosanna: Glory to God!
   Blessed is He who comes bringing salvation.

2. His voice is heard, and nations at the sound—have now regained that freedom

3. Rejoice even thou, saintly Jerusalem, Thy children now sing the Re-

sought in vain, Humanity shall every where abound,
For by His grace the God of Bethlehem
For light to all the world is given again, All nations sing and chant His praise
Brings them new faith and home confirms the same.

Now let your voices join with ours and anthems raise, Hosanna:
Glory to God! Blessed is He who comes bringing salvation.
Ave Maria

Moderato F

Gm7

C7

F

Bach-Gounod

Dm

G7

C

Fma7

Dm7

G

C

Cdim

Gm

C7

F

Bbma7

Gm7

C7

F

F7

Bbma7

Ddim

Fm

Bbm6

C7

F

Gm7

C7

Ddim

F

Gm7

C7

C7

F

F7

Bb

C7

F
THE ROSARY

Slowly

C Ab7 G9 G7 C Ab7

The hours I spent with thee, dear heart, Are as a string of pearls to me; I count them over every one apart.

G9 G7 C7

Each hour a pearl, each pearl a pray'r To still a heart in absence

G7 G9 Dm7 G7 C7 C7

— I tell each bead unto the A7 D7 G7

Rosary! End, And there a cross is hung!

C Ab7 Dm7 G7 C Ab7

0 memories that bless and burn! 0 barren gain and bitter loss!

Dm7 G7 C7 C7

I kiss each bead, and strive at last to learn to kiss the cross sweet-heart! To kiss the cross.

AVE MARIA

Andante

G G7 C Cdim G G Em6 G D7

G Am7 D7 G G+ Em

Em6 F#7 Cdim

Em Em6 D E7 A7 D D7 G D7 Em D7 B7 Am

gdim D D7 G Em6 D7 G
THE LOST CHORD

W: Adelaide Proctor
M: Arthur Sullivan

Seat-ed one day at the or-gan, I was wea-ry and ill at ease, And my
Flood-ed the crim-son twil-light, Like the close of an an-gel's psaln, And it

fingers wander'd id-ly o-ver the noi-sy keys, I know not what I was
lay on my fever'd spir-it, with a touch of in-fi-nite calm, It qui-et-ed pain and

play-ing, or what I was dream-ing then, But I struck one chord of music like the
sor-row, like love o-ver-com-ing strife, It seem'd the harmonious ech-o from

sound of a great A-men, Like the sound of a great A-men, It
our dis-chord-ant

life. It link'd all per-pex-ed mean in gs in to one per-fect peace; And

trem-bled away into silence, as if it were loath to cease, I have sought but I seek it

vain-ly, That one lost chord di-vine, Which came from the soul of the organ, And

en-ter'd in to mine. It may be that death's bright angel will

speak in that chord again. It may be that only in heav'n I shall hear that great a-

men It may be that death's bright an gel will speak in that chord a-gain, It

may be that only in heav'n I shall hear that grand A-men.
ABIDE WITH ME, FAST FALLS THE EVEN'TIDE

N: Henry Francis Lyte
M: William H. Monk

1. Abide with me: fast falls the ev'en-tide; The dark-ness deep-ens; Lord, with me abide: When oth-er help-ers fail, and com-forts dim, its glo-ries pass a-way; Change and de-cay in all a-round I grace can foil the tempt-er's pow'r? Who like Thy-self my guide and stay can gloom, and point me to the skies: Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee, Help of the help-less, O abide with me!

2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle day; Earth's joys grow fail, and cow-forts all round I I guide and stay can earth's vain shadows flee, Help of the help-less, O abide with me!

3. I need Thy pres-ence ev'ry pass-ing hour: What but Thy flee, Help of the help-less, O abide with me!

4. Hold Thou Thy cross be-for my clos-ing eyes, Shines thro' the days, and point me to the skies: Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee, Help of the help-less, O abide with me!

ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME!

N: Edward Perronet
M: Oliver Holden

1. All hail the power of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di-adem, And crown Him Lord of all;

2. Ye cho- sen seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fail, Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;

3. Let ev-ery kin-dred, ev-ery tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball, To Him all maj-es-ty as-cibe, And crown Him Lord of all;

4. O that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy-al di-adem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj-es-ty as-cibe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.
ABIDE WITH ME, FAST BREAKS THE MORNING LIGHT

W: Bertha H. Woods
M: William H. Monk

1. Abide with me; fast breaks the morning light; Our day-star rises, banishing all night; Thou art our strength, O power and life no wretchedness; Health, hope and love in peace, for Thou alone art power; O Love divine, a-

2. I know no fear, with Thee at hand to bless, Sin hath no all around I see For those who trustingly abide in Thee, bidding constantly, I need not plead, Thou dost abide with me.

3. I know Thy presence every passing hour, I know Thy ris-es, ban-ish-ing all night; Thou art our strength, O Truth that maketh free, We would un-fail-ingly abide in Thee.

ANNIVERSARY HYMN (O God Of Our Fathers)

W: Edward H. Pruden
M: Netherlands Folk Song

1. O God of our Fa-thers, we praise and ad-ore Thee
For all Thy great mer-cies thru years that are gone;
Thy church and the work of our Christ in all lands:
May loy-al-ty, sac-ri-fice, courage now at- tend us,
Crown all high en-deav-ours with vic-to-ries for-ev-er,

2. Help us to be faith-ful to Thee and Thy king-dom
As-sumed with fi-del-i-ty cour-age and pride:
We pray Thou wilt fill us with all strength and grace:
May joy-al-ty, sac-ri-fice, courage now at- tend us,
Crown all high en-deav-ours with vic-to-ries for-ev-er,

3. Our task is no great-er than that which our Fa-thers
We prac Theo Thy will-wit-fill us with all strength and grace:
May joy-al-ty, sac-ri-fice, courage now at- tend us,
Crown all high en-deav-ours with vic-to-ries for-ev-er,

4. We now re-affirm our un-dy-ing de-votion
Thy guid-dance and good-ness thru man-y gen-er-a-tions
May joy-al-ty, sac-ri-fice, courage now at- tend us,
More ever and ever, until we come to dwell in the world of Thine.

Have brought us now at last to a new day's bright dawn.
And bring to ful-lest tri-numph Thy work in our hands.
If Thou wilt point the way and remain at our side.
And may we run with faith-ful-ness life's fate-ful race.
BEULAH LAND

1. I've reached the land of corn and wine and all its riches freely mine;
2. My Savior comes and walks with me, and sweet communion here have I;
3. The zephyrs seem to float to me sweet sounds of heaven's melody,

Here shines undimmed one blissful day, For all my night has passed away.
He gently leads me by his hand, For this is heaven's borderland,
As angels with the white robed throng join in the sweet redemption song.

REFR. D7 G D7 G
O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land, As on thy highest mountain stand,

C G D7 G
I look away across the sea, Where mansions are prepared for me,

And view the shining glory-shore, My heaven, my home for evermore.

BEAUTIFUL ISLE OF SOMEWHERE

1. Somewhere the sun is shining, Somewhere the song-birds dwell;
2. Somewhere the day is longer, Somewhere the task is done;
3. Somewhere the load is lifted, Close by an open gate;

Hush, then thy sad repining, God lives and all is well.
Somewhere the heart is stronger, Somewhere the guardian won.
Somewhere the clouds are rifted, Somewhere the angels wait.

REFR. D7 G A7 D
Some-where, some-where, Beau-ti-ful isle of some-where!

G D G7 C G D7 G
Land of the true, where we live anew, Beautiful isle of somewhere!
BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS

N: John Fawcett
M: Hans G. Nageli

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love;
   The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that above.
2. Before our Father's throne We pour our earnest prayers;
   Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one, Our comforts and our cares.
3. We share our mutual woes, Our mutual burdens bear,
   A oft-en for each other flows The sympathizing tear.
4. When we a-sunder part, It gives us inward pain;
   B we shall still be joined heart, And hope to meet a-again.

(Alternate Melody)

BLESSED ASSURANCE

N: Fanny J. Crosby
M: Phoebe F. Knapp

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O what a fore-taste of glo-ry di-
   vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-cha-se of God, Born of His
   blest, Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Filled with His
   Em D A7 D D D D D G
   Spir-it, washed in His blood. This is my sto-ry, this is my
   D G D A E7 A A7
   song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long. This is my
   D A7 D
BRIGHTEN THE CORNER WHERE YOU ARE

IN A D. Ogdon

1. Do not wait 'til some deed of greatness you may do, Do not wait to
2. Here for all your talent you may surely find a need. Here reflect the

shed your light a-far, To the man-y du-ties ev-er near you now be true,
bright and morning star; Ev-en from your hum-ble hand the bread of life may feed,

Bright-en the cor-ner where you are. Bright-en the cor-ner where you are!

Bright-en the cor-ner where you are! Some-one far from harbor you may

guide a-cross the bar; Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.

BRIGHTLY BEAMS OUR FATHER'S MERCY

PHILLIP P. BLISS

1. Brightly beams our Father's mer-cy From His light-house ev-er-more;
2. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my broth-er! Some poor sea-men, tempest-tossed,

But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore,
Try-ing now to make the har-ber, In the dark-ness may be lost,

Let the low-er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!

Some poor faint-ing, struggling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.
BRIGHTLY GLEAMS OUR BANNER

M: Thomas J. Potter

1. Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'ringers
2. Jesus, Lord and Master, At Thy sacred feet, Here with hearts rec-
3. All our days direct us In the way we go; Lead us on vic-
4. Then with saints and angels May we join above, Off'ring pray'rs and

M: Arthur S. Sullivan

on-ward To their home on high. Journey-ing o'er the des-ert,
joic-ing See Thy child-ren meet; Oft-en have we left Thee,
tor-ious Over ev'-ry foe; Bid Thine an-gels shield us
prais-es At Thy throne of love; When the toil is o-ver,

D7 Gm Em Dm Bb F F F F
Glad-ly thus we pray, And with hearts u-nit-ed Take our heav'n-ward way.
Oft-en gone a-stray; Keep us, might-y Sav-ior, In the nar-row way.
When the storm clouds low'r; Pardon, Lord, and save us In the last dread hour.
Then come rest and peace; Je-sus in His beau-ty, Songs that nev-er cease,

Eb Eb7 Ab Bb7
Brightly gleams our ban-ner Pointing to the sky, Waving wand-’rers
on-ward To their home on high. Amen.

BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES

M: Knowles Shaw

1. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the
2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fear-ing nei-ther
3. Go-ing forth with weeping, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Thou the loss sus-

M: Georges A. Minor

noon-tide and the dew-y eve; Wait-ing for the har-vest,
clouds nor win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har-vest,
tained our spir-it oft-en griefs; When our weep-ing’s o-ver,

C G Gdim G C F C
and the time of reap-ing; We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.
and the la-bor end-ed, We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.
He will bid us wel-come, We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.
COUNT OUR BLESSINGS

W: Johnson Oatman, Jr.  M: Edwin O. Excell

1. When upon life's billows you are tempest tossed, When you are dis-
couraged, thinking all is lost, Count your many blessings, name them one by one. And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done. Come, Thou Almighty King.

2. Are you ever burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem heavy to you? Count your many blessings, every care will fly, And you will be singing as the days go by. Help us to praise:

3. So, a amidst the conflict, whether great or small, Do not be discouraged, thinking all is heavy to you. Count your many blessings, angels one by one; And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done. Come, Thou Almighty King.

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING

W: Anonymous  M: Felice di Ciardini

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


3. Come, Holy Comforter, Thy sacred witness bear In this glad hour: Thou who all-mighty art, Now rule in every heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of power.

4. To the great One in Three Eternal praises be Hence, evermore! His sovereign majesty May we in glory see, And to eternity love and adore!
CROSSING THE BAR

W: Alfred Lord Tennyson
M: Sir Joseph Barnby

C | E7 | G7 | Am | F | Dm | G | G7 |
---|----|----|----|---|-----|---|-----|

Sun-set and even-ning star, And one clear call for me! And may there

be no moan-ing of the bar When I put out to sea, But such a

tide as mov-ing seems a-sleep, Too full for sound and

foam, When that which drew from out the bound-less deep

Turns a-gain home. Twi-light and even-ning bell, And

af-ter that the dark! And may there be no sad-ness

of fare-well When I em-bark; For though from out our

bourne of time and place The flood may bear me far,

hope to see my Pi-lot face to face When I have crossed the bar.
THE CHURCH'S ONE FOUNDATION

W: Samuel J. Stone
M: Samuel S. Wesley

1. The Church's one Foundation Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
2. Elect from every nation, Yet one o'er all the earth,
3. Mid toil and tribulation, And tumult of her war,
4. Yet she on earth hath nation With God the Three in One,

Eb  Ab  Eb  Bb  Eb  Ab  Eb  Bb  G7

She is His new creation, By water and the word:
She waits the consummation Of peace for evermore;
And mystical sweet communion With those whose rest is won:

Bb7  Eb  G7  Ab  Gm  Ab  Bb  Eb  F7

From heaven He came and sought her To be His holy Bride;
One holy name she blesses, Partakes one holy food,
0 happy ones and holy! Lord, give us grace that we,

Bb7  Eb  Ab  Eb  Ab  Ab  Fm7  Bb7  Eb  Ab  Eb

With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
And to one hope she presses, With every grace endowed.
And the great Church victorious Shall be the Church at rest.
Like them, the meek and lowly, On high may dwell with Thee. A-men.

DAY IS DYING IN THE WEST

W: Mary A. Lathbury
M: William F. Sherwin

1. Day is dying in the west; Heaven is touching earth with rest;
2. Lord of life beneath the dome of the universe, Thy hosts,
3. When forever from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night,

D7  G  D7  G  D7  G  A7  D  G

Wait and worship while the night Sets her evening lamps a-light Thru'
Gather us who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy embrace, For
Lord of angels, on our eyes Let eternal morning rise, And

D  A7  D  G  D7

all the sky.
Thou art night. Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Hosts!
shadows end.

C  G  D7  G  C  G  D7  G

Heaven and earth are full of Thee! Heaven
and earth are praising Thee, O Lord Most High!
DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE

W: Anonymous

1. Goin' to lay down my burden, Down by the river-side,
2. Goin' to try on my long white robe, Down by the river-side,

Down by the river-side, Down by the river-side, Goin' to

lay down my burden, Down by the river-side, Goin' to

try on my long white robe, Down by the river-side, Goin' to

G7
D7

stud-y war no more. Ain't goin' to stud-y war no more, Ain't goin' to

stud-y war no more, Ain't goin' to stud-y war no more, more.

THE CHURCH IN THE WILDWOOD

W: William S. Pitts

1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild wood, No
2. Oh come to the church in the wild wood, To the
3. From the church in the val-ley by the wild wood, When

love-li-er spot in the dale; No place is so dear to my

trees where the wild flowers bloom; Where the part-ing hymn will be

day fades a-way in-to night, I would fain from this spot of my

child-hood As the lit-tle brown church in the vale.

chant-ed, We will weep by the side of the tomb.

child-hood Wing my way to the man-sions of light.

Come to the church in the wild-wood, Oh, come to the church in the vale!
ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

W: Sabine Baring-Gould

M: Arthur S. Sullivan

1. On-ward, Christ-ian Sol-diers, March-ing as to war,
   With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore;
   One in hope and doc-trine, One in char-i-ty,
   Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;

2. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God;
   Brothers, we are tread-ing Where the saints have trod;
   We have Christ's own prom-ise And that can-not fail,
   Praise Him above, ye heav'n-ly host;

3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, King-dom's rise and wane,
   But the Church of Je-sus Con-stant will re-main;
   This thru count-less a-ges Men and an-gels sing,
   Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;

4. On-ward then, ye peo-ple, Join our hap-py throng,
   Blend with our- your voic-es In the tri-umph song:
   For-ward in-to bat-tle See His ban-ners go.
   Praise Him above, ye heav'n-ly host;

REFR. On-ward, Christ-ian sol-diers, March-ing as to war,
   With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore.
   One in char-i-ty.
   Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;

DOXOLOGY

W: Thomas Ken

M: From the "Genevan Psalter"

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;

Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost!
FAITH OF OUR FATHERS, LIVING STILL

W: Frederick W. Faber  
M: Henri F. Hemy

G    D7    G   Am    D7    G   C    G

1. Faith of our fathers, living still, In spite of dungeon,
2. Our fathers, chained in prisons dark, Were still in heart and
3. Faith of our fathers, we will love Both friend and foe in

fire and sword, O how our hearts beat high with joy,
conscience free, And blessed would be their children's fate,
all our strife, And preach thee, too, as love knows how

A7    D    G   C    A7    D7    G   C    G    G

When e'er we hear that glorious word: Faith of our fathers,
Tho they, like them, should die for thee: Faith of our fathers,
By kind words and virtuous life: Faith of our fathers,

D    G   C   Bm   D    D7    G

holy faith, We will be true to thee till death.

FAIREST LORD JESUS

W: Crusaders' Hymn  
M: Richard S. Willis

F    Gm    C7    F   D    Gm    C7    F

1. Fairest Lord Jesus: Ruler of all nature!
2. Fair are the meadows: Fairer still the woodslands,
3. Fair is the sunshine: Fairer still the moonlight,

Bb    F    C7    F   C7   C   F    Bb    F   D    Gm

O Thou of God and man the Son! Thee will I cherish,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring; Jesus is fairer,
And all the twinklest starry host; Jesus shines brighter,

D7    Gm   C7    f   D7   Gm   C7    F

Thee will I honor, Thou my soul's glory, joy, and crown.
Jesus is purer, Who makes the woe ful heart to sing.
Jesus shines purer, Than all the angels heaven can boast.
GOD BE WITH YOU TILL WE MEET AGAIN.

W: J. E. Rankin
M: W. C. Tomer

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain; By His counsels guide, uphold you,
   With His sheep securely fold you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
   Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet at Jesus feet;
   He lead-eth me, O blessed thought.

2. God be with you till we meet a-gain; Neath His wings protecting, hide you,
   Daily man-na still pro-vide you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
   Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
   He lead-eth me, by His own hand He lead-eth me.

3. God be with you till we meet a-gain; When life's perils thick confound you,
   Put His arms un-fail-ing round you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
   Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
   His faith-ful fol-low'r I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

4. God be with you till we meet a-gain; Keep love's banner floating o'er you.
   Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
   Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet a-gain.
   He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me;

HE LEADETH ME, O BLESSED THOUGHT

W: Joseph H. Gilmore
M: William B. Bradbury

1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'ly com-fort fraught.
   What-e'er I do, what-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
   He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me;

2. Some-times 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Some-times where E-den's bowers bloom,
   By wa-ters still, o'er troubled sea, Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me.
   His faith-ful fol-low'r I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur nor re-pine,
   Con-tent what-ev-er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me.

4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-ter's won,
   E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thru Tor-dan lead-eth me.
GOD IS LOVE, HIS MERCY BRIGHTENS

M: John Browning  W: From Psalmody Sacra

1. God is love; His mercy brightens All the paths in which we rove;
2. Chance and change are busy ever; W'air do-e-tays and a-ges move;
3. E'en the hour that darkest seemeth Will His changeless goodness prove;
4. He with earth-ly cares entwines th'Hope and comfort from a-love;

Bliss He wakes and woe He lightens: God is wis-dom, God is love.
But His mer-cy wanes never: God is wis-dom, God is love.
Thru the gloom His brightness streameth: God is wis-dom, God is love.
Ev'-ry-where His glo-ry shineth: God is wis-dom, God is love.

HIDING IN THEE

M: William O. Cushing  W: Ira D. Sankey

1. Safe to the Rock that is higher than I, My soul in its conflicts and sorrow would fly; So sinful, so
2. In the calm of the noon-tide, in sorrow's lone hour, In times when tem-pests o'er me its pow'r; In the tem-pests of
3. How oft in the conflict, when pressed by the foe, I have fled to my refuge and breathed out my woe; How oft- en when wear- y, Thine, Thine would I be; Thou blest "Rock of A-ges", I'm life on its wide heav-ing sea; Thou blest "Rock of A-ges", I'm tri- als like sea-bil- lows roll, Have I hid-den in Thee, O Thou hid-ing in Thee.

Thee, Thou blest "Rock of A-ges", I'm hid-ing in Thee.
HOLY, HOLY, HOLY! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY

W: Reginald Heber
M: John B. Dykes

1. Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord, God Almighty! Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee; Holy, Holy, Holy!
   gold-en crowns, a-round the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and Ser-a-phon
   praise Thy name in earth and sky and sea; Holy, Holy, Holy!

Merciful and Mighty! God in Three Per-sons, bless-ed Trin-i-ty!

Fall-ing down before Thee, Who wert and art and ev-er-more shall be;
Merciful and Mighty! God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin-i-ty!

GLORY BE TO GOD ON HIGH

W: Charles Wesley
M: Samuel Webbe

1. Glory be to God on high, God whose glory fills the sky;
   Peace on earth to man is giv'n, Man, the well beloved of heav'n.
   Gracious Fa-ther, in Thy love, Send Thy bless-ings from a-bove;
   Let Thy light, Thy truth, Thy peace Bid all strife and tumult cease.

2. Mark the won-ders of His hand, Pow'r no em-pire can with-stand;
   Wis-dom, an-gels' glo-ri-ous theme; Good-ness one e-ter-nal stream.
   All ye peo-ple, raise the song, End-less thanks to God be-long;
   Hearts o'erflowing with His praise Join the hymns your voic-es raise.
HOLY GHOST, WITH LIGHT DIVINE

W: Andrew Reed

1. Holy Ghost, with light divine, Shine upon this heart of mine; Chase the shades of guilt-
y heart of mine; Long hath sin with-
sad-den heart of mine; Bid my many night away, Turn my darkness into day.

2. Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine, Cleanse this heart of mine; Let dominion o'er my soul.

3. Holy Ghost, with joy divine, Cheer this heart of mine; Cast down every woe, Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4. Holy Ghost, with joy divine, Cheer this heart of mine; Cast down every trial, Turn my darkness into day.

HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION

W: George Keith

1. How firm a founda-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His ex-cel-lent Word! What more can He say than to God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and

2. Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy sor-row shall not over-flow; For I will be with thee, thy suf-

3. When thru the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of thy hand shall not over-flow; For I will be with thee, thy suf-

4. When thru fier-y tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace all suf-

you He hath said, To you who for refuge to Je-sus have cause thee to stand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-ni-po-tent tri- als to bless, And san-ci-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-

G D G D A7 D G E7 G D7 G

D G C6 D no ch, G D G D G

G D G D7 G Am7 G D7 G G
RING OUT THE OLD, RING IN THE NEW

W: Alfred Tennyson

1. Ring out the old, ring in the new, Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
2. Ring out old shapes of foul disease, Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
3. Ring in the valiant man and free, The larger heart, the kindlier hand

The year is going, let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true.
Ring out the thousand wars of old, Ring in the thousand years of peace.
Ring out the darkness of the land, Ring in the Christ that is to be.

I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR

W: Annie S. Hawks

1. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most gracious Lord; No
2. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-
3. I need Thee ev'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come
4. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most Holy One; O

ten-der voice like Thine Can peace afford. Ta-tions lose their pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O I need Thee; quick-ly and a-bide, Or life is vain. make me Thine in- deed, Thou bless-ed Son.

Ev'ry hour I need Thee; 0 bless me now, my Sav-i-or, I come to Thee

GLORY BE TO THE FATHER

W: Traditional

Glory be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the

Ho-ly Ghost; As it was in the be-gin-ning, is

now and ev-er shall be, world with-out end, A-men, A-men.
ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME

W: Augustus M. Toplady
M: Thomas Hastings

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee;
2. Could my tears forever flow, Could my zeal no languor know,
3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

1. Let the water and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flowed,
These for sin could not atone; Thou must save, and Thou alone:
When I rise to worlds unknown, And behold Thee on Thy throne,

1. Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Simply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee.

FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS

W: Reginald Heber
M: Lowell Mason

1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand,
2. What tho' the spic-y breezes Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
3. Can we, whose souls are light-ed With wisdom from on high;
4. Wait, wait, ye winds, His story, And you, ye waters roll,

1. Where Ar-ric's sunny foun-tains Roll down their golden sand;
The ev'ry prospect pleas-es, And on-ly man is vile:
Can we to men he-night-ed The lamp of life de-my?

1. From many an an-cient riv-er, From many a palm-y plain,
In vain with lav-ish kind-ness The gifts of God are strown;
Sal-vation, O salvation! The joyful sound pro-claim,

1. They call us to de-liv-er Their land from error's chain.
The heath-en in his blind-ness Bows down to wood and stone.
Till each rem-souled na-tion Has learned Mes-siahs name.
Re-deem-er, King, Cre-a-tor, In bliss re-turns to reign.