

FRASERVIEW RESIDENTS

SONGBOOK

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A SONG FOR THE OLD FOLKS

(to melody of 'morning has broken')

Bob McLeod

We are the old folks, we have our memories
Some of them good ones, some of them sad
But we look forward into the future
Hoping 'twill bring us days that are glad

Then comes the winter, softly the snow falls
Evening's grow longer, shorter the days
Spring is the youth time, summer's for lovers
Autumn is bright with her golden rays

Life's like the seasons, constantly changing
We must move with it, borne on the tide
So in our old age, may we be happy
Live with contentment, in peace abide

AFTER THE BALL

Charles K. Harris - 1892

*A little maiden climbed an old man's knee
Begged for a story: "Do uncle, please!
Why are you single, why live alone?
Have you no babies, have you no home?"
"I had a sweetheart, years, years ago
Where she is now, pet, you will soon know
List to the story, I'll tell it all
I believed her faithless after the ball"*

After the ball is over
After the break of morn
After the dancers' leaving
After the stars are gone
Many a heart is aching
If you could read them all
Many the hopes that have vanished
After the ball

*"Bright lights were flashing in the grand ballroom
Softly the music playing soft sweet tunes
There came my sweetheart, my love, my own
'I wish some water, now leave me alone'
When I returned, dear, there stood a man
Kissing my sweetheart as lovers can
Down fell the glass, pet, broken, that's all
Just as my heart was after the ball"*

Chorus

*"Long years have passed, child, I have never wed
True to my lost love though she is dead
She tried to tell me, I tried to explain
I would not listen, pleadings were vain
One day a letter came from that man
He was her brother, the letter ran
That's why I'm lonely, no home at all
I broke her heart, pet, after the ball"*

After the ball is over ... etc.

AIN'T MISBEHAVIN' (G)

Harry Brooks with Fats Waller - 1929

No-one to talk with, all by myself,
No one to walk with, but I'm happy on the shelf.
Ain't misbehavin', I'm savin' my love for you.

I know for certain, the one I love
I'm thru with flirtin', it's just you I'm thinkin' of,
Ain't misbehavin', I'm savin' my love for you.

Like Jack Horner in the corner,
Don't go nowhere, what do I care
Your kisses are worth waitin' for, believe me

I don't stay out late, don't care to go
I'm home about eight, just me and my radio
Ain't misbehavin', I'm savin' my love for you

AIN'T SHE SWEET

Milton Ager & Jack Yellen – 1927

Ain't she sweet?

See her walking down that street

Yes I ask you very confidentially

Ain't she sweet?

Ain't she nice?

Look her over once or twice

Yes I ask you very confidentially

Ain't she nice?

Just cast an eye in her direction

Oh me oh my, ain't that perfection?

Well I repeat, don't you think that's kinda neat?

Yes I ask you very confidentially, ain't she sweet?

ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND (C)

Come on and hear, come on and hear

Alexander's ragtime band

Come on and hear, come on and hear

It's the best band in the land

They can play a bugle call like you never heard before

So natural that you want to go to war

That's just the bestest band what am, honey lamb

Come on along, come on along

Let me take you by the hand

Up to the man, up to the man

Who's the leader of the band

And if you care to hear the Swanee River played in ragtime

Come on and hear, come on and hear

Alexander's ragtime band

ALL OF ME

Seymour Simons / Gerald Marks

Spoken:

You took my kisses and all my love

You taught me how to care

Am I to be just remnant of a one side love affair

All you took

I gladly gave

There is nothing left for me to save

All of me

Why not take all of me

Can't you see

I'm no good without you

Take my lips

I want to lose them

Take my arms

I'll never use them

Your goodbye left me with eyes that cry

How can I go on dear without you

You took the part that once was my heart

So why not take all of me

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

Sir Harold Boulton (also wrote 'Skye Boat Song) - 1884

Sleep my child and peace attend thee,
All through the night
Guardian angels God will send thee,
All through the night;
Soft the drowsy hours are creeping,
Hill and vale in slumber sleeping,
I my loved ones' watch am keeping,
All through the night.

Angels watching, e'er around thee,
All through the night
Midnight slumber close surround thee,
All through the night
Soft the drowsy hours are creeping,
Hill and vale in slumber sleeping
I my loved ones' watch am keeping,
All through the night

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

AMAZING GRACE

John Newton (1725-1807)

(Newton was the captain of a slave ship who experiences a religious conversion en route to America, turned his ship around and returned to Africa freeing his human cargo)

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me,
I once was lost but now am found,
I was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved,
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come,
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first began.

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound ... etc.

AND THE BAND PLAYED ON (C)
John Palmer (l) and Charles Ward (m) - 1895, (3/4 – medium)

Casey would waltz with the strawberry blonde

And the band played on

He'd glide 'cross the floor with the girl he'd adore

And the band played on

But his brain was so loaded it nearly exploded

The poor girl would shake with alarm

He'd ne'er leave the girl with the strawberry curl

And the band played on.

ANNIE LAURIE (G)

William Douglas & Lady Jane Scott - @ 1700

Maxwelton's braes are bonnie
Where early fa's the dew
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true
Gave me her promise true
Which ne'er forgot will be
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee

Her brow is like the snowdrift
Her neck is like the swan
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on
That e'er the sun shone on
And dark blue is her e'e
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee

Like a dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet
And like winds in summer sighing
Her voice is low and sweet
Her voice is low and sweet
And she's the world to me
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee

ANY TIME (C)
Herbert Happy Lawson - 1921

Any time you're feeling lonely

Any time you're feeling blue

Any time you feel downhearted

That will prove your love for me is true

Any time you're thinking 'bout me

That's the time I'll be thinking of you

So anytime you say you want me back again

That's the time I'll come back home to you

ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT

Elvis Presley - 1960

Are you lonesome tonight?

Do you miss me tonight?

Are you sorry we drifted apart?

Does your memory stray to a bright sunny day?

When I kissed you and called you sweetheart?

Do the chairs in your parlor seem empty and bare?

Do you gaze at your doorstep and picture me there?

Is your heart filled with pain, shall I come back again?

Tell me dear, are you lonesome tonight?

AS TIME GOES BY (C)

Herman Hupfeld - 1931

You must remember this
A kiss is just a kiss, a sigh is just a sigh
The fundamental things apply
As time goes by

And when two lovers woo
They still say, "I love you."
On that you can rely
No matter what the future brings
As time goes by.

Bridge

Moonlight and love songs, never out of date
Hearts full of passion, jealousy and hate
Woman needs man and man must have his mate
That no one can deny

It's still the same old story
A fight for love and glory
A case of do or die
The world will always welcome lovers
As time goes by

AULD LANG SYNE

Robert Burns - 1759-1796

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,

And never brought to mind?

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,

And auld lang syne!

For auld lang syne, my dear,

For auld lang syne.

We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,

For auld lang syne.

BABY FACE (G)

J. Lawrence Cook - 1926

Baby face you've got the cutest little baby face

There's not another one can take your place

Baby face my poor old heart is jumpin'

You sure have started somethin'

Baby face I'm up in heaven

When I'm in your fond embrace

I didn't need a shove 'cause I just fell in love

With your pretty little baby face

BEAUTIFUL BEAUTIFUL BROWN EYES

Jimmy Wakely, 1941 (3/4 – medium)

Beautiful beautiful brown eyes
Beautiful beautiful brown eyes
Beautiful beautiful brown eyes
I'll never love blue eyes again.

Last night I staggered in the bar room
Fell right down on the floor
These were the words that I uttered
I'll never get drunk anymore.

Oh Willie oh Willie I love you
Love you with all of my heart
Tomorrow we were to be married
But liquor has kept us apart.

For seven long years I've been married
Wish I was single again
A girl doesn't know half her troubles
Until she has married a man.

BEAUTIFUL DREAMER (G)

Stephen Foster - 1864

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

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

BILL BAILEY (C)
Hughie Cannon - 1902

Won't you come home, Bill Bailey, won't you come home?

She moans the whole night long

I'll do the cookin', honey, I'll pay the rent

I know I've done you wrong

Remember that rainy evenin'

I drove you out with nothin' but a fine tooth comb

I know I'm to blame, well ain't that a shame,

Bill Bailey, won't you please come home.

BLOWING IN THE WIND (C)

by Bob Dylan - 1963

How many roads must a man walk down
Before you call him a man?
Yes, 'n' how many seas must a white dove sail
Before she sleeps in the sand?
Yes, 'n' how many times must the cannon balls fly
Before they're forever banned?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many times must a man look up
Before he can see the sky?
Yes, 'n' how many ears must one man have
Before he can hear people cry?
Yes, 'n' how many deaths will it take till he knows
That too many people have died?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many years can a mountain exist
Before it's washed to the sea?
Yes, 'n' how many years can some people exist
Before they're allowed to be free?
Yes, 'n' how many times can a man turn his head,
Pretending he just doesn't see?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

BLUE HAWAII

Night and you and Blue Hawaii

The night is heavenly

And you are heaven to me

Lovely you and Blue Hawaii

With all this loveliness

There should be love

Come with me while the moon is on the sea

The night is young and so are we

Dreams come true in Blue Hawaii

And mine could all come true

This magic night of nights with you

BLUE SUEDE SHOES

Carl Perkins / Elvis Presley - 1956

Well it's one for the money, two for the show
Three to get ready now go cat go
But don't you step on my blue suede shoes
You can do anything but lay off of my blue suede shoes

You can knock me down, step on my face
Slander my name all over the place
Do anything that you're going to do
But unh unh honey lay off of my shoes

Well it's blue, blue, blue suede shoes
Blue, blue, blue suede shoes
Blue, blue, blue suede shoes
Blue, blue, blue suede shoes
Well you can do anything but lay off of my blue suede shoes

You can burn my house, steal my car
Drink my liquor, from an old fruit jar
Do anything that you want to do
But unh unh honey lay off of my shoes

Well it's one for the money, two for the show
Three to get ready now go cat go
But don't you step on my blue suede shoes
You can do anything but lay off of my blue suede shoes

BLUEBERRY HILL

Fats Domino - 1956

I found my thrill on Blueberry Hill
On Blueberry Hill when I found you
The moon stood still on Blueberry Hill
And lingered until my dreams came true

The wind in the willow played
Love's sweet melody
But all of those vows we made
Were never to be

Though we're apart
You're part of me still
For you were my thrill
On Blueberry Hill

I found my thrill on Blueberry Hill
On Blueberry Hill when I found you
The moon stood still on Blueberry Hill
And lingered until my dreams came true

BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON

Gus Edwards (m), Edward Madden (l) - 1909

By the light of the silvery moon

I want to spoon

To my honey I'll croon love's tune

Honey moon, keep on shinin' in June

Your silvery beams will make love dreams

We'll be cuddlin' soon by the silvery moon

BYE BYE BLACKBIRD

Ray Henderson - Mort Dixon - 1926

Pack up all my care and woe

Here I go, singin' low

Bye bye blackbird

Where somebody waits for me

Sugar's sweet, so is he

Bye bye blackbird

No one here can love or understand me

Oh what hard luck stories they all hand me

Make my bed and light the light

I'll arrive late tonight

Blackbird, bye bye

Make my bed and light the light

I'll arrive late tonight

Blackbird, bye bye

CAMPTOWN RACES

Stephen Foster - 1850

The Camptown ladies sing this song - doo-dah, doo-dah

The Camptown racetrack five miles long - oh doo-dah day

Goin' to run all night, goin' to run all day

I'll bet my money on the bob-tail nag - somebody bet on the bay

I went down south with my hat caved in, doo-dah, doo-dah

I come back north with a pocket full of tin - oh doo-dah day

Goin' to run all night, goin' to run all day

I'll bet my money on the bob-tail nag - somebody bet on the bay

CAN'T HELP FALLING IN LOVE WITH YOU

Elvis Presley - 1961

Wise men say only fools rush in
But I can't help falling in love with you
Shall I say, would it be a sin
If I can't help falling in love with you

Like a river flows surely to the sea
Darling so it goes
Some things are meant to be

Take my hand, take my whole life too
For I can't help falling in love with you
Shall I say, would it be a sin
If I can't help falling in love with you

Like a river flows surely to the sea
Darling so it goes
Some things are meant to be

Wise men say only fools rush in
But I can't help falling in love with you
Shall I say, would it be a sin
If I can't help falling in love with you

CHATANOOGA CHOO CHOO

Glenn Miller - 1942

Pardon me boy, is that the Chattanooga Choo Choo?
Yes, track 29, boy, you can give me a shine!
Can you afford to board the Chattanooga Choo Choo?
I got my fare and just a trifle to spare.

You leave the Pennsylvania station 'bout a quarter to four
Read a magazine and then you're in Baltimore
Dinner in the diner, nothing could be finer
Than to have your ham and eggs in Carolina
When you hear the whistle blowin' eight to the bar
Then you know that Tennessee is not very far
Shuffle all the coal in, gotta keep it rollin'
Whoo Whoo, Chattanooga, there you are!

There's gonna be a certain party at the station
Satin and lace, I used to call funny face!
She's gonna cry until I tell her that I'll never roam
So Chattanooga Choo Choo, won't you choo choo me home

COCKLES AND MUSSELS

(a.k.a. Molly Malone)

In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
As she wheeled her wheel-barrow
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels, alive, alive-O!
Alive, alive-O! alive, alive-O!
Crying cockles and mussels, alive, alive-O!

She was a fish-monger, but sure 'twas no wonder
For so were her father and mother before
And they each wheeled their barrow
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels, alive, alive-O!
Alive, alive-O! alive, alive-O!
Crying cockles and mussels, alive, alive-O!

She died of a fever, and no one could save her
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone
But her ghost wheels her barrow
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels, alive, alive-O!
Alive, alive-O! alive, alive-O!
Crying cockles and mussels, alive, alive-O!

COOL WATER

Bob Nolan & The Sons of the Pioneers - 1959

All day I face the barren waste
Without the taste of water, cool water
Old Dan and I with throats burned dry
And souls that cry for water, cool, clear, water

Keep a-movin' Dan don't ya listen to him Dan
He's a devil of a man & he spreads the burning sand with water
Dan can you see that big green tree
Where the water's running free
And it's waiting there for you and me?

The nights are cool and I'm a fool
Each star's a pool of water, cool water
But with the dawn I'll wake and yawn
And carry on to water, cool, clear, water

The shadows sway and seem to say
Tonight we pray for water, cool, water
And way up there He'll hear our prayer
And show us where there's water, cool, clear, water

Dan's feet are sore he's yearning for
Just one thing more than water, cool, water
Like me I guess he'd like to rest
Where there's no quest for water, cool, clear, water

COUNTRY ROADS

John Denver - 1971

Almost heaven, West Virginia

Blue Ridge mountains, Shenandoah river

Life is old there, older than the trees

Younger than the mountains, growing like a breeze

Country roads, take me home to the place I belong

West Virginia, mountain momma, take me home, country roads

All my memories gathered round her

Miner's lady, stranger to blue water

Dark and dusty, painted on the sky

Misty taste of moonshine, teardrops in my eye

Country roads, etc.

I hear her voice, in the morning hour she calls me

The radio reminds me of my home far away

And driving down the road I get a feeling

That I should have been home yesterday

Country roads, etc.

CRAZY

Patsy Cline - 1961

Crazy, crazy for feeling so lonely

I'm crazy, crazy for feeling so blue

I know, you'd love me for as long as you wanted

And someday, you'd leave me for somebody new

Worry, why do I let myself worry

Wonderin', what in the world did I do

Crazy, for thinking that my love could hold you

I'm crazy for tryin', crazy for cryin'

And I'm crazy for loving you

Crazy, crazy for feeling so lonely

I'm crazy, crazy for feeling so blue

I know, you'd love me for as long as you wanted

And someday, you'd leave me for somebody new

CRUISING DOWN THE RIVER

Jack Smith - 1949

Cruising down the river on a Sunday afternoon

With one you love, the sun above

Waiting for the moon.

An old accordion playing a sentimental tune

Cruising down the river on a Sunday afternoon.

The birds above all sing of love

A gentle, sweet refrain.

The winds around all make a sound

Like softly falling rain.

The two of us together

We'll plan our honeymoon

Cruising down the river on a Sunday afternoon.

DAISY, DAISY

Harry Dacre

Men's version:

Daisy, Daisy give me your answer do
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, upon the seat
of a bicycle built for two

Women's version:

Jimmy, Jimmy, here is your answer true
I'd be crazy if I were to marry you
If you can't afford a carriage
You can't afford a marriage
And I'll be damned if I'll be crammed
On a bicycle built for two

DANNY BOY (G)

Fred Weatherly (an English Lawyer) - 1910

O Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen and down the mountain side
The summer's gone and all the flowers are dying
'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide
But come you back when summer's in the meadow
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow
'Tis I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow
O Danny Boy, O Danny Boy, I love you so

And if you come when all the flowers are dying
And I am dead, as dead I may well be
You'll come and find the place where I am lying
And kneel and say an 'Ave' there for me
And I shall hear, tho' soft you tread above me
And all my dreams will warm and sweeter be
If you will not fail to tell me that you love me
Then I simply sleep in peace, until you come to me

O Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling, etc.

DARK TOWN STRUTTER'S BALL (G)

Words & Music by Shelton Brooks, 1917

I'll be down to get you in a taxi, honey

You better be ready 'bout half past eight

Now dearie, don't be late

I want to be there when the band starts playing

And remember when we get there, honey

Two-steps, I'm goin' to have 'em all

Goin' to dance out both my shoes

When they play the "Jelly Roll Blues"

Tomorrow night at the Darktown Strutters Ball

DON'T FENCE ME IN (C)

Cole Porter (m) Robert Fletcher (l) - 1934.

Just give me land, lots of land, under starry skies above,

Don't fence me in.

Let me ride through the wide open country that I love,

Don't fence me in!

Let me be by myself in the evenin' breezes,

Listen to the murmur of the cottonwood tree-zes,

Send me off forever, and I'll ask you please,

Don't fence me in.

Just turn me loose, let me straddle my ol' saddle

Underneath a western sky,

On my cayuse let me wander over yonder

'Til I see the mountains rise.

I want to ride to the ridge where the West commences,

Gaze at the moon 'til I lose my senses,

Can't handle hobbles, and I can't stand fences,

Don't fence me in.

DON'T SIT UNDER THE APPLE TREE

Lew Brown, Charles Tobias and Sam H. Stept (l)

Male lyrics

Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me
Anyone else but me, anyone else but me, no, no, no
Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me
'Til I come marchin' home

Don't go walkin' down Lovers' Lane with anyone else but me
Anyone else but me, anyone else but me, no, no, no
Don't go walkin' down Lovers' Lane with anyone else but me
'Til I come marchin' home

I just got word from a guy who heard
From the guy next door to me
The girl he met just loves to pet
And it fits you to a T
So, don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me
'Til I come marchin' home

Female lyrics

Don't give out with those lips of yours to anyone else but me
Anyone else but me, anyone else but me, no, no, no
Watch those girls on foreign shores, you'll have to report to me
When you come marchin' home

Don't hold anyone on your knee, you better be true to me
You better be true to me, you better be true to me
Don't hold anyone on your knee, you're gettin' the third degree
When you come marchin' home

DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM (C)

Tell Taylor - 1910

Spoken

*My darling I am dreaming of the days gone by
When you and I were sweethearts beneath the summer sky
Your hair has turned to silver the gold has faded too
But still I will remember, where I first met you*

Down by the old mill stream

Where I first met you with your eyes of blue

Dressed in gingham too, it was there I knew

That you loved me true, you were sixteen

My village queen down by the old mill stream

Spoken

*The old mill wheel is silent and has fallen down,
The old oak tree has withered and lies there on the ground;
While you and I are sweethearts the same as days of yore;
Although we've been together, forty years and more.*

Down by the old mill stream etc.

DOWN IN THE VALLEY (BIRMINGHAM JAIL) (C)

1909

Roses love sunshine, violets love dew
Angels in heaven, know I love you
Know that I love you, know I love you
Angels in heaven, know I love you

If you don't love me, love whom you please
Throw your arms round me, give my heart ease
Give my heart ease, love, give my heart ease
Throw your arms round me, give my heart ease

Build me a castle, forty feet high
So I can see her as she rides by
As she rides by, love, as she rides by
So I can see her as she rides by

Write me a letter, send it by mail
Send it in care of the Birmingham jail
Birmingham jail, love, Birmingham jail
Send it in care of the Birmingham jail

Down in the valley, valley so low
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow
Hear the wind blow, love, hear the wind blow
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow

EASTER PARADE

In your Easter bonnet, with all the frills upon it
You'll be the grandest lady in the Easter Parade.
I'll be all in clover and when they look you over,
I'll be the proudest fellow in the Easter Parade.

On the avenue, Fifth Avenue, the photographers will snap us,
And you'll find that you're in the rotogravure.

Oh, I could write a sonnet about your Easter bonnet,
And of the girl I'm taking to the Easter parade.

In your Easter bonnet, with all the frills upon it
You'll be the grandest lady in the Easter Parade.
I'll be all in clover and when they look you over,
I'll be the proudest fellow in the Easter Parade.

EDELWEISS

Oscar Hammerstein - 1959

Edelweiss, edelweiss

Every morning you greet me

Small and white,

Clean and bright

You look happy to meet me

Blossom of snow

May you bloom and grow,

Bloom and grow forever

Edelweiss, edelweiss

Bless my home-land forever

FIVE FOOT TWO, EYES OF BLUE

Five foot two, eyes of blue
But oh what those five foot could do
Has anybody seen my gal?
Turned up nose, turned down hose
Never had no other beaus
Has anybody seen my gal?

Now if you run into a five foot two covered with fur
Diamond rings and all those things
Betcha life it isn't her
But could she love, could she woo
Could she, could she, could she coo
Has anybody seen my gal?

FOLSOM PRISON BLUES

Johnny Cash

I hear the train a comin', it's rolling round the bend
And I ain't seen the sunshine since I don't know when
I'm stuck in Folsom prison and time keeps draggin' on
But that train keeps a rollin' on down to San Anton.

When I was just a baby my mama told me
Son, always be a good boy, don't ever play with guns
But I shot a man in Reno just to watch him die
Now every time I hear that whistle, I hang my head and cry.

I bet there's rich folks eating in a fancy dining car
They're probably drinkin' coffee and smoking big cigars
Well I know I had it coming, I know I can't be free
But those people keep a movin' and that's what tortures me.

Well if they'd free me from this prison, if that railroad train was mine
I bet I'd move just a little further down the line
Far from Folsom prison, that's where I want to stay
And I'd let that lonesome whistle blow my blues away.

FOR ME AND MY GAL (C)

Edgar Leslie & E. Ray Goetz (l), George W. Meyer (m) - 1917

The bells are ringing for me and my gal

The birds are singing for me and my gal

Everybody's been knowing

To a wedding they're going

And for weeks they've been sewing

Every Susie and Sal

They're congregating for me and my gal

The parson's waiting for me and my gal

And sometime

I'm gonna build a little home for two

Or three or four or more

In Loveland for me and my gal

GALWAY BAY (D)

Dr. Arthur Colohan in 1947 and was popularised by Bing Crosby.

If you ever go across the sea to Ireland
Then maybe at the closing of your day
You will sit and watch the moon rise over Claddagh
And see the sun go down on Galway Bay

Just to hear again the ripple of the trout stream,
The women in the meadow making hay.
Just to sit beside a turf fire in the cabin,
And watch the barefoot gosoons at their play.

For the breezes blowin' o'er the sea from Ireland
Are perfumed by the heather as they blow
And the women in the uplands diggin' praties
Speak a language that the strangers do not know.

Yet the strangers came and tried to teach us their way.
They scorned us just for bein' what we are.
But they might as well go chasing after moonbeams,
Or light a penny candle from a star.

And if there's is going to be a life hereafter,
And somehow I am sure there's going to be,
I will ask my God to let me make my heaven,
In that dear land across the Irish sea.

GEORGIA ON MY MIND

Frankie Trumbauer

Georgia, Georgia, the whole day through,
Just an old sweet song keeps Georgia on my mind
Georgia, Georgia, a song of you
Comes as sweet and clear as moonlight through the pines
Other arms reach out to me
Other eyes smile tenderly
Still in peaceful dreams I see
The road leads back to you
Georgia, Georgia, no peace I find,
Just an old sweet song keeps Georgia on my mind.

GOODNIGHT IRENE

Huddie Ledbetter & John Lomax - 1936

Irene, goodnight Irene,
Irene, goodnight,
Goodnight, Irene,
Goodnight, Irene,
I'll see you in my dreams.

Last Saturday night I got married,
Me and my wife settled down,
Now me and my wife are parted,
I'm gonna take another stroll downtown.

Irene, goodnight Irene, etc.

Stop your rambling, stop your gambling,
Stop staying out late at night,
Go home to your wife and your family,
Sit down by the fireside bright.

Irene, goodnight Irene, etc

Sometimes I live in the country
Sometimes I live in the town
Sometimes I get me the notion
To jump in the river and drown

Boy Scouts Version

Sometimes she sleeps in pajamas
Sometimes she sleeps in a gown
When they are both in the laundry
Irene is the talk of the town

GREEN GREEN GRASS OF HOME

Tom Jones - 1966

The old home town looks the same
As I step down from the train,
And there to meet me is my Mama and Papa.
Down the road I look and there runs Mary
Hair of gold and lips like cherries.
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.
Yes, they'll all come to meet me
Arms reaching, smiling sweetly.
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.

The old house is still standing
Tho' the paint is cracked and dry,
And there's that old oak tree I used to play on.
Down the lane I walk with my sweet Mary
Hair of gold and lips like cherries.
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.
Yes, they'll all come to meet me
Arms reaching, smiling sweetly.
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.

HARBOR LIGHTS (G)

Hugh Williams - 1937

I saw the harbor lights

They only told me we were parting

Those same old harbor lights

That once brought you to me

I watched the harbor lights

How could I stop the tears from starting?

Some other harbor lights

Will steal your love from me

Bridge

I longed to hold you near

And kiss you just once more

But you were on the ship

And I was on the shore

Now I know lonely nights

And all the while my heart is whispering

Some other harbor lights

Will steal your love from me

HELLO DOLLY

Jerry Herman - 1964

I said hello, dolly, well, hello, dolly

It's so nice to have you back where you belong

You're lookin swell, dolly, I can tell, dolly

You're still glowin...you're still crowin...you're still goin strong

I feel that room swayin.....while the bands playin

One of your old favourite songs from way back when

So..... take her wrap, fellas.....find her an empty lap, fellas

Dolly'll never go away again

HE'S GOT THE WHOLE WORLD IN HIS HANDS,

From Collection of Black Spirituals - 1927

He's got the whole world in His hands,
He's got the whole world in His hands,
He's got the whole world in His hands,
He's got the whole world in His hands.

He's got my brothers and my sisters in His hands,
He's got my brothers and my sisters in His hands,
He's got my brothers and my sisters in His hands,
He's got the whole world in His hands.

He's got the sun and the rain in His hands,
He's got the moon and the stars in His hands,
He's got the wind and the clouds in His hands,
He's got the whole world in His hands.

He's got the rivers and the mountains in His hands,
He's got the oceans and the seas in His hands,
He's got you and he's got me in His hands,
He's got the whole world in His hands.

He's got everybody here in His hands,
He's got everybody there in His hands,
He's got everybody everywhere in His hands,
He's got the whole world in His hands.

HEY GOOD LOOKIN

Hank Williams - 1951

Hey, good lookin'. What ya got cookin'?
How's about cooking somethin' up with me?
Hey, sweet baby. Don't you think maybe,
We can find us a brand new recipe?

Bridge:

I got a hot rod Ford, and a two dollar bill;
And I know a spot right over the hill.
There's soda pop and the dancing's free
So if you wanna have fun, come along with me.
Hey, good lookin'. What ya got cookin'?
How's about cooking somethin' up with me?

I'm free and ready, so we can go steady.
How's about saving all your time for me?
No more lookin'. I know I been cookin'.
How's about keepin' steady company?

Bridge:

I'm gonna throw my date book over the fence,
And buy me one for five or ten cents
I'll keep it 'till it's covered with age
'Cause I'm writin' your name down on every page.
Say hey, good lookin'. What ya got cookin'?
How's about cooking somethin' up with me?
Hey, good lookin'. What ya got cookin'? ... etc.

HOME ON THE RANGE

Brewster Higley (l), Daniel Kelley (m) - 1876

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

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

How often at night when the heavens are bright
With the light from the glittering stars
Have I stood there amazed and asked as I gazed
If their glory exceeds that of ours

Home, home on the range, etc.

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

Home, home on the range, etc.

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

Home, home on the range, etc.

HOUND DOG (E)

Big Mama Thornton / Elvis Presley - 1956

You ain't nothing but a hound dog
Cryin' all the time
You ain't nothin' but a hound dog
Cryin' all the time
You ain't never caught a rabbit
And you ain't no friend of mine

When they said you was high class
That was just a lie
When they said you was high class
That was just a lie
You ain't never caught a rabbit
And you ain't no friend of mine

You ain't nothing but a hound dog
Cryin' all the time
You ain't nothin' but a hound dog
Cryin' all the time
You ain't never caught a rabbit
And you ain't no friend of mine

When they said you was high class
That was just a lie
When they said you was high class
That was just a lie
You ain't never caught a rabbit
And you ain't no friend of mine

HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING?

Written by Robert Wadsworth Lowry, a Baptist minister, in 1860.

My life flows on in endless song
Above earth's lamentation
I hear the real, though far off hymn
That hails the new creation
Above the tumult and the strife
I hear the music ringing
It sounds an echo in my soul
How can I keep from singing?

What through the tempest loudly roars,
I hear the truth, it liveth
What through the darkness round me close,
Songs in the night it giveth.
No storm can shake my inmost calm
While to that rock I'm clinging.
Since love is lord of Heaven and earth
How can I keep from singing?

When tyrants tremble, sick with fear,
And hear their death-knell ringing,
When friends rejoice both far and near,
How can I keep from singing?
In prison cell and dungeon vile
Our thoughts to them are winging.
When friends by shame are undefiled,
How can I keep from singing?

HOW GREAT THOU ART

Carl G. Boberg and R.J. Hughes - 1885

Oh Lord my God when in awesome wonder
Consider all the works Thy hands have made
I see the stars I hear the rolling thunder
Thy power throughout the universe displayed
Then sings my soul My Saviour, God, to Thee
How great thou art, How great thou art
Then sings my soul My Saviour, God, to Thee
How great Thou art, How great Thou art

When Christ shall come
With shouts of adulation
And take me home
What joy shall fill my heart
Then I shall bow
In humble adoration
And there proclaim My God
How great Thou art

Then sings my soul
My Saviour, God, to Thee
How great Thou art
How great Thou art
Then sings my soul
My Saviour, God, to Thee
How great Thou art
How great Thou art

I BELONG TO GLASGOW (G)

Wil Fyffe - 1927

I belong to Glasgow

Dear old Glasgow town

But something's the matter wi' Glasgow

'Cos it's goin' roun' and roun'

I'm only a common old working chap

As anyone here can see

But when I get a couple o' drinks on a Saturday

Glasgow belongs to me

I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE (C)

Jimmy McHugh – 1928

I can't give you anything but love, baby
That's the only thing I've plenty of, baby
Dream a while, scheme a while,
You're sure to find
Happiness, and I guess
All those things you've always pined for

Gee, I'd like to see you lookin' swell, baby
Diamond bracelets Woolworth's doesn't sell, baby
Till that lucky day you know darn well, Baby
I can't give you anything but love

I CAN'T STOP LOVING YOU

by Don Gibson

I can't stop loving you

I've made up my mind

To live in memory

Of the lonesome time

I can't stop wanting you

It's useless to say

So I'll just live my life in dreams of yesterday

Dreams of yesterday

Those happy hours that we once knew

Tho' long ago, they still make me blue

They say that time heals a broken heart

But time has stood still since we've been apart

I LEFT MY HEART IN SAN FRANCISCO

George Cory (m), Douglas Cross (l) - 1954

I left my heart in San Francisco
High on a hill, it calls to me
To be where little cable cars
Climb halfway to the stars
The morning fog may chill the air
I don't care
My love waits there, in San Francisco
Above the blue and windy sea
When I come home to you, San Francisco
Your golden sun will shine on me

I LOVE A LASSIE

Harry Lauder – 1890's

I love a lassie, a bonnie Hielan' lassie,
If you saw her you would fancy as well:
I met her in September, popped the question in November,
So I'll soon be havin' her a' to ma-sel'.
Her faither has consented, so I'm feelin' quite contented
'Cause I've been and sealed the bargain wi' a kiss.
I sit and weary weary, when I think about ma deary,
An' you'll always hear me singing this---

Chorus:

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

I love a lassie, a bonnie Hielan' lassie
She can sing like a blackbird in the dell.
She's an angel ev'ry Sunday, but a jolly lass on Monday:
She's as modest as her namesake, the blue | bell.
She's nice, she's neat, she's tidy and I meet her ev'ry Friday:
That's a special night, you bet, I never miss.
I'm enchanted, I'm enraptured, since ma heart the darlin' captur'd,
She's intoxicated me with bliss---

Chorus:

I WALK THE LINE LYRICS

Johnny Cash

I keep a close watch on this heart of mine

I keep my eyes wide open all the time

I keep the ends out for the tie that binds

Because you're mine, I walk the line

I find it very, very easy to be true

I find myself alone when each day is through

Yes, I'll admit that I'm a fool for you

Because you're mine, I walk the line

As sure as night is dark and day is light

I keep you on my mind both day and night

And happiness I've known proves that it's right

Because you're mine, I walk the line

You've got a way to keep me on your side

You give me cause for love that I can't hide

For you I know I'd even try to turn the tide

Because you're mine, I walk the line

I keep a close watch on this heart of mine, etc.

IDA SWEET AS APPLE CIDER (G)

Ida, sweet as apple cider,
Sweeter than all I know,
Come out, in the silvery moonlight,
of love we'll whisper, so soft and low
Seems like - can't live without you,
Listen - Oh! Honey do
Ida, I idolize ya,
I love you Ida, 'deed I do.

IF YOU KNEW SUSIE (C)
1925

If you knew Susie like I know Susie

Oh, oh, oh what a gal

There's none so classy as this fair lassie

Oh, oh, oh, my goodness, what a chassis

We went riding, she didn't balk

From the country, I'm the one who had to walk

If you knew Susie like I know Susie, oh, oh what a gal

IF YOU WERE THE ONLY GIRL (C)

Nat D. Ayer (m), Clifford Grey (l) -1916.

If you were the only girl in the world

And I were the only boy

Nothing else would matter in the world today

We could go on loving in the same old way

A garden of Eden just made for two

With nothing to mar our joy

I would say such wonderful things to you

There would be such wonderful things to do

If you were the only girl in the world

And I were the only boy

IF YOU'RE IRISH COME INTO THE PARLOR,

If you're Irish come into the parlor,

There's a welcome there for you;

If your name is Timothy or Pat,

So long as you come from Ireland,

There's a welcome on the mat,

If You come from the Mountains of Mourne,

Or Killarney's lakes so blue,

We'll sing you a song and we'll make a fuss,

Whoever you are you are one of us,

If you're Irish, this is the place for you!

I'LL BE WITH YOU IN APPLE BLOSSOM TIME (G)

Neville Fleeson and Albert von Tilzer - 1920

I'll be with you in apple blossom time

I'll be with you to change your name to mine

One day in May, I'll come and say

Happy surprise that the sunshines on today

What a wonderful wedding there will be

What a wonderful day for you and me

Church bells will chime

You will be mine

In apple blossom time

I'M FOREVER BLOWING BUBBLES (G)

John Kellette - 1918

I'm forever blowing bubbles

Pretty bubbles in the air

They fly so high

Nearly reach the sky

Then like my dreams

They fade and die

Fortune's always hiding

I've looked everywhere

I'm forever blowing bubbles

Pretty bubbles in the air

I'M GONNA SIT RIGHT DOWN AND WRITE MYSELF A LETTER

I'm gonna sit right down and write myself a letter
And make believe it came from you
I'm gonna right words oh, so sweet
They're gonna knock me off my feet
A lot of kisses on the bottom
I'll be glad I got 'em

I'm gonna smile and say, "I hope you're feeling better,"
And close with love the way you do
I'm gonna sit right down and write myself a letter
And make believe it came from you

Gonna smile and say, "I hope you're feeling better,"
And close with love the way you do
I'm gonna sit right down and write myself a letter
And make believe, make believe, make believe it came from you!

I'M LOOKING OVER A FOUR-LEAF CLOVER

Words by Mort Dixon, music by Harry Woods 1927

I'm looking over a four-leaf clover

That I overlooked before.

One leaf is sunshine, the second is rain,

Third is the roses that grow in the lane.

No need explaining, the one remaining

Is somebody I adore.

I'm looking over a four-leaf clover

That I overlooked before

IMAGINE (C)
John Lennon - 1975

Imagine there's no heaven
It's easy if you try
No hell below us
Above us only sky
Imagine all the people
Living for today...

You may say I'm a dreamer
But I'm not the only one
I hope some day you'll join us
And the world will be as one

Imagine there's no countries
It isn't hard to do
Nothing to kill or die for
And no religion too
Imagine all the people
Living life in peace...

You may say I'm a dreamer ... etc

Imagine no possessions
I wonder if you can
No need for greed or hunger
A brotherhood of man
Imagine all the people
Sharing all the world...

You may say I'm a dreamer ... etc

IN A SHANTY IN OLD SHANTY TOWN

Ira Schuster and Jack Little (m), Joe Young (l) - 1932.

It's only a shanty

In old Shanty Town

The roof is so slanty it touches the ground.

But my tumbled down shack by an old railroad track,

Like a millionaire's mansion is calling me back.

I'd give up a palace if I were a king.

It's more than a palace, it's my everything.

There's a queen waiting there with a silvery crown

In a shanty in old Shanty Town.

IN THE GARDEN (G)

I come to the garden alone

While the dew is still on the roses

And the voice I hear falling on my ear

The Son of God discloses

And He walks with me and He talks with me

And He tells me I am His own

And the joy we share as we tarry there

None other has ever known

He speaks and the sound of His voice

Is so sweet the birds hush their singing

And the melody that He gave to me

Within my heart is ringing

And He walks with me and He talks with me, etc

IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL

Horatio Spafford, 1873

When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,

When sorrows like sea billows roll;

Whatever my lot, Thou has taught me to say,

It is well, it is well, with my soul.

It is well, it is well,

With my soul, with my soul,

It is well, it is well, with my soul.

IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY (G)

Jack Judge and Harry Williams (Henry James Williams) in 1912.

Spoken:

*Up to mighty London came an Irishman one day,
As the streets are paved with gold, sure everyone was gay
Singing songs of Piccadilly, Strand and Leicester Square,
Till Paddy got excited, then he shouted to them there:*

It's a long way to Tipperary

It's a long way to go

It's a long way to Tipperary

To the sweetest girl I know

Goodbye, Piccadilly

Farewell, Leicester Square

It's a long, long way to Tipperary

But my heart's right there! "

Spoken:

*Paddy wrote a letter to his Irish Molly O,
Saying, "Should you not receive it,
Write and let me know!
If I make mistakes in spelling, Molly dear," said he
"Remember it's the pen that's bad,
Don't lay the blame on me."*

*Molly wrote a neat reply to Irish Paddy O.
Saying, "Mike Mahoney wants to marry me, and so
Leave the Strand and Piccadilly, or you'll be to blame
For love has fairly drove me silly, hoping you're the same!"*

It's a long way ... etc

From WWI :

That's the wrong way to tickle Marie
That's the wrong way to kiss!
Don't you know that over here, lad,
They like it best like this!
Hooray pour le Francais!
Farewell, Angleterre!
We didn't know the way to tickle Marie
But we learned how, over there!

IT'S HARD TO BE HUMBLE (C)

Mac Davis - 1972

Oh Lord it's hard to be humble
When you're perfect in every way
I can't wait to look in the mirror
'Cause I get better lookin' each day
To know me is to love me
I must be a hell of a man
Oh Lord it's hard to be humble
But I'm doin' the best that I can

I used to have a girlfriend
But I guess she just couldn't compete
With all these love starved women
Who keep clamoring at my feet
Well I probably could find me another
But I guess they're all in awe of me
Who cares I never get lonesome
'Cause I treasure my own company
Oh Lord it's hard to be humble, etc.

I guess you could say I am a loner
A cowboy all locked up and proud
Well I could have lots of friends if I wanted
But then I wouldn't stand out in a crowd
Some folks say that I'm egotistical
Hell I don't even know what that means
I guess it has something to do with the way
That I fill out my skin tight blue jeans
Oh Lord it's hard to be humble

IT'S NOW OR NEVER

Schroeder and Gold (1949), Elvis Presley (1960)

It's now or never, come hold me tight
Kiss me my darling, be mine tonight
Tomorrow will be too late, it's now or never
My love won't wait.

When I first saw you with your smile so tender
My heart was captured, my soul surrendered
I'd spend a lifetime waiting for the right time
Now that your near the time is here at last.

It's now or never, come hold me tight, etc.

Just like a willow, we would cry an ocean
If we lost true love and sweet devotion
Your lips excite me, let your arms invite me
For who knows when we'll meet again this way

It's now or never, come hold me tight, etc.

I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD (C)

1894.

I've been workin' on the railroad all the live long day
I've been workin' on the railroad just to pass the time away
Don't you hear the whistle blowing? rise up so early in the morn
Don't you hear the captain shouting, "Dinah, blow your horn?"
Dinah, won't you blow, Dinah, won't you blow,
Dinah, won't you blow your horn?
Dinah, won't you blow, Dinah, won't you blow,
Dinah, won't you blow your horn?

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah.
Someone's in the kitchen, I know.
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah
Strumming on the old banjo.

Fee, fie, fiddle-e-i-o.
Fee, fie, fiddle-e-i-o-o-o-o.
Fee, fie, fiddle-e-i-o.
Strumming on the old banjo.

JACOB'S LADDER (A)

1867

We are climbing Jacob's ladder

We are climbing Jacob's ladder

We are climbing Jacob's ladder

Brothers, sisters, all

Every rung goes higher and higher

Every rung goes higher and higher

Every rung goes higher and higher

Brothers, sisters, all

We are dancing Sarah's circle

We are dancing Sarah's circle

We are dancing Sarah's circle

Sisters, brothers, all

Every round a generation

Every round a generation

Every round a generation

Sisters, brothers, all

We are climbing Jacob's ladder, etc.

JAMAICA FAREWELL

Harry Belafonte / Irving Burgie - 1956

Down the way where the nights are gay
And the sun shines daily on the mountain top,
I took a trip on a sailing ship,
And when I reached Jamaica I made a stop.

But I'm sad to say, I'm on my way,
Won't be back for many a day,
My heart is down, my head is turning around,
Had to leave a little girl (boy) in Kingston town.

Sounds of laughter everywhere,
And the dancing girls swaying to and fro,
I must declare my heart is there,
Though I've been from Maine to Mexico.

But I'm sad to sayetc.

Down at the market you can hear
Ladies cry out, while on their heads they bear
Ackey rice, salt fish are nice
And the rum is fine any time of the year.

But I'm sad to say....etc.

JUST A CLOSER WALK WITH YOU

I am weak but thou art strong,

Jesus keep me from all wrong

I'll be satisfied as long as I walk

Let me walk close to thee

When my feeble life is over

And time for me will be no more

Guide me to this peaceful shore

Let me walk, dear Lord, close to thee

Just a closer walk with thee,

Let it Jesus, is my plea

Daily walking close to thee

Let it be, let it be.

JUST A WEE DEOCH AND DORIS (C)

Words and music by Harry Lauder - 1912

There's a good old Scottish custom that has stood the test of time
It's a custom that is carried out in every land and clime
Where brother Scots foregather, it's aye the usual thing
When just before they say guid-nicht, they fill their cups and sing

Just a wee deoch-an-doris, just a wee yin that's a'
Just a wee deoch-an-doris before we gang a-wa'
There's a wee wifie waitin', in a wee but an ben
If you can say, "It's a braw bricht moonlicht nicht" ye a'richt ye ken

I like a man that is a man, a man that's straight and fair,
The sort of man that will and can, in all things do his share
I like a man, a jolly man, the sort o' man you know,
The chap that slaps your back and says "Here Jock, before you go"

Just a wee deoch-an-doris, just a wee yin that's a', etc.

I'll invite you all some other nicht, to come and bring your wives.
I'll promise you the grandest time you'll have in all your lives!
I'll hae the bagpipes skirling, och and we'll dance the Hieland fling.
And just for auld acquaintance sake, we'll a' unite and sing

Just a wee deoch-an-doris, just a wee yin that's a', etc.

KEEP RIGHT ON TO THE END OF THE ROAD

Harry Lauder - 1917

Keep right on to the end of the road

Keep right on to the end

Tho' the way be long, let your heart be strong

Keep right on to the end

Tho' you're tired and weary still journey on

Till you come to your happy abode

Where all you love you've been dreaming of

Will be there at the end of the road

KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING (C)

Ivor Novello & Lena Guilbert Ford - 1915

Keep the Home fires burning

While your hearts are yearning

Though your lads are far away

They dream of Home

There's a silver lining

Through the dark cloud shining

Turn the dark cloud inside out

Till the boys come Home

KING OF THE ROAD

Roger Miller - 1965

Trailer for sale or rent
Rooms to let...fifty cents.
No phone, no pool, no pets
I ain't got no cigarettes
Ah, but..two hours of pushin' broom
Buys an eight by twelve four-bit room
I'm a man of means by no means
King of the road.

Third boxcar, midnight train
Destination...Bangor, Maine.
Old worn out clothes and shoes,
I don't pay no union dues,
I smoke old stogies I have found
Short, but not too big around
I'm a man of means by no means
King of the road.

I know every engineer on every train
All of their children, and all of their names
And every handout in every town
And every lock that ain't locked
When no one's around.

Trailers for sale or rent ... etc

KUM BA YAH (Come By Here)

Marvin F. Frey: African (Angolan) translation - 1957

Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum ba yah,

Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum ba yah,

Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum ba yah,

O Lord, Kum ba yah.

Someone's crying, Lord, Kum ba yah,

Someone's crying, Lord, Kum ba yah,

Someone's crying, Lord, Kum ba yah,

O Lord, Kum ba yah.

Someone's singing, Lord, Kum ba yah, (x 3)

O Lord, Kum ba yah.

Someone's praying, Lord, Kum ba yah, (x 3)

O Lord, Kum ba yah.

LEAD KINDLY LIGHT

John Henry Newman - 1833

Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom, lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home; lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!

So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it will, will lead me on.
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till the night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile, which I
Have loved long since, and lost awhile!

Meantime, along the narrow rugged path, Thyself hast trod,
Lead, Savior, lead me home in childlike faith, home to my God.
To rest forever after earthly strife
In the calm light of everlasting life.

LEAN ON ME (C)

Bill Withers - 1972

Sometimes in our lives we all have pain
We all have sorrow
But if we are wise
We know that there's always tomorrow

Lean on me, when you're not strong
And I'll be your friend
I'll help you carry on
For it won't be long
'Til I'm gonna need
Somebody to lean on

Please swallow your pride
If I have things you need to borrow
For no one can fill those of your needs
That you don't let show

Lean on me, when you're not strong
And I'll be your friend
I'll help you carry on
For it won't be long
'Til I'm gonna need
Somebody to lean on

LESSON TOO LATE FOR THE LEARNING (A)

Tom Paxton - 1964

It's a lesson too late for the learning
Made of sand, made of sand
In the wink of an eye my soul is turning
In your hand, in your hand

Are you going away with no word of farewell
Will there be not a trace left behind?
I could have loved you better
I didn't mean to be unkind
You know that was the last thing on my mind

As I lie in my bed in the morning
Without you, without you
Each song in my breast dies in the dawning]
Without you, without you

Are you going away ... etc

You've got reasons aplenty for going
This I know, this I know
For the weeds have been steadily growing
Please don't go, please don't go

Are you going away ... etc

LET IT BE

The Beatles

When I find myself in times of trouble
Mother Mary comes to me
Speaking words of wisdom, let it be.
And in my hour of darkness
She is standing right in front of me
Speaking words of wisdom, let it be.

Let it be, let it be, Let it be, let it be
Whisper words of wisdom, let it be.

And when the broken hearted people
Living in the world agree,
There will be an answer, let it be.
For though they may be parted there is
Still a chance that they will see
There will be an answer, let it be.

Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be
There will be an answer, let it be.

And when the night is cloudy,
There is still a light that shines on me,
Shine on until tomorrow, let it be.
I wake up to the sound of music
Mother Mary comes to me
Speaking words of wisdom, let it be.

Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be
There will be an answer, let it be.

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART (C)

Leo Friedman (m), Beth Slater Whitson (l) -1910

Spoken:

I am dreaming dear of you day by day

Dreaming when the skies are blue,

When they're gray

When the silvery moonlight gleams

Still I wander on in dreams

In a land of love, it seems, just with you.

Let me call you "Sweetheart,"

I'm in love with you.

Let me hear you whisper

That you love me too.

Keep the love-light glowing

In your eyes so true.

Let me call you "Sweetheart,"

I'm in love with you.

Spoken:

Longing for you all the while

More and more

Longing for the sunny smile, I adore

Birds are singing far and near

Roses blooming ev'rywhere

You, alone, my heart can cheer;

You, just you.

Let me call you ... etc.

LET THE REST OF THE WORLD GO BY (C)

Words & Music by J. Keirn Brennan & Ernest R. Ball - 1919

Spoken:

*Is the / struggle and / strife we / find in this / life
Really / worth while, after / all
I've been / wishing to / day I could / just run a / way
/ Out where the / west winds / call*

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

Spoken:

*Is the future to hold just struggles for gold
While the real world waits outside
Away out on the breast of the wonderful west
Across the Great Divide*

With someone like you ... etc.

LET'S TWIST AGAIN

Spoken

Come on everybody!

Clap your hands!

All of you looking good!

I'm gonna sing my song

It won't take long!

We're gonna do the twist

And it goes like this:

Let's twist again,

Like we did last summer!

Yeaaah, let's twist again,

Like we did last year!

Do you remember when,

Things were really hummin',

Yeaaaah, let's twist again,

Twistin' time is here!

Round and round and up and down we go again!

Oh, baby, make me know you love me sooooo,

And then:

Let's twist again ... etc.

LILI MARLENE (G)

Hans Leip – 1915 (German lyrics), Tommy Connor (English lyrics), Norbert Schultze (m) 1938

Underneath the lantern by the barrack gate
Darling I remember the way you used to wait
T'was there that you whispered tenderly
That you loved me, you'd always be
My Lilli of the Lamplight, my own Lilli Marlene

Time would come for roll call, time for us to part,
Darling I'd caress you and press you to my heart,
And there 'neath that far-off lantern light,
I'd hold you tight, we'd kiss good night,
My Lilli of the Lamplight, my own Lilli Marlene

Orders came for sailing, somewhere over there
All confined to barracks was more than I could bear
I knew you were waiting in the street
I heard your feet but could not meet,
My Lilly of the Lamplight, my own Lilly Marlene

Resting in our billets just behind the lines
Even tho' we're parted, your lips are close to mine
You wait where that lantern softly gleams,
Your sweet face seems to haunt my dreams
My Lilly of the Lamplight, my own Lilly Marlene

LOCH LOMOND

By yon bonnie banks, and by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright, on Loch Lomond
Where me and my true love, were ever wont to gae,
On the bonnie bonnie banks, of Loch Lomond

Oh ye'll tak' the high road An' I'll tak' the low road
And I'll be in scotland afore ye

For me and my true love will never meet
Again on the bonnie bonnie banks of Loch Lomond

We'll meet where we parted, in yon shady glen
On the steep steep side, of Ben Lomond
Where in purple hue, the hie-lands we view
And the moon looks out, frae the gloamin'

By yon bonnie banks, and by yon bonnie braes, etc

Oh ye'll tak' the high road An' I'll tak' the low road, etc.

LONG LONG AGO

Thomas Haynes Bayly - 1833

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
Long, long ago, long, long ago,
Sing me the songs I delighted to hear,
Long, long ago, long ago,
Now you are come all my grief is removed,
Let me forget that so long you have roved.
Let me believe that you love as you loved,
Long, long ago, long ago.

Do you remember the paths where we met?
Long, long ago, long, long ago.
Ah, yes, you told me you'd never forget,
Long, long ago, long ago.
Then to all others, my smile you preferred,
Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word.
Still my heart treasures the phrases I heard,
Long, long ago, long ago.

Tho' by your kindness my fond hopes were raised,
Long, long ago, long, long ago.
You by more eloquent lips have been praised,
Long, long ago, long, long ago,
But, by long absence your truth has been tried,
Still to your accents I listen with pride,
Blessed as I was when I sat by your side.
Long, long ago, long ago.

LOVE ME TENDER

Elvis Presley - 1956

Love me tender, love me sweet, never let me go
You have made my life complete and I love you so
Love me tender, love me true, all my dreams fulfill
For, my darlin', I love you and I always will

Love me tender, love me long, take me to your heart
For it's there that I belong and we'll never part
Love me tender, love me true, all my dreams fulfill
For, my darlin', I love you and I always will

Love me tender, love me dear, tell me you are mine
I'll be yours through all the years till the end of time
Love me tender, love me true, all my dreams fulfill
For, my darlin', I love you and I always will

LUCILLE

Kenny Rogers / Roger Bowling & Hal Bynum - 1977

In a bar in Toledo, across from the depot,
On a bar stool she took off her ring,
I thought I'd get closer, so I walked on over,
I sat down and asked her her name,
When the drinks finally hit her, she said, "I'm no quitter,
But I finally quit living on dreams,
I'm hungry for laughter, and here ever after,
I'm after whatever the other life brings."

In the mirror I saw him, and I closely watched him,
I thought how he looked out of place,
He came to the woman who sat there beside me,
He had a strange look on his face,
The big hands were calloused, he looked like a mountain,
For a minute I thought I was dead,
But he started shaking, his big heart was breaking,
And he turned to the woman and said:

Chorus:

"You picked a fine time to leave me Lucille,
With four hungry children and a crop in the field,
I've had some bad times, lived through some sad times,
But this time your hurtin' won't heal,
You picked a fine time to leave me Lucille."

After he left us, I ordered more whiskey,
I thought how she's made him look small,
From the lights of the bar-room to a rented hotel room,
We walked without talking at all,
She was a beauty but when she came to me,
She must have thought I'd lost my mind,
I couldn't hold her 'cos the words that he told her
Kept coming back time after time.

Chorus: You picked a fine time to leave me Lucille, etc.

MA (HE'S/SHE'S MAKING EYES AT ME) (C)

Sidney Clare / Con Conrad - Eddie Cantor song from 1921

Ma, he's making eyes at me
Ma, he's awful nice to me
Ma, he's almost breaking my heart
I'm beside him
Mercy! Let his conscience guide him!
Ma, he wants to marry me
Be my honey bee
Every minute he gets bolder
Now he's leaning on my shoulder
Ma, he's kissing me

Ma, he's making eyes at me
Ma, he's awful nice to me
Ma, he's almost breaking my heart
If you peek in, can't you see
I'm goin' to weaken
Ma, he wants to marry me,
Be my honey bee
Ma I'm meeting with resistance
I shall holler for assistance
Ma, he's kissing me

MAMA DON'T ALLOW

Cow Cow Davenport, @ 1920's

Mama don't allow no guitar playing 'round here

Yeah, mama don't allow no guitar playing 'round here

I don't care what mama don't allow, gonna play my guitar anyhow

Mama don't allow no guitar playing 'round here

Mama don't allow no drumming round here

Yeah, mama don't allow no drumming round here

I don't care what mama don't allow, gonna play my drums anyhow

Mama don't allow no drumming going on

Mama don't allow no round here

Mama don't allow no round here

I don't care what mama don't allow

Gonna anyhow

Mama don't allow no round here

Etc.

MARGIE (C)
Davis-Conrad-Robinson - 1920

My Margie

I'm always thinking of you, Margie

I'll tell the world I love you

Don't forget your promise to me

I have bought the home and ring and everything

So Margie, you've been my inspiration

You're the only one

After all is said and done

There is really only one

Margie, Margie, it's you

MARIE'S WEDDING

Step we gaily on we go,
Heel and heel
And toe for toe,
Arm and arm
And row and row,
All for Marie's wedding.

Over hillways, up and down,
Myrtle green and bracken brown,
Past the sheilings through the town
All for the sake of Marie.

Step we gaily on we go ... etc

Red her cheeks as Rowan's are,
Bright her eyes as any star.
Fairest of them all by far,
Is our darlin' Marie.

Step we gaily on we go ... etc

Plenty herring, plenty meal,
Plenty peat to fill her kreen.
Plenty bonnie bairns as well,
That's the toast for Marie.

MICHAEL ROW THE BOAT ASHORE

1867

Michael row the boat ashore, hallelujah
Michael row the boat ashore, hallelujah
Sister help to trim the sail, hallelujah
Sister help to trim the sail, hallelujah

The river is deep and the river is wide, hallelujah
Green pastures on the other side, hallelujah

Michael row the boat ashore, hallelujah
Michael row the boat ashore, hallelujah
Sister help to trim the sail, hallelujah
Sister help to trim the sail, hallelujah

Jordan's river is chilly and cold, hallelujah
Chills the body but not the soul, hallelujah

Michael row the boat ashore, hallelujah
Michael row the boat ashore, hallelujah
Sister help to trim the sail, hallelujah
Sister help to trim the sail, hallelujah

MOON RIVER (G)

Henry Mancini - 1961

Moon River, wider than a mile

I'm crossing you in style some day

Oh, dream maker, you heart breaker

Wherever you're going I'm going your way

Two drifters off to see the world

There's such a lot of world to see

We're after the same rainbow's end

Waiting 'round the bend

My huckleberry friend

Moon River and me

MORNING HAS BROKEN

Cat Stevens

Morning has broken, like the first morning,
Blackbird has spoken, like the first bird.
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning,
Praise for them springing, fresh from the world.

Sweet's the rain's new fall, sunlight from heaven,
Like the first dewfall, on the first grass.
Praise for the sweetness, of the wet garden,
Sprung in completeness, where his feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight, mine is the morning,
Born of the one light, Eden saw play.
Praise with elation, praise every morning,
God's recreation, of the new day.

Morning has broken ... etc.

MUSIC ALONE SHALL LIVE

(round)

All things shall vanish

From under the sky.

Music alone shall live

Music alone shall live,

Music alone shall live

Never to die.

German:

Himmel und Erde müssen vergehn;

Aber die musici, aber die musici

Aber die musici, bleiben bestehn.

MY BONNIE

My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
My Bonnie lies over the sea,
My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me

Bring back, bring back,
oh bring back my Bonnie to me, to me,
Bring back, bring back
Oh bring back my Bonnie to me.

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed,
Last night as I lay on my pillow,
I dreamt that my Bonnie was dead.

Bring back, etc

Oh blow ye winds over the ocean,
And blow ye winds over the sea,
Oh blow ye winds over the ocean,
And bring back my Bonnie to me.

Bring back, etc

The winds have blown over the ocean,
The winds have blown over the sea,
The winds have blown over the ocean,
And brought back my Bonnie to me.

Bring back, etc

MY FAVOURITE THINGS

Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens

Bright copper kettles and warm woolen mittens

Brown paper packages tied up with strings

These are a few of my favorite things

Cream colored ponies and crisp apple streudels

Doorbells and sleigh bells and schnitzel with noodles

Wild geese that fly with the moon on their wings

These are a few of my favorite things

Girls in white dresses with blue satin sashes

Snowflakes that stay on my nose and eyelashes

Silver white winters that melt into springs

These are a few of my favorite things

When the dog bites

When the bee stings

When I'm feeling sad

I simply remember my favorite things

And then I don't feel so bad

MY FAVORITE THINGS

seniors version - with apologies to Rodgers and Hammerstein

Maalox and nosedrops and needles for knitting
Walkers and handrails and new dental fittins'
Bundles of magazines tied up with string
These are a few of my favorite things.

Cadillacs and cataracts and hearing aids and glasses
Polident and Fixodent and false teeth in glasses
Pacemakers, golf carts and porches with swings
These are a few of my favorite things.

When the pipes leak,
When the bones creak.
When the knees go had,
Then I remember my favorite things
And then I don't feel so bad.

Hot tea and crumpets and corn pads for bunions
No spicy hot food nor food cooked with onions
Bathrobes and heat pads and hot meals they bring
These are a few of my favorite things

Back pains, confused brains, and no fear of sinnin'
Thin hones and fractures and hair that is thinnin'
And we won't mention or short shrunken frames
When we remember our favorite things

When the joints ache,
When the hips break,
When the eyes grow dim,
Then I remember the great life I've had
And then I don't feel so bad.

Then I remember the great life I've had and then I don't feel so bad

MY GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

My grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf,

So it stood ninety years on the floor

It was taller by half than the old man himself

Though it weighed not a penny weight more

It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born

And was always his treasure and pride

But it stopped short, 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 stopped short, never to go again

When the old man died.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S CAT

My grandmother's cat grew too fat for his shelf
So he slept every night on a bed.
He was almost as big as my Grandma herself
'Cause three times a day he was fed.
He was fed tuna scraps as he sat on Grandma's lap
On his back with a big napkin tied,
He ate as much as he could hold
Until he got too wide.

Every day pounds of salmon meat (chomp, chomp,
chomp, chomp)
Sirloin of parakeet (chomp, chomp, chomp)
He ate as much as he could hold
Until he got too wide.

My Grandmother said that of cats she had known
Her favorite by far was old Dan;
He'd stand on the floor, and his eyes simply shone
When she opened the tunafish can.
With his eyes shining bright, and a groan of delight
He'd rub against Grandma and purr,
'Til one day he knocked Grandma down
For by then he was bigger than her.

Every day gobs of goose pate (chomp, chomp, chomp,
chomp)
Followed by fish fillets (chomp, chomp chomp)
'Til one day he knocked Grandma down
For by then he was bigger than her.

She fell to the floor with a pitiful scream
And lay there unconscious awhile,
And when she awoke his eyes were a gleam
As he looked down on her with a smile.
With a gigantic paw, he poked my old Grandma
As he gave her a horrible grin;
He looked at her legs, and he peered at her arms
Wondering where to begin

Aged, but tender parts, (chomp, chomp, chomp, chomp)
Mouse morsels a la carte (chomp, chomp, chomp)
He looked at her legs, and he peered at her arms
Wondering where to begin.
She managed to climb, despite her bad back
To the top of her old Frigidaire.
She threw him two steaks, his favorite snack
Which he always took medium rare.
The three awful days that she spent upon the fridge
Seemed to her like a lifetime, at least;
She threw to the floor all the food that she could find
To fill up the ravenous beast.

All sorts of merchandise (chomp, chomp, chomp, chomp)
Hams of the family size (chomp, chomp, chomp)
She threw to the floor all the food that she could find
To fill up the ravenous beast.

She stayed there three days, till she ran out of stuff
And the giant was snarling for more!
He was standing and nibbling on her right scuff
When the family burst in through the door.
It took twenty men to shut him in a pen
And ship him away to the zoo;
Let this be a lesson to all, both great and small--
That your pets should be smaller than you.

Carte blanche you can't afford (chomp, chomp, chomp,
chomp)
Cut out the smorgasbord (chomp, chomp, chomp)
Let this be a lesson to all, both great and small--
That your pets should be smaller than you.

MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE

Robert Burns - 1794

O, my love is like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June
O, my love is like a melody
That's sweetly played in tune

As fair thou art, my bonnie lass
So deep in love am I
And I will love thee still, my dear
Till a' the seas gang dry

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear
And the rocks melt with the sun
And I will love thee still, my dear
While the sands of life shall run

And fare thee well, my only love
And fare thee well awhile
And I will come again, my love
Though it were ten thousand mile

MY WILD IRISH ROSE (C)

Chauncey Olcott - 1899

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

My wild Irish Rose,
The dearest flow'r that grows,
And some day for my sake,
She may let me take
The bloom from my wild Irish Rose.

NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN

1867

Nobody knows the trouble I've seen

Nobody knows but Jesus

Nobody knows the trouble I've seen,

Glory Hallelujah!

Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down

Oh, yes, Lord!

Sometimes I'm almost to the ground,

Oh, yes, Lord!

Now you may think that I don't know,

Oh, yes, Lord

But I've had my troubles here below.

Oh, yes, Lord

Nobody knows the trouble I've seen, etc

NOW IS THE HOUR (C)

Now is the hour
When we must say goodbye
Soon you'll be sailing
Far across the sea
While you're away
Oh, please remember me
When you return
You'll find me waiting here.

OH DANNY BOY

O Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side
The summer's gone and all the roses falling
It's you, it's you must go and I must bide

But come ye back when summer's in the meadow
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow
For I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow

Oh Danny Boy, oh Danny Boy, I love you so

But when ye come and all the flow'rs are dying
If I am dead, as dead I well may be
Ye'll come and find the place where I am lying
And kneel and say an Ave there for me

And I shall hear though soft you tread above me
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be
For you will bend and tell me that you love me
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me

OH, DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

18th. Century

Oh, dear! What can the matter be?
Dear, dear! What can the matter be?
Oh, dear! What can the matter be?
Johnny's so long at the fair.

He promised to buy me a trinket to please me
And then for a smile, oh, he vowed he would tease me
He promised to buy me a bunch of blue ribbons
To tie up my bonnie brown hair.

Oh, dear! What can the matter be?
Dear, dear! What can the matter be?
Oh, dear! What can the matter be?
Johnny's so long at the fair.

He promised to bring me a basket of posies
A garland of lilies, a gift of red roses
A little straw hat to set off the blue ribbons
That tie up my bonnie brown hair.

Oh, dear! What can the matter be?
Oh, dear! What can the matter be?
Oh, dear! What can the matter be?
Johnny's so long at the fair.

OUR GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Our God, our help in ages past,

OH LONESOME ME

Don Gibson - 1958

Everybody's going out and having fun
I'm just a fool for staying home and having none
I can't get over how she set set me free oh lonesome me
A bad mistake I'm making by just hanging round
I know that I should have some fun and paint the town
A lovesick fool is blind and just can't see oh lonesome me
I'll bet she's not like me she's out and fancy free
She's flirtin' with the boys with all her charms
But I still love her so and brother don't you know
I'd welcome her right back here in my arms
Well there must be some way I can lose these lonesome blues
Forget about the past and find somebody new
I've thought of everything from A to Z oh lonesome me
Well I'll bet she's not like me...
Oh lonesome me oh lonesome me

OH, SUSANNAH

Well I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee
And I'm bound for Louisiana, my own true love to see
It rained all night the day I left, the weather was so dry
The sun so hot I froze myself, Susannah, don't you cry
Oh, Susannah Now, don't you cry for me
As I come from Alabama with this banjo on my knee

Well I had a dream the other night when everything was still
I dreamed I saw Susannah a-coming down the hill
Now, the buckwheat cake was in her mouth, a tear was in her eye
Says I, "I'm coming from the South, Susannah, don't you cry."

Oh, Susannah ... etc.

O WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING (G)

Rogers And Hammerstein (from Oklahoma) - 1943

There's a bright golden haze on the meadow
There's a bright golden haze on the meadow
The corn is as high as an elephant's eye
And it looks like it's climbing right up to the sky
O what a beautiful morning, O what a beautiful day
I've got a beautiful feeling, everything's going my way

All the cattle are standing like statues
All the cattle are standing like statues
They don't turn their heads as they see me ride by
But a little brown mav'rick is winking her eye
O what a beautiful morning, etc.

All the sounds of the earth are like music
All the sounds of the earth are like music
The breeze is so busy it don't miss a tree
And an ol' weeping willow is laughing at me
O what a beautiful morning, etc.

OH, YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL

A. Seymour Brown / Nat D. Ayer - 1911

Oh, you beautiful doll,

You great big beautiful doll

Let me put my arms about you

I don't want to live without you

Oh, you beautiful doll

You great big beautiful doll

If you ever leave me,

How my heart would ache

I want to hug you

But I fear you'd break

Oh, oh, oh, oh

Oh, you beautiful doll

OKIE FROM MUSKOGEE

Merle Haggard - 1969

We don't smoke marijuana in Muskogee;
We don't take our trips on LSD
We don't burn our draft cards down on Main Street;
We like livin' right, and bein' free.

I'm proud to be an Okie from Muskogee,
A place where even squares can have a ball
We still wave Old Glory down at the courthouse,
And white lightnin's still the biggest thrill of all

We don't make a party out of lovin';
We like holdin' hands and pitchin' woo;
We don't let our hair grow long and shaggy,
Like the hippies out in San Francisco do.

And I'm proud to be an Okie from Muskogee, etc.

Leather boots are still in style for manly footwear;
Beads and Roman sandals won't be seen.
Football's still the roughest thing on campus,
And the kids here still respect the college dean.

And I'm proud to be an Okie from Muskogee, etc.

We still wave Old Glory down at the courthouse,
In Muskogee, Oklahoma, USA.

And I'm proud to be an Okie from Muskogee, etc.

OLD MAN RIVER

Spoken:

Here we all work 'long the Mississippi
Here we all work while the white folk play
Pullin' them boats from the dawn till sunset
Gettin' no rest till the judgment day

Ol' Man River, that Ol' Man River
He must know somethin', but he don't say nothin'
He just keeps rollin', he keeps on rollin' along

Don't look up and don't look down
You don't wanna make the white boss frown
Bend your knees and bow your head
And pull that rope until you're dead

He don't plant taters, and he don't plant cotton
And them what plants 'em is soon forgotten
But Ol' Man River, jest keeps rollin' along

You and me, we sweat and strain
Bodies all aching and wracked with pain
Tote that barge and lift that bale
You get a little drunk and you lands in jail

I gets weary and so sick of tryin'
I'm tired of livin', but I'm feared of dyin'
And Ol' Man River, he just keeps rollin' along

Spoken:

Let me go 'way from the Mississippi
Let me go 'way from the white man boss
Show me that stream called the River Jordan
That's the old stream that I long to cross

OLD BLACK JOE (E)

Stephen Foster, 1860 – sung by Van Morrison more recently

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away
Gone from this place to a better land I know
I hear their gentle voices calling, Old Black Joe
I'm coming, I'm coming though my head is bending low
I hear their gentle voices calling, Old Black Joe

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

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

OLD FOLKS AT HOME (A)

By Stephen C. Foster - 1851

Way down upon the Swanee river, far, far away
There's where my heart is turning ever
There's where the old folks stay
All up and down the whole creation, sadly I roam
Still longing for the old plantation
And for the old folks at home

All the world is sad and dreary
Everywhere I roam
Oh! people how my heart grows weary
Far from the old folks at home

All around the little farm I wandered, when I was young,
Then many happy days I squandered
Many the songs I sung,
When I was playing with my brother, happy was I
Oh! take me to my kind old mother
There let me live and die

One little hut among the bushes, one that I love,
Still sadly to my memory rushes
No matter where I rove,
When will I see the bees a hummin', All round the comb?
When will I hear the banjo strumming
down in my good old home?

All the world is sad and dreary, etc.

OLD MACDONALD HAD A FARM (E)

19th. Century

Old MacDonald had a farm,
Eee eye eee eye oh!
And on his farm he had some chicks
Eee eye eee eye oh!
With a cluck-cluck here,
And a cluck-cluck there
Here a cluck, there a cluck,
Everywhere a cluck-cluck
Old MacDonald had a farm
Eee eye eee eye oh!

Old MacDonald had a farm,
Eee eye eee eye oh!
And on his farm he had some cows,
Eee eye eee eye oh!
With a moo-moo here,
And a moo-moo there
Here a moo, there a moo,
Everywhere a moo-moo *
With a cluck-cluck here,
And a cluck-cluck there
Here a cluck, there a cluck,
Everywhere a cluck-cluck
Old MacDonald had a farm
Eee eye eee eye oh!

OLD TIME RELIGION (E)

19th. Century Gospel

Give me that old time religion
Give me that old time religion
Give me that old time religion
It's good enough for me.

It was good for our mothers (x 3)
It's good enough for me.

Makes me love everybody (x 3)
It's good enough for me.

It will take us all to heaven (x 3)
It's good enough for me.

Alternate Verses

We will pray to Aphrodite
Even tho' she's rather flighty
And they say she wears no nightie
And that's good enough for me

We will pray with those Egyptians
Build pyramids to put our crypts in
Cover subways with inscriptions
And that's good enough for me

Let me follow dear old Buddha
For there is nobody cuter
He comes in plaster, wood, or pewter
And that's good enough for me

I'll arise at early morning
When my Lord gives me the warning
That the solar age is dawning
And that's good enough for me

ON A SLOW BOAT TO CHINA (F)

Music and Lyrics by Frank Loesser - 1948

I'd love to get you

On a slow boat to China

All to my self alone

Get you and keep you in my arms evermore

Leave all your lovers

Weeping on the faraway shore

Out on the briny

With the moon big and shiny

Melting your heart of stone

I'd love to get you

On a slow boat to China

All to my self alone

ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET (G)

Lyrics by Dorothy Fields & Music by Jimmy McHugh - 1930

Grab your coat and get your hat
Leave your worries on the doorstep
Life can be so sweet
On the sunny side of the street

Can't you hear the pitter-pat?
And that happy tune is your step
Life can be complete
On the sunny side of the street

I used to walk in the shade with those blues on parade
But I'm not afraid because this rover crossed over!
And if I never had a cent
I'd be rich as Rockefeller
With gold dust at my feet
On the sunny side of the street

I used to walk in the shade with those blues on parade
But I'm not afraid because this rover crossed over!
And if I never had a cent
I'd be rich as Harry Belafonte
With Barry Goldwater at my feet
On the sunny side of the street

ON TOP OF OLD SMOKEY

ON TOP OF OLD SMOKEY

On top of Old Smokey,
All covered with snow,
I lost my true lover,
For courting too slow.

For courting's a pleasure,
But parting is grief,
And a false-hearted lover,
Is worse than a thief.

A thief will just rob you,
And take what you have,
But a false-hearted lover,
Will lead you to your grave.

The grave will decay you,
And turn you to dust,
Not one boy in a hundred
A poor girl can trust.

They'll hug you and kiss you,
And tell you more lies,
Than crossties on a railroad,
Or stars in the sky.

So come ye young maidens,
And listen to me,
Never place your affection
In a green willow tree.

For the leaves they will wither,
The roots they will die,
And you'll be forsaken,
And never know why.

ON TOP OF SPAGHETTI

On top of spaghetti,
All covered with cheese,
I lost my poor meatball,
When somebody sneezed.

It rolled off the table,
And on to the floor,
And then my poor meatball,
Rolled out of the door.

It rolled in the garden,
And under a bush,
And then my poor meatball,
Was nothing but mush.

The mush was as tasty
As tasty could be,
And then the next summer,
It grew into a tree.

The tree was all covered,
All covered with moss,
And on it grew meatballs,
And tomato sauce.

So if you eat spaghetti,
All covered with cheese,
Hold on to your meatball,
Whenever you sneeze.

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES IN YOUR OLD KIT BAG (C)

Murray Johnson - 1916

Spoken Introduction

*Private Perks is a funny little codger
With a smile, a funny smile
Five feet none, he's an artful little dodger
With a smile a funny smile
Flush or broke he'll have his little joke
He can't be suppressed
All the other fellows have to grin
When he gets this off his chest, Hi!*

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag

And smile, smile, smile

While you've a lucifer to light your fag

Smile, boys, that's the style

What's the use of worrying?

It never was worthwhile, so

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag

And smile, smile, smile

PEACE IN THE VALLEY

Thomas A. Dorsey - 1939

Oh well, I'm tired and so weary
But I must go alone
Till the lord comes and calls, calls me away, oh yes
Well the morning's so bright
And the lamp is alight
And the night, night is as black as the sea, oh yes

There will be peace in the valley for me, some day
There will be peace in the valley for me, oh Lord I pray
There'll be no sadness, no sorrow
No trouble, trouble I see
There will be peace in the valley for me, for me

Well the bear will be gentle
And the wolves will be tame
And the lion shall lay down by the lamb, oh yes
And the beasts from the wild
Shall be lit by a child
And I'll be changed, changed from this creature that I am, oh yes

There will be peace in the valley for me, some day
There will be peace in the valley for me, oh Lord I pray
There'll be no sadness, no sorrow
No trouble, trouble I see
There will be peace in the valley for me, for me

PEARLY SHELLS (G)
Recorded Burl Ives

Pearly shells from the ocean

Shining in the sun covering the shore

When I see them my heart tells me that I love you

More than all the little pearly shells

For every grain of sand upon the beach

I've got a kiss for you

And I've got more left over

For each star that twinkles in the blue

PEGGY SUE

Buddy Holly - 1957

If you knew, Peggy Sue,
Then you know why I feel blue
Without Peggy, my Peggy Sue.
Well, I love you girl.
Yes, I love you, Peggy Sue.

Peggy Sue, Peggy Sue,
Oh, how my heart yearns for you.
Oh, Peggy, my Peggy Sue.
Well, I love you girl.
Yes, I love you, Peggy Sue.

I love you, Peggy Sue,
With a love so rare and true.
Oh, Peggy, my Peggy Sue.
Well, I love you girl.
I want you, Peggy Sue.

Peggy Sue, Peggy Sue.
Pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty Peggy Sue.
Oh, Peggy, my Peggy Sue.
Well, I love you girl.
Yes, I need you, Peggy Sue.

I love you, Peggy Sue, etc.

POLLY WOLLY DOODLE (E)

Oh, I went down South for to see my Sal
Singing Polly wolly doodle all the day
My Sal, she is a spunky gal
Singing Polly wolly doodle all the day

Fare thee well, fare thee well,
Fare thee well my fairy Fay
For I'm off to Lou'siana for to see my Susyanna
Singing Polly wolly doodle all the day

Oh, my Sal, she is a maiden fair
Singing Polly wolly doodle all the day
With curly eyes and laughing hair
Singing Polly wolly doodle all the day (+ Chorus)

Oh I like watermelon and I have for years
Singing Polly wolly doodle all the day
I eat watermelon because it gets upon my ears
Singing Polly wolly doodle all the day (+ Chorus)

Oh, a grasshopper sittin' on a railroad track
Singing Polly wolly doodle all the day
A pickin' his teeth with a carpet tack
Singing Polly wolly doodle all the day (+ Chorus)

Behind the barn, down on my knees
Singing Polly wolly doodle all the day
I thought I heard a chicken sneeze
Singing Polly wolly doodle all the day (+ Chorus)

Oh he sneezed so hard with the whooping cough
Singing Polly wolly doodle all the day
He sneezed his head and his tail right off
Singing Polly wolly doodle all the day (+ Chorus)

PUT ON YOUR OLD GREY BONNET (G)

Percy Wenrich (m), Stanley Murphy (l) - 1909

Spoken:

*On the old farmhouse veranda, there sat Silas and Miranda,
Thinking of the days gone by.
Said he "Dearie, don't be weary,
You were always bright and cheery, but a tear, dear, dims your eye
Said she "They're tears of gladness, Silas, they're not tears of sadness
It is fifty years today since we were wed,
Then the old man's dim eyes brightened and his stern old heart, it
lightened,
As he turned to her and said:*

Put on your old grey bonnet

With the blue ribbon on it,

While I hitch old Dobbin to the shay,

And through the fields of clover,

We will drive to Dover,

On our golden wedding day

Spoken:

*I was in the same old bonnet,
With the same blue ribbon on it,
In the old shay, by his side,
That he drove her up to Dover,
Through the same old fields of clover
To become his happy bride.
The birds were sweetly singing
And the same old bells were ringing,
As they passed the quaint old church where they wed,
And that night when the stars were gleaming,
The old couple lay a-dreaming,
Dreaming of the words he said:*

Put on your old grey bonnet ... etc

PUT YOUR ARMS AROUND ME, HONEY (C)

Junie McCree / Albert Von Tilzer - 1910

Spoken:

*Nighttime is a-fallin` , ev`rything is still
And the moon is a-shinin` from above
Cupid is a-callin` every Jack and Jill
It`s just about the time for making love
Someone`s waiting all alone for me
No more hesitating, I must go and see
How de do, dear, it`s with you, dear, that I love to be*

Chorus

Put your arms around me, honey, hold me tight
Huddle up and cuddle up with all of your might
Oh, babe, won't you roll them eyes
Eyes that I just idolize
When they look at me my heart begins to float
Then it starts arockin' like a motor boat
Oh, oh, I never knew
Any girl like you

Music is a-playin' such a lovin' glide
That my feet keep a-moving to and fro
And with you a-swayin' I'll be satisfied
To dance until we hear the roosters crow
I love seven eleven, I love chicken too
Nearest thing to heaven is to be with you
For I'm spooony, moony, loony
But my love is true

Put your arms ... etc.

PUT YOUR HAND IN THE HAND

Put your hand in the hand of the man

Who stilled the water

Put your hand in the hand of the man

Who calmed the sea

Take a look at yourself

And you can look at others differently

Put your hand in the hand of the man

From Galilee

My momma taught me how to pray

Before I reached the age of seven

When I'm down on my knees

That's when I'm closest to heaven

Daddy lived his life, two kids and a wife

Well you do what you must do

But he showed me enough of what it takes

To get me through, oh yeh!

Put your hand in the hand of the man, etc,

RAMBLING ROSE

Nat King Cole – 1962

Rambling rose, rambling rose
Why you ramble no one knows
Wild and wind blown
That's how you've grown
Who can paint you my rambling rose

Rambling rose, rambling rose
Why you ramble no one knows
Who will love you with a love true
When your rambling days are gone

Rambling rose, rambling rose
Why i want you heaven knows
Though i love you with a love true
Who can cling to a rambling rose.

RED RIVER VALLEY (A)

From this valley they say you are leaving
We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile
For they say you are taking the sunshine
That has brightened our path for a while

Come and sit by my side if you love me
Do not hasten to bid me adieu
But remember the Red River Valley
And the cowboy who loved you so true

From this valley they say your are going
I will miss your sweet face and your smile
Just because you are weary and tired
You are changing your range for awhile

I've been waiting a long time my darling
For the sweet words you never say
Now at last all my fond hopes have vanished
For they say you are going away

Won't you think of the valley you're leaving
Oh how lonely, how dreary it will be?
Oh think of the fond heart you're breaking
And the grief you are causing to me

From this valley, etc.

RED SAILS IN THE SUNSET

Words by Jimmy Kennedy and Music by Hugh Williams - 1951

Red sails in the sunset, way out on the sea
Oh, carry my loved one home safely to me
She sailed at the dawning, all day I've been blue
Red sails in the sunset, I'm trusting in you

Swift wings you must borrow
Make straight for the shore
We marry tomorrow
And she goes sailing no more

Red sails in the sunset, way out on the sea
Oh, carry my loved one home safely to me
She sailed at the dawning, all day I've been blue
Red sails in the sunset, I'm trusting in you

RELEASE ME

Engelbert Humperdink - 1967

Please release me let me go.
For I don't love you anymore.
To live our lives would be a sin.
So release me and let me love again.

I have found a new love dear.
And I will always want her near.
Her lips are warm while yours are cold.
So release me, my darling, let me go.

Please release me can't you see.
You'd be a fool to cling to me.
To live our lives would be a sin.
So release me and let me love again.

ROAMIN' IN THE GLOAMIN'

I've seen lots of bonnie lassies travellin' far and wide
But my heart is centred noo on bonnie Kate McBride
And altho' I'm no a chap that throws a word away
I'm surprised mysel' at times at a' I've got to say

Roamin' in the gloamin' on the bonnie banks o' Clyde
Roamin' in the gloamin' wi' ma lassie by ma side
When the sun has gone to rest, that's the time that I like best
O, it's lovely roamin' in the gloamin'

One nicht in the gloamin' we were trippin' side by side
I kissed her twice, and asked her once if she would be my bride
She was shy, and so was I, we were baith the same
But I got brave and braver on the journey comin' hame

Roamin' in the gloamin' on the bonnie banks o' Clyde ... etc.

Last nicht efter strollin' we got hame at half-past nine
Sittin' at the kitchen fire I asked her to be mine
When she promised I got up and danced the Hielan' Fling
I've just been to the jewellers and I've picked a nice wee ring

Roamin' in the gloamin' on the bonnie banks o' Clyde ... etc

ROCK-A-BYE BABY

Rock-a-bye baby, on the tree tops,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock,
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall,
And down will come baby, cradle and all.

Rock-a-bye baby, in the tree tops
When the wind blows the cradle will rock
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall
Down will come baby, cradle and all
Baby is drowsing, cosy and fair
Mother sits near in her rocking chair
Forward and back, the cradle she swings
Though baby sleeps, he hears what she sings
Rock-a-bye baby, do not you fear
Never mind, baby, mother is near
Wee little fingers, eyes are shut tight
Now sound asleep - until morning light

ROCK MY SOUL (A)

1867

Rock my soul in the bosom of Abraham

Rock my soul in the bosom of Abraham

Rock my soul in the bosom of Abraham

Oh, rock my soul

So high I can't get over it

So low I can't get under it

So wide I can't get round it

Oh, rock my soul

ROLLIN' IN MY SWEET BABY'S ARMS (C)

Charlie Monroe (recorded by Buster Carter and Preston Young in 1927)

Rollin' in my sweet baby's arms
Rollin' in my sweet baby's arms
Lay around the shack till the mail train comes back
I'm rollin' in my sweet baby's arms

I ain't gonna work on the railroad
I ain't gonna work on the farm
I'll lay around the shack till the mail train comes back
I'm rollin' in my sweet baby's arms

Sometimes there's a change in the ocean
Sometimes there's a change in the sea
Sometimes there's a change in my own true love
But there's never no change in me

Now where was you last Friday night,
While I was lyin' in jail
Walkin' the streets with another man
You wouldn't even get my bail

They tell me that your parents do not like me
They drove me away from your door
If I had all my time to do over
I would never go there any more

Rollin' in my sweet baby's arms, etc.

SAILING (C)
Gavin Sutherland

I am sailing, I am sailing,
Home again, 'cross the sea,
I am sailing stormy waters,
To be near you, to be free.

I am flying, I am flying,
Like a bird, 'cross the sea,
I am flying, passing high clouds,
To be with you, to be free.

Can you hear me, can you hear me
Through the dark night, far away?
I am dying, forever crying,
To be with you, who can say?

We are sailing, we are sailing,
Home again 'cross the sea,
We are sailing salty waters,
To be near you to be free.

SATISFIED MIND (c)

Joan Baez - 1965

Tell me how many times
Have you heard someone say
If I had his money I would do things my way
But little they know, that it's so hard to find
One rich man in a hundred with a satisfied mind

Now once I was living
In fortune and fame
I had all that I needed to get a start in life's game
Just then that it happened I lost every dime
But I'm richer by far with a satisfied mind

No money can't buy back
Your youth when you're old
Or friend when you're lonely
Or love that's grown cold
And the world's richest man is a pauper at times
Compared with the man with a satisfied mind

When my life is over
And my time has run out
My friends and my loved ones
I'll leave there's no doubt
But there's one thing for certain
That when it comes to my time
I'll leave this old world with a satisfied mind

SAVE THE LAST DANCE FOR ME

The Drifters – 1960

You can dance-every dance with the guy
Who gives you the eye, let him hold you tight
You can smile-every smile for the man
Who held your hand 'neath the pale moon light
But don't forget who's takin' you home
And in whose arms you're gonna be
So darlin' save the last dance for me

Yes I know that the music's fine
Like sparklin' wine, go and have your fun
Laugh and sing but while we're apart
Don't give your heart to anyone
And don't forget who's takin' you home
And in whose arms you're gonna be
So darlin' save the last dance for me

You can dance, go and carry on
Till the night is gone
And it's time to go
If he asks if you're all alone
Can he walk you home, you must tell him no
'Cause don't forget who's taking you home
And in whose arms you're gonna be
Save the last dance for me

Oh I know that the music's fine, etc ...

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY (C)

Les Brown & Ben Homer (m), Bud Green (l) - 1944

Gonna take a sentimental journey

Gonna set my heart at ease

Gonna make a sentimental journey

To renew old memories

I got my bag, I got my reservation

Spent each dime I could afford

Like a child in wild anticipation

I long to hear that: "All aboard!"

Seven, that's the time we leave at seven

I'll be waiting up for heaven

Counting every mile of railroad track that moves me back

I never thought my heart could be so yearny

Why did I decide to roam

Gotta take a sentimental journey

Sentimental journey home

SEPTEMBER SONG

K. Weill, M. Anderson - 1938

Oh, it's a long, long while from May to December

But the days grow short when you reach September

When the autumn weather turns the leaves to flame

One hasn't got time for the waiting game

Oh, the days dwindle down to a precious few

September, November

And these few precious days I'll spend with you

These precious days I'll spend with you

SHAKE, RATTLE, AND ROLL

Big Joe Turner / Calhoun - 1951

Get out in that kitchen and rattle those pots and pans
Get out in that kitchen and rattle those pots and pans
I want my breakfast 'cause I'm a hungry man

I said, Shake, rattle and roll
I said, Shake, rattle and roll
I said, Shake, rattle and roll
I said, Shake, rattle and roll
You never do nothin' to save your doggone soul

You're wearin' those dresses, your hair done up so nice
You're wearin' those dresses, your hair done up so nice
You look so warm but your heart is cold as ice

I'm like a one-eyed cat peepin' in a seafood store
I'm like a one-eyed cat peepin' in a seafood store
I can look at you and tell you don't love me no more

I believed you were doin' me wrong, and now I know
I believed you were doin' me wrong, and now I know
The more I work, the faster my money goes

Shake, rattle and roll ... etc.

SHE'LL BE COMING ROUND THE MOUNTAIN (E)

She'll be coming 'round the mountain when she comes

She'll be coming 'round the mountain when she comes

She'll be coming 'round the mountain

She'll be coming 'round the mountain

She'll be coming 'round the mountain when she comes

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

Oh we'll all come out to meet her when she comes, etc.

We will kill the old red rooster when she comes, etc. □

We'll be havin' chicken and dumplings when she comes, etc.

We'll all be shoutin' "Halleluja" when she comes, etc.

SHINE ON HARVEST MOON (C)

Written by Jack Norworth and Nora Bayes - 1908

Spoken:

*The night was mighty dark so you could hardly see,
For the moon refused to shine.
Couple sitting underneath a willow tree,
For love they did | pine.
Little maid was kinda 'fraid of darkness
So she said, "I guess I'll go."
Boy began to sigh, looked up at the sky,
And told the moon his little tale of woe*

Shine on, shine on harvest moon up in the sky
I ain't had no lovin' since January, February, June or July
Snow time ain't no time to stay outdoors and spoon
So Shine on, shine on harvest moon, for me and my gal

Spoken:

*I can't see why a boy should sigh
When by his side is the girl he loves so true
All he has to say is
"Won't you be my bride
For I love you
I can't see why I'm telling you this secret,
When I know that you can guess."
Harvest moon will smile,
Shine on all the while,
If the little girl should answer "yes."*

Shine on, shine on harvest moon up in the sky ... etc.

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME (C)

Irving King - 1925

Show me the way to go home

I'm tired and I want to go to bed

I had a little drink about an hour ago

And it went right to my head

Wherever I may roam

On land or sea or foam

You will always hear me singing this song

Show me the way to go home

SIDE BY SIDE (C)

Harry Woods (m) Gus Kahn (l) - 1927

Oh, we ain't got a barrel of money
Maybe we're ragged and funny
But we'll travel along singing a song
Side by side
Well we don't know what's comin' tomorrow
Maybe it's trouble and sorrow
But we'll travel the road sharing our load
Side by side
Through all kinds of weather
What if the sky should fall?
Just as long as we're together
It doesn't matter at all
When they've all had their quarrels and parted
We'll be the same as we started
Just a-traveling along singing a song
Side by side

SINCE I MET YOU BABY

Ivory Joe Hunter - 1956

Since I met you baby my whole life has changed
Since I met you baby my whole life has changed
And everybody tells me that I am not the same

I don't need nobody to tell my troubles to
I don't need nobody to tell my troubles to
'Cause since I met you baby all I need is you

Since I met you baby I'm a happy man
Since I met you baby I'm a happy man
I'm gonna try to please you in every way I can

SINGIN' IN THE RAIN

Arthur Freed (l) Nacio Herb Brown (m) – 1929; Gene Kelly - 1952

I'm singing in the rain just singing in the rain
What a glorious feelin' I'm happy again
I'm laughing at clouds so dark up above
The sun's in my heart and I'm ready for love
Let the stormy clouds chase everyone from the place
Come on with the rain I've a smile on my face
I walk down the lane with a happy refrain
Just singin', singin' in the rain

I'm dancing in the rain Just dancing in the rain
What a glorious feelin' I'm happy again
I'm laughing at clouds so dark up above
The sun's in my heart and I'm ready for love
Let the stormy clouds chase everyone from the place
Come on with the rain I've a smile on my face
I walk down the lane with a happy refrain
I'm singin' and dancin' in the rain!
I'm dancin' and singin' in the rain...

SINGING THE BLUES

Well, I never felt more like singin' the blues
'cause I never thought that I'd ever lose
Your love dear, why'd you do me this way?
Well, I never felt more like cryin' all night
'cause everythin's wrong, and nothin' ain't right
Without you, you got me singin' the blues.

The moon and stars no longer shine
The dream is gone I thought was mine
There's nothin' left for me to do
But cry-y-y-y over you (cry over you)
Well, I never felt more like runnin' away
But why should I go 'cause I couldn't stay
Without you, you got me singin' the blues.

Well, I never felt more like singin' the blues, etc.

Oh, the moon and stars no longer shine, etc.

SIXTEEN TONS (Am)

Tennessee Ernie Ford 1955

You load 16 tons and what do you get?

Another day older and deeper in debt

Saint Peter don't you call me cos I can't go

I owe my soul to the company store

I was born 1 morning when the sun didn't shine

I picked up my shovel & I walked to the mine

Loaded 16 tons of number 9 coal

When the straw boss hollered, "well bless my soul"

You load 16 tons etc.

I was born one morning it was drizzling rain

Fighting & trouble are my middle name

If you see me coming, you'd better step aside

A lot of men didn't and a lot of men died

You load 16 tons etc.

SLOOP JOHN B

Beach Boys - 1966

We came on the sloop John B
My grandfather and me
Around Nassau town we did roam
Drinking all night, got into a fight
Well I feel so broke up, I want to go home

So hoist up the John B sail
See how the mainsail sets
Call for the captain ashore
Let me go home, let me go home
I wanna go home, yeah
Well I feel so broke up, I wanna go home

The first mate he got drunk
And broke in the captain's trunk
The constable had to come and take him away
Sheriff John Stone
Why don't you leave me alone, yeah
Well I feel so broke up I wanna go home

So hoist up the John B sail ... etc.

The poor cook he caught the fits
And threw away all my grits
And then he took and he ate up all of my corn
Let me go home
Why don't they let me go home
This is the worst trip I've ever been on

So hoist up the John B sail ... etc.

ON A SLOW BOAT TO CHINA (F)

Music and Lyrics by Frank Loesser - 1948

I'd love to get you

On a slow boat to China

All to myself alone

Get you and keep you in my arms evermore

Leave all your lovers

Weeping on the faraway shore

Out on the briny

With the moon big and shiny

Melting your heart of stone

I'd love to get you

On a slow boat to China

All to myself alone

SMILE

Charlie Chaplin (Michael Jackson's favorite song)

Smile though your heart is aching
Smile even though it's breaking
When there are clouds in the sky
You'll get by
If you smile through your pain and sorrow
Smile and maybe tomorrow
You'll see the sun come shining through
For you

Light up your face with gladness
Hide every trace of sadness
Although a tear may be ever so near
That's the time you must keep on trying
Smile, what's the use of crying
You'll find that life is still worthwhile
If you just smile
That's the time you must keep on trying
Smile, what's the use of crying
You'll find that life is still worthwhile
If you just smile

Smile though your heart is aching
Smile even though it's breaking
When there are clouds in the sky
You'll get by
That's the time you must keep on trying
Smile, what's the use of crying
You'll find that life is still worthwhile
If you just smile

SO LONG IT'S BEEN GOOD TO KNOW YOU (A)

So long, it's been good to know you

So long, it's been good to know you

So long, it's been good to know you

And it's time to be rolling along

SOFTLY AND TENDERLY

Softly and tenderly, Jesus is calling

Calling for you and for me

See, on the portals he's waiting and watching

Watching for you and for me

Come home, come home

Ye who are weary, come home

Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling

Calling, O sinner, come home

O for the wonderful love he has promised

Promised for you and for me

Though we have sinned, he has mercy and pardon

Pardon for you and for me

Come home, come home

Ye who are weary, come home

Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling

Calling, O sinner, come home

Calling, O sinner, come home

SOME ENCHANTED EVENING (G)

1949.

Some enchanted evening you may see a stranger
You may see a stranger across a crowded room
And somehow you know, you know even then
That somewhere you'll see her again and again

Some enchanted evening someone may be laughin'
You may hear her laughin' across a crowded room
And night after night, as strange as it seems
The sound of her laughter will sing in your dreams

Who can explain it?
Who can tell you why?
Fools give you reasons
Wise men never try

Some enchanted evening when you find your true love
When you feel her call you across a crowded room
Then fly to her side and make her your own
For all through your life you may dream all alone

Once you have found her
Never let her go
Once you have found her
Never let her go

SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER ME

George & Ira Gershwin, 1926

There's a somebody I'm longing to see

I hope that he turns out to be

Someone to watch over me.

I'm a little lamb who's lost in the wood

I know I could always be good

To one who'll watch over me

Although he may not be a man some

Girls think of as handsome,

To my heart he carries the key.

Won't you tell him, please, to put on some speed

Follow my lead, oh, how I need

Someone to watch over me.

SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE A MOTHERLESS CHILD (Am)

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child

A long way from home, a long way from home

Sometimes I wish I could fly

Like a bird up in the sky

Oh, sometimes I wish I could fly

Fly like a bird up in the sky

Sometimes I wish I could fly

Like a bird up in the sky

Closer to my home

Sometimes I feel like freedom is near

Sometimes I feel like freedom is here

Sometimes I feel like freedom is so near

But we're so far from home

SOMEWHERE OVER THE RAINBOW (C)

E. Y. Harburg & Harold Arlen - 1938

Somewhere, over the rainbow way up high

There's a land that I heard of once in a lullaby

Somewhere, over the rainbow, bluebirds fly

Birds fly over the rainbow, why, oh why, can't I?

Some day I'll wish upon a star

And wake up where the clouds

Are far behind me

Where troubles melt like lemon drops

Away above the chimney tops

That's where you'll find me

Somewhere, over the rainbow way up high ... etc.

SOUTH OF THE BORDER

Written by Michael Carr and Jimmy Kennedy

South of the border down Mexico way

That's where they fell in love when stars above came out to play

And now as they wander their thoughts ever stray

South of the border down Mexico way

She was a picture in old Spanish lace

Just for a tender while he kissed the smile upon her face

For it was Fiesta and they were so gay

South of the border down Mexico way

Then she sighed as she whispered mananna

Never dreaming that they were parting

And he lied as he whispered mananna

For that tomorrow never came

South of the border he rode back one day

There in a veil of white by candlelight she knelt to pray

The mission bells told him that he mustn't stay

South of the border down Mexico way

STAND BY ME (C)

Ben E. King, Jerry Leiber & Mike Stoller - 1960

When the night has come
And the land is dark
And the moon is the only light we see
No I won't be afraid
No I won't be afraid
Just as long as you stand, stand by me

And darling, darling stand by me
Oh, now, now, stand by me
Stand by me, stand by me

If the sky that we look upon
Should tumble and fall
And the mountain should crumble to the sea
I won't cry, I won't cry
No I won't shed a tear
Just as long as you stand, stand by me

Whenever you're in trouble won't you
Stand by me
Oh, now, now, stand by me
Oh, stand by me, stand by me, stand by me

Darling, darling stand by me, stand by me
Oh stand by me, stand by me, stand by me

STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT

Sinatra / Kaempfert/Singleton/Snyder - 1966

Strangers in the night exchanging glances
Wondering in the night
What were the chances we'd be sharing love
Before the night was through
Something in your eyes was so inviting
Something in your smile was so exciting
Something in my heart
Told me I must have you
Strangers in the night, two lonely people
We were strangers in the night
Up to the moment
When we said our first hello
Little did we know
Love was just a glance away
A warm embracing dance away and -
Ever since that night we've been together
Lovers at first sight, in love forever
It turned out so right
For strangers in the night

SUGARTIME

Sugar in the morning

Sugar in the evening

Sugar at suppertime

Be my little sugar and

Love me all the time

Honey in the morning

Honey in the evening

Honey at suppertime

Be my little honey and

Love me all the time

Put your arms around me and

Swear by the stars above

I'll be yours forever in a

Heaven of love

Oh - Sugar in the morning ... etc.

SUMMERTIME

Joplin 1969; Gershwin 1935

Summertime, and the livin' is easy

The fish are jumping, and the cotton is high

Oh, your daddy's rich, and your ma's good looking

So, hush, little baby, don't you cry.

One of these mornings, you're gonna rise up singing

Then you'll spread your wings, and you take the sky

But 'til that morning, there's a nothing can harm you

With daddy and mommy standing by.

SWEET GEORGIA BROWN (C)

Ben Bernie, Maceo Pinkard & Kenneth Casey - 1925

No gal made has got a shade on sweet Georgia Brown
Two left feet but oh so neat has sweet Georgia Brown
I'll tell you just why, you know I don't lie – not much
It's been said she knocks 'em dead when she lands in town
Since she came, why it's a shame how she cools 'em down
Fellers she can't get are fellers she ain't met
Georgia claimed her, Georgia named her
Sweet Georgia Brown

No gal made has got a shade on sweet Georgia Brown
Two left feet but oh so neat has sweet Georgia Brown
They all sigh and wanna die for sweet Georgia Brown
I'll tell you just why, you know I don't lie – not much
All those tips the porter slips to sweet Georgia Brown
They buy clothes at fashion shows with one dollar down
Oh boy, tip your hats, oh joy, she's the 'cat'
Who's that mister, t'ain't her sister, sweet Georgia Brown

SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT

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

Swing low, sweet chariot ... etc.

If you get there before I do
Coming for to carry me home
Tell all my friends I'm coming too
Coming for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot ... etc.

If I get there before you do
Coming for to carry me home
I'll cut a hole and pull you through
Coming for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot ... etc.

Sometimes I'm up and sometimes I'm down
Coming for to carry me home
But still my soul feels heavenly bound
Coming for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot ... etc.

TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALLGAME

Jack Norworth (l), Albert Von Tilzer (m) - 1908

Spoken:

*Nelly Kelly loved baseball games
Knew the players, knew all their names
You could see her there ev'ry day
Shout "Hurray" when they'd play
Her boyfriend by the name of Joe
Said, "To Coney Isle, dear, let's go"
Then Nelly started to fret and pout
And to him, I heard her shout*

Take me out to the ball game
Take me out with the crowd
Buy me some peanuts and Cracker Jack
I don't care if I never get back
Let me root, root, root for the home team
If they don't win, it's a shame
For it's one, two, three strikes, you're out
At the old ball game

Spoken:

*Nelly Kelly was sure some fan
She would root just like any man
Told the umpire he was wrong
All along, good and strong
When the score was just two to two
Nelly Kelly knew what to do
Just to cheer up the boys she knew
She made the gang sing this song*

Take me out to the ball game ... etc.

*Katie Casey was baseball mad
Had the fever and had it bad
Just to root for the home town crew
Every sound Katie blew
On a Saturday her young beau
Called to see if she'd like to go
To see a show but miss Kate said
"No, I'll tell you what you can do"*

Take me out to the ball game ... etc.

TAKE THESE CHAINS FROM MY HEART (A)

Ray Charles

Take these chains from my heart
And set me free
You've grown cold
And no longer care for me
All my faith in you is gone
But the heartaches linger on
Take these chains from my heart
And set me free

Take these tears from my eyes
And let me see
Just a spark of the love
That used to be
If you love somebody new,
Let me find a new love, too
Take these chains from my heart
And set me free

Give my heart
Just a word of sympathy
Be as fair to my heart
As you can be
Then if you no longer care
For the love that's beating there
Take these chains from my heart
And set me free

Take these chains from my heart ... etc.

TAKE THIS JOB AND SHOVE IT

Johnny Paycheck / David Allan Coe - 1978

Take this job and shove it I ain't workin' here no more
My woman done left and took all the reason I was working for
Ya, better not try and stand in my way
Cause I'm walkin', out the door
Take this job and shove it I ain't working here no more

Well, I been working in this factory for now on fifteen years
All this time, I watched my woman drownin' in a pool of tears
And I've seen a lot of good folks die who had a lot of bills to pay
I'd give the shirt right off of my back if I had the guts to say...

Take this job and shove it I ain't workin' here no more ... etc.

The foreman, he's a regular dog the line boss, he's a fool
Got a brand new flat top haircut Lord, he thinks he's cool
One of these days I'm gonna blow my top
And that sucker, he's gonna pay
I can't wait to see their faces when I get the nerve to say...

Take this job and shove it ... etc.

TEA FOR TWO

Irving Caesar (l), Vincent Youmans (m), 1925

Picture you upon my knee,

Just tea for two and two for tea,

Just me for you and you for me, alone!

Nobody near us, to see us or hear us,

No friends or relations on weekend vacations,

We won't have it known, dear,

That we have a telephone, dear.

Day will break and you'll awake and start to bake

A sugar cake for me to take for all the boys to see.

We will raise a family, a boy for you, a girl for me,

Oh, can't you see how happy life would be?

TENNESSEE WALTZ (G)
Redd Stewart & Pee Wee King - 1947

I was waltzing with my darling to the Tennessee waltz
When an old friend I happened to see
Introduced him to my loved one and while they were dancing
My friend stole my sweetheart from me
I remember the night and the Tennessee waltz
Now I know just how much I have lost
Yes, I lost my little darling the night they were playing
The beautiful Tennessee waltz

THAT'LL BE THE DAY

Buddy Holly - 1957

Well, that'll be the day, when you say goodbye
Yes, that'll be the day, when you make me cry
You say you're gonna leave, you know it's a lie
'Cause that'll be the day when I die

Well, you give me all your loving and your turtle doving
All your hugs and kisses and your money too
Well, you know you love me baby, until you tell me, maybe
That someday, well, I'll be through

Well, when Cupid shot his dart he shot it at your heart
So if we ever part and I leave you
You sit and hold me and you tell me boldly
That some day, well I'll be blue

Well, that'll be the day ... etc.

THAT'S ALL RIGHT MAMA (C)

Elvis Presley - 1954

Well, that's alright, mama
That's alright for you
That's alright mama, any old way you do
Well, that's alright, that's alright.
That's alright now mama, any old way you do

Mama she done told me,
Papa done told me too
'Son, that gal your foolin' with,
She ain't no good for you'
But, that's alright, that's alright.
That's alright now mama, any old way you do

I'm leaving town, baby
I'm leaving town for sure
You won't be worried 'bout
Me hanging 'round your door
Well, that's alright, that's alright.
That's alright now mama, any old way you do
That's alright mama ... etc.

THAT'S AN IRISH LULLABY (C)

(Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral) written in 1913 by James Royce Shannon

Spoken:

*Over in Killarney many years ago
Me Mither sang a song to me
In tones so sweet and low
Just a simple little ditty in her good old Irish way
And I'd give the world if she could sing
That song to me this day*

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, hush now, don't you cry
Too-ra-loo-ra- loo-ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li
Too-ra-loo-ra- loo-ral, that's an Irish lullaby

Spoken:

*Off in dreams I wander
To that cot again,
I feel her arms a-huggin' me
As when she held me then.
And I hear her voice a -hummin'
To me as in days of yore,
When she used to rock me fast asleep
Outside the cabin door.*

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li ... etc

THE BAND PLAYED ON (C)

John Palmer (l) and Charles Ward (m) - 1895

Casey would waltz with the strawberry blonde

And the band played on

He'd glide 'cross the floor with the girl he'd adore

And the band played on

But his brain was so loaded it nearly exploded

The poor girl would shake with alarm

He'd ne'er leave the girl with the strawberry curl

And the band played on.

THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

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

Glory, Glory, hallelujah
Glory, glory, hallelujah
Glory, glory, hallelujah
His truth is marching on

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

Glory, glory, hallelujah! ... etc.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! Be jubilant, my feet
Our God is marching on

Glory, glory, hallelujah! ... etc.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free
While God is marching on

Glory, glory, hallelujah! ... etc.

THE GAMBLER (C)

Kenny Rogers - 1978

On a warm summers evening
On a train bound for nowhere
I met up with a gambler
We were both too tired to sleep
So we took turns a-staring
Out the window at the darkness
The boredom overtook us
And he began to speak

He said, son I've made my life
Out of reading people's faces
And knowing what the cards were
By the way they held their eyes
So if you don't mind my sayin'
I can see you're out of aces
For a taste of your whiskey
I'll give you some advice

So I handed him my bottle
And he drank down my last swallow
Then he bummed a cigarette
And asked me for a light
And the night got deathly quiet
And his face lost all expression
Said, if you're gonna play the game, boy
You gotta learn to play it right

You got to know when to hold 'em,
Know when to fold 'em
Know when to walk away, know when to run
You never count your money
When you're sittin' at the table
There'll be time enough for countin'
When the dealin's done

Now, every gambler knows
The secret to survivin'
Is knowing what to throw away
Knowing what to keep
'Cause every hand's a winner
And every hand's a loser
And the best you can hope for
Is to die in your sleep

So when he'd finished speakin'
He turned back toward the window
Crushed out the cigarette
And faded off to sleep
Then somewhere in the darkness
The gambler he broke even
But in his final words I found
An ace that I could keep

You got to know when to hold 'em
Know when to fold 'em
Know when to walk away, know when to run
You never count your money
When you're sittin' at the table
There'll be time enough for countin'
When the dealin's done

THE GLORY OF LOVE

You've got to give a little, take a little,
And let your poor heart break a little.
That's the story of, that's the glory of love.

You've got to laugh a little, cry a little,
Until the clouds roll by a little.
That's the story of, that's the glory of love.

As long as there's the two of us,
We've got the world and all it's charms.
And when the world is through with us,
We've got each other's arms.

You've got to win a little, lose a little,
Yes, and always have the blues a little.
That's the story of, that's the glory of love.
That's the story of, that's the glory of love.

THE GREAT PRETENDER

The Platters - 1956

Oh yes, I'm the Great Pretender,
Pretending I'm doing well.
My need is such, I pretend too much,
I'm lonely but no one can tell

Oh yes, I'm the great pretender,
Adrift in a world of my own
I play the game, but to my real shame
You've left me to dream all alone.

Too real is this feeling of make believe,
Too real when I feel what my heart can't conceal

Oh yes, I'm the great pretender
Just laughing and gay like a clown
I seem to be, what I'm not, you see,
I'm wearing my heart like a crown,
Pretending that you're still around

THE HAPPY WANDERER

1953

I love to go a-wandering along the mountain track,
And as I go, I love to sing, my knapsack on my back.

Val-da-ree, val-da-rah,
Val-da-ree, val-da-rah ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha
Val-da-ree, val-da-rah,
My knapsack on my back.

I love to wander by the stream that dances in the sun;
So joyously it calls to me, "Come, join my happy song!"

Val-da-ree, val-da-rah ... etc.

I wave my hat to all I meet, and they wave back to me,
And blackbirds call so loud and sweet from ev'ry green wood tree.

Val-da-ree, val-da-rah ... etc.

Oh, may I go a-wandering until the day I die;
Oh, may I always laugh and sing beneath God's clear blue sky,.

Val-da-ree, val-da-rah ... etc.

THE LION SLEEPS TONIGHT

The Tokens

(A-weema-weh, a-weema-weh, a-weema-weh, a-weema-weh)

(A-weema-weh, a-weema-weh, a-weema-weh, a-weema-weh)

In the jungle, the mighty jungle

The lion sleeps tonight

In the jungle the quiet jungle

The lion sleeps tonight

Near the village the peaceful village

The lion sleeps tonight

Near the village the quiet village

The lion sleeps tonight

Hush my darling don't fear my darling

The lion sleeps tonight

Hush my darling don't fear my darling

The lion sleeps tonight

THE LOCO-MOTION (C)
Little Eva / Carole King and Gerry Goffin - 1962

Everybody's doin' a brand new dance, now

Come on, baby, do the locomotion

I know you'll get to like it if you give it a chance now

Come on, baby, do the locomotion

My little baby sister can do it with ease

It's easier to learn than your ABC's

So come on, come on, and do the locomotion with me

You got to swing your hips now

Come on jump up jump back

Oh, babe, I think you got the knack, whoa whoa

Everybody's doin' a brand new dance ... (repeat)

THE LORD'S MY SHEPHERD, I'LL NOT WANT (C)

Psalm 23, 1812.

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green, he leadeth me
The quiet waters by

My soul he doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for his own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill:
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

My table thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

THE OLD GREY MARE (C)

Frank Panella - 1910

Oh, 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

Many long years ago

Many long years ago, many long years ago

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

Many long years ago

The old gray mare, she kicked on the whiffletree,

Kicked on the whiffletree, kicked on the whiffletree

The old gray mare, she kicked on the whiffletree

Many long years ago.

Many long years ago, many long years ago,

The old gray mare, she kicked on the whiffletree

Many long years ago.

THE OLD PIANO ROLL BLUES (G)

I wanna hear it again, I wanna hear it again,

The Old Piano Roll Blues.

We're sittin' at an upright, my sweetie and me,

Pushin' on the pedals makin' sweet harmony.

When we hear rinky-tink, and we hear Plinkety-plink

We cuddle closer it seems.

And while we kiss kiss, kiss away all our cares,

The player piano's playing razz-a-ma-tazz.

I wanna hear it again, I wanna hear it again,

The Old Piano Roll Blues

THE OLD RUGGED CROSS (E)

George Bennard (l), Bill Anderson (m) - 1912

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross
The emblem of suffering and shame
And I love that old cross where the dearest and best
For a world of lost sinners was slain

And I'll cherish the old rugged cross
Until my trophies at last I lay down
I will cling to the old rugged cross
And exchange it some day for a crown

To the old rugged cross I will ever be true
Its shame and reproach gladly bear
Then He'll call me some day to my home far away
Where His glory forever I'll share

THE QUARTERMASTER'S SONG

1915 – WWI Song

There are snakes, snakes, snakes
Big as garden rakes,
At the store! At the store!
There are snakes, snakes, snakes,
Big as garden rakes, at the Quartermaster's store.

My eyes are dim I can-not see.
I have not got my specs with me.
I have not got my specs with me.

There are mice, mice, mice
Running though the rice,
At the store! At the store!
There are mice, mice, mice,
Running through the rice, at the Quartermaster's store.

My eyes are dim I can-not see ... etc.

Continue with each of the following:

3. lice - living on the mice.
4. rats - big as alley cats.
5. roaches - big as football coaches
6. watches - big as sasquaches
7. snakes - big as garden rakes
8. bears - but no one really cares
9. beavers - with little meat cleavers
10. foxes - stuffed in little boxes

THE RIDDLE SONG

I gave my love a cherry
That had no stone
I gave my love a chicken
That had no bone
I told my love a story
That had no end
I gave my love a baby
With no crying.

How can there be a cherry
That has no stone?
And how can there be a chicken
That has no bone?
And how can there be a story
That has no end?
And how can there be a baby
With no crying?

A cherry when it's blooming
It has no stone
A chicken when in the shell
It has no bone
The story of how I love you
It has no end
A baby when it's sleeping
It's not crying.

THE ROSE OF TRALEE

The pale moon was rising above the green mountains
The sun was declining beneath the blue sea
When i strayed with my love to the pure crystal fountain
That stands in the beautiful vale of Tralee
She was lovely and fair as the rose of the summer
Yet 'twas not her beauty alone that won me
Oh no 'twas the truth in her eye ever dawning
That made me love Mary, the rose of Tralee

The cool shades of evening their mantles were spreading
And Mary, all smilin' was listening to me
The moon thro' the valley her pale rays were shedding
When i won the heart of the rose of Tralee
She was lovely and fair as the rose of the summer
Yet 'twas not her beauty alone that won me
Oh no 'twas the truth in her eye ever dawning
That made me love Mary, the rose of Tralee

THE ROSE (C)

Some say love, it is a river
That drowns the tender reed,
Some say love, it is a razor
That leaves your soul to bleed.
Some say love, it is a hunger
An endless aching need,
I say love, it is a flower
And you its only seed.

It's the heart afraid of breaking
That never learns to dance,
It's the dream afraid of waking
That never takes a chance,
It's the one who won't be taken,
Who cannot seem to give,
And the soul afraid of dying
That never learns to live.

When the night has been too lonely
And the road has been too long,
And you think that love is only
For the lucky and the strong,
Just remember in the winter
Far beneath the bitter snows,
Lies the seed that with the sun's love
In the spring becomes the rose.

THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

Down in front of Casey's old brown wooden stoop
On a summer's evening we formed a merry group
Boys and girls together we would sing and waltz
While Jay played the organ on the sidewalks of New York
East Side, West Side, all around the town
The tots sang "ring-a-rosie," "London Bridge is falling down"
Boys and girls together, me and Mamie O'Rourke
Tripped the light fantastic on the sidewalks of New York
That's where Johnny Casey, little Jimmy Crowe
Jakey Krause, the baker, who always had the dough
Pretty Nellie Shannon with a dude as light as cork
She first picked up the waltz step on the sidewalks of New York
Things have changed since those times, some are up in "G"
Others they are wand'rers but they all feel just like me
They'd part with all they've got, could they once more walk
With their best girl and have a twirl on the sidewalks of New York

THE SKYE BOAT SONG

Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing

Onward the sailors cry

Carry the lad that's born to be king

Over the sea to Skye

Loud the wind howls, loud the waves roar,

Thunderclaps rend the air

Baffled our foes, stand by the shore

Follow they will not dare

Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing ... etc.

THE SOUND OF SILENCE (Am)

Hello darkness, my old friend
I've come to talk with you again
Because a vision softly creeping
Left its seeds while I was sleeping
And the vision that was planted in my brain
Still remains within the sound of silence

In restless dreams I walked alone
Narrow streets of cobblestone
'Neath the halo of a street lamp
I turned my collar to the cold and damp
When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon light
That split the night
And touched the sound of silence

And in the naked light I saw
Ten thousand people, maybe more
People talking without speaking
People hearing without listening
People writing songs that voices never share
And no-one dare
Disturb the sound of silence

THE TWIST

Chubby Checker - 1960

Come on baby let's do the twist
Come on baby let's do the twist
Take me by my little hand and go like this
Ee-oh twist baby baby twist
Oooh-yeah just like this
Come on little miss and do the twist

My daddy is sleepin' and mama ain't around
Yeah daddy is sleepin' and mama ain't around
We're gonna twisty twisty twisty
'Til we turn the house down
Come on and twist yeah baby twist
Oooh-yeah just like this
Come on little miss and do the twist

Yeah you should see my little Sis
You should see my my little Sis
She really knows how to rock
She knows how to twist
Come on and twist yeah baby twist
Oooh-yeah just like this
Come on little miss and do the twist

THE WATER IS WIDE (C)

The water is wide, I can't get over
Neither have I wings to fly
Give me a boat that can carry two
And both shall row, my love and I

A ship there is and she sails the sea,
She's loaded deep as deep can be
But not so deep as the love I'm in
And I know not how I sink or swim

I leaned my back against some young oak
Thinking he was a trusty tree
But first he bended, then he broke
And thus did my false love to me

I put my hand into some soft bush
Thinking the sweetest flower to find
I pricked my finger to the bone
And left the sweetest flower alone

Oh, love is handsome and love is fine
Gay as a jewel when first it's new
But love grows old, and waxes cold
And fades away like summer dew

THE WHEELS ON THE BUS

The wheels on the bus go round and round,
Round and round, round and round.
The wheels on the bus go round and round,
All around the town.

The wipers on the bus go Swish, swish, swish;
Swish, swish, swish; Swish, swish, swish.
The wipers on the bus go Swish, swish, swish,
All around the town.

The horn on the bus goes Beep, beep, beep;
Beep, beep, beep; ...etc.

The money on the bus goes, Chink, chink, chink;
Chink, chink, chink; ...etc.

The bell on the bus goes ding-ding-ding
Ding-ding-ding; ...etc.

The babies on the bus go 'Wah, wah, wah;
Wah, wah, wah' ...etc.

The people on the bus go 'chatter, chatter, chatter;
Chatter, chatter, chatter' ...etc.

THE WILD ROVER (A)

I've been a wild rover for many's the year
And I've spent all my money on whiskey and beer
But now I'm returning with gold in great store
And I never will play the wild rover no more

And it's no, nay, never
Not nay, never no more
Will I play the wild rover
No never, no more

I went into an ale house I used to frequent
And I told the landlady me money was spent
I asked her for credit, she answered me nay
Such a custom like yours I can have any day.

And it's no, nay, never ... etc.

I took from me pocket ten sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
She said I have whiskeys and wines of the best
And the words that you told me, were only in jest.

And it's no, nay, never ... etc.

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son
And when they've caressed me as oft times before
I never will play the wild rover no more.

And it's no, nay, never ... etc.

THEM BONES

Them bones, them bones, them dry bones
Them bones, them bones, them dry bones
Them bones, them bones, them dry bones
Now hear the word of the Lord.

Toe bone's connected with the heel bone
Heel bone's connected with the ankle bone
Ankle bone's connected with the leg bone
Now hear the word of the Lord.

Hip bone's connected with the back bone
Back bone's connected with the shoulder bone
Shoulder bone's connected with the neck bone
Now hear the word of the Lord.

Neck bone's connected with the jaw bone
Jaw bone's connected with the nose bone
Nose bone's connected with the head bone
Now hear the word of the Lord.

Them bones, them bones, gonna walk around
Them bones, them bones, gonna walk around
Them bones, them bones, gonna walk around
Now hear the word of the Lord.

THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN (A)

There is a tavern in the town, in the town
And there my true love sits him down, sits him down,
And drinks his wine as merry as can be,
And never, never thinks of me.

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,
Do not let this parting grieve thee,
And remember that the best of friends
Must part, must part.

Adieu, adieu kind friends, oh yes, I say adieu
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you,
I'll hang my harp on the weeping willow tree,
And may the world go well with thee.

THESE BOOTS ARE MADE FOR WALKING

Lee Hazlewood, performed by Nancy Sinatra - 1966

You keep saying you've got something for me.
Something you call love, but confess.
You've been messin' where you shouldn't have been a messin'
And now someone else is gettin' all your best.

These boots are made for walking, and that's just what they'll do
One of these days these boots are gonna walk all over you.

You keep lying, when you oughta be truthin'
And you keep losin' when you oughta not bet.
You keep samin' when you oughta be changin'.
Now what's right is right, but you ain't been right yet.

These boots are made for walking, and that's just what they'll do
One of these days these boots are gonna walk all over you.

You keep playin' where you shouldn't be playin'
And you keep thinkin' that you'll never get burnt.
Ha! I just found me a brand new box of matches yeah
And what he know you ain't HAD time to learn.

Are you ready boots? Start walkin'!

THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND (E)

Woody Guthrie - 1940

This land is your land, this land is my land
From California to the New York Island
From the Redwood Forest to the Gulf Stream waters
This land is made for you and me

As I go walking this ribbon of highway
I see above me the endless skyway
And all around me the wind keeps saying:
This land is made for you and me.

I roam and I ramble and I follow my footsteps
Till I come to the sands of her mineral desert
The mist is lifting and the voice is saying:
This land is made for you and me.

Where the wind is blowing I go a strolling
The wheat field waving and the dust a rolling
The fog is lifting and the wind is saying:
This land is made for you and me.

THIS LITTLE LIGHT OF MINE (E)

This little light of mine, I'm going to let it shine

This little light of mine, I'm going to let it shine

This little light of mine, I'm going to let it shine

Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine

Won't let anyone snuff it out, I'm going to let it shine

Won't let anyone snuff it out, I'm going to let it shine

Won't let anyone snuff it out, I'm going to let it shine

Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine

This little light, etc.

Gonna take this light around the world, I'm going to let it shine

Gonna take this light around the world, I'm going to let it shine

Gonna take this light around the world, I'm going to let it shine

Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine

This little light of mine, etc.

THOSE WERE THE DAYS

Mary Hopkins – 1968

Once upon a time there was a tavern
Where we used to raise a glass or two
Remember how we laughed away the hours
And dreamed of all the great things we would do

Those were the days my friend
We thought they'd never end
We'd sing and dance forever and a day
We'd live the life we choose
We'd fight and never lose
For we were young and sure to have our way.
La la la la...
Those were the days, oh yes those were the days

Then the busy years went rushing by us
We lost our starry notions on the way
If by chance I'd see you in the tavern
We'd smile at one another and we'd say

Those were the days my friend ... etc.

Just tonight I stood before the tavern
Nothing seemed the way it used to be
In the glass I saw a strange reflection
Was that lonely woman really me

Those were the days my friend ... etc.

Through the door there came familiar laughter
I saw your face and heard you call my name
Oh my friend we're older but no wiser
For in our hearts the dreams are still the same

Those were the days my friend ... etc.

TWIST AND SHOUT

Beatles - 1963

Well, shake it up, baby, now, (shake it up, baby)

Twist and shout. (twist and shout)

Cmon cmon, cmon, cmon, baby, now, (come on baby)

Come on and work it on out. (work it on out)

Well, work it on out, honey. (work it on out)

You know you look so good. (look so good)

You know you got me goin, now, (got me goin)

Just like I knew you would. (like I knew you would)

Well, shake it up, baby, now, (shake it up, baby)

Twist and shout. (twist and shout)

Cmon, cmon, cmon, cmon, baby, now, (come on baby)

Come on and work it on out. (work it on out)

You know you twist your little girl, (twist, little girl)

You know you twist so fine. (twist so fine)

Come on and twist a little closer, now, (twist a little closer)

And let me know that you're mine. (let me know youre mine)

UNCHAINED MELODY

Righteous Brothers - 1965

Oh my love, my darling
I've hungered for your touch
A long and lonely time
And time goes by so slowly
And time can do so much
Are you still mine?
I need your love
I need your love
I need your love
God speed your love to me

Lonely rivers flow
To the sea, to the sea
To the open arms of the sea
Lonely rivers sigh
Wait for me, wait for me
I'll be coming home
Wait for me

Oh my love, my darling
I've hungered for your touch
A long and lonely time
And time goes by so slowly
And time can do so much
Are you still mine?
I need your love ... etc

UP THE LAZY RIVER (C)
Mills Brothers

Up the lazy river by the old mill run

The lazy lazy river in the noon-day sun

Layin' in the shade of a kind old tree

Throw away your troubles, dream a dream with me

Up the lazy river where the robin's song

Awaits a bright new mornin' as we just roll along

Blue skies up above, every one's in love

Up the lazy river, how happy we would be

Up the lazy river with me

WALTZING MATHILDA (A)

Once a jolly swagman camped by a Billabong
Under the shade of a Coolabah tree
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled
"Who'll come a-waltzing Mathilda with me?"

Waltzing Mathilda, waltzing Mathilda,
You'll come a-waltzing Mathilda with me
And he sang as he sat and waited by the billabong
"You'll come a-waltzing Mahilda with me

Down come a jumbuck to drink at the water hole
Up jumped a swagman and grabbed him in glee
And he sang as he stowed him away in his tucker bag
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me" (+ Chorus)

Up rode the Squatter a riding his thoroughbred
Up rode the Trooper - one, two, three
"Where's that jumbuck you've got in your tucker bag?"
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me" (+ Chorus)

But the swagman he up and jumped in the water hole
Drowning himself by the Coolabah tree,
And his ghost may be heard as it sings in the Billabong,
"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?" (+ Chorus)

WE'LL MEET AGAIN (C)

Vera Lynn, Ross Parker (m), Hughie Charles (l) - 1939

We'll meet again, don't know where, don't know when

But I know we'll meet again some sunny day!

Keep smiling through, just like you always do

'Till the blue skies chase the dark clouds far away!

So, will you please say hello to the folks that I know?

Tell them I won't be long!

They'll be happy to know that as you saw me go

I was singin' this song:

We'll meet again, don't know where, don't know when,

But I know we'll meet again some sunny day!

Keep smiling through, just like you always do

'Till the blue skies chase the dark clouds far away!

WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS (A)

Joseph Scriven and Charles C. Converse 1855

What a friend we have in Jesus
All our sins and griefs to bear
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer
Oh what peace we often forfeit
Oh, what needless pain we bear
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful?
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our ev'ry weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In his arms he'll take and shield thee
Thou wilt find a solace there.

WHEN I FALL IN LOVE

Young & Heymans, 1952, Nat King Cole

When I fall in love,
It will be completely,
Or I'll never fall in love.
In a restless world like this is,
Love is ended before it's begun;
And too many moonlight kisses
Seem to cool in the warmth of the sun.
When I give my heart,
It will be forever,
Or I'll never give my heart;
And the moment I can feel that
You feel that way, too,
Is when I fall in love with you.

WHEN I'M SIXTY-FOUR (C)

Beatles - 1966

When I get older losing my hair,
Many years from now
Will you still be sending me the Valentine,
Birthday greetings, bottle of wine
If I'd been out till quarter to three
Would you lock the door
Will you still need me, will you still feed me
When I'm sixty-four.

I could be handy mending a fuse
When your lights have gone
You can knit a sweater by the fireside
Sunday morning go for a ride
Doing a garden, digging the weeds,
Who could ask for more
Will you still need me, will you still feed me
When I'm sixty-four.

Send me a postcard, drop me a line
Stating point of view
Indicating precisely what you mean to say
Yours sincerely, wasting away
Give me your answer, fill in a form,
Mine for evermore,
Will you still need me, will you still feed me
When I'm sixty-four

WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING (G)

Chauncey Olcott and Geo. Graff, Jr. (l), Ernest R. Ball (m) - 1912

When Irish eyes are smiling

Sure, 'tis like a morn in Spring

In the lilt of Irish laughter

You can hear the angels sing

When Irish hearts are happy

All the world seems bright and gay

And when Irish eyes are smiling

Sure, they steal your heart away

WHEN IT'S SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES

Robert Sauer / Mary Hale Woolsey - 1930

Spoken:

*The twilight shadows deepen into night, dear
The city lights are gleaming o'er the snow
I sit alone beside the cheery fire dear
I'm dreaming dreams from out the long ago
I fancy it is springtime in the mountain
The flowers with their colors are aflame
And ev'ry day I hear you softly saying
"I'll wait until the springtime comes again"*

When it's springtime in the rockies

I am coming back to you

Little sweetheart of the mountains

With your bonny eyes of blue

Once again I'll say "I love you"

While the birds sing all the day

When it's springtime in the rockies

In the rockies, far away

Spoken:

*I've kept your image guarded in my heart, dear
I've kept my love for you, as pure as dew
I'm longing for the time when I shall come, dear
Back to that dear, old western home and you
I fancy it is springtime in the mountains
The maple leaves in first sky-green appear
I hear you softly say, my queen of Maytime
"This springtime you have come to meet me here"*

When it's springtime in the rockies ... etc.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME AGAIN (Em)

(4/4 – medium/fast) John J. Daly - 1863

When Johnny comes marching home again

Hurrah! Hurrah!

We'll give him a hearty welcome then

Hurrah! Hurrah!

The men will cheer and the boys will shout

The ladies they will all turn out

And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home

The old church bell will peal with joy

Hurrah! Hurrah!

To welcome home our darling boy,

Hurrah! Hurrah!

The village lads and lassies say

With roses they will strew the way,

And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the Jubilee,

Hurrah! Hurrah!

We'll give the hero three times three,

Hurrah! Hurrah!

The laurel wreath is ready now

To place upon his loyal brow

And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

Let love and friendship on that day,

Hurrah, hurrah!

Their choicest pleasures then display,

Hurrah, hurrah!

And let each one perform some part,

To fill with joy the warrior's heart,

And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home

WHEN THE RED, RED ROBIN COMES BOB, BOB BOBBIN' ALONG

Harry Woods (l & m) – 1926

When the red, red robin comes bob, bob bobbin' along, along,

There'll be no more sobbing when he starts throbbing

His own sweet song.

Wake up, wake up, you sleepy head,

Get up, get up, get out of bed,

Cheer up, cheer up the sun is red,

Live, love, laugh and be happy.

What if I've been blue,

Now I'm walking through fields of flowers,

Rain may glisten, but I still listen for hours and hours.

I'm just a kid again, doing what I did again, singing a song,

When the red, red robin comes bob, bob bobbin' along.

WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN

Oh when the saints go marching in
When the saints go marching in
Oh lord I want to be in that number
When the saints go marching in

And when the sun begins to shine
And when the sun begins to shine
Oh lord I want to be in that number
When the saints go marching in

Oh when the trumpet sounds the call
Oh when the trumpet sounds the call
Oh lord I want to be in that number
When the saints go marching in

When the rich go out and work
When the rich go out and work
Oh lord I want to be in that number
When the saints go marching in

When the air is pure and clean
When the air is pure and clean
Oh lord I want to be in that number
When the saints go marching in

WHEN YOU WORE A TULIP

Slim Whitman

When you wore a tulip
A sweet yellow tulip
And I wore a big red rose
When you caressed me
'Twas then Heaven blessed me
What a blessing no one knows

You made life cheery
When you called me dearie
'Twas down where the blue grass grows
Your lips were sweeter than julep
When you wore a tulip
And I wore a big red rose

WHEN YOU'RE SMILING (F)

Mark Fisher, Joe Godwin and Larry Shay - 1928

When you're smiling

When you're smiling

The whole world smiles with you

When you're laughing

When you're laughing

The sun comes shining through

But when you're crying

You bring on the rain

So stop your sighing

Be happy again

Keep on smiling

Cause when you're smiling

The whole world smiles with you

WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE

Pete Seeger – 1961

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1. Where have all the flowers gone
Long time passing?
Where have all the flowers gone
Long time ago?
Where have all the flowers gone?
Young girls picked them, every one
When will they ever learn?
When will they ever learn?</p> <p>2. Where have all the young girls gone
Long time passing?
Where have all the young girls gone
Long time ago?
Where have all the young girls gone?
Gone to young men, every one
When will they ever learn?
When will they ever learn?</p> <p>3. Where have all the young men gone
Long time passing?
Where have all the young men gone
Long time ago?
Where have all the young men gone?
Gone to soldiers, every one
When will they ever learn?
When will they ever learn?</p> | <p>4. Where have all the soldiers gone
Long time passing?
Where have all the soldiers gone
Long time ago?
Where have all the flowers gone?
Gone to graveyards, every one
When will they ever learn?
When will they ever learn?</p> <p>5. Where have all the graveyards gone
Long time passing?
Where have all the graveyards gone
Long time ago?
Where have all the graveyards gone?
Gone to flowers, every one
When will we ever learn?
When will we ever learn?</p> |
|--|---|

WHISPERING HOPE

by Jim Reeves [3/4 time]

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
Hope for the sunshine tomorrow
After the darkness is gone

Whispering hope
O how welcome thy voice
Making my heart in its sorrow rejoice

If in the dusk of the twilight
Dim be the region afar
Will not the deepening darkness
Brighten the glimmering star

Then when the night is upon us
Why should the heart sink away
When the dark midnight is over
Watch for the breaking of day

Whispering hope ... etc.

WHITE CHRISTMAS

Irving Berlin – 1942, sung by Bing Crosby

I'm dreaming of a white Christmas

Just like the ones I used to know

Where the treetops glisten and children listen

To hear sleigh bells in the snow

I'm dreaming of a white Christmas

With every Christmas card I write

May your days be merry and bright

And may all your Christmases be white

WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER

There'll be bluebirds over
The white cliffs of Dover
Tomorrow just you wait and see
There'll be love and laughter
And peace ever after
Tomorrow when the world is free

The shepherd will tend his sheep
The valley will bloom again
And Jimmy will go to sleep
In his own little room again

There'll be bluebirds over
The white cliffs of Dover
Tomorrow just you wait and see
There'll be love and laughter
And peace ever after
Tomorrow when the world is free

WHO'S SORRY NOW (G)

Ted Snyder, Bert Kalmar, Harry Ruby

Who's sorry now, who's sorry now
Whose heart is aching for breaking each vow
Whose sad and blue, who's crying too
Just like I cried over you

Right to the end, just like a friend
I tried to warn you somehow
You had your way, now you must pay
I'm glad that you're sorry now

Right to the end, just like a friend
I tried to warn you somehow
You had your way, now you must pay
I'm glad that you're sorry now

WILD MOUNTAIN THYME (C)

Joan Baez / Jimmy McPeake - 1965

Oh, the summer time is coming,
And the trees are sweetly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the purple heather.
Will you go, lassie, go?

And we'll all go together
To pluck wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather,
Will you go lassie, go?

I will build my love a bower
By yon clear and crystal fountain,
And on it I will pile
All the flowers of the mountain.

And we'll all go together ... etc.

If my true love, will not have me,
I will surely find another
Where the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the purple heather.

And we'll all go together ... etc.

WILL THE CIRCLE BE UNBROKEN? (A)

Ada Habershon (l), Charles Gabriel (m) - 1907

I was standing by my window,
On one cold and cloudy day
When I saw that hearse come rolling
For to carry my mother away

Will the circle be unbroken
By and by, lord, by and by
There's a better home a-waiting
In the sky, lord, in the sky

I said to that undertaker
Undertaker please drive slow
For this lady you are carrying
Lord, I hate to see here go

Will the circle be unbroken
By and by, lord, by and by
There's a better home a-waiting
In the sky, lord, in the sky

WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN?

Bonnie Charlie's noo awa

Safely o'er the friendly main

Mony a heart will break in twa

Should he ne'er come back again.

Will ye no' come back again?

Will ye no' come back again?

Better lo'ed ye canna be

Will ye no' come back again?

WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM MY FRIENDS (C)

Beatles - 1967

What would you think if I sang out of tune,
Would you stand up and walk out on me ?
Lend me your ears and I'll sing you a song
And I'll try not to sing out of key.
Oh, I get by with a little help from my friends
I get high with a little help from my friends
Gonna try with a little help from my friends

What do I do when my love is away
(Does it worry you to be alone?)
How do I feel by the end of the day,
(Are you sad because you're on your own?)
No, I get by with a little help from my friends
I get high with a little help from my friends
Gonna try with a little help from my friends

Do you need anybody
I need somebody to love
Could it be anybody
I want somebody to love.

Would you believe in a love at first sight
Yes, I'm certain that it happens all the time
What do you see when you turn out the light
I can't tell you but I know it's mine,
Oh, I get by with a little help from my friends
I get high with a little help from my friends
Gonna try with a little help from my friends

Do you need anybody ... etc.

WITH A SHILLELAGH UNDER ME ARM (A)

Billy O'Brien & Raymond Wallace - 1936

Spoken

*Sure, I'm tired of roamin' around
And so I'm gonna pack my grip
And I'm off to book my passage
On a mighty powerful ship
I'll be bound to send a telegram
The day I reach the quay
Just to tell them in a week or two
They'll be expecting me*

With a shillelagh under me arm

And a twinkle in me eye

I'm off to Tipperary in the morning

With a shillelagh under me arm

And a too-la-roo-ra-li

I'll be welcome in the home that I was born in

My mother's told the neighbors

I'm gonna settle down

Phil the Fluter's coming out

To play me round the town

With my shillelagh under me arm

And a too-la-roo-ra-li

I'll be welcome in the home that I was born in

WOODEN HEART (MUSS I DENN)

Can't you see
I love you
Please don't break my heart in two
That's not hard to do
'Cause I don't have a wooden heart

And if you say goodbye
Then I know that I would cry
Maybe I would die
'Cause I don't have a wooden heart

Can't you see
I love you
Please don't break my heart in two
That's not hard to do
'Cause I don't have a wooden heart

Mus i denn, mua i denn zum Staedtele hinaus,
Staedtele hinaus und Du, mein Schatz, bleibst hier.
Tut's auch weh, wenn ich geh. - Wein' Dir nicht die
Augen aus.
Fahr' ich auch hinaus - in Gedanken bin ich bei Dir.

Viel zu schnell verging die schoene Zeit.
Morgen frueh sind wir wieder allein.
Hab mich lieb, bleib mir treu, denn es kann so viel
gescheh'n,
viel zu viel gescheh'n, wenn wir heut' aus einander
geh'n.

Mua i denn, mua i denn zum Staedtele hinaus,
Staedtele hinaus und Du, mein Schatz, bleibst hier.
Schau mich an, irgendwann werd' ich wieder bei Dir
sein,
gluecklich mit Dir sein, wenn ich heut' auch Dein
Herz verlier'.

Wenn sich zwei so gut wie wir versteh'n,
bricht das Glueck ueber Nacht nicht entzwei.
Hab mich lieb, bleib mir treu, denn es kann soviel
gescheh'n,
viel zu viel gescheh'n, wenn wir heut' auseinander
geh'n.

Jeder Abschied bringt ein Wiederseh'n.
Glaube mir, ich komm bald schon zurueck.
Hab mich lieb, bleib mir treu, denn es kann soviel
gescheh'n,
viel zu viel gescheh'n, wenn wir heut' auseinander
geh'n

WORKING MAN (E)

Rita McNeil

It's a working man I am and I've been down underground
And I swear to God if I ever see the sun,
Or for any length of time, I can hold it in my mind
I never again will go down underground

At the age of 16 years, he stands there with his peers
Who vowed they'd never see another one
In the dark recess of the mines, where you age before your time
And the coal dust lies heavy on your lungs

It's a working man I am etc.

At the age of 64, oh he'll greet you at the door,
And he'll gently lead you by the arm
Through the dark recess of the mine, oh he'll take you back in time
And he'll tell you of the hardships that were there

It's a working man I am etc.

YES SIR, THAT'S MY BABY

Gus Kahn/Walter Donaldson, 1925

Yes sir, that's my baby

No sir, I don't mean maybe

Yes sir, that's my baby now

Yes, ma'm, we've decided

No ma'm, we won't hide it

Yes, ma'm, you're invited now

By the way, by the way

When we meet the preacher I'll say

Yes sir, that's my baby

No sir, I don't mean maybe

Yes sir, that's my baby now

YOU CAN GET IT IF YOU REALLY WANT (E)

Jimmy Cliff - 1972

You can get it if you really want

You can get it if you really want

You can get it if you really want

But you must try – try and try

You'll succeed at last

Persecution you must fear

Win or lose the battle, get your share

You've got your mind set on a dream

You can get it though hard it may seem

You can get it if you really want ... etc.

Rome was not built in a day

Opposition will come your way

But the harder the battle, you see

The sweeter the victory

You can get it if you really want ... etc.

YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE

Debby Boone – 1977

So many nights I'd sit by my window

Waiting for someone to sing me his song

So many dreams I kept deep inside me

Alone in the dark but now you've come along

And you light up my life

You give me hope to carry on

You light up my days and fill my nights with song

Rollin' at sea, adrift on the water

Could it be finally I'm turnin' for home?

Finally a chance to say "Hey, I love you"

Never again to be all alone

And you light up my life ... etc.

YOU MUST HAVE BEEN A BEAUTIFUL BABY

Words & Music by Johnny Mercer & Harry Warren 1938

You must have been a beautiful baby,

You must have been a beautiful child;

When you were only startin' to go to kindergarten,

I'll bet you drove the little boys wild.

And when it came to winning blue ribbons,

You must have shown the other kids how.

I can see the judges' eyes as they handed you the prize --

I'll bet you made the cutest bow!

Oh, you must have been a beautiful ba - by,

'Cause Baby, look at you now! Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah

YOU RAISE ME UP

When I am down and, oh my soul, so weary;
When troubles come and my heart burdened be;
Then, I am still and wait here in the silence,
Until you come and sit awhile with me.

You raise me up, so I can stand on mountains;
You raise me up, to walk on stormy seas;
I am strong, when I am on your shoulders;
You raise me up... To more than I can be.

There is no life - no life without its hunger;
Each restless heart beats so imperfectly;
But when you come and I am filled with wonder,
Sometimes, I think I glimpse eternity.

You raise me up, so I can stand on mountains;
You raise me up, to walk on stormy seas;
I am strong, when I am on your shoulders;
You raise me up... To more than I can be.

YOU REALLY GOT A HOLD ON ME

William "Smokey" Robinson / the Beatles! - 1963

I don't like you but I love you
See that I'm always thinking of you
Oh, oh, oh, you treat me badly, I love you madly
You've really got a hold on me

I don't want you, but I need you
Don't want to kiss you, but I need you
Oh, oh, oh, you do me wrong now
My love is strong now
You've really got a hold on me

Baby I love you and all I want you to do
Is just hold me, hold me, hold me, hold me

I want to leave you, don't want to stay here
Don't want to spend another day here
Oh, oh, oh, I want to split now
I just can quit now
You've really got a hold on me

Baby I love you and all I want you to do
Is just hold me, hold me, hold me, hold me
You've really got a hold on me

YOU WERE ON MY MIND (C)

(Ian Tyson 1964)

Woke up this morning, you were on my mind

And you were on my mind

Got some aches and, got some pains and

Got some wounds to bind

Went to the corner, just to ease my pain

It was just to ease my pain

I got drunk and, I got sick and

I came home again

I got a feeling down in my shoes

It's a way down in my shoes

Got to move on, got to travel

Walk away my blues

YOU'RE DRIVING ME CRAZY

Rudy Vallee

You, you're driving me crazy.

What did I do? What did I do?

My tears for you make everything hazy

Clouding the skies of blue.

Bridge:

How true were the friends who were near me,

to cheer me, believe me they knew

That you were the kind who would hurt me,

Desert me, when I needed you.

Yes, you, you're driving me crazy ... etc.

YOU'LL NEVER WALK ALONE

Gerry & The Pacemakers 1963; Rogers & Hammerstein 1945

When you walk through a storm, hold your head up high
And don't be afraid of the dark

At the end of the storm is a golden sky

And the sweet silver song of a lark

Walk on through the wind, walk on through the rain

Though your dreams be tossed and blown

Walk on, walk on, with hope in your heart

And you'll never walk alone, you'll never walk alone

Walk on, walk on, with hope in your heart

And you'll never walk alone, you'll never walk alone

Walk on, walk on, with hope in your heart

And you'll never walk alone, you'll never walk alone

YOU'RE NOBODY TIL SOMEBODY LOVES YOU

Words & Music by Russ Morgan, Larry Stock & James Cavanaugh, 1964

You're nobody til somebody loves you;
You're nobody til somebody cares.
You may be king, you may possess the world and it's gold,
But gold won't bring you happiness when you're growing old.
The world still is the same, you never change it,
As sure as the stars shine above;
You're nobody til somebody loves you,
So find yourself somebody to love.

The world still is the same, you never change it,
As sure as the stars shine above;
You're nobody til somebody loves you,
So find yourself somebody, find yourself somebody,
Find yourself somebody to love.

YOU'RE SIXTEEN, YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL AND YOU'RE MINE

Beatles - 1975

You come on like a dream, peaches and cream,
Lips like strawberry wine.
You're sixteen, you're beautiful and you're mine
You're all ribbons and curls, ooh, what a girl,
Eyes that sparkle and shine.
You're sixteen, you're beautiful and you're mine.

You're my baby, you're my pet,
We fell in love on the night we met.
You touched my hand, my heart went pop,
Ooh, when we kissed, i could not stop.

You walked out of my dreams, into my arms,
Now you're my angel divine.
You're sixteen, you're beautiful, and you're mine.

You're my baby, you're my pet,
We fell in love on the night we met.
You touched my hand, my heart went pop,
Ooh, when we kissed, i could not stop.

You walked out of my dreams, into my car,
Now you're my angel divine.
You're sixteen, you're beautiful, and you're mine.

YOU'VE GOT A FRIEND

James Taylor / Carole King - 1971

When you're down and troubled
And you need some love and care
And nothing, nothing is going right
Close your eyes and think of me
And soon I will be there
To brighten up even the darkest night

You just call out my name
And you know wherever I am
I'll come running to see you again
Winter, Spring, Summer or Fall
All you have to do is call
And I'll be there yes I will
You've got a friend

If the sky above you
Should turn dark and full of clouds
And that old north wind should begin to blow
Keep your head together and call my name out loud
And soon I will be knocking upon your door.

You just call out my name ... etc.