

**SONGBOOK**  
For  
**MUSIC THERAPISTS**

**Volume 1**

**'Oldies': 1500 – 1949**

**compiled by:**

**Ian Brown**



**SONG TITLE**  
(alphabetical order)

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96	All Through The Night
40	Amazing Grace
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44	Auld Laing Syne
170	Baby Face
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62	Camptown Races
176	Careless Love
229	Chatanooga Choo Choo
92	Clementine
91	Cockles and Mussels
222	Cool Water
249	Cruisin' Down The River
106	Daisy Daisy
124	Danny Boy
152	Dark Town Strutter's Ball
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154	Don't Dilly Dally On The Way
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230	Don't Get around Much Anymore
226	Don't Sit Under The Apple Tree
256	Down By the Bay
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77	Down By The Riverside
120	Down In The Valley
38	Early one Morning
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146	Farewell to Nova Scotia
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204	Goodnight Irene
107	Green Grow The Rushes O
30	Greensleeves
100	Guide Me O Thou Great Jehovah
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181	He's Got The Whole World In His Hands
233	Hokey Pokey
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66	How Can I Keep From Singing?
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61	Hush Little Baby
175	I Belong To Glasgow
182	I Can't Give You Anything But Love
122	I Do Like To Be Beside The Seaside
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258	If I Knew You Were Coming I'd Have Baked A Cake
164	If You Knew Susie
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156	If You're Irish Step Into The Parlor
157	I'll Be With You In Apple Blossom Time
88	I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen
153	I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles
201	I'm Gonna Sit Down & Write Myself A Letter
246	I'm My Own Grandpa
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194	In A Shanty In Old Shanty Town
219	In The Mood
221	It's The B'y
141	It's A Long Way Down To The Soupline
133	It's A Long Way To Tiperrary
203	It's A Sin To Tell A Lie
108	I've Been Working On The Railroad
240	I've Got A Lovely Bunch Of Coconuts

73	Jacob's Ladder
70	John Brown's Body
79	Joshua Fit The Battle Of Jericho
78	Just A Closer Walk With You
134	Just A Wee Deoch and Doris
200	Just One Of Those Things
150	Keep Right On To The End Of The Road
143	Keep The Home Fires Burning
242	La Vie En Rose
57	Landlord Fill The Flowing Bowl
208	Leaning On A Lamp Post
126	Let Me Call You Sweetheart
155	Let The Rest Of The World Go By
210	Lili Marlene
217	Little Brown Jug
37	Loch Lomond
49	Long Long Ago
95	Love's Old Sweet Song
160	Ma, He's / She's Making Eyes At Me
234	Mairzy Doates
259	Mama Don't Allow
158	Margie
244	Maybe It's Because I'm A Londoner
74	Michael Row Your Boat Ashore
252	Mind Your Own Business
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215	Moonlight Serenade
260	Music Alone Shall Live
35	My Bonnie
89	My Grandfather's Clock
43	My Love Is Like A Red Red Rose
111	My Wild Irish Rose
72	Nobody Knows The Trouble I've Seen
162	Nobody Knows You When You're Down & Out
139	Now Is The Hour
60	Oh Dear What Can The Matter Be
103	Oh Shenandoah
54	Oh Susannah
235	Oh What A Beautiful Morning
130	Oh You Beautiful Doll
67	Old Black Joe
63	Old Folks At Home
173	Old Man River
58	Old McDonald Had A Farm
102	Old Time Religion
248	On A Slow Boat To China
46	On Ilkley Moor Baht 'At
188	On The Sunny Side Of The Street
56	On Top Of Old Smokey
149	Pack Up Your Troubles
232	Paper Doll

214	Peace In The Valley
80	Pick A Bale Of Cotton
132	Pie In the Sky
189	Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone
55	Polly Wolly Doodle
121	Put On Your Old Grey Bonnet
127	Put Your Arms Around Me Honey
179	Ramona
104	Red River Valley
131	Roamin' In The Gloamin
75	Rock My Soul
178	Rolling In My Sweet Baby's Arms
33	Scarborough Fair
42	Scots Wha Hae
236	Sentimental Journey
101	She'll Be Coming Round The Mountain
117	Shine On Harvest Moon
118	Ship Ahoy!
97	Shortnin' Bread
165	Show Me The Way To Go Home
177	Side By Side
86	Silver Threads Among The Gold
185	Singing In the Rain
82	Sinner Man
225	So Long It's Been Good To Know You
93	Softly and Tenderly
250	Some Enchanted Evening
172	Someone To Watch Over Me
83	Sometimes I Feel Like A Motherless Child
180	Sometimes I'm Happy
212	Somewhere Over The Rainbow
224	Song Of The Volga Boatmen
81	St. James Infirmary
166	Sweet Georgia Brown
68	Swing Low Sweet Chariot
239	Swinging On A Star
116	Take Me Out To The Ballgame
246	Tennessee Waltz
138	That's An Irish Lullaby
109	The Band Played On
265	The Farmer In The Dell
48	The Foggy Foggy Dew
161	The Laughing Policeman
183	The Lonesome Road
47	The Lord's My Shepherd
128	The Old Grey Mare
243	The Old Lamplighter
136	The Old Rugged Cross
264	The Quartermaster Store
29	The Riddle Song
51	The Rose Of Tralee

36	The Skye Boat Song
32	The Water is Wide
266	Them Bones
94	There Is A Tavern In The Town
59	There's A Hole In The Bucket
147	There's a Long Long Trail A-Winding
209	They Can't Take That Away From Me
220	This Land Is Your Land
245	Time After Time
31	Three Blind Mice
227	Tuxedo Junction
76	Twelve Gates To The City
50	Un Canadien Errant
195	Underneath The Arches
113	Wabash Cannonball
110	Waltzing Mathilda
193	We Shall Not Be Moved
203	We Shall Overcome
216	We'll Meet Again
64	What A Friend We Have In Jesus
137	When Irish Eyes Are Smiling
190	When It's Springtime In The Rockies
69	When Johnny Comes Marching Home
171	When The Red Red Robin
84	When The Saints Go Marchin In
184	When You're Smiling
45	Whiskey In The Jar
85	Whispering Hope
231	White Christmas
115	Will The Circle Be Unbroken?
41	Will Ye No Come Back Again
205	With A Shillelagh Under Me Arm
168	Yes Sir, That's My Baby
267	You Can't Go To Heaven
140	You Made Me Love You (I Didn't Want To Do It)
213	You Must Have Been A Beautiful Baby
234	You're Nobody Til Somebody Loves You





## **SONG TITLE** (Chronological)

Page	Year	Title
29	1400's	The Riddle Song
30	1500's	Greensleeves
31	@ 1600	Three Blind Mice
32	1600's	The Water is Wide
33	1670	Scarborough Fair
34	@ 1700	Annie Laurie
35	"	My Bonnie
36	"	The Skye Boat Song
37	1745-46	Loch Lomond
38	@ 1740-50	Early one Morning
39	"	Barbara Allan
40	@ 1755	Amazing Grace
41	@ 1785	Will Ye No Come Back Again
42	1794	Scota Wha Hae
43	1794	My Love Is Like A Red Red Rose
44	1790's	Auld Laing Syne
45	1790's	Whiskey In The Jar
46	1805	On Ilkley Moor Baht 'At
47	1812	The Lord's My Shepherd
48	1815	The Foggy Foggy Dew
49	1833	Long Long Ago
50	1837	Un Canadien Errant
51	@ 1840	The Rose Of Tralee
52	1844	Buffalo Gals
53	1847	Abide With Me
54	1847	Oh Susannah
55	1840's?	Polly Wolly Doodle
56	1840's?	On Top Of Old Smokey
57	1840's?	Landlord Fill The Flowing Bowl
58	1840's?	Old McDonald Had A Farm
59	1840's?	There's A Hole In The Bucket
60	@ 1850	Oh, Dear, What Can The Matter Be?
61	@ 1850	Hush Little Baby
62	1850	Camptown Races
63	1851	Old Folks At Home
64	1855	What A Friend We Have In Jesus
65	1856	Gentle Annie
66	1860	How Can I Keep From Singing?
67	1860	Old Black Joe
68	1862	Swing Low Sweet Chariot
69	1863	When Johnny Comes Marching Home
70	1863	John Brown's Body

71	1864	Beautiful Dreamer
72	1867	Nobody Knows The Trouble I've Seen
73	1867	Jacob's Ladder
74	1867	Michael Row The Boat Ashore
75	1867	Rock My Soul
76	@ 1860's	Twelve Gates To The City
77	@ 1860's	Down By The Riverside
78	"	Just A Closer Walk With You
79	"	Joshua Fit The Battle Of Jericho
80	"	Pick A Bale Of Cotton
81	"	St. James Infirmary
82	"	Sinner Man
83	"	Sometimes I Feel Like A Motherless Child
84	"	When The Saints Go Marchin In
85	1868	Whispering Hope
86	1872	Silver Threads Among The Gold
87	1868	Brahms's Lullaby
88	1875	I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen
89	1876	My Grandfather's Clock
90	1876	Home On The Range
91	1880's	Cockles and Mussels
92	1880	Clementine
93	1880	Softly and Tenderly
94	1883	There Is A Tavern In The Town
95	1884	Love's Old Sweet Song
96	1884	Shortnin' Bread
97	1884	All Through The Night
98	1885	How Great Thou Art
99	1890's	I Love A Lassie
100	1890's	Guide Me O Thou Great Jehovah
101	1890's	She'll Be Coming Round The Mountain
102	1890's	Old Time Religion
103	1890's	Oh Shenandoah
104	1890's	Red River Valley
105	1892	After The Ball Is Over
106	1892	Daisy Daisy
107	1893	Green Grow The Rushes O
108	1894	I've Been Working On The Railroad
109	1895	The Band Played On
110	1895	Waltzing Mathilda
111	1899	My Wild Irish Rose
112	1902	Bill Bailey
113	1904	Wabash Cannonball
114	1904	Frankie and Johnny
115	1907	Will The Circle Be Unbroken?
116	1908	Take Me Out To The Ballgame
117	1908	Shine On Harvest Moon
118	1909	Ship Ahoy (All The Nice Girls Love A Sailor)
119	1909	Anchors Aweigh
120	1909	Down In The Valley
121	1909	Put On Your Old Grey Bonnet

122	1909	I Do Like To Be Beside The Seaside
123	1909	By The Light Of The Silvery Moon
124	1910	Danny Boy
125	1910	Down By The Old Mill Stream
126	1910	Let Me Call You Sweetheart
127	1910	Put Your Arms Around Me Honey
128	1910	The Old Grey Mare
129	1911	Alexander's Ragtime Band
130	1911	Oh You Beautiful Doll
131	1911	Roamin' In the Gloamin
132	1911	Pie In the Sky
133	1912	It's A Long Way To Tiperrary
134	1912	Just A Wee Deoch and Doris
135	1912	Moonlight Bay
136	1912	The Old Rugged Cross
137	1912	When Irish Eyes Are Smiling
138	1913	That's An Irish Lullaby
139	1913	Now Is The Hour
140	1913	You Made Me Love You (I didn't want to do it)
141	1913	El Condor Pada
142	1915	It's A Long Way Down To The Soupline
143	1915	Keep The Home Fires Burning
144 (& 264)	1915	The Quartermaster Store
145	1915	Hava Nagila
146	1915?	Farewell to Nova Scotia
147	1915	There's a Long Long Trail A-Winding
148	1916	If You Were The Only Girl
149	1916	Pack Up Your Troubles
150	1917	Keep Right On To The End Of The Road
151	1917	For Me And My Gal
152	1917	Dark Town Strutter's Ball
153	1918	I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles
154	1919	Don't Dilly Dally On The Way
155	1919	Let The Rest Of The World Go By
156	1920's	If You're Irish, Come Into The Parlor
157	1920	I'll Be With You In Apple Blossom Time
158	1920	Margie
159	1921	Anytime
160	1921	Ma, He's / She's Making Eyes At Me
161	1922	The Laughing Policeman
162	1923	Nobody Knows You When You're Down & Out
163	1925	Five Foot Two
164	1925	If You Knew Susie
165	1925	Show Me The Way To Go Home
166	1925	Sweet Georgia Brown
167	1925	Bye Bye Blackbird
168	1925	Yes Sir, That's My Baby
169	1926	Heart Of My Heart
170	1926	Baby Face
171	1926	When The Red Red Robin
172	1926	Someone To Watch Over Me

173	1927	Ol' Man River
174	1927	Ain't She Sweet
175	1927	I Belong To Glasgow
176	1927	Careless Love
177	1927	Side By Side
178	1927	Rolling In My Sweet Baby's Arms
179	1927	Ramona
180	1927	Sometimes I'm Happy
181	1927	He's Got The Whole Worls In His Hands
182	1928	I Can't Give You Anything But Love
183	1928	The Lonesome Road
184	1928	When You're Smilin'
185	1929	Singin' In The Rain
186	1929	Ain't Misbehavin'
187	1930	Falling In Love Again
188	1930	On The Sunny Side Of The Street
189	1930	Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone
190	1930	When It's Springtime In The Rockies
191	1931	As Time Goes By
192	1931	All Of Me
193	1931	We Shall Not Be Moved
194	1932	In A Shanty In Old Shanty Town
195	1932	Underneath The Arches
196	1933	Don't Blame Me
197	1933	Easter Parade
198	1934	Don't Fence Me In
199	1934	I Get A Kick Out Of You
200	1935	Just One Of Those Things
201	1935	I'm Gonna Sit Down & Write Myself A Letter
202	1936	We Shall Overcome
203	1936	It's A Sin To Tell A Lie
204	1936	Goodnight Irene
205	1936	With A Shillelagh Under Me Arm
206	1937	Harbor Lights
207	1937	Doin' The Lambeth Walk
208	1937	Leaning On A Lamp Post
209	1937	They Can't Take That Away From Me
210	1938	Lili Marlene
211	1938	Boomps A Daisy
212	1938	Somewhere Over The Rainbow
213	1938	You Must Have Been A Beautiful Baby
214	1939	Peace In The Valley
215	1939	Moonlight Serenade
216	1939	We'll Meet Again
217	1939	Little Brown Jug
218	1939	Beer Barrel Polka
219	1940	In The Mood
220	1940	This Land Is Your Land
221	1940's?	I's The B'y
222	1941	Cool Water
223	1941	Beautiful Beautiful Brown Eyes

224	1941	Song Of The Volga Boatmen
225	1942	So Long It's Been Good To Know You
226	1942	Don't Sit Under The Apple Tree
227	1942	Tuxedo Junction
228	1942	I Got A Gal In Kalamazoo
229	1942	Chatanooga Choo Choo
230	1942	Don't Get around Much Anymore
231	1942	White Christmas
232	1942	Paper Doll
233	1942	Hokey Pokey
234	1942	Mairzy Doates
235	1943	Oh What A Beautiful Morning
236	1944	Sentimental Journey
237	1944	Besame Mucho
238	1944	You're Nobody Til Somebody Loves You
239	1944	Swingin' On A Star
240	1944	I've Got A Lovely Bunch Of Coconuts
241	1945	Blue Eyes Crying In The Rain
242	1945	La Vie En Rose
243	1946	The Old Lamplighter
244	1947	Maybe It's Because I'm A Londoner
245	1947	Galway Bay
246	1947	Tennessee Waltz
247	1948	Ghost Riders In The Sky
248	1948	On A Slow Boat To China
249	1949	Cruisin' Down The River
250	1949	Some Enchanted Evening
251	1949	I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry
252	1949	Mind Your Own Business
253	1949	A Dreamer's Holiday

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211		Booms A Daisy
255		Deep and Wide
256		Down By The Bay
257		Everybody Loves Saturday Night
258		If I Knew You Were Coming
259		Mama Don't Allow
260		Music Alone Shall Live
261		Farmer In The Dell
262		Them Bones
263		You Can't Get To Heaven
264		The Quartermaster Store



## SONG TITLE (by Theme)

Page	Title	Theme
89	My Grandfather's Clock	Aging/Death
86	Silver Threads Among The Gold	Aging/Death
128	The Old Grey Mare	Aging/Death
235	Oh What A Beautiful Morning	Be Happy
188	On The Sunny Side Of The Street	Be Happy
185	Singing In the Rain	Be Happy
212	Somewhere Over The Rainbow	Be Happy
195	Underneath The Arches	Be Happy
171	When The Red Red Robin	Be Happy
184	When You're Smiling	Be Happy
156	If You're Irish Step Into The Parlor	Belongingness
31	Three Blind Mice	Children's Round
58	Old McDonald Had A Farm	Children's Song
55	Polly Wolly Doodle	Children's song
59	There's A Hole In The Bucket	Children's Song
234	Mairzy Doates	Children's Song
97	Shortnin' Bread	Children's Song
175	I Belong To Glasgow	City/Drinking Song
244	Maybe It's Because I'm A Londoner	City/Love of
177	Side By Side	Companionship
222	Cool Water	Cowboy
247	Ghost Riders In The Sky	Cowboy/Change Your Ways
145	Hava Nagila	Dance
253	A Dreamer's Holiday	Dreaming
153	I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles	Dreaming/Soccer Anthem
218	Beer Barrel Polka	Drinking Song
134	Just A Wee Deoch and Doris	Drinking Song
57	Landlord Fill The Flowing Bowl	Drinking Song
217	Little Brown Jug	Drinking Song
94	There Is A Tavern In The Town	Drinking Song
45	Whiskey In The Jar	Drinking Song
141	El Condor Pasa	Escape
44	Auld Laing Syne	Farewells
139	Now Is The Hour	Farewells
165	Show Me The Way To Go Home	Farewells/Drinking Song
207	Doin' The Lambeth Walk	Freedom (personal)
198	Don't Fence Me In	Freedom (personal)
254	Mind Your Own Business	Freedom (personal)
239	Swinging On A Star	Freedom/Personal Choices
220	This Land Is Your Land	Freedom/Public Rights
129	Alexander's Ragtime Band	Fun
211	Booms A Daisy	Fun
62	Camptown Races	Fun
233	Hokey Pokey	Fun
240	I've Got A Lovely Bunch Of Coconuts	Fun

101	She'll Be Coming Round The Mountain	Fun
221	I's The B'y	Fun (Newfie style)
152	Dark Town Strutter's Ball	Fun/Dancing
154	Don't Dilly Dally On The Way	Fun/English music hall
161	The Laughing Policeman	Fun/English Music Hall
229	Chatanooga Choo Choo	Home/Returning
236	Sentimental Journey	Home/Returning
227	Tuxedo Junction	Home/Returning
205	With A Shillelagh Under Me Arm	Home/Returning
88	I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen	Home/Returning
67	Old Black Joe	Home/Separation
63	Old Folks At Home	Home/Separation
50	Un Canadien Errant	Home/Separation
253	I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry	Loneliness
186	Ain't Misbehavin'	Love
34	Annie Laurie	Love
191	As Time Goes By	Love
71	Beautiful Dreamer	Love
237	Besame Mucho	Love
182	I Can't Give You Anything But Love	Love
203	It's A Sin To Tell A Lie	Love
242	La Vie En Rose	Love
95	Love's Old Sweet Song	Love
215	Moonlight Serenade	Love
111	My Wild Irish Rose	Love
130	Oh You Beautiful Doll	Love
250	On A Slow Boat To China	Love
179	Ramona	Love
180	Sometimes I'm Happy	Love
29	The Riddle Song	Love
234	You're Nobody Til Somebody Loves You	Love
33	Scarborough Fair	Love Recalled
51	The Rose Of Tralee	Love Recalled
200	Just One Of Those Things	Love/'a fling'
199	I Get A Kick Out Of You	Love/Attraction
219	In The Mood	Love/Attraction
208	Leaning On A Lamp Post	Love/Attraction
118	Ship Ahoy!	Love/Attraction
252	Some Enchanted Evening	Love/Attraction
213	You Must Have Been A Beautiful Baby	Love/Attraction
48	The Foggy Foggy Dew	Love/Bawdy
38	Early One Morning	Love/Betrayal
56	On Top Of Old Smokey	Love/Betrayal
248	Tennessee Waltz	Love/Betrayal
32	The Water is Wide	Love/Betrayal
114	Frankie and Johnny	Love/Betrayal/Murder
140	You Made Me Love You (I didn't want to do it)	Love/Blame (of other)
192	All Of Me	Love/Blame (of self)
123	By The Light Of The Silvery Moon	Love/Courting
249	Cruisin' Down The River	Love/Courting
106	Daisy Daisy	Love/Courting
197	Easter Parade	Love/Courting
163	Five Foot Two	Love/Courting
228	I Got A Gal In Kalamazoo	Love/Courting



99	I Love A Lassie	Love/Courting
164	If You Knew Susie	Love/Courting
126	Let Me Call You Sweetheart	Love/Courting
160	Ma, He's / She's Making Eyes At Me	Love/Courting
60	Oh Dear What Can The Matter Be	Love/Courting
103	Oh Shenandoah	Love/Courting
54	Oh Susannah	Love/Courting
135	Moonlight Bay	Love/Courting
127	Put Your Arms Around Me Honey	Love/Courting
131	Roamin' In The Gloamin	Love/Courting
117	Shine On Harvest Moon	Love/Courting
168	Yes Sir That's My Baby	Love/Courting
91	Cockles and Mussels	Love/Death
92	Clementine	Love/Death/Mourning
81	St. James Infirmary	Love/Death/Mourning
115	Will The Circle Be Unbroken?	Love/Death/Mourning
148	If You Were The Only Girl	Love/Dreaming
43	My Love Is Like A Red Red Rose	Love/Eternal
86	Silver Threads Among The Gold	Love/Eternal
226	Don't Sit Under The Apple Tree	Love/Faithfulness
201	I'm Gonna Sit Down & Write Myself A Letter	Love/Fantasy
232	Paper Doll	Love/Fantasy
169	Heart Of My Heart	Love/Home/Friends
174	Ain't She Sweet	Love/Infatuation
170	Baby Face	Love/Infatuation
196	Don't Blame Me	Love/Infatuation
187	Falling In Love Again	Love/Infatuation
166	Sweet Georgia Brown	Love/Infatuation
109	The Band Played On	Love/infatuation
223	Beautiful, Beautiful Brown Eyes	Love/Liquor abuse
52	Buffalo Gals	Love/Marriage
151	For Me And My Gal	Love/Marriage
157	I'll Be With You In Apple Blossom Time	Love/Marriage
158	Margie	Love/Marriage
121	Put On Your Old Grey Bonnet	Love/Marriage
176	Careless Love	Love/Misery
178	Rolling In My Sweet Baby's Arms	Love/Misfortune
204	Goodnight Irene	Love/Neglect
155	Let The Rest Of The World Go By	Love/Nesting
172	Someone To Watch Over Me	Love/Nurturing
37	Loch Lomond	Love/Patriotic
137	When Irish Eyes Are Smiling	Love/Patriotic
41	Will Ye No Come Back Again	Love/Patriotic
142	Hello, Hello, Who's Your Lady Friend?	Love/Playing Around
238	Blue Eyes Crying In The Rain	Love/Recalled
125	Down By The Old Mill Stream	Love/Recalled
49	Long Long Ago	Love/Recalled
209	They Can't Take That Away From Me	Love/Remembered
112	Bill Bailey	Love/Remorse
159	Anytime	Love/Separation
167	Bye Bye Blackbird	Love/Separation

124	Danny Boy	Love/Separation
230	Don't Get Around Much Anymore	Love/Separation
65	Gentle Annie	Love/Separation
206	Harbor Lights	Love/Separation
194	In A Shanty In Old Shanty Town	Love/Separation
133	It's A Long Way To Tiperrary	Love/Separation
35	My Bonnie	Love/Separation
103	Red River Valley	Love/Separation
147	There's a Long Long Trail A-Winding	Love/Separation
190	When It's Springtime In The Rockies	Love/Separation/Reunion
189	Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone	Love/Splitting Up
46	On Ilkley Moor Baht 'At	Love/spousal advice
120	Down In The Valley	Love/Support
105	After The Ball Is Over	Love/Unrequited
39	Barbara Allan	Love/Unrequited
30	Greensleeves	Love/Unrequited
96	All Through The Night	Lullaby
87	Brahms's Lullaby	Lullaby
138	That's An Irish Lullaby	Lullaby
61	Hush Little Baby	Lullaby
231	White Christmas	Lullaby
162	Nobody Knows You When You're Down & Out	Misfortune/Poverty
119	Anchors Aweigh	Navy
211	Booms-A-Daisy	Participational
255	Deep And Wide	Participational
256	Down By The Bay	Participational
261	Everybody Loves Saturday Night	Participational
258	If I Knew You Were Coming	Participational
259	Mama Don't Allow	Participational
260	Music Alone Shall Live	Participational
264	The Quartermaster Store	Participational
263	You Can't Get To Heaven	Participational
261	The Farmer In the Dell	Participational
262	Them Bones	Participational
245	Galway Bay	Patriotic
42	Scots Wha Hae	Patriotic
36	The Skye Boat Song	Patriotic
90	Home On The Range	Pioneer
110	Waltzing Mathilda	Pioneer
132	Pie In the Sky	Political/Activism
173	Old Man River	Political/Oppression
203	We Shall Overcome	Political/Resistance
193	We Shall Not Be Moved	Political/Strike/Resistance
141	It's A Long Way Down To The Soupline	Political/Unemployment
243	The Old Lamplighter	Memories
77	Down By The Riverside	Spiritual
107	Green Grow The Rushes O	Spiritual
181	He's Got The Whole World In His Hands	Spiritual
66	How Can I Keep From Singing?	Spiritual
73	Jacob's Ladder	Spiritual
79	Joshua Fit The Battle Of Jericho	Spiritual
78	Just A Closer Walk With You	Spiritual
74	Michael Row Your Boat Ashore	Spiritual

72	Nobody Knows The Trouble I've Seen	Spiritual
102	Old Time Religion	Spiritual
214	Peace In The Valley	Spiritual
75	Rock My Soul	Spiritual
82	Sinner Man	Spiritual
93	Softly and Tenderly	Spiritual
83	Sometimes I Feel Like A Motherless Child	Spiritual
68	Swing Low Sweet Chariot	Spiritual
183	The Lonesome Road	Spiritual
76	Twelve Gates To The City	Spiritual
64	What A Friend We Have In Jesus	Spiritual
84	When The Saints Go Marchin In	Spiritual
85	Whispering Hope	Spiritual
53	Abide With Me	Spiritual/Hymn
100	Guide Me O Thou Great Jehovah	Spiritual/Hymn
97	How Great Thou Art	Spiritual/Hymn
47	The Lord's My Shepherd	Spiritual/Hymn
136	The Old Rugged Cross	Spiritual/Hymn
40	Amazing Grace	Spiritual/Redemption
116	Take Me Out To The Ballgame	Sport
113	Wabash Cannonball	Travel
70	John Brown's Body	War
69	When Johnny Comes Marching Home	War
225	So Long It's Been Good To Know You	War/Farewells
210	Lili Marlene	War/Love/Separation
216	We'll Meet Again	War/Love/Separation
108	I've Been Working On The Railroad	Work
80	Pick A Bale Of Cotton	Work
224	Song Of The Volga Boatmen	Work
150	Keep Right On To The End Of The Road	WW1/Courage
146	Farewell to Nova Scotia	WW1/Grief
149	Pack Up Your Troubles	WW1/Marching Song
143	Keep The Home Fires Burning	WW1/Patriotic



**SONG TITLE**  
(National Origin)

Page	Title	National Origin
253	A Dreamer's Holiday	American
105	After The Ball Is Over	American
186	Ain't Misbehavin'	American
174	Ain't She Sweet	American
129	Alexander's Ragtime Band	American
192	All Of Me	American
119	Anchors Aweigh	American
159	Anytime	American
191	As Time Goes By	American
170	Baby Face	American
223	Beautiful, Beautiful Brown Eyes	American
71	Beautiful Dreamer	American
218	Beer Barrel Polka	American
112	Bill Bailey	American
241	Blue Eyes Crying In The Rain	American
52	Buffalo Gals	American
123	By The Light Of The Silvery Moon	American
167	Bye Bye Blackbird	American
62	Camptown Races	American
176	Careless Love	American
229	Chatanooga Choo Choo	American
92	Clementine	American
222	Cool Water	American
249	Cruisin' Down The River	American
152	Dark Town Strutter's Ball	American
196	Don't Blame Me	American
198	Don't Fence Me In	American
230	Don't Get Around Much Anymore	American
226	Don't Sit Under The Apple Tree	American
125	Down By The Old Mill Stream	American
77	Down By The Riverside	American
120	Down In The Valley	American
197	Easter Parade	American
163	Five Foot Two	American
151	For Me And My Gal	American
114	Frankie and Johnny	American
65	Gentle Annie	American
245	Ghost Riders In The Sky	American
204	Goodnight Irene	American
107	Green Grow The Rushes O	American
169	Heart Of My Heart	American
181	He's Got The Whole World In His Hands	American
90	Home On The Range	American
66	How Can I Keep From Singing?	American

97	How Great Thou Art	American
182	I Can't Give You Anything But Love	American
199	I Get A Kick Out Of You	American
228	I Got A Gal In Kalamazoo	American
164	If You Knew Susie	American
262	If I Knew You Were Coming	American
157	I'll Be With You In Apple Blossom Time	American
201	I'm Gonna Sit Down & Write Myself A Letter	American
253	I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry	American
194	In A Shanty In Old Shanty Town	American
219	In The Mood	American
141	It's A Long Way Down To The Soupline	American
108	I've Been Working On The Railroad	American
73	Jacob's Ladder	American
70	John Brown's Body	American
79	Joshua Fit The Battle Of Jericho	American
78	Just A Closer Walk With You	American
200	Just One Of Those Things	American
126	Let Me Call You Sweetheart	American
155	Let The Rest Of The World Go By	American
217	Little Brown Jug	American
160	Ma, He's / She's Making Eyes At Me	American
158	Margie	American
74	Michael Row Your Boat Ashore	American
251	Mind Your Own Business	American
135	Moonlight Bay	American
215	Moonlight Serenade	American
72	Nobody Knows The Trouble I've Seen	American
162	Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out	American
60	Oh Dear What Can The Matter Be	American
103	Oh Shenandoah	American
54	Oh Susannah	American
235	Oh What A Beautiful Morning	American
130	Oh You Beautiful Doll	American
67	Old Black Joe	American
63	Old Folks At Home	American
173	Old Man River	American
58	Old McDonald Had A Farm	American
102	Old Time Religion	American
248	On A Slow Boat To China	American
188	On The Sunny Side Of The Street	American
56	On Top Of Old Smokey	American
232	Paper Doll	American
214	Peace In The Valley	American
80	Pick A Bale Of Cotton	American
132	Pie In the Sky	American
189	Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone	American
55	Polly Wolly Doodle	American
127	Put On Your Old Grey Bonnet	American
127	Put Your Arms Around Me Honey	American

179	Ramona	American
75	Rock My Soul	American
178	Rolling In My Sweet Baby's Arms	American
236	Sentimental Journey	American
101	She'll Be Coming Round The Mountain	American
117	Shine On Harvest Moon	American
118	Ship Ahoy!	American
165	Show Me The Way To Go Home	American
177	Side By Side	American
86	Silver Threads Among The Gold	American
185	Singing In the Rain	American
82	Sinner Man	American
225	So Long It's Been Good To Know You	American
93	Softly and Tenderly	American
250	Some Enchanted Evening	American
83	Sometimes I Feel Like A Motherless Child	American
180	Sometimes I'm Happy	American
212	Somewhere Over The Rainbow	American
81	St. James Infirmary	American
166	Sweet Georgia Brown	American
68	Swing Low Sweet Chariot	American
239	Swinging On A Star	American
116	Take Me Out To The Ballgame	American
246	Tennessee Waltz	American
109	The Band Played On	American
48	The Foggy Foggy Dew	American
183	The Lonesome Road	American
128	The Old Grey Mare	American
136	The Old Rugged Cross	American
94	There Is A Tavern In The Town	American
147	There's a Long Long Trail A-Winding	American
209	They Can't Take That Away From Me	American
220	This Land Is Your Land	American
227	Tuxedo Junction	American
113	Wabash Cannonball	American
193	We Shall Not Be Moved	American
203	We Shall Overcome	American
190	When It's Springtime In The Rockies	American
171	When The Red Red Robin	American
84	When The Saints Go Marchin In	American
184	When You're Smiling	American
85	Whispering Hope	American
231	White Christmas	American
115	Will The Circle Be Unbroken?	American
140	You Made Me Love You	American
234	You're Nobody Til Somebody Loves You	American
110	Waltzing Mathilda	Australian
146	Farewell to Nova Scotia	Canadian
221	I's The B'y	Canadian
104	Red River Valley	Canadian
96	All Through The Night	English

40	Amazing Grace	English
39	Barbara Allan	English
211	Booms A Daisy	English
105	Daisy Daisy	English
207	Doin' The Lambeth Walk	English
154	Don't Dilly Dally On The Way	English
38	Early one Morning	English
30	Greensleeves	English
206	Harbor Lights	English
233	Hokey Pokey	English
61	Hush Little Baby	English
148	If You Were The Only Girl	English
153	I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles	English
203	It's A Sin To Tell A Lie	English
240	I've Got A Lovely Bunch Of Coconuts	English
143	Keep The Home Fires Burning	English
57	Landlord Fill The Flowing Bowl	English
208	Leaning On A Lamp Post	English
49	Long Long Ago	English
95	Love's Old Sweet Song	English
244	Maybe It's Because I'm A Londoner	English
89	My Grandfather's Clock	English
148	Pack Up Your Troubles	English
33	Scarborough Fair	English
160	The Laughing Policeman	English
143	The Quartermaster Store	English
29	The Riddle Song	English
32	The Water is Wide	English
59	There's A Hole In The Bucket	English
31	Three Blind Mice	English
192	Underneath The Arches	English
212	We'll Meet Again	English
64	What A Friend We Have In Jesus	English
46	On Ilkley Moor Baht 'At	English (Yorkshire)
239	La Vie En Rose	French
87	Brahms's Lullaby	German
187	Falling In Love Again	German
210	Lili Marlene	German
91	Cockles and Mussels	Irish
124	Danny Boy	Irish
245	Galway Bay	Irish
133	It's A Long Way To Tiperrary	Irish
111	My Wild Irish Rose	Irish
138	That's An Irish Lullaby	Irish
51	The Rose Of Tralee	Irish
137	When Irish Eyes Are Smiling	Irish
45	Whiskey In The Jar	Irish
205	With A Shillelagh Under Me Arm	Irish
156	If You're Irish Step Into The Parlor	Irish-American
145	Hava Nagila	Israeli
237	Besame Mucho	Mexican



139	Now Is The Hour	New Zealand
141	El Condor Pasa	Peruvian
53	Abide With Me	Scottish
34	Annie Laurie	Scottish
175	I Belong To Glasgow	Scottish
99	I Love A Lassie	Scottish
134	Just A Wee Deoch and Doris	Scottish
150	Keep Right On To The End Of The Road	Scottish
37	Loch Lomond	Scottish
35	My Bonnie	Scottish
43	My Love Is Like A Red Red Rose	Scottish
131	Roamin' In The Gloamin	Scottish
42	Scots Wha Hae	Scottish
47	The Lord's My Shepherd	Scottish
36	The Skye Boat Song	Scottish
41	Will Ye No Come Back Again	Scottish
44	Auld Laing Syne	Scottish / Transcultural
100	Guide Me O Thou Great Jehovah	Welsh



# SONG TITLE

(in 3/4 time)

Page	Title	
104	After The Ball Is Over	3/4
40	Amazing Grace	3/4
34	Annie Laurie	3/4
220	Beautiful, Beautiful Brown Eyes	3/4
71	Beautiful Dreamer	3/4
211	Boomps-A-Daisy	3/4
87	Brahms's Lullaby	3/4
92	Clementine	3/4
90	Cockles and Mussels	3/4
105	Daisy Daisy	3/4
125	Down By The Old Mill Stream	3/4
119	Down In The Valley	3/4
184	Falling In Love Again	3/4
201	Goodnight Irene	3/4
30	Greensleeves	3/4
89	Home On The Range	3/4
172	I Belong To Glasgow	3/4
152	I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles	3/4
250	I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry	3/4
191	In A Shanty In Old Shanty Town	3/4
200	It's A Sin To Tell A Lie	3/4
126	Let Me Call You Sweetheart	3/4
154	Let The Rest Of The World Go By	3/4
95	Love's Old Sweet Song	3/4
35	My Bonnie	3/4
110	My Wild Irish Rose	3/4
139	Now Is The Hour	3/4
231	Oh What A Beautiful Morning	3/4
56	On Top Of Old Smokey	3/4
176	Ramona	3/4
33	Scarborough Fair	3/4
222	So Long It's Been Good To Know You	3/4
93	Softly and Tenderly	3/4
115	Take Me Out To The Ballgame	3/4
245	Tennessee Waltz	3/4
138	That's An Irish Lullaby	3/4
108	The Band Played On	3/4
136	The Old Rugged Cross	3/4
51	The Rose Of Tralee	3/4
36	The Skye Boat Song	3/4
137	When Irish Eyes Are Smiling	3/4
187	When It's Springtime In The Rockies	3/4



## THE RIDDLE SONG (C)

(4/4 – slow)

*'The Riddle Song', also known as "I Gave My Love a Cherry," is an English folk song, apparently a lullaby, which was carried by settlers to the American Appalachians. It descends from a 15th-century song in which a maiden says she is advised to unite with her lover. It is related to Child Ballad no. 1, or "Riddles Wisely Expounded"[4] and Child Ballad no. 46[5] Burl Ives recorded it on 11 February 1941[6] for his debut album*

(C) (F)  
I | gave my love a | cherry  
(F) (C)  
That | had no | stone  
(G) (C)  
I | gave my love a | chicken  
(C) (G)  
That | had no | bone  
(G) (C)  
I | told my love a | story  
(C) (G)  
That | had no | end  
(F) (F)  
I | gave my love a | baby  
(F) (C)  
With | no cry|ing

How can there be a cherry  
That has no stone?  
How can there be a chicken  
That has no bone?  
How can there be a story  
That has no end?  
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.

## GREENSLEEVES (Am)

(poss. Henry VIII of England, 1500's), (3/4 – slow)

(Am) (G)  
A|las, my | love, you | do me |wrong  
(Am) (E7)  
To | cast me | off dis|courteous|ly  
(Am) (G)  
For | I have | loved you | well and | long  
(Am) (E) (Am)  
De|lighting in | your compan|y

(C) (G)  
| Greensleeves was | all my joy  
(Am) (E)  
| Greensleeves was | my delight  
(C) (G)  
| Greensleeves was my | heart of gold  
(Am) (E7) (Am)  
And | who but my | lady | greensleeves

### Additional (original) verses

Your vows you've broken, like my heart  
Oh, why did you so enrapture me?  
Now I remain in a world apart  
But my heart remains in captivity

I have been ready at your hand  
To grant whatever you would crave  
I have both wagered life and land  
Your love and good-will for to have

If you intend thus to disdain  
It does the more enrapture me  
And even so, I still remain  
A lover in captivity

My men were clothed all in green  
And they did ever wait on thee  
All this wqas gallant to be seen  
And yet thou wouldst not love me

Thou couldst desire no earthly thing  
But still thou hadst it readily  
Thy music still to play and sing  
And yet thou wouldst not love me

Well, I will pray to God on high  
That thou my constancy mayst see  
And that yet once before I die  
Thou wilt vouchsafe to love me

Ah, Greensleeves, now farewell, adieu  
To God I pray to prosper thee  
For I am still thy lover true  
Come once again and love me

*The Greensleeves melody has also been used in the Xmas carol, 'What Child Is This?'*

### WHAT CHILD IS THIS? *William Chatterton Dix – 1865*

*What Child is this who, laid to rest,  
On Mary's lap is sleeping?  
Whom angels greet with anthems sweet  
While shepherds watch are keeping?  
This, this is Christ the King  
Whom shepherds guard and angels sing  
Haste, haste, to bring Him laud  
The babe, the son of Mary!  
What Child is this who, laid to rest*

*On Mary's lap is sleeping?  
Whom angels greet with anthems sweet  
While shepherds watch are keeping?  
This, this is Christ the King  
Whom shepherds guard and angels sing  
Haste, haste, to bring Him laud  
The babe, the son of Mary!*

*Why lies He in such mean estate  
Where ox and ass are feeding?  
Good Christian, fear, for sinners here  
The silent Word is pleading  
Nails, spear shall pierce him through,  
The Cross be borne for me, for you  
Hail, hail the Word made flesh  
The babe, the son of Mary!*

*So bring Him incense, gold and myrrh  
Come peasant, king to own Him  
He King of kings salvation brings  
Let loving hearts enthrone Him  
Raise, raise, the song on high  
The virgin sings her lullaby  
Joy, joy, for Christ is born  
The babe, the son of Mary!*

- Lutheran Service Book

## **THREE BLIND MICE (A)**

Written around 1600 (4/4 – medium)

*Three Blind Mice is a children's nursery rhyme and musical round.*

*The modern words are:*

(A) (E) (A)  
| Three | blind | mice | -  
(A) (E) (A)  
| Three | blind | mice | -  
(A) (E) (A)  
| See | how they | run  
(A) (E) (A)  
| See | how they | run  
(A) (E) (A)  
They | all ran | after the | farmer's | wife  
(A) (E) (A)  
Who | cut off their | tails with a | carving | knife  
(A) (E) (A)  
Did you | ever | see such a | thing in your | life  
(D) (A) (E) (A)  
As | three | blind | mice?

*The first publication of this round is in Thomas Ravenscroft in 1609. The lyrics there are:*

Three Blinde Mice  
Three Blinde Mice  
Dame Lulian  
Dame Lulian  
The Miller and his merry olde Wife  
She scrapte her tripe licke thou the knife

# THE WATER IS WIDE (C)

(4/4 – slow)

*"The Water Is Wide" (also called "O Waly, Waly") is an English folk song that has been sung since the 1600s and has seen considerable popularity through to the 21st century. It is related to Child Ballad 204 (Roud number 87), Jamie Douglas, which in turn refers to the ostensibly unhappy first marriage of James Douglas, 2nd Marquess of Douglas to Lady Barbara Erskine.*

(C) (F) (C)  
The water is | wide, I | can't get | over  
(Am)(F) (G)  
Neither | have I | wings to | fly  
(Em)(Dm) (Am)  
Give me a | boat that can | carry | two  
(F) (Em) (F) (G) (C)  
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



## SCARBOROUGH FAIR (Am)

(3/4 – medium)

*'Scarborough Fair' appears to derive from an older (and now obscure) Scottish ballad, The Elfin Knight (Child Ballad #2), which has been traced to 1670 and may well be earlier.*

                  (Am)      (G)                  (Am)  
Are you | going to | Scarborough | Fair?  
          (C)          (Am)          (D)          (Am)  
| Parsley, | sage, rose|mary, and | thyme  
          (Am)          (C)          (C)                  (G)  
Re|member | me to | one who lives | there  
          (Am)          (G)          (Em)          (Am)  
| She once | was a | true love of | mine

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme  
Without no seams nor needlework  
Then she'll be a true love of mine

Tell her to find me an acre of land  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme  
Between the salt water and the sea strands  
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to reap it in a sickle of leather  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme  
And gather it all in a bunch of heather  
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme.  
Remember me to one who lives there,  
She once was a true love of mine.

## **ANNIE LAURIE (E)**

William Douglas & Lady Jane Scott - @ 1700, (3/4 - medium)

*(William Douglas became a soldier in the Royal Scots and fought in Germany and Spain and rose to the rank of captain. He also fought at least two duels. He returned to his estate at Finland in 1694. Traditionally it is said that Douglas had a romance with Anna/Anne Laurie (16 December 1682 — 1761). Anna was the youngest daughter of Robert Laurie, who became first baronet of Maxwellton in 1685. The legend says that her father opposed a marriage. This may have been because Anna was very young; she was only in her mid-teens when her father died. It may also have been because of Douglas's aggressive temperament or more likely because of his Jacobite allegiances).*

(E) (A)  
Max|welton's | braes are | bonnie  
(E) (F#7) (B)  
Where | early | fa's the | dew  
(E) (A)  
And it's | there that | Annie | Laurie  
(E) (B7) (E)  
Gave | me her | promise | true  
(E) (B7) (E)  
Gave | me her | promise | true  
(E) (B7) (E)  
Which | ne'er for|got will |be  
(A) (E) (C#m)  
And for | bonnie Annie | Laurie  
(E) (B7) (E)  
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

# MY BONNIE + THE SOUP SONG (E)

(3/4 - medium)

"My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean" is a traditional Scottish folk song. It may have its origin in the history of Charles Edward Stuart, commonly known as Bonnie Prince Charlie, the grandson of the deposed Stuart monarch James II. Many Highland Scots supported Bonnie Prince Charlie's attempt to restore the Stuarts to the English throne in 1745-46 by invading Scotland and England.

(E) (A) (E)  
My | Bonnie lies | over the | ocean  
(E) (F#7) (B7)  
My | Bonnie lies | over the | sea  
(E) (A) (E)  
My | Bonnie lies | over the | ocean  
(A) (B7) (E)  
Oh, | bring back my | Bonnie to | me  
  
(E) (A)  
| Bring | back, | bring | back  
(B) (E)  
Oh | bring back my | Bonnie to | me, to | me  
(E) (A)  
| Bring | back, | bring | back  
(B7) (E)  
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

Chorus: 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

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

## THE SOUP SONG

*I'm spending my nights in the flop house  
I'm spending my days on the street  
I'm looking for work and I find none  
I wish I had something to eat*

Chorus:

*Soup, soup, soup, soup  
They gave me a bowl of soup, of soup  
Soup, soup, soup, soup  
They gave me a bowl of soup*

*I spent fifteen years in the factory  
I did everything I was told  
They said I was faithful and loyal  
Now why am I out in the cold*

Chorus:

*I saved fifty bucks with my banker  
To buy me a car and a yacht  
I went down to draw out my fortune  
And this was the answer I got*

Chorus:

*I went out to fight for my country  
I went out to bleed and to die  
I thought that my country would help me  
But this was my country's reply*

Chorus:

*When I die and I get up to heaven  
St. Peter will let me right in  
He can tell by the soup that they fed me  
That I was unable to sin*

Chorus:

# THE SKYE BOAT SONG (C)

(3/4 – medium)

*This Scottish folk song is about the escape of Bonnie Prince Charlie, over the sea to Skye, after his defeat at Culloden in 1746. The author of this song, often used as a lullaby, is unknown.*

(C) (C) (G) (G)  
| Speed bonnie | boat like a | bird on the | wing  
(C) (F) (C)  
| Onward the | sailors | cry  
(C) (C) (G) (G)  
| Carry the | lad that's | born to be | king  
(C) (F) (C)  
| Over the | sea to | Skye

(Am) (Dm)  
| Loud the wind | howls, | loud the waves | roar  
(Am) (Am)  
| Thunderclaps | rend the | air  
(Am) (Dm)  
| Baffled our | foes, | stand by the | shore  
(Am) (Am) (G)  
| Follow they | will not | dare

## Chorus

Many's the lad fought on that day  
Well the claymore did wield  
When the night came, silently lain  
Dead on Culloden field

## Chorus

Though the waves heave, soft will ye sleep  
Ocean's a royal bed  
Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep  
Watch by your weary head

## Chorus

Burned are our homes, exile and death  
Scatter the loyal men  
Yet e'er the sword cool in the sheath  
Charlie will come again

## Chorus

## LOCH LOMOND (C)

(4/4 – medium)

*Written at the time of the 1745 Jacobite rising in Scotland. First of all, you need to know that in Ireland, Scotland, Wales and Brittany, some people still hold onto the old Celtic belief that if you die away from your homeland, you return by an underground spirit route called The Low Road.*

*In 1745 the Scottish Jacobite army was in retreat following its invasion of England. As they approached the border, several of the walking wounded could struggle no further and fell back from the rest of the troops in Carlisle, just south of Scotland on the English side. Unfortunately, many were picked up by English soldiers, and were thrown into Carlisle jail.*

*The song tells of two Scottish prisoners in those dreadful circumstances. One was to be set free, and the other to be executed. The two prisoners' release and execution were timed for the same hour.*

*The freed man would travel home to Scotland the conventional way, tramping wearily for many miles by The High Road. The condemned man, travelling with the speed of a spirit by The Low Road, would be transported instantly at the moment of death, arriving home first.*

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

### Chorus

Oh | ye'll tak' the | high road an' | I'll tak' the | low road  
And | I'll be in | Scotland a|fore | ye  
For | me and my | true love will | never meet a|gain  
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'

### Chorus

Still fair is the scene, but ah! how changed  
Are the hopes that we fondly cherished  
Like a watery gleam, like a morning dream  
On Culloden's field, they ha'e perished

### Chorus

The wild flowers spring, and the wee birds sing  
And in sun-shine the waters, are sleepin'  
But the broken heart, a kens nae second spring  
And re-sign'd we may be, tho' we're greetin'

### Chorus

## EARLY ONE MORNING (A)

(4/4 – medium)

*An instrumental version of this song was used as the theme song of the popular C.B.C. (T.V) children's show, 'The Friendly Giant'*

(A) (A) (D) (E)  
| Early one | morning, just | as the sun was | rising  
(A) (A) (A) (D) (E) (A)  
| heard a | maiden | singing in the | valley below  
(E) (A) (E) (A)  
| Oh, don't de|ceive me, | oh never | leave me  
(A) (D) (A) (E) (A)  
| How could you | use a | poor maiden | so?

Remember the vows that you made to me truly  
Remember how tenderly you nestled close to me  
Gay is the garland, fresh are the roses  
I've culled from the garden, to bind over thee

Here I now wander alone as I wonder  
Why did you leave me to sigh and complain  
I ask of the roses, why should I be forsaken  
Why must I here in sorrow remain ?

Through yonder grove by the spring that is running  
There you and I have so merrily played  
Kissing and courting and gently sporting  
Oh, my innocent heart you've betrayed

How could you slight so pretty a girl who loves you  
A pretty girl who loves you so dearly and warm ?  
Though love's folly is surely but a fancy  
Still it should prove to me sweeter than your scorn

Soon you will meet with another pretty maiden  
Some pretty maiden, you'll court her for a while  
Thus ever ranging, turning and changing  
Always seeking for a girl that is new

## **BARBARA ALLEN (G)**

Anon. 1740, (4/4 – medium)

(G) (D) (G)  
In Scarlet | town | - where I was | born

(G) (D)  
There was a | fair maid | dwelling  
(C) (G) (Em)

And | every youth | - cried | well a|way  
(D) (G)

For her | name was Barbara | Allen

Twas in the merry month of May  
The green buds were a swelling  
Sweet William on his deathbed lay  
For the love of Barbara Allen

He sent a servant unto her  
To the place she was dwelling  
Saying you must come to his deathbed now  
If your name be Barbara Allen

Slowly slowly she got up  
Slowly slowly she came nigh him  
And the only words to him she said  
Young man I think you're dying

As she was walking oer the fields  
She heard the death bell knelling  
And every stroke it seemed to say  
Hardhearted Barbara Allen

Oh mother mother make my bed  
Make it long and make it narrow  
Sweet William died for me today  
I'll die for him tomorrow

They buried her in the old churchyard  
They buried him in the choir  
And from his grave grew a red red rose  
From her grave a green briar

They grew and grew to the steeple top  
Till they could grow no higher  
And there they twined in a true love's knot  
Red rose around green briar

## **AMAZING GRACE (C)**

John Newton (1725-1807), (3/4 – medium)

*(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)*

### Chorus:

(C) (C7) (F) (C)  
A|mazing | grace, how | sweet the | sound  
(C) (C) (G) (G7)  
That | saved a | wretch like | me  
(C) (C7) (F) (C)  
I | once was | lost but | now am | found  
(Am) (G7) (C)  
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

### Chorus:



## WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN? (A)

Lyrics by Carolina, Lady Nairne, (4/4 – slow)

*Carolina, Baroness Nairne (August 16, 1766–October 26, 1845), Scottish songwriter, was born in Gask, Perthshire. She was descended from an old family which had settled in Perthshire in the 13th century, and could boast of kinship with the royal race of Scotland. Her father, Laurence Oliphant, was one of the foremost supporters of the Jacobite cause, and she was named Carolina in memory of Prince Charles Edward Stuart. Her striking beauty & pleasing manners earned for her the name of the Flower of Strathearn.*

(A) (D) (A)  
| Bonnie | Charlie's | noo a|wa  
(A) (E)  
| Safely | o'er the | friendly | main  
(A) (D) (A)  
| Mony a | heart will | break in | twa  
(D) (A) (E) (A)  
| Should he | no come | back a|gain

### Chorus

(A)  
| Will ye | no come | back a|gain?  
(A) (D) (E)  
| Will ye | no come | back a|gain?  
(A) (D) (A)  
| Better | loved ye | canna | be  
(D) (A) (E) (A)  
| Will ye | no come | back a|gain?

Ye trusted in your Hielan men  
They trusted you dear Charlie!  
They kent your hiding in the glen  
Death and exile braving (+ Chorus)

English bribes were a' in vain  
Tho' puir and puirer we mun be  
Siller canna buy the heart  
That aye beats warm for thine an thee (+ Chorus)

We watched thee in the gloamin hour  
We watched thee in the mornin grey  
Though thirty thousand pounds they gie  
Oh, there is nane that would betray! (+ Chorus)

Sweet's the laverock's note an lang  
Liltin wildly up the glen  
But aye to me he sings a sang  
"Will ye no come back again?" (+ Chorus)

## SCOTS WHA' HA'E LYRICS (C)

Robert Burns – 1794, (4/4 – medium)

*"The History of Sir William Wallace," by Hamilton of Gilbertfield was one of the first books Robert Burns read other than his schoolbooks. The book was based on Blind Harry's 15th century ballad "The Actis and Deidis of... Schir William Wallace," but written in the more readable language of the 18th century. Some years after reading this, Burns wrote: "The story of Wallace poured a Scottish prejudice in my veins, which will boil along there til the floodgates of life shut in eternal rest."*

(C)

| Scots wha' ha'e wi' | Wallace bled

(Dm)

| Scots wham Bruce has | aften led

(C) (Dm) (Am)

| Welcome to yer | gory bed

(F) (C)

Or | on to victor|y

(C)

| Now's the day and | now's the hour

(G)

| See the front of | battle lour

(C) (G) (Am) (Em)

| See approach | Edward's power

(F) (C)

| Chains and slave|ry

Wha' can be a traitor knave

Wha' can fill a coward's grave

Wha' sae base to be a slave

Let them turn and flee

Wha, for Scotland's king and law

Freedom's sword would strongly draw

Freeman stand and freeman fa'

Let him on wi' me

By oppression's woes and pains

By your sons in servile chains

We will drain our dearest veins

But they shall be free

Lay the proud usurpers low

Tyrants fall in every foe

Liberty's in every blow

Let us do or dee

## MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE (E)

Robert Burns - 1794

*"My luve's like a red, red rose" describe a love that is both fresh and long lasting*

(E) (A)  
O, my | love is like a | red, red rose  
(A) (B)  
That's | newly sprung in | June  
(E) (A)  
O, my | love is like a | melody  
(A) (B) (E) (A) (E)  
That's | sweetly played in | tune  
(E) (A) (E)  
As | fair thou art, my | bonnie lass  
(E) (A) (E) (B)  
So | deep in love am | I  
(E) (A) (E)  
And | I will love thee | still, my dear  
(B) (E)  
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

# AULD LANG SYNE (C)

Robert Burns - 1759-1796, (4/4/ - slow)

(C) (G)  
Should | auld ac|quaintance | be for|got  
(C) (F)  
And | never | brought to | mind  
(C) (G)  
Should | auld ac|quaintance | be for|got  
(F) (C)  
For the | sake of | auld lang | syne!

## Chorus

(C) (G)  
For | auld lang | syne, my dear  
(C) (F)  
For | auld lang | syne  
(C) (G)  
We'll | take a cup o' | kindness yet  
(F) (C)  
For the | sake of | auld lang | syne

*In Scotland, Auld Lang Syne is sung at the stroke of midnight on New Year's Day. The song is commonly accompanied by a traditional dance. The group who is singing forms a ring, holding hands for the first verse. For the second verse, arms are crossed and again linked. For the third verse, everyone moves in to the centre of the ring and then out again.*

*The song's (Scots) title may be translated into English literally as 'old long since', or more idiomatically 'long ago', or 'days gone by'.*

*It is used as a graduation song and a funeral song in Taiwan, symbolizing an end or a goodbye. In the Philippines, it is well known and sung at celebrations like graduations, New Year and Christmas Day. Also, before 1972, it was the tune for the Gaumii salaam anthem of The Maldives (with the current words), In Thailand, it is used for Samakkkhi Chumnum (Together in unity), sung after sports.*

*In Brazil, Portugal, France, Spain, Greece, Poland and Germany this song is used to mark a farewell. It has also been used on other occasions as a farewell. One occasion that falls in this category was in October 2000, when the body of former Canadian prime minister Pierre Trudeau left Parliament Hill in Ottawa for the last time, going to Montreal for the state funeral.*

*In India, the melody was the direct inspiration for the popular Bengali song "Purano shei diner kotha" (About the old days) composed by Nobel laureate Rabindranath Tagore, and forms one of the more recognizable tunes in Rabindra Sangeet (Rabindra's Songs), a body of work of 2,230 songs and lyrical poems that form the backbone of Bengali music.*

*In Denmark, the song was translated in 1927 by the famous Danish poet Jeppe Aakjær. The former Danish rock group Gasolin modernized the melody in 1974 with their pop ballad Stakkels Jim ("Poor Jim").*

*In the United States, the song is used as a song of remembrance at 9-1-1 memorials and other memorial events. The most well known memorial version has an added bridge section that was arranged and first recorded by California musician Scott West with Tesla guitarist Frank Hannon.*

*In Japan, the Japanese students' song Hotaru no hikari (Glow of a Firefly) uses the Auld Lang Syne tune. The words are a series of images of hardships that the industrious student endures in his relentless quest for knowledge, starting with the firefly's light, which the student uses to keep studying when he has no other light sources. As noted above (under usage) the melody is also played in many stores shortly before closing time.*

*The tune is used for the Dutch football song, Wij houden van Oranje (We love Orange).*

*In France, the melody is used with French words and the parting song is entitled Ce n'est qu'un au revoir ("This is only "until we meet again" (not goodbye)).*

*In Indonesia, the melody is used as a farewell songs which is commonly sing during graduation or farewell party.*

*In South Korea, the melody was used for the national anthem, Aegukga, until the composer Ahn Eak-tai composed a new melody to the existing lyrics.*

*In Italy, this melody is very well known by Italian football supporters since the 70's; It is often sung in stadiums during the matches, especially after the kick-off. Many Italian supporters of different regions and cities adopted this tune and arranged its lyrics according to their teams. These are the lyrics sung by A.S. Roma supporters: La nostra fede mai morrà/canteremo noi ultrà/e insieme a te saremo allor/forza Roma vinci ancor ("Our faith will never die/we, the ultrà, will sing/then we'll be with you/come on Roma, win again").*

*In Spain, this tune is used by the Scouts movement for their farewell song at the end of summer camps or just to say goodbye after big events. (from Wikipedia)*

# WHISKEY IN THE JAR (G)

Irish - late 18<sup>th</sup>. Century, (4/4 – fast)

(G) (Em)  
As | I was a-go|in' over| - Kilgary | Mountain  
(C) (G) (Em)  
I | met Colonel | Pepper & his | money he was | countin'  
(G) (Em)  
I | drew forth my | pistol and I | rattled out my | saber, sayin'  
(C) (G)  
| "Stand and de|liver for I | am a bold de|ceiver"

## Chorus:

(D7)  
Musha | rig gum | du rum dye  
(G)  
| - Whack fol di | daddy o  
(C)  
| - Whack fol di | daddy o  
(G) (D7) (G)  
There's | whisky in the | jar

Musical notation for the song 'Whiskey in the Jar'. The notation is in 4/4 time and G major. It consists of four staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff is: As I was a-wal-kin' 'round Kil-ga-ry Moun-tain, I met Colo-nel Pep-per and his. The second staff is: mo-ney he was coun-tin' I rat-tled me pis-tols and I drew forth me sa-ber, Say-in'. The third staff is: "Stand and de-li-ver for I am the bold de-cci-ver Mush-a - rig-um - d-rum-da, Whack fol the dad-dy O. The fourth staff is: Whack fol the dad-dy O There's whis-key in the jar.

Those gold and silver coins, they sure did look inviting  
Oh, I picked up the money and I took it home to Molly  
She promised and she swore that she never would deceive me  
But the devil's in the women, and they never can be easy

## Chorus

When I awoke between six and seven  
The guards they were around me in numbers odd and even  
I sprang for my pistols, but alas, I was mistaken  
For Molly took my pistols and prisoner I was taken

## Chorus

They put me in the jail without a judge or writin'  
For robbing Colonel Pepper, on that damn Kilgary Mountain  
But they didn't take my fists, so I knocked the sentry down  
And bade farewell to that jail in Sligo town

## Chorus

Some people take delight in fishin' and in bowlin'  
Oh, others take delight in the carriages a-rollin'  
But I take delight in the juice of the barley  
And courtin' pretty girls in the morning bright and early

## ON ILKLEY MOOR BAHT 'AT (G)

(4/4 – medium)

*Sung to the old Methodist hymn tune Cranbrook, the song tells of a lover courting the object of his affections, Mary Jane, on Ilkley Moor without a hat (baht 'at). The singer chides the lover for his lack of headwear – for in the cold winds of Ilkley Moor this will mean his death from exposure. This will in turn require his burial, the eating of his corpse by worms, the eating of the worms by ducks and finally the eating of the ducks by the singer.*

(G) (D) (G) (G)  
| Wheear 'ast ta | bin sin' ah saw | thee, ah saw | thee?  
(G) (C) (G) (D)  
On | Ilkley | Mooar bah | t 'at  
(D) (G) (G)  
| Wheear 'ast ta | bin sin' ah saw | thee, ah saw | thee?  
(D) (D7)  
| Wheear 'ast ta | bin sin' ah saw | thee?  
(G) (G)  
On | Ilkley Mooar bah | t 'at  
(G) (G)  
On | Ilkley Mooar bah | t 'at  
(C) (D7) (G)  
On | Ilkley | Mooar bah | t 'at

Tha's bin a-cooartin' Mary Jane, etc.

Tha's bahn' to catch thy deeath o` cowl, etc.

Then we shall ha' to bury thee, etc.

Then t'worms'll come an` eyt thee up, etc.

Then t'ducks'll come an` eyt up t'worms, etc.

Then we shall go an` eyt up t'ducks, etc.

Then we shall all ha' etten thee, etc.

That's wheear we get us oan back, etc.

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

Psalm 23, (4/4 – slow)

*Scottish Psalter, 1650. William Gardiner (m) - 1812.*

(C) (G7) (C) (F) (C) (G) (C)  
The | Lord's my | shepherd, | I'll not | want  
(D7) (G) (G7)  
He | makes me | down to | lie  
(C) (G) (C) (F) (C)  
In | pastures | green, he | leadeth | me  
(Dm) (C) (G) (C)  
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 prsence 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 FOGGY FOGGY DEW (C)

(4/4 – medium)

*Burl Ives – 1940's – originally published in 1815) as a broadsheet. Ives was once jailed in Mona, Utah, for singing it in public, when authorities deemed it a bawdy song.*

(C) (F)  
When | I was a bachelor, I | lived all alone  
(G) (C)  
I | worked at the weaver's | trade  
(C) (F)  
And the | only, only thing that I | ever did wrong  
(G) (C)  
Was to | woo a fair young | maid  
(G) (C)  
I | wooed her in the | wintertime  
(G) (C)  
And | in the summer, | too  
(C) (F)  
And the | only, only thing that I | ever did wrong  
(G) (C)  
Was to | save her from the | foggy, foggy | dew

One night she knelt close by my side  
When I was fast asleep  
She threw her arms around my neck  
And she began to weep  
She wept, she cried, she tore her hair  
Ah, me! What could I do?  
So all night long I held her in my arms  
Just to keep her from the foggy foggy dew

Again I am a bachelor, I live with my son  
We work at the weaver's trade  
And every sing time I look into his eyes  
He reminds me of that fair young maid  
He reminds me of the wintertime  
Part of the summer, too  
And the many, many times that I held her in my arms  
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy, dew



## **LONG LONG AGO** (A) (4/4 – medium)

Thomas Haynes Bayly - 1833

(A)  
| Tell me the | tales that to | me were so | dear  
(E7) (A)  
| Long, long a|go, | long, long a|go  
(A)  
| Sing me the | songs I de|lighted to | hear  
(E7) (A)  
| Long, long a|go, long a|go  
(E7) (A)  
| Now you are | come all my | grief is re|moved  
(E7) (A)  
| Let me for|get that so | long you have | roved  
(A)  
| Let me be|lieve that you | love as you | loved  
(E7) (A)  
| Long, long a|go, long a|go

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

## UN CANADIEN ERRANT (C)

Antoine Gérin-Lajoie, 1837 (3/4 –medium)

*This song was written after the Lower Canada Rebellion of that year, in which some convicted rebels were condemned to death or exiled for armed insurrection. The melody is from a French Canadian folk tune. To a few, it remains a patriotic song. Leonard Cohen recorded "Un Canadien errant" on his 1979 Recent Songs album. His original song "The Faith" off his 2004 album Dear Heather is based on the same melody.*

(C) (Am)  
| Un Cana|dien e|rrant  
(Dm) (G)  
| banni de |ses fo|yers (x2)  
(G) (Em)  
| Parcourait | en pleu|rant  
(Dm) (Am)  
| des pays | étran|gers  
(F) (C)  
| Parcourait | en pleu|rant  
(G) (C)  
| des pays | étran|gers (x2)

Un jour, triste et pensif  
assis au bord des flots (x2)  
Au courant fugitif  
il adressa ces mots (x2)

“Si tu vois mon pays  
mon pays malheureux (x2)  
Va, dis à mes amis  
que je me souviens d’eux (x2)

“O jours si pleins d’appas  
vous êtes disparus (x2)  
Et ma patrie, hélas  
je me la verrai plus (x2)

“Non, mais en expirant,  
O mon cher Canada (x2)  
Mon regard languissant  
vers toi se portera” (x2)

*Once a young Canadien,  
Banished from his dear home (x2)  
All through a foreign land,  
Tearfully did he roam (x2)*

*Down by a river bank  
Watching how swift it flowed (x2)  
He sat down and cried,  
And these sad words he said (x2)*

*“If you should chance to see  
my poor unhappy land (x2)  
Tell all my friends for me  
That I remember them.” (x2)*

*“Happy days that have passed  
never again shall be (x2)  
And my dear land, alas,  
Never again I’ll see.” (x2)*

*“Oh Canada, I cry,  
my land you’ll always be (x2)  
And till the day I die,  
My thoughts will be of thee.” (x2)*

## THE ROSE OF TRALEE (C)

(3/4 – slow/medium)

*The words of the song are credited to C. Mordaunt Spencer and the music to Charles William Glover, It was written around 1840. But some say the song was written by William Pembroke Mulchinock, a wealthy Protestant, out of love for Mary O'Connor, a poor Catholic maid in service to his parents.*

*Mary was born in Broguemaker's Lane in Tralee and worked as a nanny in Ballyard. William first saw Mary there and fell in love with her, but because of the social differences between the two families their love affair was forbidden. Falsely accused of murder on the day he proposed to Mary, William fled to India. When he returned to Tralee some years later still yearning for Mary, he found she had died of tuberculosis. Broken hearted, William expressed his love and grief in the words of a song: 'The Rose of Tralee'.*

(C) (C7) (F) (C)  
The | pale moon was | rising a|bove the green |mountains  
(C) (D7) (G7)  
The |sun was de|clining be|neath the blue | sea  
(C) (C7) (F) (C)  
When I | strayed with my | love to the | pure crystal | fountain  
(G7) (C) (G7) (C)  
That | stands in the | beautiful | Vale of Tra|lee

(Am) (Am) (E)  
She was |lovely and | fair as the |rose of the | summer  
(Am) (Am) (E) (Am)  
Yet | 'twas not her | beauty a|lone that won | me  
(C) (C7) (F) (C)  
Oh | no twas the | truth in her | eye ever | dawning  
(G7) (C) (F) (C) (G7) (C)  
That | made me love | Mary, the | Rose of Tra|lee

The cool shades of evening their mantles were spreading  
And Mary, all smilin' was list'ning 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

# **BUFFALO GALS (G)**

John Hodges – 1844, (4/4 – medium/fast)

TML #001504 Key G Major

The image shows three staves of musical notation for the song 'Buffalo Gals (G)'. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. Chords G, D, and G are indicated above the first three measures. The second staff continues the melody with chords D, G, C, G, D, G, and C indicated above. The third staff concludes the piece with chords G, D, and G indicated above.

(G)

As | I was | walking | down the | street

(D7) (G)

| Down the | street, | down the | street

(G)

A | pretty little | gal I | chanced to | meet

(D7) (G)

Oh, | she was | fair to | see.

## Chorus

(G)

| Buffalo | Gals, won't you | come out to|night

(D7) (G)

| Come out to|night, | come out to|night

(G)

| Buffalo | Gals, won't you | come out to|night

(D7) (G)

And | dance by the | light of the | moon.

I asked her if she'd stop and talk,

Stop and talk, stop and talk

Her feet took up the whole sidewalk

And left no room for me.

## Chorus

I asked her if she'd be my wife

Be my wife, be my wife

Then I'd be happy all my life

If she'd marry me

## Chorus

## **ABIDE WITH ME (A)**

Henry Francis Lyte, 1847, (4/4 – slow)

(A) (E) (A) (D) (E7) (A)  
| A|bide with | me; | fast | falls the | even|tide  
(A) (D) (A) (D) (A) (B7) (E7)  
| The | darkness | dee|pens; | Lord with | me a|bide  
(A) (E) (A) (D) (E)  
| When | other | hel|pers | fail and | comforts | flee  
(E) (A) (D) (A) (E) (A)  
| Help | of the | helpless, | O a|bide | with | me

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day  
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away  
Change and decay in all around I see  
O Thou who changest not, abide with me

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word  
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord  
Familiar, condescending, patient, free  
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile  
And though rebellious and perverse meanwhile  
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee  
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me

I need Thy presence every passing hour  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness  
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes  
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me

## OH, SUSANNAH (A)

Stephen Foster - 1847 (4/4 – fast)

*Popularly associated with the California Gold Rush, it is probably based on a Scottish marching song, as the melody can be carried on the chanter of most bagpipes.*

(A) (E)  
Well I | come from Ala|bama with a | banjo on my | knee  
(A) (E) (A)  
I'm | bound for Louisi|ana, my | own true love to | see  
(A)  
It | rained all night the | day I left  
(A) (E)  
The | weather was so | dry  
(A)  
The | sun so hot I | froze myself  
(A) (E) (A)  
Sus|annah, don't you | cry  
(D) (A) (E)  
| Oh, Sus|annah, | don't you cry for | me  
(A) (E) (A)  
I | come from Ala|bama with a | 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  
Don't you cry for me  
'Cause I come from Alabama with a banjo on my knee

## POLLY WOLLY DOODLE (E)

(4/4 – medium/fast)

*Polly Wolly Doodle was introduced in the 1840s & is a popular children's song today.  
The origin of the song is unknown, but it may well have its origins as a song sung by slaves in the south.*

(E) (E)  
Oh, I | went down South for to | see my Sal

(E) (B)  
Singing | Polly wolly doodle all the | day  
(B) (B)

My | Sal, she is a | spunky gal

(B) (E)  
Singing | Polly wolly doodle all the | day

### Chorus

(E)  
Fare thee | well, fare thee | well,

(E) (B)  
Fare thee | well my fairy | Fay

(B)  
For I'm | off to Lou'siana for to | see my Susyanna  
(B) (E)

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)

*Peanut sitting on a railroad track  
His heart was all a-flutter  
Along came a choo-choo train  
Toot toot, peanut butter*

## ON TOP OF OLD SMOKEY (A)

(3/4 – medium)

### ON TOP OF OLD SMOKEY

*Some say this is an Appalachian song - some say it is derived from an English folk sing; in any event 19<sup>th</sup>. Century or older*

On | top of Old | Smokey  
(A) (D)

All | covered with | snow  
(A) (E)

I | lost my true | lover  
(E) (A)

From | 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

Tom Glaser – 1961

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.



## LANDLORD FILL THE FLOWING BOWL (E)

18<sup>th</sup>. Century traditional, (4/4 – medium)

(E) (B7) (E)  
| Landlord fill the | flowing bowl, un|til it doth run | over  
(E) (B7) (E)  
Landlord fill the flowing bowl, un|til it doth run | over  
(E) (B7)  
| For tonight we'll | merry, merry be  
(B7) (E)  
| For tonight we'll | merry, merry be  
(E) (A)  
| For tonight we'll | merry, merry be  
(B7) (E)  
| To|morrow we'll be | sober

The man who drinks cold water pure  
And goes to bed quite sober ( x 2 )  
Falls as the leaves do fall ( x 2 )  
Falls as the leaves do fall, so early in October

The man who drinks good whiskey clear  
And goes to bed right mellow, ( x 2 )  
Lives as he ought to live, ( x 2 )  
Lives as he ought to live, and dies a jolly good fellow

But he who drinks just what he likes  
And getteth half seas over ( x 2 )  
Lives until he dies, ( x 2 )  
Lives until he dies, and then lies down in clover

The little girl who gets a kiss  
And runs and tells her mother ( x 2 )  
Does a very foolish thing ( x 2 )  
Does a very foolish thing, and seldom gets another

# OLD MACDONALD HAD A FARM (E)

19<sup>th</sup>. Century, (4/4 - medium/fast)

(E) (A) (E)  
| Old MacDonald | had a farm  
(E) (B7) (E)  
| Eee eye eee eye | oh  
(E) (A) (E)  
And | on his farm he | had some chicks  
(E) (B7) (E)  
| Eee eye eee eye | oh!  
(E)  
With a | cluck-cluck here  
(E)  
And a | cluck-cluck there  
(E)  
| Here a cluck, there a cluck  
(E)  
| Everywhere a cluck-cluck  
(E) (A) (E)  
| Old MacDonald | had a farm  
(E) (B7) (E)  
| 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

As with English, many different versions and adaptations exist. The example verse below talks of small chickens and their 'zi zi' sound. Other animals are given different sounds: geese 'gu gu', goats 'mie mie' and dogs 'wang wang'. [citation needed]

Pinyin (Mandarin)

English translation

Wáng lǎo xiānsheng  
yǒu kuài dì  
yī a yī a yo  
tā zài tián biān yǎng  
xiǎojī ya  
yī a yī a yo  
zhèlǐ zī zī jiào  
nàlǐ zī zī jiào  
zhèlǐ zī, nàlǐ zī  
dào chù dōu jiào zī  
zī  
Wáng lǎo xiānsheng  
yǒu kuài dì  
yī a yī a yo

Old Mr Wang had a piece  
of land  
E I E I O  
In the field he raised  
chicks  
E I E I O  
They call 'zi zi' here  
they call 'zi zi' there  
Here 'zi', there 'zi'  
calling 'zi zi' everywhere  
Old Mr Wang had a piece  
of land  
E I E I O

## **THERE'S A HOLE IN THE BUCKET (E)**

19<sup>th</sup>. Century British children's song – released by Harry Belafonte in 1961. (3/4 – medium)

*It is an example of a 'dialogue' song and also of a 'circle' song*

### Boys

(E) (A) (E) (A) (E) (A)  
There's a | hole in the | bucket, dear | Liza, dear | Liza  
(E) (A) (E) (A) (B7) (E)  
There's a | hole in the | bucket, dear | Liza, a | hole

Use the stone, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry

Use the stone, dear Henry, dear Henry, the stone

### Girls

So fix it dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry  
So fix it dear Henry, dear Henry, fix it

But the stone is too dry, dear Liza, dear Liza  
The stone is too dry, dear Liza, too dry

With what should I fix it, dear Liza, dear Liza  
With what should I fix it, dear Liza, with what?

So wet it, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry  
So wet it dear Henry, dear Henry, wet it

With straw, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry  
With straw, dear Henry, dear Henry, with straw

With what should I wet it, dear Liza, dear Liza

But the straw is too long, dear Liza, dear Liza  
The straw is too long, dear Liza, too long

With what should I wet it, dear Liza, with what?

So cut it dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry  
So cut it dear Henry, dear Henry, cut it!

With water, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry  
With water, dear Henry, dear Henry, water

With what should I cut it, dear Liza, dear Liza  
With what should I cut it, dear Liza, with what?

With what should I carry it, dear Liza, dear Liza  
With what should I carry it dear Liza, with what?

Use the hatchet, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry  
Use the hatchet, dear Henry, the hatchet

Use the bucket dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry  
Use the bucket, dear Henry, dear Henry, the bucket!

So, sharpen it, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry  
So sharpen it dear Henry, dear Henry, sharpen it!

There's a hole in the bucket, dear Liza, dear Liza

With what should I sharpen it, dear Liza, dear Liza,  
With what should I sharpen, dear Liza, with what?

There's a hole in the bucket, dear Liza, a hole

## OH DEAR, WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE? (E)

@ 1850, (6/8 – medium/fast)

(E)

| Oh, | dear! | What can the | matter be?

(B)

| Dear, | dear! | What can the | matter be?

(E)

| Oh, | dear! | What can the | matter be?

(B)

(E)

| 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

## **HUSH, L'IL BABY (C)**

British lullaby (@ 1850) later published by John and Alan Lomax –1941, (4/4 – slow)

*This tune has been used by The Mammals in a satirical song called 'Bush Boys'. It has also been used by rap artist Eminem in a song named 'Mockingbird' on his album, Encore. It reached #11 in the U.S. music charts, and #4 in the UK.*

(C) (Dm)  
| Hush, little | baby, | don't say a | word  
(G) (C)  
| Papa's gonna | buy you a | mocking | bird  
(C) (Dm)  
And | if that | mocking | bird don't | sing  
(G) (C)  
| Mama's gonna | buy you a | diamond | ring

And if that diamond ring turns brass  
Papa's gonna buy you a looking-glass

And if that looking glass gets broke  
Mama's gonna buy you a billy goat

And if that billy goat don't pull  
Papa's gonna buy you a cart and bull

And if that cart and bull fall over  
Mama's gonna buy you a dog named Rover

And if that dog named Rover don't bark  
Papa's gonna buy you a horse and cart

And if that horse and cart breaks down  
You'll still be the sweetest little baby in town

## **CAMPTOWN RACES (A)**

Stephen Foster – 1850, (4/4 – medium/fast)

*This one of Foster's best known compositions. In his hometown of Pittsburgh, well attended horse races were held every Fourth of July.*

(A) (A) (E) (E)  
The | Camptown | ladies | sing this | song, | doo-dah, | doo-dah  
(A) (A) (E) (A)  
The | Camptown | racetrack | five miles | long, | oh | doo-dah | day  
(A) (A7) (D) (A)  
| Goin' to | run all | night, | goin' to | run all | day  
(A) (A) (E) (A)  
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

## OLD FOLKS AT HOME (A)

By Stephen C. Foster – 1851, (4/4 – slow)

*Foster supported the North in the American Civil War and sympathized with black Americans.*

(A) (D) (E)  
| Way | down upon the | Swanee | river, | far, | far a|way  
(A) (D)  
| There's | where my heart is | turning | ever  
(A) (E) (A) (D) (A)  
| There's where the | old folks | stay  
(A) (D) (A) (E)  
| All | up and down the | whole cre|ation, | sadly I | roam  
(A) (D)  
| Still | longing for the | old plan|tation  
(A) (E) (A)  
| And for the | old folks at | home

### Chorus:

(E) (A)  
| All the | world is | sad and | dreary  
(D) (A) (E7)  
| Every|where I | roam  
(A) (A7) (D)  
| Oh! | people how my | heart grows | weary  
(A) (E) (A)  
| 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

### Chorus

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?

### Chorus

## **WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS (A)**

Joseph Scriven and Charles C. Converse, (4/4 – slow)

*What a Friend We Have in Jesus is a hymn written by Joseph M. Scriven in 1855 to comfort his mother who was living in Ireland while he was in Canada.*

(A) (D)  
| What a | friend we have in | Jesus  
(A) (E)  
| All our | sins and griefs to | bear  
(A) (D)  
| What a | privilege to | carry  
(A) (E) (A)  
| Every|thing to God in | prayer  
(E) (A)  
| Oh what | peace we often for|feit  
(D) (A) (E)  
| Oh, what | needless pain we | bear  
(A) (D)  
| All be|cause we do not | carry  
(A) (E) (A)  
| Every|thing 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



# **GENTLE ANNIE (G)**

Steven Foster – 1856, (4/4 – medium)

Thou wilt | come no | more, gentle | Annie  
Like a | flower thy | spirit did de|part  
Thou art | gone, a|las like the | many  
That have | bloomed in the | summer of my | heart

## Chorus:

| Shall we | never more be|hold thee  
Never | hear thy | winning voice a|gain  
When the | Springtime | comes, gentle | Annie  
When the | wild flowers are | scattered o'er the | plain?

We have roamed and loved mid the bowers  
When thy downy cheeks were in their bloom;  
Now I stand alone mid the flowers  
While they mingle their perfumes o'er thy tomb.

## Chorus:

Ah! the hours grow sad while I ponder  
Near the silent spot where thou art laid,  
And my heart bows down when I wander  
By the streams and the meadows where we strayed.

## Chorus:

## **HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING? (D)**

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

*This is the Pete Seeger adaptation. The song received new prominence in 1991 when Irish singer Enya released a recording of the hymn on her album Shepherd Moons.*

(D) (G)  
My life flows | on in endless | song  
(A7) (D) (A)  
Above earth's | lamentation  
(D) (G)  
I hear the | real, though far off | hymn  
(D)(A7) (D)  
That hails the | new crea|tion  
(D) (A7) (D)  
Above the | tumult and the | strife  
(D) (A7) (D) (A)  
I hear the music | ringing  
(D) (G)  
It sounds an | echo in my | soul  
(D)(A7) (D)  
How can I | keep from | singing?

What through the | tempest loudly | roars  
I hear the | truth, it liveth  
What though the | darkness round me | close  
Songs in the | night it giv|eth  
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 re|joice 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 unde|filed  
How can I | keep from | singing?

## OLD BLACK JOE (G)

Stephen Foster, 1860 – (4/4 – slow)

*sung by Van Morrison amongst others*

(G) (C) (G)  
| Gone are the | days when my | heart was young and | gay  
(G) (C) (D)  
| Gone are my | friends from the | cotton fields a|way  
(G) (C) (G)  
| Gone from this | place to a | better land I | know  
(D) (G) (C) (G) (G) (D) (G)  
I | hear their gentle | voices calling, | Old Black | Joe

### Chorus:

(G) (C) (G)  
I'm | coming, I'm | coming though my | head is bending | low  
(D) (G) (C) (G) (G) (D) (G)  
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

### Chorus:

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

### Chorus:

## SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT (C)

Wallis Willis, @ 1862, (4/4 – slow)

*Willis was a one-time slave of the Choctaw Indians in the old Indian Territory. He was inspired by the Red River, which reminded him of the Jordan River and of the Prophet Elijah being taken to heaven by a chariot.*

(4/4 – slow)

### Chorus

(C) (F) (C)

Swing | low, sweet | chariot

(C) (G)

| Coming for to | carry me | home

(C) (F)

Swing | low, sweet | chariot

(C) (G) (C)

| Coming for to | carry me | home

(C) (F) (C)

I | looked over | Jordan and | what did I | see

(C) (G)

| Coming for to | carry me | home

(C) (F) (C)

A | band of | angels | coming after | me

(C) (G) (C)

| Coming for to | carry me | home

### Chorus

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

### Chorus

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

### Chorus

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

### Chorus

# WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME AGAIN (Em)

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

*(American Civil War song; same melody as 'The Animals Went In Two By Two')*

(Em)  
When | Johnny comes marching | home again  
(G) (G)  
Hu|rrah! Hu|rrah!  
(Em) (Em)  
We'll | give him a hearty | welcome then  
(B7)  
Hu|rrah! Hu|rrah!  
(Em) (B7)  
The | men will cheer and the | boys will shout  
(Em) (B7)  
The | ladies they will | all turn out  
(Em) (B7) (Em) (D) (Em)  
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

## JOHN BROWN'S BODY (E)

trad. Civil War song - 1863, (4/4 medium)

(E)  
| John Brown's | body lies a-| mouldering in the | grave  
(A)  
| John Brown's | body lies a-| mouldering in the | grave  
(E)  
| John Brown's | body lies a-| mouldering in the | grave  
(B7) (E)  
But his | soul goes | marching | on

### Chorus:

(E)  
| Glory, | glory, halle|lujah  
(A) (E)  
| Glory, | glory, halle|lujah  
(E)  
| Glory, | glory, halle|lujah  
(A) (B7) (E)  
His | soul goes | marching | on

He captured Harper's Ferry with his nineteen men so true  
He frightened old Virginia till she trembled through and through  
They hung him for a traitor, themselves the traitor crew  
His soul is marching on

### Chorus:

John Brown died that the slaves might be free  
John Brown died that the slaves might be free  
John Brown died that the slaves might be free  
But his soul is marching on!

### Chorus:

The stars above in Heaven now are looking kindly down  
The stars above in Heaven now are looking kindly down  
The stars above in Heaven now are looking kindly down  
His soul goes marching on

### Chorus:

## **BEAUTIFUL DREAMER (G)**

Stephen Foster – 1864, (3/4 – medium)

(G) (C)  
| Beautiful | dreamer, | wake unto | me  
(D) (G)  
| Starlight and | dewdrops are | waiting for | thee  
(G) (C)  
| Sounds of the | rude world, | heard in the | day  
(D7) (G)  
| Lull'd by the | moonlight have | all pass'd a|way  
(D7) (G)  
| Beautiful | dreamer, | queen of my | song  
(Em) (A7) (D) (D7)  
List while I woo thee with | soft me|lody  
(G) (G) (C) (C)  
| Gone are the | cares of | life's busy | throng  
(D) (D7) (G)  
| Beautiful | dreamer, a|wake unto | me  
(C) (G) (D7) (G)  
| Beautiful | dreamer, a|wake 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

# **NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN (C)**

From Slave Songs of The U.S. – 1867, (4/4 slow)

## Chorus:

(C) (Am) (C) (Am)  
| Nobody | knows the | trouble I've | seen  
(C) (F) (G7)  
| Nobody | knows but | Jesus  
(C) (Am) (Em)  
| Nobody | knows the | trouble I've | seen  
(G7) (C)  
| Glory | Halle|lu|jah!

(C) (C)  
Some|times I'm up, some|times I'm down  
(G)

| Oh, yes, | Lord!

(C) (Bm)  
Some|times I'm almost | to the ground  
(C) (G) (C)

| 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

One day when I was walkin' along  
Oh, yes, Lord  
The sky opened up and love came down  
Oh, yes, Lord

What makes old Satan hate me so?  
Oh, yes, Lord  
He had me once and had to let me go  
Oh, yes, Lord

I never shall forget that day  
Oh, yes, Lord  
When Jesus washed my sins away  
Oh, yes, Lord



## **JACOB'S LADDER (A)**

Traditional Black Spiritual – 1867, (4/4 – slow)

*(additional lyrics by Pete Seeger)*

(A) (A)  
We are | climbing | - Jacob's | ladder  
(E) (D) (A)  
We are | climbing | - Jacob's | ladder  
(A) (A) (D) (A)  
We are | climbing | - Jacob's | ladder  
(A) (E) (A)  
| 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  
We are climbing Jacob's ladder  
We are climbing Jacob's ladder  
Brothers, sisters, all

## MICHAEL ROW THE BOAT ASHORE (C)

(4/4 – medium)

*"Michael, Row the Boat Ashore" is an African-American spiritual from the Sea Islands of Georgia. It was first published in Slave Songs of the United States, by William Francis Allen et al., in 1867.*

(C) (F) (C)  
| Michael | row the | boat a|shore, | hallel|u|jah  
(C) (G) (C)(G)(C)  
| Michael | row the | boat a|shore, | hallel|u|jah  
(C) (F) (C)  
Sister | help to | trim the | sail, | hallel|u|jah  
(C) (G) (C)(G)(C)  
| Sister | help to | trim the | sail, | hallel|u|jah

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

## **ROCK MY SOUL (A)**

From 'Slave Songs of the U.S.' – 1867, (4/4 – medium)

### Chorus

(A)  
| Rock my | soul in the | bosom of | Abraham  
(E7)  
| Rock my | soul in the | bosom of | Abraham  
(A)  
| Rock my | soul in the | bosom of | Abraham  
(E7) (A)  
| - Oh, | rock my | soul

(Em)  
When | I went | down in the | valley to | pray  
(A) (Am) (E)  
| - O | rock-a my | soul  
(Em)  
My | soul got | happy and I | stayed all | day  
(A) (Am) (E)  
| - O | rock-a my | soul

When I was a mourner just like you  
O rock-a my soul  
I mourned and mourned 'till I came through  
O rock-a my soul

### Chorus

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

### Chorus

# TWELVE GATES TO THE CITY (C)

Unknown author, @ 1860's

## Chorus:

(C)  
| Oh what a | beautiful | city  
(G)  
| Oh what a | beautiful | city  
(C)  
| Oh what a | beautiful | city  
(G) (C) (G) (C)  
There's | twelve gates | to the | city | Hallelujah  
(C)  
| Three gates | in the | east  
(G) (C)  
| Three gates | in the | west  
(C)  
| Three gates | in the | north  
(G) (C)  
| Three gates | in the | south  
(C) (C) (G) (C)  
That makes | twelve gates | to the | city | Hallelujah

## Chorus:

Walk right in, you're welcome to the city  
Step right up welcome to the city  
Walk right through those gates to the city  
There are twelve gates to the city Hallelujah

## Chorus:

Who are those children all dressed in red  
Twelve gates to the city  
Must be the children that Moses sent  
There are twelve gates to the city Hallelujah

## Chorus:

Rich and the poor welcome to the city  
Young and the old welcome to the city  
Weak and the strong welcome to the city  
There are twelve gates to the city Hallelujah

## Chorus:

## **DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE (E)**

Traditional black spiritual, (4/4 – medium/fast)

(E)

Gonna | lay down my | sword and | shield

(E)

| - Down | by the | river|side

(B7)

| - Down | by the | river|side

(E)

| - Down | by the | river|side

(E)

Gonna | lay down my | sword and | shield

(E)

| - Down | by the | river|side

(B7)

(E)

| Ain't gonna | study | war no | more

### Chorus:

(A)

| - Ain't gonna | study | war no | more

(E)

| Study | war no | more

(B7)

(E)

| Ain't gonna | study | war no | more

(A)

| - Ain't gonna | study | war no | more

(E)

| Study | war no | more

(B7)

(E)

| Ain't gonna | study | war no | more

Gonna | put on that | long white | robe, etc.

Gonna put on that starry crown, etc.

Gonna walk with the Prince of Peace, etc.

Gonna shake hands around the world, etc.

## JUST A CLOSER WALK WITH YOU (E)

(4/4 – slow)

*In the 1920s, a new style of African American religious song called “Gospel” added a new dimension to the older, spiritual tradition. Thomas Dorsey, a Georgia bluesman who later moved to Chicago, coined the term “Gospel” and was the acknowledged leader of the gospel movement.*

*This new style added instruments such as the piano and later the Hammond electric organ. It also featured solo quartets and other special performers. Many of the greatest African American singers, such as Mahalia Jackson and Aretha Franklin, got their start singing in their local church gospel choir.*

*“Just a Closer Walk With Thee” is one of the popular Gospel numbers to come out of this movement, although there is some debate as to its origin. Some sources indicate that the song was a composed piece from the 1930s. But in many cases, a “composed” American song is simply a crystallization of some piece that’s been a part of the aural tradition as long as anyone can remember.*

*“Just a Closer Walk” probably has its roots in the music of black plantation combos and brass bands of the mid 1800s which later grew into Dixieland jazz.*

(E) (B7)  
| I am | weak but | thou art | strong  
(B7) (E)  
| Jesus | keep me | from all | wrong  
(E) (A) (B7)  
| I'll be | satisfied as | long as I | walk  
(B7) (E)  
| - 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.

# JOSHUA FIT THE BATTLE OF JERICHO (Am)

trad. Black spiritual, (4/4 – medium)

## Chorus

(Am)  
| Joshua fit the | battle of | Jeri|cho  
(E7) (Am)  
| Jeri|cho | Jeri|cho  
(Am)  
| Joshua fit the | battle of | Jeri|cho  
(E7) (Am)  
And the | walls come | tumbling | down

Good morning sister Mary  
Good morning brother John  
Well I wanna stop and talk with you  
Wanna tell you how I come along

I know you've heard about Joshua  
He was the son of Nun  
He never stopped his work until  
Until the work was done

## Chorus

You may talk about your men of Gideon  
You may brag about your men of Saul  
There's none like good old Joshua  
At the battle of Jericho

## Chorus

They tell me, great God that Joshua's spear  
Was well nigh twelve feet long  
And upon his hip was a double edged sword  
And his mouth was a gospel horn

Yet bold and brave he stood  
Salvation in his hand  
Go blow them ram horns Joshua cried  
'Cause the devil can't do you no harm

## Chorus

Up to the walls of Jericho  
He marched with spear in hand  
Go blow them ram horns, Joshua cried  
'Cause the battle is in my hands

Then the lamb ram sheep horns began to blow  
The trumpets began to sound  
Old Joshua shouted glory  
And the walls came tumblin' down

## Chorus

## PICK A BALE OF COTTON (C)

(4/4 – medium/fast)

(C) (C)  
Gonna | jump down | turn around

(C)  
| Pick a bale of | cotton

(C) (C)  
Gonna | jump down | turn around

(G) (C)  
| Pick a bale a | day

### Chorus

(C)  
| Oh, | lordie, | pick a bale of | cotton

(C) (G) (C)  
Oh, | lordie, | pick a bale a | day

(C)  
| Oh, | lordie, | pick a bale of | cotton

(C) (G) (C)  
| Oh, | lordie, | pick a bale a | day

I said

Me and my buddy gonna pick a bale of cotton

Now

Me and my buddy gonna pick a bale a day

I said

Me and my buddy gonna pick a bale of cotton

Now

Me and my buddy gonna pick a bale a day

### Chorus



# ST. JAMES INFIRMARY (Am)

(6/8 – slow)

*The history of this song starts with the Irish Ballad 'The Unfortunate Rake' which was current about 1790. It traveled to England and a version developed there of a woman cut down in her prime. Still another went to sea to come back to land again as a soldier's song. Which of these versions gave rise to the cowboy ballad, we shall likely never know, but the cowboy version itself has probable descendents in a logger's version and a copper miner's song. Finally there is the Afro-American version, 'St James infirmary'.*

(Am) (E7) (Am)  
I | went down to | old Joe's | bar room  
(Am) (C) (E7)  
On the | corner | by the | square  
(Am) (E7) (Am) (C)  
Well, the | drinks were bein' | served as | usual  
(D7) (F) (Am)  
And the | usual | crowd was | there

Well, on my left stood big Joe McKennedy  
And his eyes were bloodshot red  
When he told me that sad sad story  
These were the very words he said:

"I went down to the St. James infirmary  
I saw my baby there  
She was stretched out on a long white table  
So cold, so fine, so fair

Let her go, let her go, God bless her  
Wherever she may be  
She can search this wide world over  
She'll never find another man like me

I want 6 crap shooters as my pall bearers  
And a chorus girl to sing me a song  
Put a jazz band on the hearse wagon  
Just to raise hell as we go along

Well, now you've heard my story  
I'll have another shot of booze  
And if anyone should happen to ask you  
I've got the St. James infirmary blues!

## **SINNER MAN (Am)**

Collected from Florence Semples, KY, 1917, (4/4 – medium)

*English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, Sharp*

(Am)  
| Oh, sinner | man, | where you gonna | run to?  
(E7) (Am)  
| Oh, sinner | man, | where you gonna | run to?  
(Am)  
| Oh, sinner | man, | where you gonna | run to?  
(F) (E) (F) (E7) (Am)  
| - All | on that | day, | - | - all | on that | day

Run to the moon, "Moon won't you hide me?"  
Run to the sea, "Sea won't you hide me?"  
Run to the sun, "Sun won't you hide me?"  
All on that day, all on that day

Lord says, "Sinner man, the moon'll be a bleeding."  
Lord says, "Sinner man, the sea'll be a sinking."  
Lord says, "Sinner man, the sun'll be a freezin'"  
All on that day, all on that day

Run to the Lord, "Lord won't you hide me?"  
Run to the Lord, "Lord won't you hide me?"  
Run, run, "Lord won't you hide me?"  
All on that day, all on that day

Lord says "Sinner man, you should've been a praying."  
Lord says "Sinner man, you should've been a praying."  
Lord says "Sinner man, you should've been a praying."  
All on that day, all on that day

## **SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE A MOTHERLESS CHILD (Am)**

From Van Morrison's adaptation of Afro-American Spiritual, (4/4 – slow)

(Am)  
Some|times I | feel like a | motherless | child  
(Dm) (Am)  
Some|times I | feel like a | motherless | child  
(Am) (Am)  
Some|times I | feel like a | motherless | child  
(F) (E7) (Am) (E7) (Am)  
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

## WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN (C)

(4/4 – medium/fast)

Oh when the | <sup>(C)</sup>saints | - go marching | <sup>(C)</sup>in

When the | <sup>(C)</sup>saints go | <sup>(G)</sup>marching | in

| - Oh lord I | <sup>(C)</sup>want to | <sup>(C7)</sup>be in that | <sup>(F)</sup>number

When the | <sup>(C)</sup>saints go | <sup>(G)</sup>marching | <sup>(C)</sup>in

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 revelation (revolution) comes

When the revelation (revolution) comes

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 we all have food to eat

When we all have food to eat

Oh lord I want to be in that number

When the saints go marching in

*The origins of stories and songs of African Americans in this country are hard to pin down, since they were so long a part of oral tradition--held, transmitted, and changed through people's memories. The African American writer, William J. Faulkner wrote a touching retelling from this tradition called "How the Slaves Helped Each other," which includes the burial of a beloved slave. Faulkner says of the burial, "After the coffin was lowered into the grave, the slave preacher said words of comfort over the body--something like this: 'Sister Dicey, since God in His mercy has taken your soul from earth to heaven and out of your misery, I commit your body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, where it will rest in peace. But on that Great Getting up Morning, when the trumpet of god shall sound to wake up all the dead, we will meet you in the skies and join the hosts of saints who will go marching in. Yes, we want to be in that number, Sister Dicey, when the saints go marching in.'"*

# **WHISPERING HOPE (G)**

Septimus Winner – 1868, (6/8 - medium)

(G) (C) (G)  
| Soft as the voice of an | angel  
(D) (G)  
| Breathing a lesson un|heard  
(G) (C)  
| Hope with a gentle per|suasion  
(G) (D) (G)  
| Whispers her comforting | word  
(G) (D) (G)  
| Wait till the darkness is | over  
(D) (D)  
| Wait till the tempest is | done  
(G) (D) (G)  
| Hope for the sunshine to|orrow  
(G) (D) (G)  
| After the shower is | gone

## Chorus:

(D) (G)  
| Whispering | hope  
(D) (G)  
O how | welcome thy | voice  
(C) (G)  
| Making my | heart  
(D) (G)  
In its | sorrow re|joice

Hope has an anchor so steadfast  
Rends the dark veil for the soul  
Wither the Master has entered  
Robbing the grave of its goal  
Come then o come glad fruition  
Come to my sad weary soul  
Come Thou O blessed hope of glory  
Never O never depart

## Chorus

If in the dusk of the twilight  
Dim be the region afar  
Will not the deepening darkness  
Brighten the shimmering star?  
Then when the night is upon us  
Why should the heart sink away?  
When the dark night is over  
Watch for the breaking of day

## Chorus

## SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD (C)

H. P. Danks, 1872

*The Song is based on a poem by Eben Rexford. Danks, already one of the nation's most successful songwriters, scored a huge hit with "Silver Threads." He sold over 300,000 copies of the song in America directly following its release. Sales topped 2,000,000 by the turn of the century.*

(C) (G) (C)  
| Darling, | I am growing | old  
(G) (C)  
| Silver | threads among the | gold  
(C) (G) (C)  
| Shine u|pon my brow to|day  
(G) (C)  
| Life is |fading fast a|way  
(G) (C)  
| But, my | darling, you will | be, will be  
(D7) (G)  
| Always | young and fair to | me  
(C) (G) (C)  
| Yes, my | darling, you will | be  
(G) (C)  
| Always | young and fair to | me

When your hair is silver white  
And your cheeks no longer bright  
With the roses of the May  
I will kiss your lips and say  
Oh! my darling, mine alone, alone  
You have never older grown  
Yes, my darling, mine alone  
You have never older grown

Love can never more grow old  
Locks may lose their brown and gold  
Cheeks may fade and hollow grow  
But the hearts that love will know  
That, my darling, you will be, will be  
Always young and fair to me  
Yes, my darling, you will be  
Always young and fair to me ( x 2 )

## **BRAHMS LULLABY (A)**

(3/4 – slow)

*Johannes Brahms, the famous German composer, wrote a piece called 'the Wiegenlied', Op. 49 No. 4 (published in 1868). It was written (to a folk text) to celebrate the birth of a son to Brahms's friend Bertha Faber, and is universally known as Brahms' Lullaby.*

(A) (A)  
Lulla|by, and good | night  
(A) (E)  
In the | sky stars are | bright  
(E) (E)  
Close your | eyes, start to | yawn  
(E7) (A)  
Pleasant | dreams until the | dawn  
(D) (A)  
Close your | eyes now and | rest  
(E) (A)  
Lay your | head on my | breast  
(D) (A)  
Go to | sleep now and | rest  
(E7) (A)  
May your | slumber be | blessed

*(original German)*

*Guten Abend, gute Nacht, Mit Rosen bedacht,  
Mit Naeglein besteckt, schlupf unter die Deck'  
Morgen frueh, wenn Gott will, wirst du wieder geweckt  
Morgen frueh, wenn Gott will, wirst du wieder geweckt*

*Guten Abend, gute Nacht, Von Englein bewacht  
Die zeigen im Traum, dir Christkindleins Baum  
Schlaf nun selig und suess, Schau im Traum's Paradies  
Schlaf nun selig und suess, Schau im Traum's Paradies*

# I'LL TAKE YOU HOME AGAIN KATHLEEN (G)

Thomas Westendorf - 1875

*'I'll Take You Home Kathleen' is not, in fact, a tune of Irish origin. Westendorf was a public school music teacher in Plainfield, Illinois. In 1876 it was one of two most popular songs in America - the other being Grandfather's Clock.*

(G) (D7) (G)  
I'll | take you | home a|gain, Kath|leen  
(D7) (G)  
A|cross the | ocean wild and | wide  
(G) (D7) (G)  
To | where your | heart has ever | been  
(D) (A7) (D7)  
Since | you were | first my bonnie | bride  
(C) (G)  
The | roses all | have left your | cheek  
(D7) (B7)  
I've | watched them fade away and | die  
(Em)  
Your | voice is | sad when e'er you | speak  
(A) (A7) (D7)  
And | tears be|dim your loving | eyes

## Chorus:

(G) (Am) (G)  
Oh | I will | take you back, Kath|leen  
(D7) (G)  
To | where your | heart will | feel no | pain  
(G7) (C) (D)  
And | when the | fields are fresh and | green,  
(G) (D7) (G)  
I'll take | you to your | home again Kath|leen

I know you love me, Kathleen, dear  
Your heart was ever fond and true  
I always feel when you are near  
That life holds nothing, dear, but you  
The smiles that once you gave to me  
I scarcely ever see them now  
Though many, many times I see  
A dark'ning shadow on your brow

## Chorus.

To that dear home beyond the sea  
My Kathleen shall again return  
And when thy old friends welcome thee  
Thy loving heart will cease to yearn  
Where laughs the little silver stream  
Beside your mother's humble cot  
And brightest rays of sunshine gleam  
There all your grief will be forgot



# MY GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK (C)

Henry Clay Work, 1876

*Most accounts give the origin of the song as a wayfarers' inn in Piercebridge on the border of Yorkshire and County Durham called the George Hotel. The hotel was owned and operated by two brothers called Jenkins, and in the lobby was an upright longcase clock. The clock kept perfect time until one of the brothers died, after which it lost time at an increasing rate, despite the best efforts of the hotel staff and local clockmakers to repair it. When the other brother died, the clock stopped, never to go again. It is said that in 1875 Henry Clay Work visited the hotel and based My Grandfather's Clock on the stories he heard there. It is said that the song is responsible for the common name "grandfather clock" for what are properly called "longcase clocks."*

(C) (G)  
My | grandfather's | clock  
(C) (F)  
Was too | large for the | shelf  
(C) (G) (C)  
So it | stood ninety | years on the | floor  
(C) (G)  
It was | taller by | half  
(C) (F)  
Than the | old man him|self  
(C) (G) (C)  
Though it | weighed not a | pennyweight | more  
(C) (C)  
It was | bought on the | morn  
(G)  
Of the | day that he was | born  
(C) (G)  
And was | always his | treasure and | pride  
(C) (G)  
But it | stopped | short  
(C) (F)  
| Never to go a|gain  
(C) (G) (C)  
When the | old | man | died

## CHORUS:

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

## HOME ON THE RANGE (C)

Brewster Higley (l), Daniel Kelley (m) – 1876, (3/4 – slow/medium)

(C) (F)  
Oh, | give me a | home where the | buffalo | roam  
(C) (D7) (G)  
Where the | deer and the | antelope | play  
(C) (C7) (F)  
Where | seldom is | heard a dis|couraging | word  
(C) (G) (C)  
And the | skies are not | cloudy all | day

### Chorus

(C) (G) (C)  
| Home, | home on the | range  
(C) (D7) (G)  
Where the | deer and the | antelope | play  
(C) (C7) (F)  
Where | seldom is | heard a dis|couraging word  
(C) (G) (C)  
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

### Chorus

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

### Chorus

Oh, I love those wild flow'rs 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

### Chorus

## COCKLES AND MUSSELS (A)

(a.k.a. Molly Malone)

(3/4 – medium)

*Published as a work written and composed by James Yorkston, of Edinburgh.*

(A) (E)  
In | Dublin's fair | city, where the | girls are so | pretty  
(A) (E)  
I | first set my | eyes on sweet | Molly Ma|lone  
(A) (A)  
As she | wheeled her wheel-|barrow  
(E) (E)  
Through | streets broad and | narrow  
(A) (D) (A) (E) (A)  
Crying | cockles and | mussels, a|live, alive-|O!  
(A) (E)  
A|live, alive-|O! a|live, alive-|O!  
(A) (D) (A) (E) (A)  
Crying | cockles and | mussels, a|live, 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!

# **CLEMENTINE (C)**

Percy Montrose, circa 1880, (3/4 – medium)

(C) (C)  
In a | cavern, in a | canyon  
(C) (G)  
Exca|vating for a | mine  
(G) (C)  
Lived a | miner forty-|niner  
(G7) (C)  
And his | daughter, Clemen|tine

**Chorus:** *(same melody & chords as chorus)*

Oh, my | darling, oh, my | darling  
Oh, my | darling Clemen|tine  
You are | lost and gone for|ever  
Dreadful | sorry, Clemen|tine

Light she was and like a fairy  
And her shoes were number nine  
Herring boxes without topses  
Sandals were for Clementine

**Chorus:**

Drove her ducklings to the water  
Every morning just at nine  
Hit her foot against a splinter  
Fell into the foaming brine

**Chorus:**

Ruby lips above the water  
Blowing bubbles soft and fine  
But alas, I was no swimmer  
So I lost my Clementine

**Chorus:**

Then the miner, forty-niner  
Soon began to peak and pine  
Thought he oughta join his daughter  
Now he s with his Clementine

**Chorus:**

There s a churchyard on the hillside  
Where the flowers grow and twine  
There grow roses, mongst the posies  
Fertilized by Clementine

**Chorus:**

In my dreams she still doth haunt me  
Robed in garlands soaked in brine  
Though in life I used to hug her  
Now she s dead, I draw the line

**Chorus:**

How I missed her, how I missed her  
How I missed my Clementine  
Till I kissed her little sister  
And forgot my Clementine

**Chorus:**

*Additional verse  
Now you (scouts) may learn the  
moral  
Of this little tale of mine  
Artificial respiration  
Would have saved my Clementine*

## **SOFTLY AND TENDERLY (C)**

Will L. Thompson – 1880, (3/4 – medium)

(C) (F) (C)  
| Softly and | tenderly, | Jesus is | calling  
(C) (D7) (G)  
| Calling for | you and for | me  
(C) (C7) (F) (C)  
| See, on the | portals he's | waiting & | watching  
(C) (G) (C)  
| Watching for | you and for | me  
(G) (C)  
Come | home, come | home  
(F) (C) (D7 (G7))  
| Ye who are | weary, come | home  
(C) (F) (C)  
| Earnestly, | tenderly, | Jesus is | calling  
(G) (C)  
| 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

## THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN (A)

(4/4 – medium/fast)

*First appeared in 1883 edition of William H. Hill's Student Songs*

(A)  
There | is a | tavern in the | town, in the | town  
(A) (E)  
And | there my | true love sits him | down, sits him | down  
(A) (D)  
And | drinks his | wine as | merry as can | be  
(E) (A)  
And | never, | never thinks of | me

### Chorus

(E)  
Fare thee | well, for I must | leave thee  
(A)  
Do not | let this parting | grieve thee  
(E)  
And re|member that the | best of friends  
(A) (D) (A)  
Must | part, must | part  
(A) (A) (A)  
A|dieu, a|dieu kind friends, oh | yes, I say a|dieu  
(A) (E)  
I | can no | longer stay with | you, stay with | you  
(A) (D) (D)  
I'll | hang my | harp on the | weeping willow | tree  
(E) (A)  
And | may the | world go well with | thee  
He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark  
Each Friday night they used to spark, used to spark  
And now my love who once was true to me  
Takes this dark damsel on his knee  
And now I see him nevermore, nevermore  
He never knocks upon my door, on my door  
Oh, woe is me; he pinned a little note  
And these were all the words he wrote  
Oh, dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep  
Put tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet  
And on my breast you may carve a turtle dove  
To signify I died of love

## LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG (C)

G. C. Bingham (l), J. L. Molloy (m), 1884, (3/4 – slow)

*At the time of Molloy's death in 1909, it was written that every British home which had a piano had a copy of "Love's Old Sweet Song." The song was said to have the "right combination of melody and sentiment" and was easy enough to become a general favorite. "Love's Old Sweet Song" was very popular in the 1890s.*

(C) (C) (G)  
| Once in the | dear dead | days beyond re|call  
(G) (G) (G) (C)  
| When on the | world the | mists began to | fall  
(C) (G7) (G7) (C)  
| Out of the | dreams that | rose in happy | thron  
(A7) (D7) (G)  
| Low to our | hearts love sang an | old sweet | song  
(G7) (G7) (C)  
| And in the | dusk where | fell the firelight | gleam  
(D7) (G7) (D7) (G7)  
| Softly it | wove itself in|to | our | dream

### Chorus

(C) (C) (G) (G7) (C)  
| Just a | song at | twilight | - | when the | lights are | low  
(E7) (Am) (D7) (G)  
| And the | flick'ring | shadows | - | softly | come and | go  
(same as line 1)  
| Tho' the | heart be | weary | - | sad the | day and | long  
(C) (F) (G7) (C) (G7)  
| Still to | us at | twilight comes | love's | old | song | - comes  
(C) (G7) (C)  
| Love's | old sweet | song

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

### Chorus

## **ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT (C)**

Sir Harold Boulton (also wrote 'Skye Boat Song) – 1884, (4/4 – slow)

(C) (F) (G)  
| Sleep my | child and | peace a|ttend thee  
(F) (G) (C)  
| All | through the | night  
(C) (F) (G)  
| Guardian | angels | God will | send thee  
(F) (G) (C)  
| All | through the | night  
(F)  
| Soft the | drowsy | hours are | creeping  
(F) (G)  
| Hill and | vale in | slumber | sleeping  
(C) (F) (G)  
| I my | loved ones' | watch am | keeping  
(F) (G) (C)  
| 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



# SHORT'NIN' BREAD (E)

Unknown - 1884

(E) (E)  
| Put on the | skillet, | slip on the | lid  
(E) (B7) (E)  
| Mama's gonna | make a little | short'nin' | bread  
(E) (E)  
| That ain't | all she's | gonna | do  
(E) (B7) (E)  
| Mama's gonna | make a little | coffee, | too

## Chorus

(E) (E)  
| Mama's little | baby loves | short'nin', | short'nin'  
(E) (B7) (E)  
| Mama's little | baby loves | short'nin' | bread  
(E) (E)  
| Mama's little | baby loves | short'nin', | short'nin'  
(E) (B7) (E)  
| Mama's little | baby loves | short'nin' | bread

Three little children, lyin' in bed  
Two were sick and the other 'most dead  
Sent for the doctor and the doctor said  
"Give those children some short'nin' bread" ( + Chorus)

When those children, sick in bed  
Heard that talk about short'nin' bread  
Popped up well to dance and sing  
Skipped around and cut the pigeon wing ( + Chorus)

Slip to the kitchen, slip up the led  
Filled my pockets full of short'nin' bread  
Stole the skillet, stole the led  
Stole the gal makin' short'nin' bread ( + Chorus)

Caught me with the skillet, caught me with the led  
Caught me with the gal makin' short'nin' bread  
Paid six dollars for the skillet, six dollars for the led  
Spent six months in jail eatin' short'nin' bread ( + Chorus)

## HOW GREAT THOU ART (E)

Carl G. Boberg and R.J. Hughes – 1885, (4/4 – slow)

(E) (A)  
| - Oh Lord my | God | - when I in | awesome wonder  
(E) (B) (E)  
| - Consider | all the | works Thy hands have | made  
(E) (A)  
| - I see the | stars | - I hear the | rolling thunder  
(E) (B) (E)  
| - Thy power through|out the | universe dis|played  
(E) (A) (E)  
| - Then sings my | soul My | Saviour, God, to | Thee  
(B) (E)  
| - How great thou | art | - How great thou | art  
(E) (A) (E)  
| - Then sings my | soul My | Saviour, God, to | Thee  
(B) (B7) (E)  
| - 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 LOVE A LASSIE (A)**

Harry Lauder – 1890's, (4/4 - medium/fast)

(A) (A)  
| I love a | lassie, a | bonnie Hielan' | lassie  
(A) (E) (E)  
If you | saw her you'd | fancy her as | well  
(A) (A) (E)  
I | met her in Sep|tember, | popped the question in No|vember  
(A) (E) (A)  
So I'll | soon be | havin' | her a' to ma-|sel'  
(A) (A) (A) (A)  
Her | faither has con|sented, so I'm | feelin' quite con|tented  
(A) (E) (E)  
'Cause I've | been and sealed the | bargain wi' a | kiss  
(A) (A) (A) (E)  
I | sit and weary | weary, when I | think aboot ma | deary  
(A) (E) (A)  
An' you'll | always hear me | singing this | song

Chorus *(same chord sequence as above)*

| 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 blue|bell

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 nicht, 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

## **GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH (E)**

Text: William Williams, 1717-1791; trans. from the Welsh by Peter Williams and the author; Music:  
John Hughes, 1873-1932, (4/4 – medium)

*Tune: CWM RHONDDA*

(E) (A) (E) (E) (B)  
| Guide me, | O Thou | great Je|hovah  
(E) (A) (E) (B) (E)  
| Pilgrim | through this | barren | land  
(E) (A) (E) (E) (B)  
| I am | weak, but | Thou art | mighty  
(E) (A) (E) (A) (E) (B) (E)  
| Hold me | with Thy | powerful | hand  
(B) (E)  
| Bread of | heaven, | bread of | heaven  
(E) (B7)  
| Feed me | till I want no | more (*want no more*)  
(E) (A) (E) (B) (E)  
| Feed me | till I | want no | more

Open now the crystal fountain  
Where the living waters flow  
Let the river of salvation  
Follow all the desert through  
Strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer  
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield  
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield

When I tread the verge of Jordan  
Bid my anxious fears subside  
Death of death and hell's destruction  
Land me safe on Canaan's side  
Songs of praises, songs of praises  
I will ever give to Thee  
I will ever give to Thee

## SHE'LL BE COMING ROUND THE MOUNTAIN (E)

(4/4 – fast)

*The first printed version of the song appeared in Carl Sandburg's The American Songbag in 1927. The song is believed to have been written during the late 1800s. The song was based on an old Negro spiritual titled 'When the Chariot Comes'. During the 19th century it spread through Appalachia where the lyrics were changed into their current form. The song was later sung by railroad work gangs in the Midwestern United States in the 1890s. The song's style is reminiscent of the "call and response" structure of many folk songs of the time.*

She'll be | coming | 'round the | mountain | when she | comes  
(E) (E) (E)  
(E) (E) (B)  
She'll be | coming | 'round the | mountain | when she | comes  
(E) (E7)  
She'll be | coming | 'round the | mountain  
(A) (A7)  
She'll be | coming | 'round the | mountain  
(E) (B7) (E)  
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.

## **OLD TIME RELIGION** (E)

19<sup>th</sup>. Century Gospel, (4/4 – medium)

### Chorus

Give me that | old time re|ligion (E)  
(B7) (E)  
Give me that | old time re|ligion  
(E7) (A)  
Give me that | old time re|ligion  
(E) (B7) (E)  
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

### Chorus

# OH SHENANDOAH (G)

19<sup>th</sup>. Century, (4/4 – slow)

(G) (C) (G)  
Oh | Shenandoah, | - I long to | hear you  
(C) (G)  
A|way | - you rolling | river  
(Em) (C)  
Oh | Shenandoah, | - I long to | hear you  
(G) (D)  
A|way, | - I'm bound a|way  
(G) (D7) (G)  
| - 'Cross the | wide Miss|ouri

Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter  
Away you rolling river  
I'll take her 'cross your rollin' water  
Away, I'm bound away  
'Cross the wide Missouri

'Tis seven years since last I saw you  
Away you rolling river  
'Tis seven years since last I saw you  
Away, I'm bound away  
'Cross the wide Missouri

Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter  
Away you rolling river  
Oh Shenandoah, I'll come to claim her  
Away, I'm bound away  
'Cross the wide Missouri

In all these years, whene'er I saw her  
We have kept our love a secret  
Oh! Shenandoah, I do adore her  
Away, I'm bound away  
'Cross the wide Missouri

Oh Shenandoah, she's bound to leave you  
Away you rolling river  
Oh Shenandoah  
I'll not deceive you, away, I'm bound away  
'Cross the wide Missouri

## RED RIVER VALLEY (D)

(4/4 – medium)

*'Red River Valley' was known in at least five Canadian provinces at the end of the 19<sup>th</sup>. century. It is thought to have been composed at the time of the Wolseley expedition to the Red River Valley in Manitoba, and depicts the sorrow of a local girl as her soldier lover prepares to return to Ontario.*

From this | valley they | say you are | leaving  
(D) (D) (D)  
We will | miss your bright | eyes and sweet | smile  
(D) (D7) (A)  
For they | say you are | taking the | sunshine  
(D) (D7) (G)  
That has | brightened our | path for a | while  
(D) (A) (D)

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

O there never could be such a longing  
In the heart of a poor cowboy's breast  
That now dwells in the heart you are breaking  
As I wait in my home in the west

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

As you go to your home by the ocean  
May you never forget those sweet hours  
That we spent in the Red River Valley  
And the love we exchanged mid the flowers



# AFTER THE BALL (C)

Charles K. Harris – 1892, (3/4 - medium)

(C) (G7)  
A little maiden climbed an old man's | knees  
(G7) (C)  
Begged for a story: "Do uncle, | please  
(C) (E7) (Am)  
Why are you single, why live a|lone?  
(F) (Fdim7) (C) (D7) (G7) (C)  
Have you no | babies, have you no | home?"  
(Am) (E7) (F) (C)  
"I had a | sweetheart, years, years ago  
(F) (Fdim7) (C) (D7) (G7)  
Where she is now, pet, you will soon know  
(C) (E7) (Am)  
List to the story, I'll tell it all  
(F) (Fdim7) C (D7) (G7) (C)  
I believed her faithless after the ball"

## Chorus

(C) | After the | ball is | over  
After the | break of | (G) morn  
(G7) After the | dancers' | (G°→G7) leaving  
(G7) After the | stars are | (C) gone  
(C) Many a | heart is | aching  
(A7) If you could | (A) read them | (Dm) all  
(G7) Many the hopes that have (C) vanished  
(D7) Af (G7) ter the (C) ball.

"Bright lights were flashing in the grand ballroom  
Softly the music playing sweet tunes  
There came my sweetheart, my love, my own  
'I wish some water; 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, 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"

## Chorus

The image shows a musical score for the song "After the Ball" in 3/4 time. It consists of ten staves of music with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: "A lit - te mai - den climbed an old man's knee, Begged for a sto - ry, 'Do, un - cle, please! Why are you sin - gle? Why live a - lone? Have you no ba - bies? Have you no home?' I had a sweet - heart, years, years a - go, where she is now, pet, you will soon know. List to the sto - ry I'll tell it all, I be - lieved her faith - less af - ter the ball. Af - ter the ball is o - ver, Af - ter the break of morn, Af - ter the dan - cers' lea - ving, af - ter the stars are gone; Ma - ny a heart is ach - ing, If you could read them all; Ma - ny the hopes that have van - ished Af - ter the ball." The score includes a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature (C).

## DAISY, DAISY (C)

Harry Dacre – 1892, (3/4 – medium)

### Men's version:

(C) (F) (C)  
| Daisy, | Daisy | give me your answer | do  
(G) (C) (D7) (G)  
| I'm half | crazy, | all for the love of | you  
(G) (C)  
It | won't be a stylish | marriage  
(C) (F) (C)  
I | can't afford a | carriage  
(C) (G) (C) (G)  
But | you'll look sweet, u|pon the seat  
(C) (G) (C)  
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

*"When Dacre, an English popular composer, first came to the United States, he brought with him a bicycle, for which he was charged duty. His friend (the songwriter William Jerome) remarked lightly: 'It's lucky you didn't bring a bicycle built for two, otherwise you'd have to pay double duty.' Dacre was so taken with the phrase 'bicycle built for two' that he decided to use it in a song. That song, Daisy Bell, first became successful in a London music hall, in a performance by Kate Lawrence. Tony Pastor was the first one to sing it in the United States. Its success in America began when Jennie Lindsay brought down the house with it at the Atlantic Gardens on the Bowery early in 1892."*

### Original version

There is a flower within my heart Daisy, Daisy  
Planted one day by a glancing dart, planted by Daisy Bell  
Whether she loves me or loves me not, sometimes it's hard to tell  
Yet I am longing to share the lot of beautiful Daisy Bell

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer do, etc

We will go 'tandem' as man and wife, daisy, Daisy  
Peddling away down the road of life, I and my Daisy Bell  
When the road's dark, we can both despise policemen and lamps as well  
There are bright lights in the dazzling eyes of beautiful Daisy Bell

I will stand by you in "wheel" or woe Daisy, Daisy  
You'll be the bell(e) which I'll ring you know, sweet little Daisy Bell  
You'll take the lead in each trip we take, then if I don't do well  
I will permit you to use the brake, my beautiful Daisy Bell

# GREEN GROW THE RUSHES O (E)

1893, (4/4 – medium)

*American song but first recorded in Hebrew in the 16th century and is probably much older than that*

(E) (E)  
| I'll sing you | one O  
(E) (B) (E)  
| Green grow the | rushes O  
(E) (E)  
| What is your | one O  
(E) (A)  
| One is one and | all alone  
(B) (E)  
And | evermore shall | be so

I'll sing you two O  
Green grow the rushes O  
What is your two O  
Two, two the lily white boys  
Clothed all in green O  
One is one and all alone  
And evermore shall be so

I'll sing you three O  
Green grow the rushes O  
What is your three O  
| (E) Three | (B) three the | (E) ri|vals  
Two, two, etc

Four for the Gospel makers

Five for the symbols at your door

Six for the six proud walkers

Seven for the seven stars in the sky

Eight for the April rainers

Nine for the nine bright shiners

Ten for the Ten Commandments

Eleven for the eleven that went to heaven

Twelve for the twelve apostles

## I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD (C)

(4/4 – medium)

*The first published version appeared as "Levee Song" in a book of  
Princeton University songs published in 1894.*

(C) (C) (F) (C)  
| I've been | workin' on the | rail|road | all the | live long | day  
(C) (C) (D7) (G)  
| I've been | workin' on the | rail|road just to | pass the | time a|way  
(G) (C) (F) (E7)  
| Don't you | hear the whistle | blow|ing? | rise up so | early in the | morn  
(F) (C) (G7) (C)  
| Don't you | hear the captain | shou|ting, | "Dinah, | blow your | horn?"  
(C) (F)  
| Dinah, won't you | blow, | Dinah, won't you | blow  
(G) (C)  
| Dinah, won't you | blow your | horn?  
(C) (F)  
| Dinah, won't you | blow, | Dinah, won't you | blow  
(G) (C)  
| 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

## **THE BAND PLAYED ON (C)**

John Palmer (l) and Charles Ward (m) - 1895, (3/4 – medium)

(C) (Em) (Am) (C)  
| Casey would | waltz with the | strawberry | blonde

(G)  
And the | band | played | on

(G)  
He'd | glide 'cross the | floor with the | girl he'd a|dore

(C)  
And the | band | played | on

(C) (Em) (C7) (F)  
But his | brain was so | loaded it | nearly ex|ploded

(F) (Dm)  
The | poor girl would | shake with a|larm

(F) (C) (Am)  
He'd | ne'er leave the | girl with the | strawberry | curl

(D7) (G) (C)  
And the | band | played | on

# WALTZING MATHILDA (A)

(4/4 – medium)

*The lyrics were written in 1895 by the poet and nationalist Banjo Paterson, but it was first published as sheet music in 1903. Extensive folklore surrounds the song and the process of its creation, to the extent that the song has its own museum, the Waltzing Matilda Centre in Winton, Queensland.*

(A) (E) (A) (D)  
| Once a jolly | swagman | camped by a | Billabong  
(A) (E)  
| Under the | shade of a | Coolabah | tree  
(A) (E) (A) (D)  
And he | sang as he | watched and | waited till his | billy boiled  
(A) (A) (E) (A)  
| "Who'll come a-waltzing Ma|thilda with | me?"

## Chorus:

(A) (D)  
| Waltzing Ma|thilda, | waltzing Ma|thilda,  
(A) (D) (A) (E)  
| You'll come a-waltzing Ma|thilda with | me  
(A) (E) (A) (D)  
And he | sang as he | sat and | waited by the | billabong  
(A) (A) (E) (A)  
| "You'll come a-waltzing Ma|thilda 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)

<i>Billabong</i>	<i>A waterhole.</i>
<i>Billy</i>	<i>A can or small kettle used to boil water for tea.</i>
<i>Coolabah tree</i>	<i>A type of native tree in Australia</i>
<i>Jumbuck</i>	<i>A sheep. There are 20 times as many sheep as there are people in Australia.</i>
<i>Squatter</i>	<i>At one time, squatters claimed (seized) land for themselves in addition to land that they had been granted. Eventually through the continuous occupation of the land, their claims were legitimised in the eyes of the law.</i>
<i>Swagman</i>	<i>Someone who lives on the open road. A hobo. The term came from the canvas bag that they would carry their bedroll and/or belongings in.</i>
<i>Trooper:</i>	<i>In Australia's early days, there was no police force. The colony was protected by and policed by soldiers and even when a police force was eventually formed, they were still referred to as 'troopers'.</i>
<i>Tucker bag</i>	<i>A bag for storing food in the bush.</i>

## MY WILD IRISH ROSE (C)

Chauncey Olcott – 1899, (3/4 – slow)

*The first uniquely American popular song tradition arose with the minstrel show, beginning in the 1840s. Many songs still familiar today, such as “Turkey in the Straw” (“Zip Coon”) (c. 1824), “Oh Susanna” (1854), “Dixie” (1859), “Buffalo Gals” (1844), and “Old Folks at Home” (“Swanee River”) (1851), were originally composed for the minstrel stage and first performed on northern stages by white singers in blackface. European songs, especially sentimental songs like those contained in Moore’s Irish Melodies (1808-1834) and arias from Italian operas, remained important in the first half of the nineteenth century, joined by similar songs composed in America, for example “Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair” (1854), “Lorena” (1857), and “Aura Lee” (1861), recorded with new lyrics in 1956 by Elvis Presley as “Love Me Tender.”*

*American song in the second half of the nineteenth century underwent a tremendous commercial expansion, which extended into the twentieth century and indeed has not abated today. Initially, sheet music and pocket songsters were the primary means of circulating songs, since many Americans played and sang music in their own homes. The music publishing industry was increasingly concentrated in New York City’s famous “Tin Pan Alley” by the 1880s. Expansion and commercialization extended a process that began with the minstrel show: songs that had once been restricted to ethnic minorities or immigrant groups were marketed to the entire nation. Irish ballads like “Danny Boy” (1913), “**My Wild Irish Rose**” (1899), and “When Irish Eyes Are Smiling” (1913) became popular among non-Irish singers and listeners; so did Italian songs like “O Sole Mio” (1899). Jewish composers and performers likewise incorporated elements from their culture into American music, as when Sophie Tucker alternately sang her popular “My Yiddishe Momme” (1925) in English and Yiddish.*

*This was not simply a matter of cross-marketing or trading repertoires. Songwriters and performers from a wide range of backgrounds listened to each other’s music, learned from it, parodied it, created new styles out of it, and crossed back and forth between musical genres*

### Chorus

(C) (G) (C)  
My | wild | Irish | Rose  
(F) (C)  
The | sweetest | flower that | grows  
(G) (C)  
You may | search ev’ry|where  
(G) (C)  
But | none can com|pare  
(D7) (G)  
With my | wild | Irish | Rose  
  
My wild Irish Rose  
The dearest flower that grows  
And some day for my sake  
She may let me take  
The bloom from my wild Irish Rose

### Spoken verses

*If you'll listen, I'll sing you a sweet little song  
Of a flower that's now drooped and dead  
Yet dearer to me, yes, than all of its mates  
Tho' each holds aloft its proud head  
'Twas given to me by a girl that I know  
Since we've met, faith, I've known no repose  
She is dearer by far than the world's brightest star  
And I call her my wild Irish Rose*

*They may sing of their roses which, by other name  
Would smell just as sweetly, they say  
But I know that my Rose would never consent  
To have that sweet name taken away  
Her glances are shy when e'er I pass by  
The bower, where my true love grows  
And my one wish has been that some day I may win  
The heart of my wild Irish Rose*

## **BILL BAILEY (C)**

Hughie Cannon – 1902, (4/4 – medium/fast)

(C) (C) (C)  
| - Won't | you come | home, Bill | Bailey, | - won't | you come | home?  
(C) (G)  
| - She | moans the | whole | night | long  
(G) (G)  
| - I'll | do the | cookin', | honey, | - I'll | pay the | rent  
(G7) (C)  
| - I | know I've | done | you | wrong  
(C) (C)  
| - Re|member that | rainy | evenin'  
(C) (C7) (F)  
| - I | threw you | out with | nothin' but a | fine tooth | comb  
(F) (C) (A7)  
I | know | I'm to | blame, well | ain't | that a | shame  
(D7) (G7) (C)  
Bill | Bailey, | won't you | please | come | home

Won't you come home Bill Bailey, won't you come home?  
She moans the whole day long  
I'm gonna do the cookin' honey, I'm gonna pay the rent  
I know that I've done you wrong  
Do you remember that rainy evenin'  
That 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



# WABASH CANNONBALL (E)

(4/4 – medium/fast)

*"The Wabash Cannonball" is an American folk song about a fictional train, thought to have originated sometime in the late nineteenth century. Its first documented appearance was on sheet music published in 1882, titled "The Great Rock Island Route" and credited to J. A. Roff. A rewritten version by William Kindt appeared in 1904 under the title "Wabash Cannon Ball". The Carter Family made one of the first recordings of the song in 1929.*

(E) (E) (E) (A)  
From the | great Atlantic | ocean to the | wide Pacific | shores  
(B) (E)  
From the | Queen of flowin | mountains, to the | south belle by the | shore  
(E) (E) (A)  
She's | mighty tall and | handsome and she's | known quite well by | all  
(B) (B7) (E)  
She's the | modern combin|ation of the | Wabash Cannon|ball

She came down from Birmingham one cold December day  
And as she stood in the roundhouse you could hear all the people say  
"There's a gal from Tennessee and, man, she's long and she's tall.  
She came down from Birmingham on the Wabash Cannonball"

Well here's to Daddy Claxton, may his name forever be !  
And long be remembered in the courts of Tennessee.  
His earthly trials are over as the final curtain falls.  
We'll carry him home to vict'ry on the Wabash Cannonball.

Her eastern states are dandy, some people always say.  
From New York to St. Louis and Chicago on the way,  
From the hills of Minnesota, where the sparkling waters fall -  
No changes can be taken on the Wabash Cannonball.

So listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar  
As she glides along the foothills and the pathways to the shore.  
Hear the mighty rush of the engines, hear the lonesome hobos call  
As they rumble through the jungle on the Wabash Cannonball.

# FRANKIE AND JOHNNY (A)

(4/4 – medium/fast)

*The first published version of the music to "Frankie and Johnny" appeared in 1904, credited to and copyrighted by Hughie Cannon, the composer of "Won't You Come Home Bill Bailey"; the piece, whose melody is a variant of the version sung today, was titled "He Done Me Wrong" and subtitled "Death of Bill Bailey".*

(A) (A)  
| Frankie and | Johnny were | sweet|hearts  
(A) (A7)  
| Lordy, how | they could | love  
(D) (D)  
| Swore to be | true to each | other  
(D) (A)  
| True to the | skies a|bove  
(E)  
He | was her | man  
(E) (A)  
| - Wouldn't | do her no | wrong

Frankie and Johnny went walkin'  
And Johnny had on a new suit  
Frankie spent one-hundred dollar notes  
Just to make her man look cute  
He was her man, he wouldn't do her no wrong

Frankie went over to the barroom  
Stopped for a bottle of beer  
Said to the old bartender man  
"Has my lover Johnny man been here?"  
"He was my man, Lord, but he's been doin' me wrong,  
so wrong."

Yeah, Frankie looked over the transom door  
And there to her great surprise  
There sat her lover man Johnny  
Makin' love to Nellie Bly  
He was her man, but he was doin' her wrong

Well, Frankie lifted up her kimono  
And she drew out a little .44  
She shot once, twice, three times she shot  
him  
Right through that hardwood floor  
She shot her man  
'Cos he'd been doin' her wrong  
He said," roll me over so careful  
Roll me over so slow,  
Oh roll me over to my right hand side,  
'Cos the left side hurts me so,  
I was your man, but I was doin' you wrong.

"Sixteen rubber-tired carriages  
Sixteen rubber-tired hacks  
They took poor Johnny to the graveyard  
Well, the last time I seen Frankie  
They ain't gonna bring him back  
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong

Frankie looked out of the jailhouse  
To see what she could see  
All she could hear was a two string bow  
Crying nearer my God to thee  
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong

Frankie she said to the sheriff  
'What do you reckon they'll do?"  
Sheriff he said, "Frankie  
It's the electric chair for you."  
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong

Well, this story ain't got no moral  
This story ain't got no end  
This story only goes to show  
That there ain't no good in men!  
She shot her man but he was doin' her wrong

## WILL THE CIRCLE BE UNBROKEN? (A)

Ada Habershon (l), Charles Gabriel (m) – 1907, (4/4 – medium)

(A) (A)  
I was | standing | - by my | window,  
(D) (D) (A)  
On one | cold and | cloudy | day  
(A) (A)  
When I | saw that | - hearse come | rolling  
(A) (E) (A)  
For to | carry my | mother a|way

### Chorus:

(A) (A7)  
Will the | circle | - be un|broken  
(D) (A)  
By and | by, lord, | by and | by  
(A) (A)  
There's a | better | - home a-|waiting  
(A) (E7) (A)  
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 ( + Chorus)

Oh, I followed close behind her  
Tried to hold up and be brave  
But I could not hide my sorrow  
When they laid her in the grave ( + Chorus)

I went back home, my home was lonesome  
Missed my mother, she was gone  
All of my brothers, sisters crying  
What a home so sad and lone ( + Chorus)

We sang the songs of childhood  
Hymns of faith that made us strong  
Ones that mother Maybelle taught us  
Hear the angels sing along ( + Chorus)

## TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALLGAME (G)

Jack Norworth (l), Albert Von Tilzer (m) – 1908, (3/4 – slow/medium)

*(Verses could be spoken)*

(G) (G)  
| Nelly | Kelly loved | baseball | games  
(C)  
| Knew the | players, knew | all their | names  
(D)  
| You could | see her there | ev'ry | day  
(D) (G)  
| Shout "Hu|rray" | when they'd | play  
(G) (G)  
Her | boyfriend | by the | name of | Joe  
(C)  
| Said, "To | Coney Isle, | dear, let's | go"  
(B7) (Em)  
Then | Nelly | started to | fret and | pout  
(A7) (D7)  
And to | him, I heard her | shout

### Chorus

(G) (D)  
| Take me | out to the | ball | game  
(G) (D)  
| Take me | out with the | crowd  
(E) (Am)  
| Buy me some | peanuts and | Cracker | Jack  
(A) (D7)  
| I don't | care if I | never get | back  
(G) (D7)  
Let me | root, root, | root for the | home | team  
(G) (C)  
| If they don't | win, it's a | shame  
(G)  
For it's | one, | two, | three strikes, you're | out  
(C) (D7) (G)  
At the | old | ball | game

*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 (+ Chorus)*

*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" (+ Chorus)*

## SHINE ON HARVEST MOON (C / Am)

Written by Jack Norworth and Nora Bayes – 1908, (4/4 – medium)

### Verses could be spoken

(Am)  
The | night was mighty dark so you could | hardly see  
(Am)  
For the | moon refused to | shine  
(Am)  
| Couple sitting underneath a | willow tree  
(Am) (E7)  
For | love they did | pine  
(Am)  
| Little maid was kinda 'fraid of | darkness  
(C)  
So she | said, "I guess I'll | go"  
(D7) (D7)  
| Boy began to sigh, | looked up at the sky  
(D7) (G7)  
And | told the moon his little tale of | woe

### Chorus

(A7) (D7)  
Oh, | Shine on, | shine on, harvest | moon up in the | sky  
(G7) (C)  
| I ain't | had no lovin' since | January, February, | June or July  
(A7) (D7)  
| Snow time | ain't no time to | stay outdoors and | spoon  
(G) (C) (C)  
So | Shine on, | shine on, harvest | moon, for me and my | gal

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"

### Chorus

## SHIP AHOY (C)

(All The Nice Girls Love A Sailor)

A. J. Mill & B. Scott (1909), (4/4 – medium)

### Spoken

*When the man o' war or merchant ship comes sailing into port  
The jolly tar with joy, will sing out, Land Ahoy!  
With his pockets full of money and a parrot in a cage  
He smiles at all the pretty girls upon the landing stage*

### Chorus

(G7)  
All the | nice girls | - love a | sailor  
(C) (F#°7) (C)  
All the | nice girls | love a | tar  
(A7) (D7)  
For there's | something | - about a | sailor  
(D7) (G)  
(Well you | know what | sailors | are!)  
(G7)  
Bright and | breezy, | - free and | easy  
(C) (F#°7) (C)  
He's the | ladies' | pride and | joy!  
(A7) (D7)  
He | falls in love with | Kate and Jane, | then he's | off to sea a|gain  
(G7) (C)  
Ship a|hoy! | - Ship a|hoy!

*He will spend his money freely, and he's generous to his pals  
While Jack has got a sou, there's half of it for you  
And it's just the same in love and war, he goes through with a smile  
And you can trust a sailor, he's a white man (meaning: honest man) all the while!*

### Chorus

# **ANCHORS AWEIGH**

Alfred Hart Miles (l), Charles A. Zimmerman (m), 1906

*'Anchors Aweigh' is the song of the United States Navy,*

(C) (Am)  
| Anchors A|weigh my boys  
(C) (G) (C)  
| Anchors A|weigh  
(F) (C)  
| Farewell to | foreign shores  
(D7) (G)  
We | sail at break of | day day-ay-ay-ay  
(C) (Am)  
| Through our last | night ashore  
(C) (G) (C)  
| Drink to the | foam  
(F) (C)  
| Until we | meet once more  
(D7) (G) (C)  
Here's | wishing you a | happy voyage | home!

## DOWN IN THE VALLEY (BIRMINGHAM JAIL) (C)

1909, (3/4 – medium)

(C) (G)  
| Roses love | sun|shine, | - | violets love | dew  
(G7) (C)  
| Angels in | hea|ven | - | know I love | you  
(C) (G)  
| Know that I | love | you | - | know I love | you  
(G7) (C)  
| Angels in | hea|ven | - | 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



# **PUT ON YOUR OLD GREY BONNET (G)**

Percy Wenrich (m), Stanley Murphy (l) – 1909, (4/4 – medium/fast)

(G) (Am)  
On the | old farmhouse ve|randa, there sat | Silas and Mi|randa  
(D7) (G)  
| Thinking of the | days gone | by  
(G)  
Said he | "Dearie, don't be | weary  
(Am) (D7) (G)  
You were | always bright and | cheery, but a | tear, dear, | dims your | eye  
(A) (A)  
Said | she "They're tears of | gladness, Silas, | they're not tears of | sadness  
(A7) (D7)  
It is | fifty years to|day since we were | wed  
(G) (Am)  
Then the | old man's dim eyes | brightened and his | stern old heart, it | lightened  
(D7) (G)  
As he | turned to | her and | said

## **Chorus:**

(G) (C)  
Put on your | old grey | bonnet with the | blue ribbon | on it  
(G) (D)  
While | I hitch old | Dobbin to the | shay  
(G) (G)  
And through the | fields of | clover, we will | drive to | Dover  
(G) (D7) (G)  
On our | golden | wedding | day

*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*

## **Chorus:**

# OH I DO LIKE TO BE BESIDE THE SEASIDE

Florrie Forde, 1909

(G) (D)  
Oh I | do like to | be beside the | seaside  
(G) (C)  
I | do like to | be beside the | sea  
(D) (G)  
I | do like to | stroll along the | prom, prom, | prom  
(A7)  
Where the | brassbands | play  
(D) (D7)  
Tiddley-|om-pom-|pom!  
(G) (D)  
So | just let me | be beside the | seaside  
(G) (C)  
| I'll be be|side myself with | glee  
(D)  
And | there's | lots of girls be|side  
(Am)  
I should | like to be be|side  
(D) (D7) (G)  
Beside the | seaside, beside the | sea

## **BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON (C)**

Gus Edwards (m), Edward Madden (l) – 1909, (4/4 – slow/medium)

By the | light | - | - of the silvery | moon  
(C) (F)  
I want to | spoon  
(G)  
To my honey I'll | croon love's tune  
(Am7) (E°) (G7)  
Honey | moon, keep on shinin' in | June  
(C) (F)  
(Dm) (C) (Dm) (C)  
Your silvery | beams will | make love dreams  
(A7) (D7) (G7) (C)  
We'll be | cuddlin' | soon | - by the | silvery moon

## **DANNY BOY (G)**

Fred Weatherly (an English Lawyer) – 1910, (4/4 – slow/medium)

(G) (C)  
| - O Danny | Boy, the | pipes, the pipes are | calling  
(G) (A) (D)  
| - From | glen to | glen and | down the mountain | side  
(G) (C)  
| - The summer's | gone and | all the flowers are | dying  
(G) (G) (D) (G) (C) (G)  
| - 'Tis you, 'tis | you must | go - and I must | bide  
(G) (C) (G) (Em)  
| - But come you | back when | summer's in the | meadow  
(G) (C) (G) (A7) (D7)  
| - Or when the | valley's | hushed and white with | snow  
(G) (C) (G) (Em)  
| - 'Tis I'll be | there in | sunshine or in | shadow  
(G) (C) (D7) (G)  
| - 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

## **DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM (C)**

Tell Taylor – 1910, (3/4 in chorus – slow/medium)

*(The author died 4 days after completing this song)*

(4/4)

My | darling I am | dreaming | of the days gone | by  
(C) (G) (G) (C)  
When | you and I were | sweethearts be|neath the summer | sky  
(F) (C) (D7) (G)  
Your | hair has turned to | silver the | gold has faded | too  
(E7)  
(A7) (D7) (G7)  
But | still I will re|member, where I |first met | you

Chorus: (3/4)

| - Down by the | old mill | stream  
(C) (C°) (G7)  
| - Where I | first met | you with your |eyes of | blue  
(G) (Am) (Am) (F)  
Dressed in | gingham | too, it was | there I | knew  
(G) (C) (C) (G)  
That you | loved me | true, you were six|teen  
(E7) (Am) (C°)  
My village | queen down by the | old | mill | stream  
(C) (D7) (G) (C)

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

Chorus:

## LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART (C)

Leo Friedman (m), Beth Slater Whitson (l) –1910, (3/4 – slow/medium)

(C) (G)  
| I am dreaming | dear of you, | day by | day  
(G7) (G) (G) (C)  
| Dreaming when the | skies are blue, | when they're | gray  
(E7) (Am) (D7) (G7)  
| When the silvery | moonlight gleams, | still I wander | on in dreams  
(Am) (G) (D7) (G)  
| In a land of | love, it seems, | just with you

### Chorus

(C) (C)  
| Let me call you | "Sweetheart,"  
(F) (A7) (Dm)  
I'm in | love with | you  
(G)  
| Let me hear you | whisper  
(C) (G) (C)  
That you | love me | too  
(C) (C)  
| Keep the love-light | glowing  
(F) (A7) (Dm)  
In your | eyes so | blue  
(Dm) (C)  
| Let me call you | "Sweetheart,"  
(F) (F) (G) (C)  
I'm in | love with | you

Longing for you all the while  
More and more  
Longing for the sunny smile, I adore  
Birds are singing far and near  
Roses blooming everywhere  
You, alone, my heart can cheer  
You, just you

### Chorus

## PUT YOUR ARMS AROUND ME, HONEY (C)

Junie McCree / Albert Von Tilzer – 1910, (4/4 – medium-fast)

(C) (Am) (C) (Am)  
| Nighttime is a-fallin`, | everything is | still  
(C) (G) (C)  
And the | moon is a-shinin` from a|bove  
(C) (Am) (C) (Am)  
| Cupid is a-callin` every | Jack and | Jill  
(D7) (G)  
It`s | just about the | time for making | love  
(G7)  
| Someone`s | waiting | all a|lone for | me  
(C)  
| No more hesi|tating, I must | go and | see  
(D7) (G) (A7) (D7) (G)  
| How de | do, dear, | it`s with | you, dear, | that I | love to | be

### Chorus

(C)  
| Put your arms a|round me, honey, | - hold me | tight  
(G)  
| Huddle up and | cuddle up with | - all of your | might  
(C) (A7)  
| Oh, | babe, won`t you | - roll them | eyes  
(D7) (G7)  
| Eyes that | I just | - idolize  
(C)  
| When they look at | me my heart be|gins to float  
(G)  
| Then it starts a-|rockin` like a | motor|boat  
(C) (A7)  
| Oh, | oh, | I never | knew  
(D7) (G7) (C)  
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 rooster`s crow  
I love seven `leven, I love chicken too  
Nearest thing to heaven is to be with you  
For I`m spooony, moony, loony but my love is true

### Chorus

# THE OLD GREY MARE (C)

(4/4 – slow)

Frank Panella - 1910

Oh, the | old gray | mare, she | ain't what she | used to be  
(C) (C)  
(G) (C)  
| Ain't what she | used to be, | ain't what she | used to be  
(C) (C)  
The | old gray | mare, she | ain't what she | used to be  
(G) (C)  
| Many long | years a|go  
(C) (F) (C) (C) (F) (C)  
| Many long | years a|go, | many long | years a|go  
(C) (C)  
The | old gray | mare, she | ain't what she | used to be  
(G) (C)  
| Many long | years a|go

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



# ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND (G)

Irving Berlin – 1911, (3/4 - medium)

(G)  
| - Oh, ma | honey, | - oh, ma | honey  
(C) (D)  
| - Better | hurry | - and let's me|ander  
(G)  
| - Ain't you | goin', | - ain't you | goin'  
(A7) (D)  
| - To the | leaderman, | - ragged | meter man?  
(G)  
| - Oh, ma | honey, | - oh, ma | honey  
(C) (D) (G) (E7)  
Let me | take you to | Alexander's | grandstand | band  
(A7) (D) (G)  
| - Ain't you | comin' a|long?

## Chorus

(G) (G) (D) (G)  
Come on and | hear, come on and | hear Alex|ander's | ragtime | band  
(C) (C) (C) (C)  
Come on and | hear, come on and | hear, it's the | best band | in the | land  
(G)  
They can | play a bugle | call like you | never heard be|fore  
(G) (G) (G)  
| - So | natural | - that you | want to go to | war  
(A7) (D) (D7)  
| That's | just the | bestest | band what | am, | - honey | lamb  
(G) (D7) (G)  
| - Come on a|long, | - come on a|long, let me | take you | by the | hand  
(C)  
| - Up to the | man, | - up to the | man, who's the | leader | of the | band  
(G) (G7) (C) (E°)  
And if you | care to | hear the | Swanee | River | played | in | ragtime  
(G) (E7) (A7) (D7) (G)  
Come on and | hear, | - come on and | hear Alex|ander's | ragtime | band  
(G)  
| - Oh, ma | honey, | - oh, ma | honey  
(C) (D)  
| - There's a | fiddle with | notes that | screeches  
(G)  
| - Like a chicken, | - like a chicken  
(A7) (D7)  
| - And the | clarinet | - is a | colored pet  
(G)  
| - Come and | listen, | - come and | listen  
(C) (D) (G) (E7)  
| To a | classical | band what's | peaches  
(A7) (A7) (D) (D7) (G)  
| - Come now, | - somehow | - better | hurry a|long

## **OH, YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL (C)**

A. Seymour Brown / Nat D. Ayer – 1911, (4/4 – medium)

(C)  
| Oh, | - you | beautiful | doll,  
(D7)  
You | great big | beautiful | doll  
(G7)  
| Let | - me put my | arms a|bout you  
(C)  
| I | - don't want to | live with|out you  
(C)  
| Oh, | - you | beautiful | doll  
(D7)  
You | great big | beautiful | doll  
(C)  
If you | ever | leave me  
  
How my | heart would | ache  
(Cm)  
I | want to | hug you  
(Cm)  
But I | fear you'd | break  
(C) (C/B) (C/A) (C/G) \*\*  
| Oh, | oh, | oh, | oh  
(D7) (G7) (C)  
| Oh, you | beautiful | doll

** OR: (C) (Em) (Am) (A7)
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## ROAMIN' IN THE GLOAMIN' (C)

Harry Lauder – 1911, (4/4 – medium)

(C)  
I've | seen lots o' | bonnie lassies, | trav'-llin' far and | wide  
(F) (C) (D7) (G7)  
But my | heart is | centred | noo on | bonnie Kate Mc|Bride  
(C) (F)  
And al|though I'm | no' a | chap that | throws a | word a|way  
(D7) (G7)  
I'm sur|prised my|sel' some|times at | a' I've | got to | say

### Chorus

(C) (F) (C)  
| Roamin' in the | gloamin' on the | bonnie banks o' | Clyde  
(C) (D7) (G)  
| Roamin' in the | gloamin' wi' my | lassie by my | side  
(C) (C7) (F) (F)  
When the | sun has gone to | rest, that's the | time we love the | best  
(G) (G7) (C)  
| 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, so was I, we were baith the same  
But I got brave and braver on the journey comin' hame

### Chorus

Last nicht efter strollin', we got hame at half past nine  
Sitting at the kitchen fire I asked her to be mine  
When she promised, I got up and danced the Hie-lan' fling  
I've just been at the jew'ller's and I've picked a nice wee ring

### Chorus

# PIE IN THE SKY (The Preacher and the Slave) (C)

Joe Hill – 1911, (4/4 – medium/fast)

(C) (F) (C)  
Long haired | preachers come | out every | night  
(C) (G)  
Try to | tell you what's | wrong and what's | right  
(C) (F) (C)  
But when | asked, 'how 'bout | something to | eat?  
(C) (G) (C)  
They will | answer in | voices so | sweet

## Chorus:

(C) (G)  
You will | eat | - by and | by  
(G7) (C)  
In that | glorious | land above the | sky  
(C) (G)  
Work and | pray, | - live on | hay  
(G) (C)  
You'll get | pie in the | sky when you | die'  
(F) (C)  
(That's a | lie!)

O the Starvation Army they play  
And they sing and they clap and they pray  
'Till they get all your coin on the drum  
Then they'll tell you when you're on the bum (+ Chorus)

If you fight hard for children and wife  
Try to get something good in this life  
You're a sinner and bad man they tell  
When you die, you will sure go to hell (+ Chorus)

Some T.V. evangelists come out  
And they holler, they jump and they shout  
'Give your money to Jesus', they say  
'He will cure all diseases today' (+ Chorus)

Working folk of all countries, unite  
Side by side we for freedom we will fight  
When the world and its wealth we have gained  
To the rafters we'll sing this refrain (+ Chorus)

'You will eat, bye and bye,  
When you've learned how to cook and to fry,  
Chop some wood, 'twill do you good,  
And you'll eat in the sweet bye and bye (That's no lie!)

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

Jack Judge and Harry Williams (Henry James Williams) in 1912, (4/4 – medium/fast)

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

### Chorus:

(G)  
It's a | long way | - to Tippe|rary  
(C)  
It's a | long way | - to | go  
(G)  
It's a | long way | - to Tippe|rary  
(A) (D)  
To the | sweetest | girl I | know  
(G)  
| Goodbye, | - Picca|dilly  
(C) (B)  
| Farewell, | Leicester | Square  
(G) (C) (G)  
It's a | long, long | way to Tippe|rary  
(G) (D) (G)  
But | my heart's | - right | there! "

### 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!*

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!"

### Chorus.

## **JUST A WEE DEOCH AND DORIS (C)**

Words and music by Harry Lauder - 1912 (4/4 – medium)

There's a | <sup>(C)</sup> good old | Scottish | custom, that has | stood the test of | time  
<sup>(F)</sup> It's a | <sup>(C)</sup> custom that is | <sup>(G)</sup> carried out in | every land and | clime  
<sup>(C)</sup> Where | brother Scots fore-|gather, it's | aye the usual | thing  
<sup>(D7)</sup> When | <sup>(G)</sup> just before they | <sup>(D7)</sup> say guid-nicht, they | <sup>(G7)</sup> fill their cups and | sing

### Chorus

<sup>(C)</sup> Just a | wee deoch-an-|doris, just a | wee yin that's | a'  
<sup>(F)</sup> Just a | <sup>(C)</sup> wee deoch-an-|doris be|fore we gang a-|wa'  
<sup>(C)</sup> There's a | wee wifie | waitin', in a | wee but an | ben  
<sup>(C)</sup> If you can | <sup>(G)</sup> say, "It's a braw bricht | <sup>(C)</sup> moonlicht nicht" ye | <sup>(F)</sup> a'richt ye | <sup>(C)</sup> ken  
<sup>(C)</sup> <sup>(G)</sup> <sup>(C)</sup> <sup>(F)</sup> <sup>(C)</sup> <sup>(C)</sup> <sup>(G)</sup> <sup>(C)</sup>

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

### Chorus

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, (hoch) and we'll dance the Hieland fling  
And just for auld acquaintance sake, we'll a' unite and sing

### Chorus

## **MOONLIGHT BAY (C)**

Percy Wenrich (m) Edward Madden (l) – 1912, (4/4 – medium)

*A spoof of this song was made by The Beatles with Morecambe and Wise. It is found on Anthology 1*

(C) (F) (C)  
We were sailing a|long | - on moonlight | bay  
(G) (C)  
We could hear the voices | ringing, | - they seem to | say  
(C) (F) (C)  
"You have stolen my | heart, | - now don't go | 'way"  
(G7) (C)  
As we | sang love's old sweet | song on moonlight | bay

### Canadian version

*We were sailing along on Hudson's Bay  
We could hear the voices ringing, they seemed to say  
"You have frozen my toes all through then day  
Oh give me global warming now on Hudson's Bay"*

## **THE OLD RUGGED CROSS (E)**

George Bennard (l), Bill Anderson (m) – 1912, (3/4 – slow/medium)

(E) (A)  
On a | hill far a|way stood an | old rugged | cross  
(B) (E)  
The | emblem of | suffering and | shame  
(E) (A)  
And I | love that old | cross where the | dearest and best  
(B) (E)  
For a | world of lost | sinners was | slain

### Chorus

(B) (E)  
And I'll | cherish the old rugged | cross  
(A) (B)  
Until my | trophies at | last I lay | down  
(E) (E7) (A)  
I will | cling to the | old rugged | cross  
(E) (B) (E)  
And ex|change 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

### Chorus



## **WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING (G)**

Chauncey Olcott and Geo. Graff, Jr. (l), Ernest R. Ball (m) – 1912, (3/4 – medium)

(G)  
There's a | tear in your | eye and | I'm wondering | why  
(D)  
For it | never should | be there at | all  
(D7) (G)  
With such | power in your | smile, sure a | stone you'd be|guile  
(A7) (D7)  
So there's | never a | teardrop should | fall  
(G)  
When your | sweet liltin'g | laughter's like | some fairy | song  
(C)  
And your | eyes twinkle | bright as can | be  
(C) (G) (A7)  
You should | laugh all the | while and all | other times | smile  
(D7) (G)  
And | now, smile a | smile for | me

### Chorus

(G)  
When | Irish eyes are | smiling  
(C) (G)  
Sure, 'tis | like a morn in | Spring  
(C) (G)  
In the | lilt of Irish | laughter  
(A) (D)  
You can | hear the angels | sing  
(G)  
When | Irish hearts are | happy  
(C) (G)  
All the | world seems bright and | gay  
(C) (G)  
And when | Irish eyes are | smiling  
(C) (D) (G)  
Sure, they | steal your | heart a|way  
  
For your smile is a part of the love in your heart  
And it makes even sunshine more bright  
Like the linnets' sweet song crooning all the day long  
Comes your laughter and light  
For the springtime of life is the sweetest of all  
There is ne'er a real care or regret  
And while springtime is ours throughout all of youth's hours  
Let us smile each chance we get

### Chorus

## THAT'S AN IRISH LULLABY (G)

(Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral) written in 1913 by James Royce Shannon, (3/4 – slow)

(G) (Em) (G)  
| Over in Kill|arney | many years a|go  
(G) (Em)  
Me | Mither sang a | song to me  
(A7) (D7)  
In | tones so sweet and | low  
(G) (Em) (G)  
Just a | simple little | ditty in her | good old Irish | way  
(C) (G) (Em)  
And I'd | give the world if | she could sing  
(A7) (D7)  
That | song to me this | day

### Chorus:

(G) (C) (G)  
| Too-ra-loo-ra-|loo-ral, | Too-ra-loo-ra-|li  
(G) (A7) (D)  
| Too-ra-loo-ra-|loo-ral, | hush now, don't you | cry  
(G) (C) (G)  
| Too-ra-loo-ra-| loo-ral, | Too-ra-loo-ra-| li  
(C) (G) (A7) (D7) (G)  
| Too-ra-loo-ra-| loo-ral, that's an | Irish lulla|by

| Oft in dreams I | wander  
| To that cot a|gain  
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 as|leep  
Out|side the | cabin | door

### Chorus:



# YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU (I Didn't Want To Do It) (G)

Words & Music by Joseph McCarthy & James V. Monaco - 1913

(Gmaj7) (Ab°) (Am7)  
| - You made me | love | you  
(Am7) (D7) (Am7) (D7)  
I | didn't wanna | do it, I | didn't wanna | do it  
(D7) (Am7) (D9)  
| - You | made me | want | you  
(G6) (G6)  
And | all the time you | knew it, I | guess you always | knew it  
(E7) (A7)  
| - You | made me | happy | - some | times you | made me | glad  
(A7) (D7) (D7+)  
| - But | there were | times, dear, | - you | made me | feel so | bad

(Gmaj7) (Ab°) (Am7)  
| - You | made me | cry | for  
(Am7) (D7) (Am7) (D7)  
I | didn't wanna | tell you, I | didn't wanna | tell you  
(F#7) (B7)  
| - I | want some | love | - that's | true  
(B7) (B7)  
Yes, I | do, 'deed I | do, you know I | do  
(E7)  
| Gimmie, gimmie, | gimmie, gimmie | what I | cry for  
(A7)  
You | know you've got the | brand of | kisses that I'd | die for  
(D7) (D9) (G)  
| - You | know you | made me | love you | so

## EL CONDOR PASA

*El Cóndor Pasa is a song from the zarzuela El Cóndor Pasa by the Peruvian composer Daniel Alomía Robles written in 1913 and based on traditional Andean folk tunes.*

*It is possibly the best-known Peruvian song worldwide, partly due to a cover version by Simon and Garfunkel in 1970 (together with Urubamba group) on their Bridge Over Troubled Water album, which is called El Condor Pasa (If I Could).*

(Am) (C)  
I'd | rather be a | sparrow than a | snail  
(C) (C) (Am)  
| - Yes I | would | - if I | could | - I surely | would  
(Am) (C)  
I'd | rather be a | hammer than a | nail  
(C) (C) (Am)  
| - Yes I | would | - if I | could | - I surely | would

### Chorus:

(F)  
A|way, I'd | rather sail a|way  
(C)  
| - Like a | swan | - that's here and | gone  
(F)  
A | man gets | tied up to the | ground  
(C)  
| - He gives the | world | - its saddest | sound  
(Am)  
| - Its saddest | sound

I'd rather be a forest than a street  
Yes I would, if I could, I surely would  
I'd rather feel the earth beneath my feet  
Yes I would, if I could, I surely would

### Chorus:

## IT'S A LONG WAY DOWN TO THE SOUPLINE

Joe Hill –1915 (to tune of 'It's A Long Way To Tiperrary')

### Spoken

*Bill Brown was just a working man like others of his kind.  
He lost his job and tramped the streets when work was hard to find.  
The landlord put him on the stem, the bankers kept his dough,  
And Bill heard everybody sing, no matter where he'd go:*

### Chorus: (see p. 133 for chords)

It's a long way down to the soupline  
It's a long way to go  
It's a long way down to the soupline  
And the soup is thin I know  
Good bye, good old pork chops  
Farewell, beefsteak rare  
It's a long way down to the soupline  
But my soup is there

*So Bill and sixteen million men responded to the call  
To force the hours of labor down and thus make jobs for all  
They picketed the industries and won the four-hour day  
And organized a General Strike so men don't have to say:*

### Chorus:

*The workers own the factories now, where jobs were once destroyed  
By big machines that filled the world with hungry unemployed  
They all own homes, they're living well, they're happy, free and strong  
But millionaires wear overalls and sing this little song*

### Chorus:

## **KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING (C)**

Ivor Novello & Lena Guilbert Ford – 1915, (4/4 – medium)

(C) (F) (C)  
They were | summoned | from the | hillside

(C) (F) (C)  
They were | called in | from the | glen

(G) (C)  
And the | Country found them | ready

(G) (D7) (G)  
At the | stirring | call for | men

(C) (F) (C)  
Let no | tears add | to their | hardship

(C) (F) (C)  
As the | Soldiers | pass a|long

(Em)  
And al|though your | heart is | breaking

(A7) (D7) (G7)  
Make it | sing | this | chee|ry | song

### **Chorus**

(C) (G)  
| Keep the Home fires | burning  
(Am) (Em)  
| While your hearts are | yearning  
(F) (C)  
| Though your lads are | far away  
(D7) (G)

They | dream of | Home  
(C) (G)  
| There's a silver | lining  
(Am) (Em)  
| Through the | dark cloud | shining  
(F) (C)  
| Turn the | dark cloud | inside | out  
(C) (G) (C)

Till the | boys | come | Home

Overseas there came a pleading  
"Help a Nation in distress,"  
And we gave our glorious laddies  
Honor made us do no less  
For no gallant Son of Freedom  
To a tyrant's yoke should bend  
And a noble heart must answer  
To the sacred call of "Friend" (+ Chorus)

# THE QUARTERMASTER'S SONG (C)

1915 – WW1 Song, (4/4 – medium)

(C)  
There are | snakes, | snakes  
| Big as garden | rakes  
(G) (C)  
At the | store, at the | store  
(C)  
There are | snakes, | snakes  
(G) (C)  
| Big as garden | rakes, at the | Quarter|master's | store

## Chorus

(C) (F)  
My | eyes are | dim I | cannot | see  
(F) (G)  
I | have not | got my | specs with | me  
(C) (F) (C) (G) (C)  
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

## Chorus

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



## HAVA NAGILA (Am)

Avraham Zvi Idelsohn – 1915, (4/4 - slow → fast)

*Avraham Idelsohn was born in 1882 in Foelixburg (Filzburg), a small town in the Courland province of Tsarist Russia (present-day Latvia). He trained as a cantor in Russia and studied classical music in conservatories in Berlin and Leipzig before settling in Jerusalem sometime after 1905. He soon became active as a musician, music teacher, and scholar in the Jewish community there.*

*As a passionate Zionist, Idelsohn sought to collect and preserve the folk music of Jewish communities from around the world, using a phonograph to record the traditional melodies of Yemenite, Russian, German, Moroccan, and other communities he encountered in Jerusalem. At the same time, he sought to pioneer a new style of modern national music that would unify the Jewish people as they returned to their historic homeland in Palestine. To that end, he arranged and composed many new Hebrew-language songs based on traditional melodies. These modern songs with ancient roots quickly became popular as new Hebrew folk songs, sung in kibbutzim, moshavot, and printed in songbooks in the Jewish yishuv and beyond. Among them was Hava Nagila.*

*Idelsohn transcribed the Sadigorer melody in 1915, while serving as a bandmaster in the Ottoman Army during World War I.*

(E) (Am) (E)  
| Hava | - nagila, | hava | - nagila, | hava | - nagila | venisma|cha  
(E) (Am) (E)  
| Hava nagila, | hava nagila, | hava nagila | venisma|cha  
(E) (Dm) (Dm) (E)  
| Hava na|ranana, | hava na|ranana, | hava naranana | venisma|cha  
(E) (Dm) (Dm) (E)  
| Hava na|ranana, | hava naranana, | hava naranana | venisma|cha  
  
(Am) (Am)  
| U|ru | u|ru  
(Am) (Am)  
| Ur'a|chim be|lev sa|meach | ur'a|chim be|lev sameach  
(G) (G)  
| Ur'a|chim be|lev sa|meach | ur'a|chim be|lev sa|meach  
(E) (E) (E) (Am)  
| Ur'a|chim | - | ur'a|chim | - | - be|lev sa|meach

*Hava nagila, hava nagila  
Hava nagila venismacha  
Hava naranana, hava naranana  
Hava naranana venismacha  
Uru, uru achim  
Uru achim belev sameach*

*Let us rejoice, let us rejoice  
Let us rejoice and be glad  
Let us sing, let us sing  
Let us sing and be glad  
Awake, awake brothers  
Awake brothers with a joyful heart*

The words echo the biblical verse: "This is the day that God has made. We will rejoice and be glad in it" – "Ze ha-yom asah adonai, nagila venismacha bo" (Psalms 118:24).

## FAREWELL TO NOVA SCOTIA (G/Em)

Unknown – First World War, (4/4 - medium/fast)

### Chorus

(G)

Fare|well to Nova | Scotia, you | seabound | coast

(Em)

Let your | mountains | dark and | dreary | be

(G) (D)

For when | I am far a|way on the | briny ocean | tossed

(Em)

Will you | ever heave a | sigh or a | wish for | me?

The | sun was | setting | in the | west

The | birds were | singing on | every | tree

All | nature | seemed in|clined for to | rest

But | still there | was no | rest for | me ( + Chorus)

I grieve to leave my native land

I grieve to leave my comrades all

And my parents, whom I held so dear

And my bonny, bonny lassie that I loved so well ( + Chorus)

The drums do beat and the wars do alarm

My captain calls, I must obey

So farewell, farewell to Nova Scotia's charm

For it's early in the morning, I'll be far, far away ( + Chorus)

I have three brothers and they are at rest

Their arms are folded on their breasts

But a poor and simple sailor just like me

Must be tossed and driven on the dark, blue sea ( + Chorus)

## THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL A-WINDING (C)

(4/4 – slow)

*Written in 1915, its words were penned by Stoddard King and its music by Alonzo "Zo" Elliott;*

(C) (F)  
Nights are | growing very | lonely, | days are very | long  
(C) (D7) (G)  
I'm a-|growing weary | only | listening for your | song  
(F) (E7) (Am) (D7) (G)  
Old re|membrances are | thronging | thro' my memo|ry  
(C) (F) (D7) (G7)  
Till it | seems the world is | full of dreams just to | call you back to | me

### Chorus

(C)  
There's a | long, long | trail a-|winding  
(F) (C)  
Into the | land of my | dreams  
(C) (A7)  
Where the | nightin|gales are | singing  
(D7) (G7)  
And a | white | moon | beams  
(C)  
There's a | long, long | night of | waiting  
(F) (C)  
Until my | dreams | all come | true  
(C) (A7)  
Till the | day when | I'll be | going | down  
(D7) (G7) (C)  
That | long, long | trail with | you

All night long I hear you calling  
Calling sweet and low  
Seem to hear your footsteps falling  
Everywhere I go  
Tho' the road between us stretches  
Many a weary mile  
I forget that you're not with me yet  
When I think I see you smile

### Chorus

## **IF YOU WERE THE ONLY GIRL (C)**

Nat D. Ayer (m), Clifford Grey (l) –1916, (3/4 – slow/medium)

(C) (A7) (D7)  
If | you were the | only | girl in the | world  
(G) (C)  
And | I were the | only | boy  
(C) (Dm7)  
| Nothing else would | matter in the | world to|day  
(G) (G\*) (C)  
| We could go on | loving in the | same old | way  
(C) (A7) (D7) (G)  
A | garden of | Eden | just made for | two  
(G) (C)  
With | nothing to | mar our | joy  
(Am) (Em)  
| I would | say such | wonderful things to | you  
(F) (C) (A7)  
| There would | be such | wonderful things to | do  
(Dm) (C) (A\*)  
If | you were the | only | girl in the | world  
(A7) (D7) (D7)(G7) (C)  
And | I were the | only | boy

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

George Henry Powell – 1916, (4/4 - med.)

*A lucifer was a popular make of match, and "fag" remains British slang for a cigarette.*

### 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!

### Chorus

(C)  
| Pack up your | troubles in your | old kit-|bag  
                  (F)                  (C)  
And | smile, | smile, | smile  
(C)  
| While you've a | lucifer to | light your | fag  
                  (D7)  (G)  
| Smile, boys, | that's the | style  
                  (C)  (G)  
| What's the | use of | worrying?  
                  (G7)          (C)                  (G)  
It | never | was worth|while, | so  
(C)  
| Pack up your | troubles in your | old kit-|bag  
                  (F)  (C)          (G7)  (C)  
And | smile, | smile, | smile

# KEEP RIGHT ON TO THE END OF THE ROAD (C)

Harry Lauder – 1917 (4/4 – medium)

Sir Harry Lauder wrote this song after his son was killed in action in World War I.

Sustained  
chords

## Spoken Introduction

Every | (C) road through | life is a | long, long | road  
Filled with | (C) joys and | sorrows | too  
As you | (F) journey on how your | (C) heart will | (Am) yearn  
For the | (D7) things most | dear to | (G7) you  
With | (C) wealth and love 'tis | (Am) so  
But | (F) onward we must | (G7) go

## Chorus

(C)  
| Keep right | on to the | end of the | road  
(G) (C)  
| Keep right | on to the | end  
(C) (G)  
Tho' the | way be | long, let your | heart be | strong  
(G) (D7) (G7)  
| Keep right | on round the | bend  
(C) (G)  
Tho' you're | tired and | weary | still journey | on  
(F) (G)  
Till you | come to your | happy a|bode  
(C) (F) (C°) (C/G)  
Where | all you | love you've been | dreaming | of  
(C/C) (G) (C)  
Will be | there at the | end of the | road

## Spoken

With a | (C) big stout | heart to a | long steep | hill  
We may | (C) get there | - with a | smile  
With a | (F) good kind | thought and an | (C) end in | (Am) view  
We may | (D7) cut short | many a | (G) mile  
So let | (C) courage ev'ry | (Am) day  
Be your | (F) guiding | star all(G)ways

## Chorus

## **FOR ME AND MY GAL (C)**

Edgar Leslie & E. Ray Goetz (l), George W. Meyer (m) – 1917, (4/4 – medium)

(C) (G) (G) (C)  
The bells are | ringing for | me and my | gal  
(E7) (Am)  
The birds are | singing for | me and my | gal  
(Am) (E7)  
Everybody's been | knowing  
(Am)  
To a | wedding they're | going  
(Am) (D7)  
And for | weeks they've been | sewing  
(G)  
Every | Susie and | Sal  
(G) (C)  
They're congregating for | me and my | gal  
(E7) (Am)  
The parson's | waiting for | me and my | gal  
(C)  
And some|time  
(C)  
I'm gonna | build a little | home for | two  
(F) (C<sup>0</sup>)  
For | three or | four or | more  
(G7) (C)  
In | Loveland for | me and my | gal

## DARKTOWN STRUTTER'S BALL (G)

Words & Music by Shelton Brooks, 1917

(G) (G)  
I'll be | down to | get you in a | taxi, | Honey  
(A7) (A7)  
You | better be | ready 'bout | half past | eight  
(D7)  
| - Now | dearie, | don't be | late  
(G) (D7)  
I want to | be there | when the | band starts | playing  
(G) (G) (G)  
And re|member | when we | get there, | Honey  
(A7) (A7)  
| Two-steps, | - I'm goin' to | have 'em | all  
(C) (C#°)  
Goin' to | dance out | both my | shoes  
(G) (E7)  
When they | play the | Jelly Roll | Blues |  
(A7) (D7) (G)  
To|morrow | night at the | Darktown | Strutters | Ball

*'Darktown Strutters' Ball.'* One of the earliest traditional jazz songs to become a standard. The words and music, by Shelton Brooks, were inspired by a ball at the 1915 Pacific-Panama Exposition in San Francisco. The music, in arrangements for band and for orchestra, was first published 18 Jan 1917 by Will Rossiter, Chicago. The version recorded 30 Jan 1917 by the Original Dixieland Jazz Band may be the earliest commercially made jazz record. 'Darktown Strutters' Ball' was subsequently recorded by many pop and jazz artists, including the Six Brown Brothers (1917), the Brunswick Military Band (Brunswick 5170, 1918), Miff Mole's Molers (1928), Trump Davidson (1937), Jimmy Dorsey (1938), and Benny Goodman (1945). The song has also been recorded by musicians as varied as Ella Fitzgerald, the Lawrence Welk Orchestra, and the Beach Boys.



# **I'M FOREVER BLOWING BUBBLES (G)**

James Kendis, James Brockman and Nat Vincent (l), John Kellette (m) – 1918  
(3/4 – slow/medium)

*This song is the club anthem of West Ham United, a London-based football club.*

## Spoken Introduction

*I'm dreaming dreams  
I'm scheming schemes  
I'm building castles high  
They're born anew  
Their days are few  
Just like a sweet butterfly  
And as the daylight is dawning  
They come again in the morning*

## Chorus

(G) (D) (G)  
| I'm forever | blowing | bubbles  
(C) (G)  
Pretty | bubbles | in the | air  
(C) (G)  
| They fly so | high  
(C) (G)  
| Nearly reach the | sky  
(A7)  
| Then like my | dreams  
(D7)  
They | fade and | die  
(G) (D)  
| Fortune's | always | hiding  
(C) (D)  
| I've looked | every|where  
(G) (D) (G) (Em)  
| I'm forever | blowing | bubbles  
(C) (D) (G)  
Pretty | bubbles | in the | air

# DON'T DILLY DALLY (My Old Man Said Follow The Van) (C)

Charles Collins and Fred W. Leigh (English Music Hall), 1919

## Spoken

*We had to move away 'cos the rent we couldn't pay  
The moving van came round, this after dark  
There was me and my old man shoving things inside a van,  
Which we've often done before, let me remark*

*We packed all that could be packed in the van, and that's a fact  
And we got inside all we could get inside  
We packed all that could be packed on the tailboard in the back  
Till there wasn't any room for me to ride*

## Chorus

(C) (D7) (G) ©  
| My old | man said, | "Follow the | van, | don't dilly | dally on the | way!"  
(E7) (Am)  
| Off went the | cart with the | home packed | in it  
(D7) (G)  
| I walked be|hind with me | old cock | linnet  
(C) (G) (C) (G)  
But I | dillied and | dallied, | dallied and | dillied  
(C) (G)  
| Lost the van and | don't know where to | roam  
(C) (C7) (F) (F°)  
You | can't trust the | specials like the | old-time | coppers  
(C) (G7) (C)  
When you | can't find your | way back | home

My old man said, "Follow the van, don't dilly dally on the way!"  
Off went the cart with the home packed in it  
I walked behind with me old cock linnet  
But I dillied and dallied, dallied and dillied  
Lost the van and don't know where to roam  
Now who's going to put up the old iron bedstead  
If I can't find my way home?

# LET THE REST OF THE WORLD GO BY (C)

Words & Music by J. Keirn Brennan & Ernest R. Ball – 1919, (3/4 – slow/medium)

## Spoken Introduction

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

## Chorus

(C) (G)  
With | someone like | you, a | pal good and true  
(G) (C) (C7)  
I'd | like to leave it | all be|hind and go and | find  
(F) (C)  
A | place that's | known to | God a|lone  
(D7) (G)  
| Just a | spot to | call our | own  
(C) (G)  
We'll | find perfect | peace where | joys never | cease  
(G) (E7)  
Some|where beneath the | kindly | sky  
(C) (G)  
We'll build a | sweet little | nest some|where out in the | west  
(G) (G7) (C)  
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*

## Chorus

### Prohibition version

*We'll build a sweet little still  
Somewhere on a hill  
And let the rest of the world go dry*

## IF YOU'RE IRISH COME INTO THE PARLOR (C)

1920's, (4/4 – medium)

### Spoken

*In sweet Limerick Town, they say  
Lived a chap named Patrick John Molloy  
Once he sailed to U.S.A.  
His luck in foreign parts he thought he'd try  
Now he's made his name, and is a wealthy man  
He put a bit away for a rainy day  
So if you gaze upon  
The house of Patrick John  
You'll find a notice that goes on to say*

(C) (D7)  
If you're | Irish come into the | parlour  
(G7) (C)  
There's a | welcome there for | you  
(F) (C)  
If your | name is | Timothy or | Pat  
(D7)  
So | long as you come from | Ireland  
(G7)  
There's a | welcome on the | mat  
(C) (D7)  
If you | come from the | Mountains of Mourne  
(G7) (E7)  
Or Ki||larney's lakes so | blue  
(C) (G7)  
We'll | sing you a song and we'll | make a fuss  
(C) (G7)  
Who|ever you are you are | one of us  
(C) (G7) (C)  
If you're | Irish, this is the place for | you

## **I'LL BE WITH YOU IN APPLE BLOSSOM TIME (C)**

Neville Fleeson and Albert von Tilzer – 1920, (4/4 – slow)

(C) (Em)  
| I'll be with you in | apple blossom time  
(F) (C)  
| I'll be with you to | change your name to mine  
(G7) (C)  
| One day in May, | I'll come and say  
(D7) (G7)  
| Happy surprise that the | sunshines on today  
(C) (Em)  
| What a wonderful | wedding there will be  
(F) (E7)  
| What a wonderful | day for you and me  
(A7)  
| Church bells will | chime  
(D7)  
| You will be | mine  
(Dm) (G7) (C)  
In | apple blossom | time

## MARGIE (C)

Davis-Conrad-Robinson – 1920, (4/4 – medium/fast)

(C)  
| Margie  
  
(F)  
I'm always | thinking of you, | Margie  
  
I'll tell the | world I love you  
(C) (A7)  
| Don't forget your | promise to me  
(D7) (G)  
| I have bought the | home and ring and | everything  
(C)  
So | Margie, you've been my | inspiration  
(F) (E7)  
| You're the only | one  
(C)  
After | all is said and | done  
(A7)  
There is | really only | one  
(D7) (G7) (C)  
Oh | Margie, | Margie, it's | you

## **ANY TIME (C)**

Herbert Happy Lawson – 1921, (4/4 – medium)

(A7) (D7)  
Any | time you're | feeling | lonely  
(G) (E7)  
Any | time you're | feeling | blue  
(A7) (D7)  
Any | time you | feel down|hearted  
(G) (C)  
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 any|time you say you | want me back a|gain  
That's the | time I'll | come back home to | you

## **MA (HE'S/SHE'S MAKING EYES AT ME) (G)**

Sidney Clare / Con Conrad - Eddie Cantor song from 1921, (4/4 – med/fast)

(G) (A7)  
| Ma, | - he's making | eyes at | me  
(D) (G)  
| Ma, | - he's awful | nice to | me  
(G) (D)  
| Ma, he's | almost | breaking my | heart  
(D7)  
| I'm be|side him  
(G) (D)  
| Mercy! Let his | conscience guide him  
(G) (A7)  
| Ma, | - he wants to | marry | me  
(D) (B7)  
| Be my | honey | bee |  
(G) (D)  
| Every minute | he gets bolder  
(G) (D)  
| Now he's leaning | on my shoulder  
(A7) (D7) (G)  
| 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



# THE LAUGHING POLICEMAN (G)

*The Laughing Policeman is a music hall song by Charles Jolly, the pseudonym of Charles Penrose. In 1922, Penrose made the first recording of this song, (Columbia Records FB 134). The composition of the song is officially credited to his wife Mabel under the pseudonym Billie Grey, however the music and melody are taken from The Laughing Song by George W. Johnson which was recorded in approximately 1901. The Penroses wrote numerous other laughing songs (The Laughing Major, Curate, Steeplechaser, Typist, Lover, etc), but only The Laughing Policeman is remembered today, having sold over a million records. Its popularity continued into the 1970s, as it was a frequently-requested song on the BBC Radio 1 show Junior Choice.*

(G)  
I | know a fat old | policeman  
(C)  
He's | always on our | street  
(D)  
A | fat and jolly | red-faced man  
(G)  
He | really is a | treat  
(G)  
He's | too kind for a | policeman  
(C)  
He's | never known to | frown  
(D)  
And | everybody | says  
(D7) (G)  
He is the | happiest man in | town  
  
He laughs upon point duty  
He laughs upon his beat  
He laughs at everybody  
When he's walking in the street  
  
He never can stop laughing  
He says he's never tried  
But once he did arrest a man  
And laughed until he cried (8 bars laughter)  
  
His jolly face is wrinkled  
And then he shut his eyes  
He opened his great big mouth  
It was a wondrous size  
  
He said: "I must arrest you"  
He didn't know what for  
And then he started laughing  
Until he cracked his jaw (8 bars laughter)  
  
So if you chance to meet him  
While walking 'round the town  
Shake him by his fat ol' hand  
And give him half a crown  
  
His eyes will beam and sparkle  
He'll gurgle with delight  
And then you'll start him laughing  
With all his blessed might (8 bars laughter)

*The song was the inspiration for a group of disenchanted radio amateurs in the English Midlands to form The Laughing Policeman Wireless Society in the late 1970s. Members of the LPWS would habitually play the song over the air, much to the annoyance of the local amateur radio community, attracting the scrutiny of the British Government, resulting in several members appearing in court charged with various offences under the antiquated Wireless Telegraphy Act 1948. In the early 1990s, members of the Laughing Policeman Wireless Society appeared on BBC Television's "Arena" program and in BBC Radio 4's "Fishing In The Ether", a part of which made it onto their "Pick Of The Week" program.*

# NOBODY KNOWS YOU WHEN YOU'RE DOWN AND OUT (C)

Jimmy Cox – 1923, (4/4 – slow)

(C) (E7) (A7)  
| Once I lived the | life of a | million|aire  
(F) (Em) (Dm)  
| Spendin' my | money, | like I did not | care  
(F) (F<sup>0</sup>) (C) (A7)  
I | took all my | friends out | for a mighty good | time  
(D7) (G7)  
| Bought them high priced | whiskey, | champagne, and | wine  
(C) (E7) (A7)  
But | then I be|gan to | fall down | low  
(F) (Em) (Dm)  
| Didn't have no | friends, | no place to | go  
(F) (F<sup>0</sup>) (C) (A7)  
If I | ever get my | hands on a | dollar a|gain  
(D7) (G7)  
| I'm gonna | squeeze it, | till the eagle | grins

## Chorus:

(C) (E7) (F) (Dm)  
| Nobody | knows you | when you're down and | out  
(F) (F<sup>0</sup>) (C) (A7)  
| In your pockets, | you don't have a penny  
(D7) (G7)  
And | as for friends, | you don't have any  
(C) (E7) (A7)  
But | when you finally | get back up on your | feet a|gain  
(F) (Em)  
| Everybody, | *everybody* wants to be  
(Dm)  
Your | good old long lost | friend  
(F) (F<sup>0</sup>) (C) (A7)  
| It's mighty | strange, with|out a | doubt that  
(D7) (G7) (C)  
| Nobody | knows you | when you're down and | out

## **FIVE FOOT TWO, EYES OF BLUE (C)**

First recorded by The California Ramblers in 1925, (4/4 – medium)

(C) (E7)  
| Five foot two, | eyes of blue  
(A7)  
But | oh what those five | foot could do  
(D7) (G7) (C)  
Has | anybody | seen my | gal?  
(C) (E7)  
| Turned up nose, | turned down nose  
(A7)  
| Never had no | other beaus  
(D7) (G7) (C)  
Has | anybody | seen my | gal?

(E7) (A7)  
Now if you | run into a | five foot two | covered with | fur  
(D7)  
| Diamond rings and | all those things  
(G7)  
| Betcha life it | isn't her  
(C) (E7)  
But | could she love, | could she woo  
(A7)  
| Could she, could she, | could she coo  
(D7) (G7) (C)  
Has | anybody | seen my | gal?

## IF YOU KNEW SUSIE (C)

J. Meyer & S. Ballantine (m), G. Buddy De Sylva (l) – 1925, (4/4 – medium/fast)

(C)

If | you knew | Susie like | I know | Susie

(C) (C<sup>0</sup>) (Dm)

| Oh | oh | oh what a | gal

(G)

There's | none so | classy as | this fair | lassie

(C) (C<sup>0</sup>) (Dm) (G)

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

(C7) (F)

| We went | riding, | she didn't | balk

(D7) (G) (G7)

| Back from | Yonkers, | I'm the one who | had to walk

(C) (D7) (Fm6) (G7) (C)

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

(C)

| I've got a | sweetie | known as | Susie

(C) (C<sup>0</sup>) (Dm)

| Oh, | oh, | oh what a | gal

(G)

In the | words of | Shakespeare, | she's a | wow

(C) (C<sup>0</sup>) (Dm) (G)

| Oh, | oh, | oh what a | gal

(C7) (F)

Though | all of you may | know her | too

(D7) (G)

I'd | like to shout right | now to | you

(C) (D7) (Fm6) (G7) (C)

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

She | wears long | tresses and | such tight | dresses

| - Oh what a | future | she possesses

I | had a | mustache as | cute as a | pup

| Susie kissed | me and she | burned the darn thing | up

| Out in | public, she's | meek and | mild

But | in the | parlour, | mother dear come | save your child

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

## SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME (C)

Irving King – 1925, (4/4 – slow/medium)

(C)  
| Show me the | way to go | home  
(F) (C)  
I'm | tired and I | want to go to | bed  
(C)  
I | had a little | drink about an | hour a|go  
(D7) (G)  
And it | went right | to my | head  
(C)  
Where | ever | I may | roam  
(F) (E7)  
On | land or | sea or | foam  
(C)  
You will | always | hear me | singing this | song  
(G) (C)  
| Show me the | way to go | home

### Intellectual's Version (sung or spoken)

*Indicate the way to my abode  
I'm fatigued and I want to retire  
I had a spot of beverage sixty minutes ago  
And it went right to my cerebellum  
Where ever I may perambulate  
On land, or sea or atmospheric vapor  
You can always hear me crooning the melody  
Indicate the way to my abode*

## **SWEET GEORGIA BROWN (C)**

Ben Bernie, Maceo Pinkard & Kenneth Casey – 1925,(4/4 medium/fast)

(A7)  
| No gal made has | got a shade on | sweet Georgia | Brown  
(D7)  
| Two left feet but | oh so neat has | sweet Georgia | Brown  
(G7)  
| They all sigh and | wanna die for | sweet Georgia | Brown  
(G) (C) (G7) (C) (Bm7) (E7)  
I'll tell you just | why, | - you know I don't | lie - not | much  
(A7)  
| It's been said she | knocks 'em dead when | she lands in | town  
(D7)  
| Since she came, why | it's a shame how | she cools 'em | down  
(Am) (E7) (Am) (E7)  
| Fellers | she can't get are | fellers | she ain't met  
(C) (A7)  
| Georgia claimed her, | Georgia named her  
(D7) (G7) (C)  
| 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

## **BYE BYE BLACKBIRD (C)**

Ray Henderson – Mort Doxon – 1926, (4/4 – medium)

(C)  
| Pack up all my | cares and woe  
  (Dm7)       (C)  
| Here I go, | singin' low  
  (C)   (D7)   (Dm7)   (G7)  
| Bye | bye | black bird  
  (Dm7)  
| Where somebody | waits for | me  
  (A7)               (Dm)  
| Sugar's sweet | so is she  
  (Dm7) (G7)   (C)  
| Bye | bye | blackbird

### Bridge:

(C)                   (C7)               (Dm7) (A7)  
| No one here can | love or under|stand me  
  (Dm7)               (Dm7)               (Dm7<sup>b5</sup>)\* (G7)  
| Oh what hard luck | stories they all | hand me  
  (C)   
| Make my bed and | light the light  
  (Dm7)               (A7)  
| I'll | arrive | late tonight  
  (Dm7)       (G7) (C)  
| Blackbird, bye bye

# YES SIR, THAT'S MY BABY (C)

Gus Kahn/Walter Donaldson, 1925

## Chorus

(C)

| - Yes | sir, | that's my | baby

(G)

| - No | sir, I | don't mean | maybe

(G)

(C)

| - Yes | sir, | that's my | baby | now

(C)

| - Yes, | ma'm, | we've de|cided

(G)

| - No | ma'm, | we won't | hide it

(G)

(C)

| - Yes, | ma'm, | you're in|vited | now

## Bridge

(C)

| By the | way | - | - |

(F)

| By the | way | - | - |

(D7)

| When we | walk up | to the | Preacher

(G7)

| - I'll | say | - | - |

## Chorus

Yes sir, that's my baby

No sir, I don't mean maybe

Yes sir, that's my baby now



# HEART OF MY HEART (C)

Ben Ryan – 1926, (4/4 – medium)

## Chorus

(C) (G)  
| Heart of my | heart, I | love that melo|dy  
(G) (C)  
| Heart of my | heart brings | back a memo|ry  
(A7) (D7)  
| When we were | kids on the | corner of the | street  
(D7)  
| We were rough and | ready guys  
(G) (G7)  
But | oh how we could | harmonize

| Heart of my | heart meant | friends were dearer | then  
| Too bad we | had to | part  
I | know a tear would | glisten  
If | once more I could | listen  
| To the gang that | sang heart of my | heart

## Chorus

## **BABY FACE (G)**

J. Lawrence Cook – 1926, (4/4 – medium/fast)

(G) (D)  
| Baby | face | you've got the | cutest little | baby | face  
(D) (D7)  
| - There's not a|nother one can | take your | place  
(G) (A7)  
| Baby | face | - my poor old | heart is jumpin'  
(D)  
| - You sure have | started somethin'  
(G)  
| Baby | face | - I'm up in | heaven  
(C) (B7) (Em)  
When I'm | in your | fond em|brace  
(C) (G) (E7)  
I didn't | need a | shove 'cause I just | fell in love  
(A7) (D7) (G)  
With your | pretty | baby |face

## WHEN THE RED, RED ROBIN COMES BOB, BOB BOBBIN' ALONG (C)

Harry Woods (l & m) – 1926 (4/4 – medium)

*Harry Woods was born with no fingers on his left hand, yet he learned to play the piano. He also wrote hit song after hit song: 'I'm Looking Over A Four Leaf Clover', 'When Somebody Thinks You're Wonderful', 'Side By Side'. He was a talented man with a terrible temper and a love for strong drink.*

(C) (G) (C)  
When the | red, red | robin comes | bob, bob | bobbin' a|long, a|long  
(C) (G)  
There'll be | no more | sobbing when | he starts | throbbing  
(C) (C7)  
His | own sweet | song  
(F)  
| Wake up, wake | up, you | sleepy head  
(C) (C7)  
| Get up, get | up, get | out of bed  
(D7)  
| Cheer up, | - cheer | up the | sun is red  
(G) (E<sup>0</sup>) (Dm) (G7)  
| Live, | love, | laugh and be | happy  
(C)  
| What if | I've been blue  
(G) (C) (C)  
| Now I'm | walking through | fields | - of | flowers  
(C) (G) (C) (C7)  
| Rain may glisten, but I | still listen for | hours and | hours  
(F) (Fm) (C) (A<sup>0</sup>)  
| I'm just a kid a|gain, | doing what I | did again, | - singing a | song  
(C) (G7) (C)  
When the | red, red | robin comes | bob, bob | bobbin' a|long

\*

(GΦ) ≡ (Bm7<sup>b5</sup>)

## SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER ME (F)

George & Ira Gershwin, 1926

(F) (F7) (G°)  
 | - There's a | somebody I'm | longing to | see  
 (F) (F°) (C7) (D7)  
 | I hope that | he | turns out to | be  
 (Gm7) (GΦ)\* (C7) (F) (G7) (Bbmaj7) (C7)  
 | - Some|one to | watch over | me

(F) (F7) (G°)  
 | - I'm a | little lamb who's | lost in the | wood  
 (F) (F°) (C7) (D7)  
 | I know I | could | always be | good  
 (Gm7) (Eb°) (GΦ) (C7) (F) (Bb) (C7)  
 | - To | one who'll | watch | over | me

### Bridge:

(F) (Bb°) (BbΦ) (Bb°) (BbΦ) (F9) (F)  
 A|lthough he may not | be a man  
 (Bbm7) (F9) (F7)  
 Some | girls think of as | handsome  
 (F°) (G°) (A7) (D7) (G7) (C7)  
 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  
 | - Some|one to | watch | over me

Additional Verses

Colored folks work on the Mississippi  
Colored folks work while the white folks play  
Pullin' those boats from the dawn to sunset  
Gettin' no rest till the judgement day

**OL' MAN RIVER (C)**

Jerome Kern (m), Oscar Hammerstein II (l), 1927  
Don't look up, and don't look down  
You don't thus make the white boss frown

He played the role of Joe, which was written for him, in the 1928 Leslie Jones production of the show Boat, His rendition of "Ol' Man River" is considered the definitive version of the song. Paul Robeson (April 9, 1898 – January 23, 1976) was a multi-lingual American actor, athlete, Basso cantante concert singer, writer, civil rights activist, Spingarn Medal winner, and Stalin Peace Prize laureate

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 ol' stream that I long to cross

Chorus

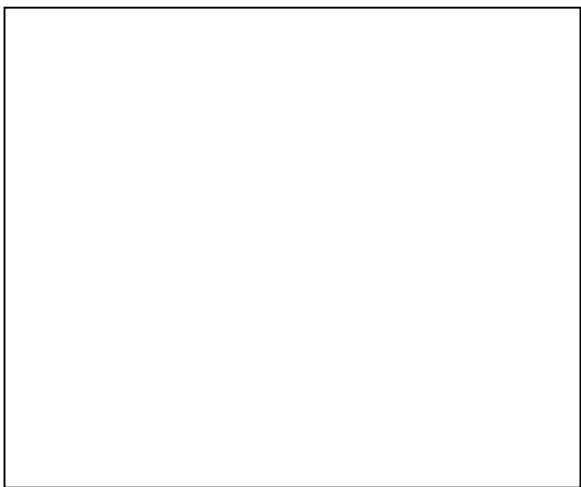
(C) (F) (C) (F)  
| Ol' man | river, that | ol' man | river  
(C) (F) (C) (Am)  
He | must know | something but | don't say | nothin'  
(Em) (Dm)  
He | just keeps | rollin'  
(Em) (G7) (C)  
He | keeps on | rollin' a|long  
(C) (F) (C) (F)  
He | don't plant | taters, he | don't plant | cotton  
(C) (F) (D7) (Eb°)  
And | them that | plants 'em are | soon for|gotten  
(Em) (Dm)  
But | ol' man | river  
(G) (G7) (C)  
He | just keeps | rollin' a|long

Bridge

(Am) (Dm) (Am) (Dm)  
| You and | me, we | sweat and | strain  
(Am) (Dm) (Am) (Dm)  
| Body all | aching and | racked with | pain  
(Am) (E7) (Am) (E7)  
| Tow that | barge, | lift that | bale  
(Am) (E7) (Am7) (G)(G7)  
| Git a little | drunk and you | land in | jail

Chorus

I get weary and sick of tryin'  
I'm tired of livin' and scared of dyin'  
But ol' man river  
He just keeps rolling' along



## AIN'T SHE SWEET (C)

Milton Ager & Jack Yellen – 1927, (4/4 - medium)

(C) (C+) (G)  
| Ain't she | sweet?  
                  (C)      (C+)      (G)  
See her | walking down that | street  
                  (C)      (E7)   (A7)  
Yes I | ask you very | confidentially  
      (D7) (G) (C)  
| Ain't she | sweet?

| Ain't she | nice?  
Look her | over once or | twice  
Yes I | ask you very | confidentially  
| Ain't she | nice?

### Bridge

                  (F)                  (C)  
Just cast an | eye in her di|rection  
                  (D7)                  (G)  
Oh me oh | my, ain't that per|fection?  
          (C)(C+) (G)                  (C)                  (G)  
Well | I re|peat, don't you | think that's kinda | neat?  
          (C)          (E7)   (A7)                  (D7) (G)   (C)  
Yes I | ask you very | confidentially, | ain't she | sweet?

*(Repeat verse 1)*

# I BELONG TO GLASGOW (G)

Wil Fyffe – 1927, (3/4 – medium)

*(Spoken or sung with same melody/chords as chorus)*

I've | been wi' a | couple o' | cronies  
| One or two | pals o' my | ain  
We | went in a ho|tel, and we | did very | well  
And | then we came | out once a|gain  
| Then we went | into an|ither  
And | that is the | reason I'm | fu'  
We | had six deoch-an-|doruses, | then sang a | chorus  
Just | listen, I'll | sing it to | you

## Chorus:

(G) (G)  
| I be|long to | Glasgow  
(C) (G)  
| Dear old | Glasgow | town  
(G) (G)  
But | something's the | matter wi' | Glasgow  
(A7) (D7)  
'Cos it's | goin' | roun' and | roun'  
(G) (D7)  
I'm | only a | common old | working | chap  
(C) (G) (D7)  
As | anyone | here can | see  
(C)  
But when | I get a | couple o' | drinks on a | Saturday  
(F) (G) (C)  
| Glasgow be|longs to | me

There's | nothing in | keeping your | money  
And | saving a | shilling or | two  
If you've | nothing to | spend, then you've | nothing to lend  
Why | that's all the | better for | you  
There | no harm in | taking a | drappie  
It | ends all your | trouble and | strife  
It | gives ye the | feeling that | when you get | home  
You | don't give a | hang for the | wife

## Chorus

## **CARELESS LOVE (A)**

W.C. Handy, 1921 (thought to be at least 3 decades older), (4/4 – slow)

*'Careless Love' is a Blues classic. It has been recorded by, amongst others, Bessie Smith, Marilyn Lee, Otilie Patterson, Pete Seeger, George Lewis, Big Joe Turner, Fats Domino, Elvis Presley, Louis Armstrong, Lonnie Johnson, Dave Van Ronk, Leadbelly, Janis Joplin, Joan Baez, Ray Charles, Dr. John, Madeleine Peyroux, Bob Dylan, Johnny Cash, Frankie Laine and Harry Connick Jr.*

(A) (E) (E)  
| Love oh | love oh careless | love  
(A) (A7) (E7)  
| Love, | love oh careless | love  
(A) (A7)  
You have | caused me to | weep  
(D) (D7)  
You have | caused me to | moan  
(A) (E7) (A)  
You have | caused me to | lose my | happy | home

Don't | never drive a | stranger from your | door  
Don't | never drive a | stranger from your | door  
It | may be your | best friend | knockin' on your | door  
Then it | may be your | brother, you'll never | know

| Careless | love, look how you | carry me | down  
| Careless | love, look how you | carry me | down  
You | caused me to | lose my | mother  
And she's | layin' in six | feet of | ground  
| Careless | love, can't let you | carry me | down

| Careless | love, you drove me | through the rain and | snow  
| Careless | love, you drove me | through the rain and | snow  
You have | robbed me of my | silver, you have | robbed me of my | gold  
I'll be | damned if you | rob me | of my | soul

You've | worried my | mother un|til she | died  
You've | caused my | father to | lose his | mind  
Now | damn you, I'm goin' to | shoot you & | shoot you | four or five | times  
And | stand over | you un|til you | finish | dyin'



## **SIDE BY SIDE (C)**

Harry Woods (m) Gus Kahn (l) – 1927, (4/4 – medium)

(C) (F) (C)  
Oh, we | ain't got a | barrel of | money  
(C) (F) (C)  
| Maybe we're | ragged and | funny  
(F) (C) (A7)  
But we'll | travel a|long | singing a | song  
(D7) (G) (C)  
| Side | by | side  
(C) (F) (C)  
Well we | don't know what's | comin' to|morrow  
(C) (F) (C)  
| Maybe it's | trouble and | sorrow  
(F) (C) (A7)  
But we'll | travel the | road | sharing our | load  
(D7) (G) (C)  
| Side | by | side  
(E7)  
| - Through all | kinds of | weather  
(A7)  
| What if the | sky should | fall?  
(D7)  
Just as | long as | we're to|gether  
(G) (G7)  
| - It doesn't | matter at | all  
(C) (F) (C)  
When they've | all had their | quarrels and | parted  
(C) (F) (C)  
| We'll be the | same as we | started  
(F) (C) (A7)  
Just a-|traveling a|long | singing a | song  
(D7) (G) (C)  
| Side | by | side

## ROLLIN' IN MY SWEET BABY'S ARMS (G)

Charlie Monroe – 1927 (4/4 – fast)

### Chorus

(G)  
| Rollin' in my | sweet baby's | arms  
(G) (D)  
| Rollin' in my | sweet baby's | arms  
(G) (G7) (C)  
| Lay around the | shack till the | mail train comes | back  
(G) (D7) (G)  
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

### Chorus

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

### Chorus

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

### Chorus

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

### Chorus

## RAMONA (C)

Wolfe Gilbert, Mabel Water – 1927, (3/4 – slow)

(C)  
Ra|mona  
G) (G7)  
I | hear the mission bells a|bove  
(G7)  
Ra|mona  
(G) (C)  
They're | ringing out our song of | love  
(C) (G)  
I | press you, ca|ress you  
(G) (G7)  
And | bless the day you taught me to | care  
(G) (G)  
I'll | always re|member the | rambling rose  
(G) (C)  
You | wore in your | hair

Ramona  
When day is done you'll hear my call  
Ramona  
We'll meet beside the waterfall

I dread the dawn  
When I awake to find you gone  
Ramona  
I made you my own

Ramona  
When day is done you'll hear my call  
Ramona  
We'll meet beside the waterfall

I dread the dawn  
When I awake to find you gone  
Ramona  
I made you my own

## **SOMETIMES I'M HAPPY (C)**

V. Youmans (m), I. Caesar (l) – 1927, (4/4 – medium)

(B) (C6) (G7)  
| - Some|times I'm | happy  
(B) (C6) (G7)  
| - Some|times I'm | blue  
(B) (C6) (G7)  
| - My | dispo|sition  
(B) (C6) (G7)  
| - Depends on | you  
(B) (C6) (Gm6)  
| - I never | mind  
(F) (Fm)  
The | rain from the | sky  
(Cmaj7) (Gm) (A7)  
| - If I can | find  
(D7) (G7)  
The | sun in your | eyes

Sometimes I love you  
Sometimes I hate you  
But when I hate you  
It's 'cause I love you

That's how I am  
So what can I do?  
I'm happy when I'm with you

Sometimes I love you  
Sometimes I hate you  
But when I hate you  
It's 'cause I love you

That's how I am  
So what can I do?  
I'm happy when I'm with you  
I'm happy when I'm with you

## **HE'S GOT THE WHOLE WORLD IN HIS HANDS (C)**

From Collection of Black Spirituals – 1927, (4/4 - medium)

(C)  
He's got the | whole | world | in His | hands  
(G7) (C)  
He's got the | whole | world | in His | hands  
(C)  
He's got the | whole | world | in His | hands  
(G) (G7) (C)  
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

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

Jimmy McHugh –1928, (4/4 – medium)

(Cmaj7) (C<sup>o</sup>/Eb) (Dm7) (G7)  
I can't give you | anything but | love, baby  
(C) (C<sup>o</sup>) (Dm7) (G7)  
That's the | only | thing I've plenty | of, baby  
(C7) (C9)  
Dream a while, | scheme a while  
(Fmaj7)  
You're | sure to find  
(D7)  
Happiness, | and I guess  
(Dm7) (G7)  
All those | things you've | always pined for

(Cmaj7) (C<sup>o</sup>/Eb) (Dm7) (G7)  
Gee, I'd like to | see you lookin' | swell, baby  
(C7) (A9) (D7) (G7)  
Diamond bracelets | Woolworth's doesn't | sell, baby  
(F) (Fm6) (C) (Bb7) (A7)  
Till that lucky | day you know darn | well, Ba by  
(Dm7) (G7) (C)  
I can't give you | anything but | love

## **THE LONESOME ROAD (A)**

Gene Austin & Nathaniel Shilkret – 1928 (4/4 – medium/fast)

*(Performed by Van Morrison)*

(A) (A) (A7)  
Look | down, look | down that | lonesome | road  
(D) (A)  
Be|fore you travel | on  
(D7) (A)  
Look | up, look | up and | seek your | maker  
(E7) (A)  
Be|fore Gabriel | blows his | horn

I'm | weary of | toting such a | heavy | load  
Trudging | down that | lonesome | road  
Look | down, look | down that | lonesome | road  
Be|fore you |travel | on

| True love, | true love, what | have I | done  
That | you should | treat me | so  
You | caused me to | walk, you | caused me to | talk  
Like I | never | did be|fore

I'm weary of toting such a heavy load  
Trudging down that lonesome road  
Look down, look down that lonesome road  
Before you travel on

## WHEN YOU'RE SMILING (F)

Mark Fisher, Joe Godwin and Larry Shay – 1928 (4/4 – slow/medium)

When you're | smiling  
(F)  
(Fmaj7)

When you're | smiling  
(D7) (Gm)

The | whole world | smiles with | you  
(Gm7)

When you're | laughing  
(Gm7<sup>-5</sup>)

When you're | laughing  
(C7) (C7<sup>+5</sup>) (F)

The | sun comes | shining | through  
(Cm)

But when you're | crying  
(Bb6)

You | bring on the | rain  
(Dm6) (G7)

So stop your | sighing  
(C7)

Be | happy a|gain  
(F)

Keep on | smiling  
(D7)

Cause when you're | smiling  
(Gm) (C9) (F)

The | whole world | smiles with | you



## **SINGIN' IN THE RAIN (C)**

Arthur Freed (l) Nacio Herb Brown (m) – 1929, Gene Kelly – 1952, (4/4 – medium)

(C) (C)  
I'm | singing in the | rain, just | singing in the | rain  
(C) (G)  
What a | glorious | feelin', I'm | happy a|gain  
(G) (G)  
I'm | laughing at | clouds so | dark up a|bove  
(G) (C)  
The | sun's in my | heart and I'm | ready for | love  
(C) (C)  
Let the | stormy clouds | chase every|one from the | place  
(C) (G)  
Come | on with the | rain, I've a | smile on my | face  
(G) (G)  
I | walk down the | lane with a | happy re|frain  
(G) (C)  
Just | singin', | singin' in the | rain

*Instrumental solo and/or 'la-la', 'da-di-da' type vocal improvisation*

I'm dancin' in the rain, just dancin' 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!

## AIN'T MISBEHAVIN' (G)

Harry Brooks with Fats Waller – 1929, (4/4 – medium)

(G) (G#°) (Am) (Bb°)  
| - No-one to | talk with, | - all by my|self  
(G/B) (C/C) (C#°)  
| - No one to | walk with, but I'm | happy on the | shelf  
(G) (E7) (A7) (D7) (G)  
| - Ain't | misbe|havin', I'm | savin' my | love for | you

(G) (G#°) (Am) (Bb°)  
| - I know for | certain, | - the one I | love  
(G) (C) (A9)  
| - I'm thru with | flirtin', it's just | you I'm thinkin' | of  
(G) (E7) (A7) (D7) (G) (C7) (G)  
| - Ain't mis|behavin', I'm | savin' my | love for | you.

### Bridge

(Em) (C7)  
| - Like Jack | Horner | - in the | corner,  
(A7) (E7)  
| - Don't go | nowhere, | what do I | care (Cø)  
(A7) (Am) (D7) (D+) (D7)  
| - Your | kisses | are worth | waitin' | for, be|lieve me

| - I don't stay | out late, | - don't care to | go (*chords same as verse 1*)  
| - I'm home a|bout eight, just | me and my | radio  
| - Ain't mis|behavin', I'm | savin' my | love for | you

## **FALLING IN LOVE AGAIN (G)**

Frederick Hollander (l & m), 1930; sung by Marlene Dietrich, (3/4 – Slow)

*"Falling in Love Again (Can't Help It)" is the English language name for the song as "Ich bin von Kopf bis Fuß auf Liebe eingestellt." The song was introduced & popularized by Marlene Dietrich in the film 'Der Blaue Engel'. The English language words were written by Sammy Lerner, but are in no way a direct translation of the original.*

(G) (Bm) (Am)  
| Falling in | love again  
(Am7) (Bm) (E7)  
| Never wanted | to  
(Am) (D7)  
| What am I to | do  
(G)  
I can't | help it

(G) Love's always (Bm) been my (Am) game  
(Am) Play it (Bm) how I (E7) may  
(Am) I was made that (D7) way  
I can't (G) help it

### Bridge

(B7)  
| Men cluster to me  
(Em)  
Like | moths around a | flame  
(A7)  
And | if their wings | burn  
(D7)  
I | know I'm not to | blame

Falling in love again  
Never wanted to  
What am I to do  
I can't help it

Ein rätselhafter Schimmer, ein "je  
ne sais-pas-quoi"  
Liegt in den Augen immer bei  
einer schönen Frau.  
Doch wenn sich meine Augen bei  
einem vis-à-vis  
Ganz tief in seine saugen was  
sprechen dann sie?

Ich bin von Kopf bis Fuß auf Liebe  
eingestellt,  
Denn das ist meine Welt – und  
sonst gar nichts.  
Das ist, was soll ich machen,  
meine Natur.  
Ich kann halt lieben nur – und  
sonst gar nichts.

Männer umschwirr'n mich wie  
Motten um das Licht  
Und wenn sie verbrennen, ja dafür  
kann ich nichts.

Was bebt in meinen Händen, In  
ihrem heißen Druck?  
Sie möchten sich verschwenden –  
sie haben nie genug.  
Ihr werdet mir verzeihen, Ihr müßt'  
es halt versteh'n,  
Es lockt mich stets von neuem –  
Ich find' es so schön!

## ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET (G)

Dorothy Fields (l), Jimmy McHugh (m) – 1930, (4/4 – medium)

(G) (B7)  
Grab your | coat and | get your | hat  
(C) (D7)  
Leave your | worries | - on the | door|step  
(G) (E7)  
| Life can | be so | sweet  
(A7) (D7) (G)  
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

### Bridge

(G) (G7) (C)  
I | used to | walk in the | shade | - with those | blues | on pa|rade  
(A7) (D) (D7)  
But | I'm | not a|fraid, | - 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

Grab your coat and get your hat, etc ...

# **PLEASE DON'T TALK ABOUT ME WHEN I'M GONE (C)**

Words & Music by Clare & Palmer, Recorded by Arlo Guthrie, 1982

Previously recorded by Gene Austin, 1931, (4/4 - medium)

(C) (E7) (A7)  
| Please don't talk a|bout me when I'm | gone  
(D7) (G7) (C)  
| Though our friendship | ceases from now | on  
(C) (E7) (A7)  
| If you can't say | anything that's | nice  
(D7) (G) (C)  
Then | best don't talk at | all | - that's my ad|vice  
(C) (E7)  
| You go your way, | I'll go mine  
(A7)  
It's | best that we | do  
(D) (D7)  
| Here's a kiss - | I hope that this  
(G) (G7)  
Brings | lots of luck to | you  
(C) (E7) (A7)  
| Makes no difference | how I | carry | on  
(D7) (G7) (C)  
| Please don't talk a|bout me when I'm | gone

## WHEN IT'S SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES (E)

Robert Sauer / Mary Hale Woolsey – 1930, (3/4 – slow/medium)

### 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 every day I hear you softly saying  
"I'll wait until the springtime comes again"*

### Chorus

(E) (E)  
When it's | springtime in the | Rockies  
(E) (B7)  
I'm | coming back to | you  
(B7) (B7)  
Little | sweetheart of the | mountains  
(B7) (E)  
With your | bonny | eyes of | blue  
(E) (E)  
Once a|gain I'll | say "I | love you"  
(E) (B7)  
While the | birds sing | all the | day  
(B7) (B7)  
When it's | springtime | in the | Rockies  
(B7) (E)  
In the | Rockies, | far a|way

*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"*

### Chorus

# AS TIME GOES BY (G)

Herman Hupfeld – 1931, (4/4 – slow/medium)

(Spoken) *This day and age we're living in  
Gives cause for apprehension  
With speed and new invention  
And things like fourth dimension.*

*Yet we get a trifle weary  
With Mr. Einstein's theory.  
So we must get down to earth at times  
Relax relieve the tension*

*And no matter what the progress  
Or what may yet be proved  
The simple facts of life are such  
They cannot be removed.*

(Am7) (D)  
You | must remember | this  
(Dm6) (D7) (G) (D+) (G)  
A | kiss is just a | kiss, a | sigh is just a | sigh  
(C) (D7)  
The | fundamental | things a|pply  
(Am7) (D7) (G)  
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

(C) (E7)  
| Moonlight and | love songs, | never out of | date  
(Am) (G°)  
| Hearts full of | passion, | jealousy and | hate  
(G) (Em) (A7)  
| Woman needs | man and | man must have his | mate  
(D7) (D°) (D7)  
That | no one | can de|ny  
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

## ALL OF ME (G)

Seymour Simons / Gerald Marks – 1931, (4/4 medium)

### Spoken introduction

(G) (Em) (G) (Em)  
| - You took my | kisses | - and all my | love  
(C) (D7)  
| - You taught me | how to | - care  
(G) (Em) (G) (Em)  
| Am I to be just a | remnant of a | one side love a|ffair  
(C) (C°)  
| - All you | took | - I gladly | gave  
(Em7) (A9) (Cmaj7) (D7)  
There is | nothing left for | me to | save

(G) (B7)  
| All of me, why not take | all of me  
(E) (E7) (Am)  
| Can't you see I'm no good with|out you  
(B7) (Em)  
| - Take my lips, I want to | lose them  
(A7) (D) (D7)  
| - Take my arms, I'll never | use them  
(G) (B7)  
| Your goodbye left me with | eyes that cry  
(E) (E7) (Am)  
| How can I go on dear with|out you  
(C) (C#°) (G/D) (E7)  
| You took the | part that | once was my | heart  
(A7) (D7) (G)  
So | why not take | all of | me



# WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED (E)

1931, (4/4 – medium/fast)

Derived from 'I Shall Not Be Moved'

*In 1931, striking coal miners in the Kenawha Valley of West Virginia changed 'I shall not be moved' to 'We shall not be moved', and 'Jesus is my captain' to 'Frank Keeney (union leader) is my captain'.*

(E) (B7)  
| We shall not, | we shall not be moved  
(B7) (E)  
| We shall not, | we shall not be moved  
(A) (E)  
Just like a | tree that's standing by the | water  
(E) (B7) (E)  
| We shall not be | moved

We shall not, we shall not be moved  
We shall not, we shall not be moved  
We're fighting for our freedom  
We shall not be moved

We shall not, we shall not be moved  
We shall not, we shall not be moved  
We're fighting for our children  
We shall not be moved

We shall not, we shall not be moved  
We shall not, we shall not be moved  
Black and white together  
We shall not be moved

We shall not, we shall not be moved  
We shall not, we shall not be moved  
Young and old together  
We shall not be moved

We shall not, we shall not be moved  
We shall not, we shall not be moved  
We'll building a mighty union  
We shall not be moved

## **IN A SHANTY IN OLD SHANTY TOWN (C)**

Joe Young (l), "Little" Jack Little & John Schuster (m), 1932 (3/4 – slow/medium)

(C/C) (E7/B) (A7/A)  
It's | only a | shanty in | old shanty | town  
(D/A) (F#°/A) (D7/D)  
It's | roof is so | slanty, it | touches the | ground  
(G) (G7) (C)  
But my | tum - bled down | shack by an | old railroad | track  
(D7) (G) (G7)  
Like a | mill - ion - aire's | mansion is | calling me | back  
(C) (E7) (A7)  
I'd | give up my | palace if | I were a | king  
(D) (F#°/A) (D7)  
It's | more than a | palace - it's | my every|thing  
(F) (Fm6) (C) (A7)  
There's a | queen waiting | there, in a | silvery | crown  
(Dm7) (G) (C)  
In a | shanty in | old shanty | town

## UNDERNEATH THE ARCHES (F)

Bud Flanagan – 1932, (4/4 slow/medium)

(Fmaj7) (F6)  
| Underneath the | ar|ches  
(G7)  
| - I | dream my dreams a|way | - | - |  
(G7) (G7)  
| Underneath the | ar|ches  
(C7) (A7)  
| - On | cobble-stones I | lay | - | - |  
(Dm) (D+) (D7)  
| Every night you'll | find me  
(G7)  
| - Tired out and | worn | - | - |  
(G7)  
| Happy when the | daylight | - comes | creeping | - |  
(C7)  
| - Heralding the | dawn

(Fmaj7) (F6)  
| Sleeping when it's | rain|ing  
(G7)  
| - And | sleeping when it's | fine | - |  
(G7)  
| - I | hear the trains | rattling | - |  
(C7) (A7)  
| - Rattling | by a|bove | - | - |  
(D+) (D7) (D+) (D7)  
| Pavement is my | pill|ow  
(G7)  
| - No | matter where I | stray | - | - |  
(G7) (C7)  
| Underneath the | ar|ches  
(C7) (F)  
| - I | dream my | dreams a|way

## DON'T BLAME ME (G)

Words & Music by Dorothy Fields & Jimmy McHugh – 1933, (4/4 – medium)

(G) (F) (E) (E7) (Am7) (D7) (G9)  
| Don't | blame | me for | falling in | love with | you  
(Am7) (D7) (Bm7) (E7)  
I'm | under your | spell, but | how can I | help it  
(Am7) (D7) (D+) (D7)  
| Don't | blame | me

Can't you see, when you do the things you do  
If I can't conceal the thrill that I'm feeling  
Don't blame me

### Bridge:

(C) (F#°) (Em7) (A9)  
| I can't help it | if that dog-gone | moon a|bove  
(A7) (A7) (D7)  
| Makes me need | someone like | you to | love

Blame your kiss, as sweet as a kiss can be,  
And blame all your charms that melt in my arms, but  
Don't blame me.

### Bridge:

Don't blame me for falling in love with you, etc ...

## **EASTER PARADE (C)**

Irving Berlin – 1933, (4/4 – medium)

### Spoken

*Never saw you look quite so pretty before  
Never saw you dressed quite so lovely what's more  
I could hardly wait to keep our date this lovely Easter morning  
And my heart beat fast as I came through the door  
For ...*

### Chorus

(C) (F)  
| In your Easter | bonnet, with | all the frills u|pon it  
(C) (D7) (G)  
You'll | be the grandest | lady in the | Easter pa|rade  
(C) (F)  
| I'll be all in | clover and | when they look you | over  
(C) (D7) (G) (C)  
I'll | be the proudest | fellow in the | Easter pa|rade  
(C7)  
On the | Avenue  
(F)  
Fifth | Avenue  
(D7)  
The pho|tographers will | snap us  
(G7)  
And you'll | find that you're  
(G7)  
In the | rotogravure  
(C) (F)  
Oh, | I could | write a | sonnet a|bout your | Easter | bonnet  
(C) (G) (C)  
And | of the | girl I'm | taking to the | Easter pa|rade

## **DON'T FENCE ME IN (C)**

Cole Porter (m) Robert Fletcher (l) – 1934, (4/4 – medium)  
(Given its iconic status amongst 'oldies', ironically, this was Porter's least favorite song  
and does not have his usual signature)

(C)  
Just give me | land, lots of | land, under | starry skies a|bove  
(G)  
| - Don't | fence me | in  
(G)  
Let me | ride through the | wide open | country that I | love  
(G) (C)  
| - Don't | fence me | in  
(C) (C7)  
Let me | be by m|yself in the | evenin' | breezes  
(F)  
| Listen to the | murmur of the | cottonwood | trees  
(C) (A7)  
| Send me off for|ever, but I'll | ask you | please  
(D7) (G7) (C)  
| - Don't | fence me | in

### **Bridge**

(F)  
Just turn me | loose  
(F) (C)  
Let me | straddle my ol' | saddle under|neath a western | sky  
(F)  
  
On my cay|use let me | wander over | yonder 'til I  
(C) (G)  
| See the mountains | rise  
(C)  
I want to | ride to the | ridge where the | West co|mmences  
(F)  
| Gaze at the | moon 'til I | lose my | senses  
(C) (A7)  
| Can't handle | hobbles, and I | can't stand | fences  
(D7) (G7) (C)  
| - Don't | fence me | in

# I GET A KICK OUT OF YOU (G)

Cole Porter – 1934, (4/4 - medium)

## Spoken

*My story is much too sad to be told  
But practically everything leaves me totally cold  
The only exception I know is the case  
When I'm out on a quiet spree, fighting vainly the old ennui  
Then I suddenly turn and see  
Your fabulous face*

(Am7) (D7) (G) (Bm)  
| - I get no | kick from cham|pagne  
(Am7) (D7) (G) (Bm)  
| - Mere alco|hol doesn't | thrill me at | all  
(Am7) (D7) (G) (Bm7)  
So | tell me why | should it be | true  
(Am) (D7) (G) (Bm)  
That | I get a | kick out of | you  
(Am7) (D7) (G) (Bm)  
| - Some like a | bop-type re|frain  
(Am7) (D7) (G) (Em6) (Bm7)  
| - I'm sure that | if, I heard | even one | riff  
(Am7) (A9) (Bm)  
It would | bore me ter|rifically | too  
(Am7) (D7) (G)  
Yet | I get a | kick out of | you

## Bridge

(G7) (C) (C7) (F) (F) (Em) (Em) (G7) (Ab<sup>0</sup>) (E7)  
| - I get a | kick every | time I | see you | standing | there be|fore | me  
(Am) (Dm6) (Am) (Dm6) (A7) (Am7) (D7)  
| - I get a | kick though its | clear to | me, you | obviously don't a|dore | me

(Am7) (D7) (G) (Bm)  
| - I get no | kick in a | plane  
(Am7) (D7) (G) (Bm)  
| - Flying too | high with some | gal in the | sky  
(Am7) (D7) (E7)  
Is my | idea of | nothing to | do  
(Am7) (D7) (G)  
Yet | I get a | kick out of | you

## JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS (C & Am)

Cole Porter – 1935, (4/4 – medium)

(E7) (Am) (E7)  
It was | just one of those | things  
(C7) (G°) (F°)  
| Just one of those | crazy flings  
(C) (Cm) (Dm7) (G7)  
| One of those bells that | now and then rings  
(Am) (G°) (G7)  
| Just one of those | things

(E7) (Am) (E7)  
It was | just one of those | nights  
(C7) (G°) (F°)  
| Just one of those | fabulous flights  
(C) (Eb°) (Dm7) (G7)  
A | trip to the | moon on | gossamer | wings  
(Am7) (G°) (Cm7) (F7)  
| Just one of those | things

### Bridge

(Bb) (F7)  
If we'd | thought a bit of the | end of it  
(Bb) (D7)  
When we | started painting the | town  
(Em7) (C#°) (Cm7)  
We'd have | been aware that our | love affair  
(A7) (D7) (G7)  
Was | too hot not to cool | down

(E7) (Am) (E7)  
So, good|bye, dear, and a|men  
(C7) (F) (Dm7)  
| Here's hoping we | meet now and | then  
(Em) (A7)  
It was | great fun, but it was  
(C#°) (Dm) (G7) (C)  
| Just one of those | things



# I'M GONNA SIT RIGHT DOWN & WRITE MYSELF A LETTER (G)

Joe Young (l), Fred E. Albert (m) – 1935, (4/4 – medium)

*(chords in right hand)*

(G) (G6) (Gmaj7)  
I'm gonna | sit right down and | write myself a | letter  
(Gmaj7) (B7) (C6) (E7)  
And | make believe it | came from | you  
(Am7)  
I'm gonna | write words, oh, so sweet  
(G6)  
They're gonna | knock me off my | feet  
(E7)  
| - A lotta | kisses | - on the | bottom  
(A7) (D7)  
| - I'll be | glad | - I've | got 'em

(G) (G6) (Gmaj7)  
I'm gonna | smile and | say "I | hope you're feelin' | better"  
(G6) (F#7) (C)  
Then | close "with | love" the | way that you | do  
(C) (C#°) (G) (E7)  
I'm gonna | sit right | down and | write myself a | letter  
(A7) (D9) (G)  
I'm gonna | make be|lieve it | came | from | you

## **WE SHALL OVERCOME (A)**

(4/4 – slow)

*Arranged by Zilphia Horton, Frank Hamilton, Guy Caravan & Pete Seeger  
Taught to Horton by 2 black union members in Charleston in 1936*

(A) (D) (A) (A) (D) (A)  
| We shall | over|come, | we shall | over|come  
(A) (D) (A) (E)  
| We shall | over|come | some | day  
(D) (A) (D) (A)  
Oh, | deep in my | heart, | I do be|lieve  
(A) (D) (A) (E) (A)  
| We shall | over|come | some | day

We are not afraid (x3)

The truth will make us free (x3)

We are not alone (x3)

We'll walk hand in hand (x3)

We shall live in peace (x3)

## IT'S A SIN TO TELL A LIE (G)

Billy Mayhew, 1935 (3/4)

Recorded by Vera Lynn

(G) (Bb°) (G)  
Be sure it's | true when you | say "I | love | you"  
(G) (B7) (C)  
It's a | sin to | tell a | lie  
(D7) (D7) (G)  
| Millions of | hearts have been | bro|ken  
(A7) (D7)  
Just be|cause these |words were | spo|ken  
(G) (Bb°) (G)  
I love | you, yes I | do, I | love | you  
(G) (B7) (C)  
If you | break my | heart I'll | die  
(C) (C°) (G) (E7)  
So be | sure it's | true when you say "I | love | you"  
(Am7) (D7) (G)  
It's a | sin to | tell a | lie

### *Instrumental*

Be sure it's true when you say "I love | you"  
It's a sin to tell a lie  
Millions of hearts have been broken  
Just because these words were spoken  
I love you, yes I do, I love you  
If you break my heart I'll die  
So be sure it's true when you say "I love you"  
It's a sin to tell a lie

## **GOODNIGHT IRENE (E)**

Huddie Ledbetter & John Lomax – 1936, (3/4 - slow/medium)

### Chorus:

(E) (B7)  
| Irene, good|night Irene  
(B7) (E)  
| Irene, good|night  
(E)  
Good|night, Irene  
(A)  
Good|night, Irene  
(B7) (E)  
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

Chorus: 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

Chorus: 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

### Alternative verse

*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*

## **WITH A SHILLELAGH UNDER ME ARM (A)**

Billy O'Brien & Raymond Wallace – 1936, (4/4 – medium/fast)

### 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*

(A)  
With a shi||lelagh under me | arm  
(D) (A)  
And a | twinkle in me | eye  
(A) (A) (E)  
I'm | off to Tippe|rary in the | morning  
(A)  
With a shi||lelagh under me | arm  
(D) (A)  
And a | too-la-roo-ra-li  
(A) (A) (E) (A)  
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

## **HARBOR LIGHTS (G)**

Hugh Williams – 1937, (4/4 – slow/medium)

(D7)  
I saw the | harbor | lights  
(D7) (G°) (G)  
They only | told me we were | parting  
(Am7)  
Those same old | harbor lights  
(D7) (D7) (G)  
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**

(C)  
I longed to | hold you | near  
(Cm) (G) (G/F#) (Em7)  
And | kiss you just once | more  
(Em7/D) (A7)  
But you were | on the ship  
(Am7) (A7) (D7)  
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

## **DOIN' THE LAMBETH WALK (C)**

Noel Gay & Douglas Furber – 1937, (4/4 – medium)

(C)  
| Any | time you're | Lambeth | way  
          (A7)          (Dm)  
| Any | evening, | any day  
          (Dm)  
| - You'll | find us | all  
          (G7)                          (C) (G7)  
| Doin' the | Lambeth | Walk

Every little Lambeth gal  
With her little Lambeth pal  
You'll find 'em all  
Doin' the Lambeth Walk

### **Bridge**

(D7)                          (G)  
| Everything | free and | easy  
          (D7)                          (C)  
| Do as you | darn well | pleasy  
          (A7)  
| Why don't you | make your | way there  
          (D7)          (G7)  
| Go there, stay there

Once you get down Lambeth way  
Every evening, every day  
You'll find yourself  
Doin' the Lambeth Walk

## LEANING ON A LAMP POST (G)

Words and music Noel Gay – 1937, (4/4 – medium)

### Spoken

*I'm leaning on a lamp, maybe you think, I look a tramp  
Or you may think I'm hanging 'round to steal a motor-car  
But no I'm not a crook, And if you think, that's what I look  
I'll tell you why I'm here, And what my motives are*

### Chorus

(G)  
I'm | leaning on a | lamp-post at the | corner of the | street  
(D7) (G)  
In case a | certain little | lady comes | by  
(D7) (G) (D7) (A7) (D)  
Oh | me, oh | my, I | hope the little | lady comes | by  
(G)  
I | don't know if she'll | get away, she | doesn't always | get away  
(D7) (Em)  
But | anyhow I | know that she'll | try  
(D7) (G) (D7) (A7) (D)  
Oh | me, oh | my, I | hope the little | lady comes | by

### Bridge

(D7) (G) (B7) (Em)  
There's | no other girl I would | wait for, but | this one I'd break any | date for  
(A7) (D7)  
I | won't have to ask what she's | late for, she'd | never leave me flat  
(D7)  
She's not a | girl like that

Oh, she's absolutely wonderful, and marvellous and beautiful  
And anyone can understand why  
I'm leaning on a lamp-post at the corner of the street  
In case a certain little lady passes by

### Chorus

### Bridge

Oh, she's absolutely wonderful, and marvellous and beautiful  
And anyone can understand why  
I'm leaning on a lamp-post at the corner of the street  
In case a certain little lady passes by



# THEY CAN'T TAKE THAT AWAY FROM ME (Bb)

George and Ira Gershwin – 1937, (4/4 – medium)  
performed by Fred Astaire in the movie “Shall We Dance”

## Spoken

*There are many many crazy things  
That will keep me loving you  
And with your permission  
May I list a few*

(Cm7) (Cm7/F) (Bb6)  
The way you | wear your | hat

(Bb) (C#°) (F7)  
The way you | sip your | tea

(Cm7) Cm7/F (Bbmaj7)(Fm7) (Bb7)  
The memory | of all | that?

(Ab°) (Cm) (G7) (C7) (F7)  
No, no, they | can't take that a|way from | me

(Cm7) (Cm7/F) (Bb6)  
The way your | smile just | beams

(Bb) (C#°) (F7)  
The way you | sing off | key

(Cm7) Cm7/F (Bbmaj7) (Fm7) (Bb7)  
The way you | haunt my | dreams?

(Ab°) (Cm) (F7) (Bb)  
No, no, they | can't take that a|way from | me

## Bridge

(Bbmaj7) (Dm) (G7) (Dm) (G7) (Dm) (G7) (A7)  
We may | never, never | meet again on the | bumpy road to | love

(Dm) (G7) (Dm) (G7) (C7) (F7)  
Still, I'll | always, always | keep the | memory of

The way you hold your knife  
The way we danced 'til three  
The way you changed my life?

No, no, they can't take that away from me  
(Cm7) (Bb) (Bb) (Eb) (F) (Bb)  
No, they | can't take | that a|way | from | me

## LILI MARLENE (G)

Hans Leip – 1915 (German lyrics), Tommy Connor (English lyrics)

Norbert Schultze (m) 1938, (4/4 – slow/medium)

*'Lili Marlene' is a famous German song about a soldier on watch.*

*It became very popular on both sides during World War II.*

### LILI MARLENE (English)

(G) (D)  
| Underneath the | lantern | by the barrack | gate  
(D7) (G)  
| Darling I re|member the | way you used to | wait  
(C) (G)  
T'was | there that you | whispered | tenderly  
(D) (G)  
That | you loved me, you'd | always be  
(D) (G) (D7) (G)  
My | Lilli of the | Lamplight, my | own Lilli Mar|lene

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

### LILI MARLEEN (German)

Vor der Kaserne vor dem großen Tor  
Stand eine Laterne und steht sie noch davor  
So woll'n wir uns da wieder seh'n  
Bei der Laterne wollen wir steh'n  
Wie einst Lili Marleen.

Unsere beide Schatten sah'n wie einer aus  
Daß wir so lieb uns hatten  
Das sah man gleich daraus  
Und alle Leute soll'n es seh'n  
Wenn wir bei der Laterne steh'n  
Wie einst Lili Marleen.

Schon rief der Posten sie blasen  
Zapfenstreich  
Das kann drei Tage kosten  
Kam'rad, ich komm sogleich  
Da sagten wir auf Wiedersehen  
Wie gerne wollt ich mit dir geh'n  
Mit dir Lili Marleen.

Deine Schritte kennt sie deinen zieren Gang  
Alle Abend brennt sie,  
Doch mich vergaß sie lang  
Und sollte mir ein Leids gescheh'n  
Wer wird bei der Laterne stehen  
Mit dir Lili Marleen

Aus dem stillen Raume aus der Erde Grund  
Hebt mich wie im Traume  
Dein verliebter Mund  
Wenn sich die späten Nebel drehn  
Werd' ich bei der Laterne steh'n  
Wie einst Lili Marleen.

## **BOOMPS A DAISY (G)**

Lawrence Wright, 1938, Annette Mills performed the song (3/4)

(G) (Am)  
| Hands, | knees and | Boomps-a-| Daisy  
(Am)  
| I like a | bustle that | bends  
(D7) (Em) (A7)  
| Hands, | knees and | Boomps-a-| Daisy  
(A7) (D7)  
| What is a | Boomp between | friends  
(G) (Am)  
| Hands, | knees, oh | don't be | lazy  
(Am)  
| Let's make the | party a | wow, | now then  
(C) (G) (Am)  
| Hands, | knees and | Boomps-a-|Daisy  
(D7) (G) (D7) (G)  
| Turn to your | partner and | bow, Bow - | Wow

## SOMEWHERE OVER THE RAINBOW (G)

E. Y. Harburg & Harold Arlen – 1938, (4/4 – slow)

(G) (Bm) (C) (G)  
| Somewhere, | over the rainbow | way up | high  
(C) (G) (D7) (G)  
| There's a | land that I heard of | once in a lulla|by  
(G) (Bm) (C) (G)  
| Somewhere, | over the rainbow, | bluebirds | fly  
(C) (G) (D7) (G)  
| Birds fly | over the rainbow, | why, oh why, can't | I?

(G)  
Some|day I'll wish u|pon a star  
(D7)  
And | wake up where the | clouds  
(Em)  
Are far be|hind me  
(G)  
Where | troubles melt like | lemon drops  
(A7)  
A|way above the | chimney tops  
(D) (D7)  
That's | where you'll | find me

Repeat verse 1

## YOU MUST HAVE BEEN A BEAUTIFUL BABY (C)

Harry Warren (m) & Johnny Mercer (l), 1938.

*Made famous by Bing Crosby; also recorded by Bobby Darin in 1961*

(C) (A7)  
You | must have been a | beautiful | baby  
(D7)  
You | must have been a | wonderful | child  
(G7)  
When | you were only | starting to | go to kinder|garten  
(C) (Eb°) (Dm7) (G7)  
I | bet you drove the | little boys | wild  
(A7)  
And | when it came to | winning blue | ribbons  
(D7)  
You | must have shown the | other kids | how  
(C) (C/B) (Am) (A+) (A7)  
I can | see the judges' | eyes as they | handed you the | prize  
(C) (E7) (A7)  
I'll | bet you made the | cutest | bow  
(C) (E7) (A7)  
You | must've been a | beautiful | baby  
(D7) (G7) (C)  
'Cause | baby | look at you | now

Does your | mother rea|lize  
The stork de|livered quite a | prize  
The | day he left you | on the family | tree?  
Does your | dad appreci|ate  
That you're | merely super|great  
The | miracle of | any centu|ry?  
If they | don't just send them | both to | me

You must have been a beautiful baby, etc

## PEACE IN THE VALLEY (G)

Thomas A. Dorsey – 1939, (3/4 – slow/medium)

(G)  
I'm | tired and so | weary  
(C) (G)  
But I | must go a|lone  
(G) (A7) (D7)  
Till the | Lord comes and | calls me a|way, oh yes  
(G)  
Well the | morning's so | bright  
(C) (G)  
And the | lamp is a|light  
(G) (A7) (D)  
And the | night is as | black as the | sea, oh yes

### Chorus

(C) (G)  
There will be | peace in the | valley for | me, some day  
(G) (A7) (D) (D7)  
There will be | peace in the | valley for | me, oh Lord I | pray  
(G) (G7)  
There'll be no | sadness, no | sorrow  
(C) (A7)  
No | trouble, trouble I | see  
(G) (D7) (G) (C7) (G)  
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 ( + Chorus)

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 ( + Chorus)

## MOONLIGHT SERENADE (C)

Glenn Miller and Mitchell Parish, 1939 (4/4 – slow)

(B°) (C6) (Eb°)  
I | stand at the | gate  
(Dm) (G7)  
And the | song that I | sing is of | moon-light  
(C) (Cmaj7)  
I | stand and I | wait  
(C7) (A7)  
For the | touch of your | hand in the | June night  
(F°) (Em7) (Dm) (G7) (C)  
The | roses are | sighing a | moonlight sere|nade

*(same chords and melody as verse 1)*

The | stars are a|glow  
And to|night how their | light sets me | dreaming  
My | love, do you | know  
That your | eyes are like | stars brightly | beaming?  
I | bring you and | sing you a | moonlight sere|nade

### Bridge

(Fmaj7) (Dm)  
Let us | stray 'til the | break of day  
(E7) (E°)  
In | love's valley of | dreams  
(A7) (D7) (B7)  
Just | you and I, a | summer sky  
(A9) (Dm7) (Ab°)  
A | heavenly breeze | kissing the | trees

So don't let me wait  
Come to me tenderly in the June night  
Stand at the gate  
And I sing you a song in the moonlight  
A love song, my darling, a moonlight serenade

## **WE'LL MEET AGAIN (C)**

Vera Lynn, Ross Parker (m), Hughie Charles (l) – 1939, (4/4 – slow/medium)  
*Also sung by Johnny Cash*

(C) (E7) (A7) (A7+5)  
| We'll meet a|gain, don't know | where, don't know | when  
(D7) (G)  
But I | know we'll meet a|gain some sunny | day  
(C) (E7) (A7) (A7+5)  
| Keep smiling | through, just like | you always | do  
(D7) (Dm7) (G7) (C)  
'Till the | blue skies chase the | dark clouds far a|way

### Bridge

(E7)  
So, will you | please say he|llo to the | folks that I | know?  
(A7)  
| Tell them | I won't be | long  
(D7)  
They'll be | happy to | know that as | you saw me | go  
(G) (G7)  
I was | sing|ing this | song

We'll meet again, don't know where, don't know when  
But I know we'll meet again some sunny day



## **LITTLE BROWN JUG (E)**

Joseph Winner – 1869, made popular in 1939 by Glenn Miller, (4/4 – medium/fast)

(E) (A)  
My | wife and | I lived | all a|lone  
(B) (E)  
In a | little log | hut we | called our | own  
(E) (A)  
| She loved | gin and | I loved | rum  
(B) (A)  
I | tell you | what, we'd | lots of | fun

Chorus: (same chords as verse)

Ha, ha, ha, you and me  
Little Brown Jug don't I love thee  
Ha, ha, ha, you and me  
Little Brown Jug don't I love thee

If all the folks in Adam's race  
Were gathered together in one place  
Then I'd prepare to shed a tear  
Before I'd part from you, my dear ( + Chorus)

'Tis you who makes my friends my foes  
'Tis you who makes me wear old clothes  
Here you are, so near my nose  
So tip her up, and down she goes ( + Chorus)

If I'd a cow that gave such milk  
I'd clothe her in the finest silk  
I'd feed her on the choicest hay  
And milk her forty times a day ( + Chorus)

When I go toiling to my farm  
I take little Brown Jug under my arm  
I place it under a shady tree  
Little Brown Jug, 'tis you and me ( + Chorus)

And when I die don't bury me at all  
Just pickle my bones in alcohol  
Put a bottle o' booze at my head and feet  
And then I know that I will keep

The rose is red, my nose is, too  
The violet's blue, and so are you  
And yet I guess before I stop  
We'd better take another drop ( + Chorus)

**BEER BARREL POLKA (A)**  
Shapiro Bernstein – 1939, (4/4 – medium/fast)

(A)  
| Roll | out the | barrel  
| We'll have a | barrel of | fun (E7)  
(E7)  
| Roll out the | barrel  
| We've got the | blues on the | run (A)  
(A)  
| Zing! | Boom! Ta-|ra-rel  
(A7) (D)  
| Ring out a | song of good | cheer (A)  
(A)  
| Now's the time to | roll the | barrel  
(D) (E) (A)  
For the | gang's | all | here

Original Czech lyrics

*Kvetou růže, kdo ti za to může,  
žádný ti už dneska nepomůže,  
kvetou, vadnou, lístečky z ní spadnou  
jak ty slzy tvoje na tu trávu chladnou.*

Chorus:

*Škoda lásky, kterou jsem tobě dala,  
ty mé oči dnes bych si vyplakala,  
moje mládí uprchlo tak jako sen,  
na všechno mi zbyla jenom  
v srdci mém vzpomínka jen.*

## IN THE MOOD (G)

Andy Razaf (l), Joe Garland (m), Glenn Miller (#1 in 1940), (4/4 – medium)

(G)  
| Who's the lovin' | daddy with the | beautiful | eyes  
(G)  
| What a pair o' | lips, I'd like to | try 'em for | size  
(C)  
| I'll just tell him, | "Baby, won't you | swing it with | me"  
(G)  
| Hope he tells me | maybe, what a | wing it will | be  
(D7)  
| So, I said politely "Darlin' | may I in|trude"  
(G) (Bb°) (Am7) (D7)  
He | said "Don't keep me | waitin' when I'm | in the | mood"

First I held him lightly and we started to dance  
Then I held him tightly what a dreamy romance  
And I said "Hey, baby, it's a quarter to three  
There's a mess of moonlight, won't-cha share it with me"  
"Well" he answered "Baby, don't-cha know that it's rude  
To keep my two lips waitin' when they're in the mood"

(G) (Bb°) (Am7) (D7)  
| In the | mood, | - that's what he | told me  
(G) (Bb°) (Am7) (D7)  
| In the | mood, | - and when he | told me  
(G) (Bb°) (Am7) (D7)  
| In the | mood, | - my heart was | skippin'  
(G) (Bb°) (Am7) (D7)  
It | didn't take me | long to say "I'm | in the | mood now"

In the mood for all his kissin' (*same chords as last verse*)  
In the mood his crazy lovin'  
In the mood what I was missin'  
It didn't take me long to say "I'm in the mood now"

So, I said politely "Darlin' may I intrude" (*same chords as last verse*)  
He said "Don't keep me waitin' when I'm in the mood"  
"Well" he answered "Baby, don't-cha know that it's rude  
To keep my two lips waitin' when they're in the mood"

(Repeat verses 1 and 2) (last line of verse 2: (Am) 'in' (D7)'the' (G) 'mood')

**THIS LAND IS THEIR LAND**

Dave Van Ronk

**THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND (E)**

Woody Guthrie – 1940, (4/4 – medium fast) *This land is their land, it is not our land*

*From their rich apartments to their Cadillac carland*

(A)

*From their Wall Street office to their*

This land is | your land, this land is | my land

*Hollywood Starland*

(B)

*This land is not for you and me*

From Cali|fornia to the New York | Island

*And was walking that endless breadline*

(A)

*My landlord gave me a one-week*

From the Redwood | Forest to the Gulf Stream | waters

*deadline*

(B7)

*And Labor Action ran a better headline*

(E) *This land is not for you and me*

| This land is | made for you and | me

*So take your slogan and kindly stow it*

As I go walking this ribbon of highway

*If this was our land you'd never know it*

I see above me the endless skyway

*Let's join together and overthrow it*

And all around me the wind keeps saying

*This land is not for you and me*

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

Nobody living can ever stop me

As I go walking my freedom highway

Nobody living can make me turn back

This land is made for you and me

In the squares of the city, in the shadow of a steeple

By the relief office, I'd seen my people

As they stood there hungry, I stood there asking

Is this land made for you and me?

As I went walking, I saw a sign there

And on the sign there, it said, 'No Trespassing'

But on the other side; it didn't say nothing

That side was made for you and me



## I'SE THE B'Y (C)

Newfoundland traditional, (4/4 – medium)

(C) (G)  
| I'se the | b'y that | builds the | boat  
(C)  
And | I'se the | b'y that | sails | her  
(C) (G)  
| I's the | b'y that | catches the | fish  
(G) (C)  
And | takes them | home to | Lizer

Hip your partner Sally Tibbo  
Hip your partner Sally Brown  
Fogo, Twillingate, Morton's Harbour  
All around the circle

Sods and rinds to cover your flake  
Cake and tea for supper  
Codfish in the spring o' the year  
Fried in maggoty butter

Hip your partner Sally Tibbo...

I don't want your maggoty fish  
That's no good for winter  
I could buy as good as that  
Down in Bonavista

Hip your partner Sally Tibbo...

I took Lizer to a dance  
And faith, but she could travel  
And every step that she did take  
Was up to her knees in gravel

Hip you partner Sally Tibbo...

Susan White, she's out of sight  
Her petticoat wants a border  
Old Sam Oliver in the dark  
He kissed her in the corner

Hip your partner Sally Tibbo...

## COOL WATER (A)

Bob Nolan - 1941.

*This is a song about a man and his mule, Dan. The best-selling recorded version was done by Vaughn Monroe and 'The Sons of the Pioneers' in 1948.*

(A) (E7)  
All | day I face the | barren waste  
(A) (E7) (A)  
With|out the taste of | water, | cool | water  
(D) (E7)  
Old | Dan and I with | throats burned dry  
(A) (D) (A) (E7) (A)  
And | souls that | cry for | water | - | cool | clear | water

### CHORUS

(A) (E7)  
| Keep a-movin' Dan don't ya | listen to him Dan  
(A) (E7) (A)  
He's a | devil of a man & he | spreads the burning sand with | water  
(D) (A)  
| Dan can you | see that | big green | tree  
(D)  
Where the | water's running | free  
(E7) (A) (D)  
And it's | waiting there for you and | me?  
(A) (E) (A)  
| Water | - | cool | - | water

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



“Wil-lie, oh Wil-lie I love you, Love you with all my heart; To - mor-row we were to be

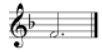


mar-ried, But li-quer has kept us a - part. Beau - ti-ful, beau-ti - ful brown eyes, Beau - ti-ful,

**IN EYES** (A)



beau-ti - ful brown eyes, Beau - ti-ful, beau-ti - ful brown eyes, I'll ne-ver love blue eyes a -



-gain.



(A)	(D)
Beautiful   beautiful   brown eyes	
(A)	(E)
Beautiful   beautiful   brown eyes	
(A)	(D)
Beautiful   beautiful   brown eyes	
(E)	(A)
I'll   never love   blue eyes a gain	

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

slow/medium)  
in 1938

SIAN

Chorus

(Am) (Dm) (Am) (Am) (Dm) (Am)  
 | Yo, heave | ho! | Yo, heave | ho!  
 (F) (Am) (Dm) (Am) (Dm) (Am)  
 | Once more, | boys and | yet once | more

Verse 1

(C) (C7) (F)  
 | As a|long the | shore we | run  
 (C) (C7) (F)  
 | Sing our | shanty | in the | sun  
 (Dm) (Dm)  
 | Ay-da, da, | ay-da!  
 (Dm) (Dm)  
 | Ay-da, da, | ay-da!  
 (Dm) (Am)(Dm)(Am)  
 | Sing our | shanty | in the | sun  
 (Am) (Dm) (Am) (Am) (Dm) (Am)  
 | Yo, heave | ho! | Yo, heave ho!

Verse 2

Volga, Volga, mother steam  
 Oh thou river broad and deep  
 Ay-da, da, ay-da!  
 Ay-da, da, ay-da!  
 Once more, boys and yet once more  
 Yo heave ho, Yo heave ho!

Chorus

Эй, ухнем! Эй, ухнем!  
 Ещё разик, ещё да раз!

Разовьём мы берёзу  
 Разовьём мы кудряву!  
 Ай-да, да ай-да, ай-да, да ай-да  
 Разовьём мы кудряву

Мы по бережку идём  
 Песню солнышку поём  
 Ай-да, да ай-да, ай-да, да ай-да  
 Песню солнышку поём

Эй, эй, тяни канат сильнее!  
 Песню солнышку поём  
 Эй, ухнем! Эй, ухнем!  
 Ещё разик, ещё да раз!

Эх ты, Волга, мать-река  
 Широка и глубока  
 Ай-да, да ай-да, ай-да, да ай-да  
 Волга, Волга, мать-река

Эй, ухнем! Эй, ухнем!  
 Ещё разик, ещё да раз!  
 Эй, ухнем! Эй, ухнем!

*\*\*N.B. chords above set in key of A minor. Melody below (from a site on the Net) is in E minor*





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

Woody Guthrie – 1942, (3/4 – medium)

### Spoken:

*I | got the | news that the | war had be|gun  
It was | straight for the | Army Hall | that I run  
And | all of the | people in | my home | town  
Was a | running | up and a | running | down*

### CHORUS:

(A) (A)  
| So | long, it's | been good to | know you  
(E7) (A)  
| So | long, it's | been good to | know you  
(A) (D)  
| So | long, it's | been good to | know you  
(A) (E7) (A)  
And we'll | get back to|gether a|gain

*The crowd was packed by the railroad track  
People was yelling and patting my back  
And while the engineer rung his bell  
I hugged all the mothers and kissed all the gals, singing:*

### CHORUS

## **DON'T SIT UNDER THE APPLE TREE (C)**

Lew Brown, Charles Tobias and Sam H. Stept (l), (4/4 – medium)  
as recorded by Glenn Miller in 1942, 2 months after Pearl Harbor

### Male lyrics

(C)

| Don't sit under the | apple tree with | anyone else but | me

(G) (C)

| Anyone else but | me, | anyone else but | me, no, no, no

(C)

| Don't sit under the | apple tree with | anyone else but | me

(G) (C)

'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

## TUXEDO JUNCTION (C)

Glenn Miller – 1942, (4/4 – medium)

Way down | south in | Birmingham  
(C6) (F7) (G7)  
I mean | south in | Alabam'  
(C) (F7) (G7)  
There's a | place where | people | go  
(C6) (F) (F#°)  
To | dance the | night a|way  
(F9) (G7) (C)

They all | drive or | walk for | miles  
To get | jive that | southern | style  
It's a | jive that | makes you | want  
To | dance till | break of | day

### Chorus

It's a | junction | - |  
(F7)  
(C)  
Where the | town folks | meet | - |  
(F7)  
At each | function | - |  
(C) (Eb°) (Dm7) (G13)  
In a | tux they | greet you

Come on down, forget your care  
Come on down, you'll find me there  
So long town, I'm heading for  
Tuxedo Junction now

# I GOT A GAL IN KALAMAZOO (G)

Glenn Miller- 1942, (4/4 – medium)

*(syncopated; 'pushing' the beat)*

| A – B | C – D | E – F | G - H

(G) (Bb°)(Am) (G) (Em)

| I got a | gal | - | in | Kalama|zoo | - | - |

(Am)

| Don't want to | boast

(D7) (G)

But I | know she's the | toast of | Kalama|zoo, zoo, | zoo, zoo

(G) (Bb°)(Am) (G) (Em)

| Years have gone | by | - | my, | my, how she | grew

(Am)

| I liked her | looks

(D7) (G)

When I | carried her | books in | Kalama|zoo

## Bridge

(B7) (E7)

I'm gonna | send a|way, | hoppin' on a | plane, | leavin' to|day

(A9)

Am I | dreamin'? I can | hear her | screamin'

(D7)

| "Hi ya, Mr. | Jackson", everything's O –

## K-A-L-A-M-A-Z-O

(G) (Bb°)(Am) (G) (Em)

| Oh, what a | gal, | - | a | real pippe|roo | - | - |

(Am) (D7) (Am) (D7) (B7)

| I'll make my | bid for that | freckle-faced | kid I'm | hurryin' | to

(E7) (A7) (D7) (G)

I'm goin' to | Michigan to | see the sweetest | gal in | Kalama|zoo

# CHATANOOGA CHOO CHOO (G)

Glenn Miller – 1942, (4/4 – medium)

*(spoken + improvised chords)*

*Hi there, Tex, whatcha say?*

*Step aside partner, it's my day*

*Bend an ear and listen to my version*

*Of a really solid Tennessee excursion*

(G) (C) (G)  
| Pardon me | boy, | - is that the | Chattanooga | Choo Choo? | - | -  
(D7) (G)  
Yes, yes, | track 2|9 | - | - boy, you can | give me a | shine | - | - |  
(G) (C) (G)  
| Can you a|fford | - to board the | Chattanooga | Choo Choo? | - | -  
(D7) (G)  
I got my | fare | - | - and just a | trifle to | spare

## Bridge

(C) (G7) (C)  
You | leave the Pennsylv|ania station 'bout a | quarter to | four  
(C) (G7) (C)  
| Read a maga|zine and then you're | in Balti|more  
(F) (C)  
| Dinner in the | diner, | nothing could be | finer  
(F9) (Dm7) (G13)  
| Than to have your | ham and eggs in | Caro|lina  
(C) (G7) (C)  
| When you hear the | whistle blowing | eight to the | bar  
(C) (G7) (C)  
| Then you know that | Tennessee is | not very | far  
(F) (C)  
| Shuffle all the | coal in, | gotta keep it | rollin'  
(F9) (Dm7) (G7) (C)  
| 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



## **WHITE CHRISTMAS** (G) (4/4 – slow)

Irving Berlin – 1942, sung by Bing Crosby, (4/4 – medium)

(G) (C) (Am) (D7)  
| I'm | dreaming of a | white | Christmas  
(C) (G)  
| Just like the | ones I used to | know  
(G) (G7)  
Where the | treetops | glisten  
(C) (Cm6)  
And | children | listen  
(G) (Am7) (D7)  
To | hear | sleigh bells in the | snow

(G) (C) (Am) (D7)  
| I'm | dreaming of a | white | Christmas  
(C) (G)  
| - With every | Christmas card I | write  
(G7) (C) (Cm6)  
May your | days be | merry and | bright  
(G) (A7) (D7) (G)  
And may | all your | Christmases be | white

## PAPER DOLL (C)

Johnny S. Black, 1915, recorded by The Mills Brothers in 1942, (4/4 – medium)

### Chorus

(C) (A7) (Am7) (D)  
I'm | gonna buy a | Paper Doll that | I can call my | own  
(G7) (C)  
A | doll that other | fellows cannot | steal  
(C) (Bm7) (Bm7<sup>b5</sup>) (E7)  
And then the | flirty, flirty | guys with their | flirty, flirty | eyes  
(A7) (D7) (G7)  
Will | have to flirt with | dollies that are | real

(G) (G7) (C)  
When | I come home at | night she will be | waiting  
(G) (G7) (E7)  
She'll | be the truest | doll in all this | world  
(F) (F#°) (C) (E7) (A7)  
I'd rather | have a Paper | Doll to | call my | own  
(Dm7) (G) (C)  
Than have a | fickle-minded | real live | girl

(G) (C) (Am)  
I | guess I had a | million dolls or | more  
(E) (E7) (Am)  
I | guess I've played the | doll game o'er and | o'er  
(G) (G7) (C) (A7)  
I just | quarrelled with | Sue, | that's why I'm | blue  
(A) (A7) (D) (G7)  
She's | gone away and | left me | just like | all dolls | do

(G) (G7) (C) (Am)  
I'll | tell you boys, it's | tough to be a|lone  
(E) (E7) (Am)  
And it's | tough to love a | doll that's not your | own  
(G) (Gmaj7)  
I'm | through with all of | them  
(G) (Gmaj7)  
I'll | never fall a|gain  
(A7) (D7) (G7)  
| Say boy, | whatcha gonna | do?

### Chorus

When I come home at night she will be waiting, etc



## **HOKEY POKEY (E)**

Jimmy Kennedy – 1942, (4/4 – medium/fast)

(E)  
You put your | right hand | in  
(E)  
You put your | right hand | out  
(E)  
You put your | right hand | in  
(B)  
And you | shake it all a|bout  
(B)  
You | do the hokey | pokey  
(B)  
And you | turn yourself a|round  
(B7) (E)  
| That what it's | all a|bout

- (1) left hand
- (2) right foot
- (3) left foot
- (4) head
- (5) bum
- (6) whole self

## MAIRZY DOATS (F)

Johnny Dennis - 1944

ARTIST: Milton Drake, Al Hoffman and Jerry Livingston

I know a ditty nutty as a fruitcake  
Goofy as a goon and silly as a loon  
Some call it pretty, others call it crazy  
But they all sing this tune

/ F C7 F C7 / F C7 F - / Am E9 Am D7 / G7 - C7 - /

### Chorus

Mairzy doats and dozy doats and liddle lamzy divey  
A kiddley divey too, wouldn't you

/ F - - F#dim7 / Gm7 C7 F - /

Yes, + Chorus

If the words sound queer and funny to your ear  
A little bit jumbled and jivey  
Sing, "Mares eat oats and does eat oats  
And little lambs eat ivy"

/ Cm7 F7 Cm7 F7 / Bb - - - / Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7 / C Gm7 C7 - /

Oh, + Chorus

... / Gm7 C7 F F#dim7 /

A kid'll eat ivy too, wouldn't you

/ Gm7 C7 F - /

## O WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING (G)

Rogers And Hammerstein (from Oklahoma) – 1943, (3/4 – slow/medium)

(G) (D) (G) (D)  
There's a | bright golden | haze on the | meadow  
(G) (D) (G) (D)  
There's a | bright golden | haze on the | meadow  
(G) (D) (Am) (C)  
The | corn is as | high as an | elephant's | eye  
(G) (Am) (Bm) (D)  
And it | looks like it's | climbing right | up to the | sky

### Chorus

(G) (F) (C) (G) (D)  
| O what a | beautiful | morning, | O what a | beautiful | day  
(G) (C) (G) (D) (G)  
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

### Chorus

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

### Chorus

## **SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY (C)**

Les Brown & Ben Homer (m), Bud Green (l) – 1944, (4/4 – medium)

(C)  
| Gonna take a sentimental journey  
(C) (G7)  
Gonna set my | heart at ease  
(C) (F7)  
Gonna make a | sentimental journey  
(C) (G7) (C)  
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!"

### **Bridge**

(F) (C)  
| Seven, | - | that's the time we | leave - at | seven  
(C) (D7)  
| I'll be waiting | up for | heaven  
(D7) (Dm7) (G7) (G°) (G7)  
| 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

# BESAME MUCHO (Am)

Consuelo Velázquez, 1944

## SPANISH

(Am)  
Bésame,  
(Dm)  
bésame | mucho  
(Dm)  
como si fuera esta noche  
(Am)  
la última | vez  
(A7) (Dm)  
Bésame, bésame | mucho  
(Am)  
que tengo miedo  
(B7)  
a perderte  
(E7) (Am)  
perderte des|pués  
  
(Dm) (Am)  
Quiero tenerte muy | cerca  
(E7)  
mirarme en tus |ojos  
(Am)  
verte junto a | mí  
(Dm) (Am)  
Piensa que tal vez ma|ñana  
(B7)  
yo ya estaré | lejos  
(E7)  
muy lejos de a|quí  
  
Bésame, bésame mucho  
como si fuera esta  
la noche la última vez  
Bésame, bésame mucho  
que tengo miedo a  
perderte, perderte después

## ENGLISH

(Am)  
Dearest one  
(Dm)  
If you should | leave me  
(Dm)  
then each little | dream will take wings  
(Am)  
and my life will be | through  
(A7)  
So besame  
(A7) (Dm)  
besame | mucho  
(Am)  
Love me forever  
(B7) (E7) (Am)  
Make all my | dreams come | true  
  
(Dm) (Am)  
This joy is something | new  
(B7) (E7)  
My arms are | holding |you  
(Dm) (Am)  
Never knew this thrill be|fore  
(Am)  
Who's ever thought I'd be holding you  
(B7)  
Close to me  
(B7) (E7)  
Whispering it's you I a|dore

*(Repeat above verses)*

# **YOU'RE NOBODY 'TIL SOMEBODY LOVES YOU** (C)

Russ Morgan, Larry Stock & James Cavanaugh – 1944, (4/4 – slow)

(C) (E) (A)  
You're | nobody 'til | somebody | loves you  
(Dm) (G7) (C)  
You're | nobody 'til | somebody | cares  
(Cmaj7) (Eb°)  
You | may be king, you | may possess  
(Dm7)  
The | world and it's | gold  
(D7)  
But | gold won't bring you | happiness  
(Dm7) (G7)  
When | you're growing | old  
(C) (E7)  
The | world still is the | same  
(A7)  
You never | change it  
(Dm7) (A7) (Dm)  
As | sure as the | stars shine | above  
(F) (Eb°) (C) (A7)  
You're | nobody 'til | somebody | loves you  
(Dm7) (G7) (C) (F) (C)  
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

# SWINGIN' ON A STAR (C)

Bing Crosby - 1944

## Chorus

Would you | like to | swing on a | star  
(C) (D7)  
(D7) (C)  
Carry | moonbeams | home in a | jar  
(C) (D)  
And be | better | off than you | are  
(G7) (C)  
| - Or would you | rather be a | mule?

(C) (F) (C) (F)  
A | mule is an | animal with | long funny | ears  
(C) (F) (C)  
| Kicks up at | anything he | hears  
(G) (C)  
His | back is | brawny but his | brain is | weak  
(G) (C)  
He's | just plain | stupid with a | stubborn | streak  
(C) (F) (C)  
And by the | way, if you | hate to go to | school  
(G7) (C)  
| - You may grow | up to be a | mule

## Chorus

A pig is an animal with dirt on his face  
His shoes are a terrible disgrace  
He has no manners when he eats his food  
He's fat and lazy and extremely rude  
But if you don't care a feather or a fig  
You may grow up to be a pig

## Chorus

A fish won't do anything, but swim in a brook  
He can't write his name or read a book  
To fool the people is his only thought  
And though he's slippery, he still gets caught  
But then if that sort of life is what you wish  
You may grow up to be a fish  
A new kind of jumped-up slippery fish

And all the monkeys aren't in the zoo  
Every day you meet quite a few  
So you see it's all up to you  
You can be better than you are  
You could be swingin' on a star

# I'VE GOT A LOVELY BUNCH OF COCONUTS (A)

Fred Heatherton – 1944, (4/4 – medium)

(A) (E)  
| Down at Barney's | Fair, one | evening I was | there  
(B7) (E7)  
| When I heard a | showman shouting | underneath the | flair

(A)  
| I've got a | lovely bunch of | coconuts  
(E7)  
| There they are all | standing in a | row  
  
| Big ones, | small ones, | some as big as your | head  
(B7)  
| Give 'em a | twist, a | flick of the | wrist  
(E7)  
| That's what the showman | said

(A)  
| I've got a | lovely bunch of | coconuts  
(E7)  
| Every ball you | throw will make me | rich  
(E7)  
| There stands me | wife, the | idol of me | life  
(A)  
Singing | roll or bowl a | ball a penny a | pitch

(A)  
Singing | roll or bowl a | ball a penny a | pitch  
(E7)  
| Roll or bowl a | ball a penny a | pitch  
(E7)  
| Roll or bowl a | ball, | roll or bowl a | ball  
(E7) (A)  
Singing | roll or bowl a | ball a penny a | pitch



## **BLUE EYES CRYING IN THE RAIN (C)**

Willie Nelson - 1975 / Fred Rose – 1945, (4/4 – slow/medium)

(C)  
| In the | twilight glow I | see | her  
(G) (C)  
| Blue eyes | crying in the | rain  
(C)  
| As we | kissed goodbye and | par|ted  
(G) (C)  
I | knew we'd | never meet a|gain  
(F)  
| Love is | like a dying | em|ber  
(C) (D7) (G7)  
| Only | memories re|main  
(C)  
| Through the | ages I'll re|mem|ber  
(G) (C)  
| Blue eyes | crying in the | rain

Now my hair has turned to silver  
All my life I've loved in vain  
I can see her star in heaven  
Blue eyes crying in the rain  
Some day when we meet up yonder  
We'll stroll hand in hand again  
In a land that knows no parting  
Blue eyes crying in the rain

## LA VIE EN ROSE (F)

Edith Piaf – 1946, (4/4 – slow)

(F) (Fmaj7)   Hold me   close and hold me   fast	Quand il   me prend dans ses   bras
(F) (F6) This   magic spell you   cast	Il   me parle tout   bas
(Gm) (C) This   is la vie en   rose	Je   vois la vie en   rose
(Gm7) (Gm7) (C7)   When you   kiss me, heaven   sighs	Il me   dit des mots d'a mour
(C7) (Gm7) And   though I close my   eyes	Des   mots de tous les   jours
(C7) (F6) I   see la vie en   rose	Et   ca me   fait quelque   chose
(F) (Fmaj7)   When you   press me to your   heart	Il est entre dans mon coeur
(F) (F6) I'm   in a world a part	Une part de bonheur
(F7) (Bb) A   world where roses   bloom	Dont je connais la cause
(Bbm6)   And when you   speak	C'est lui pour moi
(F) Angels   fly from a bove	Moi pour lui
(Bb°) (Gm7)   Everyday   words seem to   turn	Dans la vie
(C13) Into   love songs	l'a jure pour la vie
(F) (Fmaj7)   Give your   heart and soul to   me	Et des que je l'apercois
(Gm7) Babe,   it is going to   be	Alors je sens en moi
(Gm7) (C7) (F) La   vie en   rose	Mon coeur qui bat

## THE OLD LAMPLIGHTER (C)

Charles Tobias - 1946

(C)  
He made the | night a little | brighter  
(E7) (Am)  
Where|ever he would | go  
(F) (C)  
The | old | lamp|lighter  
(D7) (G7)  
Of | long | long a|go  
(C)  
His snowy | hair was so much | whiter  
(E7) (Am)  
Be|neath the candle | glow  
(F) (F#°) (C/G)  
The | old | lamp|lighter  
(G13) (C)  
Of | long | long a|go

### Bridge

(C)  
You'd hear the | patter of his | feet  
(C)  
As he came | toddling down the | street  
(C)  
His | smile would | hide a lonely | heart you | see  
(Dm)  
If there were | sweethearts in the | park  
(Dm)  
He'd pass a | lamp and leave it | dark  
(Dm)  
Re|membering the | days that used to | be  
(C)  
For he re|calls when dreams were | new  
(C)  
He loved some|one who loved him |too  
(C) (G) (C)  
Who walks with | him a|lone in memo|ry

*Repeat verse 1*

# MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE I'M A LONDONER (C)

Hubert Gregg – 1947, (4/4 – slow)

(C) (A7) (D7)  
| Maybe it's be|cause I'm a | Londoner  
(G7) (C)  
That | I love | London | so  
(C) (A7) (D7)  
| Maybe it's be|cause I'm a | Londoner  
(D7) (G7)  
That I | think of her | - wherever I | go  
(C) (A7) (D7)  
I | get a funny | feeling in|side of me  
(G7) (E7)  
When | walking | up and | down  
(A7) (Dm)  
| Maybe it's be|cause I'm a | Londoner  
(F#°) (C) (A7) (D9) (G7) (C)  
That | I love | London | Town

## GALWAY BAY (D)

Dr. Arthur Colohan in 1947 and was popularised by Bing Crosby, (4/4 – slow)

(D) (A)  
If you | ever go a|cross the sea to | Ireland  
(A7) (D)  
Then | maybe at the | closing of your | day  
(D) (D7) (G)  
You will | sit and watch the | moon rise over | Claddagh  
(A7) (D)  
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.

## TENNESSEE WALTZ (G)

Redd Stewart & Pee Wee King – 1947, (3/4 – slow/medium)

(G) (C)  
I was | waltzing with my | darling to the | Tennessee | waltz  
(G) (A7) (D7)  
When an | old friend I | happened to | see  
(G) (G7) (C)  
Intro|duced him to my | loved one and | while they were | dancing  
(G) (D7) (G)  
My | friend stole my | sweetheart from | me  
(G) (D) (C) (G)  
I re|member the | night and the | Tennessee | waltz  
(G) (A7) (D7)  
Now I | know just how | much I have | lost  
(G) (G7) (C)  
Yes, I | lost my little | darling the | night they were | playing  
(G) (D7) (G)  
The | beautiful | Tennessee | waltz

# GHOST RIDERS IN THE SKY (Am)

Vaughn Monroe - 1948

*The Vaughn Monroe version, the best-selling one, was recorded on March 14, 1949 and released by RCA Victor Records as catalog number 20-3411. The recording first appeared on the Billboard charts on April 15, 1949, lasting 22 weeks and peaking at position #1. The song was also recorded later by (amongst others): Bing Crosby, Burl Ives, Peggy Lee and Johnny Cash.*

*In the UK, the best-known version is that by The Ramrods, which reached number 8 in 1961. Milton Nascimento recorded a version in Portuguese as Cavaleiros Do Céu on his 1981 album Caçador de Mim. The heavy metal band Die Apokalyptischen Reiter recorded a version that was released on their 2006 single, Friede Sei Mit Dir. Raphael recorded a version in Spanish. Pedro Vargas recorded a version called Jinetes en el Cielo in Spanish. Singer and actor Armand Mestral recorded a version in French (Les Cavaliers du Ciel) in the early fifties. Los baby's famous 1960's band from Mexico made the Spanish version called "jinetes en el cielo" which mean ghostriders in the sky.*

(Am) (C)  
An | old cowpoke went | riding out, one | dark and windy | day  
(Am) (C)  
U|pon a ridge he | rested as he | went along his | way  
(Am)  
When | all at once a | mighty herd of | red-eyed cows he | saw  
(F) (Dm) (Am)  
A | plowin through the | ragged skies, and | up the cloudy | draw

## Chorus:

(C) (Am) (Am) (F) (Am)  
Yipie i-|oh, yipie i-|ay! | Ghost riders | in the | sky

Their brands were still on fire and their hoofs were made of steel  
Their horns were black and shiny and their hot breath he could feel  
A bolt of fear went through him as they thundered through the sky  
For as he saw the riders comin hard, and he heard their mournful cry

## Chorus:

As the riders loped on by him, he heard one call his name  
If you want to save your soul from hell a ridin on the range  
Then cowboy change your ways today or with us you will ride  
A tryin' to catch the devil's herd, across these endless skies

## Chorus:

## ON A SLOW BOAT TO CHINA (F)

Music and Lyrics by Frank Loesser – 1948, (4/4 – slow)

(F) (D7)  
| I'd love to | get you  
(Gm7) (E7)  
On a | slow boat to | China  
(F) (A7) (Gm7)  
| All to my | self a|lone  
(Gm7) (E7) (F) (D7)  
| Get you and | keep you in my | arms ever|more  
(G7) (G7)  
| Leave all your | lovers  
(Gm7) (G7) (C9)  
| Weeping on the faraway | shore  
(F) (D7)  
| Out on the | briny  
(Gm) (E7)  
With the | moon big and | shiny  
(F) (A7) (Bb6) (Bbm6)  
| Melting your | heart of | stone  
(Gm7) (F°)  
| I'd love to | get you  
(F) (D7)  
On a | slow boat to | China  
(G7) (Gm7)(F#7) (F)  
| All to my | self a|lone



## **CRUISING DOWN THE RIVER (C)**

Words & Music by Eily Beadell & Nell Tollerton, (3/4 – medium)  
Recorded by Russ Morgan, 1949

(C) (F) (C) (D)  
| Cruising down the | river on a | Sunday after|noon  
(G) (C) (Eb°) (G)  
With | one you love, the | sun above | waiting for the | moon  
(C) (F) (C) (D) (Eb°) (D) (Eb°) (D)  
The | old accordian | playing a | sen - ti - men - tal | tune  
(C) (F) (C) (D7) (G7) (C)  
| Cruising down the | river on a | Sunday after|noon

### **Bridge:**

(C9) (C7) (C9) (C7) (C9) (C7) (G)  
The | birds above all | sing of love, a | gentle sweet re|frain  
(D7) (D7) (D7) (D7) (D7) (D7) (G7)  
The | winds around all | make a sound like | softly fall - ing | rain  
(C) (Eb°)(F)(Eb°)(F°)(C) (D) (Eb°) (D)(Eb°)(D)  
Just | two of us to|gether, we'll | plan a honey|moon  
(C) (F°) (A7) (D7) (G7) (Dm7)(G7) (C)  
| Cruising down the | river on a | Sunday after|noon

## **SOME ENCHANTED EVENING (G)**

*"Some Enchanted Evening" is a popular song from the musical South Pacific, written by Richard Rodgers (music), and Oscar Hammerstein II (lyrics). The song was published in 1949.*

(G) (D7)  
| Some enchanted evening | you may see a stranger  
(G) (Em7) (Am)  
| You may see a stranger a|cross a crowded room  
(Bm7) (Am7) (Bm7) (Em7)  
And | somehow you | know, you | know even | then  
(Am7) (D7)  
That | somewhere you'll | see her a|gain and a|gain

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

(C) (G)  
| Who can ex|plain it?  
(D) (G)  
| Who can tell you | why?  
(C) (G)  
| Fools give you | reasons  
(Am7) (D7)  
| 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

## I'M SO LONESOME I COULD CRY (C)

Hank Williams – 1949, (3/4 – medium)

(C)  
| Hear that | lonesome | whippor|will  
(C)  
He | sounds too | blue to | fly  
(F) (C) (Am)  
The |midnight | train is | whining | low  
(C) (G) (C)  
I'm so | lonesome | I could | cry

I've never seen a night so long  
When time goes crawling by  
The moon just went behind a cloud  
To hide it's face and cry

Did you ever see a robin weep  
When leaves begin to die  
That means he's lost the will to live  
I'm so lonesome i could cry

The silence of a falling star  
Lights up a purple sky  
And as i wonder where you are  
I'm so lonesome i could cry

## **MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS (C)**

Hank Williams Sr. - 1949, (4/4 – medium)

(C)  
If the | wife and I start | fussing brother  
| That's our | right  
'Cos | me and that sweet | woman's  
Got a | license to | fight  
(F)  
Why don't you | mind your own | business (*"mind your own business"*)  
(C)  
| Mind your own | business (*"mind your own business"*)  
(G)  
'Cos if you | mind your own | business  
(G) (C)  
Then you | won't be | minding | mine  
  
Oh, the woman on our party line's a nosey thing  
She picks up her receiver when she knows it's our ring  
Why don't you mind your own business ... etc  
  
I got a little gal who wears her hair up high  
The boys all whistle at her every time she goes by  
Why don't you mind your own business ... etc  
  
If I want to honkey-tonk around to two or three  
Now brother, that's my headache, don't you worry 'bout me  
Why don't you mind your own business ... etc

## A DREAMER'S HOLIDAY (Bb)

Mabel Wayne & Kim Gannon, 1949

(Bb) (A7)  
| Climb aboard a butterfly, an' | take off on the breeze  
(Cm7) (F7) (G7)  
| Let your worries flutter by, an' | do the things you please  
(Eb) (Ebm6) (Bb) (G7)  
| In a land where dollar bills are fallin' off the | trees  
(C7) (F7) (Cm7<sup>b5</sup>) (F7)  
| On a dreamer's holiday!

Every day for breakfast, there's a dish of scrambled stars  
An' for lunchin' you'll be munchin' rainbow candy bars  
You'll be livin' a la mode on Jupiter and Mars,  
On a dreamer's holiday!

### Bridge

(Fm7) (Bb7) (Eb)  
Make it a long vacation  
(Fm7) (Bb7) (Eb)  
Time, there is plenty of  
(Gm7) (C7) (F)  
You need no reservation  
(F°) (Gm7) (F7)  
Just bring along the one you love!

Help yourself to happiness an' sprinkle it with mirth,  
Close your eyes an' concentrate an' dream for all you're worth,  
You will feel terrific when you get back down to earth,  
(C7) (Cm7) (F7) (Bb)  
From a dreamer's holiday!

Every day for breakfast, there's a dish of scrambled stars,  
And for lunchin' you'll be munchin' rainbow candy bars,  
You'll be livin' a la mode On Jupiter and Mars,  
On a dreamer's holiday!

Come on, we're gonna make it a long vacation,  
Time, there is plenty of,  
You need no reservation,  
Just bring along the one you love!

Help yourself to happiness an' sprinkle it with mirth  
Close your eyes an' concentrate an' dream for all you're worth,  
You will feel terrific when you get back down to earth,  
From a dreamer's holiday!

## **APPENDIX**

### **PARTICIPATIONAL SONGS**

This is called a 'kinesthetic' song, i.e. one in which the body is being used as well as the vocal expression.

A 'lining out' song, such as 'Down By The Bay' or 'She'll Be Coming Round The Mountain' (see page 104) is one in which the participants can make up their own words within the framework of the song.

# DEEP AND WIDE (G)

An 'Echo' song such as 'You Can't Get To Heaven' is one in which one person (or group) echoes, i.e. repeats exactly, what the first person/group has sung (C)

A 'Call & Response' song is one in which one person/group responds to the first person/group's line with one of their own. An example would be 'Mama Don't Allow' (D)

A: Mama don't allow no bongo playing here (G)

B: Well I don't care what Mama don't allow, gonna play my bongos anyhow. (C)

A 'Transcultural' song is one where the lyrics and/or melody are known in different cultures, albeit in different languages. 'Transcultural' song can also be created, as in the case of 'Everybody Loves Saturday Night'.

(gesture 'deep') and wide, (gesture 'deep') and wide

There's a fountain flowing .....and wide

..... and wide, ..... and wide

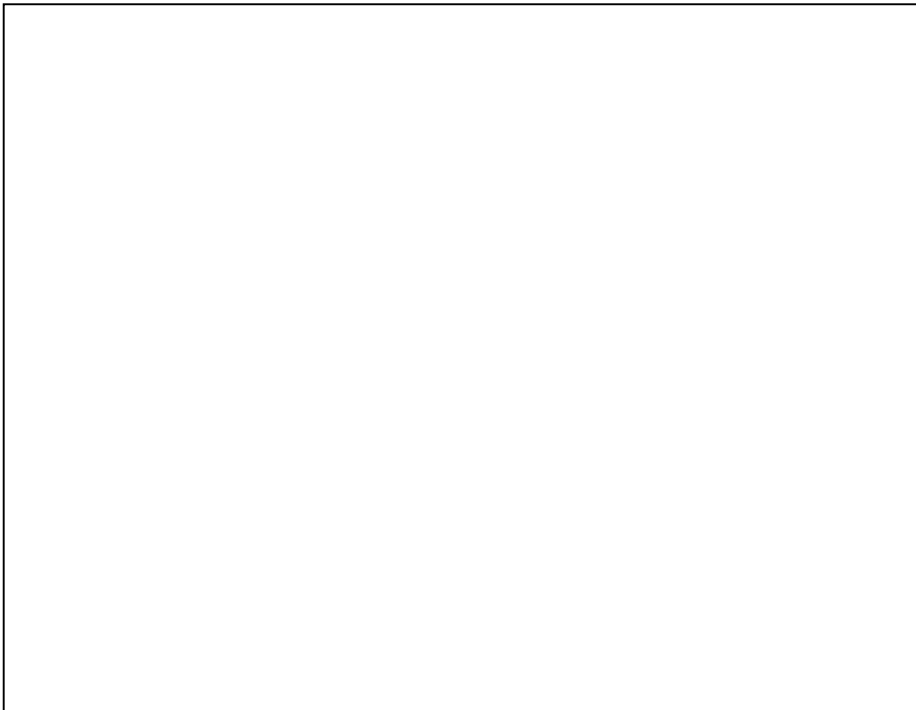
There's a fountain flowing .....and wide

..... and ....., .....and .....

There's a fountain flowing .....and .....

.....and ....., .....and .....

There's a fountain flowing .....and .....



# DOWN BY THE BAY (E)

Traditional

*A famous version was recorded by Raffi in 1976*

- (B)  
| - Down by the | bay (repeat)  
(E)  
| - Where the watermelons | grow (repeat)  
(B)  
| - Back to my | home (repeat)  
(E)  
| - I dare not | go (repeat)  
(A)  
| - For if I | do (repeat)  
(E)  
My | mother will | say: \*

Did you | ever see a | goose | kissing a | moose | down by | - the | bay?

Did you ever see an ant, climbing a plant down by the bay?

Did you ever see a whale, with a polka-dot tail .....

Did you ever see a bear, combing his hair .....

Did you ever see a llama, eating his pajamas .....

Did you ever see a fly, wearing a tie .....

Did you ever see a bee with a sunburned knee .....

Did you ever have a time when you couldn't make a rhyme .....

Did you ever see a rhino dancing with a dino .....

Did you ever see a goat riding in a boat .....

*\*Usually follows some kind of variation on "Did you ever see a \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_ ing a \_\_\_\_\_":*



# EVERYBODY LOVES SATURDAY NIGHT

(Terry Gilkyson, circa 50's; recorded by Pete Seeger 1953; further adapted by Ian Brown)

1. ENGLISH: | (C) EVERYBODY | (G) LOVES | SATURDAY | (C) NIGHT  
| (C) EVERYBODY | (G7) LOVES | SATURDAY | (C) NIGHT  
| (C) EVERYBODY | (G7) **EVERYBODY** | (C) **EVERYBODY** | (G) **EVERYBODY**  
| (C) EVERYBODY | (G) LOVES | SATURDAY | (C) NIGHT
2. CHINESE (*Mandarin*) **MAYEE GULIN** DOSEE WHONE SING CHI LIU.
3. CHINESE (*Cantonese*) **MOY GOH YUN DOE** HAY FOON SIN-KAY-LOOK MAAN.
4. CZECH: **KAZDY'** MA' RAD SABOTU VECER.
5. DANISH: **ALLE ELSKER** LORDAG ASFTEN.
6. DUTCH: **LEDEREEN** FIND ZATERDAG AVOND FYN.
7. FARSI: **MARDOM** PANDJ SHANBEH SHABRA DOUST DARAN
8. FINNISH: **YOKINEN** RAKASTAH LAUWANDAI ILLTAH.
9. FRENCH: **TOUT LE MONDE** AIME SAMEDI SOIR.
10. GERMAN: **JEDER** LIEBT SAMSTAGABEND.
11. HINDI: **SABEE** SHENIVAR KO PIAR KATAY HEH.
12. HUNGARIAN: **MINDENKI** SZERETI A SZOMBAT ESTET.
13. ITALIAN: **TUTTI** AMA SABATO SERA.
14. JAPANESE: **MEENA** DOYOBİ GA SKIDESU.
15. KOREAN: TOY YOOIL BAM EH **MODU** SA LANG HABSIDA.
16. LAO: **TUK TUK** HOON HAKLANG ONE SOW.
18. LITHUANIAN: VISIH MEELIH SOOBATOS VAKARRA.
19. NORWEGIAN: **ALLE ELSKER** LORDAY KVELD.
20. PHILLIPINO (*Tagalog*) **LAHAT** AY MAHILIG SA KANLA.
21. POLISH: **WSZYSCY** (*Vshisti*) LUBIA SOBOTNI WIECZOR (*Vierchor*)
22. PORTUGUESE: **TODOS** GOSTAN DOS SABADOS A NOITE.
23. PUNJABI: **HARIC** SHENICHUR VAR NOO PIAR KARDA HEH.
24. RUSSIAN: VSIEM NRAVITSA SOBBOTA VIETCHERAM.
25. RUMANIAN: **FIECARFE** IUBESTE SIMBATA SEARA.
26. ARABIC: KOL WAHED YAHEB YOM EL SABET.
28. SINGHALESE: SAMADAMA SANASURADE VAKARRA.
29. SLOVENIAN: **KAZHDAY** LUBEE SOBAUTU NAUTZ.
30. SPANISH: **A TODOS** LES GUSTA LA NOCHE DEL SABADO.
33. YIDDISH: **YEDER** ENER GLACHT SHABBAS BA NACHT.
34. BULGARIAN: **VSICHKI** OBICHAT SIRBOTA VERCHER.
35. ESTONIAN: KUIK IMIZED ARMASTAVAD LAUDAVAL OCHTU.

**IF I KNEW YOU WERE COMING** (C)

Eileen Barton, 1950

(C)

If I | knew you were | coming

(C)

I'd have | baked a | cake

(G)

(C)

| Baked a | cake, | baked a | cake

(C)

If I | knew you were | coming

(C)

I'd have | baked a | cake

(G)

(G7)

(C)

How d'ya | do, how d'ya | do, how d'ya | do?

If I knew you were coming

I'd have .....

....., .....

If I knew you were coming

I'd have .....

How d'ya do, how d'ya do, how d'ya do?

# **MAMA DON'T ALLOW (C)**

Cow Cow Davenport, @ 1920's

(C) (F) (C)  
| Mama don't allow no | guitar | playing 'round | here  
(C) (C) (G)  
Yeah, | mama don't allow no | guitar | playing 'round | here  
(C) (C7) (F) (F)  
| I don't | care what | mama don't allow, gonna | play my | guitar | any|how  
(C) (G) (C)  
| Mama don't allow no | guitar | playing 'round | here

Mama don't allow no bass playing round here  
Yeah, mama don't allow no bass playing round here  
I don't care what mama don't allow, gonna play my bass anyhow  
Mama don't allow no bass 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 round here

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.

## MUSIC ALONE SHALL LIVE (C)

(round)

(C) (G) (C)  
| All things shall | vanish from | under the | sky  
(C) (G7) (G7) (C)  
| Music a|lone shall live, | music a|lone shall live  
(C) (G7) (G) (C)  
| Music a|lone shall live, | never to | die  
  
| Himmel und | Erde | müssen ver|gehn  
| Aber die | musici, | aber die | musici  
| Aber die | musici, | bleiben be|stehn

## THE FARMER IN THE DELL

(trad.)

(C) (C)  
The | farmer in the | dell, the | farmer in the | dell  
(C) (C) (C) (G) (C)  
| Heigh ho the | derry oh, the | farmer in the | dell

The farmer **takes** a wife, the farmer takes a wife, heigh ho ... etc.

The wife takes a child, the wife takes a child, heigh ho ... etc.

The child takes the nurse, the child takes the nurse, heigh ho ... etc.

The nurse takes the dog, the nurse takes the dog, heigh ho ... etc.

The dog takes the cat, the dog takes the cat, heigh ho ... etc.

The cat takes the rat, the cat takes the rat, heigh ho ... etc.

The rat takes the cheese, the rat takes the cheese, heigh ho ... etc.

The cheese stands alone, the cheese stands alone, heigh ho ... etc.

*(during the first verse, after 'a farmer' has been chosen, he/she picks out 'a wife' etc., and the circle keeps expanding)*

The farmer in the dell, the farmer in the dell,  
Heigh ho the derry oh, the farmer in the dell.  
The farmer **leaves** his wife, etc

*(during the second verse, each student takes his/her leave from the diminishing circle until only 'the cheese' is left)*

**(Notes:** I have found this to be a cross-cultural song... it is known in different countries It also qualifies as 'a circle dance' and as 'a round'!!) This version is different from the traditional version in that here, there is only **one** circle, + there is the 'leaving' part.

## **THEM BONES** (E)

*(trad.)*

(E) (E) (E)  
Them | bones, them | bones, them | - dry | bones  
(B) (B) (E)  
Them | bones, them | bones, them | - dry | - bones  
(E) (E) (E)  
Them | bones, them | bones, them | - dry | bones  
(E) (B) (E)  
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.

# OH, YOU CAN'T GET TO HEAVEN (C)

(Call/Response or Echo Song)

(C)  
Oh, you | can't get to | heaven (Oh, you can't get to heaven)

(C)  
On | roller | skates (On roller skates)

(G)  
'Cause you'd | roll right | by ('Cause you'd roll right by)

(C)  
Those | pearly | gates (Those pearly gates)

(F)  
Oh you | can't get to | heaven on | roller | skates

(C)  
'Cause you'd | roll right | by those | pearly | gates  
(G) (C) (C7)

I | ain't gonna | grieve | - | - | my Lord no | more

## Chorus:

I | ain't gonna | (F) grieve my | Lord

I | ain't gonna | (C) grieve my | Lord

I | ain't gonna | (G) grieve my | Lord no | (C) more

Oh, you can't get to heaven (Oh, you can't get to heaven)

In a rocking chair (In a rocking chair)

'Cause a rocking chair ('Cause a rocking chair)

Won't get you there (Won't get you there)

Oh, you can't get to heaven in a rocking chair

'Cause a rocking chair won't get you there

I ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more (+ Chorus)

Oh you can't get to heaven (Oh you can't get to heaven)

In a limousine (In a limousine)

'Cause the Lord don't sell ('Cause the Lord don't sell)

No gasoline (No gasoline)

Oh you can't get to heaven in a limousine

'Cause the Lord don't sell no gasoline

I ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more (+ Chorus)

Oh, you can't get to heaven (Oh, you can't get to heaven)

In a motorcar (In a motorcar)

'Cause a motorcar ('Cause a motorcar)

Won't go that far (Won't go that far)

Oh you can't get to heaven in a motorcar

'Cause a motorcar won't go that far

I ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more (+ Chorus)

If you get there (If you get there)

Before I do (Before I do)

Just dig a hole (Just dig a hole)

And pull me through (And pull me through)

If you get there before I do

Just dig a hole and pull me through

I ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more (+ Chorus)

# THE QUARTERMASTER'S SONG (C)

1915 – WW1 Song, (4/4 – medium)

(C)  
There are | snakes, | snakes  
| Big as garden | rakes  
(G) (C)  
At the | store, at the | store  
(C)  
There are | snakes, | snakes  
(G) (C)  
| Big as garden | rakes, at the | Quarter|master's | store

## Chorus

(C) (F)  
My | eyes are | dim I | cannot | see  
(F) (G)  
I | have not | got my | specs with | me  
(C) (F) (C) (G) (C)  
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

## Chorus

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