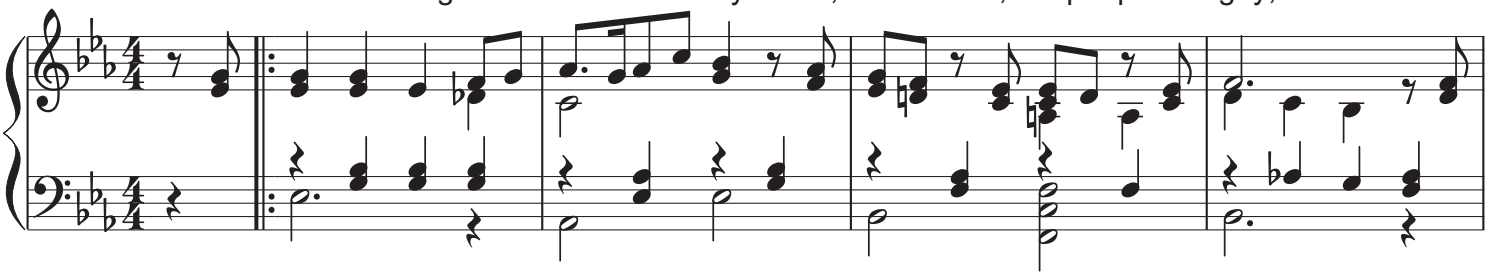
[43] My old Kentucky home

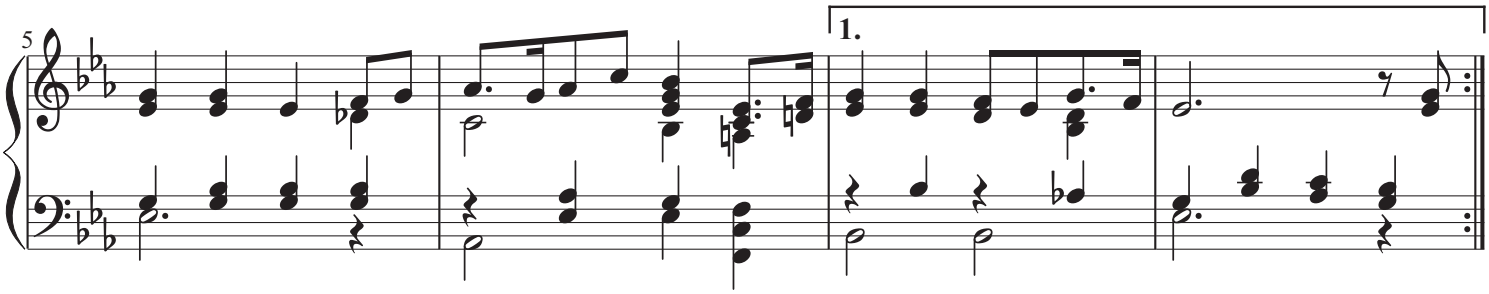
Stephen Foster

Stephen Foster
arr. J. W. Pratt

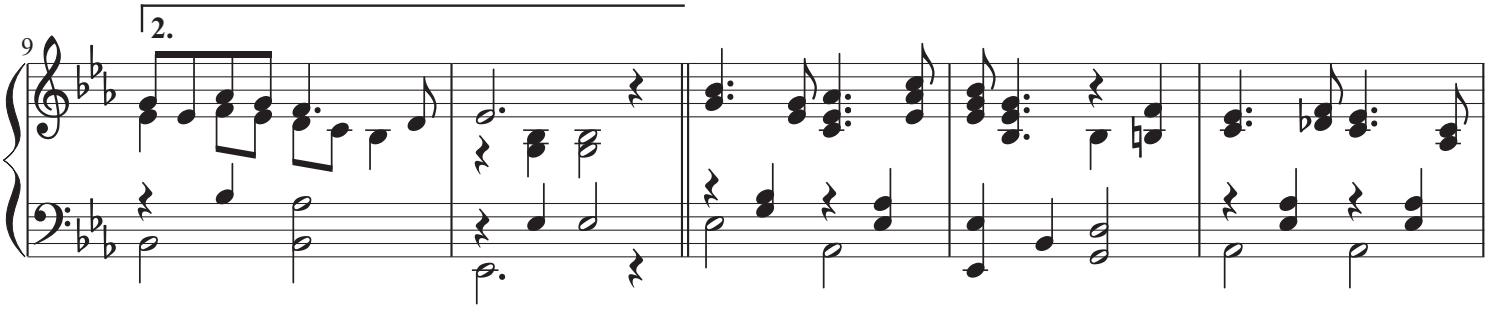
(2b) day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart, with sorrow where all was delight; the
2 They hunt no more for the 'possum and the coon, on meadow, the hill and the shore, they
(1b) young folks roll on the little cabin floor, all merry, all happy, and bright, by'n
1 The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home, 'tis summer, the people are gay; the



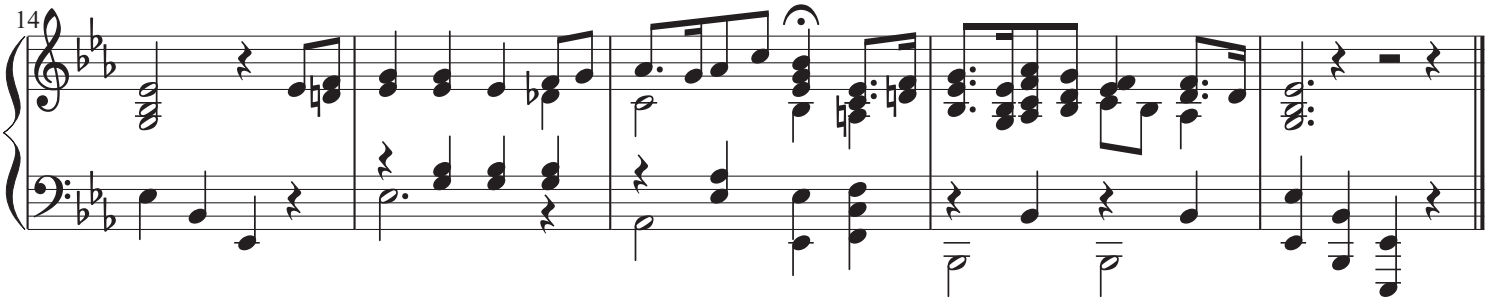
(2b) time has come when the people have to part, then my
(2a) sing no more by the glimmer of the moon, on the bench by the old cabin door; the
(1b) by hard times comes a-knocking at the door, then my
(1a) corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom, while the birds make music all the day; the



old Kentucky home, good night! **Chorus:** Weep no more, my lady, oh weep no more to-



day! We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home, for the old Kentucky home far away.



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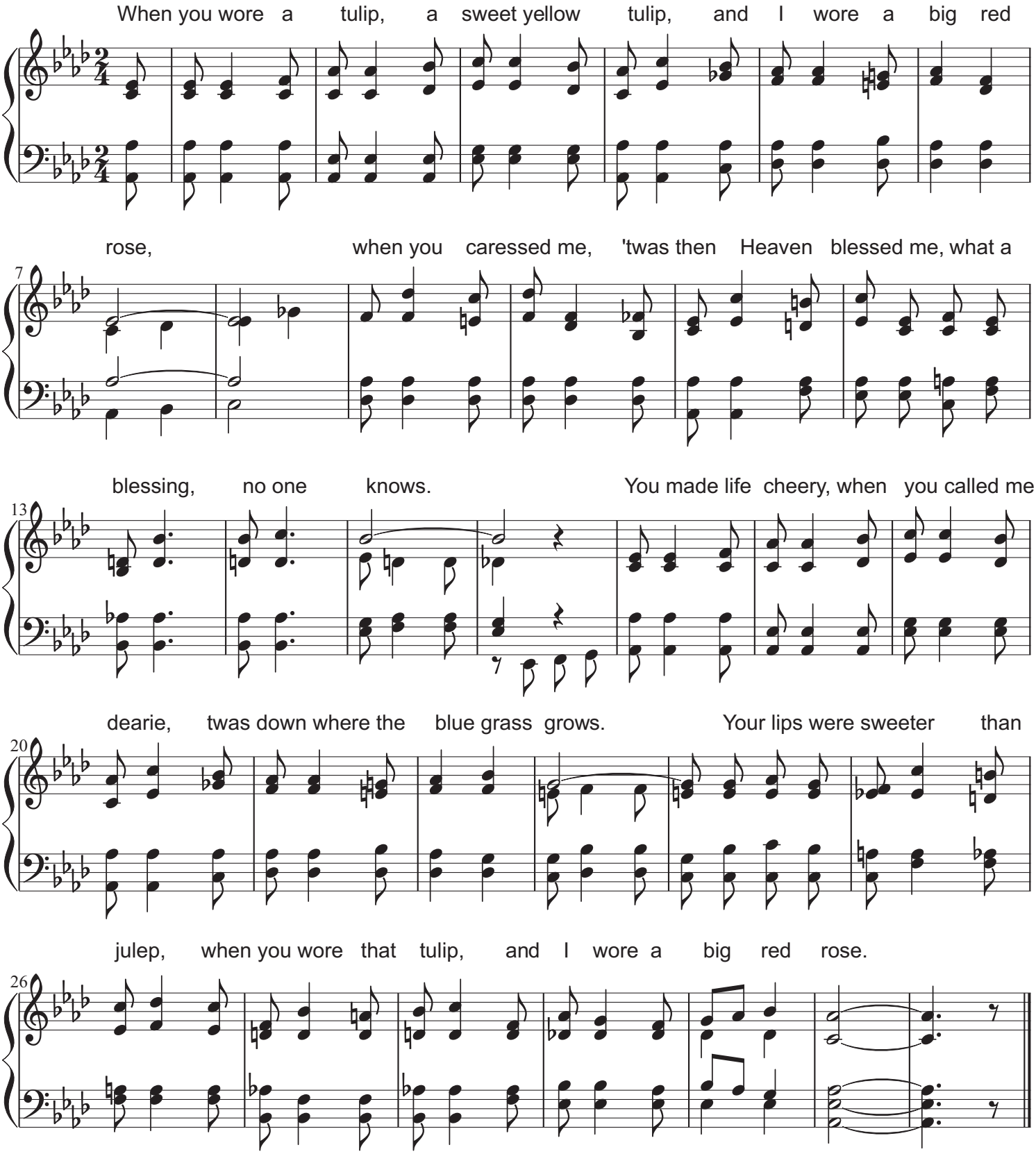
[44] When you wore a tulip

Jack Mahoney **Leo Feist**



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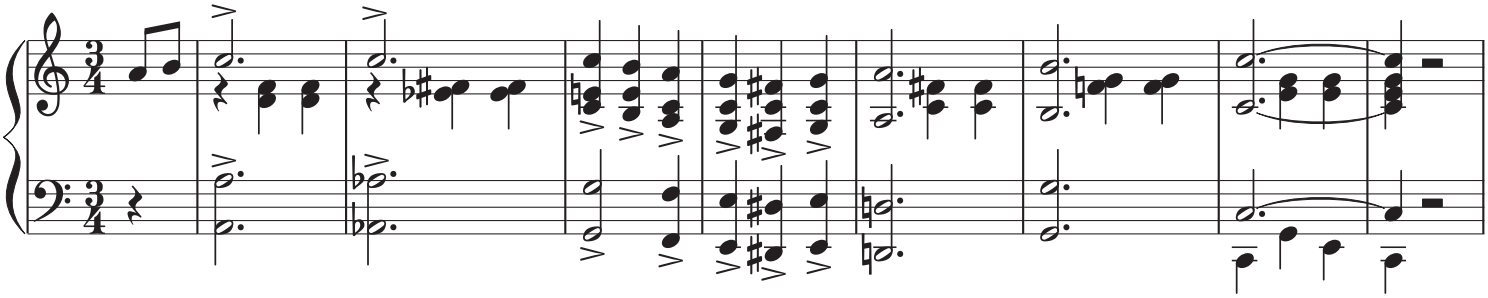
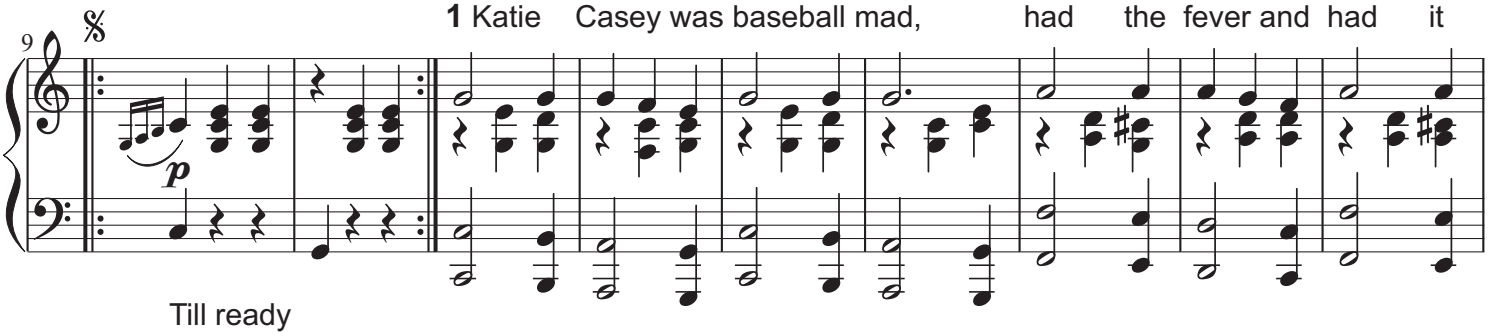
[45] Take me out to the ball game

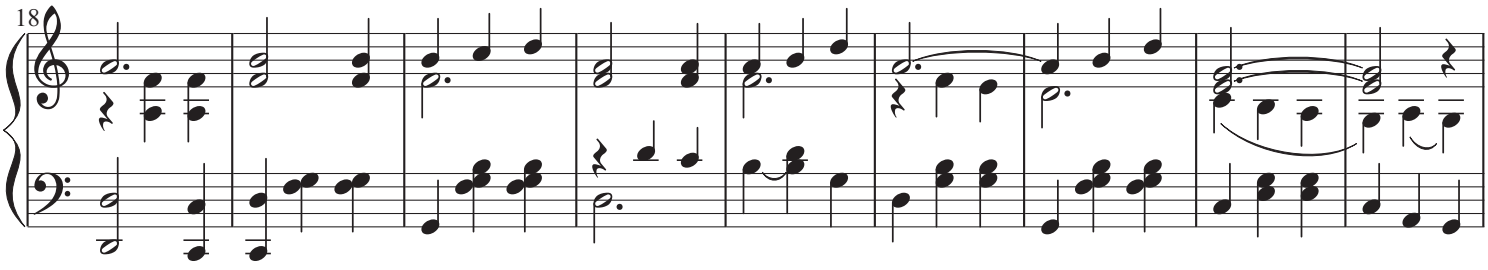
Jack Norworth **Albert Von Tilzer**



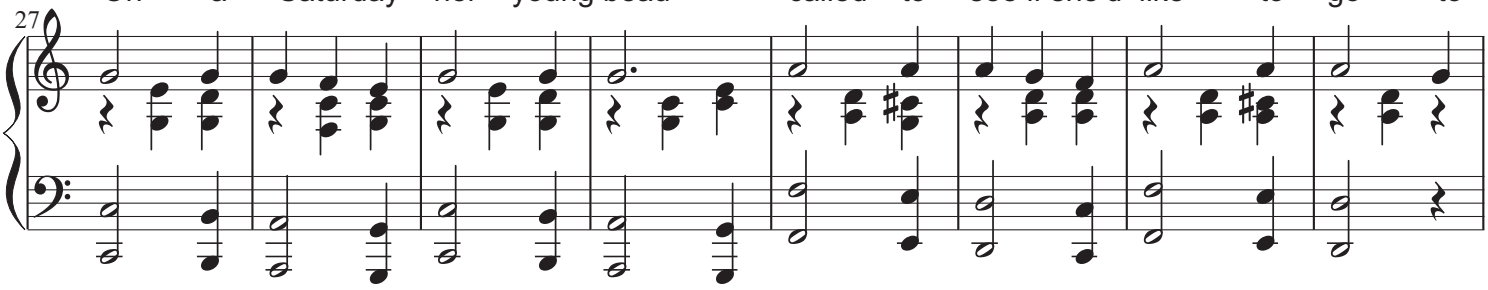
2 Katie Casey saw all the games, knew the players by their first
1 Katie Casey was baseball mad, had the fever and had it



names. Told the um - pire he was wrong, all along, good and strong.
bad. Just to root for the home town crew, ev'ry sou Katie blew.



When the score was just two to two, Katie Casey knew what to do. So
On a Saturday her young beau called to see if she'd like to go to



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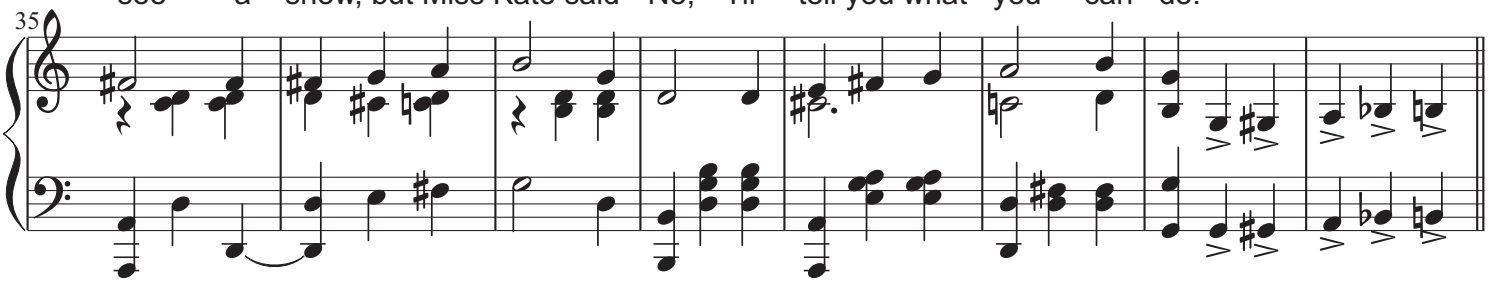
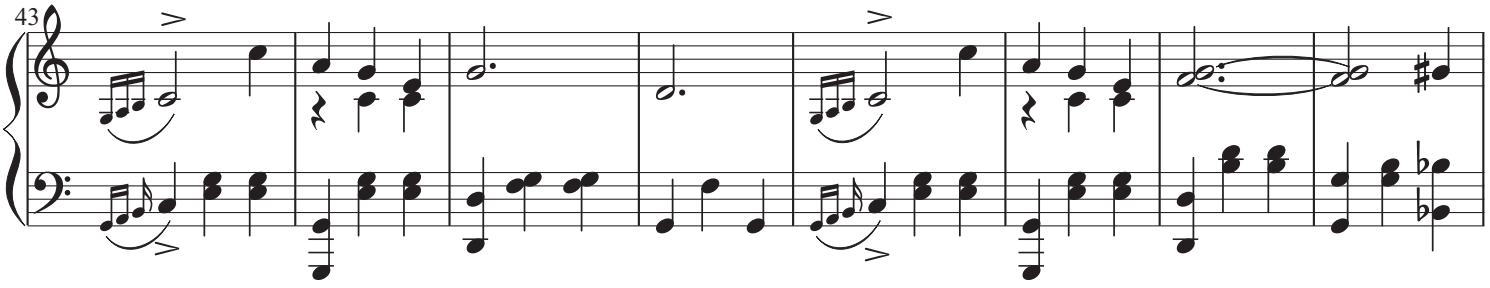
just to cheer up the boys she knew, she made the gang sing this song:
see a show, but Miss Kate said "No, I'll tell you what you can do:"

35



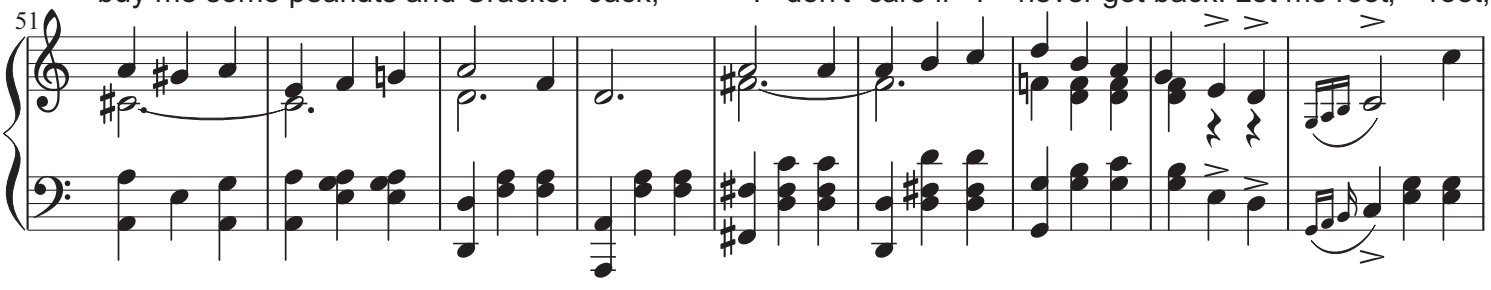
Chorus: Take me out to the ball game, take me out with the crowd;

43



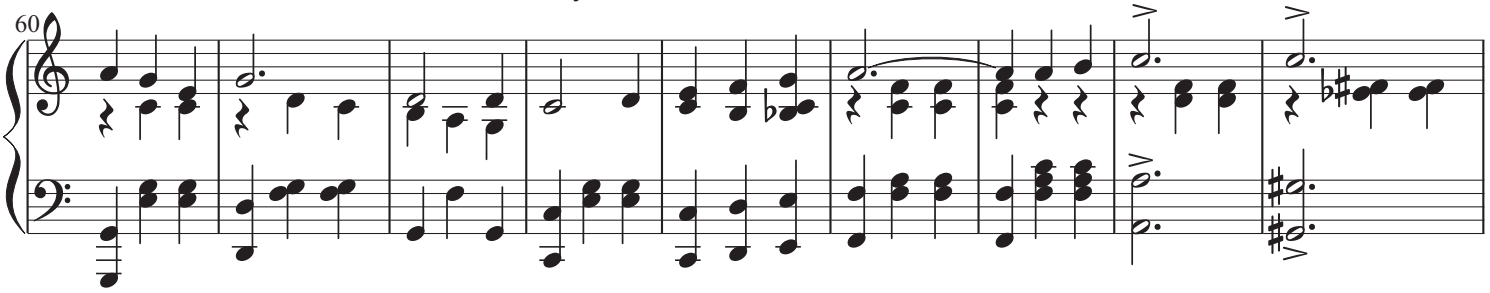
buy me some peanuts and Cracker Jack, I don't care if I never get back. Let me root, root,

51



root for the home team, if they don't win, it's a shame. For it's one, two,

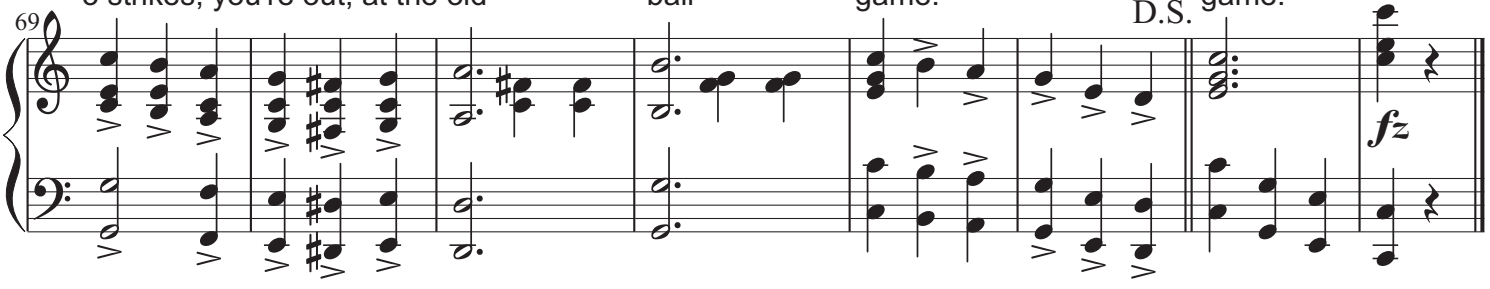
60



3 strikes, you're out, at the old ball game. D.S. game.

1. 2.

69



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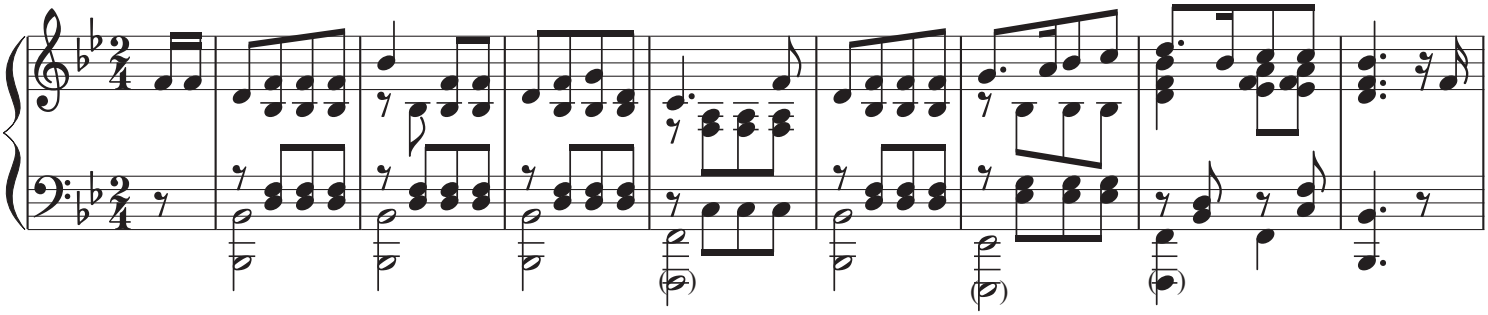
[50] We are coming, Father Abraam

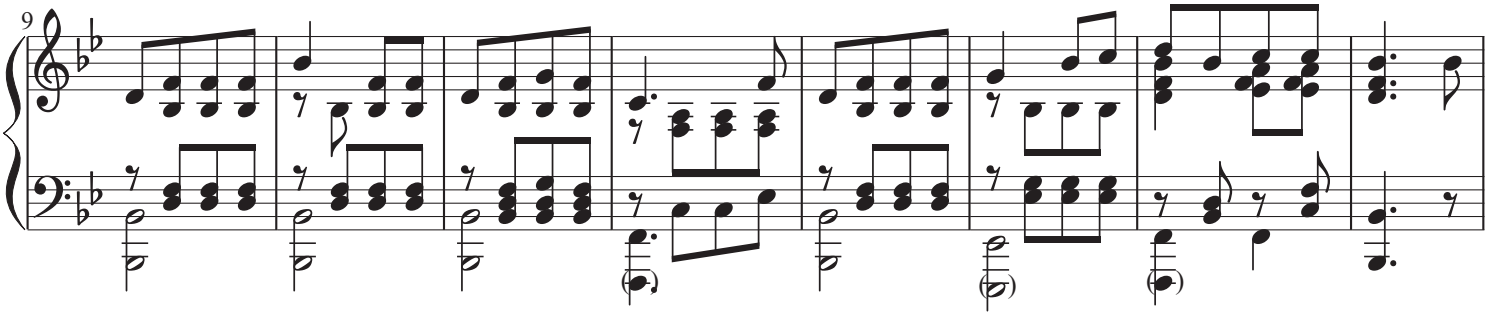
James Sloan Gibbons

Stephen Foster
adapted J. W. Pratt

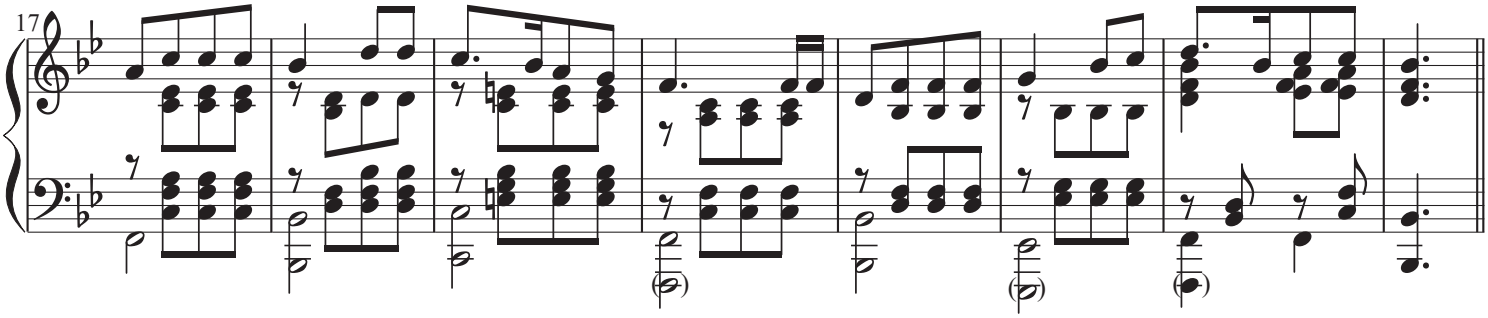
1 We are coming, Father Abraam, 300,000 more, from Mississippi's winding stream & from New England's shore; we



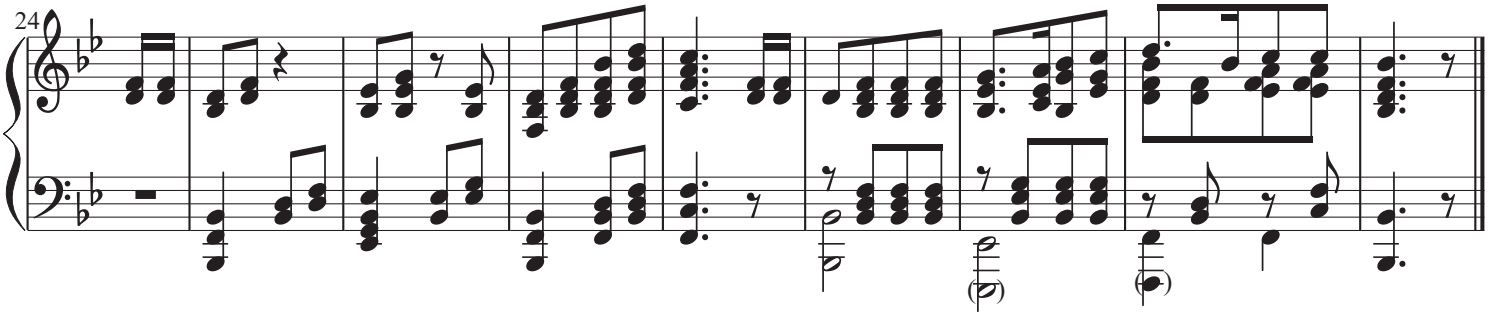
leave our plows & workshops, our wives & children dear, with hearts too full for utterance, with but a silent tear; we



dare not look behind us, but steadfastly before, we are coming, Father Abraam, three hundred thousand more.



We are coming, coming, our union to restore, we are coming, Father Abraam, with three hundred thousand more.



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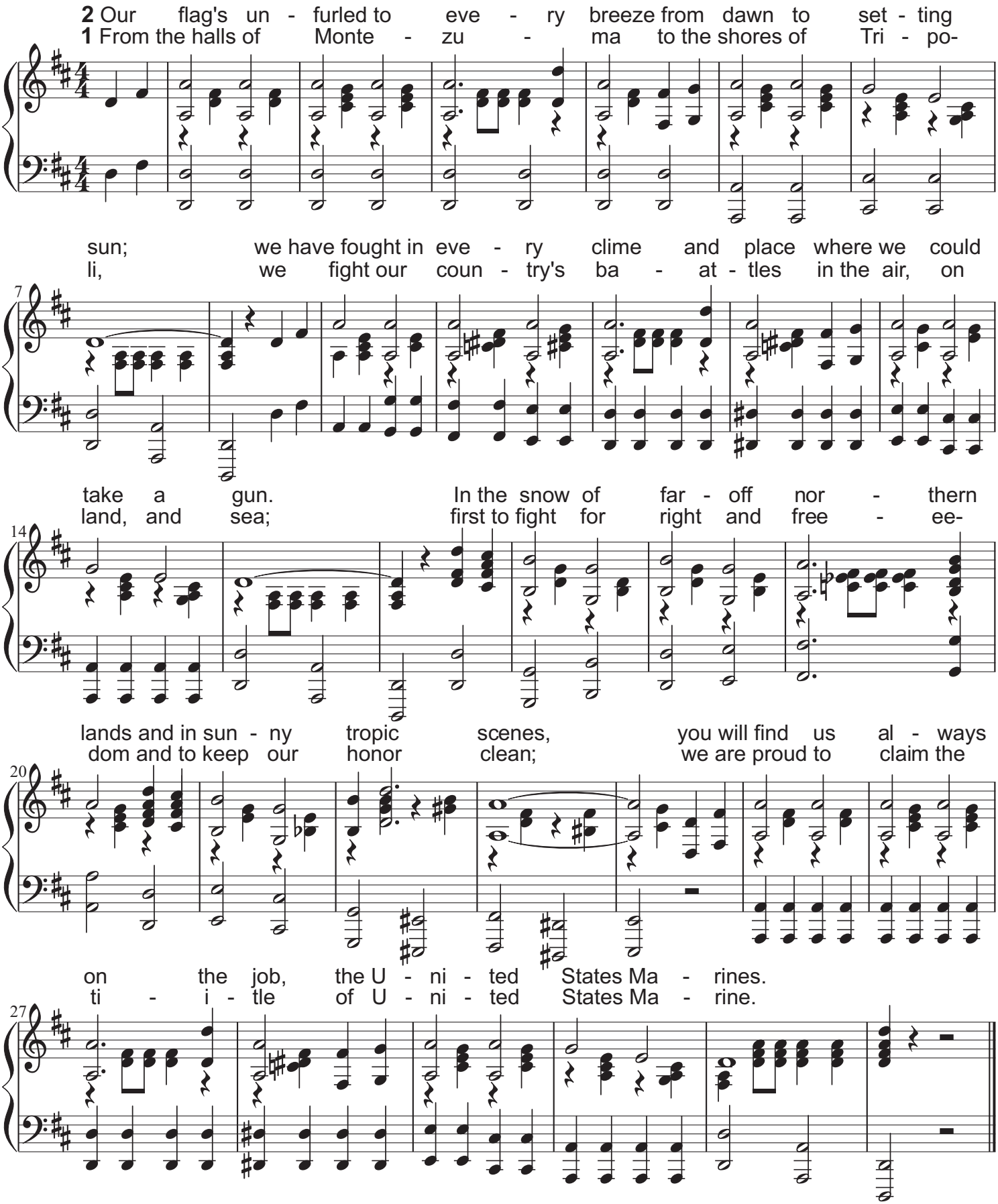
[51] Marines' Hymn

W. E. Christian — **Offenbach/Wallach/Tregina**

mod. J. W. Pratt



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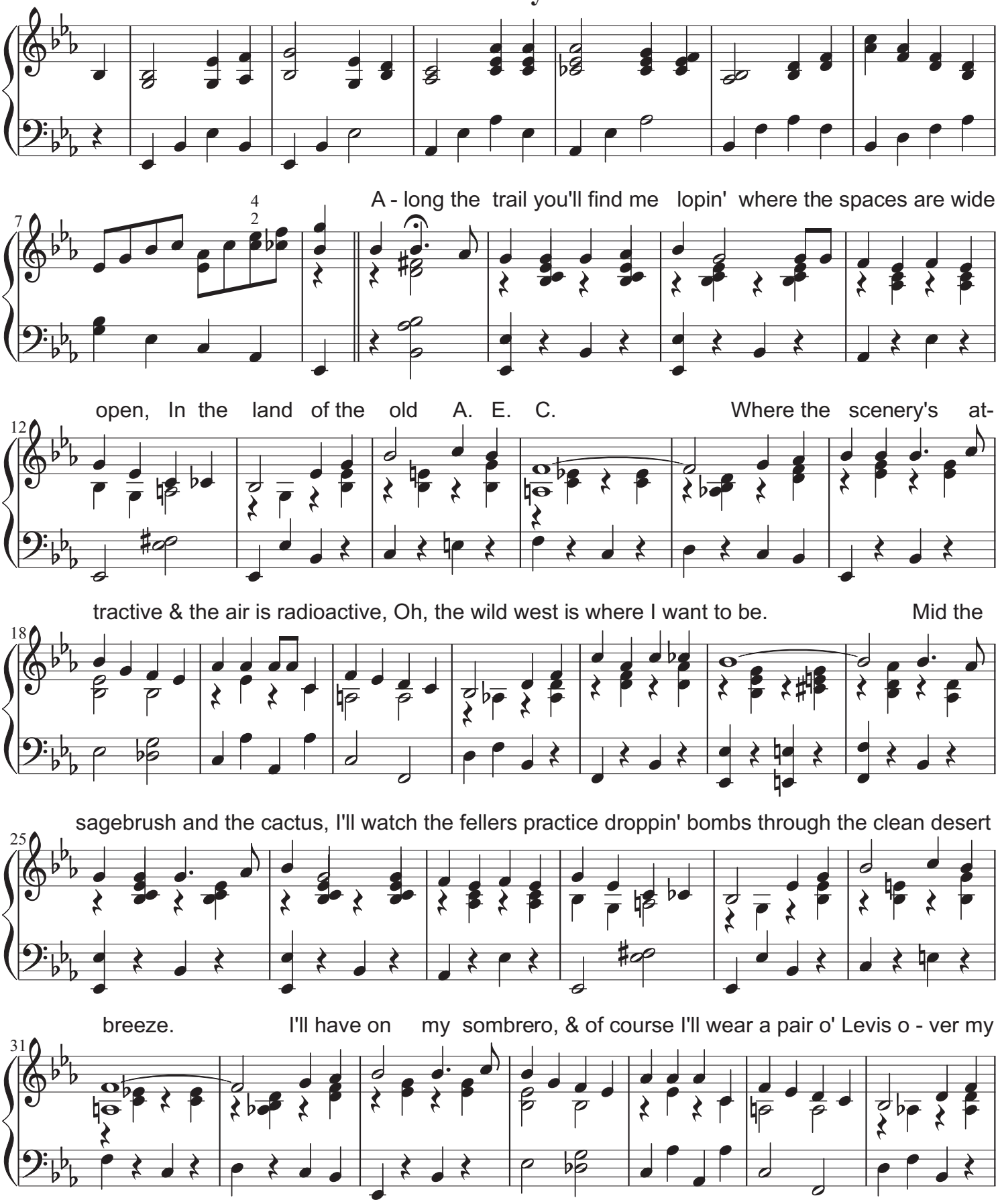
[52] The Wild West Is Where I Want To Be

words and music by Tom Lehrer



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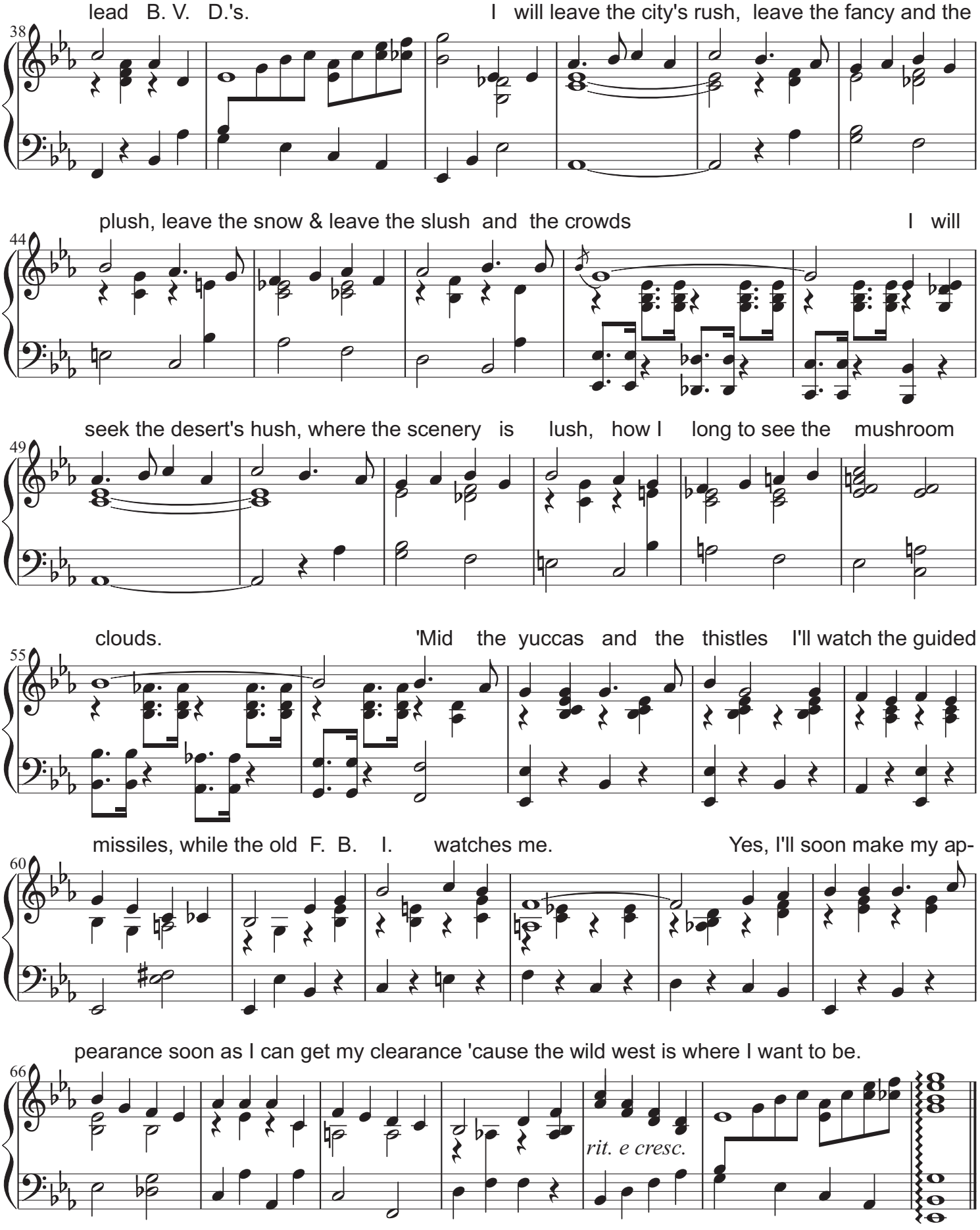

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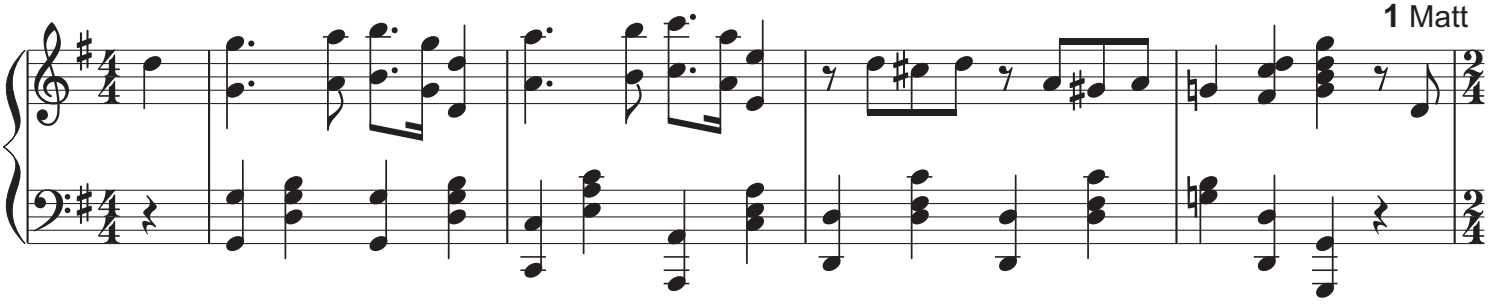
[57] The band played on

John F. Palmer

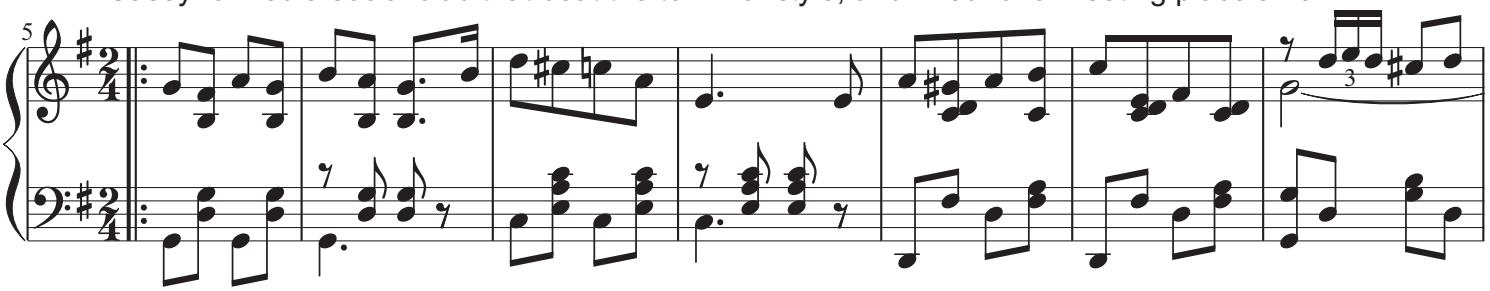
Charles E. Ward

modified by J. W. Pratt

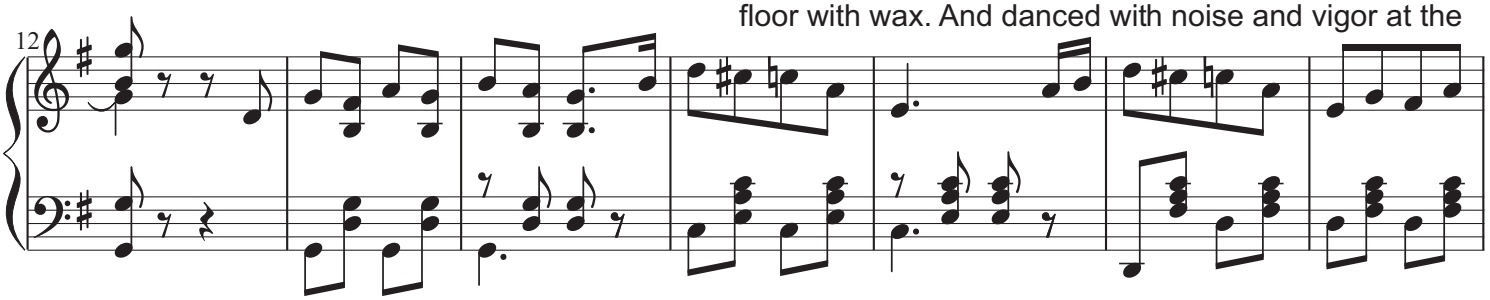
1 Matt



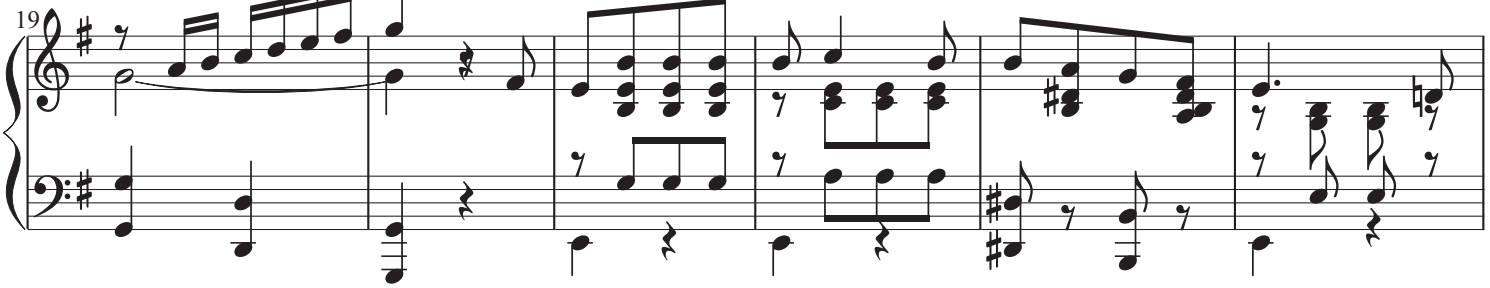
Casey formed a social club that beat the town for style, and hired for a meeting place a hall.



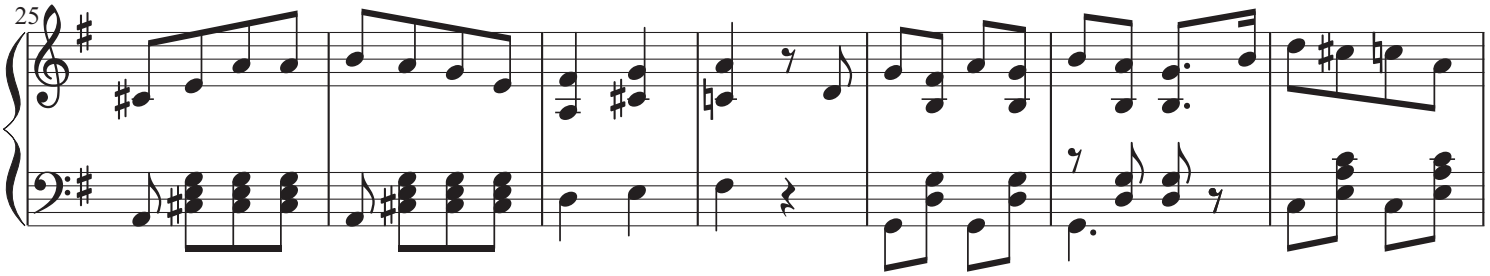
When pay day came around each week they greased the floor with wax. And danced with noise and vigor at the



ball. Each Saturday you'd see them dressed up in Sunday clothes. Each



lad would have his sweetheart by his side. When Casey led the first grand march they all would fall in



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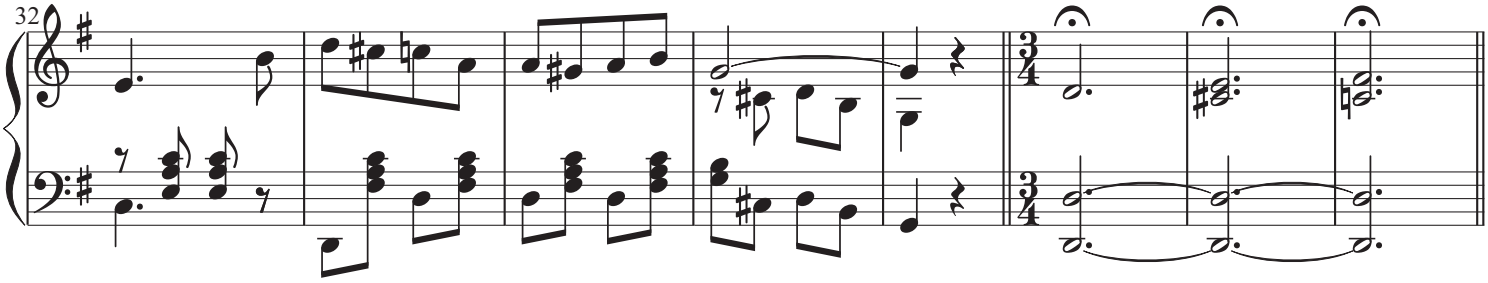
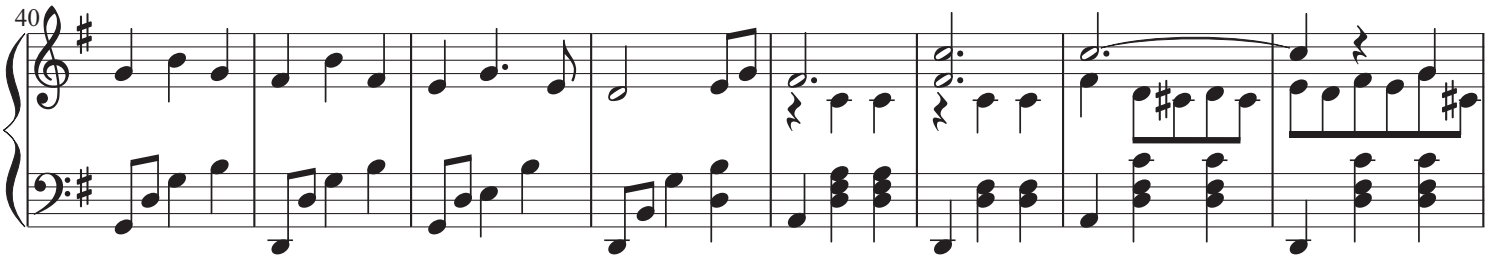
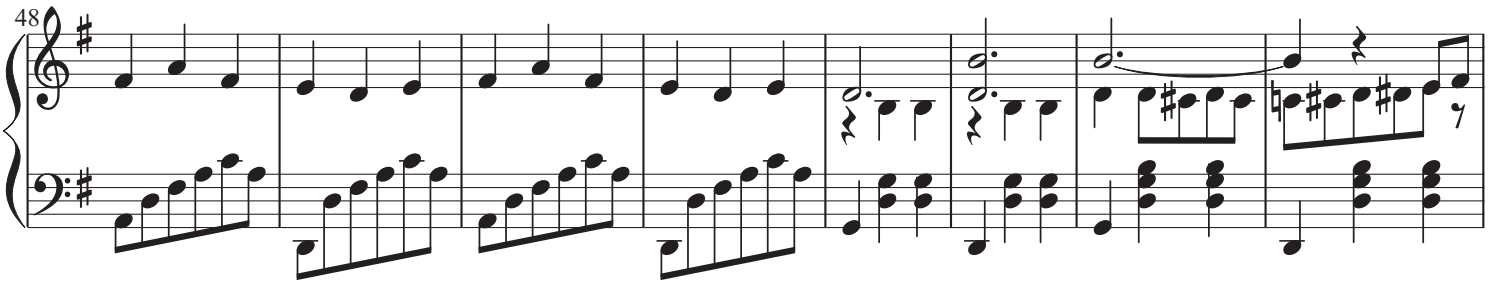
line behind the man who was their joy and pride. For----------



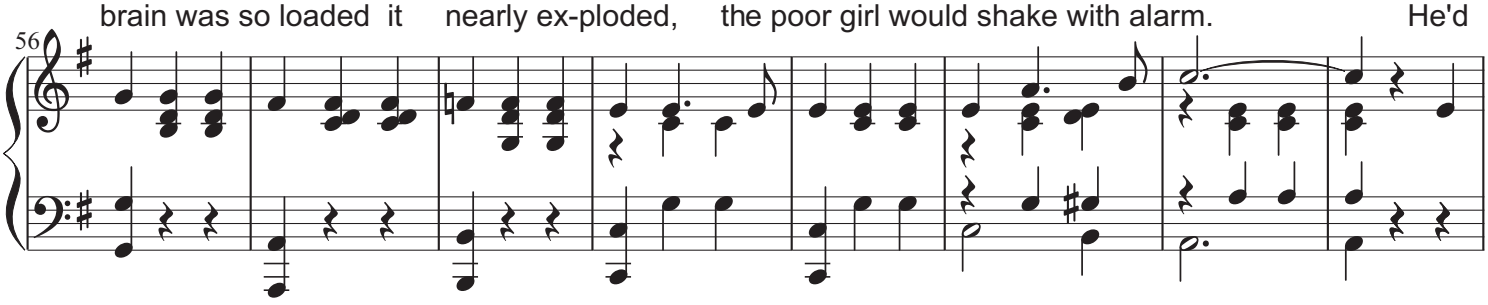
Casey would waltz with a strawberry blonde, and the band played on. He'd



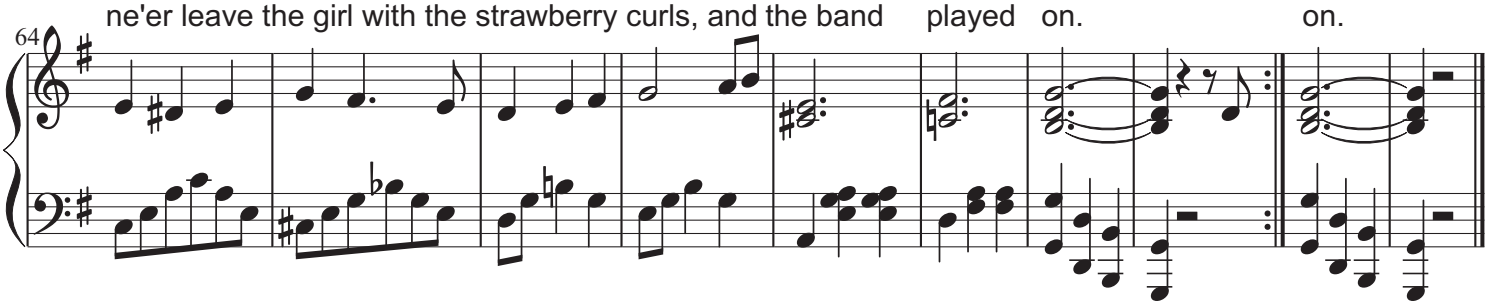
glide cross the floor with the girl he a-dored, and the band played on. But his



brain was so loaded it nearly ex-ploded, the poor girl would shake with alarm. He'd



ne'er leave the girl with the strawberry curls, and the band played on. on.



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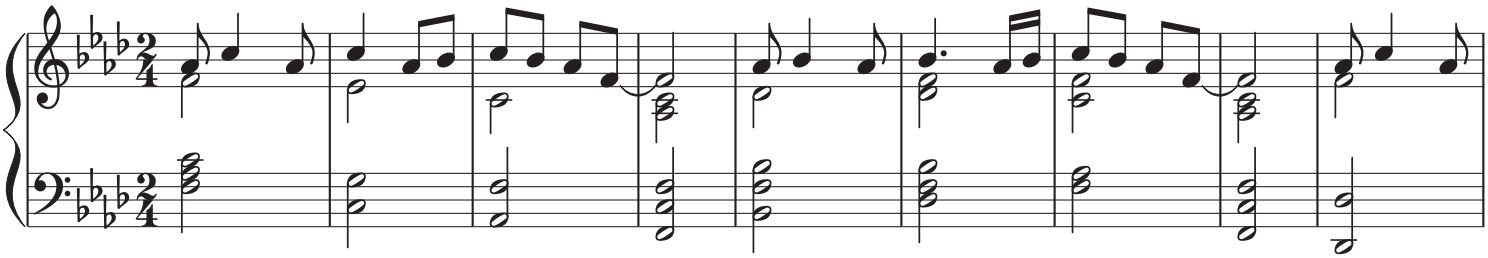
[60] Sometimes I feel like a motherless child

Traditional

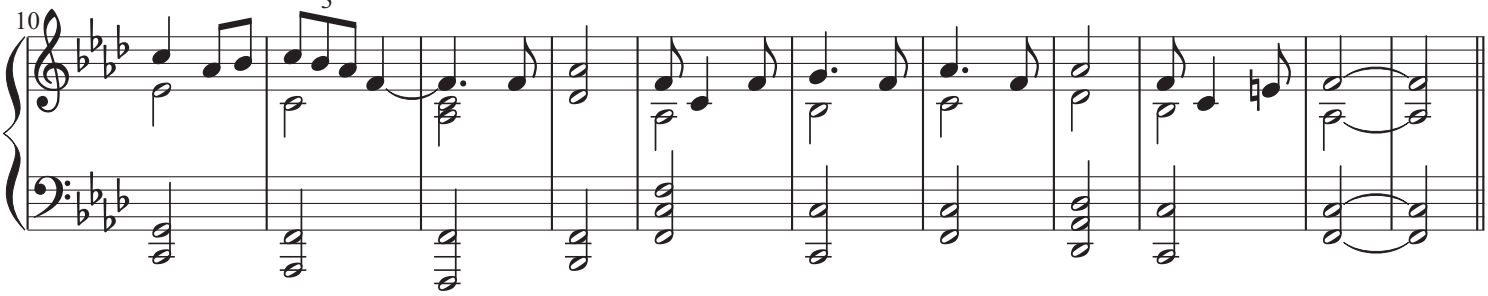
Negro Spiritual

arr. John W. Pratt

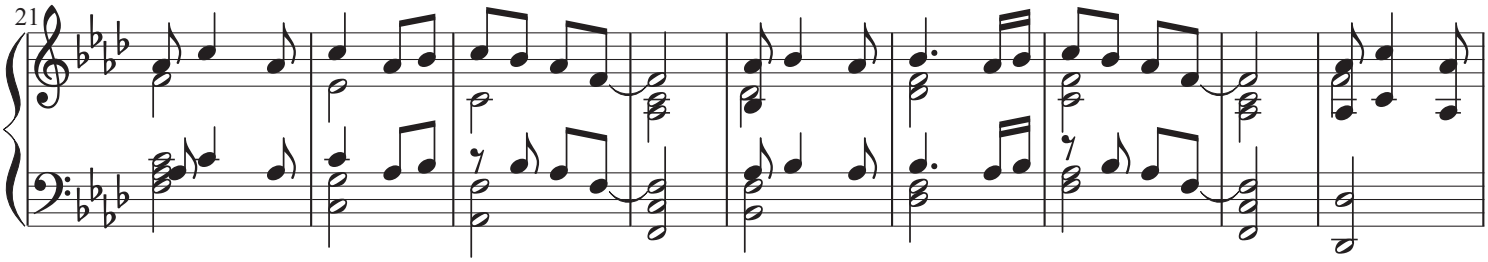
3 Sometimes I feel like a feather in the air, sometimes I feel like a feather in the air, sometimes I
2 Sometimes I feel like I'm a - lmost gone, sometimes I feel like I'm a - lmost gone, sometimes I
1 Sometimes I feel like a motherless child, sometimes I feel like a motherless child, sometimes I



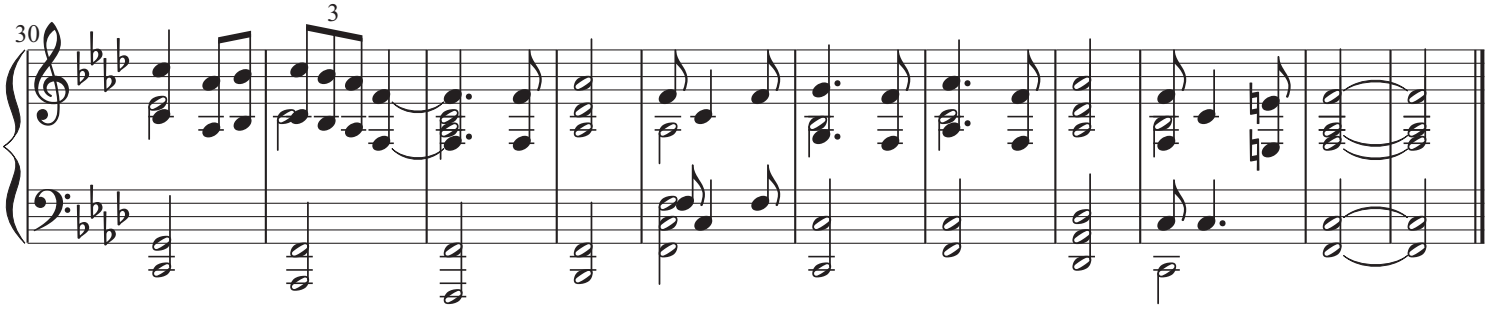
feel like a feather in the air, a long wa-ays from ho - o - ome, a long wa-ays from home.
feel like I'm a-almost gone, a long wa-ays from ho - o - ome, a long wa-ays from home.
feel like a motherless child, a long wa-ays from ho - o - ome, a long wa-ays from home.



4 Sometimes I feel like my life's not worth while, sometimes I feel like my life's not worth while, sometimes I



feel like my life's not worth while, a long wa-ays from ho - o - ome, a long wa-ays from home.



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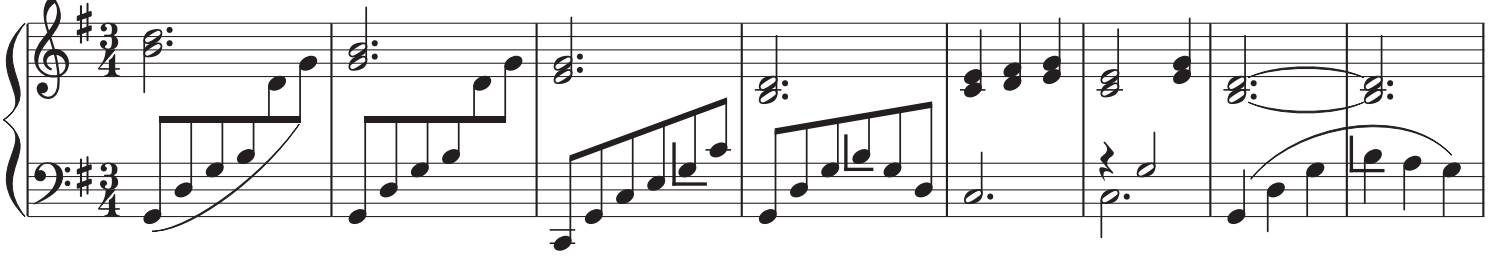
[63] Bicycle built for two (chorus)

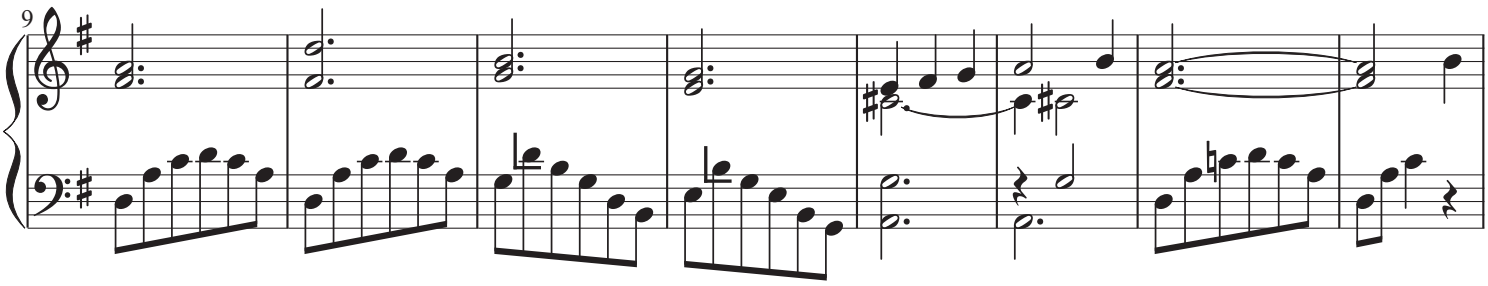
Harry Dacre
2d stanza anon.

Harry Dacre
arr. John W. Pratt

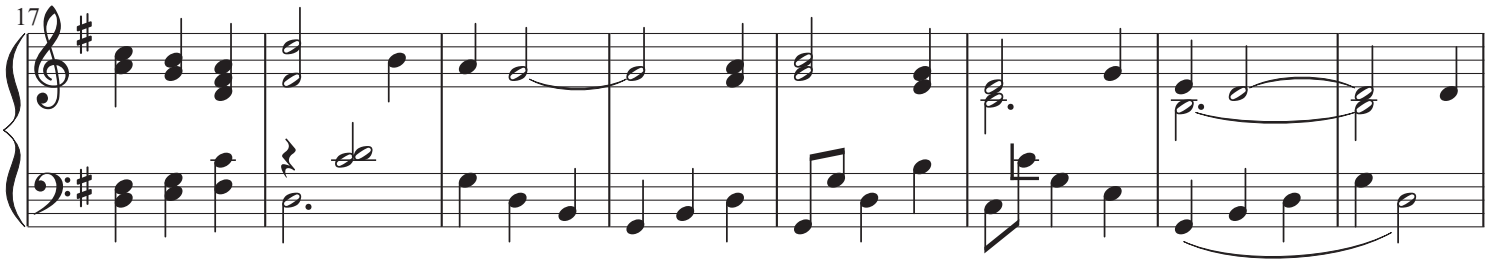
2 Mi - chael, Mi - chael, this is my answer true.
1 Dai - sy, Dai - sy, give me your answer do.



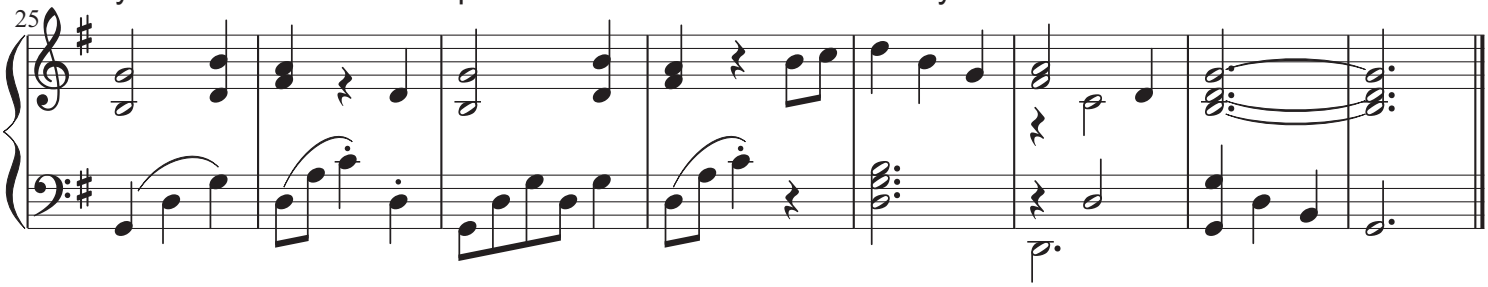
I'm not cra - zy all for the love of you. If
I'm half cra - zy all for the love of you. It



you can't af-ford a carriage, then there will be no marriage, for
won't be a sty - lish marriage, I can't af - ford a carriage, But



I'll be damned if I'll be crammed on a bi - cycle built for two.
you'll look sweet u - pon the seat of a bi - cycle built for two.



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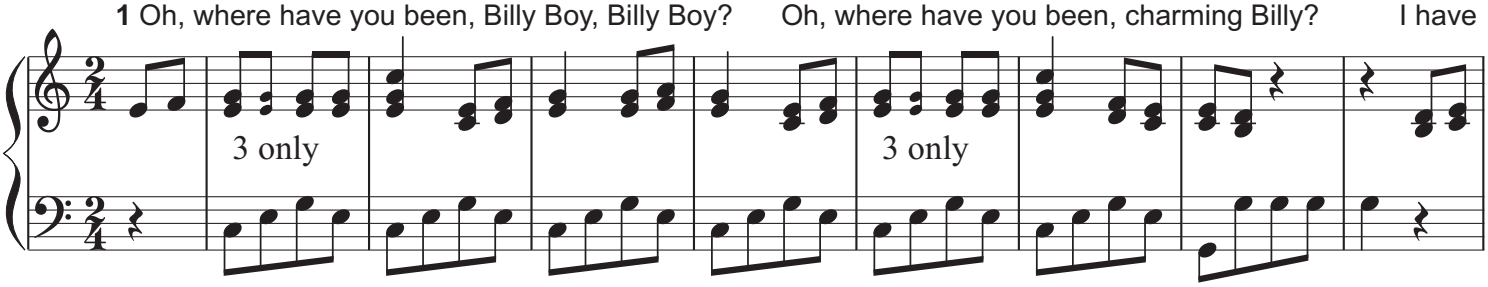
[64] Billy Boy

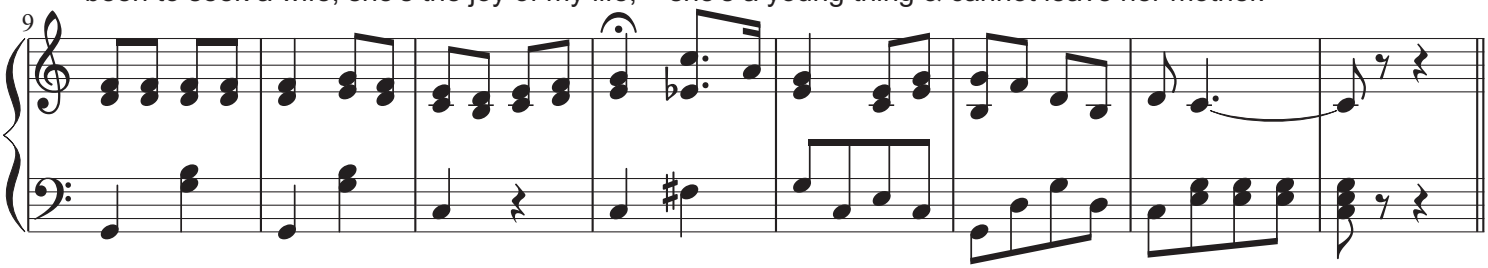
traditional

first stanza traditional
stanza 2 arr. John W. Pratt

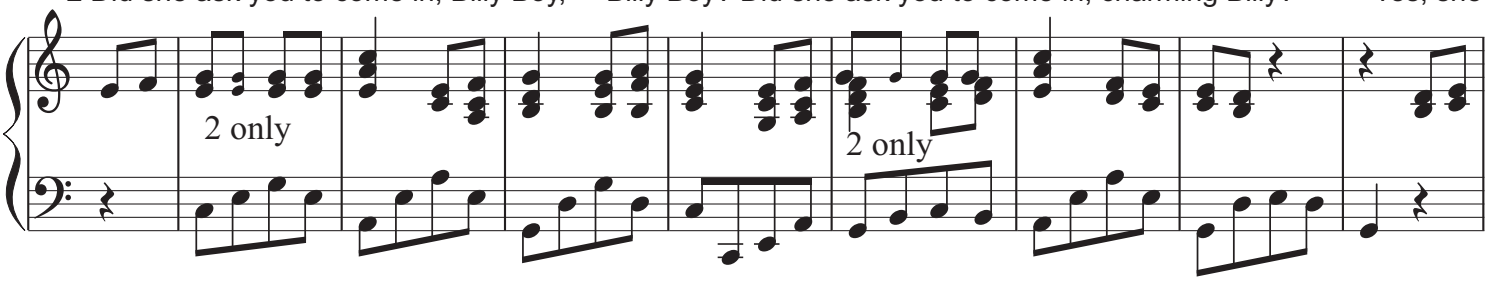
3 Can she make a cherry pie, Billy Boy, Billy Boy? Can she make a cherry pie, charming Billy? She can
1 Oh, where have you been, Billy Boy, Billy Boy? Oh, where have you been, charming Billy? I have



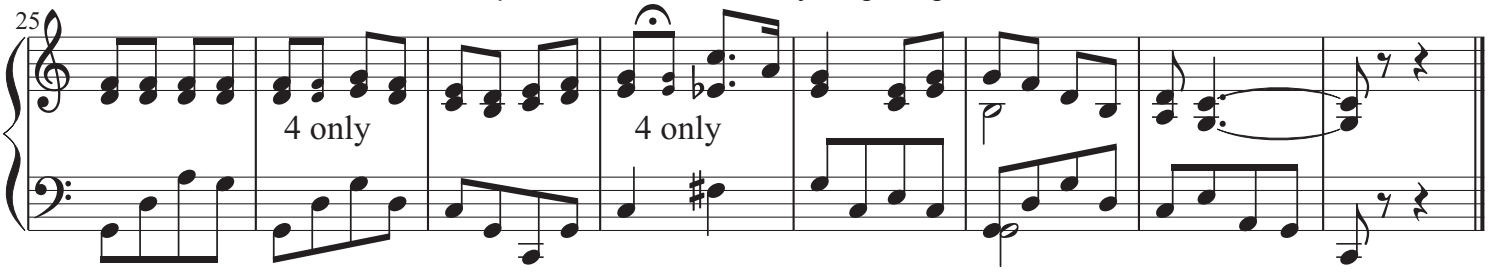
make a cherry pie, quick's a cat can wink an eye, she's a *etc.*
been to seek a wife, she's the joy of my life, she's a young thing & cannot leave her mother.



4 How old is she now, Billy Boy, Billy Boy? How old is she now, charming Billy? Three times
2 Did she ask you to come in, Billy Boy, Billy Boy? Did she ask you to come in, charming Billy? Yes, she



six & four times seven, twenty-eight and e - leven,
asked me to come in, there's a dimple in her chin, she's a young thing & cannot leave her mother.



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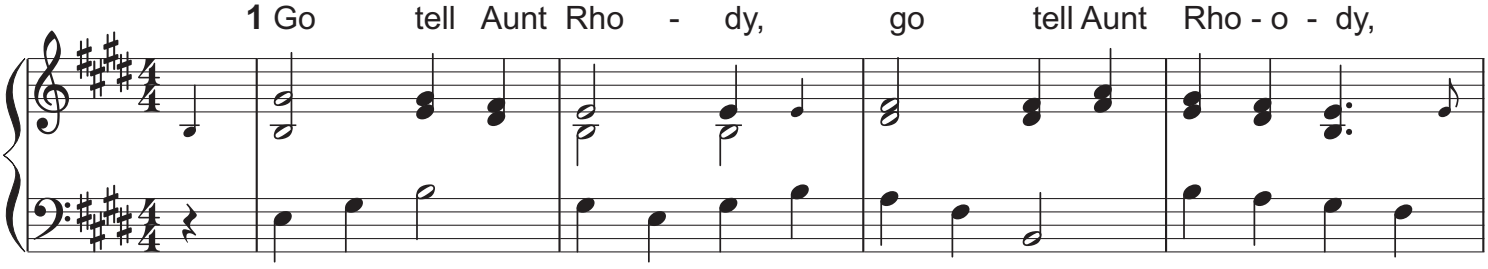
[65] Go tell Aunt Rhody

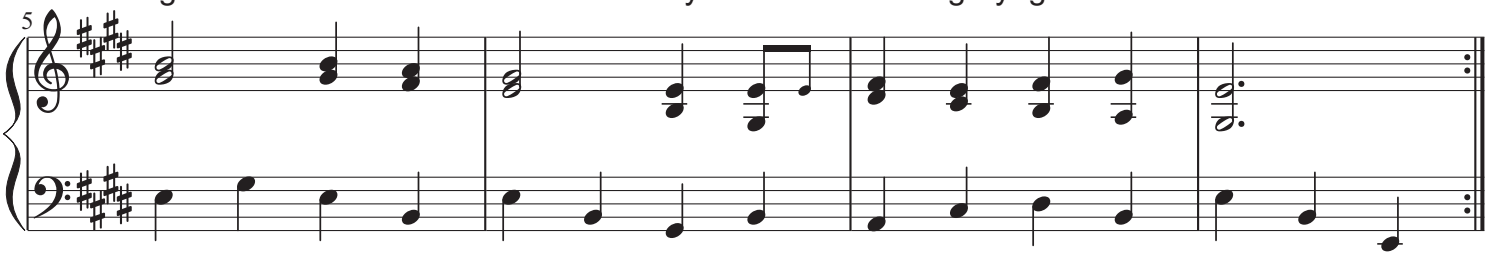
traditional

traditional tune
arr. John W. Pratt

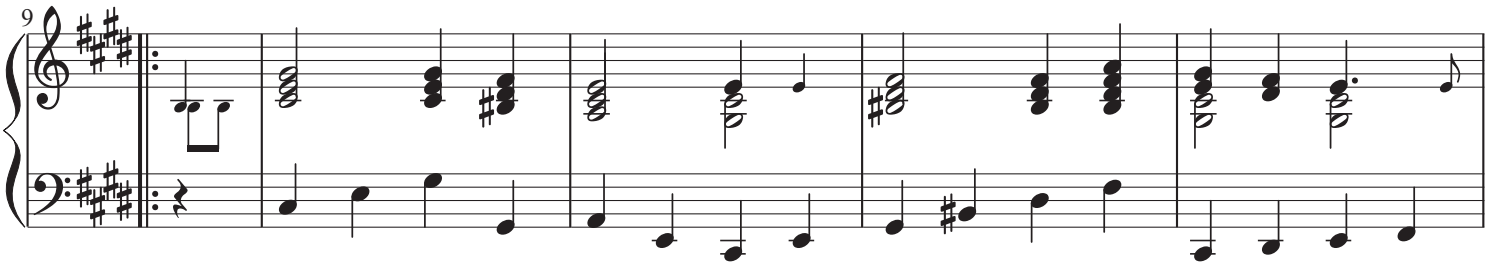
3 The old gander's wee - ping, the old gander's we - e - ping, the
2 The one she's been sa - ving, the one she's been sa - a - ving, the
1 Go tell Aunt Rho - dy, go tell Aunt Rho - o - dy,



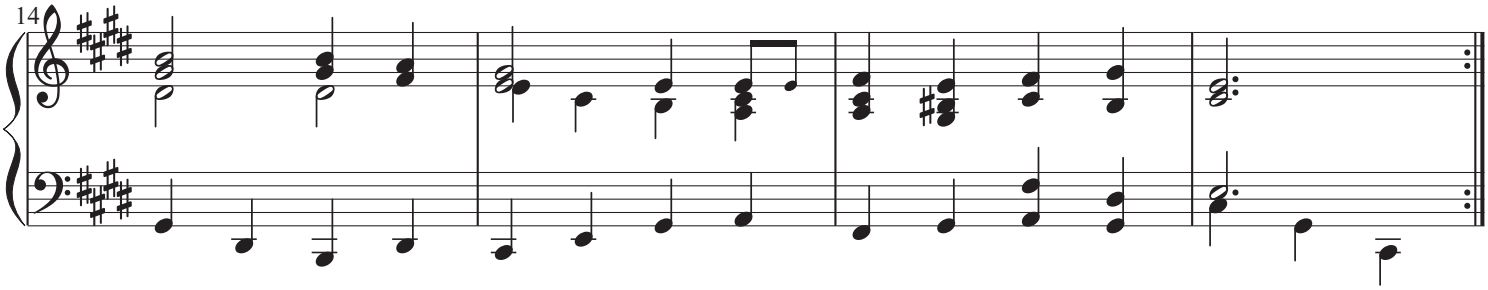
old gander's wee - ping be - cause his wife is dead.
one she's been sa - ving to make a fea - ther bed.
go tell Aunt Rho - dy that the old gray goose is dead.



6 Go tell Aunt Rho - dy, go tell Aunt Rho - o - dy,
5 She died in the mill - pond, she died in the mi - ill - pond, she
4 And the gos - lings are mour - ning, the gos - ling's are mou - ourning, the



go tell Aunt Rho - dy that the old gray goose is dead.
died in the mi - pond from standing on her head.
gos - lings are mour - ning be - cause their mo - ther's dead.



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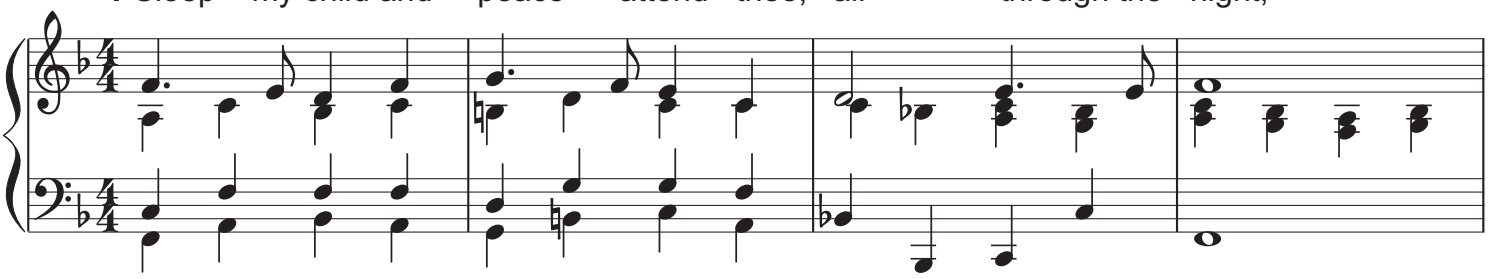
[66] All through the night

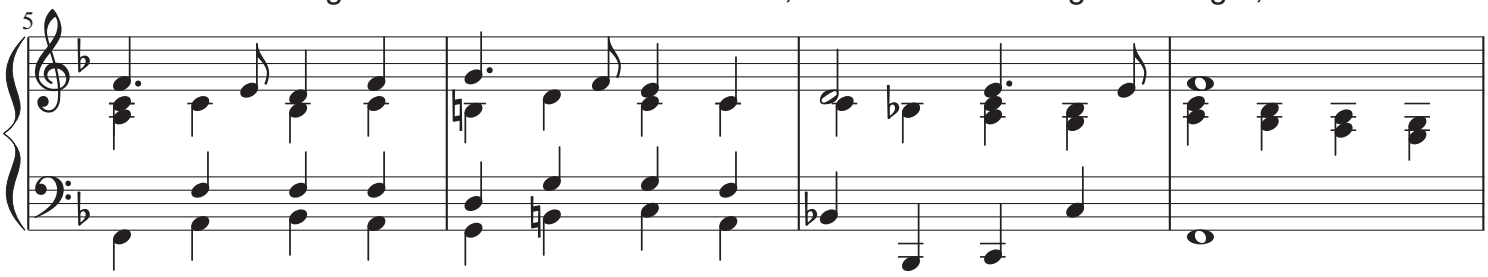
H. Boulton

Welsh air
Harvard Song Book
mod. John W. Pratt

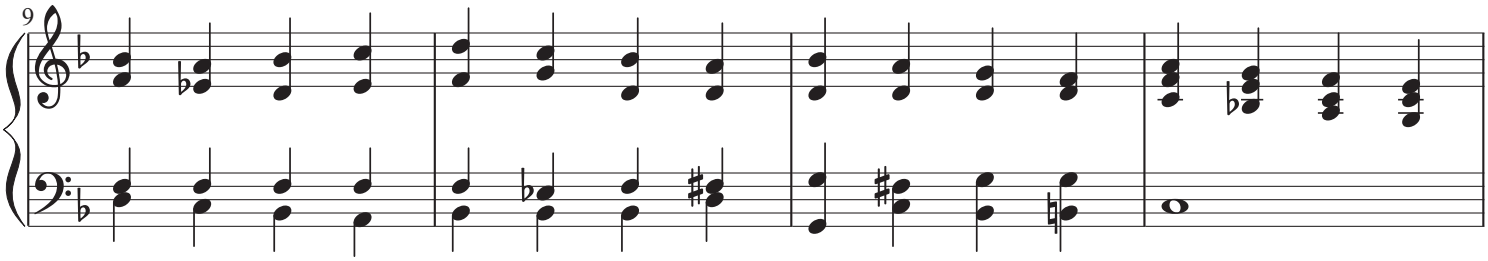
2 While the moon her watch is keeping, all through the night,
1 Sleep my child and peace attend thee, all through the night,



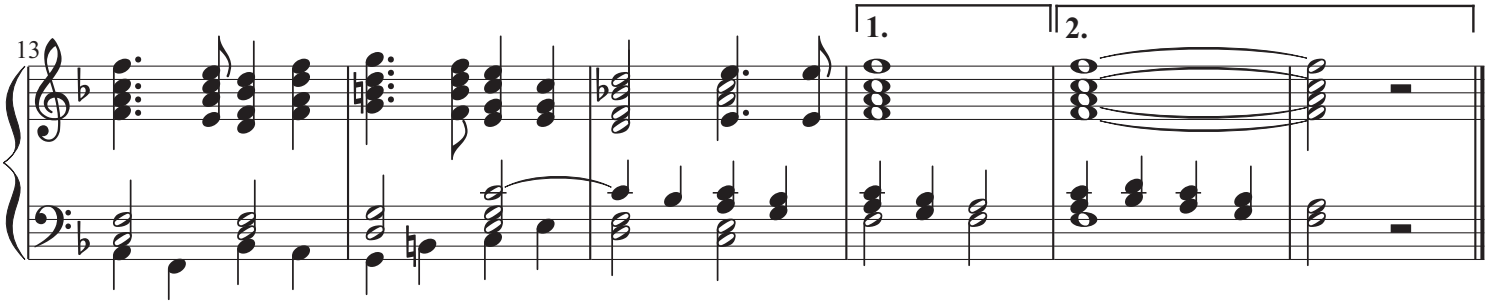
While the wea-ry world is slee - ping, all through the night,
Guar - dian angels God will send thee, all through the night,



O'er thy spi - rit gent - ly stealing, vi - sions of de - light re - vealing,
Soft the drow-sy hours are creeping, hill and vale in slumber steeping,



Breathes a pure & ho - ly feeling, all through the night.
I my loving vi - gil keeping, all through the night.



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