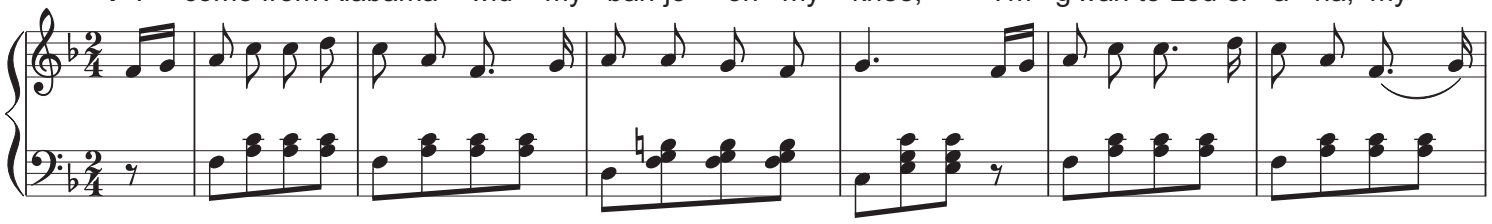
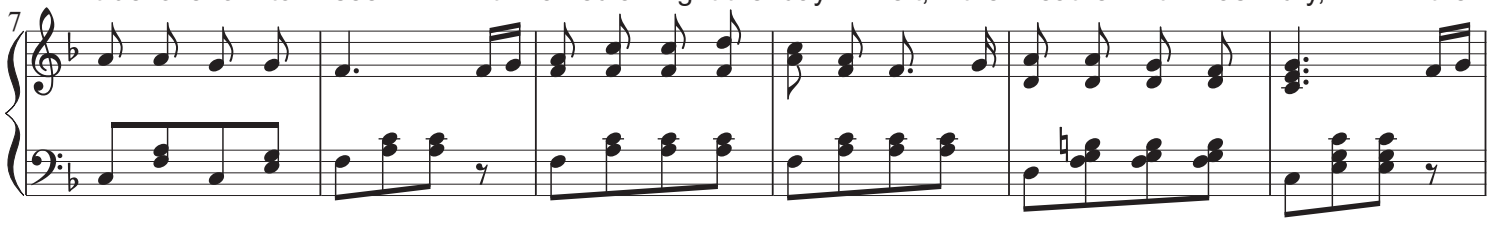
[93] Oh! Susanna

Stephen Foster
arr. John W. Pratt

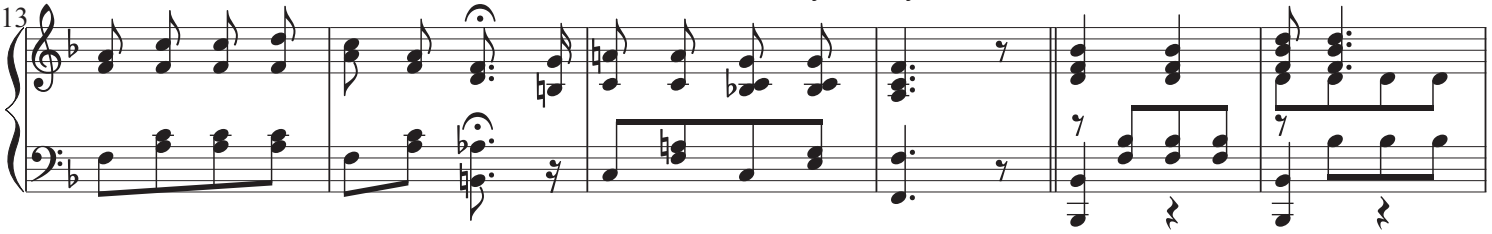
2 I jumped aboard de tel-e-graph & trabbeled down de ribber, de 'lec-tric flu - id mul-ti-plied, and
1 I come from Alabama wid my ban-jo on my knee, I'm g'wan to Lou-si - a - na, my



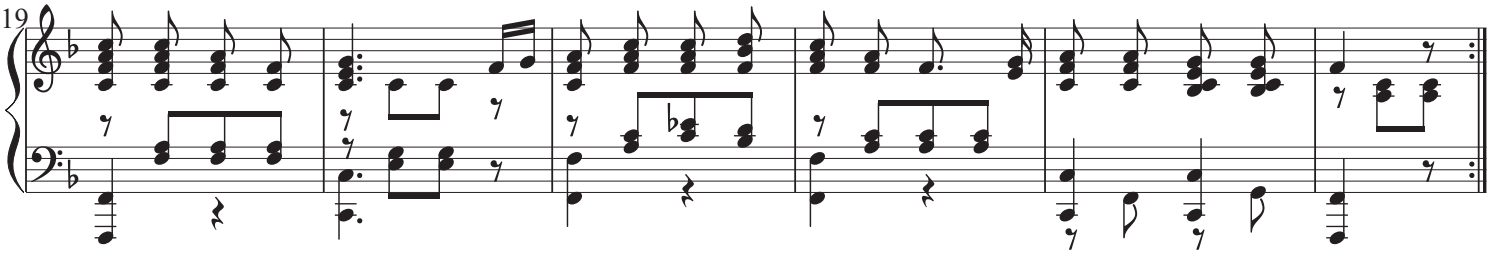
killed five hundred feller; de bull-gine bust, de horse run off, I real - ly thought I'd die; I
true love for to see. It rained all night the day I left, the weather it was dry, the



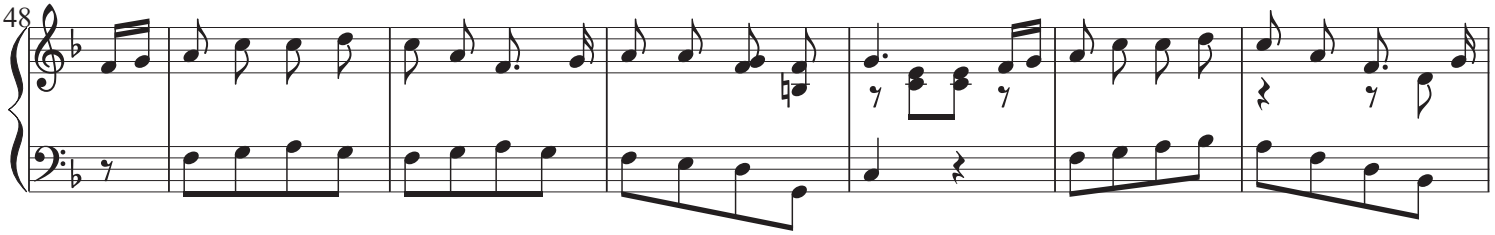
shut my eyes to hold my breath, Sus-an - na don't you cry. Oh! Sus - an - na,
sun so hot I froze to death, Sus-an - na don't you cry. Oh! Sus - an - na,



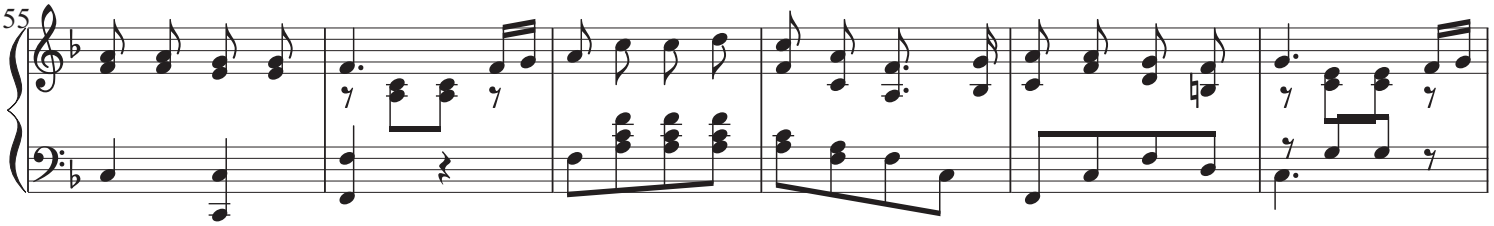
don't you cry for me, I come from Al - a - ba - ma wid my ban - jo on my knee.



3 I had a dream de ud-der night, when eberyting was still; I thought I saw Susa - a - na, a



coming down the hill; de buckwheat-cake was in her mouth, de tear was in her eye, Says



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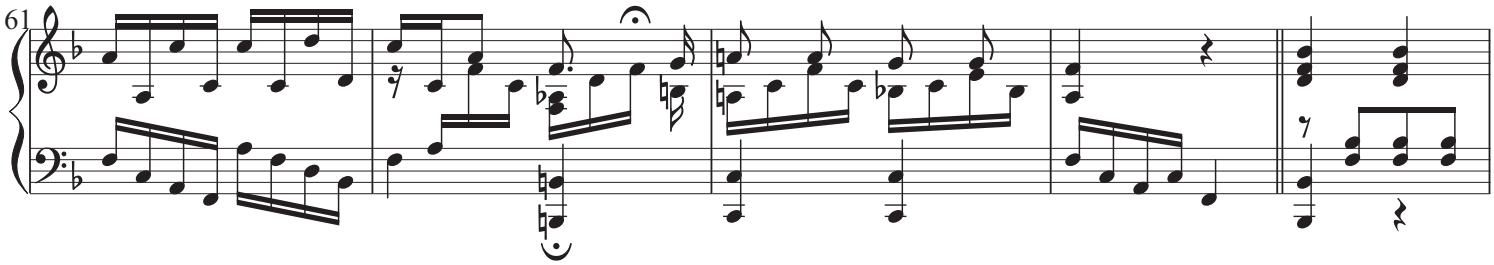
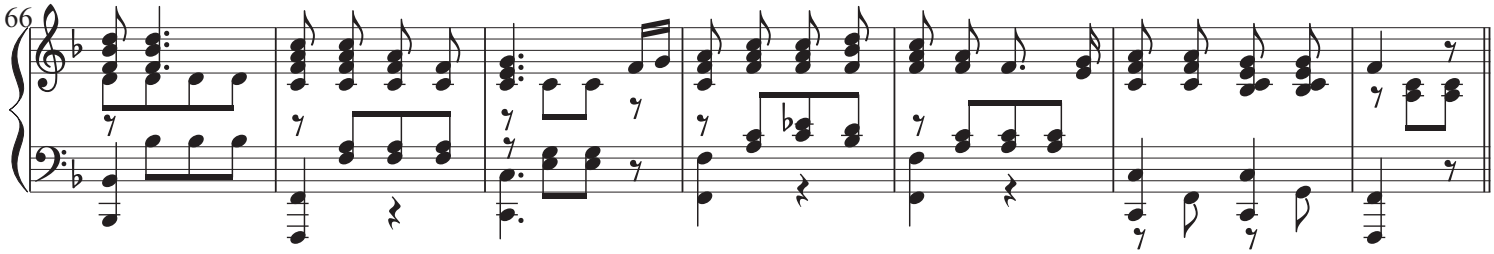
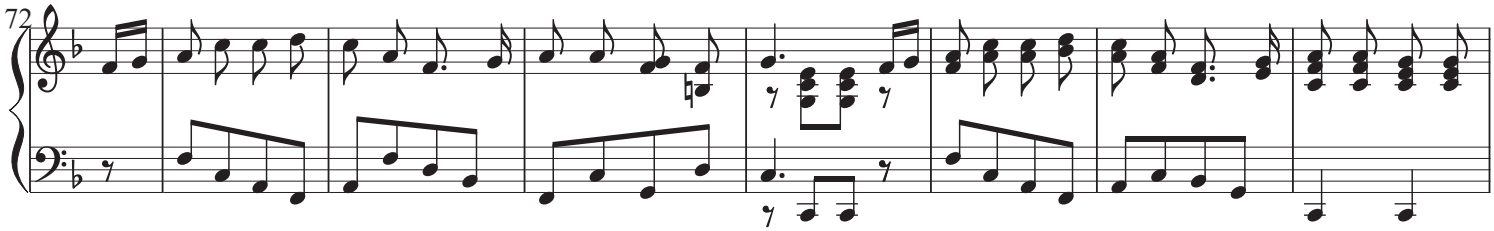
I, I'm com-ing from the South, Sus - an - na, don't you cry. Oh! Sus -



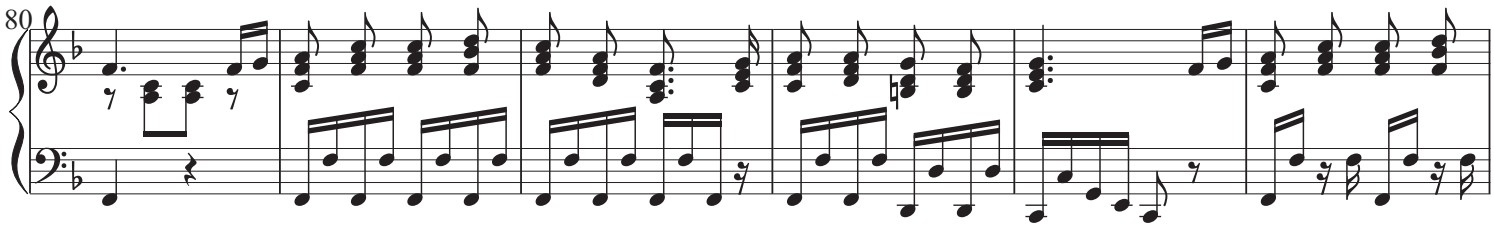
an - na, don't you cry for me, I come from A-la - ba - ma wid my ban-jo on my knee.



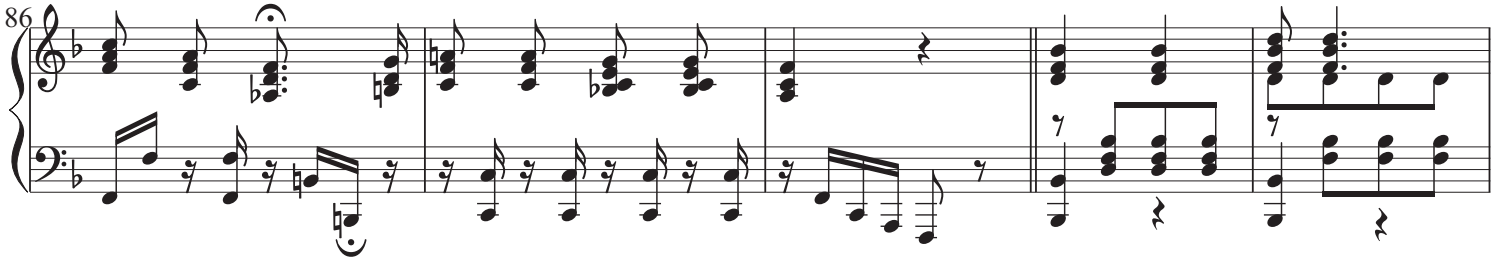
4 Oh! When I gets to New Orleans I'll look all round and round, & when I find Susa-an-na I'l fall right on de



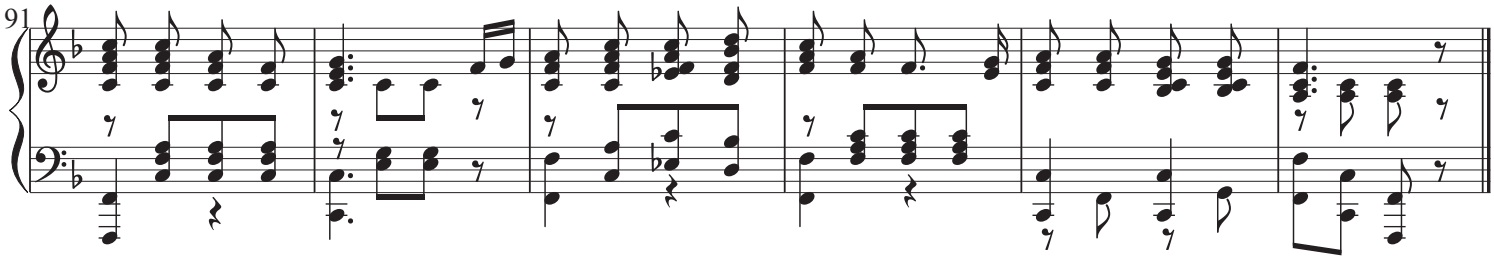
ground; but if I do not fi - ind her, dis darkey'l surely die, and when I'm dead and



bu - u - ried, Sus - an - na, don't you cry. Oh! Sus - an - na,



don't you cry for me, I come from Al - a - ba - ma wid my ban - jo on my knee.



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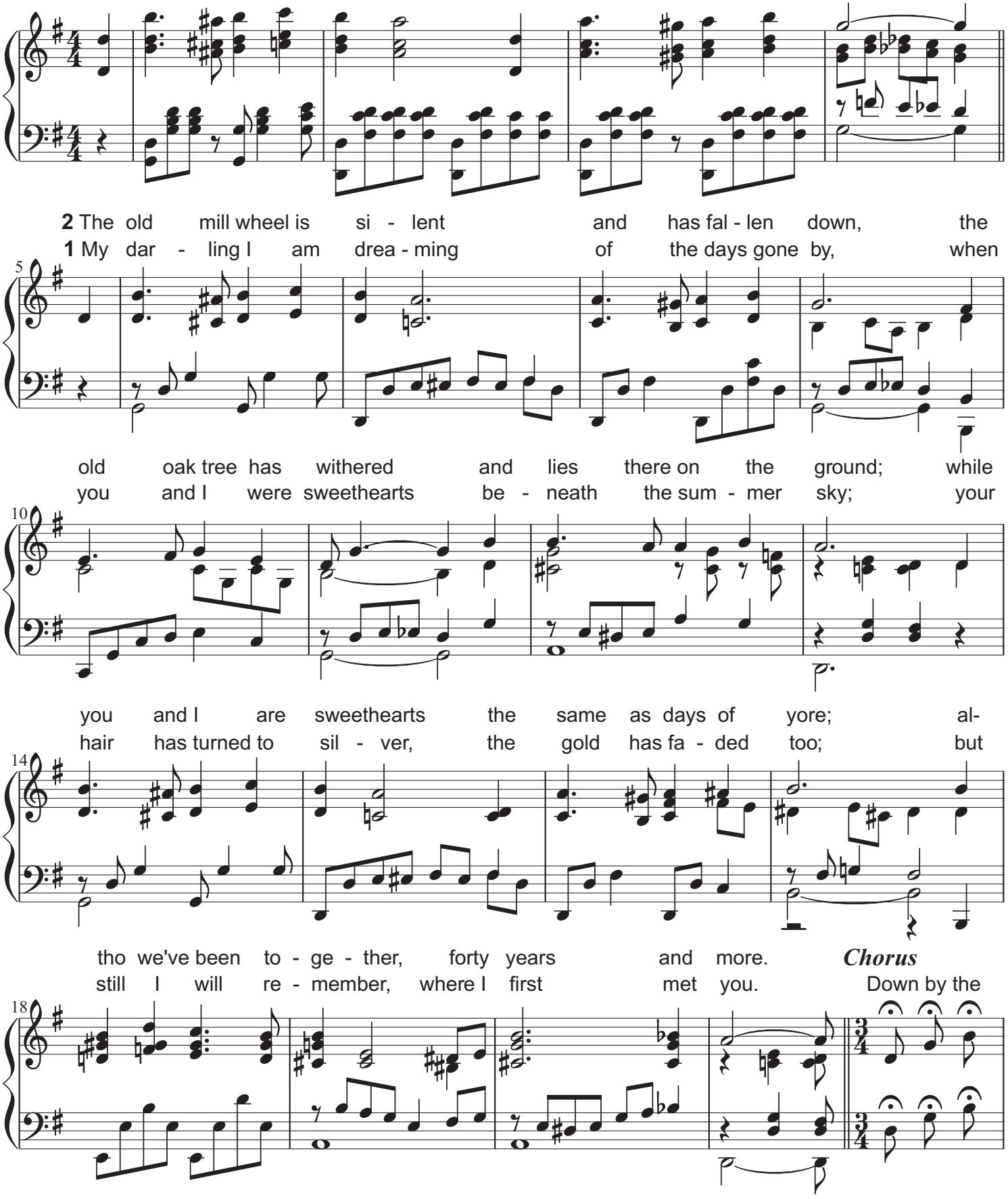
[95] Down by the old mill stream

T. Blake Taylor

Andante espressivo



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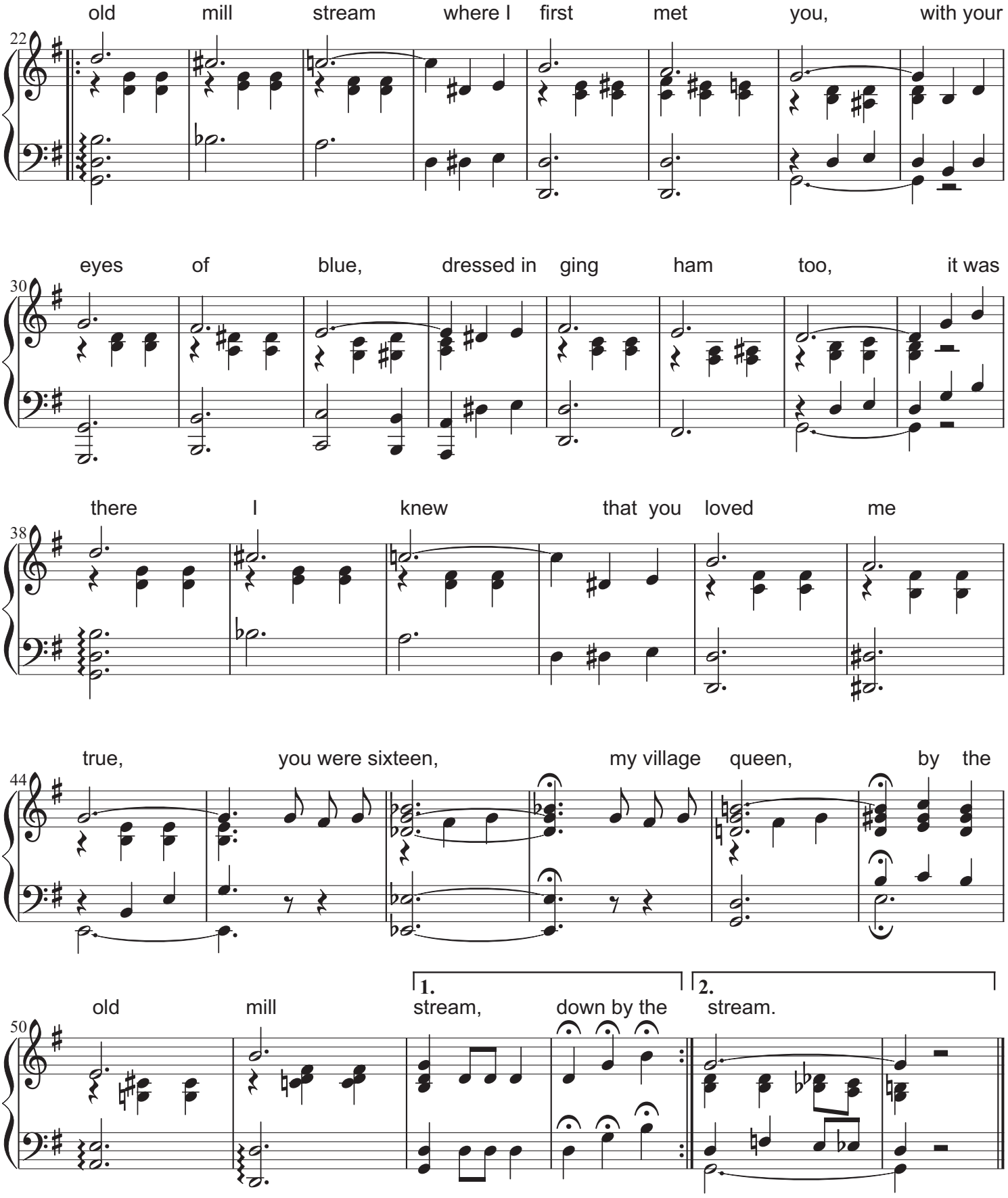
Lento



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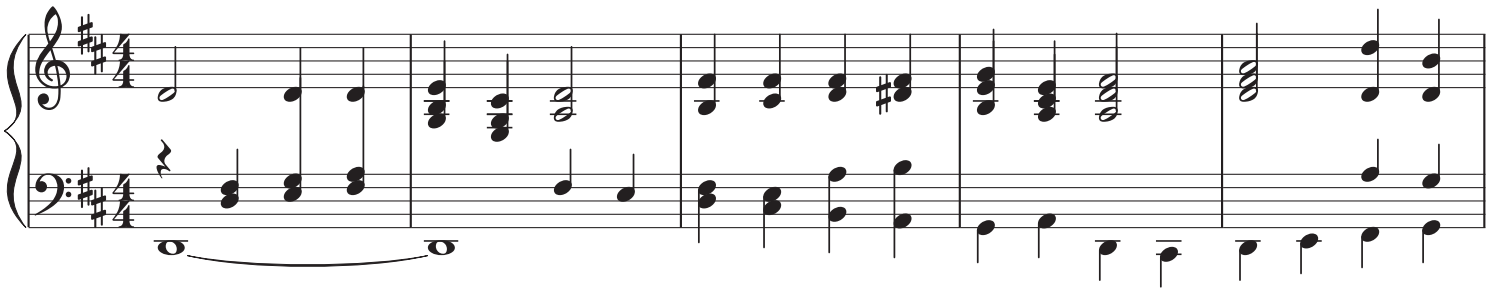
[96] Fair are the meadows

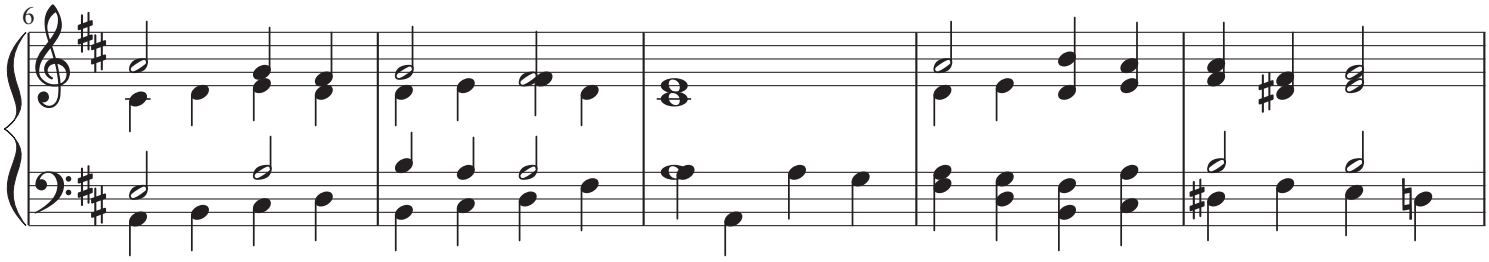
Münster Gesangbuch (1677)
Trans. J. A. Seiss (1873)

Silesian folksong
arr. A. M. Lamb
mod. J. W. Pratt

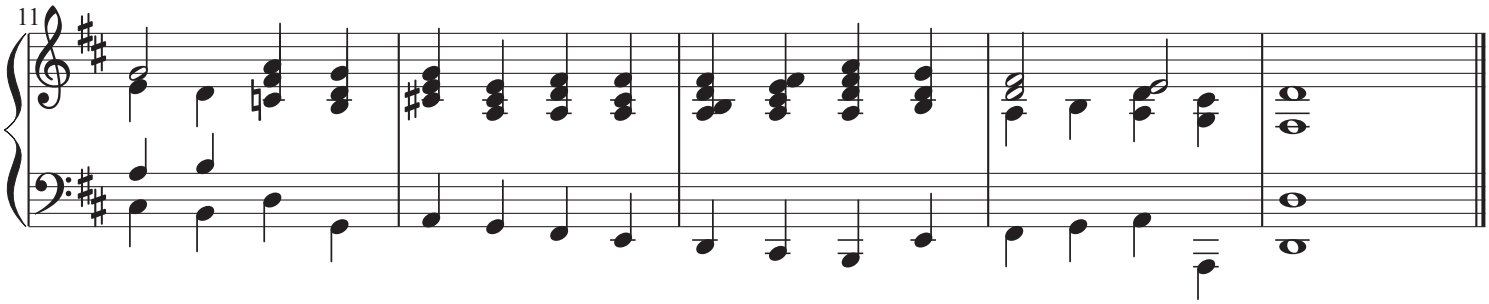
3 Fai - rest Lord Je - sus, Ru - ler of all na - ture, O Thou of
2 Fair is the sun - shine, fair - er still the moon - light, and all the
1 Fair are the mea - dows, fair - er still the wood - lands, robed in the



God and man the Son, Thee will I che - rish,
twink - ling star - ry host; Je - sus shines bright - er,
bloom - ing garb of spring; Je - sus is fair - er,



Thee will I ho - nor, Thou, my soul's glo - ry, joy and crown.
Je - sus shines pur - er than all the an - gels heav'n can boast.
Je - sus is pur - er, who makes the woe - ful heart to sing.



A. M. Lamb's arrangement appears in the Middlesex Hymn Book (1928), used with permission
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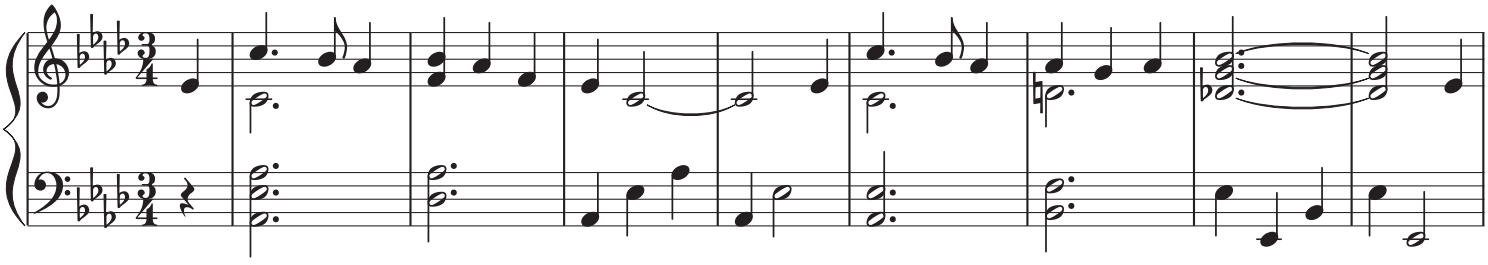
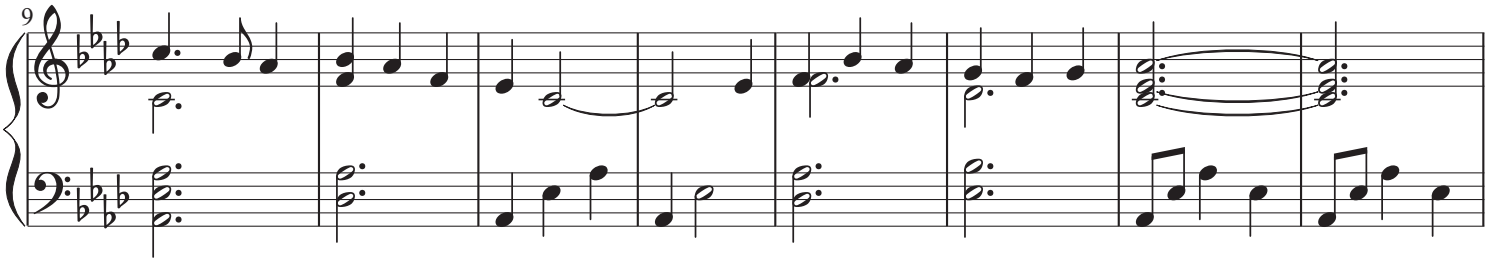
[97] My Bonnie lies over the ocean

Scottish folk song
arr. John W. Pratt

4 The winds have blown over the ocean the winds have blown over the sea the
3 Oh blow the winds over the ocean, and blow the winds over the sea. Oh
2 Last night as I lay on my pillow, last night as I lay on my bed, last
1 My Bonnie lies over the ocean, my Bonnie lies over the sea, my

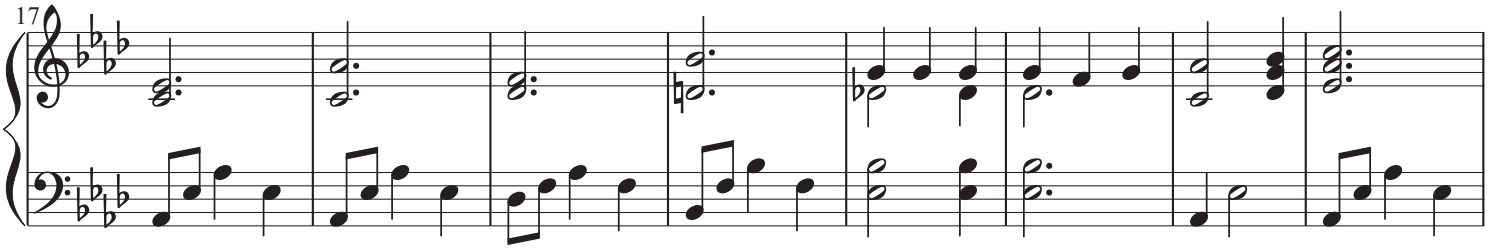


winds have blown over the ocean and brought back my Bonnie to me.
blow the winds over the ocean and bring back my Bonnie to me.
night as I lay on my pillow I dreamt that my Bonnie was dead.
Bonnie lies over the ocean. Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

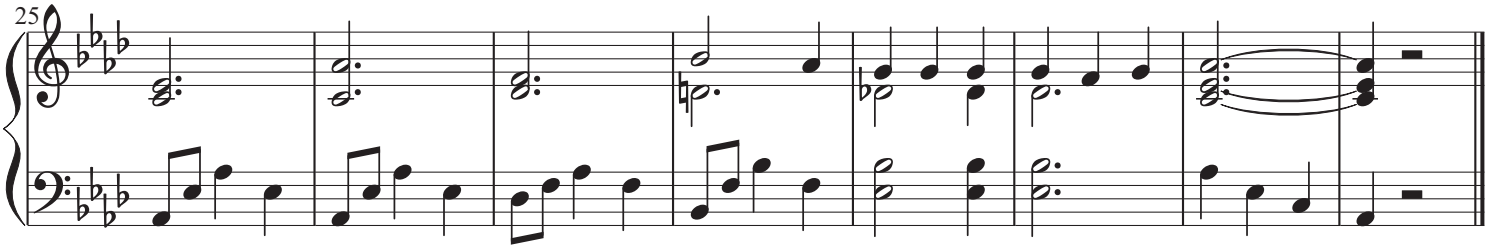


Chorus

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



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



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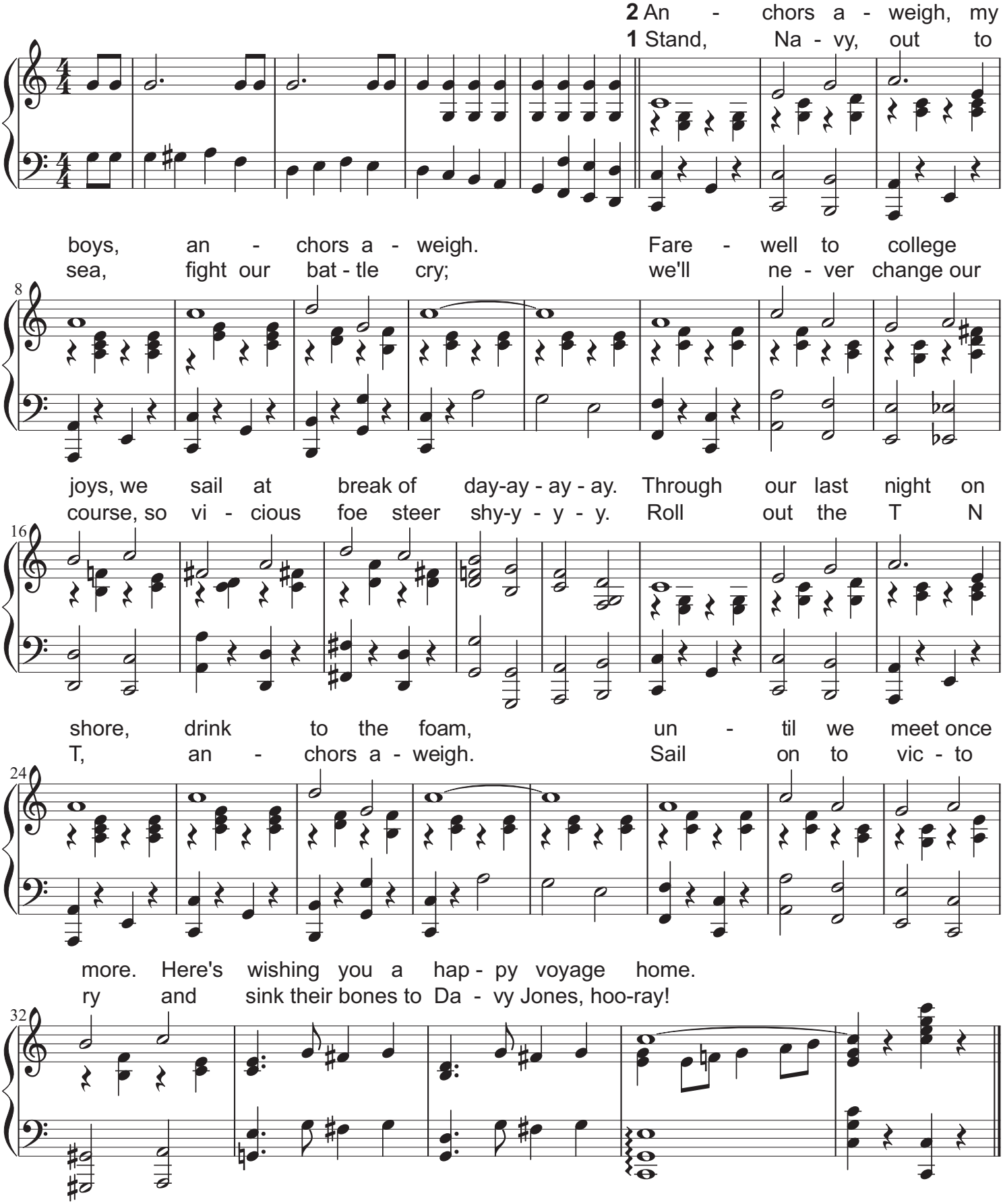
[98] Anchors aweigh

George D. Lottman

Capt. Alfred H. Miles (ret.) and Chas. A. Zimmerman



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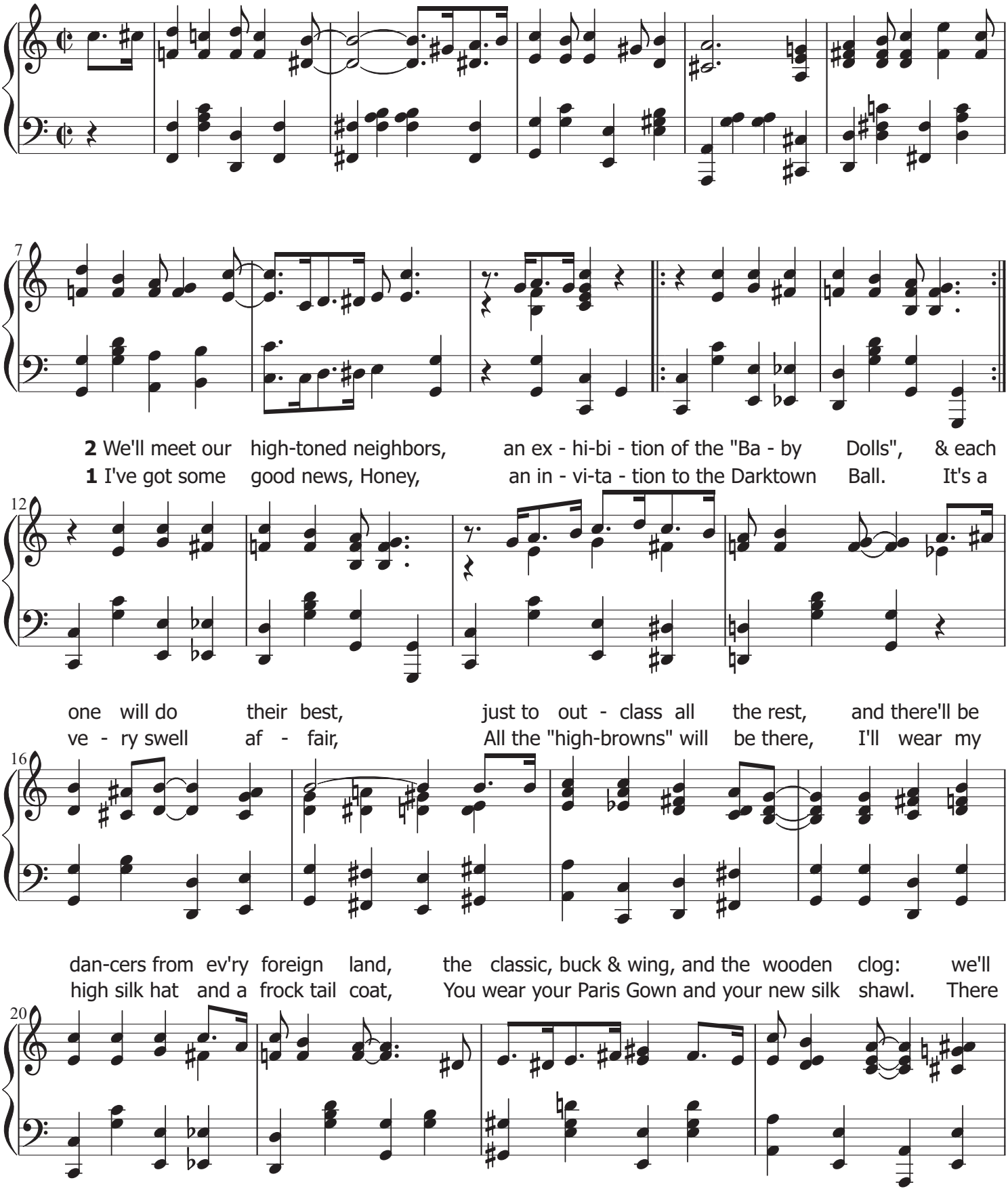
[99] The Darktown Strutters' Ball

Shelton Brooks



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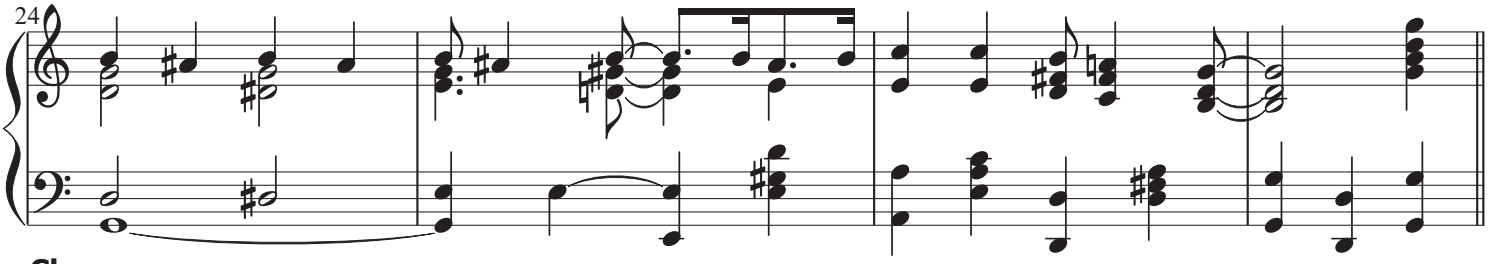
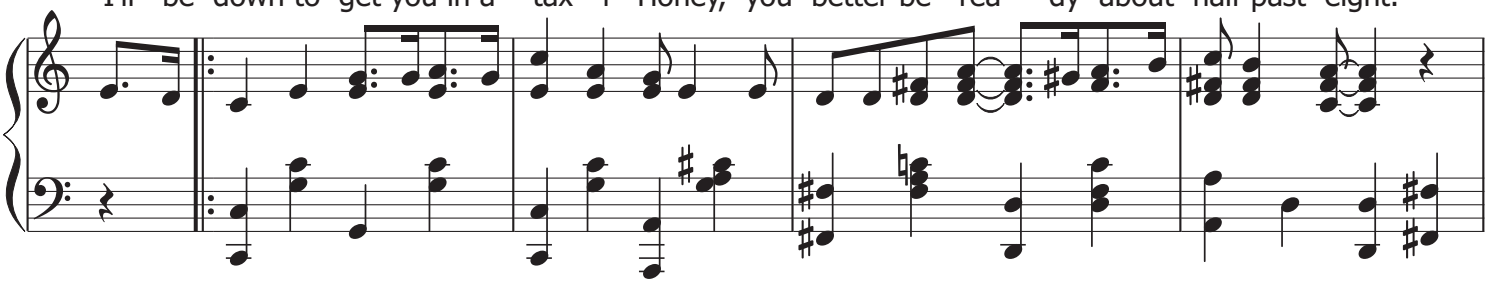
win that fif - ty dollar prize, when we step out and "Walk the Dog."
ain't no doubt a - bout it babe, we'll be the best dressed in the hall.

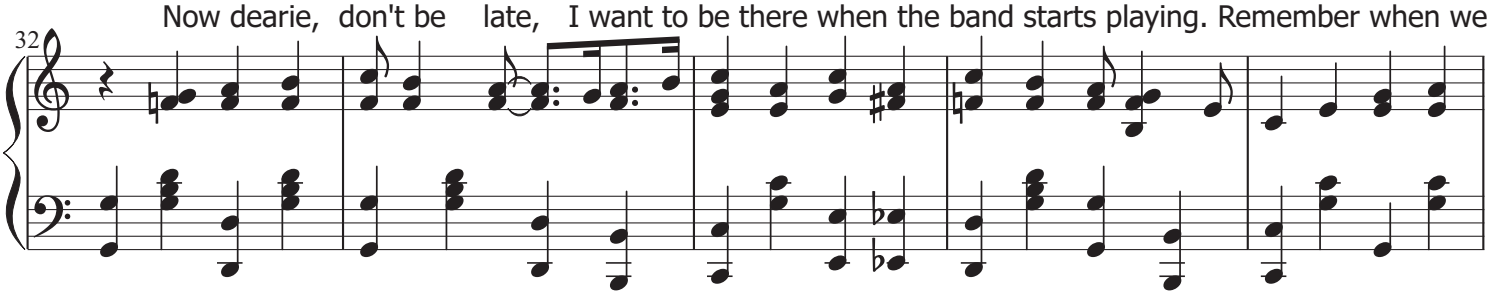


Chorus

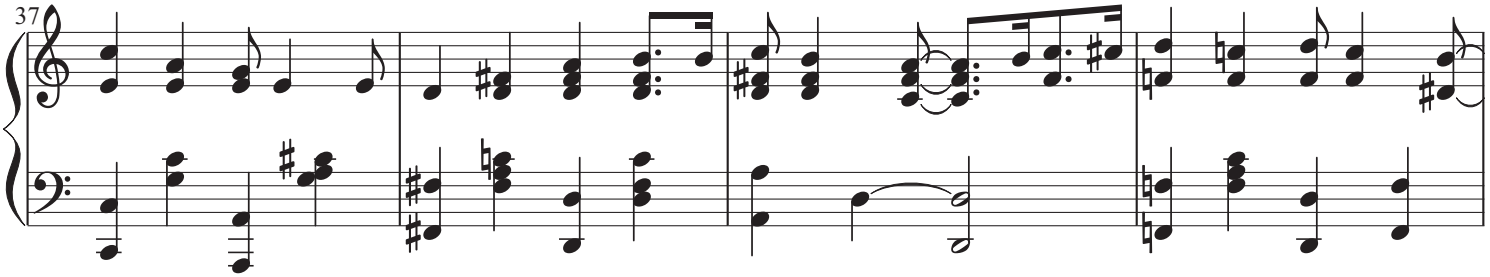
I'll be down to get you in a tax - i Honey, you better be rea - dy about half past eight.



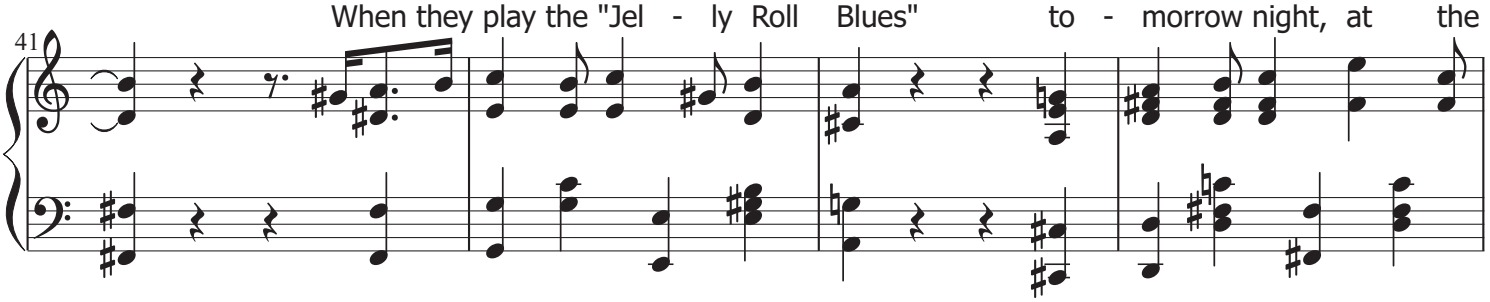
Now dearie, don't be late, I want to be there when the band starts playing. Remember when we



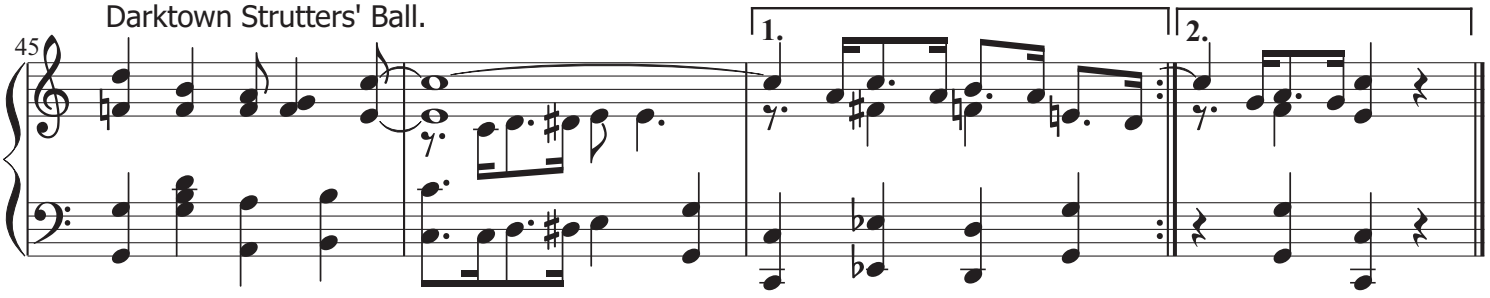
get there, Honey, the two steps I'm goin' to have 'em all, goin' to dance out both my shoes:



When they play the "Jel - ly Roll Blues" to - morrow night, at the



Darktown Strutters' Ball.



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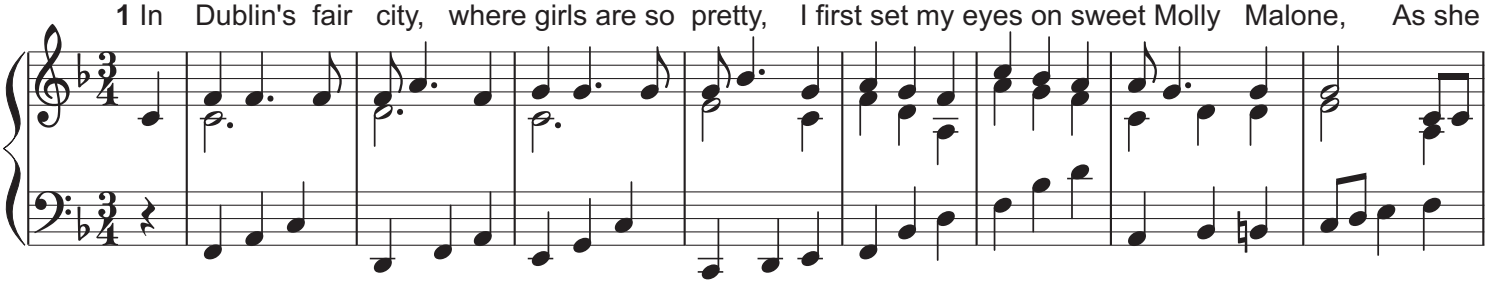
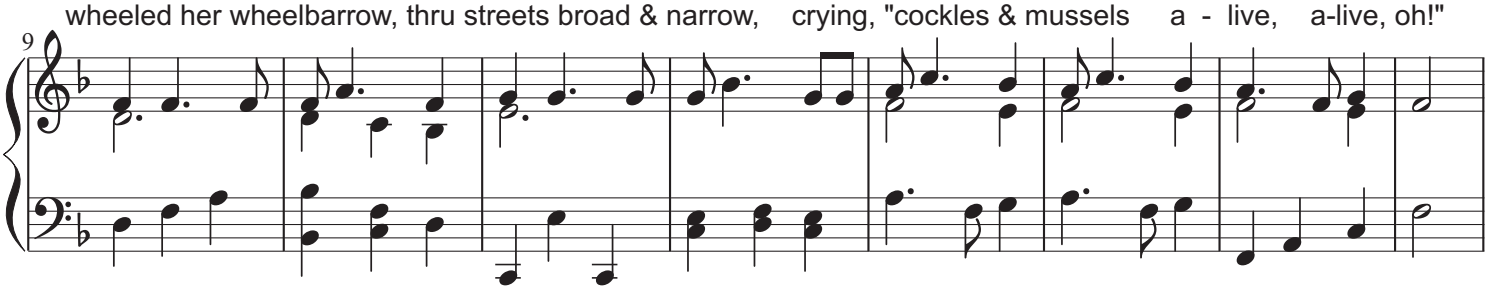
[100] Cockles and Mussels (Molly Malone)

James Yorkston
Arr. John W. Pratt

3 She died of a fever, and none could relieve her, & that was the end of sweet Molly Malone. But her
2 She was a fishmonger, but sure 'twas no wonder, for so were her father & mother before, and they
1 In Dublin's fair city, where girls are so pretty, I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone, As she

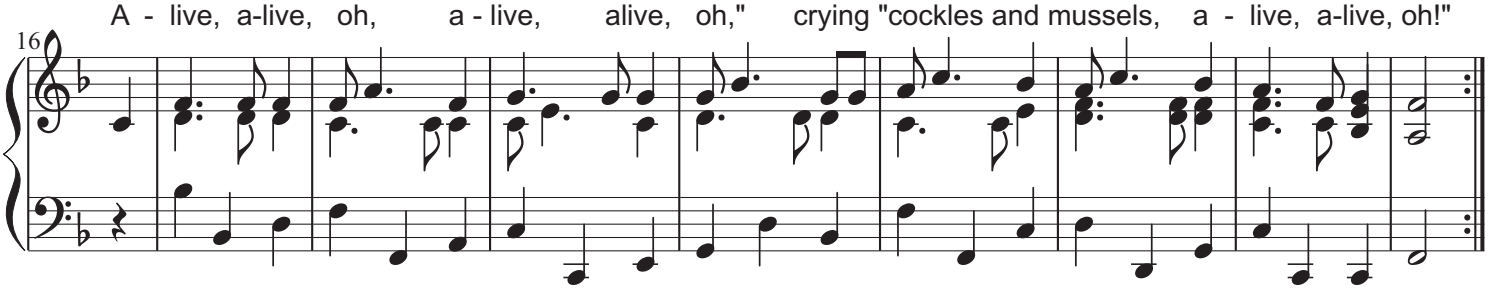


ghost wheels her barrow, thru streets broad & narrow, crying, "cockles & mussels a - live, a-live, oh!"
each wheeled their barrows, thru streets broad & narrow, crying, "cockles & mussels a - live, a-live, oh!"
wheeled her wheelbarrow, thru streets broad & narrow, crying, "cockles & mussels a - live, a-live, oh!"

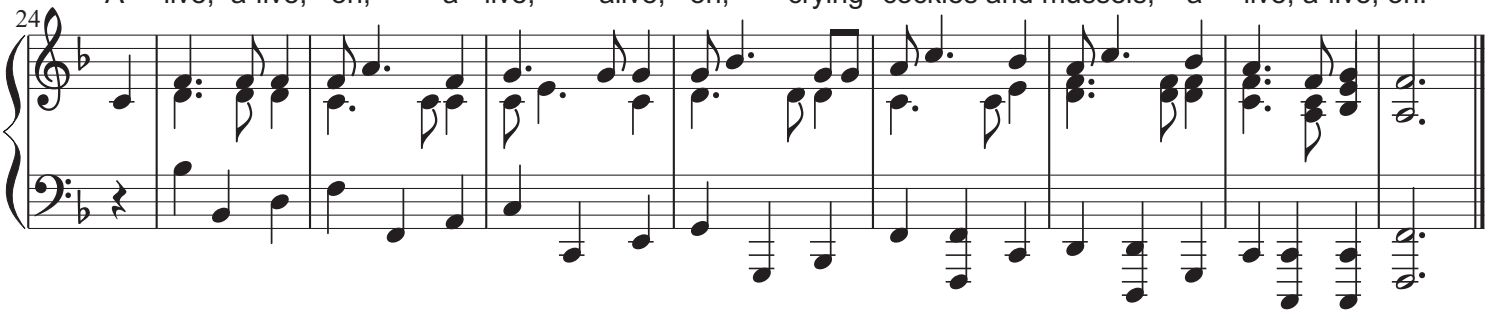


Chorus

A - live, a-live, oh, a - live, alive, oh," crying "cockles and mussels, a - live, a-live, oh!"



A - live, a-live, oh, a - live, alive, oh," crying "cockles and mussels, a - live, a-live, oh!"



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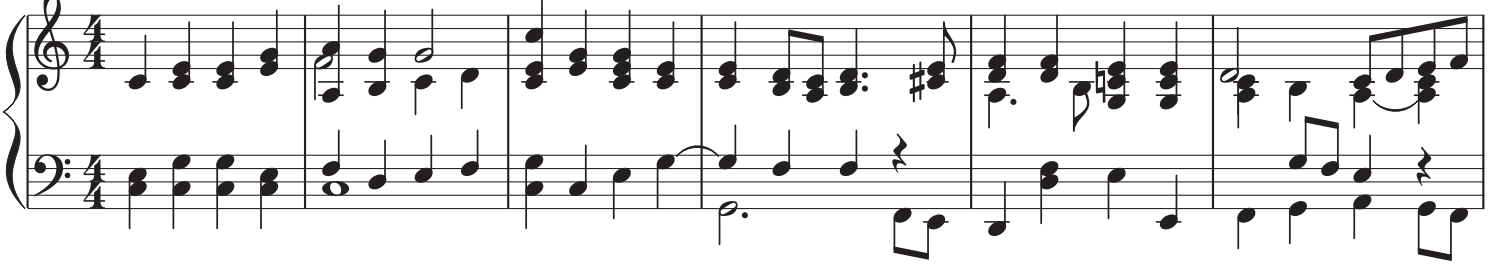
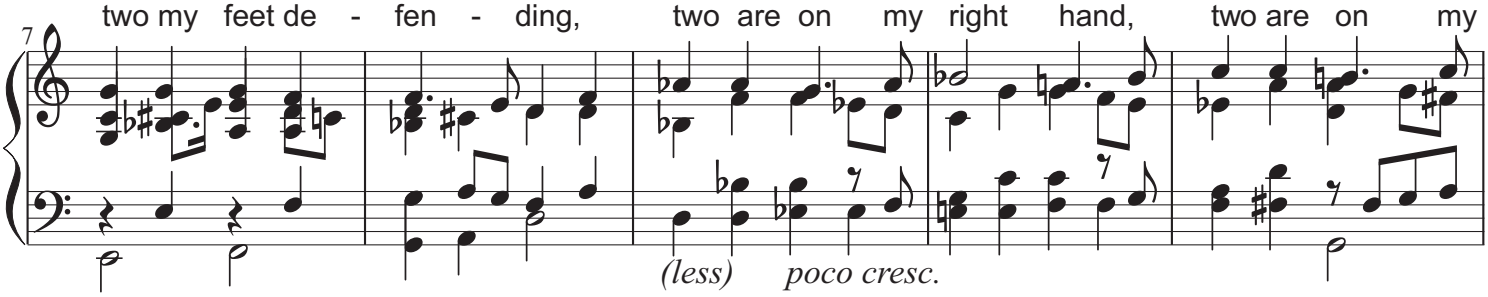
[104] Hansel & Gretel, evening prayer (Abendsegen)

Humperdinck
arr. John W. Pratt

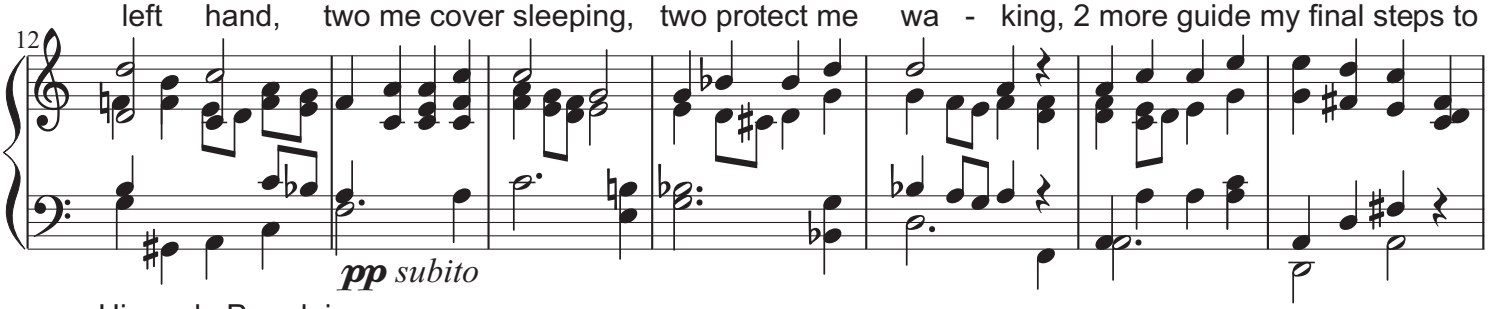
Abends, will ich schlafen gehn, vierzehn Engel um mich stehn: Zwei zu meinen Häup - ten,
2 Sleeping softly, then it seems, Heaven enters in my dreams; angels hover round me,
1 When at night I go to sleep, fourteen angels watch do keep two my head are ten - ding,



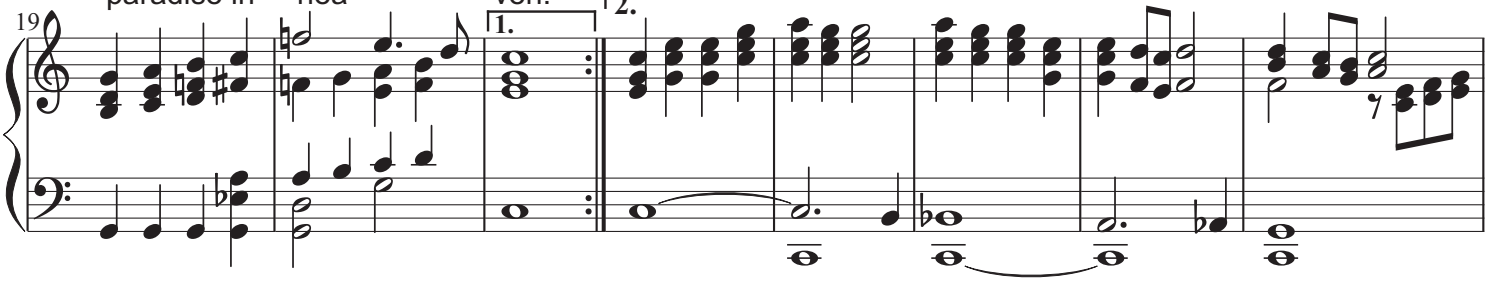
zwei zu meinen Fü - ßen, Zwei zu mei - ner Rech - ten, zwei zu mei - ner
whisp'ring they have found me; two are sweet-ly sing - ing, two are gar - lands
two my feet de - fen - ding, two are on my right hand, two are on my

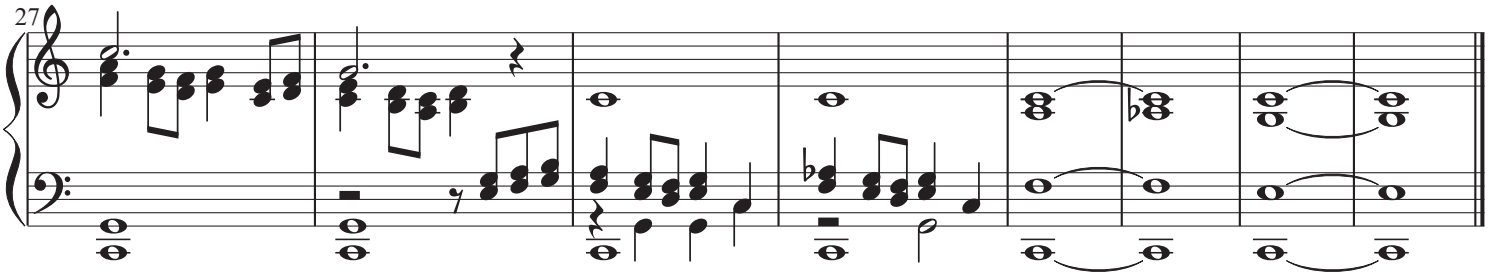


Lin - ken, zweie, die mich decken, zweie, die mich wecken, zweie, die mich wei - sen, zu
bringing, strewing me with roses, as my soul re - po - ses. God will not forsake me when
left hand, two me cover sleeping, two protect me wa - king, 2 more guide my final steps to



Himmels-Paradei - sen.
dawn at last will wa - ake me.
paradise in hea - ven.





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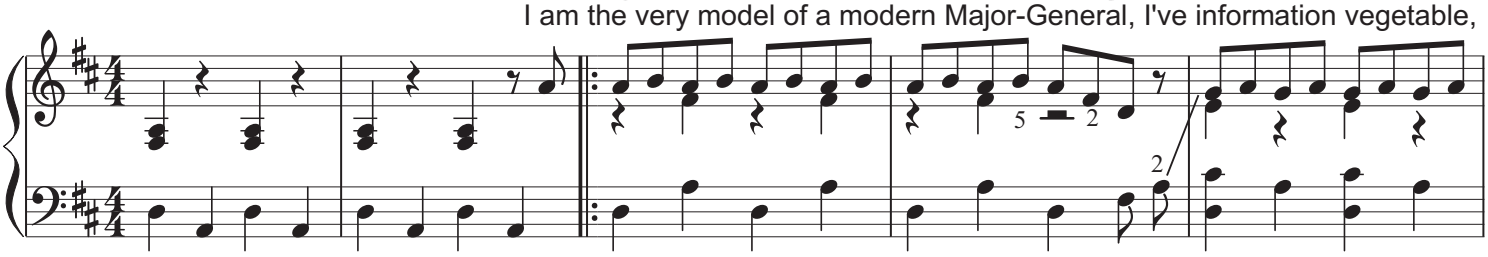
W. S. Gilbert

[106] Major General's song

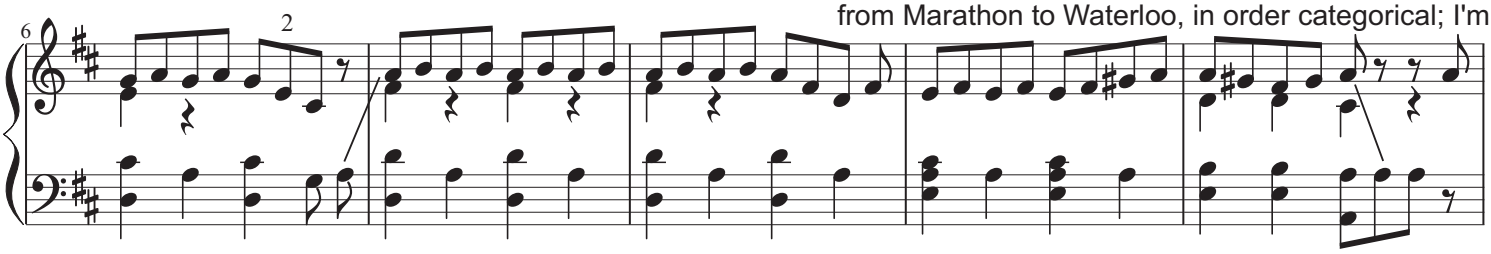
Arthur Sullivan

I am the very model of a modern Major-General, I've information vegetable,

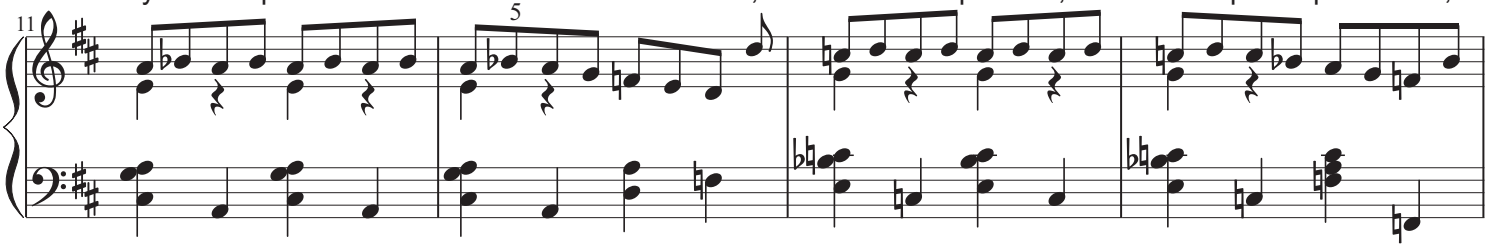


animal, & mineral, I know the kings of England, & I quote the fights historical,

from Marathon to Waterloo, in order categorical; I'm

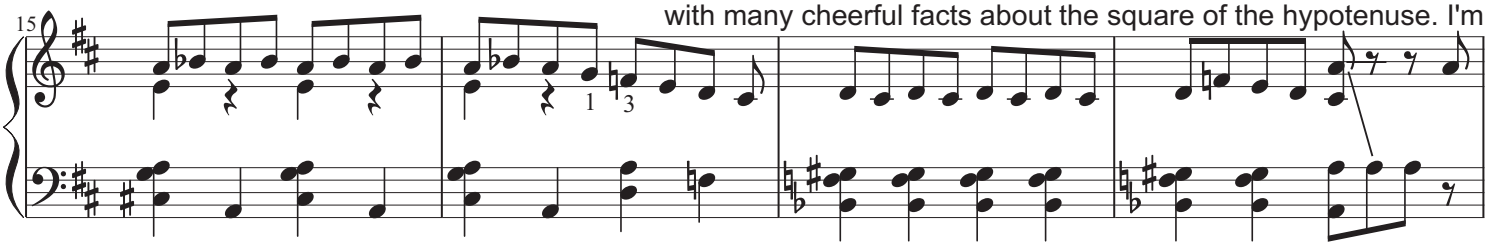


very well acquainted too with matters mathematical, I understand equations, both the simple & quadratical, A-

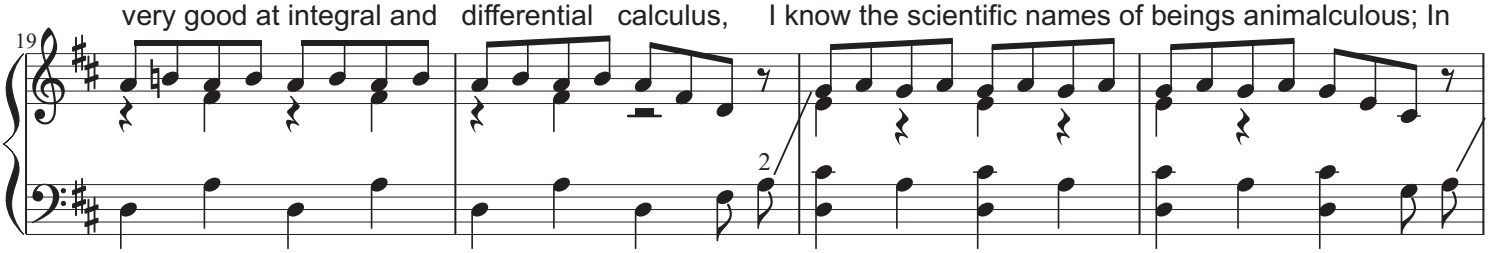


bout binomial the-o-rem I'm teeming with a lot o' news

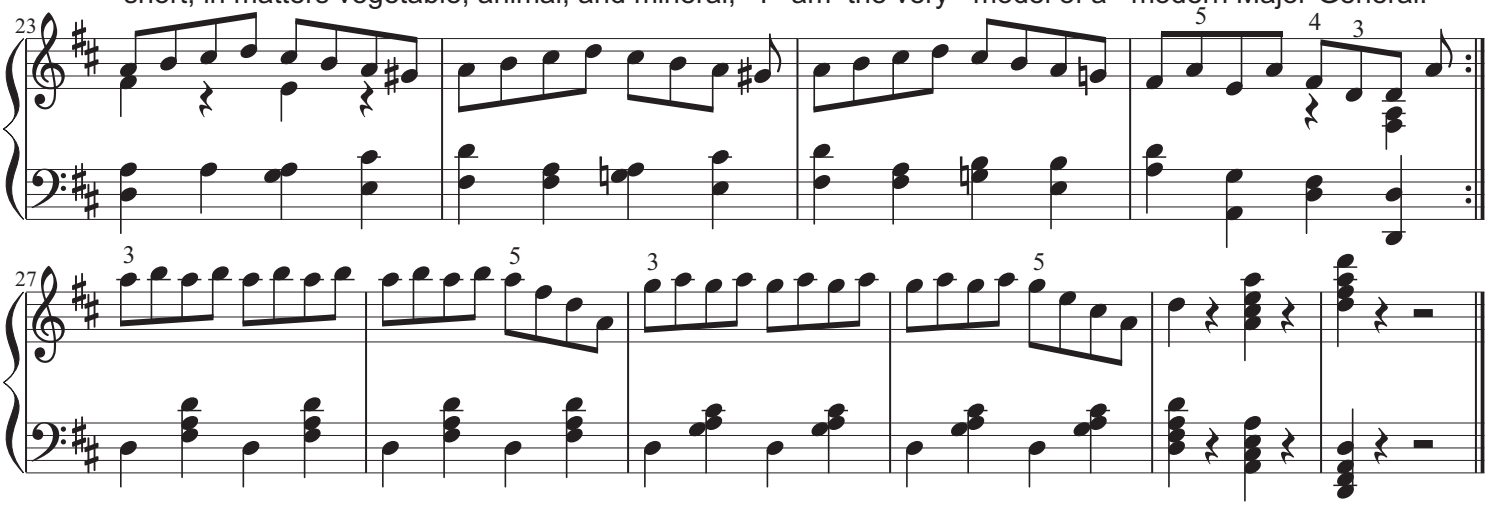
with many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse. I'm



very good at integral and differential calculus, I know the scientific names of beings animalculous; In



short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral, I am the very model of a modern Major-General.



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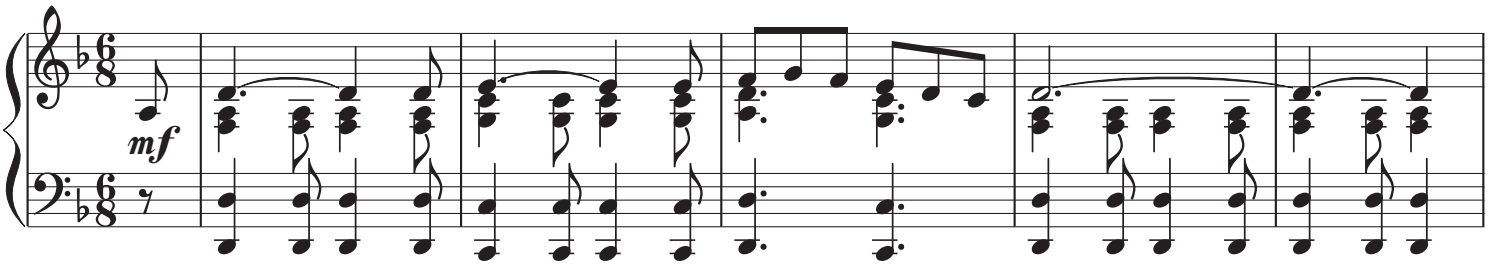
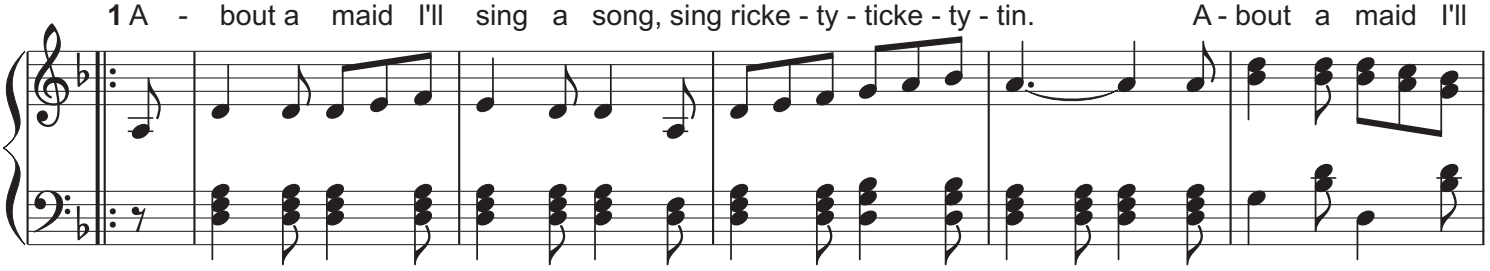
[107] The Irish Ballad

Tom Lehrer

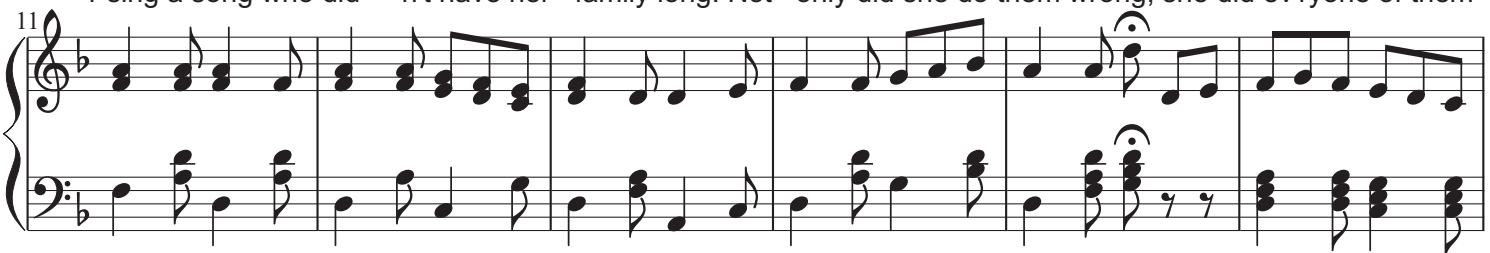
Tom Lehrer



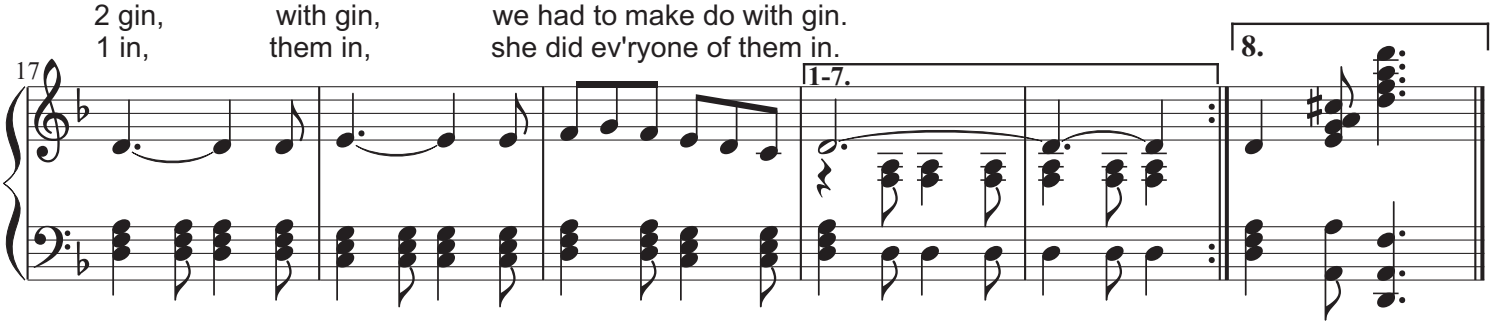
8 My tra - gic tale, I won't prolong, sing ricke - ty - ticke - ty - tin. My tragic tale I
7 And when at last the po-lice came by, sing ricke - ty - ticke - ty - tin. And when at last the po-
6 One day when she had nothing to do, sing ricke - ty - ticke - ty - tin. One day when she had
5 She weighted her brother down with stones, sing ricke - ty - ticke - ty - tin. She weighted her brother
4 She set her sis - ter's hair on fire, sing ricke - ty - ticke - ty - tin. She set her sis - ter's
3 Her mother she could ne - ver stand, sing ricke - ty - ticke - ty - tin. Her mother she could
2 One morning in a fit of pique, sing ricke - ty - ticke - ty - tin. One mor - ning in a
1 A - bout a maid I'll sing a song, sing ricke - ty - ticke - ty - tin. A - bout a maid I'll



8 won't prolong, & if you do not enjoy my song, you are to blame if it's too long, you should never have let me be-
7 lice came by, her little pranks she did not deny, to do so she would have had to lie, and lying, she knew, was a
6 nothing to do, she cut her baby brother in two, and served him up as an Irish stew, and invited the neighbors
5 down with stones, & sent him off to Davy Jones. All they ever found were some bones, & occasional pieces of
4 hair on fire, and as the smoke and flame rose high'r, danced around the funeral pyre, playing a vi - i- o-
3 never stand, and so a cyanide soup she planned. The mother died with a spoon in her hand, & her face in a hideous
2 fit of pique, she drowned her father in the creek. The water tasted bad for a week, & we had to make do with
1 sing a song who did - n't have her family long. Not only did she do them wrong, she did ev'ryone of them



8 gin, be - gin you should never have let me begin.
7 sin, a sin, lying, she knew, was a sin.
6 in, -bors in, in - vi-ted the neighbors in.
5 skin, of skin, oc - casional pieces of skin.
4 lin, -o - lin, playing a vi - i - o - lin.
3 grin, a grin, her face in a hideous grin.
2 gin, with gin, we had to make do with gin.
1 in, them in, she did ev'ryone of them in.



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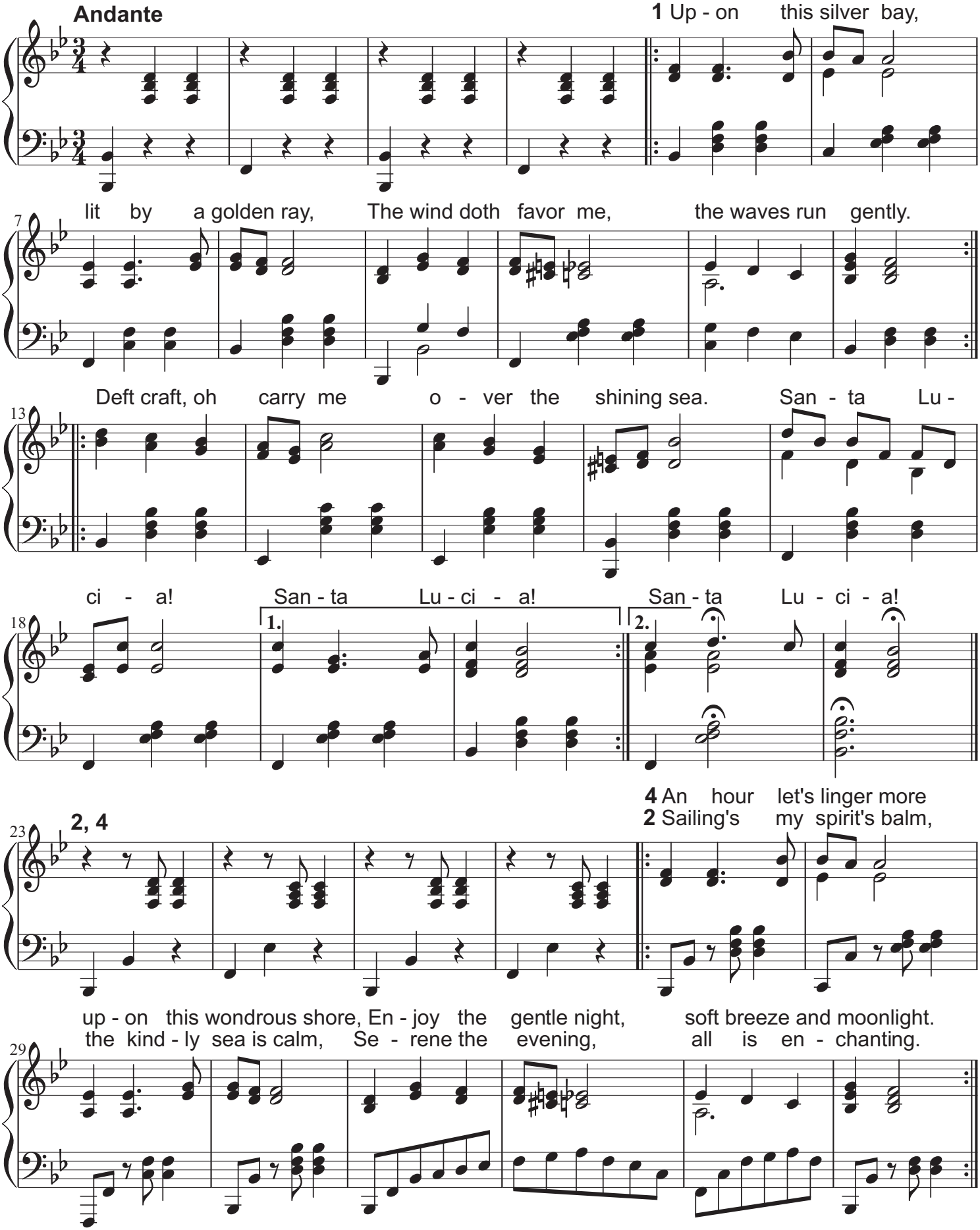
T. Cottrau, adapted jwp

[108] Santa Lucia

A. Longo?, arr. John W. Pratt



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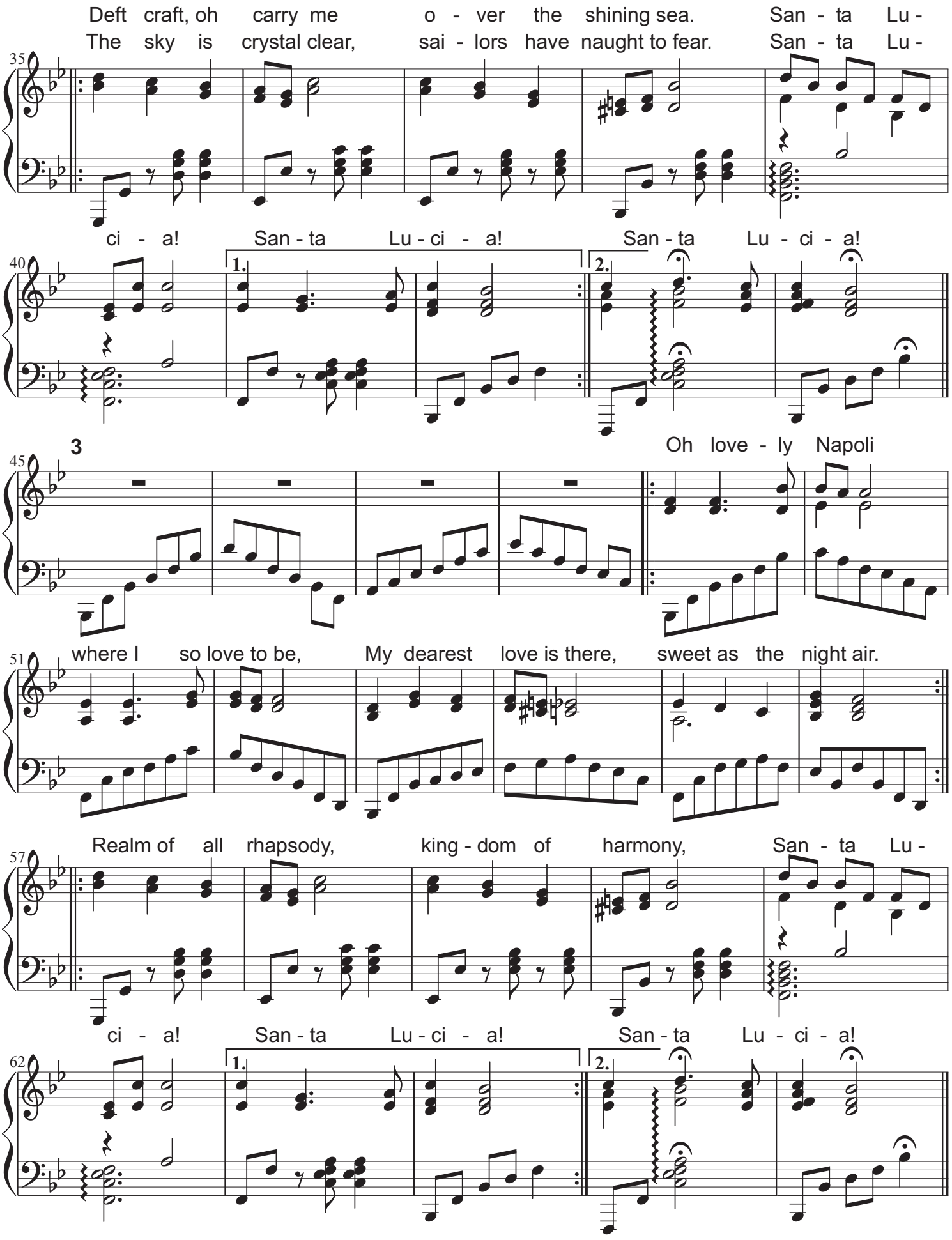

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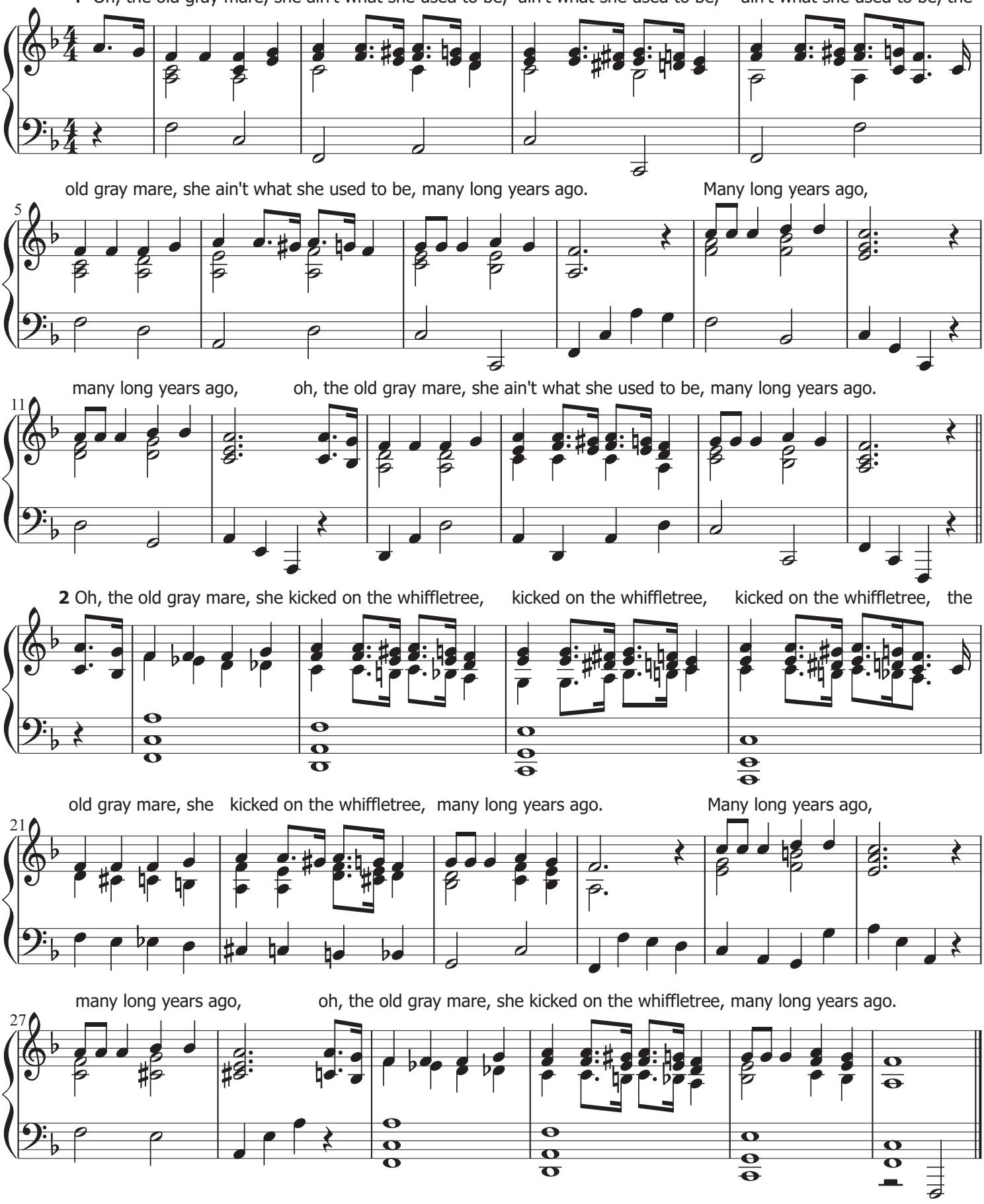
traditional folk song

[109] The old gray mare

arr. John W. Pratt



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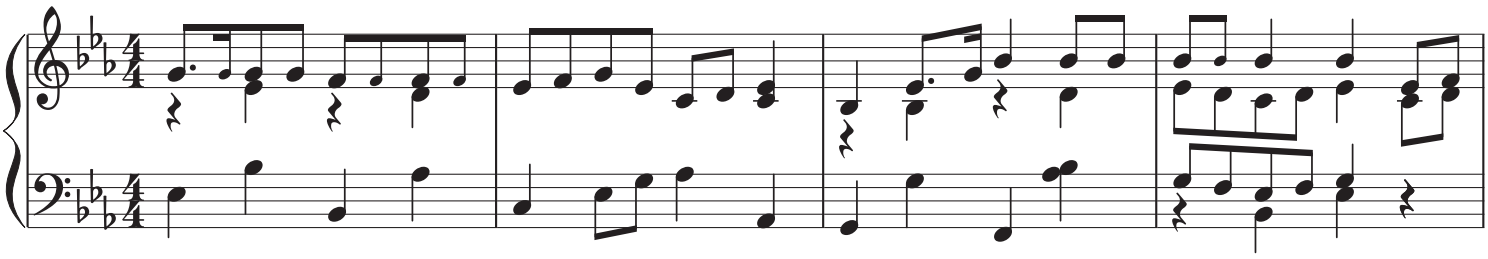
[111] Waltzing Matilda

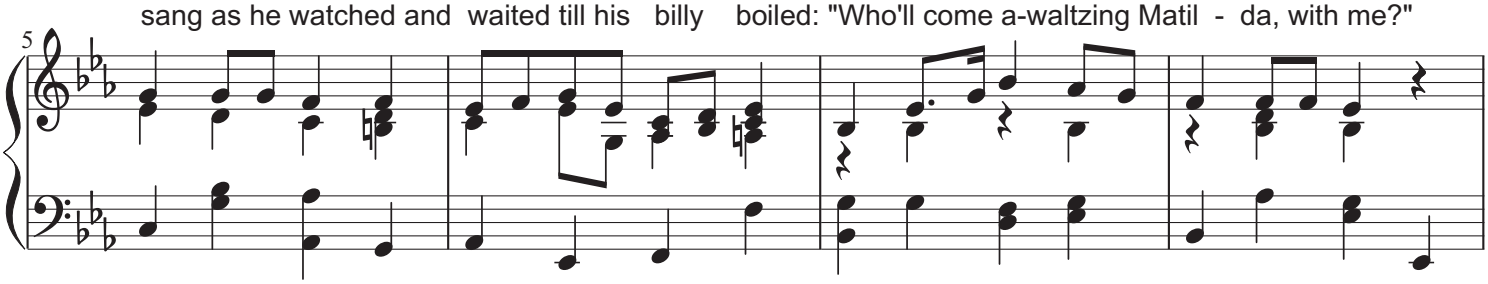
A. B. Paterson

Marie Cowan
mod. J. W. Pratt

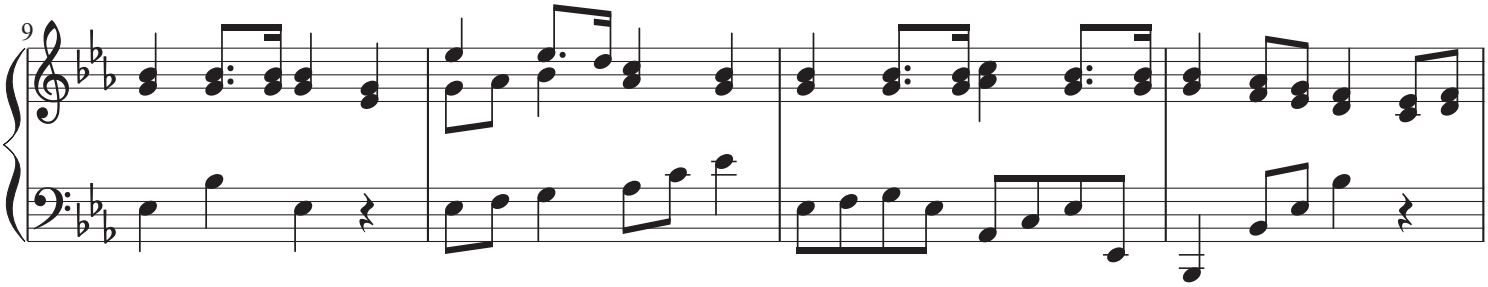
4 Up jumped the swagman & sprang into the billabong. "You'll never take me a - live!" said he; And his
3 Up rode the squatter, mounted on his thoroughbred. Down came the troopers, one, two, & three. They asked,
2 Down came a jumbuck to drink at that billabong. Up jumped the swagman & grabbed him with glee, And he
1 Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong Under the shade of a coolibah tree, And he



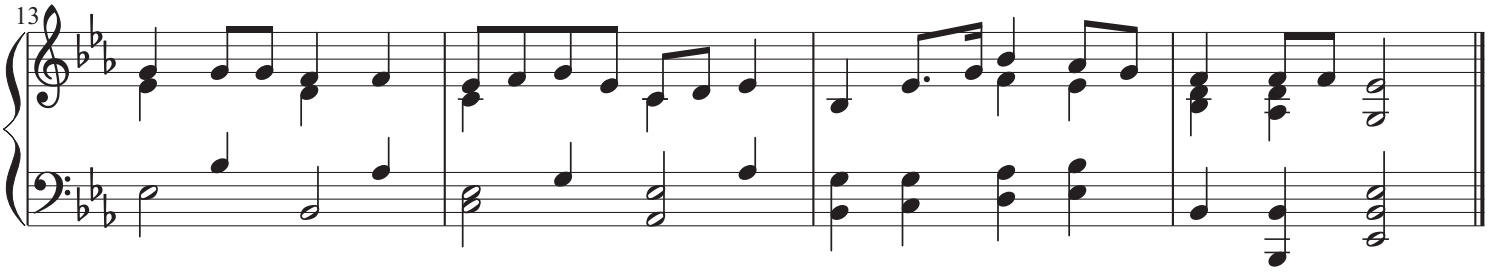
ghost may be heard when passing by that billabong: "Who'll
"Whose jolly jumbuck you got in your tucker bag? You'll
sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tucker bag: "You'll
sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled: "Who'll come a-waltzing Matil - da, with me?"



Waltzing Matil - da, waltzing Matil - da, You'll come a-walt - zing Ma-til - da, with me; and he



sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled: "You'll come a-waltzing Ma - til - da, with me."



swag = bundle of one's belongings; *Matilda* is a romantic term for swag; *waltzing Matilda* = traveling with a swag; *billabong* = oxbow lake; *billy* = can to boil water in; *tucker* = food; *jumbuck* = sheep; *trooper* = policeman.

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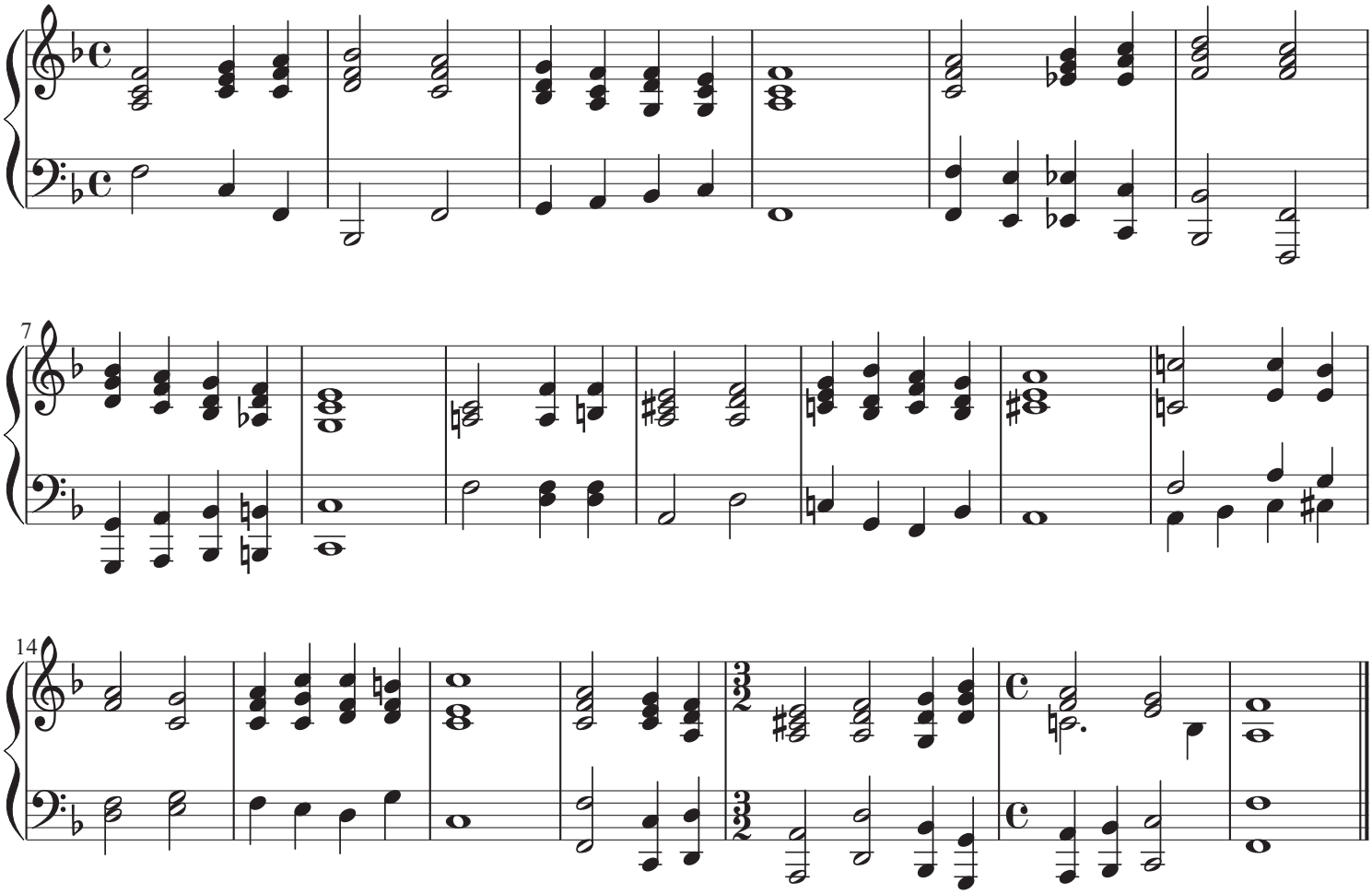
[113] Turn back, O man, forswear thy foolish ways

melody Louis Bourgeous
arr. Arthur Motter Lamb
mod. John W. Pratt

Clifford Bax



1 Turn back, O man, forswear thy foolish ways.
Old now is earth, and none may count her days.
Yet thou, her child, whose head is crowned with flame,
Still wilt not hear thine inner God proclaim,
"Turn back, O man, forswear thy foolish ways."

2 Earth might be fair and all men glad and wise.
Age after age their tragic empires rise,
Built while they dream, and in that dreaming weep:
Would man but wake from out his haunted sleep,
Earth might be fair and all men glad and wise.

3 Earth shall be fair, and all her people one:
Nor till that hour shall God's whole will be done.
Now, even now, once more from earth to sky,
Peals forth in joy man's old undaunted cry:
"Earth shall be fair and all her folk be one!"

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