

[114] Old Folks at Home

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

Chorus: All the world am sad and dreary,
Ev'rywhere I roam;
Oh, dear ones, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home!

2 All 'round 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*)

3 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-humming
All round the comb?
When will I hear the banjo strumming,
Down in my good old home? (*chorus*)

[115] Yankee Doodle

1 Yankee Doodle went to town a-riding on a pony,
Stuck a feather in his cap and called it macaroni.

Chorus: Yankee Doodle keep it up, Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music & the step, and with the girls be handy.

2 Fath'r & I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Gooding,
And there we saw the men and boys
As thick as hasty pudding. (*chorus*)

3 And there we saw a thousand men
As rich as Squire David,
And what they wasted every day,
I wish it could be saved. (*Chorus*)

4 And there I see a swamping gun
Large as a log of maple, upon a deuced little cart,
A load for father's cattle. (*Chorus*)

5 And every time they shoot it off,
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder. (*chorus*)

6 There was Captain Washington,
Upon a slapping stallion, giving orders to his men.
I guess there were a million. (*chorus*)

7 I can't tell you all I saw, they kept up such a smother,
I took my hat off, made a bow,
And scampered home to mother. (*chorus*)

[116] Putting on the style

1 Young man in a carriage, driving like he's mad,
With a pair of horses he borrowed from his dad.
He cracks his whip so lively just to see his lady smile,
But she knows he's only putting on the style.

Chorus: Putting on the agony, putting on the style,
That's what all the young folks are doing all the while.
And as I look around me, I'm very apt to smile,
To see so many people putting on the style.

2 Sweet sixteen goes to Church just to see the boys;
Laughs and giggles at every little noise.
She turns this way a little, then turns that way a while
But everybody knows she's only putting on the style. (*chorus*)

3 Young man in a restaurant smokes a dirty pipe;
Looking like a pumpkin that's only half-way ripe.
Smoking, drinking, chewing—and thinking all the while
That there is nothing equal to putting on the style. (*chorus*)

4 Young man just from college makes a big display
With a great big jawbreak which he can hardly say;
It can't be found in Webster's and won't be for a while,
But everybody knows he's only putting on the style. (*chorus*)

5 Preacher in the pulpit shouting with all his might,
Glory Hallelujah—put's the people in a fright.
You might think that Satan's coming up & down the aisle,
But it's just the preacher putting on the style. (*chorus*)

6 See the young executive in his charcoal gray,
Talking with some union men who've come to have their say.
Sitting at his office desk & wearing a toothpaste smile,
That's the executive putting on the style. (*chorus*)

[117] Things are seldom what they seem

1 Things are seldom what they seem,
Skim milk masquerades as cream;
Highlows pass as patent leathers;
Jackdaws strut in peacock's feathers.
Very true, so they do.

Black sheep dwell in every fold; all that glitters is not gold;
Storks turn out to be but logs;
Bulls are but inflated frogs. So they be, frequentlee.
Drops the wind & stops the mill; turbot is ambitious brill;
Gild the farthing if you will, yet it is a farthing still.
Yes, I know. That is so.

Tho' to catch your drift I'm striving, it is shady, it is shady;
I don't see at what you're driving, mystic lady mystic lady.
Stern conviction's o'er me stealing,
That the mystic lady's dealing in oracular revealing.
Yes, I know, that is so!

2 Though I'm anything but clever,
I could talk like that for ever:
Once a cat was killed by care,
Only brave deserve the fair. Very true, so they do.

Wink is often good as nod;
Spoils the child who spares the rod;
Thirsty lambs run foxy dangers;
Dogs are found in many mangers.
Frequentlee, I agree. *(next page)*

[117] Things are seldom what they seem (cont.)

Paw of cat the chestnut snatches;
Worn-out garments show new patches;
Only count the chick that hatches;
Men are grown-up catchy-catchies.
Yes, I know, that is so.

Though to catch my drift he's striving,
I'll dissemble, I'll dissemble;
When he sees at what I'm driving,
Let him tremble, let him tremble!

Though a mystic tone I borrow,
He will learn the truth with sorrow;
Here today and gone tomorrow.
Yes, I know, That is so!

[118] Let me call you sweetheart

1 I am dreaming dear of you, day by day,

Dreaming when the skies are blue, when they're gray;
When the silv'ry moonlight gleams, still I wander on in dreams,
In a land of love, it seems, just with you.

Chorus: Let me call you "Sweetheart," I'm in love with you.
Let me hear you whisper that you love me too.
Keep the love-light glowing in your eyes so true.
Let me call you "Sweetheart," I'm in love with you.

2 Longing for you all the while, more and more;

Longing for the sunny smile, I adore;
Birds are singing far and near, roses blooming ev'rywhere,
You, alone, my heart can cheer; You, just you.

[119] Streets Of Laredo

- 1 As I walked out on the streets of Laredo,
As I walked out in Laredo one day,
I spied a young cowboy wrapped in white linen,
Wrapped in white linen as cold as the clay.
- 2 "I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy."
These words he did say as I boldly stepped by.
"Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story.
I was shot in the breast and I know I must die."
- 3 "It was once in the saddle I used to go dashing.
It was once in the saddle I used to go gay.
First to the dram-house and then to the card-house.
Got shot in the breast; I am dying today."
- 4 "Get six jolly cowboys to carry my coffin.
Get six pretty maidens to carry my pall.
Put bunches of roses all over my coffin,
Roses to deaden the clods as they fall."
- 5 "Oh, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly.
Play the dead march as you carry me along.
Take me to the green valley and lay the sod o'er me,
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong."
- 6 "Go fetch me a cup, a cup of cold water,
To cool my parched lips," the cowboy then said;
Before I returned, the spirit had left him
And gone to its maker—the cowboy was dead.
- 7 We beat the drum slowly and played the fife lowly,
And bitterly wept as we bore him along;
For we all loved our comrade, so brave, young, & handsome,
We all loved our comrade although he'd done wrong.

[120] Swing low, sweet chariot

Chorus: Swing low, sweet chariot

Coming for to carry me home,

Swing low, sweet chariot,

Coming for to carry me home.

1 I looked over Jordan, and what did I see

Coming for to carry me home?

A band of angels coming after me,

Coming for to carry me home. (*chorus*) Swing low, etc.

2 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*)

3 The brightest day that I can say,

(Coming for to carry me home)

When Jesus washed my sins away.

(Coming for to carry me home) (*chorus*)

4 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*)

5 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*)

[121] Onward, Christian soldiers

1 Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before.
Christ, the royal Master, leads against the foe;
Forward into battle see His banners go!

Refrain: Onward, Christian soldiers, 'marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before.

2 At the sign of triumph Satan's host doth flee;
On then, Christian soldiers, on to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver at the shout of praise;
Brothers lift your voices, loud your anthems raise. (*refrain*)

3 Like a mighty army moves the church of God;
Brothers, we are treading where the saints have trod.
We are not divided, all one body we,
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity. (*refrain*)

4 What the saints established that I hold for true.
What the saints believèd, that I believe too.
Long as earth endureth, men the faith will hold,
Kingdoms, nations, empires, in destruction rolled. (*refrain*)

5 Crowns & thrones may perish, kingdoms rise & wane,
But the church of Jesus constant will remain.
Gates of hell can never 'gainst that church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise, & that cannot fail. (*refrain*)

6 Onward then, ye people, join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices in the triumph song.
Glory, laud and honor unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages men & angels sing. (*refrain*)

[122] Though dark are our sorrows (The Prince's Day)

1 Though dark are our sorrows, today we'll forget them,
And smile through our tears, like a sunbeam in showers:
There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,
More formed to be grateful and blest than ours.

But just when the chain, has ceased to pain,
And hope has enwreathed it round with flowers,
There comes a new link, Our spirits to sink
Oh! the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles,
Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay;
But, though 'twere the last little spark in our souls,
We must light it up now, on our Prince's Day.

2 Contempt on the minion who calls you disloyal!
Though fierce to your foe, to your friends you are true;
And the tribute most high to a head that is royal,
Is love from a heart that loves liberty too.

While cowards, who blight your fame, your right,
Would shrink from the blaze of the battle array,
The Standard of Green In front would be seen
O, my life on your faith! were you summoned this minute,
You'd cast every bitter remembrance away,
And show what the arm of old Erin has in it,
When roused by the foe, on her Prince's Day.

3 He loves the Green Isle, and his love is recorded
In hearts which have suffered too much to forget;
And hope shall be crowned, and attachment rewarded,
And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet. (*next page*)

[122] Though dark are our sorrows (cont.)

The gem may be broke by many a stroke,
But nothing can cloud its native ray;
Each fragment will cast a light to the last

And thus, Erin, my country, though broken thou art,
There's luster within thee, that ne'er will decay;
A spirit which beams through each suffering part,
And now smiles at all pain on the Prince's Day.

[123] Polly Wolly Doodle

1 Oh I went down South for to see my Sal,
Sing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day,
My Sally am a spunky gal.
Sing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day.

Chorus: Fare thee well, fare thee well,
fare thee well my fairy fay,
For I'm going to Louisiana for to see my Susyanna
Sing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day.

2 Oh my Sal she am a maiden fair, Sing *etc.*
With curly eyes and laughing hair. Sing *etc. (chorus)*

3 Oh a grasshopper sittin' on a railroad track, Sing *etc.*
A-pickin' his teef wid a carpet tack. Sing *etc. (chorus)*

4 Oh I went to bed but it wasn't no use, Sing *etc.*
My feet stuck out for a chicken roost. Sing *etc. (chorus)*

5 Behind de barn, down on my knees, Sing *etc.*
I thought I heard that chicken sneeze. Sing *etc. (chorus)*

6 He sneezed so hard wid de 'hoopin' cough, Sing *etc.*
He sneezed his head an' his tail right off, Sing *etc. (chorus)*

[124] I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair

1 I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair
Borne, like a vapor, on the summer air
I see her tripping where the bright streams play
Happy as the daisies that dance on her way.

Many were the wild notes her merry voice would pour
Many were the blithe birds that warbled them o'er
Oh! I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair
Floating like a vapor, on the soft summer air.

2 I long for Jeanie with the day dawn smile
Radiant in gladness, warm with winning guile
I hear her melodies, like joys gone by
Sighing round my heart o'er the fond hopes that die.

Sighing like the night wind and sobbing like the rain
Wailing for the lost one that comes not again
Oh! I long for Jeanie, and my heart bows low
Never more to find her where the bright waters flow.

3 I sigh for Jeanie, but her light form strayed
Far from the fond hearts round her native glade
Her smiles have vanished and her sweet songs flown
Flitting like the dreams that have cheered us & gone.

Now the nodding wild flow'rs may wither on the shore
While her gentle fingers will cull them no more
Oh! I sigh for Jeanie with the light brown hair
Floating like a vapor, on the soft summer air.

[125] Pack up your troubles

1 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 suppress'd. All the other fellows have to grin
When he gets this off his chest, Hi!

Chorus: Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,
And smile, smile, smile,
While you've a lucifer to light your fag,
Smile, boys, that's the style.

What's the use of worrying? It never was worth while, so
Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,
And smile, smile, smile. (*repeat chorus*)

2 Private Perks went a-marching into Flanders
With his smile his funny smile.
He was lov'd by the privates and commanders
For his smile his funny smile.

When a throng of Bosches came along with a mighty swing,
Perks yell'd out, "This little bunch is mine!
Keep your heads down, boys & sing, Hi! (*chorus twice*)

3 Private Perks he came back from Bosche-shooting
With his smile his funny smile.
Round his home he then set about recruiting
With his smile his funny smile.

He told all his pals, the short, the tall, what a time he'd had;
And as each enlisted like a man
Private Perks said 'Now my lad,' Hi! (*chorus twice*)

[126] Old Dan Tucker

1 Old Dan Tucker was a fine old man,
Washed his face in a fryin' pan,
Combed his head with a wagon wheel,
Died with a toothache in his heel.

Chorus: Get out the way, old Dan Tucker,
You're too late to get your supper.
Supper's over and dinner is cookin',
Old Dan Tucker just standin' there lookin'.

2 Old Dan Tucker is come to town,
Swingin' the ladies round and round,
First to the right, then to the left,
Then to the girl that he loves best. (*chorus*)

3 Old Dan Tucker he got drunk,
Fell in the fire and kicked up a chink,
Red hot coal got in his shoe
And oh my lawd how the ashes flew! (*chorus*)

4 Old Dan Tucker clumb a tree
His Lord and master for to see.
The limb it broke and he had a fall,
Never got to see his Lord at all. (*chorus*)

5 Old Dan Tucker is come to town,
Riding a billy goat, leading a hound,
Hound dog bark and the billy goat jump,
Landed Dan Tucker on top of a stump. (*chorus*)

[127] Nobody knows the trouble I've seen

Refrain: Nobody knows the trouble I've seen.

Nobody knows but Jesus.

Nobody knows the trouble I've seen. Glory Hallelujah!

1 Sometimes I'm up, Sometimes I'm down, Oh yes, Lord.
Sometimes I'm almost to the ground, Oh yes, Lord. (*refrain*)

2 I wish that I could find a way; Oh yes, Lord.
But life is just one long, dark day; Oh yes, Lord. (*refrain*)

3 Though you may see me going 'long so, Oh yes Lord
I have my trials here below, Oh yes, Lord. (*refrain*)

4 One day when I was walkin' along, Oh yes, Lord
The sky opened up and Love come down,
Oh yes, Lord. (*refrain*)

5 I never shall forget that day, Oh yes, Lord,
When Jesus washed my sins away, Oh yes, Lord. (*refrain*)

[128] Old MacDonald had a farm

1. Old MacDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O!
And on this farm he had some chicks, E-I-E-I-O!
With a peep, peep here, And a peep, peep there,
Here a peep, there a peep, Everywhere a peep, peep,
Old MacDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O!

2. ducks – quack. 3. turkeys – gobble. 4. pigs – oink.
5. cows – moo. 6. hens – cluck. 7. cats – meow.
8. dogs – woof. 9. turtles – nerp. 10. sheep – baa.
11. lambs – maa 12. horses neigh 13. mules – heehaw.

[129] Missouri waltz

Hush-a-bye, ma baby, slumbertime is comin' soon;
Rest yo' head upon my breast while Mommy hums a tune;
The sandman is callin' where shadows are fallin',
While the soft breezes sigh as in days long gone by.
Way down in Missouri where I heard this melody,
When I was a little child upon my Mommy's knee;
The old folks were hummin'; their banjos were strummin';
So sweet and low.

Strum, strum, strum, strum, strum,
Seems I hear those banjos playin' once again,
Hum, hum, hum, hum, hum,
That same old plaintive strain.

Piano interlude (8 bars).

Hear that mournful melody,
It just haunts you the whole day long,
And you wander in dreams back to Dixie, it seems,
When you hear that old time song.

Hush-a-bye my baby, go to sleep on Mommy's knee,
Journey back to Dixieland in dreams again with me;
It seems like your Mommy is there once again,
And the old folks were strummin' that same old refrain.

Way down in Missouri where I learned this lullaby,
When the stars were blinkin' & the moon was climbin' high,
Seems I hear voices low, as in days long ago,
Singin' hush-a-bye.

[130] Mary had a little lamb

Mary had a little lamb, Little lamb, little lamb,
Mary had a little lamb, Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went, Mary went, Mary went,
Everywhere that Mary went the lamb was sure to go
It followed her to school one day, school one day, school
one day, it followed her to school one day
Which was against the rule.

It made the children laugh & play, Laugh & play, laugh
& play, it made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school

[131] Now the Day Is Over

- 1 Now the day is over, night is drawing nigh;
Shadows of the evening steal across the sky.
- 2 Now the darkness gathers, stars begin to peep,
Birds and beasts and flowers soon will be asleep.
- 3 Jesus, give the weary calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tend'rest blessing may mine eyelids close.
- 4 Grant to little children visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing on the deep-blue sea.
- 5 Comfort every sufferer watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil from their sin restrain.
- 6 Thru the long night-watches may Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me, watching round my bed.
- 7 When the morning wakens, then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless In Thy holy eyes.
- 8 Glory to the Father, Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit, while all ages run.