

[132] The old oaken bucket

1 How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,
And ev'ry loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide spreading pond and the mill that stood near it,
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.

Chorus: The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

2 That moss covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when return'd from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well. (*chorus*)

3 How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full flowing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well. (*chorus*)

[133] Greensleeves

1 Alas, my love, you do me wrong,
To cast me off discourteously,
For I have loved you well and long,
Delighting in your company.

Chorus: Greensleeves was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but my lady Greensleeves?

2 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. (*chorus*)

3 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. (*chorus*)

4 If you intend thus to disdain,
It does the more enrapture me,
And even so, I still remain
A lover in captivity. (*chorus*)

5 My men were clothed all in green,
And they did ever wait on thee;
All this was gallant to be seen,
And yet thou wouldst not love me. (*chorus*)

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[133] Greensleeves (continued)

- 6** 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. (*chorus*)
- 7** 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. (*chorus*)
- 8** 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. (*chorus*)

[134] Jerusalem

- 1** And did those feet in ancient time walk upon England's
mountains green? And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the Countenance Divine shine forth upon our
clouded hills? And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic Mills?
- 2** Bring me my bow of burning gold! Bring me my
arrows of desire! Bring me my spear! O clouds unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire! I will not cease from
mental fight; nor shall my sword sleep
in my hand till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

[135] The Wearing of the Green

1 O Paddy dear, and did ye hear the news that's goin' round?
The shamrock is by law forbid to grow on Irish ground!
Saint Patrick's Day no more we'll keep, his color can't be seen
For there's a bloody law ag'in the wearin' o' the green."

I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand
And he said, "How's poor old Ireland, & however does she stand?"
"She's the most distressful country now that ever yet was seen,
They're hanging men & women there for wearin' o' the green."

2 "So if the color we must wear be England's cruel red,
Let it remind us of the blood that Irishmen have shed,
And pull the shamrock from your hat, and throw it on the sod,
But never fear, 'twill take root there, though underfoot 'tis trod.

When laws can stop the blades of grass from growin' as they grow
And when the leaves in summer-time their color dare not show
Then I will change the color too I wear in my caubeen
But till that day, please God, I'll stick to wearin' o' the green.

[136] Shall we gather at the river

1 Shall we gather at the river, where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever flowing by the throne of God?

Refrain: Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river, washing up its silver spray,
We will talk & worship ever, all the happy golden day. (*refrain*)

3 Ere we reach the shining river, lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver, & provide a robe & crown. (*refrain*)

[137] Sweet Betsy from Pike

1 Did you ever hear tell of Sweet Betsy from Pike,
Who crossed the wide mountains with her lover Ike,
Two yoke of cattle, a large yeller dog,
A tall Shanghai rooster, and a one-spotted hog?

Chorus: Singing too-ra-li-oo-ra-li-oo-ra-li-ay.
Singing too-ra-li-oo-ra-li-oo-ra-li-ay.

2 The Shanghai ran off an' the oxen all died,
That morning the last piece of bacon was fried,
Poor Ike got discouraged an' Betsy got mad,
An' the dog wagged his tail an' looked wond'rous sad.
(chorus)

3 The wagon broke down with a terrible crash,
And out on the prairie rolled all sorts of trash.
A few little baby-clothes, done up with care,
Looked rather suspicious, but all on the square. (chorus)

4 The Injuns came down in a thundering horde,
And Betsy was scared they would scalp her adored,
So under the wagon-bed Betsy did crawl,
And she fought off the Injuns with musket & ball. (chorus)

5 Out on the prairie one bright starry night,
They broke out the whiskey and Betsy got tight.
She sang and she shouted and danced o'er the plain,
And showed her bare arse to the whole wagon train. (chorus)

6 This Pike County couple got married, of course,
But Ike became jealous, and obtained a divorce.
Betsy, well-satisfied, said with a shout,
"Goodby, you big lummoX, I'm glad you backed out!" (chorus)

[138] When I was a lad

1 (*Sir Joseph*) When I was a lad I served a term
As office boy to an Attorney's firm.

I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor,
And I polished up the handle of the big front door.

(*Sailors*) He polished up the handle of the big front door.

(*Sir Joseph*) I polished up that handle so carefuller
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

(*Sailors*) He polished up that handle so carefuller,
That now he is the ruler of the Queen's Navee!

2 (*Sir Joseph*) As office boy I made such a mark
That they gave me the post of a junior clerk.

I served the writs with a smile so bland,
And I copied all the letters in a big round hand.

(*Sailors*) He copied all the letters in a big round hand.

(*Sir Joseph*) I copied all the letters in a hand so free,
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

(*Sailors*) He copied all the letters in a hand so free,
That now he is the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

3 (*Sir Joseph*) In serving writs I made such a name
That an articed clerk I soon became;

I wore clean collars and a brand-new suit
For the pass examination at the Institute.

(*Sailors*) For the pass examination at the Institute.

(*Sir Joseph*) That pass examination did so well for me,
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

(*Sailors*) That pass examination did so well for he,
That now he is the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

[138] When I was a lad (continued)

4 (*Sir Joseph*) Of legal knowledge I acquired such a grip
That they took me into the partnership.

And that junior partnership, I ween,
Was the only ship that I ever had seen.

(*Sailors*) Was the only ship that he ever had seen.

(*Sir Joseph*) But that kind of ship so suited me,
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's Navee!

(*Sailors*) But that kind of ship so suited he,
That now he is the ruler of the Queen's Navee!

5 (*Sir Joseph*) I grew so rich that I was sent
By a pocket borough into Parliament.

I always voted at my party's call,
And I never thought of thinking for myself at all.

(*Sailors*) He never thought of thinking for himself at all.

(*Sir Joseph*) I thought so little, they rewarded me
By making me the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

(*Sailors*) He thought so little, they rewarded he
By making him the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

6 (*Sir Joseph*) Now landsmen all, whoever you may be,
If you want to rise to the top of the tree,

If your soul isn't fettered to an office stool,
Be careful to be guided by this golden rule.

(*Sailors*) Be careful to be guided by this golden rule.

(*Sir Joseph*) Stick close to your desks & never go to sea,
And you all may be rulers of the Queen's Navee!

(*Sailors*) Stick close to your desks and never go to sea,
And you all may be rulers of the Queen's Navee!

[139] When Johnny comes marching home again

1 When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah! Hurrah!

We'll give him a hearty welcome then, Hurrah! Hurrah!
The men will cheer and the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out and we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

2 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, & we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

3 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.

4 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.

[140] There's a long, long trail

1 Nights are growing very lonely, days are very long;
I'm a-growing weary only list'ning for your song.
Old remembrances are thronging thro' my memory
Till it seems the world is full of dreams
Just to call you back to me.

Chorus: There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing
And a white moon beams.

There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true;
Till the day when I'll be going down
That long, long trail with you. (*repeat chorus*)

2 All night long I hear you calling, calling sweet and low;
Seem to hear your footsteps falling, ev'ry where 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 twice*)

[141] Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing

1 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each Thy love possessing, triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh, refresh us, oh, refresh us, trav'ling thru this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give & adoration for Thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation in our hearts & lives abound:
Ever faithful, ever faithful, to the truth may we be found.

[142] Would God I were the tender apple blossom

- 1** Would God I were the tender apple blossom
That floats and falls from off the twisted bough,
To lie and faint within your silken bosom,
Within your silken bosom as that does now!
Or would I were a little burnish'd apple
For you to pluck me, gliding by so cold,
While sun and shade your robe of lawn will dapple,
Your robe of lawn, and your hair's spun gold.
- 2** Yea, would to God I were among the roses
That lean to kiss you as you float between,
While on the lowest branch a bud uncloses,
A bud, a bud uncloses, to touch you, queen.
Nay, since you will not love, would I were growing,
A happy daisy, in the garden path;
That so your silver foot might press me going,
Might press me going even unto death.

[143] Sing a song of sixpence

- 1** Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye.
Four and twenty blackbirds, baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened, the birds began to sing;
Wasn't that a dainty dish, to set before the king?
- 2** The king was in his counting house,
counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlour, eating bread and honey.
The maid was in the garden, hanging out the clothes,
When down came a blackbird and tickled her fine nose.

[144] Swanee

I've been away from you a long time.

I never thought I'd miss you so.

Somehow I feel your love is real. Near you I long to be.

The birds are singing, it is song time

The banjos strumming soft and low.

I know that you yearn for me too. Swanee, you're calling me.

Swanee, how I love you, how I love you,

My dear old Swanee!

I'd give the world to be among the folks in D-I-X-I-E-ven

now my mammy's waiting for me, praying for me

Down by the Swanee. The folks up north will see me no more

When I go to the Swanee Shore!

Swanee, Swanee, I am coming back to Swanee!

Swanee, Mammy, I love the old folks at home! *(repeat)*

[145] Riddle song

1 I gave my love a cherry that had no stone,
I gave my love a chicken that had no bone,
I told my love a story that had no end,
I gave my love a baby with no cryin'.

2 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 cryin'?

3 A cherry when it's blooming, it has no stone,
A chicken when it's pippin', it has no bone,
The story that I love you, it has no end,
A baby when it's sleeping, it's no cryin'.

[146] It's a long way to Tipperary

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

Chorus: It's a long way to Tipperary, it's a long way to go;
It's a long way to Tipperary, to the sweetest girl I know!
Good-bye, Piccadilly, Farewell Leicester Square;
It's a long, long way to Tipperary, but my heart's right there!
(Repeat chorus)

2 Paddy wrote a letter to his Irish Molly-O,
Saying, "Should you not receive it, write & 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!" (chorus x 2)

[147] I had a little nut tree

1 I had a little nut tree, nothing would it bear
But a silver nutmeg and a golden pear;
The King of Spain's daughter came to visit me,
And all for the sake of my little nut tree.

2 Her dress was made of crimson, jet black was her hair,
She asked me for my nut tree and my golden pear.
I said, "So fair a princess never did I see,
I'll give you all the fruit from my little nut tree."

3 I had a little grandson, nothing would he share,
But his stoopid sister said she didn't care.
He made a hideous face when she came near his lair.
She bopped him on the noggin with my best gold pear.

[148] Old black Joe

1 Gone are the days when my heart was young & gay,
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away,
Gone from the earth to a better land I know,
I hear their gentle voices calling 'Old Black Joe.'

Chorus: I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low:
I hear those gentle voices calling, 'Old Black Joe.'

2 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 a go?
I hear their gentle voices calling 'Old Black Joe.' (*chorus*)

3 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*)

[149] I'm called Little Buttercup

I'm called Little Buttercup, dear Little Buttercup,
Though I could never tell why, but still I'm called Buttercup,
Poor little Buttercup, sweet Little Buttercup I!

I've snuff and tobaccy, and excellent jacky, I've scissors,
and watches, and knives; I've ribbons and laces to
Set off the faces of pretty young sweethearts and wives.

I've treacle and toffee, I've tea and I've coffee, soft tommy
and succulent chops; I've chickens and conies, and
Pretty polonies, and excellent peppermint drops.

Then buy of your Buttercup, dear Little Buttercup;
Sailors should never be shy; so, buy of your Buttercup,
Poor Little Buttercup; come, of your Buttercup buy!

[150] The yellow rose of Texas

1 There's a yellow rose in Texas, that I am going to see,
She loves no other fellow, she loves no one but me.
She cried so when I left her, it like to broke my heart,
And if I ever find her, we nevermore will part.

Chorus: She's the sweetest little rosebud
That Texas ever knew,
Her eyes are bright as diamonds,
They sparkle like the dew;
You may talk about your Dearest May,
And sing of Rosa Lee,
But the yellow rose of Texas
Beats the belles of Tennessee.

2 When the Rio Grande is flowing,
The starry skies are bright,
She walks along the river in the quiet summer night:
I know that she remembers, when we parted long ago,
I promised to come back again,
Because I loved her so. (*chorus*)

3 Oh! now I'm going to find her,
For my heart is full of woe,
And we'll sing the songs together,
That we sung so long ago
We'll play the banjo gaily,
And we'll sing the songs of yore,
And the yellow rose of Texas
Shall be mine forevermore. (*chorus*)

[151] Funiculì, funiculà

- 1** Some think the world is made for fun and frolic,
And so do I! And so do I!
Some think it well to be all melancholic,
To pine and sigh; to pine and sigh;
But I, I love to spend my time in singing,
Some joyous song, some joyous song.
To set the air with music bravely ringing
Is far from wrong! Is far from wrong!
Harken, harken, music sounds a-far!
Harken, harken, have a happy heart!
Funiculì, funiculà, funiculì, funiculà!
Joy is everywhere, funiculì, funiculà!
- 2** Ah me! 'tis strange that some should take to sighing,
And like it well! And like it well!
For me, I have not thought it worth the trying,
So cannot tell! So cannot tell!
With laugh, with dance and song the day soon passes,
Full soon is gone, full soon is gone,
For mirth was made for joyous lads and lasses
To call their own! To call their own!
Listen, listen, hear the soft guitar!
Listen, listen, hear the soft guitar!
Funiculì, funiculà, funiculì, funiculà!
Hark the soft guitar, funiculì, funiculà!

[152] Stars and stripes forever

- 1** Let martial note in triumph float
And liberty extend its mighty hand.
A flag appears 'mid thunderous cheers,
The banner of the Western land.
The emblem of the brave and true
Its folds protect no tyrant crew;
The red and white and starry blue
Is freedom's shield and hope.
- 2** Other nations may deem their flags the best
And cheer them with fervid elation,
But the flag of the North and South and West
Is the flag of flags, the flag of Freedom's nation. *(repeat)*
- 3** Hurrah for the flag of the free!
May it wave as our standard forever,
The gem of the land and the sea, the banner of the right.
Let despots remember the day
When our fathers with mighty endeavor
Proclaimed as they marched to the fray
That by their might and by their right it waves forever.
- 1'** Let eagle shriek from lofty peak
The never-ending watchword of our land;
Let summer breeze waft through the trees
The echo of the chorus grand. Sing out for liberty & light,
Sing out for freedom and the right.
Sing out for Union and its might, O patriotic sons.

(repeat third stanza)