

[43] My Old Kentucky Home

1 The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the people are gay;
The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day;
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy, and bright:
By'n by hard times comes a-knocking at the door,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

Chorus: Weep no more, my lady, O weep no more today!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home far away.

2 They hunt no more for the 'possum and the coon
On meadow, the hill, and the shore,
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door.
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight;
The time has come when the people have to part,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night! (*chorus*)

[44] When you wore a tulip

When you wore a tulip, a sweet yellow tulip,
And I wore a big red rose,
When you caressed me, 'twas then Heaven blessed me,
What a blessing, no one knows.
You made life cheery, when you called me dearie,
'Twas down where the blue grass grows.
Your lips were sweeter than julep,
When you wore that tulip, and I wore a big red rose.

[45] Take me out to the Ball Game

1 Katie Casey was baseball mad, had the fever & had it bad.
Just to root for the home town crew, ev'ry sou 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: Take me out to the ball game,
Take me out with the crowd;

Buy me some [peanuts](#) and [Cracker Jack](#),
I don't care if I never get back.

Let me root, root, root for the home team,
If they don't win, it's a shame.

For it's one, 2, 3 strikes, you're out, at the old ball game.

2 Katie Casey saw all the games,

Knew the players by their first names.

Told the [umpire](#) he was wrong, all along, good and strong.

When the score was just two to two,

Katie Casey knew what to do.

So just to cheer up the boys she knew,

She made the gang sing this song: (*chorus*)

[46] Drink to me only with thine eyes

1 Drink to me only with thine eyes, & I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup and I'll not ask for wine.

The thirst that from the soul doth rise doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip, I would not change for thine.

2 I sent thee late a rosy wreath, not so much honoring thee
As giving it a hope that there it could not withered be;

But thou thereon didst only breathe & sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, & smells, I swear, not of itself but thee!

[47] Oh, my darling Clementine

1 In a cavern, in a canyon, excavating for a mine,
Dwelt a miner forty-niner, and his daughter Clementine.

Chorus: Oh my darling, Oh my darling,
Oh my darling Clementine,

You are lost and gone forever, dreadful sorry Clementine.

2 Drove she ducklings to the water, every morning just at 9;
Hit her foot against a splinter, fell into the foaming brine.

(Chorus) Oh my darling, Oh my darling, etc.

3 Ruby lips above the water, blowing bubbles, soft & fine;
But alas I was no swimmer, so I lost my Clementine. *(chorus)*

4 How I missed her, how I missed her,
How I missed my Clementine.

So I kissed her little sister, & forgot my Clementine. *(chorus)*

5 Now you Boy Scouts, there's a moral
To this little tale of mine. Artificial respiration
Would have saved my Clementine. *(chorus)*

[48] Comin' thro' the rye

1 Gin a body meet a body comin' thro' the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body, need a body cry.

Chorus: Every lassie has her laddie, none they say have I,
Yet all the lads they smile at me when comin' thro' the rye.

2 Gin a body meet a body comin' from the town,
Gin a body greet a body, need a body frown? *(chorus)*

3 Gin a body meet a body comin' thro' the glen,
Gin a body kiss a body, need the whole worl' ken? *(chorus)*

4 In the train there is a swain I dearly love mysel'. Where's
his home & what's his name I dinna care to tell. *(chorus)*

[49] Home on the Range

1 Oh give me a home where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Chorus: Home, home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

2 Oh give me a land where the bright diamond sand,
Flows leisurely down in the stream;
Where the graceful white swan goes gliding along,
Like a maid in a heavenly dream. (*chorus*)

3 Where the air is so pure, and 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*)

4 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*)

[50] We are coming, Father Abraam (start)

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, 300,000 more. (*next page*)

[50] We are coming, Father Abraam (continued)

Chorus: We are coming, coming our union to restore,
We are coming, Father Abraam, with 300,000 more.

2 If you look across the hilltops that meet the northern sky.

Long moving lines of rising dust your vision may descry;
And now the wind an instant, tears the cloudy veil aside,
And floats aloft our spangled flag in glory and in pride;
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam,

and bands brave music pour,

We are coming, Father Abraam, 300,000 more. (*chorus*)

3 If you look all up our valleys,

where the growing harvests shine,

You may see our sturdy farmer boys fast forming into line;

And children from their mothers knees

are pulling at the weeds,

And learning how to reap and sow,

against their country's needs;

And a farewell group stands weeping

at every cottage door,

We are coming, Father Abraam, 300,000 more. (*chorus*)

4 You have called us and we're coming,

by Richmond's bloody tide,

To lay us down for Freedom's sake,

our brother's bones beside;

Or from foul treason's savage group

to wrench the murd'rous blade,

And in the face of foreign foes its fragments to parade;

600,000 loyal men and true have gone before,

We are coming Father Abraam, 300,000 more. (*chorus*)

[51] Marine's Hymn

1 From the Halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli,
We fight our country's battles in the air, on land, and sea;
First to fight for right & freedom & to keep our honor clean;
We are proud to claim the title of United States Marine.

2 Our flag's unfurled to every breeze from dawn to
setting sun; We have fought in every clime and place
Where we could take a gun.

In the snow of far-off northern lands & in sunny tropic scenes;
You will find us always on the job, the United States Marines.

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

(by Tom Lehrer)

Along the trail you'll find me lopin'
Where the spaces are wide open, in the land of the old A.E.C.
Where the scenery's attractive and the air is radioactive,
Oh, the wild west is where I want to be.

'Mid the sagebrush & the cactus, I'll watch the fellers practice
Droppin' bombs through the clean desert breeze.

I'll have on my sombrero, and of course I'll wear a pair o'
Levis over my lead B.V.D.'s.

I will leave the city's rush, leave the fancy and the plush,
Leave the snow and leave the slush and the crowds.

I will seek the desert's hush, where the scenery is lush,
How I long to see the mushroom clouds.

'Mid the yuccas & the thistles I'll watch the guided missiles,
While the old F.B.I. watches me.

Yes, I'll soon make my appearance (soon as I can get my
clearance), 'cause the wild west is where I want to be.

[53] Abide with me

- 1** Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.
- 2** 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.
- 3** 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.
- 4** 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.
- 5** Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, & earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

[54] When Irish eyes are smiling

When Irish eyes are smiling, sure it's like a morn in spring.
In the lilt of Irish laughter, you can hear the angels sing.
When Irish hearts are happy,
All the world seems bright and gay,
And when Irish eyes are smiling,
Sure they'll steal your heart away.

[55] Arkansas Traveler

1 Oh once upon a time in Arkansas,
An old man sat in his little cabin door,
And fiddled at a tune that he liked to hear,
A jolly old tune that he played by ear.

It was raining hard but the fiddler didn't care,
He sawed away at the popular air,
Though his roof tree leaked like a water fall,
That didn't seem to bother that man at all

2 A traveler was riding by that day,
And stopped to hear him a-practicing away.
The cabin was afloat and his feet were wet,
But still the old man didn't seem to fret.

So the stranger said: "Now the way it seems to me,
You'd better mend your roof," said he.

But the old man said, as he played away:
"I couldn't mend it now, it's a rainy day."

3 The traveler replied: "That's all quite true,
But this, I think, is the thing for you to do;
Get busy on a day that is fair and bright,
Then pitch the old roof till it's good and tight."

But the old man kept on a-playing at his reel,
And tapped the ground with his leathery heel:
"Get along," said he, "for you give me a pain;
My cabin never leaks when it doesn't rain."

[56] Aura Lee

1 As the blackbird in the spring, 'neath the willow tree,
Sat and piped, I heard him sing; sing of Aura Lee.
Aura Lee, Aura Lee, maid with golden hair,
Sunshine came along with thee, and swallows in the air.

2 In thy blush the rose was born, music when you spake.
Thru thine azure eye, the morn, sparkling seemed to break.
Aura Lee, Aura Lee, birds of crimson wing,
Never song have sung to me as in that night, sweet spring.

3 Aura Lee, the bird may flee the willow's golden hair,
Swing through winter fitfully, on the stormy air.
Yet if thy blue eyes I see, gloom will soon depart.
For to me, sweet Aura Lee is sunshine through the heart.

[57] The band played on (start)

1 Matt Casey formed a social club
That beat the town for style,
And hire-d 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 line
Behind the man who was their joy & pride. For . . .

(next page)

[57] The band played on (continued)

Chorus: Casey would waltz with a strawberry blonde,
And the band played on.

He'd glide cross the floor with the girl he adored,
And the band played on.

But his brain was so loaded it nearly exploded,
The poor girl would shake with alarm.

He'd ne'er leave the girl with the strawberry curls,
And the band played on.

2 Such kissing in the corner & such whisp'ring in the hall,
And telling tales of love behind the stairs.

As Casey was the favorite and he that ran the ball,
Of kissing and lovemaking did his share,

At twelve o'clock exactly they all would fall in line,
Then march down to the dining hall to eat.

But Casey would not join them altho' everything was fine,
But he stayed upstairs & exercised his feet. For ... (*chorus*)

3 Now when the dance was over

and the band played home sweet home,

They played a tune at Casey's own request.

He thank'd them very kindly for the favors they had shown,
Then he'd waltz once with the girl that he loved best.

Most all the friends are married
that Casey used to know,

And Casey too has taken him a wife.

The blond he used to waltz and glide with
on the ball room floor,

Is happy missis Casey now for life. For . . . (*chorus*)

[58] Battle Hymn of the Republic

1 Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where
the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

Chorus: Glory, glory, hallelujah! (*3 times*)
His truth is marching on.

2 I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps,
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews & damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim & flaring lamps:
His day is marching on. (*chorus*)

3 I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on. (*chorus*)

4 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat:
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! Be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on. (*chorus*)

5 In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me.
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on. (*chorus*)

6 He is coming like the glory of the morning on the wave,
He is Wisdom to the mighty, He is Succour to the brave,
So the world shall be His footstool, & the soul of Time His slave,
Our God is marching on. (*chorus*)

[59] Skye boat song

Chorus: Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,
Onward! the sailors cry;
Carry the lad that's born to be King over the sea to Skye.

- 1 Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,
Thunderclouds rend the air;
Baffled, our foes stand by the shore,
Follow they will not dare. (*chorus*)
- 2 Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep,
Ocean's a royal bed.
Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep
Watch by your weary head. (*chorus*)
- 3 Many's the lad fought on that day,
Well the Claymore could wield,
When the night came, silently lay
Dead in Culloden's field. (*chorus*)
- 4 Burned are their homes, exile and death
Scatter the loyal men;
Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath
Charlie will come again. (*chorus*)

[60] Sometimes I feel like a motherless child

- 1 Sometimes I feel like a motherless child (*3 times*)
A long ways from home (*twice*).
- 2 Sometimes I feel like I'm almost gone (*3 times*)
A long ways from home (*twice*).
- 3 Sometimes I feel like a feather in the air (*3 times*)
A long ways from home (*twice*).
- 4 Sometimes I feel like my life's not worth while (*3 times*)
A long ways from home (*twice*).

[61] The bear went over the mountain

- 1** Oh the bear went over the mountain,
The bear went over the mountain,
The bear went over the mountain,
To see what he could see.
And all that he could see, and all that he could see,
Was the other side of the mountain.
The other side of the mountain,
The other side of the mountain, was all that he could see.
- 2** Then the bear went over the river, *etc.*
To see what he could see.
And all that he could see, and all that he could see,
Was the other side of the river.
The other side of the river, the other side of the river,
Was all that he could see.
- 3** Then the bear crossed over the beltway, *etc.*
To see what he could see.
And what do you think he saw? And what *etc.*
He saw bombastic government buildings,
Just baffling, boggling buildings,
Just Brobdignagian buildings, and that is all he saw.
- 4** But then everyone there was frightened, *etc.*
To see the big bad bear,
To see the big bad bear, to see the big bad bear,
So our President euthanized him,
The President euthanized him,
The President euthanized him, & that's enough of that.

[62] Believe me, if all those endearing young charms

1 Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly today,
Were to change by tomorrow and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

2 It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear.
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close:
As the sunflower turns on her god when he sets
The same look which she turned when he rose.

[63] Bicycle built for two

1 Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer do.
I'm half crazy all for the love of you.
It won't be a stylish marriage, I can't afford a carriage,
But you'll look sweet upon the seat of a bicycle built for 2.

2 Michael, Michael, this is my answer true.
I'm not crazy all for the love of you.
If you can't afford a carriage,
then there will be no marriage,
for I'll be damned if I'll be crammed
on a bicycle built for two.

[64] Billy Boy

- 1 Oh, where have you been, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Oh, where have you been, charming Billy?
I have been to seek a wife, she's the joy of my life,
She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.
- 2 Did she ask you to come in, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Did she ask you to *etc.*? Yes, she asked me to come in,
There's a dimple in her chin, she's a young thing *etc.*
- 3 Can she make a cherry pie, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Can she make a cherry *etc.*? She can make a cherry pie,
Quick's a cat can wink an eye, she's a young thing *etc.*
- 4 How old is she now, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
How old is *etc.*? Three times six and four times seven,
Twenty-eight and eleven, she's a young thing *etc.*

[65] Go tell Aunt Rhody

- 1 Go tell Aunt Rhody (*3 times*)
That the old gray goose is dead.
- 2 The one she's been saving (*3 times*)
To make a feather bed.
- 3 The old gander's weeping (*3 times*)
Because his wife is dead.
- 4 And the goslings are mourning (*3 times*)
Because their mother's dead.
- 5 She died in the mill-pond (*3 times*)
From standing on her head. (*Repeat first stanza.*)

[66] All through the night

- 1 Sleep my child & peace attend thee, all through the night,
Guardian angels God will send thee, all through the night,
Soft the drowsy hours are creeping,
Hill and vale in slumber steeping,
I my loving vigil keeping, all through the night.
- 2 While the moon her watch is keeping, all thru 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.

[67] America

- 1 My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died! Land of the Pilgrim's pride!
From every mountain side, let freedom ring!
- 2 My native country, thee, land of the noble free,
Thy name I love.
I love thy rocks and rills, thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture fills like that above.
- 3 Let music swell the breeze, and ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song.
Let mortal tongues awake; let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break, the sound prolong.
- 4 Our father's God to Thee, Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing.
Long may our land be bright with freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!