

[93] Oh! Susanna

1 I come from Alabama wid my banjo on my knee,
I'm g'wan to Lousiana, my true love for to see,
It rain'd all night the day I left, the weather it was dry,
The sun so hot I froze to death, Susanna, don't you cry.

Chorus: Oh! Susanna, don't you cry for me,
I come from Alabama wid my banjo on my knee.

2 I jumped aboard de telegraph,
And trabeled down de ribber,
De 'lectric fluid magnified, & killed five hundred feller;
De bullgine bust, de horse run off,
I really thought I'd die;
I shut my eyes to hold my breath,
Susanna, don't you cry. (*chorus*)

3 I had a dream de udder night,
When ebery ting was still;
I thought I saw Susanna, a coming down de hill.
De buckwheat cake was in her mouth,
De tear was in her eye,
Says I'm coming from de South,
Susanna, don't you cry. (*chorus*)

4 Oh! When I gets to New Orleans,
I'll look all round and round,
And when I find Susanna I'll fall upon the ground;
But if I do not find her, dis darkey'l surely die,
And when I'm dead and buried,
Susanna, don't you cry. (*chorus*)

[94] The foggy, foggy dew

- 1** When I was a bachelor, I lived all alone
and worked at the weaver's trade,
And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong
Was to woo a fair young maid.
I wooed her in the wintertime and in the summer too,
And the only, only thing that I did that was wrong
Was to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.
- 2** She came to my bedside one night all alone
When I lay fast asleep.
She sighed, she cried, she damn near died,
She said, "What shall I do?"
So I laid her head upon my bed & she began to weep.
So I hauled her into bed and I covered up her head
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.
- 3** Again I am a bachelor, I live with my son
and we work at the weaver's trade.
And every single time that I look into his eyes
He reminds me of the fair young maid.
He reminds me in the wintertime & in the summer too,
Of the many, many times that I held her in my arms
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy, dew.

[95] Down by the old mill stream

1 My darling I am dreaming of the days gone by,
When you & I were sweethearts beneath the summer sky;
Your hair has turned to silver, the gold has faded too;
But still I will remember, where I first met you.

Chorus: Down by the old mill stream where I first met you,
With your eyes of blue, dressed in gingham too,
It was there I knew that you loved me true,
You were 16, my village queen, by the old mill stream.
(repeat chorus)

2 The old mill wheel is silent and has fallen down,
The old oak tree has withered & lies there on the ground;
While you & I are sweethearts the same as days of yore;
Altho we've been together, 40 years & more. *(chorus 2x)*

[96] Fair are the meadows

1 Fair are the meadows, fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

2 Fair is the sunshine, fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling starry host;
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer
Than all the angels heav'n can boast.

3 Fairest Lord Jesus, Ruler of all nature,
O Thou of God and man the Son,
Thee will I cherish, Thee will I honor,
Thou, my soul's glory, joy and crown.

[97] My Bonnie lies over the ocean

1 My Bonnie lies over the ocean, my Bonnie lies over the sea, my 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!

2 Last night as I lay on my pillow, last night as I lay on my bed, last night as I lay on my pillow, I dreamt that my Bonnie was dead. (*chorus*)

3 Oh blow the winds over the ocean, & blow the winds over the sea, oh blow the winds over the ocean, And bring back my Bonnie to me. (*chorus*)

4 The winds have blown over the ocean,
The winds have blown over the sea,
The winds have blown over the ocean,
And brought back my Bonnie to me. (*chorus*)

[98] Anchors aweigh

1 Stand, Navy, out to sea, fight our battle cry;
We'll never change our course, so vicious foe steer shy-y-y-y.
Roll out the TNT, anchors aweigh. Sail on to victory
And sink their bones to Davy Jones, hooray!

2 Anchors aweigh, my boys, anchors aweigh.
Farewell to college joys, we sail at break of day-ay-ay-ay.
Through our last night on shore, drink to the foam,
Until we meet once more.

Here's wishing you a happy voyage home.

[99] Darktown strutters' ball

1 I've got some good news, Honey,
An invitation to the Darktown Ball,
It's a very swell affair, all the "high-browns" will be there.
I'll wear my high silk hat and a frock tail coat,
You wear your Paris Gown and your new silk shawl,
There ain't no doubt about it babe,
We'll be the best dressed in the hall.

Chorus: I'll be down to get you in a taxi honey,
You better be ready 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 "Jelly Roll Blues"
Tomorrow night, at the Darktown Strutters' Ball.

Repeat Chorus

2 We'll meet our high-toned neighbors,
An exhibition of the "Baby Dolls",
& each one will do their best, just to outclass all the rest,
And there'll be dancers from ev'ry foreign land,
The classic, buck and wing, and the wooden clog:
We'll win that fifty dollar prize,
When we step out and "Walk the Dog."

Chorus

Repeat chorus

[100] Cockles and mussels

1 In Dublin's fair city, where girls are so pretty,
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,
As she wheeled her wheel-barrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "cockles and mussels alive, alive, oh!"

Chorus: "Alive, alive, oh, alive, alive, oh,"
Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

2 She was a fishmonger, but sure 'twas no wonder,
For so were her father and mother before,
And they each wheeled their barrows,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles & mussels, alive, alive, oh!" (*chorus*)

3 She died of a fever, and none could relieve her,
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.
But her ghost wheels her barrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles & mussels, alive, alive, oh!" (*chorusx2*)

[101] The farmer in the dell

1 The farmer in the dell, the farmer in the dell,
Hi-ho, the derry-o, the farmer in the dell.

2 The farmer takes a wife (*x2*), hi-ho, the derry-o, *etc.*

3 The wife takes a child *etc.* **4** The child takes a nurse *etc.*

5 The nurse takes a cow *etc.* **6** The cow takes a dog *etc.*

7 The dog takes a cat *etc.* **8** The cat takes a rat *etc.*

9 The rat takes the cheese *etc.* **10** The cheese stands alone *etc.*

[102] Dixie

1 Oh, I wish I was in the land of cotton,
Old times there are not forgotten.
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
In Dixie land where I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

Chorus: Oh, I wish I was in Dixie, hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie land I'll take my stand to live and die in Dixie.
Away, away, away down south in Dixie,
Away, away, away down south in Dixie.

2 Old Missus marry Will, the weaver.
William was a gay deceiver.
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
But when he put his arm around her,
He smiled as fierce as a forty pounder.
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land. (*chorus*)

3 His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaver,
But that did not seem to grieve her.
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
Old Missus acted the foolish part
And died for a man that broke her heart.
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land. (*chorus*)

4 Now here's a health to the next old Missus
And all the gals that want to kiss us.
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
But if you want to drive away sorrow,
Come and hear this song tomorrow.
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land. (*chorus*)

[103] Flow gently, sweet Afton

- 1** Flow gently, sweet Afton! Among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.
- 2** Thou stockdove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering Fair.
- 3** How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.
- 4** How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where, wild in the woodlands, the primroses blow;
There oft, as mild Ev'ning weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birch shades my Mary and me.
- 5** Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As, gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy clear wave.
- 6** Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

[104] Evening Prayer from "Hänsel & Gretel"

- 1** When at night I go to sleep, 14 angels watch do keep.
Two my head are tending, two my feet defending,
Two are on my right hand, two are on my left hand,
Two me cover sleeping, two protect me waking,
Two more guide my final steps to paradise in heaven.
- 2** Sleeping softly, then it seems,
Heaven enters in my dreams;
Angels hover round me, whisp'ring they have found me;
Two are sweetly singing, two are garlands bringing,
Strewing me with roses, as my soul reposes.
God will not forsake me when dawn at last will wake me.

Abendsegen

Abends, will ich schlafen gehn, 14 Engel um mich stehn:
Zwei zu meinen Häupten, zwei zu meinen Füßen,
Zwei zu meiner Rechten, zwei zu meiner Linken,
Zweie, die mich decken, zweie, die mich wecken,
Zweie, die mich weisen, zu Himmels-Paradeisen.

[105] She'll be coming 'round the mountain

- 1** She'll be coming 'round the mountain when she comes,
when she comes, she'll be coming 'round the mountain, *etc.*
She'll be coming 'round the mountain, she'll be coming
'round the mountain, she'll be coming 'round *etc.*
- 2** She'll be ridin' six white horses, *etc.*
- 3** Oh we'll all come out to meet her, *etc.*
- 4** She'll be wearing pink pajamas, *etc.*
- 5** We will kill the old red rooster, *etc.*
- 6** We'll be shoutin' "Halleluja," *etc.*

[106] The Major-General's song

1 I am the very model of a modern Major-General,
I've information vegetable, animal, and 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,
About 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.

2 I know our mythic history, King Arthur's & Sir Caradoc's,
I answer hard acrostics, I've a pretty taste for paradox,
I quote in elegiacs all the crimes of Heliogabalus,
In conics I can floor peculiarities parabolous.

I can tell undoubted Raphaels from
Gerard Dows & Zoffanies,

I know the croaking chorus from the
Frogs of Aristophanes,

Then I can hum a fugue of which I've
heard the music's din afore,

& whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense Pinafore.

Then I can write a washing bill in Balylonic cuneiform,
And tell you every detail of Caractacus's uniform;

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

[106] The Major-General's song (added stanza)

3 Tom Lehrer is the model of a modern major scientist,
He can recite the elements from argon to zirconium.
There's antimony, arsenic, aluminum, selenium,
And hydrogen and oxygen and nitrogen and rhenium,
And nickel, neodymium, neptunium, germanium,
And iron, americium, ruthenium, uranium,
And tantalum, technetium, titanium, tellurium,
And cadmium and calcium and chromium and curium.
He listed every one of which the
 news had come to Ha-a-ward,
But there are many others that
 since then have been disca-a-ward,
Including bohrium, copernicum, and livermorium,
and that is what is meant by elementary addi-i-tion!

[107] The Irish ballad (words and music by Tom Lehrer)

1 About a maid I'll sing a song, sing rickety-tickety-tin.
About a maid I'll sing a song
Who didn't have her family long.
Not only did she do them wrong,
She did ev'ryone of them in, them in,
She did ev'ryone of them in.

2 One morning in a fit of pique, sing rickety-tickety-tin.
One morning in a fit of pique,
She drowned her father in the creek.
The water tasted bad for a week,
And we had to make do with gin, with gin,
We had to make do with gin. (*next page*)

[107] The Irish ballad (continued)

- 3** Her mother she could never stand, sing rickety *etc.*
Her mother she could never stand,
And so a cyanide soup she planned.
The mother died with a spoon in her hand,
And her face in a hideous grin, a grin, *etc.*
- 4** She set her sister's hair on fire, sing rickety-tickety-tin.
She set her sister's hair on fire,
And as the smoke and flame rose high'r,
Danced around the funeral pyre, playing a violin, -olin, *etc.*
- 5** She weighted her brother down with stones, sing *etc.*
She weighted her brother down with stones,
And sent him off to Davy Jones.
All they ever found were some bones,
And occasional pieces of skin, of skin, *etc.*
- 6** One day when she had nothing to do, sing rickety *etc.*
One day when she had nothing to do,
She cut her baby brother in two,
And served him up as an Irish stew,
And invited the neighbors in, -bors in, *etc.*
- 7** And when at last the police came by, sing rickety *etc.*
And when at last the police came by,
Her little pranks she did not deny,
To do so she would have had to lie,
And lying, she knew, was a sin, a sin, *etc.*
- 8** My tragic tale, I won't prolong, sing rickety-tickety-tin.
My tragic tale I 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 begin, begin, *etc.*

[108] Santa Lucia

1 Upon this silver bay, lit by a golden ray,
The wind doth favor me, the waves run gently.
Upon this silver bay, lit by a golden ray,
The wind doth favor me, the waves run gently.

Deft craft, oh carry me over the shining sea.

Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!

Deft craft, oh carry me over the shining sea.

Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!

2 Sailing's my spirit's balm, the kindly sea is calm,
Serene the evening, all is enchanting.

Sailing's my spirit's balm, the kindly sea is calm,
Serene the evening, all is enchanting.

The sky is crystal clear, sailors have naught to fear.

Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!

The sky is crystal clear, sailors have naught to fear.

Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!

3 Oh lovely Napoli where I so love to be,
My dearest love is there, sweet as the night air.

(repeat 2 lines)

Realm of all rhapsody, kingdom of harmony,

Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia! *(repeat 2 lines)*

4 An hour let's linger more upon this wondrous shore,
Enjoy the gentle night, soft breeze & moonlight.

(repeat 2 lines)

Deft craft, oh carry me over the shining sea.

Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia! *(repeat 2 lines)*

[109] The old gray mare

1 Oh, the old gray mare, she ain't what she used to be,
Ain't what she used to be, ain't what she used to be,
The old gray mare, she ain't what she used to be,
Many long years ago.

Many long years ago, many long years ago,
Oh, the old gray mare, she ain't what she used to be,
Many long years ago.

2 Oh, the old gray mare, she kicked on the whiffletree,
Kicked on the whiffletree, kicked on the whiffletree,
The old gray mare, she kicked on the whiffletree,
Many long years ago.

Many long years ago, many long years ago,
Oh, the old gray mare, she kicked on the whiffletree,
Many long years ago.

[110] Red River valley

1 From this valley they say you are going.
We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile,
For they say you are taking the sunshine
That has brightened our pathway a while.

2 Won't you think of the valley you're leaving?
Oh, how lonely and sad it will be,
Just think of the fond heart you're breaking,
And the grief you are causing to me.

3 So come sit by my side if you love me.
Do not hasten to bid me adieu.
Just remember the Red River Valley,
And the cowboy that has loved you so true.

[111] Waltzing Matilda

1 Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong
Under the shade of a coolibah tree,
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled:
'Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me?'

Chorus: Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me;
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled:
'You'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me.'

2 Down came a jumbuck to drink at that billabong.
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee.
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tucker bag:
'You'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me.'

Chorus: Waltzing Matilda etc. You'll come a-waltzing etc.
And he sang as he shoved etc. 'You'll come a-waltzing etc.'

3 Up rode the squatter, mounted on his thoroughbred.
Down came the troopers, one, two, and three.
They asked, 'Whose jolly jumbuck you got in your tucker bag?'
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me.

Chorus: Waltzing Matilda etc. You'll come a-waltzing etc.
They asked, 'Whose jolly etc. You'll come a-waltzing etc.'

4 Up jumped the swagman and sprang into the billabong.
'You'll never take me alive!' said he,
And his ghost may be heard when passing by that billabong:
'Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me?'

Chorus: Waltzing Matilda etc. You'll come a-waltzing etc.
And his ghost may be heard etc. You'll come a-waltzing etc.

[112] Semper Paratus

From Aztec Shore to Arctic Zone to Europe & Far East,
The Flag is carried by our ships, in times of war & peace.
And never have we struck it yet in spite of foe-men's
might, Who cheered our crews and cheered again,
For showing how to fight.

Chorus: We're always ready for the call,
We place our trust in Thee.

Through surf and storm and howling gale,
High shall our purpose be.

"Semper Paratus" is our guide, our fame, our glory, too.
To fight to save or fight and die,

Aye! Coast Guard we are for you! (*repeat chorus*)

[113] Turn back, O man

- 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!"