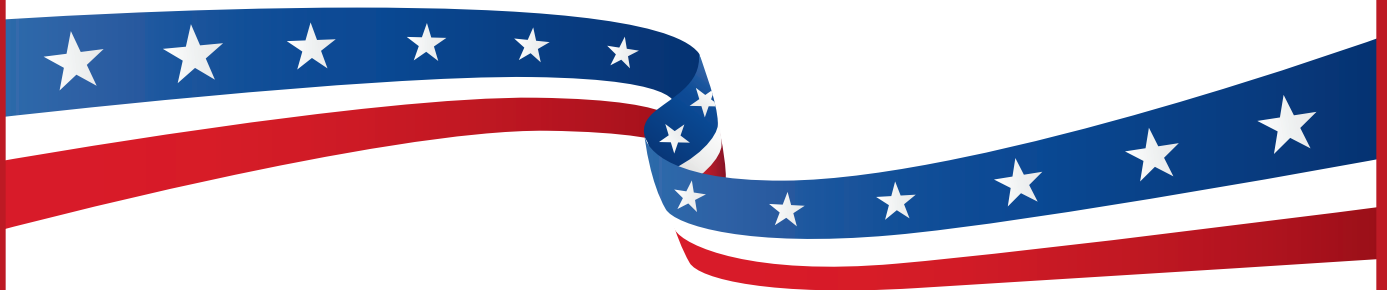


SING
WITH
INTENT!
Traditional American Songs



PARKINSON VOICE PROJECT

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PATRIOTIC & MILITARY

AMERICA

My country **'tis** of thee,

Sweet land of **lib**-erty

Of thee I **sing**.

Land where my **fa**-thers died,

Land of the **Pil**-grim's pride.

From every **moun**-tain side,

Let freedom **ring**!

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 **si**-lence break,

The sound pro-**long**.

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

O beau-tiful for spa-cious skies,

For am-ber waves of grain.

For pur-ple mountain maj-esties,

A-bove the fruit-ed plain.

A-mer-ica, A-mer-ica,

God shed his grace on thee.

And crown thy good, with broth-erhood,

From sea to shining sea.

O beau-tiful for he-roes proved

In lib-erating strife.

Who more than self their coun-try loved,

And mer-cy more than life.

A-mer-ica, A-mer-ica,

God mend thine every flaw.

Con-firm thy soul in self control,

Thy lib-erty in law.

ANCHORS AWEIGH

An-chors a-weigh my boys,

An-chors a-weigh!

Fare-well to col-lege joys

We sail at break of day, day, day, day!

Through our last night a-shore,

Hail to the foam!

Un-til we meet once more,

Here's wish-ing you a hap-py voyage home!

The songs for the **U.S. AIR FORCE** and **U.S. COAST GUARD** are **NOT INCLUDED** because they are **NOT PUBLIC DOMAIN**.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glo-ry
Of the com-ing of the Lord;
He is tram-pling out the vin-tage
Where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful light-ning
Of His ter-rible swift sword;
His truth is march-ing on.

Glo-ry! Glo-ry! Halle-lu-jah!

Glo-ry! Glo-ry! Halle-lu-jah!

Glo-ry! Glo-ry! Halle-lu-jah!

His truth is march-ing on.

I have seen Him in the watch fires of a
Hun-dred circling camps
They have build-ed Him an al-tar in the
Eve-ning dews and damps;

(BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC – Continued)

I can **read** His righteous **sen**-tence by the
Dim and flar-ing **lamps**;
His **day** is **march**-ing **on**.

Glo-ry! **Glo**-ry! Halle-**lu**-jah!

Glo-ry! **Glo**-ry! Halle-**lu**-jah!

Glo-ry! **Glo**-ry! Halle-**lu**-jah!

His **truth** is **march**-ing **on**.

He has **sound**-ed forth the **trum**-pet

That shall **nev**-er call re-**treat**;

He is **sift**-ing out the **hearts** of men

Be-**fore** His judg-ment **seat**;

Be **swift**, my soul, to **an**-swer Him!

Be **ju**-bilant, my **feet**;

Our **God** is **march**-ing **on**.

(BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC – Continued)

Glo-ry! **Glo**-ry! Halle-**lu**-jah!

Glo-ry! **Glo**-ry! Halle-**lu**-jah!

Glo-ry! **Glo**-ry! Halle-**lu**-jah!

His **truth** is **march**-ing **on**.

In the **beau**-ty of the **lil**-ies

Christ was **born** a-cross the **sea**,

With a **glo**-ry in His **bos**-om that

Trans-**fig**-ures you and **me**:

As He **died** to make men **ho**-ly,

Let us **live** to make men **free**;

While **God** is **march**-ing **on**.

Glo-ry! **Glo**-ry! Halle-**lu**-jah!

Glo-ry! **Glo**-ry! Halle-**lu**-jah!

Glo-ry! **Glo**-ry! Halle-**lu**-jah!

His **truth** is **march**-ing **on**.

CAISSONS GO ROLLING

Over hill, over dale, we will hit the dusty trail,
And those cais-sons go roll-ing a-long.
In and out, hear them shout,
Counter march and right a-bout,
And those cais-sons go roll-ing a-long.
Then it's Hi! Hi! Hee! in the field artiller-y
Shout out your num-bers loud and strong:
For where e'er you go, you will al-ways know
That those cais-sons are roll-ing a-long.

MARINE HYMN

From the **Halls** of Monte-**zu-ma**
To the **shores** of **Tri-po-li**,
We will **fight** our **coun**-try's **bat-tles**
In the **air**, on **land** and **sea**.

First to **fight** for **right** and **free-dom**,
And to **keep** our **hon**-or **clean**.
We are **proud** to **claim** the **ti-tle**
Of U-**nit**-ed **States** Ma-**rines**.

STAR SPANGLED BANNER

Oh say can you see,
By the dawn's early light,
What so proud-ly we hailed
At the twi-light's last gleam-ing,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars
Through the per-ilous fight
O'er the ram-parts we watched
Were so gal-lantly stream-ing?

And the rock-et's red glare,
The bombs burst-ing in air,
Gave proof through the night
That our flag was still there,
Oh say does that star spangled
Ban-ner yet wave
O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave!

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

When **John**-ny comes march-ing **home** again,

Hur-**rah!** Hur-**rah!**

We'll **give** him a heart-y **wel**-come then,

Hur-**rah!** Hur-**rah!**

Oh, the **men** will cheer the **boys** will shout

The **la**-dies they will **all** turn out,

And we'll **all** feel **gay**

When **John**-ny comes marching **home**.

And we'll **all** feel **gay**

When **John**-ny comes marching **home**.

(WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME – Continued)

Get **read**-y for the **Ju**-bilee,

Hur-**rah!** Hur-**rah!**

We'll **give** the hero **three** times three,

Hur-**rah!** Hur-**rah!**

Well, the **lau**-rel wreath is **read**-y now

To **place** upon his **loy**-al brow,

And we'll **all** feel **gay**

When **John**-ny comes marching **home**.

And we'll **all** feel **gay**

When **John**-ny comes marching **home**.

YANKEE DOODLE BOY

I'm a yankee doodle dan-dy

I'm a yankee doodle do or die

A real live neph-ew of my Unc-le Sam's

Born on the Fourth of Ju-ly

I've got a Yankee Doodle sweet-heart

She's my Yankee Doodle joy

Yankee Doodle came to town

Just to ride the pon-ies

I am that Yank-ee Doodle boy

(YANKEE DOODLE BOY – Continued)

I'm a **yankee** doodle **dan-dy**

I'm a **yankee** doodle **do** or **die**

A **real** live **neph**-ew of my **Unc**-le Sam's

Born on the **Fourth** of Ju-**ly**

I've **got** a **Yankee** Doodle **sweet-heart**

She's my **Yankee** Doodle **joy**

Yankee Doodle **came** to town

Just to ride the **pon**-ies

I am that **Yank**-ee Doodle **boy**

YOU'RE A GRAND OLD FLAG

You're a **grand** old **flag**

You're a **high**-flying **flag**

And for-**ev**-er in **peace** may you **wave**

You're the **em**-blem **of**

The **land** I **love**

The **home** of the **free** and the **brave**

Ev'ry **heart** beats **true**

'Neath the **red**, white and **blue**

Where there's **nev**-er a **boast** or **brag**

But should **old** ac-**quaint**-ance **be** for-**got**

Keep your **eye** on the **grand** old **flag**

AMERICAN POP

Mid 1800's to early 1900's

ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND

Come on and hear, come on and hear,

Alex-an-der's Ragtime Band.

Come on and hear, come on and hear,

It's the best band in the land.

They can play a bu-gle call

Like you nev-er heard before,

So natural that you want to go to war;

That's just the best-est

Band what am, hon-ey lamb;

(ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND – Continued)

Come on a-long, come on a-long,
Let me take you by the hand
Up to the man, up to the man,
Who's the lead-er of the band
And if you care to hear the Swa-nee River
Played in rag-time
Come on and hear, come on and hear,
Alex-an-der's Rag-Time Band

BEAUTIFUL DREAMER

Beau-tiful dreamer, **wake** unto me,
Star-light and dewdrops are waiting for **thee**;
Sounds of the rude world, **heard** in the day,
Lull'd by the moonlight have all passed a-**way**!

Beau-tiful dreamer, **queen** of my song,
List while I woo thee with **soft** melody;
Gone are the cares of **life's** busy throng,
Beau-tiful dreamer, a-**wake** unto me!
Beau-tiful dreamer, a-**wake** unto me!

Beau-tiful dreamer, **out** on the sea,
Mer-maids are chanting the wild lo-re-**lei**;
O-ver the streamlet **va**-pors are borne,
Wait-ing to fade at the bright coming **morn.**

(BEAUTIFUL DREAMER – Continued)

Beau-tiful dreamer, **beam** on my heart,
E'en as the morn on the **stream**-let and sea;
Then will all clouds of **sor**-row depart,
Beau-tiful dreamer, awake unto **me**!
Beau-tiful dreamer, awake unto **me**!

BILL BAILEY, WON'T YOU PLEASE COME HOME?

“Won't you come home, Bill Bai-ley,

Won't you come home?”

She cried the whole night long.

“I'll do the dish-es honey, I'll pay the rent.

I know I done you wrong.

‘Mem-ber that rain-y eve-ning I drove you out

With noth-ing but a fine tooth comb?

I know I'm to blame; Well ain't that a shame?

Bill Bai-ley, won't you please come home?

FIVE FOOT TWO, EYES OF BLUE

Five foot two, **eyes** of blue

Oh what those five **foot** could do

Has **an**-ybody **seen** my **gal**?

Turned up nose and **turned** down hose

Nev-er had an-**oth**-er beau

Flap-per, yes sir, **one** of those,

Has **an**-ybody **seen** my **gal**?

Now if you **run** into **five** foot two **cov**-ered with fur

Dia-mond ring and **all** those things

Bet your life it **isn't** hers

Could she love **could** she woo

Could she, could she, **could** she coo

Has **an**-ybody **seen** my **gal**?

(FIVE FOOT TWO, EYES OF BLUE – Continued)

Five foot two, **eyes** of blue

Oh what those five **foot** could do

Has **an**-ybody **seen** my **gal**?

FLYING TRAPEZE

He floats through the air with the great-est of ease

The dar-ing young man on the fly-ing tra-peze

His move-ments are grace-ful

He tries hard to please

I know that he must be the best

He floats through the air doing turns like a bird

He flies without wings at least

That's what I've heard

He flips and he flies high a-bove you and I

I won-der when he will come down.

He catch-es the bar in on-ly one hand

He must be the brav-est in all of the land

He flips and he turns oh where did he learn

To fly the way that he does

GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY

Give my re-**gards** to **Broad-way**

Re-**mem**-ber me to **Her**-ald **Square**.

Tell all the **gang** at **For**-ty **Sec**-ond Street

That **I** will **soon** be **there**.

Whis-per of **how** I'm **yearn-ing**

To **min**-gle with the **old** time **throng**.

Give my re-**gards** to **Old** Broad-**way**

And say that **I'll** be **there**, 'ere **long**.

GOODNIGHT, LADIES

Good-night la-dies, good-night la-dies,

Good-night la-dies, we're go-ing to leave you now.

Mer-rily we roll along, roll along, roll along.

Mer-rily we roll along, o'er the dark-blue sea.

Fare-well la-dies, fare-well la-dies,

Fare-well la-dies, we're go-ing to leave you now.

Mer-rily we roll along, roll along, roll along.

Mer-rily we roll along, o'er the dark-blue sea.

Sweet dreams la-dies, sweet dreams ladies,

Sweet dreams, la-dies, we're go-ing to leave you now.

Mer-rily we roll along, roll along, roll along.

Mer-rily we roll along, o'er the dark-blue sea.

HAIL, HAIL THE GANG'S ALL HERE

Hail, hail, the gang's all here

What the heck do we care

What the heck do we care

Hail, hail, the gang's all here

What the heck do we care now

Hail, hail, the gang's all here

Nev-er mind the weath-er,

Here we are to-geth-er;

Hail, hail, the gang's all here

Sure we're glad that you're here, too!

Hail, hail, the gang's all here

We're a bunch of live ones,

Not a single dead one;

Hail, hail, the gang's all here

Sure I'm glad that I'm here, too!

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART

Let me call you **sweet**-heart,

I'm in **love** with **you**.

Let me hear you **whis**-per

That you **love** me **too**.

Keep the love light **glow**-ing

In your **eyes** so **blue**.

Let me call you **sweet**-heart,

I'm in **love** with **you**.

TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME

Take me **out** to the **ball** game,

Take me **out** with the **crowd**;

Buy me some **pea**-nuts and **Crack**-er **Jack**,

I don't **care** if I **nev**-er get **back**.

Let me **root**, root, **root** for the **home team**,

If **they** don't **win**, it's a **shame**.

For it's **one**, **two**, **three** strikes, you're **out**,

At the **old ball game**.

AMERICAN FOLK SONGS

AURA LEE

When the blackbird in the Spring,

'On the willow tree,

Sat and rocked, I heard him sing,

Sing-ing Aura Lea.

Aur-a Lea, Aur-a Lea,

Maid with golden hair;

Sun-shine came a-long with thee,

And swal-lows in the air.

BUFFALO GALS

As **I** was walking **down** the street

Down the street, **down** the street

A **pret**-ty girl I **chanced** to meet

And we **danced** by the light of the **moon**

Oh **buf**-falo gals won't you **come** out to-night

Come out to-night **come** out to-night

Oh **buf**-falo gals won't you **come** out to-night

And **dance** by the light of the **moon**

I **danced** with a gal with a **hole** in her stocking

And her **knees** was a'knockin'

And her **shoes** was a'rockin'

I **danced** with a gal with a **hole** in her stocking

And we **danced** by the light of the **moon**

(BUFFALO GALS – Continued)

Oh **buf**-falo gals won't you **come** out to-night

Come out to-night **come** out to-night

Oh **buf**-falo gals won't you **come** out to-night

And **dance** by the light of the **moon**

CLEMENTINE

In a cav-ern, in a can-yon,
Exca-vat-ing for a mine,
Dwelt a min-er, forty-nin-er,
And his daugh-ter, Clemen-tine.

Oh, my dar-ling, oh my dar-ling,
Oh my dar-ling Clemen-tine,
You are lost and gone for-ev-er,
Dreadful sor-ry, Clemen-tine.

Light she was and like a feath-er,
And her shoes were number nine,
Herring box-es without tops-es,
Sandals were for Clemen-tine.

(CLEMENTINE – Continued)

Oh, my **dar**-ling, oh my **dar**-ling,
Oh my **dar**-ling Clemen-**tine**,
You are **lost** and gone for-**ev**-er,
Dreadful **sor**-ry, Clemen-**tine**.

Drove her **duck**-lings to the **wa**-ter,
Every **morn**-ing just at **nine**,
Stubbed her **toe** upon a **splin**-ter,
Fell in-**to** the foaming **brine**.

Oh, my **dar**-ling, oh my **dar**-ling,
Oh my **dar**-ling Clemen-**tine**,
You are **lost** and gone for-**ev**-er,
Dreadful **sor**-ry, Clemen-**tine**.

(CLEMENTINE – Continued)

Ruby **lips** above the **wa**-ter,
Blowing **bub**-bles soft and **fine**,
But a-**las**, I was no **swim**-mer,
So I **lost** my Clemen-**tine**.

Oh, my **dar**-ling, oh my **dar**-ling,
Oh my **dar**-ling Clemen-**tine**,
You are **lost** and gone for-**ev**-er,
Dreadful **sor**-ry, Clemen-**tine**.

How I **missed** her! How I **missed** her,
How I **missed** my Clemen-**tine**,
But I **kissed** her little **sis**-ter,
And for-**got** my Clemen-**tine**.

Oh, my **dar**-ling, oh my **dar**-ling,
Oh my **dar**-ling Clemen-**tine**,
You are **lost** and gone for-**ev**-er,
Dreadful **sor**-ry, Clemen-**tine**.

DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM

/ Down by the Old Mill Stream,

Where I first met you,

With your eyes so blue,

Dressed in ging-ham too.

It was there I knew,

That you loved me too.

You were six-teen, / my village queen,

/ Down by the Old Mill Stream.

/ Down by the Old (not the new but the old)

Mill Stream (not the riv-er but the stream)

Where I first (not sec-ond but first)

Met you (not me but you)

With your eyes (not your nose but your eyes)

So blue (not green but blue)

Dressed in ging-ham (not cal-ico but ging-ham)

Too (not one but two).

(DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM – Continued)

It was there (not here but there)

I knew (not old but new)

That you loved (not hat-ed but loved)

Me too (not one but two).

You were six-teen (not sev-enteen but six-teen),

My village queen (not king but queen),

/ Down by the Old (not the new but the old)

Mill Stream (not the riv-er but the stream).

DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE

Gon-na **lay** down my **sword** and shield,

/ Down by the **riv**-erside

/ Down by the **riv**-erside

/ Down by the **riv**-erside

Gon-na **lay** down my **sword** and shield,

/ Down by the **riv**-erside

I'll **stud**-y war no **more**.

/ I ain't a gon-na **stud**-y war no **more**,

I ain't a gon-na **stud**-y war no **more**,

I ain't a gon-na **stud**-y war no **more**,

/ I ain't a gon-na **stud**-y war no **more**,

I ain't a gon-na **stud**-y war no **more**,

I ain't a gon-na **stud**-y war no **more**

(DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE – Continued)

Gon-na **put** on my **long** white robe,
/ Down by the **riv**-erside
/ Down by the **riv**-erside
/ Down by the **riv**-erside
Gon-na **put** on my **long** white robe,
/ Down by the **riv**-erside
I'll **stud**-y war no **more**.

/ I ain't a gon-na **stud**-y war no **more**,
I ain't a gon-na **stud**-y war no **more**,
I ain't a gon-na **stud**-y war no **more**,
/ I ain't a gon-na **stud**-y war no **more**,
I ain't a gon-na **stud**-y war no **more**,
I ain't a gon-na **stud**-y war no **more**

DOWN IN THE VALLEY

Down in the **val-ley val-ley** so **low**,

Hang your head **o-ver hear** the wind **blow**.

Hear the wind **blow dear hear** the wind **blow**.

Hang your head **o-ver hear** the wind **blow**.

Ros-es love **sun-shine vi**-olets love **dew**.

An-gels in **heav-en know** I love **you**.

Know I love **you dear know** I love **you**,

An-gels in **heav-en know** I love **you**.

If you don't **love me love** whom you **please**,

Throw your arms **'round me give** my heart **ease**,

Give my heart **ease love give** my heart **ease**.

Throw your arms **'round me give** my heart **ease**,

Build me a **cas-tle for**-ty feet **high**,

So I can **see him as** he rides **by**.

As he rides **by love as** he rides **by**,

So I can **see him as** he rides **by**.

GO TELL AUNT RHODY

Go tell Aunt Rho-dy,

Go tell Aunt Rho-dy,

Go tell Aunt Rho-dy,

The old grey goose is dead.

The one she's been sav-ing,

The one she's been sav-ing,

The one she's been sav-ing,

To make a feather-bed.

She died in the mill-pond,

She died in the mill-pond,

She died in the mill-pond,

From stand-ing on her head.

(GO TELL AUNT RHODY – Continued)

She **left** nine young **gos**-lins;
She **left** nine young **gos**-lins;
She **left** nine young **gos**-lins;
To **scratch** for their own **bread**.

Her **gos**-lins are **weep**-ing,
Cry-ing and **peep**-ing,
Her **gos**-lins are **weep**-ing,
Be-**cause** their mommy's **dead**.

The **old** gan-der's **mourn**-ing,
The **old** gan-der's **mourn**-ing,
The **old** gan-der's **mourn**-ing,
Be-**cause** his wife is **dead**.

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

My grand-father's clock was too tall for the shelf,

So it stood nine-ty years on the floor;

It was tall-er by half than the old man him-self,

Though it weighed not a pen-ny weight more.

It was bought on the morn

Of the day that he was born,

And was al-ways his treas-ure and pride;

But it stopped ___ short ___ nev-er to go a-gain

When the old man died.

Nine-ty years with-out slum-bering,

Tick, tock, tick, tock

His life seconds num-bering,

Tick, tock, tick, tock

But it stopped ___ short ___ nev-er to go a-gain

When the old man died.

(GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK – Continued)

In watch-ing its pen-dulum swing to and fro,
Many hours had he spent as a boy;
And in child-hood and man-hood,
The clock seemed to know,
And to share both his grief and his joy;
For it struck twen-ty-four when he en-tered the
Door with a bloom-ing and beau-ti-ful bride;
But it stopped ___ short ___ nev-er to go a-gain
When the old man died.

My grand-father said that of those he could hire,
Not a ser-vant so faith-ful he found;
For it wast-ed no time, and had but one de-sire,
At the close of each week, to be wound;
And it kept in its place, not a frown up-on its face,
And its hands nev-er hung by its side;
But it stopped ___ short ___ nev-er to go a-gain
When the old man died.

HOME ON THE RANGE

Oh give me a home where the buf-falo roam,
Where the deer and the an-telope play;
Where sel-dom is heard a dis-cour-aging word
And the skies are not cloud-y all day.

Home, home on the range,
Where the deer and the an-telope play;
Where sel-dom is heard a dis-cour-aging word
And the skies are not cloud-y all day.

Oh give me a land where the bright diamond sand
Flows lei-surely down to the stream;
Where the grace-ful, white swan
Goes glid-ing a-long,
Like a maid in a heav-enly dream.

(HOME ON THE RANGE – Continued)

Home, home on the range,

Where the **deer** and the **an**-telope **play**;

Where **sel**-dom is **heard** a dis-**cour**-aging **word**

And the **skies** are not **cloud**-y all **day**.

Where the **air** is so **pure** and the **zeph**-yrs so **free**,

The **breez**-es so **balm**-y and **bright**;

That I **would** not ex-**change** my **home** on the

Range, for **all** of the **cit**-ies so **bright**.

Home, home on the range,

Where the **deer** and the **an**-telope **play**;

Where **sel**-dom is **heard** a dis-**cour**-aging **word**

And the **skies** are not **cloud**-y all **day**.

(HOME ON THE RANGE – Continued)

How of-ten at night when the heav-ens are bright,
With the light of the glit-tering stars,
Have I stood there a-mazed and asked as I
Gazed, If their glo-ry ex-ceeds that of ours.

Home, home on the range,

Where the deer and the an-telope play;

Where sel-dom is heard a dis-cour-aging word

And the skies are not cloud-y all day.

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME

In the good old sum-mer-time,

In the good old sum-mer-time,

Strol-ling through the shad-y lanes

With your ba-by mine.

You hold her hand and she holds yours,

And that's a ver-y good sign.

That she's your toots-ey woots-ey

In the good old sum-mer-time.

I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

I've been work-ing on the rail-road,

All the live-long day.

I've been work-ing on the rail-road,

Just to pass the time a-way.

Can't you hear the whistle blow-ing,

Rise up so ear-ly in the morn.

Don't you hear the captain shout-ing,

"Di-nah, blow your horn!"

Di-nah, won't you blow, Di-nah, won't you blow,

Di-nah, won't you blow your horn?

Di-nah, won't you blow, Di-nah, won't you blow,

Di-nah, won't you blow your horn?

Some-one's in the kitch-en with Di-nah,

Some-one's in the kitch-en I kn-o-o-ow,

Some-one's in the kitch-en with Di-nah,

Strum-min' on the old ban-jo, and sing-in'

(I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD – Continued)

Fee-fie fid-dlee-i-o, fee-fie fid-dlee-i-o-o-o-o,

Fee-fie fid-dlee-i-o

Strum-min' on the old ban-jo.

OH, SUSANNA

Oh, I come from A-la-ba-ma

With my ban-jo on my knee,

And I'm go-in' to Lou'-si-an-a,

My true love for to see.

It rained all night the day I left,

The weath-er it was dry;

The sun so hot I froze to death,

Su-san-na don't you cry.

O, Su-san-na, Oh don't you cry for me.

I come from A-la-ba-ma

With my ban-jo on my knee.

I had a dream the oth-er night,

When eve-ry-thing was still.

I thought I saw Su-san-na

A-comin' down the hill.

(OH, SUSANNA – Continued)

The **buck**-wheat cake was **in** her mouth,
A **tear** was in her **eye**.

I **said** I'm bound for **A**-la-bam'
Su-**san**-na don't you **cry**.

O, Su-**san**-na, Oh **don't** you cry for **me**.

I **come** from A-la-**ba**-ma

With my **ban**-jo on my **knee**.

POLLY WOLLY DOODLE

Oh I went down South for to see my Sal

Sing pol-ly wolly doodle all the day

My Sal-ly is a spunk-y gal

Sing pol-ly wolly doodle all the day

Oh my Sal she is a maid-en fair

Sing pol-ly wolly doodle all the day

With laugh-ing eyes and curl-y hair

Sing pol-ly wolly doodle all the day

Fare thee well

Fare thee well

Fare thee well my fairy fey

For I'm go-ing to Louisiana

For to see my Susyanna

Sing pol-ly wolly doodle all the day

(POLLY WOLLY DOODLE – Continued)

Oh a **grass**-hopper sittin' on a **rail**-road track
Sing **pol**-ly wolly doodle all the **day**
A **pick**-ing his teeth with a **car**-pet tack
Sing **pol**-ly wolly doodle all the **day**
Oh I **went** to bed but it **was**-n't no use
Sing **pol**-ly wolly doodle all the **day**
My **feet** stretched out for a **chick**-en roast
Sing **pol**-ly wolly doodle all the **day**

Fare thee **well**

Fare thee **well**

Fare thee **well** my fairy **fey**

For I'm **go**-ing to Louisiana

For to **see** my Susyanna

Sing **pol**-ly wolly doodle all the **day**

(POLLY WOLLY DOODLE – Continued)

He sneezed so hard with the

Whoopin' cough

Sing pol-ly wolly doodle all the day

He sneezed his head an' his tail

Right off

Sing pol-ly wolly doodle all the day

Fare thee well

Fare thee well

Fare thee well my fairy fey

For I'm go-ing to Louisiana

For to see my Susyanna

Sing pol-ly wolly doodle all the day

SHE'LL BE COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

She'll be **com**-in' round the **moun**-tain

When she **comes**.

She'll be **com**-in' round the **moun**-tain

When she **comes**.

She'll be **com**-in' round the **moun**-tain

She'll be **com**-in' round the **moun**-tain,

She'll be **com**-in' round the **moun**-tain

When she **comes**.

She'll be **driv**-in' six white **hors**-es when she **comes**.

She'll be **driv**-in' six white **hors**-es when she **comes**.

She'll be **driv**-in' six white **hors**-es,

She'll be **driv**-in' six white **hors**-ess,

She'll be **driv**-in' six white **hors**-es when she **comes**.

Oh, we'll **all** go out to **meet** her when she **comes**.

Oh, we'll **all** go out to **meet** her when she **comes**.

Oh, we'll **all** go out to **meet** her,

(SHE'LL BE COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN – Continued)

Oh, we'll all go out to meet her,

Oh, we'll all go out to meet her when she comes.

We will kill the old red roost-er when she comes.

We will kill the old red roost-er when she comes.

We will kill the old red roost-er,

We will kill the old red roost-er,

We will kill the old red roost-er when she comes.

We will all have chicken and dump-lings

When she comes.

We will all have chicken and dump-lings

When she comes.

We will all have chicken and dump-lings,

We will all have chicken and dump-lings,

We will all have chicken and dump-lings

When she comes.

SIPPIN' CIDER

The prettiest **girl**

I ever **saw**

Was sippin' **ci**-der

Through a **straw**

The prettiest **girl** I **ev**-er **saw**

Was sippin' **ci**-der **through** a **straw**

I asked her **if**

She'd teach me **how**

To sip some **ci**-der

Through a **straw**

I asked her **if** she'd **reach** me **how**

To sip some **ci**-der through a **straw**

(SIPPIN' CIDER – Continued)

First cheek to **cheek**

Then jaw to **jaw**

We sipped that **ci**-der

Through a **straw**

First cheek to **cheek**, then **jaw** to **jaw**

We sipped that **ci**-der **through** a **straw**

And now and **then**

That straw did **slip**

And we'd sip **ci**-der

Lip to **lip**

And now and **then** that **straw** did **slip**

And we'd sip **ci**-der **lip** to **lip**

(SIPPIN' CIDER – Continued)

And now I've **got**

A mother-in-**law**

And nineteen **kids**

That call me **"Paw"**

And now I've **got** a **moth**-er-in-**law**

And nineteen **kids** that **call** me **"Paw"**

The moral **of**

This little **tale**

Is sip your **ci**-der

Through a **pail**

The moral **of** this **lit**-tle **tale**

Is sip your **ci**-der **through** a **pail**

SWEET BETSY FROM PIKE

Oh don't you re-mem-ber sweet Bet-sy from Pike,
Who crossed the wide prair-ie with her lover Ike?
With two yoke of ox-en, a big yellow dog,
A tall Shanghai roo-ster, and one spotted hog.

Singin' too-ra-li, too-ra-li, too-ra-li-ay

The Shang-hai ran off and their cat-tle all died,
That morn-ing the last piece of ba-con was fried;
Poor Ike was dis-cour-aged and Bet-sy got mad,
The dog drooped his tail and look
Won-drously sad.

Singin' too-ra-li, too-ra-li, too-ra-li-ay

They soon reached the des-ert
Where Bet-sy gave out,
And down in the sand she lay roll-ing a-bout;
While Ike, half dis-tract-ed, looked

(SWEET BETSY FROM PIKE – Continued)

On with sur-**prise**,

Saying “**Bet**-sy, get **up**, you’ll get

Sand in your **eyes**.”

Singin’ **too**-ra-li, **too**-ra-li, **too**-ra-li-**ay**

Sweet **Bet**-sy got **up** in a **great** deal of **pain**,

De-**clared** she’d go **back** to Pike **Coun**-ty a-**gain**;

But **Ike** gave a **sigh** and they **fond**-ly em-**braced**,

And they **trav**-eled a-**long** with

His **arm** ‘round her waist.

Singin’ **too**-ra-li, **too**-ra-li, **too**-ra-li-**ay**

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT

Swing **low**, sweet **char-i-ot**,

Com-in' for to **car**-ry me **home**.

Swing **low**, sweet **char-i-ot**,

Com-in' for to **car**-ry me **home**.

I **looked** over **Jor**-dan, and **what** did I **see**?

Com-in' for to **car**-ry me **home**.

A **band** of **an**-gels **com**-in' after **me**,

Com-in' for to **car**-ry me **home**.

Swing **low**, sweet **char-i-ot**,

Com-in' for to **car**-ry me **home**.

Swing **low**, sweet **char-i-ot**,

Com-in' for to **car**-ry me **home**.

If **you** get **there** be-**fore** I **do**,

Com-in' for to **car**-ry me **home**.

Tell **all** your **friends** I'm **com**-in' after **you**,

Com-in' for to **car**-ry me **home**.

(SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT – Continued)

Swing **low**, sweet **char-i-ot**,
Com-in' for to **car**-ry me **home**.

Swing **low**, sweet **char-i-ot**,
Com-in' for to **car**-ry me **home**.

I'm **some**-times **up** and **some**-times **down**,
Com-in' for to **car**-ry me **home**.

But **still** my **soul** feels **heav**-en **bound**
Com-in' for to **car**-ry me **home**.

Swing **low**, sweet **char-i-ot**,
Com-in' for to **car**-ry me **home**.

Swing **low**, sweet **char-i-ot**,
Com-in' for to **car**-ry me **home**.

WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN

/ Oh, when the saints / go marching in

/ Oh, when the saints go march-ing in

/ Oh Lord I want to be in that num-ber

/ When the saints go march-ing in

/ Oh, when the trum-pet sounds its call

/ Oh, when the trum-pet sounds its call

/ Oh Lord I want to be in that num-ber

/ When the saints go march-ing in

/ Oh, when the saints / go marching in

/ Oh, when the saints go march-ing in

/ Oh Lord I want to be in that num-ber

/ When the saints go march-ing in

INTERNATIONAL FOLK SONGS

AULD LANG SYNE

Should old ac-quaint-ance be for-got,

And nev-er brought to mind?

Should old ac-quaint-ance be for-got,

And old lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,

For auld lang syne,

We'll take a cup of kind-ness yet,

For auld lang syne.

BONNIE BANKS O' LOCH LOMOND

By yon bonnie banks and

By yon bon-nie braes,

Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lo-mond,

Where me and my true love

Will nev-er meet a-gain

On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch Lo-mond.

DANNY BOY

Oh, Dan-ny **boy**, the **pipes**,

The pipes are **call**-ing

From glen to **glen**, and **down**

The mountain **side**.

The summer's **gone**, and **all** the roses **fall**-ing,

It's you, it's **you** must **go** and I must **bide**.

But come ye **back** when **sum**-mer's

In the **mead**-ow,

Or when the **val**-ley's **hushed** and

White with **snow**,

It's I'll be **here** in **sun**-shine or in **shad**-ow,

Oh, Dan-ny **boy**, oh Dan-ny **boy**, I love you **so!**

FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW

For **he's** a jolly good **fel**-low,

For **he's** a jolly good **fel**-low

For **he's** a jolly good **fel**-looow

Which **no**-body can de-**ny**

Which **no**-body can de-**ny**

Which **no**-body can de-**ny**

For **he's** a jolly good **fel**-low,

For **he's** a jolly good **fel**-low

For **he's** a jolly good **fel**-looow

Which **no**-body can de-**ny**

GREENSLEEVES

A-las my love you do me wrong
To cast me off dis-cour-teously;
And I have loved you oh so long
De-light-ing in your com-pany.
Green-sleeves was my delight,
Green-sleeves my heart of gold
Green-sleeves was my heart of joy
And who but my Lady Green-sleeves.

I GAVE MY LOVE A CHERRY

I gave my love a cher-ry that had no stone

I gave my love a chick-en that had no bone

I told my love a stor-y that had no end

I gave my love a ba-by with no cry-ing.

How can there be a cher-ry that has no stone?

How can there be a chick-en that has no bone?

How can there be a stor-y that has no end?

How can there be a ba-by with no cry-ing?

A cher-ry when it's bloom-ing it has no stone

A chick-en when in the shell it has no bone

The stor-y of how I love you it has no end

A ba-by when it's sleep-ing it's no cry-ing.

MOLLY MALONE

In **Dub**-lin's fair **cit**-y, where **girls** are so **pret**-ty,
I **first** set my **eyes** on sweet **Mol**-ly Ma-**lone**,
As she **wheeled** her wheel-**bar**-row,
Through **streets** broad and **nar**-row,
Crying "**Cock**-les and **mus**-sels, a-**live**, alive-**O!**"

A-**live**, alive-**O!** A-**live**, alive-**O!**
Crying "**Cock**-les and **mus**-sels, a-**live**, alive-**O!**"

She **was** a fish-**mon**-ger,
But **sure** 'twas no **won**-der,
For **so** were her **fa**-ther and **mo**-ther be-**fore**,
And they **wheeled** their wheel-**bar**-row,
Through **streets** broad and **nar**-row,
Crying "**Cock**-les and **mus**-sels, a-**live**, alive-**O!**"

(MOLLY MALONE – Continued)

A-**live**, alive-**O**! A-**live**, alive-**O**!

Crying “**Cock**-les and **mus**-sels, a-**live**, alive-**O**!”

She **died** of a **fe**-ver,

And **no** one could **save** her,

And **that** was the **end** of

Sweet **Mol**-ly Ma-**lone**;

Her **ghost** wheels her **bar**-row,

Through **streets** broad and **nar**-row,

Crying “**Cock**-les and **mus**-sels, a-**live**, alive-**O**!”

A-**live**, alive-**O**! A-**live**, alive-**O**!

Crying “**Cock**-les and **mus**-sels, a-**live**, alive-**O**!”

MY BONNIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN

My **Bon**-nie lies **o**-ver the **o**-cean,

My **Bon**-nie lies **o**-ver the **sea**,

My **Bon**-nie lies **o**-ver the **o**-cean,

Bring back my **Bon**-nie to **me**.

Bring back, Bring back,

Bring back my **Bon**-nie to **me**, to **me**.

Bring back, Bring back,

Bring back my **Bon**-nie to **me**.

Blow ye winds **o**-ver the **o**-cean,

Blow ye winds **o**-ver the **sea**.

Blow ye winds **o**-ver the **o**-cean,

And **bring** back my **Bon**-nie to **me**.

(MY BONNIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN – Continued)

Bring back, Bring back,

Bring back my Bon-nie to me, to me.

Bring back, Bring back,

Bring back my Bon-nie to me.

MY WILD IRISH ROSE

My wild I-rish rose,

The sweet-est flow'r that grows,

You may search ev'ry where,

But none can com-pare

With my wild I-rish rose.

My wild I-rish rose,

The dear-est flow'r that grows,

And some-day for my sake,

She may let me take

The bloom from my wild Irish rose.

THE MORE WE GET TOGETHER

The more we get to-geth-er

To-geth-er, to-geth-er

The more we get to-geth-er

The hap-pier we'll be

Cause your friends are my friends

And my friends are your friends

The more we get to-geth-er

The hap-pier we'll be

Oh, the more we get to-geth-er

To-geth-er, to-geth-er

The more we get to-geth-er

The hap-pier we'll be

THE WATER IS WIDE

/ The wa-ter is wide, / I can't cross o'er

/ And Nei-ther I / have wings to fly

/ Give me a boat / that can car-ry two

/ And both shall row, / my love and I

/ A ship there is, / and she sails the sea

/ She's load-ed deep, / as deep can be

/ But not so deep, / as the love I'm in

/ I know not if / I sink or swim

/ Oh love be gen-tle and love be kind

/ The sweet-est flow'r / when first it's new

/ But love grows old / and wax-es cold

/ And fades a-way, / like the morn-ing dew

/ The wa-ter is wide, / I can't cross o'er

/ And Nei-ther I / have wings to fly

/ Give me a boat / that can car-ry two

/ And both shall row, / my love and I

WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING

When I-rish eyes are smil-ing,

/ Sure it's like a morn in spring.

/ In the lilt of I-rish laugh-ter

/ You can hear the an-gels sing.

When I-rish hearts are hap-py

/ All the world seems bright and gay;

/ And when I-rish eyes are smil-ing,

/ Sure they steal your heart a-way.