

# THUMBS UP

## SONG BOOK

Words and  
Music

Price  
25 cents

*M. Anderson  
Gift  
August 14 - 1942.*





# Thumbs Up Song Book

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
ABIDE WITH ME.....	29
ALOUETTE.....	10
ANNIE LAURIE.....	9
ARE YOU SLEEPING? (Round).....	31
BEAUTIFUL DREAMER.....	25
BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.....	23
BE STRONG, YE SONS OF CANADA.....	3
CANNING SONG.....	13
CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY.....	22
COME BACK, OLD PAL.....	24
COME IN.....	31
CARRY ON!.....	4
DEEP RIVER.....	26
DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.....	21
FIRST NOEL.....	28
GOD SAVE THE KING.....	On back cover
GOOD KING WENCESLAS.....	29
GOOD NIGHT (Round).....	32
HOME.....	1
HOME ON THE RANGE.....	15
I LOVE YOU, CANADA.....	5
IN STYLE ALL THE WHILE.....	31
JINGLE BELLS.....	16
LAND OF GLAD TOMORROWS.....	8
LOVELY EVENING (Round).....	32
MAPLE LEAF, THE.....	Inside back cover
MERRILY, MERRILY (Round).....	30
MOUNTAIN STREAM.....	13
MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.....	20
O CANADA.....	7
OLD RUGGED CROSS.....	27
PRAIRIE FLOWER.....	31
QUINTUPLETS' LULLABY.....	18
ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT (Round).....	32
SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD.....	17
SILENT NIGHT.....	28
SPANISH CAVALIER.....	14
SWEET AND LOW.....	19
SWEETLY SINGS THE DONKEY (Round).....	32
SWING LOW.....	26
THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND.....	2
THREE BLIND MICE (Round).....	32
TOAST TO CANADA.....	11
TWILIGHT ON THE PRAIRIE.....	12
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH BILLY BOY.....	31
WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MAGGIE.....	30

MCMXLII

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193 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada  
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## Home

P. VAN STEEDON and H. & J. CLARKSON  
Arranged by LESLIE R. BELL

When shad-ows fall, and trees whis-per day is end-ing,

My thoughts are ev-er wend-ing home. When crick-ets call, my

heart is for-ev-er yearn-ing once more to be re-turn-ing home.

{ When the hills con- ceal the set- ting sun, Stars be- gin a-  
Lov- ing arms are wait- ing there for me, Prec-ious lips to

peep- ing one by one. } Night cov-ers all, and  
kiss so tend-er- ly.

though fort-one may for- sake me, Sweet dreams will ev-er take me home.

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# There'll Always Be An England

By ROSS PARKER and HUGH CHARLES  
Arranged by LESLIE R. BELL

Marcia

There'll al-ways be an Eng-land while there's a coun-try lane; Where-  
ev-er there's a cot-tage small be-side a field of grain. There'll al-ways be an  
Eng-land while there's a bus-y street; Where-ev-er there's a turn-ing wheel a  
mil-lion march-ing feet. Red white and blue, what does it  
mean to you? Sure-ly you're proud, shout it a - loud, Brit-ons a -  
wake, The Em - pire too, we can de -  
(Bri - tons a - wake)

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pend on you, Free - dom re - mains, these are the chains, noth - ing can  
break There'll al-ways be an Eng-land, and Eng-land shall be  
free, If Eng-land means as much to you as Eng-land means to me.

# Be Strong, Ye Sons Of Canada

Words by  
MARTHA PUGH

Music by  
GORDON V. THOMPSON

Be Strong Ye Sons Of Can - a - da, Ye daugh - ters  
brave and true, With heart and hand guard well the  
land, which God has giv - en you. Be you.

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STANLEY MAXTED and  
GORDON V. THOMPSON  
*With Spirit*

## Carry On!

ERNEST DAINTY

1. There's a hap-py phrase that can brighten all your days, It can  
2. If you're feel-ing blue, and good luck has passed by you, And you

turn your days of dark-ness in-to song. So ev-ry day a-  
need a peg to hang your cour-age on; Though things go wrong, come  
dark-ness in-to song.  
hang your cour-age on.

long your way, though sad or gay, just smile and say, "We'll take it and we'll 'Carry On!'"  
Join the throng that sing this song and jog a-long, Keep smil-ing while you 'Carry On!'"

CHORUS  
All pull to - geth-er thru the storm-y weath-er, Car-ry On! Car-ry

On! Car-ry On! — Keep on try-ing, keep the old flag

fly-ing, Car-ry On! Car-ry On! Car-ry On! The sun is

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## Carry On! (Concluded)

shin-ing a - bove the cloudy sky, A sil-ver lin-ing will

greet you by and by, So! All pull to - geth-er through the storm-y

weath-er Car-ry On! Car-ry On! Car-ry On! Car-ry On!  
Car-ry On!

## I Love You, Canada

MORRIS MANLEY

KENNETH MCINNIS

*Tempo Marziale*

1. There are man-y flags now wav-ing O-ver land and o-ver sea. And tho'  
2. When it comes to flowrs and sun-shine, Can-a-da I think of you. And my

far from home I wan-der Can-a-da I think of thee. It's the  
pals there in the trench-es They were he-ros staunch and true. Ev-ry

land I'd do or die for, And my heart is there al-ways. So  
sol-dier in our ar-my, They have sure-ly stood the test. And to

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# I Love You, Canada (Concluded)

when I get back home once more, 'Tis there I'll end my days.  
then I talk of Can-a-da, The land we love the best.

CHORUS

I love you, Can-a-da, — For you mean so much to me —

I love your hills and val-leys — And your state-ly

Ma-ple tree — I love all your dear peo-ple —

— Tho' far a way I roam — When I hear them  
I roam,

speak of Can-a-da — I long for Home, sweet Home. —

# O Canada!

R. STANLEY WEIR

"That True North"—Tennyson

C. LAVALLÉE  
Arr. by R. Stanley Weir

*mf* Maestoso

1. O Can-a-da! Our home and na-tive land! True pa-triot-love in
2. O Can-a-da! Where pines and ma-ples grow. Great prai-ries spread and
3. O Can-a-da! Be-neath thy shin-ing skies May stal-wart sons and
4. Ru-ler su-preme Who hear-est hum-ble pray'r, Hold our Do-min-ion

all thy sons com-mand. With glow-ing hearts we see thee rise The True North  
lord-ly riv-ers flow. How dear to us thy broad do-main, From East to  
gen-tle maid-ens rise To keep thee stead-fast thro' the years From East to  
in Thy lov-ing care. Help us to find O God in Thee A last-ing

strong and free; And stand on guard, O Can-a-da, We stand on guard for thee.  
West-ern sea! Thou land of hope for all who toil! Thou True North strong and free.  
West-ern sea, Our own be-lov-ed na-tive land, Our True North strong and free!  
rich re-ward, As waiting for the bet-ter day, We ev-er stand on guard.

CHORUS *ad lib.*

O Can-a-da! Glorious and free! We stand on guard, we stand on

guard for thee. O Can-a-da! We stand on guard for thee.

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# Land of Glad Tomorrows

G.V.T.

GORDON V. THOMPSON

*Moderate*

*mf*

1. Land of glad to-mor-rows, Can-a-da our own, Daughter of Bri-  
2. Sha-dows have de-part-ed, Dark was yes-ter-day, Now a gol-den

tan-ma, Be thy glo-ry known, Deeds of glow-ing val-our,  
sun-rise, Dawns up-on thy way, For-ward then with cour-age,

Crowd thy stor-y's page, Noble parts a-wait thee, On the world's new stage;  
On-ward to thy goal, Glad be thy to-mor-rows, While the years un-roll;

## REFRAIN

'Tis the land of glad to-mor-rows, Our own Can-a-dian home; So to-

day for-get your sor-rows, And sing of her where-e'er you roam. In the

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# Land of Glad Tomorrows- Continued

sky there shines a rain-bow, That the Lord Him-self hath planned; God

save our King, our Em-pire dear, And Can-a-da, our own home land

Complete vocal copy with piano accompaniment, price 40¢

## Annie Laurie

WILLIAM DOUGLAS

LADY JOHN SCOTT

*Moderately quick*

1. Max-wel-ton's braes are bon-nie, Where ear-ly fa's the dew, And 'twas there that  
2. Her brow is like the snow-drift, Her throat is like the swan; Her face it  
3. Like dew on th'gowan ly-ing Is th' fa' o' her fair-y feet, And like winds in

An-nie Lau-rie Gave me her prom-ise true; Gave me her promise true, Which  
is the fair-est That e'er the sun shone on; That e'er the sun shone on, And  
summer sigh-ing, Her voice is low and sweet, Her voice is low and sweet, And

ne'er for-got will be, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie I'd lay me doon and dee.  
dark blue is her e'e, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie I'd lay me doon and dee  
shes a'the world to me, And for ben-nie An-nie Lau-rie I'd lay me doon and dee.



## Alouette

French Canadian Folk Song

Arranged by CALVIN GROOMS

Moderato

1. A - lou-et-te gen-tille A - lou-et-te, A - lou-et-te, je te plu-me-rai,  
 2. A - lou-et-te gen-tille A - lou-et-te, A - lou-et-te, je te plu-me-rai,  
 3. A - lou-et-te gen-tille A - lou-et-te, A - lou-et-te, je te plu-me-rai,

*Solo* (Chorus)  
 Je te plu-me-rai la tête, je te plu-me-rai la tête, et la tête, et la tête,  
 Je te plu-me-rai le bec, je te plu-me-rai le bec, et le bec, et le bec,  
 Je te plu-me-rai le nez, je te plu-me-rai le nez, et le nez, et le nez,

*Omit 1st time* *Omit 1st & 2d times* *repeat once for 4th verse* *repeat twice " 5th "* *repeat thrice " 6th "* *Solo* (Chorus)  
 2. Et la tête, et la tête, et la tête et la tête, O, O, O,  
 3. Et le bec, et le bec, et le bec, et le bec, et le bec, et le bec, O, O, O,

A - lou-et-te, gen-tille A - lou-et-te, A - lou-et-te, je te plu-me-rai.  
 A - lou-et-te, gen-tille A - lou-et-te, A - lou-et-te, je te plu-me-rai.  
 A - lou-et-te, gen-tille A - lou-et-te, A - lou-et-te, je te plu-me-rai.

Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai, 5. Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai.  
 Je te plumerai le dos, je te plumerai le dos, Je te plumerai les pattes, je te plumerai les pattes,  
 Et le dos, et le dos, et le nez, et le nez, Et les pattes, et les pattes, et le dos, et le dos,  
 Et le bec, et le bec, et la tête, et la tête, O, Et le nez, et le nez, et le bec, et le bec,  
 Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai. Et la tête, et la tête, O,  
 Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai.

6. Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai.  
 Je te plumerai le cou, je te plumerai le cou,  
 Et le cou, et le cou, et les pattes, et les pattes,  
 Et le dos, et le dos, et le nez, et le nez,  
 Et le bec, et le bec, et le têt, et la tête, O,  
 Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai

## A Toast to Canada

Words by  
WILLIAM F. WIGGINSMusic by  
BERTHA LOUISE TAMBLYN

1. Fling out your banners Can-a-da, To the sweep of the northern breeze, Let your  
 2. out with your hand Ca-na-di-an, Then out with the glad right hand, For

hearts beat high and your pen-nons fly, From the east to the west-ern seas.  
 here and now— we make our vow, To be leal to our na-tive land.

CHORUS  
 So here's a toast, Ca-nad-ians, (Ca-nad-ians) Here's to the land of the

West, Here's to the land we live in, The land we love the  
 (of the West) So

best! Here's to our hills and val-leys, Here's to our sun-ny skies,

Here's to our wives and maid-ens, And the light in their laughing eyes! 2. Then

\* Repeat chorus after verse 2; 1st time pp 2nd time ff.

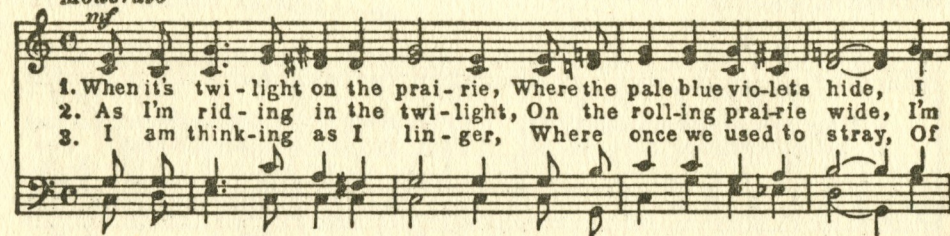
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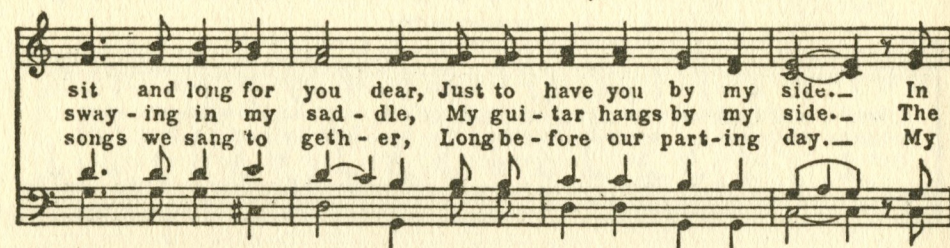
# Twilight on the Prairie

WILF CARTER

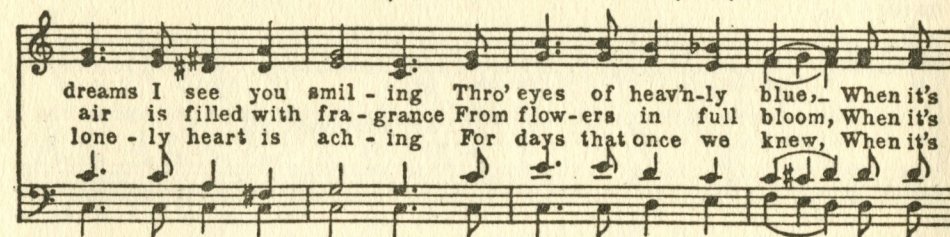
Moderato



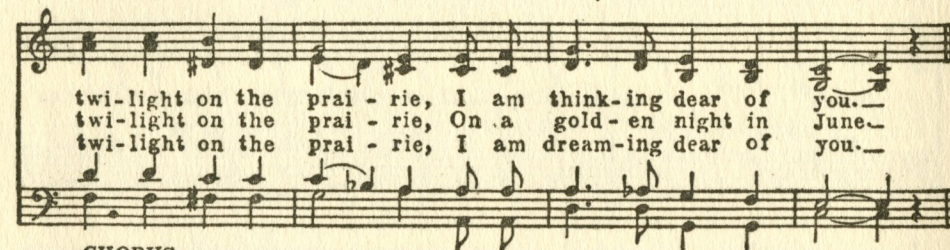
1. When it's twi-light on the prai-rie, Where the pale blue vio-lets hide, I  
 2. As I'm rid-ing in the twi-light, On the roll-ing prai-rie wide, I'm  
 3. I am think-ing as I lin-ger, Where once we used to stray, Of



sit and long for you dear, Just to have you by my side.- In  
 sway-ing in my sad-dle, My gui-tar hangs by my side.- The  
 songs we sang to geth-er, Long be-fore our part-ing day.- My



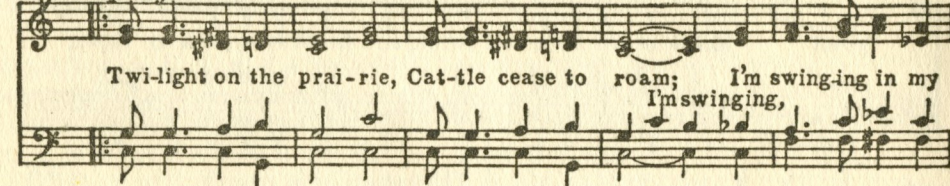
dreams I see you amil-ing Thro' eyes of heav'n-ly blue.- When it's  
 air is filled with fra-grance From flow-ers in full bloom, When it's  
 lone-ly heart is ach-ing For days that once we knew, When it's



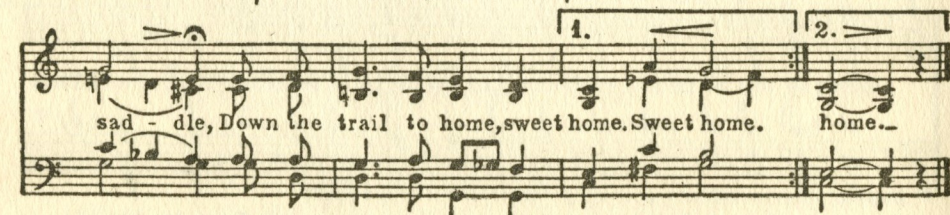
twi-light on the prai-rie, I am think-ing dear of you.-  
 twi-light on the prai-rie, On a gold-en night in June.-  
 twi-light on the prai-rie, I am dream-ing dear of you.-

## CHORUS

p-mf



Twi-light on the prai-rie, Cat-tle cease to roam; I'm swing-ing in my  
 I'm swing-ing,



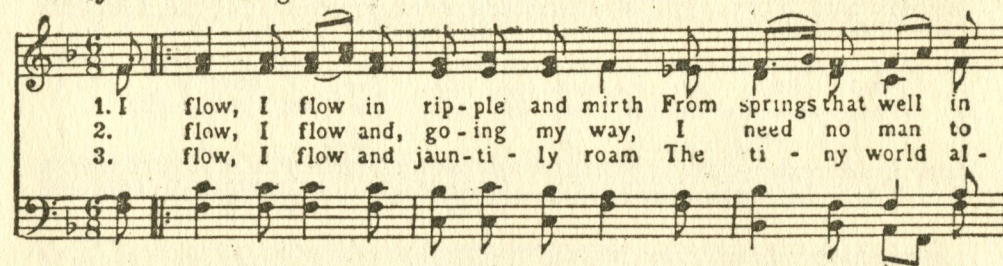
1. sad-dle, Down the trail to home, sweet home. Sweet home.  
 2. home.-

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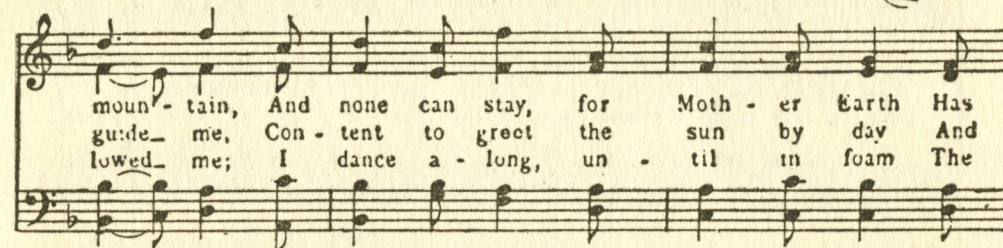
# The Mountain Stream

JOHN MURRAY GIBBON  
Writer of "Northland Songs"

Tune: "Where Sleeps the Queenly Maiden"



1. I flow, I flow in rip-ple and mirth From springs that well in  
 2. flow, I flow and, go-ing my way, I need no man to  
 3. flow, I flow and jaun-ti-ly roam The ti-ny world al-



moun-tain, And none can stay, for Moth-er Earth Has  
 guide-me, Con-tent to greet the sun by day And  
 lowed-me; I dance a-long, un-til in foam The

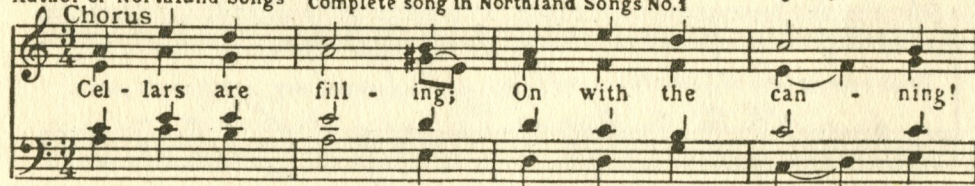


poco rit e dim. 1. nev-er fail-ing foun-tain. 2 I  
 flows in bloom be-side me. 3 I  
 riv-er rap-ids shroud me.

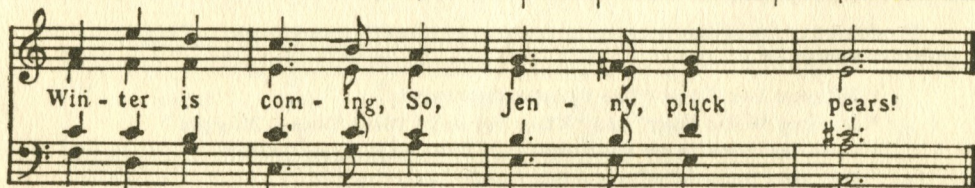
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JOHN MURRAY GIBBON  
Author of "Northland Songs" Complete song in Northland Songs No. 1

## Canning Song

Tune "Jenny, Pluck Pears"



Chorus  
 Cel-lars are fill-ing; On with the can-ning!



Win-ter is com-ing, So, Jen-ny, pluck pears!

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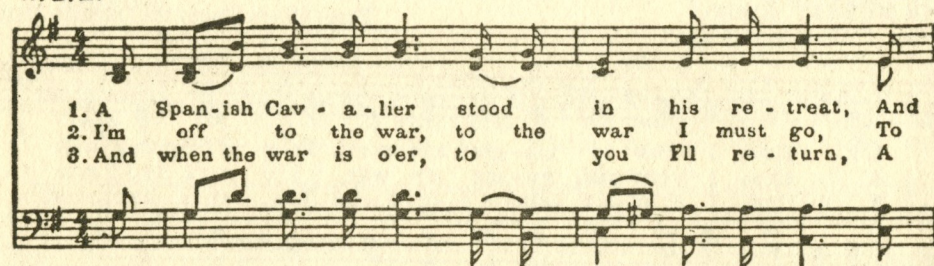
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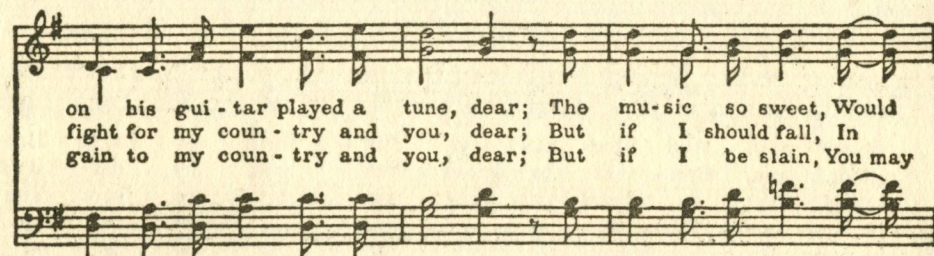
# The Spanish Cavalier

W. D. H.

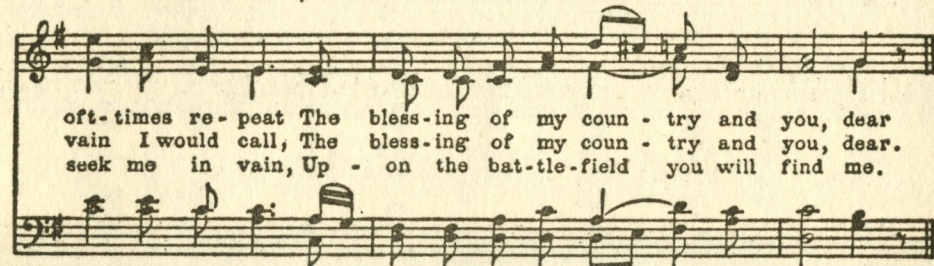
W. D. HENDRICKSON



1. A Span-ish Cav - a - lier stood in his re - treat, And  
2. I'm off to the war, to the war I must go, To  
3. And when the war is o'er, to you I'll re - turn, A

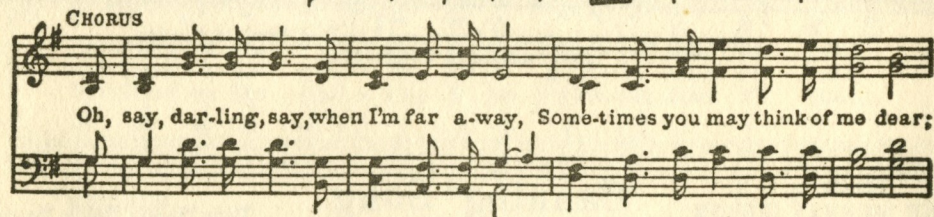


on his gui - tar played a tune, dear; The mu - sic so sweet, Would  
fight for my coun - try and you, dear; But if I should fall, In  
gain to my coun - try and you, dear; But if I be slain, You may

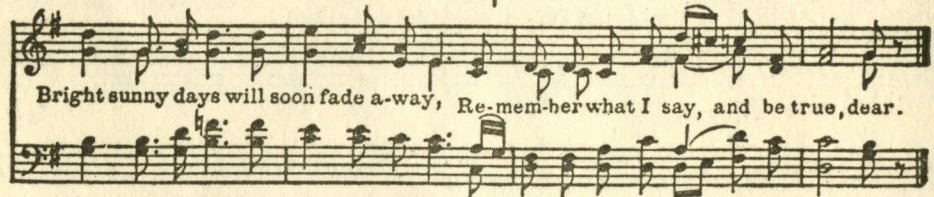


oft-times re - peat The bless - ing of my coun - try and you, dear  
vain I would call, The bless - ing of my coun - try and you, dear.  
seek me in vain, Up - on the bat - tle - field you will find me.

CHORUS



Oh, say, dar - ling, say, when I'm far a - way, Some - times you may think of me dear;



Bright sunny days will soon fade a - way, Re - mem - ber what I say, and be true, dear.

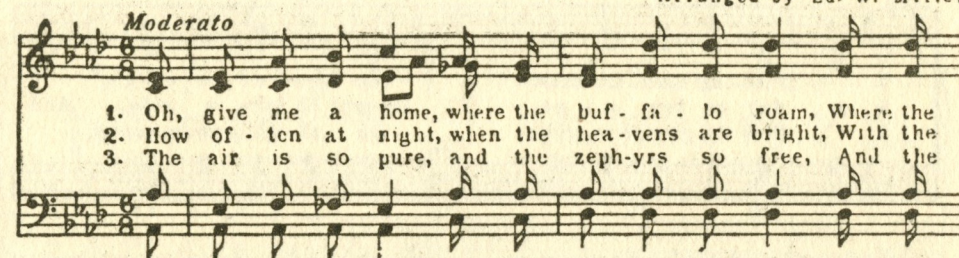
The following songs may sung simultaneously by two different groups. They should be rehearsed separately.

- "Solomon Levi" and "The Spanish Cavalier"
- "Darling Nellie Gray" and "When You and I Were Young, Maggie"
- "Keep the Home Fires Burning" and "The Long, Long Trail"
- "The Last Long Mile" and "The Long, Long Trail"
- "Three Blind Mice" and "Are You Sleeping"

# Home On The Range

Arranged by Ed. W. Miller

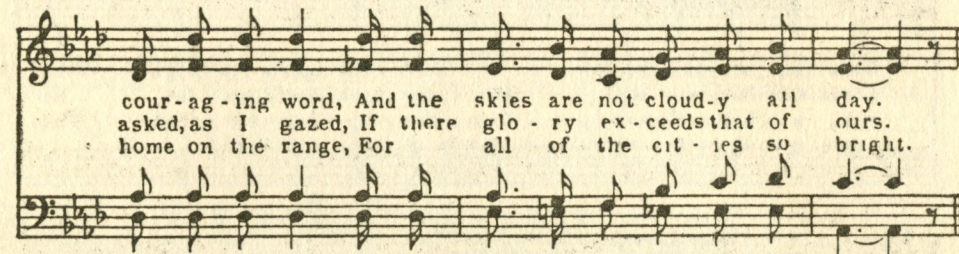
*Moderato*



1. Oh, give me a home, where the buf - fa - lo roam, Where the  
2. How of - ten at night, when the hea - vens are bright, With the  
3. The air is so pure, and the zeph - yrs so free, And the



deer and the an - tel - ope play - Where sel - dom is heard a dis -  
light from the glit - ter - in' stars - I've stood there a - mazed, and -  
breez - es so balm - y and light - I would not ex - change, my -

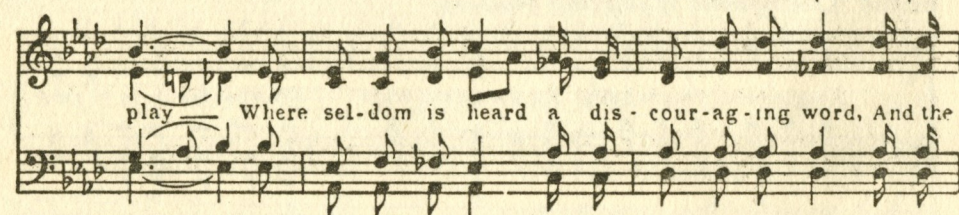


cour - ag - ing word, And the skies are not cloud - y all day.  
asked, as I gazed, If there glo - ry ex - ceeds that of ours.  
home on the range, For all of the cit - ies so bright.

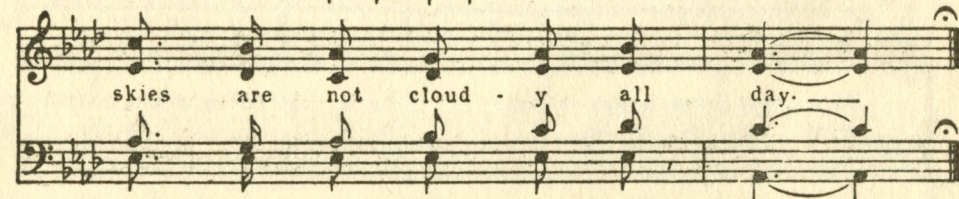
REFRAIN



Home, home on the range, Where the deer and the an - tel - ope



play - Where sel - dom is heard a dis - cour - ag - ing word, And the



skies are not cloud - y all day.

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## Jingle, Bells

J. P

J. PIERPONT

*Quickly*

1. Dash-ing thro' the snow In a one horse o-pen sleigh,  
 2 A day or two a-go I thought I'd take a ride, And  
 3 Now the ground is white, Go it while you're young,

O'er the fields we go, Laugh-ing all the way;  
 soon Miss Fan-nie Bright Was seat-ed by my side; The  
 Take the girls to-night, And sing the sleigh-ing song; Just

Bells on bob-tail ring, Mak-ing spir-its bright, What  
 horse was lean and lank, Mis-for-tune seem'd his lot, He  
 get a bob-tailed nag, Two-for-ty for his speed, Then

fun it is to ride and sing A sleigh-ing song to night!  
 got in-to a drift-ed bank, And we, we got up-sot.  
 hitch him to an o-pe sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead.

CHORUS (*Accompanied by jingling glasses*)

Jin-gle, bells! jin-gle, bells! Jin-gle all the way! Oh, what fun it is to ride

In a one horse o-pen sleigh! In a one horse o-pen sleigh!

## Silver Threads Among The Gold

H. P. DANKS

1. Dar-ling, I am grow-ing old;— Sil-ver threads a-mong the gold  
 2. When your hair is sil-ver white— And your cheeks no long-er bright  
 3. Love can nev-er more grow old;— Locks may lose their brown and gold,  
 4. Love is always young and fair— What to us is sil-ver hair,

Shine up-on my brow to-day;— Life is fad-ing fast a-way;—  
 With the ro-ses of the May, I will kiss your lips and say:—  
 Cheeks may fade and hol-low grow; But the hearts that love will know  
 Fad-ed cheeks or steps grown slow, To the hearts that beat be-low?—

But, my dar-ling, you will be, will be, Al-ways young and fair to me,  
 Oh! my dar-ling, mine a-lone, a-lone, You have nev-er old-er grown,  
 Nev-er, nev-er win-ter's frost and chill; Sum-mer warmth is in them still,  
 Since I kiss'd you, mine a-lone, a-lone, You have nev-er old-er grown,

Yes! my dar-ling, you will be Al-ways young and fair to me.  
 Yes! my dar-ling, mine a-lone, You have nev-er old-er grown.  
 Nev-er win-ter's frost and chill, Sum-mer warmth is in them still.  
 Since I kiss'd you, mine a-lone, You have nev-er old-er grown.

REFRAIN

Dar-ling, I am grow-ing old;— Sil-ver threads a-mong the gold

Shine up-on my brow to-day;— Life is fad-ing fast a-way.



# Quintuplets' Lullaby

By GORDON V. THOMPSON

Ba - bies five in num - ber, All pre - pared for slum - ber,  
All a - board the steam - boat, Fair - y - land's own dream - boat,

Cud - dle down and close your drow - sy eyes. God a - bove will send you  
Sail a - way to gleam - ing mag - ic isles. When the sun gives warn - ing,

An - gels to at - tend you; Soon you'll hear them sing your lul - la - bies.  
You will know it's morning Home a - gain to cheer us with your smiles.

CHORUS

Fif - ty chub - by, ti - ny toes! Ev - ry cheek a red, red rose!

Here a fair - y lin - gers, kiss - ing fifty fin - gers, Crooning while your dark eyes close.

In your beds con - tent - ed lie; Go to sleep and don't you cry!

Ves - per bells are ringing An - gel voi - ces sing - ing, Quintuplets, your lul - la - by.

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# Sweet and Low

ALFRED TENNYSON

J. BARNBY

*Larghetto*  
*pp*

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea;  
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;

Low, low, breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea;  
Rest, rest, on moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;

*mf* *pp*

1. O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go, Come from the  
O - ver the wa - ters go, Come  
2. Fa - ther will come to his babe in the nest, Sil - ver  
Fa - ther will come to his babe, Sil - ver

dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to me,  
from the moon and blow,  
sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver moon,  
sails out of the west,

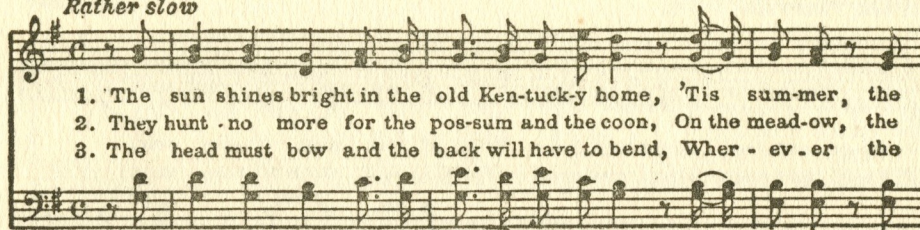
*rall. e dim.* *pp*

While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.  
Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep.

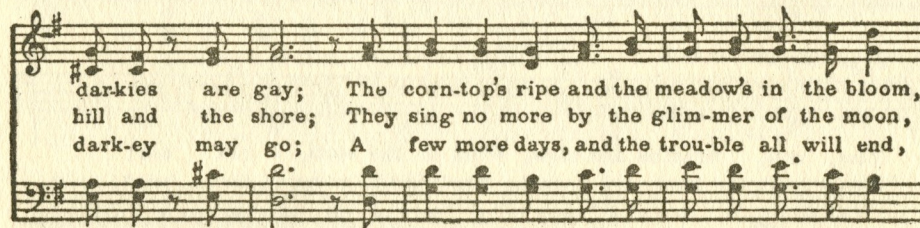


# My Old Kentucky Home

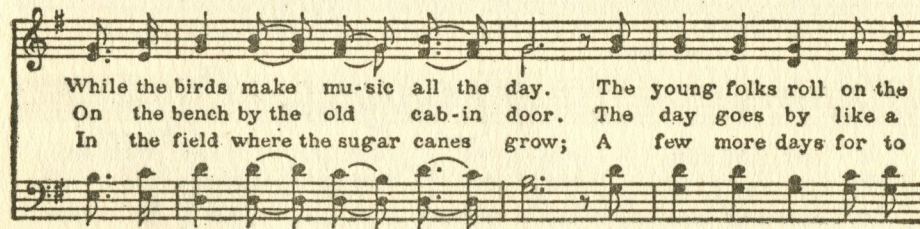
STEPHEN C. FOSTER

*Rather slow*


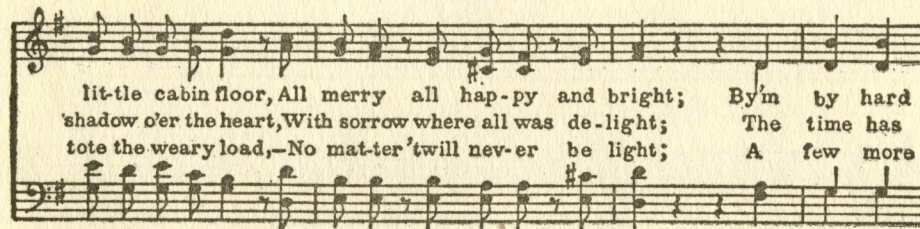
1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the  
2. They hunt - no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the mead-ow, the  
3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher - ev - er the



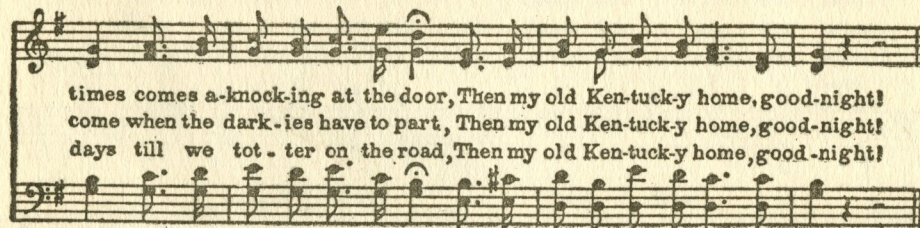
darkies are gay; The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,  
hill and the shore; They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon,  
dark-ey may go; A few more days, and the trou-ble all will end,



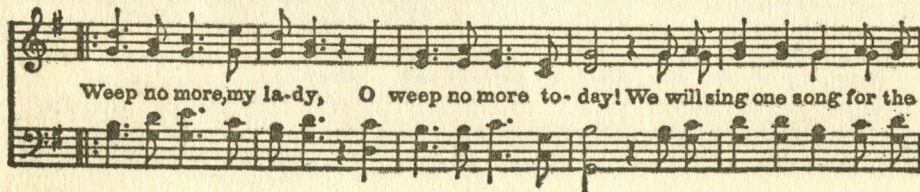
While the birds make mu-sic all the day. The young folks roll on the  
On the bench by the old cab-in door. The day goes by like a  
In the field where the sugar canes grow; A few more days for to



lit-tle cabin floor, All merry all hap-py and bright; By'm by hard  
shadow o'er the heart, With sorrow where all was de-light; The time has  
tote the weary load, - No mat-ter 'twill nev-er be light; A few more

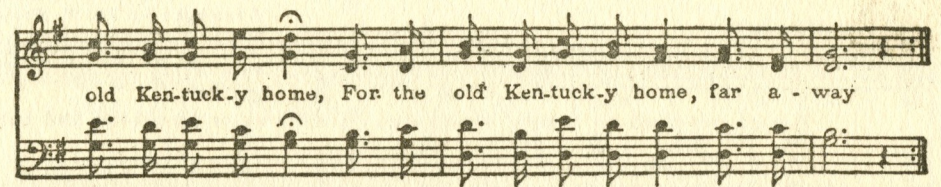


times comes a-knock-ing at the door, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!  
come when the dark-ies have to part, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!  
days till we tot-ter on the road, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!



Weep no more, my la-dy, O weep no more to-day! We will sing one song for the

# My Old Kentucky Home—Continued

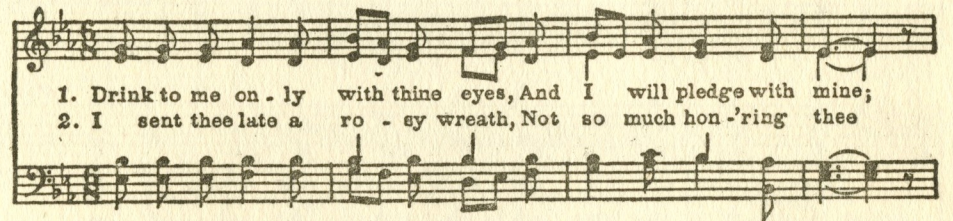


old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Ken-tuck-y home, far a - way

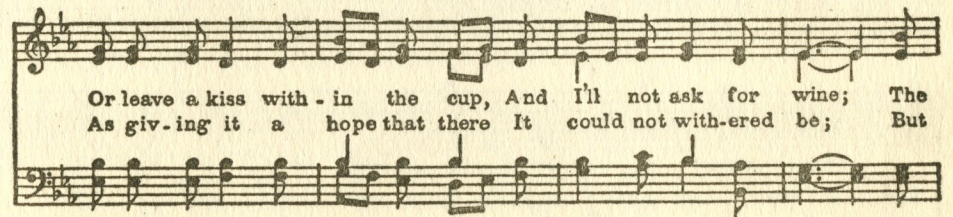
## Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes

BEN JONSON

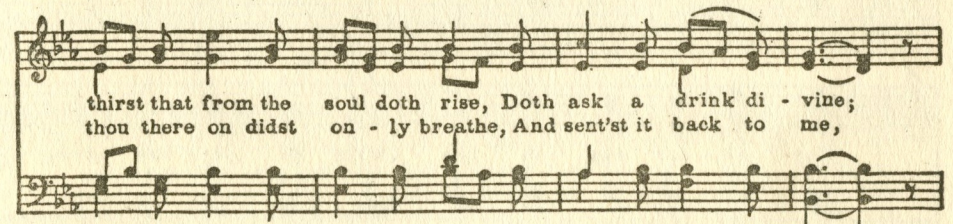
OLD ENGLISH AIR



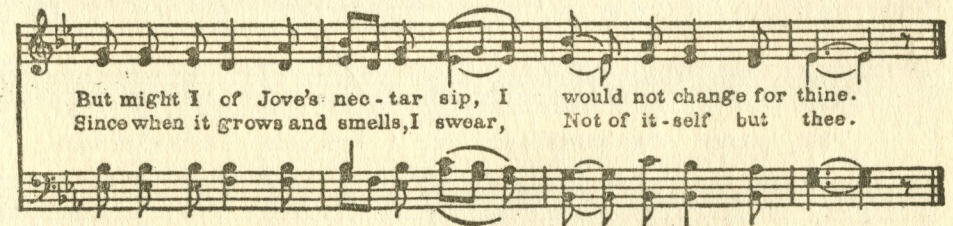
1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine;  
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much hon - 'ring thee



Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine; The  
As giv - ing it a hope that there It could not with - er be; But



thirst that from the soul doth rise, Doth ask a drink di - vine;  
thou there on didst on - ly breathe, And sent'st it back to me,



But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine.  
Since when it grows and smells, I swear, Not of it - self but thee.



# Carry Me Back To Old Virginny

JAMES A. BLAND  
Arranged by Ed. W. Miller

*Slowly*

Car-ry me back to old Vir-gin-ny, There's where the cot-ton and the

corn and 'ta-ters grow, There's where the birds war-ble sweet in the spring-time,

*Fine*  
*ritard.*  
There's where the old dar-keys heart am long'd to go.

*atempo*  
There's where I la-bored so hard for old Mas-sa,

Day af-ter day in the fields of yel-low corn,

No place on earth do I love so sin-cere-ly,

Arrangement Copyright by Gordon V. Thompson Limited, Toronto, Canada

# Carry Me Back To Old Virginny Continued

*D. S.*  
Than old Vir-gin-ny, the state where I was born.  
*ritard.*

# Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms

THOMAS MOORE  
*Moderato*  
IRISH AIR  
Arranged by Ed. W. Miller

Be-lieve me, if all those en-dear-ing young charms, Which I gaze on so fondly to-  
It is not while beauty and youth are thine own, And thy cheeks unprofaned by a

day, Were to change by to-mor-row and fleet in my arms, Like  
tear, That the fer-vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which

fair-y gifts fad-ing a-way, Thou wouldst still be a-dored as this  
time will but make thee more dear. No, the heart that has tru-ly loved

mo-ment thou art, Let thy lov-li-ness fade as it will; And a  
nev-er for-gets, But as tru-ly loves on to the close, As the-

*rall.*  
round the dear ru-ine each wish of my heart, Would entwine it - self ver - dantly still.  
sun flower turns to her God, when he sets, The same look which she turned when he rose.

Arrangement Copyright by Gordon V. Thompson Limited, Toronto, Canada



# Come Back Old Pal

Sung with great success by  
Capt. Plunkett in the "Dumbells" CAPT. M.W. PLUNKETT

CHORUS

*Valse moderato*

*mf*

Come back, come back, old Pal of mine, Come back come back to

me;— I seem to hear your dear voice say, "Let's find the

*ritard.* *a tempo*

road that leads back to yes - ter-day." Come back, come back, old Pal of

mine, Oh! Hear my ten - der plea! ——— I've wait-ed, oh! so  
Ten-der plea!

*mp* *ad lib. largo*

long for you, Won't you come back, won't you come back to me?—

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# Beautiful Dreamer

STEPHEN C. FOSTER  
Arr. by Edward Miller

*Andantino*

*mf*

Beau-ti-ful dream-er, wake un-to me, Star-light and dew-drops are wait-ing for

thee; Sounds of the rude world heard in the day, Lulled by the moon-light have all passed a-

way. Beau-ti-ful dream-er, queen of my song, List while I woo thee with  
*p* *cresc.*

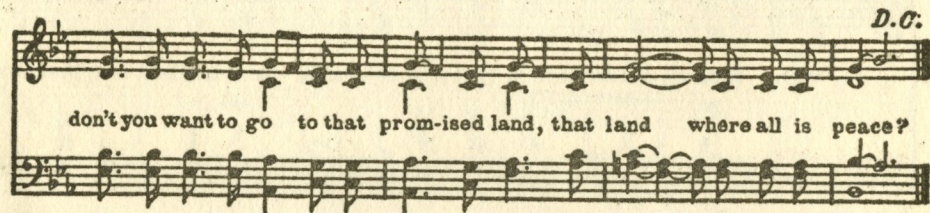
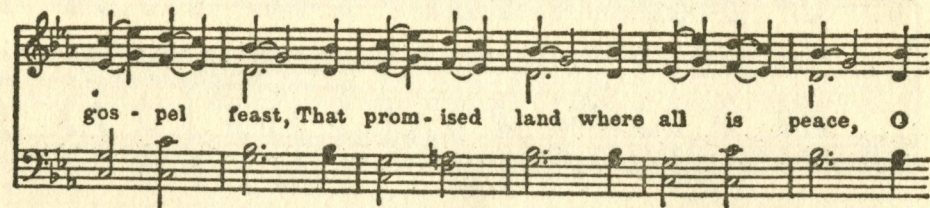
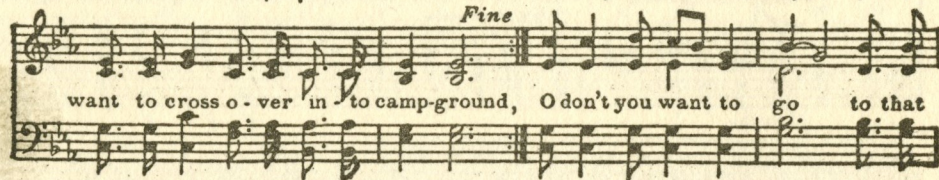
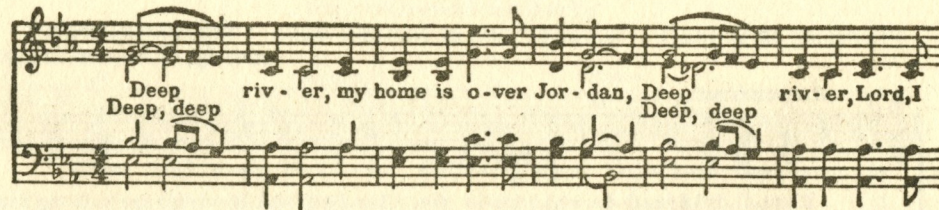
soft mel-o-dy; Gone are the cares of life's bus-y throng, Beau-ti-ful dream-er, a-wake un-to  
*rit.* *a tempo* *mf*

me! — Beau-ti-ful dream-er, a-wake un-to me! —  
*rall e dim.*

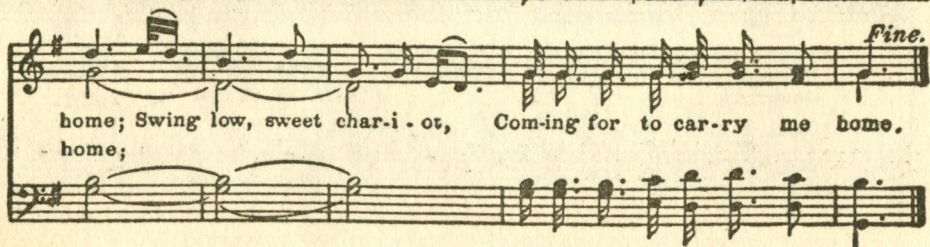
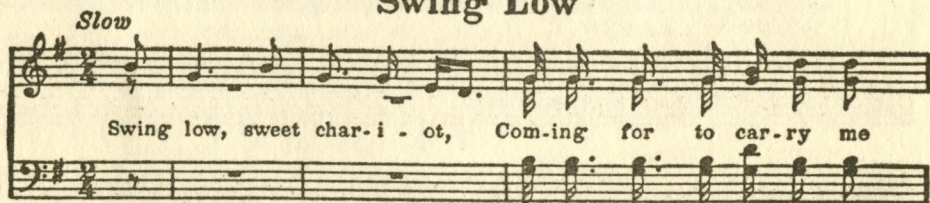
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## Deep River



## Swing Low



## The Old Rugged Cross

Copyright, 1918, by Geo. Bennard.

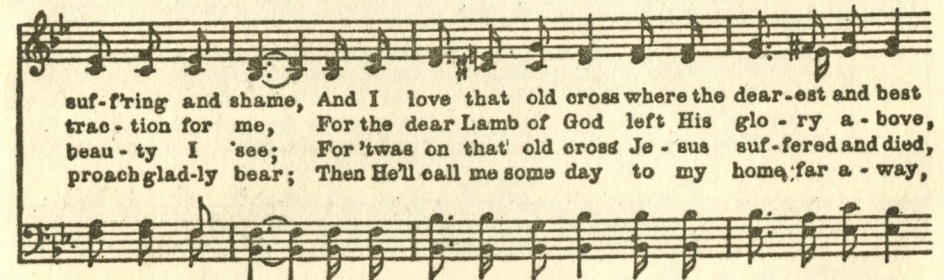
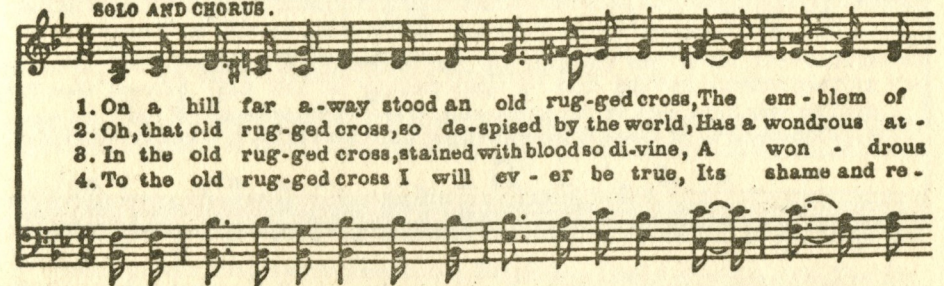
Words and Music

Homer A. Rodeheaver, Owner.

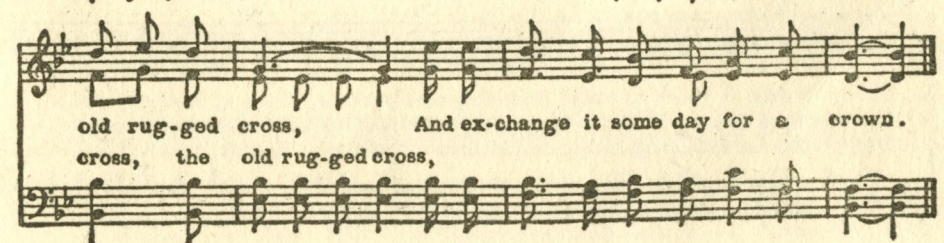
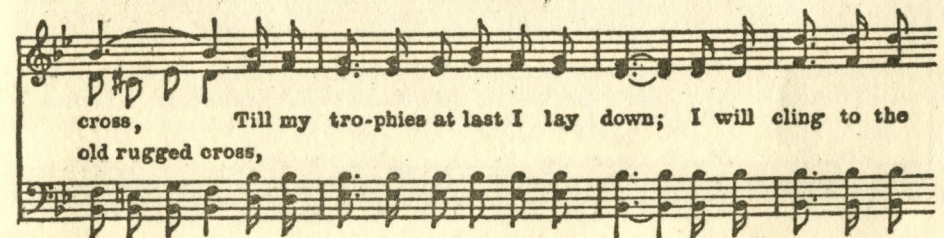
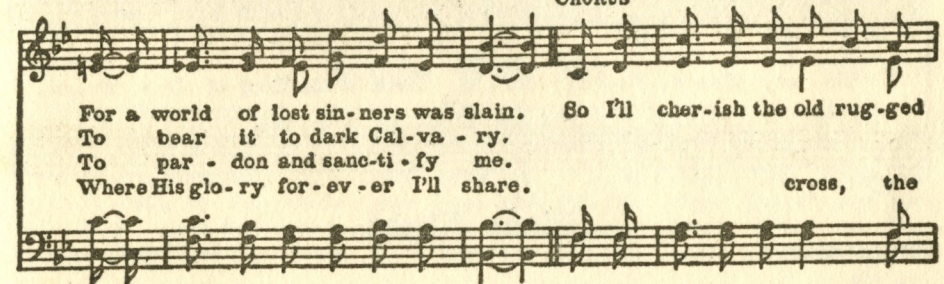
Rev. GEO. BENNARD

G. B.

SOLO AND CHORUS.



CHORUS





# The First Noel

WORDS TRADITIONAL

AIR TRADITIONAL

*mf*

1. The first No-el the angel did say Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay;
2. They look-ed up and saw a star Shin-ing in the East be-yond them far,
3. This star drew nigh to the north-west, O'er Beth-le-hem it took its rest,
4. Then en-ter'd in there Wise-men three, Full rev-er-ent-ly up-on their knee,

*mf*

In fields where they lay keeping their sheep On a cold winters night that was so deep.  
And to the earth it gave great light, And so it continued both day and night.  
And there it did both stop and stay Right o-ver the place where Je-sus lay.  
And of-fer'd there in His pres-ence, Their gold and myrrh and frank-in-cense

CHORUS

No-el, No-el, No-el, No-el, Born is the King of Is-ra-el.

# Silent Night

JOSEPH MÖHR

FRANZ GRUBER

*pp*

1. Si-lent night! Ho-ly night! All is calm, all is bright Round yon virgin mother and Child
2. Si-lent night! Ho-ly night! Shepherds quake at the sight! Glories stream from Heaven afar,
3. Si-lent night! Ho-ly night! Son of God, love's pure light Radiant beams from Thy holy face

Ho-ly Infant so tender and mild, Sleep in heavenly peace, Sleep in heavenly peace.  
Heav'nly hosts sing Al-le-lu ia, Christ the Savior is born! Christ the Savior is born!  
With the dawn of redeeming grace, Je-sus, Lord at Thy birth, Je-sus, Lord at Thy birth

# Good King Wenceslas

TRADITIONAL

JOHN KEAL

*Moderately quick*

1. Good King Wences-las look'd out On the Feast of Stephen, When the snow lay
2. "Hith-er, page, and stand by me, If thou know'st it, tell-ing; Yon-der peas-ant,
3. In his mas-ter's steps he trod, Where the snow lay din-ted; Heat was in the

round a-bout, Deep and crisp and e-ven; Bright-ly shone the moon that night, Tho' the  
who is he? Where, and what his dwelling?" "Sire, he lives a good league hence, Un-der-  
ver-y sod Which the saint had printed; Therefore, Christian men, be sure, Wealth or

*a little slower*

frost was cru-el, When a poor man came in sight, Gath'ring win-ter fu-el.  
neath the mountain; Right a-gainst the for-est fence, By Saint Ag-nes' foun-tain.  
rank pos-sess-ing, Ye who now will bless the poor, Shall yourselves find bless-ing.

H.F. LYT

# Abide With Me

W. H. MONK

1. A-bide with me: fast falls the e-ven-tide, The dark-ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres-ence ev-ry pass-ing hour; What but Thy
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos-ing eyes; Shine through the

deep-ens; Lord with me a-bide! When oth-er help-ers  
dim, its glo-ries pass a-way; Change and de-cay in  
grace can foil the tempt-er's pow'r? Who like Thy-self, my  
gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morn-ing breaks, and

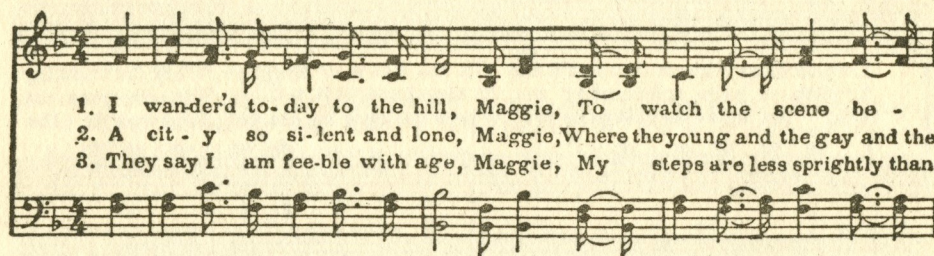
fall, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a-bide with me!  
all a-round I see; O Thou, who chang-est not, a-bide with me!  
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun-shine, oh, a-bide with me!  
earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a-bide with me!



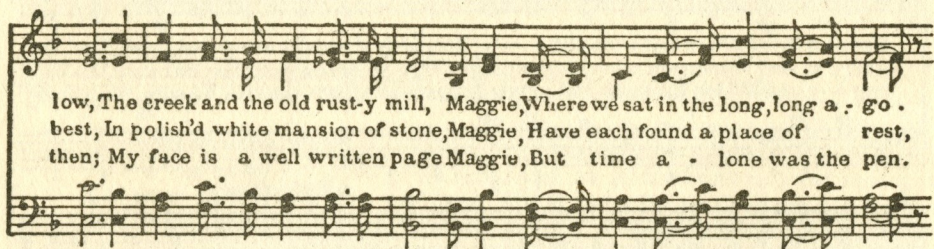
# When You And I Were Young Maggie

GEORGE W. JOHNSON

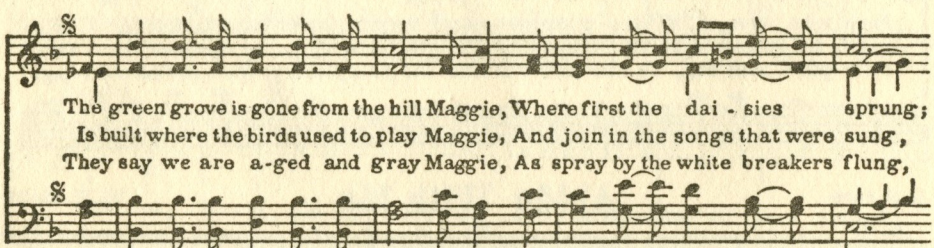
J. A. BUTTERFIELD



1. I wander'd to-day to the hill, Maggie, To watch the scene be -  
 2. A cit-y so si-lent and lone, Maggie, Where the young and the gay and the  
 3. They say I am fee-ble with age, Maggie, My steps are less sprightly than

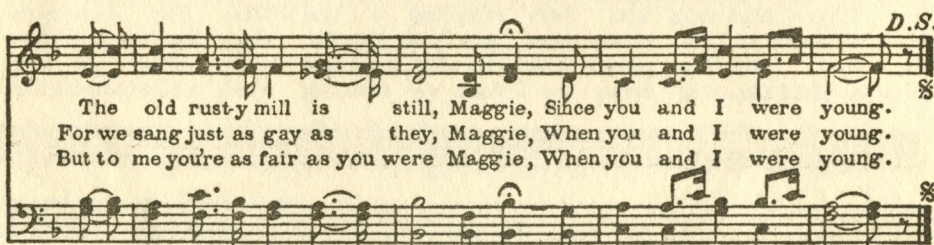


low, The creek and the old rust-y mill, Maggie, Where we sat in the long, long a - go -  
 best, In polish'd white mansion of stone, Maggie, Have each found a place of rest,  
 then; My face is a well written page Maggie, But time a - lone was the pen.



The green grove is gone from the hill Maggie, Where first the dai-sies sprung;  
 Is built where the birds used to play Maggie, And join in the songs that were sung,  
 They say we are a-ged and gray Maggie, As spray by the white breakers flung,

*D.S.* And now we are a-ged and gray Maggie, The tri-als of life near-ly done,

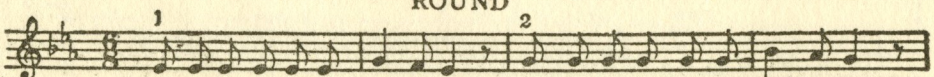


The old rusty mill is still, Maggie, Since you and I were young.  
 For we sang just as gay as they, Maggie, When you and I were young.  
 But to me you're as fair as you were Maggie, When you and I were young.

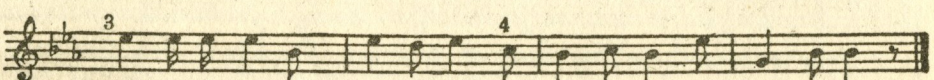
Let us sing of the days that are gone Maggie, When you and I were young.

## Merrily, Merrily

ROUND

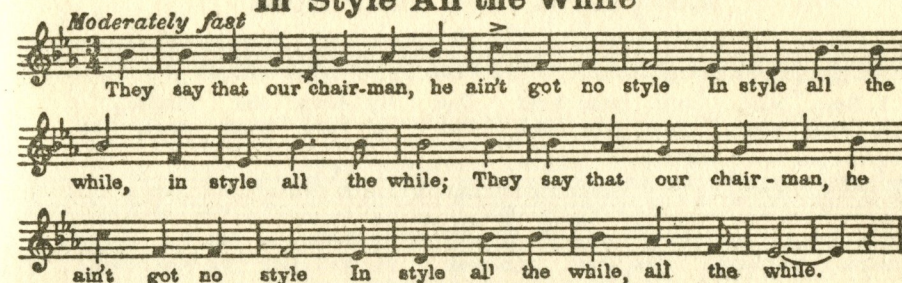


Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly greet the morn: Cheer-i-ly, cheer-i-ly sound the horn:



Hark! to the ech-oes, hear them play, O'er hill and dale, and far a-way.

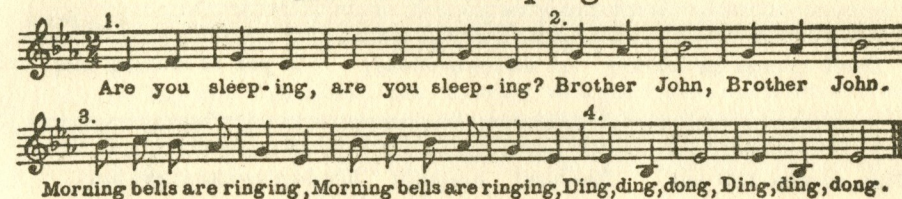
# In Style All the While



*Moderately fast*  
 They say that our chair-man, he ain't got no style In style all the  
 while, in style all the while; They say that our chair-man, he  
 ain't got no style In style all the while, all the while.

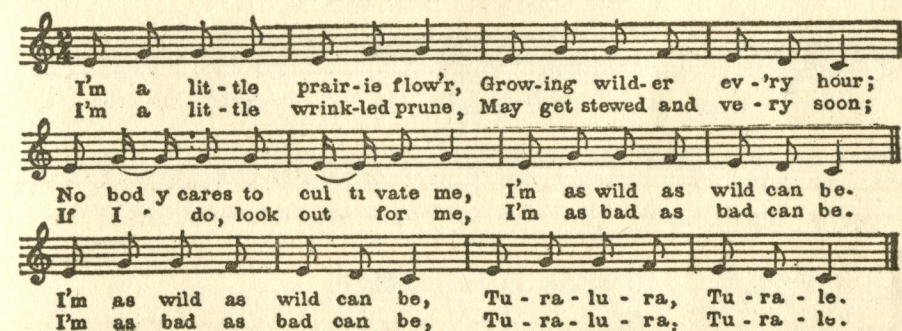
\* Use any name, as occasion demands

## Are You Sleeping?



1. Are you sleep-ing, are you sleep-ing? Brother John, Brother John.  
 2.  
 3. Morning bells are ringing, Morning bells are ringing, Ding, ding, dong, Ding, ding, dong.  
 4.

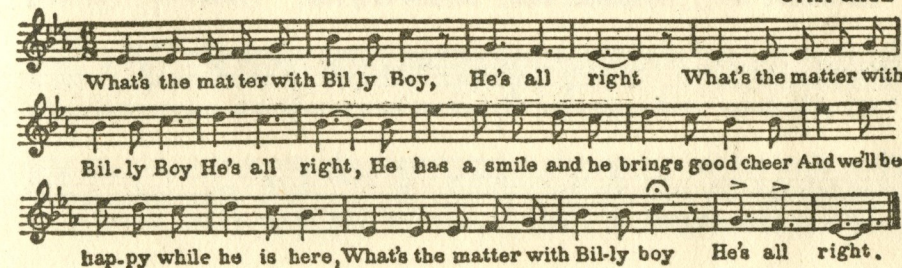
## Prairie Flower



I'm a lit-tle prair-ie flow'r, Grow-ing wild-er ev-'ry hour;  
 I'm a lit-tle wrink-led prune, May get stewed and ve-ry soon;  
 No bod-y cares to cul-ti-vate me, I'm as wild as wild can be.  
 If I do, look out for me, I'm as bad as bad can be.  
 I'm as wild as wild can be, Tu-ra-lu-ra, Tu-ra-le.  
 I'm as bad as bad can be, Tu-ra-lu-ra, Tu-ra-le.

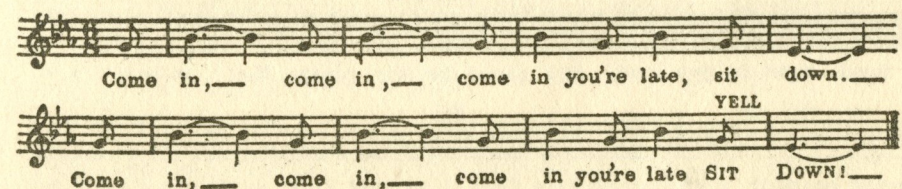
## What's the Matter With Billy Boy

C. A. GAGE



What's the matter with Bil-ly Boy, He's all right What's the matter with  
 Bil-ly Boy He's all right, He has a smile and he brings good cheer And we'll be  
 hap-py while he is here, What's the matter with Bil-ly boy He's all right.

## Come In



Come in, — come in, — come in you're late, sit down. —  
 YELL  
 Come in, — come in, — come in you're late SIT DOWN! —



## Row, Row, Row Your Boat

1. Row, row, row your boat Gen - tly down the stream;  
 2. Chew, chew, chew your food Gal - ly thru your meal, The

Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, Life is but a dream.  
 more you laugh the less you eat the bet - ter you will feel.

## Sweetly Sings the Donkey

Sweet - ly sings the don - key at the break of day; If you do not feed him,  
 This is what he'll say Hee-haw! Hee-haw! Hee-haw! hee-haw! hee-haw!

## Lovely Evening

121

Oh, how love - ly is the eve - ning, is the eve - ning, When the bells are  
 sweet - ly ring - ing, sweet - ly ring - ing! Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong.

(The two rounds below  
 may be sung together)

## Three Blind Mice

Three blind mice, Three blind mice, See how they run, See how they run! They  
 all ran af - ter the farmers wife, She cut off their tails with a carving knife, Did  
 ev - er you see such a sight in your life As three blind mice?

## Good Night

Good night to you all, and sweet be thy sleep; May an - gels a -  
 round you their si - lent watch keep, Good night, good night, good night, good night.

## The Maple Leaf Forever

A. L.

With spirit

ALEXANDER MUIR.

1. In days of yore, from Britain's shore, Wolfe the dauntless he-ro came, And planted firm Bri-  
 2. At Queens-town Heights, and Lundy's Lane, Our brave fa-thers side by side, For freedom, homes, and  
 3. Our fair Do-min-ion now ex-tends From Cape Race to Nootka Sound, May peace for-ev-er  
 4. On Mer-ry Eng-land's far famed land May kind Heaven sweetly smile, God bless Old Scotland

tan - ia's flag, On Ca-na-da's fair do-main; Here may it wave our boast and pride, And  
 loved ones dear, Firmly stood and no - bly died; And those dear rights which they maintain'd We  
 be our lot, And plen-teous store a-bound; And may those ties of love be ours, Which  
 ev - er-more, And Ire - land's Em -'raId Isle; Then swell the song both loud and long, Till

join in love to-geth-er, The This-tle, Shamrock, Rose entwine The Maple Leaf for-ev-er.  
 swear to yield them never, Our watch word ev - er-more shall be, The Maple Leaf for-ev-er.  
 dis - cord can-not sever, And flour-ish green o'er Freedom's home, The Maple Leaf for-ev-er.  
 rocks and for-est quiv-er, God save our King, and Heaven bless The Maple Leaf for-ev-er.

## CHORUS

The Ma-ple Leaf our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for - ev - er, God  
 save our King and Heav-en bless The Ma-ple Leaf for - ev - er



# God Save The King!

Attributed to John Bull (1632)

Arr. by Albert Ham

Andante moderato

*mf*

1. God save our gra - cious King, Long live our  
 2. O Lord, our God, a - rise, Scat - ter his  
 3. Thy choic - est gifts in store, On him be

no - ble King, God save the King: Send him vic -  
 en - e - mies, And make them fall; Con - found their  
 pleased to pour; Long may he reign: May he de -

to - ri - ous, Hap - py and glo - ri - ous,  
 pol - i - tics, Frus - trate their knav - ish tricks,  
 fend our laws, And ev - er give us cause

*rit.*

Long to - reign ov - er us: God - save the King.  
 On him our hopes we fix; God - save us all.  
 To sing with heart and voice, God - save the King.

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## AMERICA

My country 'tis of thee,  
 Sweet land of liberty,  
 Of thee I sing;  
 Land where my fathers died,  
 Land of the pilgrims' pride,  
 From every mountain side  
 Let freedom ring.

## TWO NATIONS

Two nations side by side,  
 Neighbors in peace abide,  
 And liberty.  
 Sprung from one ancient line,  
 Serving one God divine,  
 Two flags as one entwine.  
 Two nations free.

Gordon V. Thompson