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A Toast To Canada

Words by
WILLIAM F. WIGGINSMusic by
BERTHA LOUISE TAMBLYN

CHORUS

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AND SING!CANADIAN
SPIRIT
Y.M.C.A.
AND BOYCANADIAN
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AND BOY

Acknowledgment

The War Services Committee of the National Council of the Y.M.C.A.'s of Canada gratefully acknowledges the co-operation of publishers in permitting the use of valuable copyright lyrics in "C' Mon and Sing" book of songs.

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GOD SAVE THE KING

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us.
God save the King.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

—Henry Carey

THE MAPLE LEAF FOR EVER

In days of yore, from Britain's shore
Wolfe, the dauntless hero came,
And planted firm Britannia's flag,
On Canada's fair domain.
Here may it wave, our boast, our pride,
And joined in love together,
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine
The Maple Leaf for ever!

Chorus:
The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
The Maple Leaf for ever!
God save our King, and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf for ever!

On merry England's far-famed land
May kind Heaven sweetly smile;
God bless Old Scotland evermore,
And Ireland's Emerald Isle!
Then swell the song, both loud and long,
Till rocks and forest quiver,
God save our King, and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf for ever!

—Alexander Muir

RULE, BRITANNIA!

When Britain first, at Heaven's com-
mand,
Arose from out the azure main,
Arose, arose from out the azure main.
This was the Charter, the Charter of
the land,
And guardian angels sang this strain.
Chorus:
Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the
waves,
Britons never shall be slaves.

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

There'll always be an England
While there's a country lane;
Wherever there's a cottage small
Beside a field of grain.
There'll always be an England
While there's a busy street;
Wherever there's a turning wheel
A million marching feet.
Red, white and blue,
What does it mean to you?
Surely you're proud, shout it aloud
Britons awake,
The Empire too, we can depend on you
Freedom remains, these are the chains
nothing can break.
There'll always be an England
And England shall be free,
If England means as much to you,
As England means to me.

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MY HEART'S IN CANADA

My heart's in Canada, dear Northern
home,
I'll turn to Canada where'er I roam!
Lakeland and prairies wide, mountain
so grand—
My heart's in Canada, my own home
land!



Words by
STANLEY MAXTED
and
GORDON V. THOMPSON

Carry On!

War Version

Music by
ERNEST DAINTY

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Trade Your Frown For a Smile

TRADE YOUR FROWN FOR A SMILE

Smiles are always in style;
Pack your troubles in a kit-bag of bubbles
And blow! BLOW! BLOW them higher than a mile.
No use to fret or complain,—
When you're on parade in the rain,—
Keep facing the sun,—
You son-of-a-gun—
AND TRADE YOUR FROWN FOR A SMILE.

To The Stars

Inspired by the Air Force motto
Per Ardua Ad Astra (Through Adversity To The Stars)

Words and Music by
HAROLD WALKER

Zoom-ing up boys TO THE STARS, Up where the sky is blue!
We'll be gone in the cold gray dawn; When there's work to do
you'll find us Fly - ing to - geth - er —
Birds of a feath - er — True pa - triot sons of Mars,
Proud of our bat tle scars, So up boys TO THE STARS!
Rise on your wings so true, Fly - ing a-way at the break of day
Up in the a - zure blue we'll be there, Good pals be - side us,
Good luck be - tide us, — These words will guide us, "Through Ad - ver - si - ty TO THE STARS." Zoom-ing STARS —

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O CANADA!

("That True North,"
—Tennyson.)

O Canada! Our home and native land!
True patriot love in all thy sons com-mand.

With glowing hearts we see thee rise
The True North strong and free;
And stand on guard, O Canada,
We stand on guard for thee.

Chorus:

O Canada! Glorious and free!
We stand on guard, We stand on guard for thee.
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee.

O Canada! Where pines and maples grow,
Great prairies spread and lordly rivers flow,

How dear to us thy broad domain,
From East to Western sea!
Thou land of hope for all who toil!
Thou True North strong and free!

O Canada! Beneath thy shining skies
May stalwart sons and gentle maidens rise;

To keep thee steadfast through the years,
From East to Western sea,
Our own beloved native land,
Our True North strong and free.

Ruler supreme, who hearest humble prayer,
Hold our Dominion in Thy loving care.
Help us to find, O God in Thee,
A lasting, rich reward,
As waiting for the better day
We ever stand on guard.

—R. Stanley Weir

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SOLDIERS' CHORUS

Glory and love to the men of old,
Their sons may copy their virtues bold
Courage in heart and a sword in hand.
Both ready to fight and ready to die for Motherland!

Who needs bidding to dare by a trumpet blown?
Who lacks pity to spare when the field is won?

Who would fly from a foe if alone or lost?
And boast he was true, as coward might do
When peril is past?

Glory and love to the men of old!
Their sons may copy their virtues bold,
Courage in heart and a sword in hand.
All ready to fight for Motherland.

BE STRONG, YE SONS OF CANADA

O Canada, dear Canada!
God made her very fair;
He gave her honor, gave her wealth,
He gave her treasure rare!
Her forests wave, Her rivers flow,
Her mountains tower high,
While over all the proudest flag
On all the earth doth fly.

Chorus:
Be strong ye sons of Canada,
Ye daughters brave and true;
With heart and hand guard well the land,
Which God has given you.

O Canada, brave Canada!
Her laws are just and good;
Her spires point toward the sky,
Her sons for peace have stood!
May she for freedom ever stand,
For truth and righteousness
A pattern unto all the earth,
May she the nations bless.

—Martha Pugh.

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FOR KING AND COUNTRY

ROBERT HARKNESS.

We must fight for our King and

Coun - try, For the cause that is right and true, All u -

ni - ted we stand One Em - pire grand Neath the flag of the red, white and

blue; As we fight for our King and Coun - try For the

cause that is right and true; Though the foe as - sail Bri - tain

rall:

must pre - vail Neath the flag of the red, white and blue.

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Over Again

Words and Music by
SYDNEY BLAND

Ov - er a - gain, ov - er a - gain, We're all

go ing ov - er a - gain Back to see dear Ma-dem-ois-elle from

Ar - men - tiers; Why, we have - n't seen the dar - ling girl for years and years, and

years! Ov - er a - gain ov - er a - gain We don't mind the



trenches and the rain. * Though the fight be hard and long We'll go for-ward with a

song, So we're all goin', yes we're all goin', Sure we're all goin'.

1. 2.

ov - er a gain. Ov - er a - gain.

- * 2. Oh this army must be fine, ham and eggs at breakfast time.
- 3. And if what we hear is true, Sergeants can't speak rough to you.
- 4. Soon the girls in Armentieres will be serving up our beers.
- 5. There's no bully beef or stew, they serve chicken up to you.
- 6. If you've got an aching head, they will let you lie in bed.

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Land of Glad To-Morrows

(Canada Our Own Home Land)
TERRE DE L'AVENIR

Words and Music by
GORDON V. THOMPSON

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

C'est la ter - re de l'a - ve - nir. Pa - ys du sou - ve - nir! Chan - tons

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

les heu - reux len - de - mains, Ou - bli - ons bien - tôt nos cha - grins! La pro -

sky there shires a rain - bow That the Lord Him - self hath planned: God

mes - se de l'É - ter - nel Pa - raît dè - jà dans le ciel: Dieu

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

sau - ve le Roi, la pa - trie, Le Ca - na - da, ter - re ché - ri

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THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE

Oh, Britannia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee,
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view;
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue.

When borne by the red, white and blue,
When borne by the red white and blue,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue.

When war wing'd its wide desolation,
And threatened the land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Britannia rode safe through the storm:
With the garlands of vict'ry around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,

MARCHING SONG

For Highland Regiments

(Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.")

We are marching off to war
We've been over there before
So it isn't going to take us very long:
We are happy, we are gay
Singing all along the way
The chorus of a military song

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are
marching
We are going on parade

The boast of the red, white and blue
The boast of the red, white and blue
The boast of the red, white and blue
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white and blue

LA MARSEILLAISE

Soldiers of France, the morn is breaking,
The day of glory dawns at last!
See the tyrant's banner shaking,
As it basely streams in the blast.
As it basely streams in the blast
The field of battle lies before you,
Fierce foemen advance in their pride,
Confusion spreading far and wide,
While for aid your children implore you.

To arms and hence away!
To arms this glorious day!
March on, march on, Brave sons of France
To fame and victory!

With our bonnets at a tilt
*And the waggle o' the kilt
We're the smartest laddies in the Scotch
Brigade.

Tune: *Glory Hallelujah*

We are only on a route march
We are only on a route march
We are only on a route march
As we go swinging along.
(If wearing battle dress, substitute line as follows:)

*Though we haven't got a kilt.

BRITISH GRENADIERS

Some talk of Alexander,
And some of Hercules,
Of Hector and Lysander,
And such great names as these;
But of all the world's brave heroes,
There's none that can compare,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row,
To the British Grenadiers.

None of those ancient heroes
E'er saw a cannon ball,
Or knew the force of powder
To slay their foes withal;
But our brave boys do know it
And banish all their fears,
Singing tow, row, row, row, row, row,
To the British Grenadiers.

Then let us fill a bumper,
And drink a health to those
Who carry caps and pouches,
And wear the looped clothes;
May they and their commanders,
Live happy all their years,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row,
To the British Grenadiers.

A LITTLE BIT OF SHRAPNEL

(Tune "A Little bit of Heaven")
Sure a little bit of shrapnel fell from
out the sky one day
And it nestled in my shoulder in a kind
and loving way,
And when the M.O. saw it,
Sure it looked so sweet and fair,
He said "You're off to Blighty,
They'll fix you up back there,"
So he sprinkled it with iodine to keep
the germs away,
It's the only way to stop them no
matter what they say,
But when I left the C.C.S. he'd changed
his fickle mind,
And he marked me down for duty and
he sent me up the line.
(By Permission)

I'M SENDING YOU THE SIEGFRIED LINE TO HANG YOUR WASHING ON

Dear Ma, I'm having lots of fun,
I'm sending you the Siegfried Line to
hang your washing on
Tell Pa that Hitler's on the run,
I'm sending you the Siegfried Line,
To hang his night-shirt on,
I've got a little souvenir for sonny
It's one of Goering's medals,
That they're using here for money
Love from your ever loving son.
I'm sending you the Siegfried Line, to
hang your washing on.

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COLONEL BOGEY PARODY

Chorus I
Hitler—we're going to see it through
Hitler—this means the end of you
Goering—the lion is roaring
And Ribbentrop'll soon topple in too
(Like the other Nasties.)
Hitler—remember Kaiser Bill,
Hitler—you'd better make your will,
Hitler—with Tom and Jack out,
This is your black-out
So, Hitler, you're through.

Chorus II
Hitler—we're marching on your tail,
Hitler—no wonder you turn pale,
Look out—best get your book out,
For you will need it
To read it in jail (just before they hang
you).
Hitler—although it may sound harsh,
Britain will pull your darned mous-
tache.
Listen—poor Adolf Hitler,
You'll feel much littler,
Before we are through.

Our Canada, From Sea To Sea

(When Maple Leaves Turn Red)

ARTHUR STRINGER

GENA BRANSCOMB

Maestoso con anima *mf*

1. Our Ca - na - da, from
2. But as our nor - land
3. And tho' they wan - dered

sea to sea, Four signs of va - lour knows The
sum - mers wane, And all our flow'rs have fled, The
far, and felt The an - cient tie wear thin, They

cresc.

this - tle and the fleur-de - lys, The sham-rock and the rose For
home - sick heart turns home a - gain, When ma - ple leaves turn red. Re
knew the wait - ing moth - er knelt To take her child - ren in. So

har - di - hood the this - tle stands, The sham - rock is for
gret - ful broods the au - tumn air, The green fades out to
all our ma - ples hill by hill, As sum - mer meets its

f

grief; The li - ly and the rose join hands To
gold; And back the out - land bro - thers fare To
close, A - wake and flame, and give us still The

cresc. e rit.

1. 2.

make the Ma - ple Leaf. rose.
hearths they knew of old.
red of Eng - land's

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THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND

Oh where and oh where is your
Highland laddie gone?
Oh where and oh where is your
Highland laddie gone?
He's gone to fight the foe for King
George upon the throne,
And it's oh! in my heart I wish him
safe at home.

Oh where and oh where did your
Highland laddie dwell?
Oh where and oh where did your
Highland laddie dwell?
He dwelt in merry Scotland, at the
sign of the Blue Bell,
And it's oh! in my heart I love my
laddie well.

Oh how, tell me how, is your Highland
laddie clad?
Oh how, tell me how, is your Highland
laddie clad?

His bonnet's of the Saxon green, His
waist-coat's of the plaid
And it's oh! in my heart that I love
my Highland lad.

Suppose, oh suppose that your High-
land lad should die,
Suppose, oh suppose that your High-
land lad should die,
The bag-pipes should play o'er him,
and I'd lay me down and cry;
But it's oh! in my heart that I feel he
will not die.

HEARTS OF OAK

Come, cheer up, my lads! 'tis to glory
we steer,
To add something more to this wonder-
ful year;
To honour we call you, not press you
like slaves,
For who are so free as the sons of the
waves?

Chorus:

Hearts of Oak are our ships,
Hearts of Oak are our men:
We always are ready;
Steady, boys, steady;
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and
again.

They swear they'll invade us, these
terrible foes,
They frighten our women, our children
and beaux;
But should their flat bottoms in dark-
ness get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive
them on shore.

THE THREE CROWS

There were three crows sat on a tree
And they were black as crows could be.

Said one old crow unto his mate,
"What shall we do for grub to eat?"

"There lies a horse on yonder plain,
Who's by some cruel butcher slain."

"We'll perch upon his bare backbone
And pick his eyes out one by one."

MEN OF HARLECH

Men of Harlech, wake from sleeping,
Saxon tyrants now are creeping,
Like a river onward sweeping
Swiftly through the night.

Side by side with spear and bowmen,
With your valour you shall show men
How to vanquish Saxon foemen,
Put them all to flight.

Whilst the battle drums are beating,
This your war cry, this your greeting:
"No surrender, no retreating!
Harlech wins the fight!"

I LOVE YOU CANADA

By
KENNETH MCINNIS
&
MORRIS MANLEY



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Come Back Old Pal

Words and Music
by M. W. Plunkett



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SONS OF THE SEA

Sons of the sea! All British born!
Sailing every ocean, laughing foes to
scorn.

They may build their ships, my lads,
and think they know the game,
But they can't build boys of the bull-
dog breed,

Who made old England's name!

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THE NAVY'S HERE!

THE NAVY'S HERE!

Here come the boys in blue,
Born to the seven seas,
From China to Peru.

THE NAVY'S HERE!

England expects they say.

True to the Nelson touch,

His watchword lives today.

Who dares to threaten freedom shall

learn it's wrong and why,

For on behalf of Freedom here's the

Navy's stern reply.

THE NAVY'S HERE!

Here come the boys in blue,

Sail on to victory.

"The Navy!" Here's to you!

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ADIEU

(Tune: "Till We Meet Again.")

Smile the while we bid you fond adieu;

We have had a happy time with you.

To the vision we'll be true,

Till another time unites us.

Then we'll meet again so merrily,

For we'll have a pleasant memory;

There's lots of fun for you and me

When we meet again.

SMILE AWHILE

(Tune: "Till We Meet Again.")

Smile awhile and give your face a rest
(Everybody smile.)

Stand up straight and elevate your
chest.

(Every one erect and expand chest.

Reach your hands up to the sky,

(Hands high over head.)

While you wag your head so freely,

(Shake head from side to side.)

Limber up and stamp your feet a bit

(Stamp feet on floor.)

As you were, and now, before you sit

Reach right out to some one near,

Shake his hand and smile.

(Everybody shake hands and smile.)

JOHN BROWN'S BABY

(Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic.")

John Brown's baby has a cold upon its

chest,

John Brown's baby has a cold upon its

chest,

John Brown's baby has a cold upon its

chest,

And he rubbed it with camphorated

oil.

For the second verse, repeat the first,
but instead of saying "baby," swing

the arms back and forth as though

rocking a baby.

For the third verse, repeat the

second, but instead of saying "cold,"

cough lightly.

For the fourth verse, repeat the

third, but instead of saying "chest,"

slap chest with hand.

For the fifth verse, repeat the fourth,

but instead of saying "rubbed," rub

hand across chest.

For the sixth verse, repeat the fifth,

but instead of saying "camphorated,"

sniff as though smelling camphor.

Land We Love

A Song Of Empire

Words and Music by
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Three Cheers for the Lads of the Navy

By GORDON V. THOMPSON



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I MUST SEE ANNIE

I must see Annie tonight,
e's got the cutest little grin
pretty dimple in her chin,
I call and call 'til I find her in,
'cause
must see Annie tonight.
ello Central, give me a line,
alling Bryant seven, o, nine,
ello, who's this, you're Mister Lee,
ne man who sells us all our tea?
ell you've got tea and love's got me.
H!) I must see Annie tonight.
e's got two eyes that shine,
vo lips made for kissin',
h! What I'm missin', so please don't
delay.
ello Central give me a line,
alling Bryant, seven, o, nine,
ello, who's this, you're Mister Bell,
ou've got some wedding rings to sell?
ne number's wrong, but the idea's
swell, Oh!
must see Annie tonight.
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WE'LL NEVER LET THE
OLD FLAG FALL

e'll never let the old flag fall,
or we love it the best of all,
e don't want to fight to show our
might,
at when we start we fight! fight!
fight!
peace or war you'll hear us sing,
God save the flag, God save the
King."
the end of the world the flag's
unfurled,
e'll never let the old flag fall.

—Albert E. MacNutt.

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manian Music Co., Toronto (Owners
the Copyright).

MARCHING
TOGETHER

(Tune: "Beer Barrel Polka.")

Marching together
Along the highway we go
All pals together
In rain or sunshine or snow.
Fond wives and sweethearts
Are cheering us all along
Everybody swing the chorus
Of this grand old song.

SCOTLAND'S BURNING

(Round)

Scotland's burning, Scotland's burning,
Look out, look out! Fire! fire! fire!
fire!

Pour on water, Pour on water!

THE SENTRY'S LAMENT

Around the corner and under the tree,
The Sergeant-Major's forgotten me.
He is so grand, best in the land,
He put me out on sentry-go,
And there he lets me stand
Around the corner and under the tree,
I hope that someone remembers me,
This job's a treat, life is so sweet,
I wish they'd come and call me in
Before I fall asleep.

ALL PALS TOGETHER

All pals together,
Stand up and cheer,
Because it's always fair weather,
When the grand old gang is here.
All pals together,
In rain or in shine
Oh! here's to fun,
Here's to ev'ry one,
And the days of Auld Lang Syne.

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IT'S A SHORT, SHORT LIFE

(Tune: "There's a Long, Long Trail.")

It's a short, short life we live here,
So let us laugh while we may,
With a song for every moment
Of the whole bright day.
What's the use of being gloomy,
Or what's the use of our tears,
When we know a mummy's had no fun
For the last three thousand years?

ALL WE DO IS SIGN THE PAY-ROLL

(Tune: John Brown's Body)

All we do is sign the pay-roll,
All we do is sign the pay-roll,
All we do is sign the pay-roll,
And we never get a gosh-darned cent!

First they make us make allotments,
Then they make us take insurance,
Then they fine us in court-martial,
So we never get a gol-dern cent!

ABDUL, THE BULBUL AMEER

The sons of the prophet are hardy and bold
And quite unaccustomed to fear,
But of all the most reckless of life or of limb,
Was Abdul the Bulbul Ameer.

When they wanted a man to encourage the van
Or to shout hulla-loo in the rear,
Or to storm a redoubt, they straight-way sent out
For Abdul the Bulbul Ameer.

There are heroes in plenty and well known to fame,
In the ranks that are led by the Czars
But among the most reckless of name
or of fame
Was Ivan Petruski Skivah.

He could Timithie Irving, play euchre or pool,
And perform on the Spanish Guitar
In fact, quite the cream of the Moscowite, too
Was Ivan Petruski Skivah.

BOHUNKUS

(Tune: "Auld Lang Syne.")

There was a man who had two sons,
And these two sons were brothers,
Bohunkus was the name of one,
Josephus was the other's.

Now these two boys had suits and clothes,
And they were made for Sunday
Bohunkus wore his every day,
Josephus his on Monday.

Now these two boys to concerts went
Whenever they saw fit;
Bohunkus in the gallery sat,
Josephus in the pit.

Now these two boys they were twin sons,
And each son was a twin,
Bohunkus had his father's smile,
Josephus had his grin.

Now these two boys to college went
For reasons quite specific;
Bohunkus academic was,
Josephus scientific.

Now these two boys are dead and gone
Long may their ashes rest;
Bohunkus of the cholera died,
Josephus by request.



HE KISSED THE SERGEANT-MAJOR ON PARADE

He kissed the Sergeant-Major on parade, boys,
He kissed the Sergeant-Major on parade.
He's the regiment's joy and pride
For the Sergeant-Major died
When Private Atkins kissed him on parade

—R. Ron. Napier
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PEANUT SONG

(Tune: Here we go Gathering Nuts in May)

The man who has plenty of good peanuts,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my peanuts
When his peanuts are gone

When his peanuts are gone,
When his peanuts are gone,
He shan't have any of my peanuts,
When his peanuts are gone.

The man who has plenty of good oranges, etc.

The man who has plenty of soft, sweet soda crackers, etc.

The man who has plenty of ripe, red strawberry short-cake, etc.

THE MORE WE ARE TOGETHER

The more we get together, together,
together,
The more we get together, the happier we'll be.
For your friends are my friends,
And my friends are your friends;
The more we get together, the happier we'll be.

ADVERTISE

(Tune: "Auld Lang Syne.")

The fish it never cackles 'bout
It's million eggs or so,
The hen is quite a different bird,
One egg—and hear her crow,
The fish we spurn, but crown the hen
Which leads me to surmise,
Don't hide your light, but blow your horn,
It pays to advertise.

HE PASSED THE BUCK TO ME

The Colonel blamed the Adjutant
'cause he didn't know what to do
The Adjutant blamed the subaltern
and cursed till all was blue,
So they blamed the Sergeant-Major in
language frank and free,
And what do you think? the son-of-a-gun,
he passed the buck to me.
—R. Ross Napier
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THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'

The Campbells are comin', O ho! O ho!
The Campbells are comin', O ho! O ho!
The Campbells are comin', to bonnie Loch-leven,
The Campbells are comin', O ho! O ho!

IN STYLE ALL THE WHILE

They say that our *chairman, he ain't got no style,
He ain't got no style,
He ain't got no style,
They say that our chairman, he ain't got no style,
He's got style all the while, all the while,
while, all the while.

*Use name as occasion demands.

We're On Our Way

Words and Music by CAPT. MERT PLUNKETT

We're on our way! We're on our way! We're on our way to
Berch - tes - ga - den; And ev - ry day and ev - ry
(Birchesgarden);
day is one day near - er Berch - tes -
ga - den! When we get there you can bet There'll be a
hi do how do hey! And there's one thing you can
bet cha Jer - ry boy we're goin' to get cha! Sing-ing Hey! Hey!

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Good Luck to the Boys of the Allies

Words and Music by MORRIS MANLEY

Good luck to the boy's of the Al -
lies, Just cheer them on their way. The
un - ion jack they're proud of, While fight - ing

DIAN
RIT
BO
CA

day by day When the band plays that tune called Tip - pe -
ra - ry, There's joy right in their eyes.
God save our grac - ious King, Good luck to the
boys of the Al lies.

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Look For The Rainbow

Words and Music by
IRVIN COOPER

Look For The Rain - bow al - tho' it's teem - ing Just take that look of wor - ry
from your eye Look For The Rain - bow you'll find it
gleam - ing If you will lift your chin and scan the sky
and don't for - get, dear The dark - est hour of ev - 'ry night brings to
light an - oth - er day And when the storm blows
o ver you and I will be in clo - ver at the rain -
bows end Look For The end.

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WHEN THIS BLINKIN' WAR IS OVER

(Tune: John Brown's Body)

When this blinkin' war is over
Oh, how happy I will be.
When I leave this gosh-darned outfit,
For my home across the sea.

No more dress parades on Sunday,
We'll be through for evermore
We will tell the bloomin' Brass Hats
They can have their blinkin' war.

Sergeant says my gun is rusty,
And I guess that he is right,
You should see my little shovel,
It is surely shining bright.

Good-bye, Captain, I must leave you,
Though it breaks my heart to go,
But I didn't sign to soldier,
With a shovel, pick and hoe.

S-M-I-L-E

(Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic.")

It isn't any trouble just to s-m-i-l-e,
It isn't any trouble just to s-m-i-l-e,
So smile when you're in trouble,
It will vanish like a bubble
If you'll only take the trouble
Just to s-m-i-l-e.

Second verse: G-r-i-n, Grin.

Third verse: L-a-u-g-h.

Fourth verse: Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

HOW D'YE DO?

How d'ye do, Mister Johnson? How
d'ye do?
How d'ye do, Mister Johnson? How
d'ye do?
We are with you to a man,
We'll do ev'rything we can.
How d'ye do, Mister Johnson? How
d'ye do?

STACK UP YOUR DISHES

(Tune: "Pack Up Your Troubles.")

Pack all your dishes in your old mess
kit,

And smile, smile smile.
While we are eating we enjoy ourselves
Smile, folks, that's the style.
What's the use of washin' em,
It never was worth while, SO
Pack all your dishes in your old mess
kit

And smile, smile, smile.

RIG-A-JIG

As I was walking down the street,
Heigh-o! heigh-o! heigh-o! heigh-o!
A pretty girl I chanced to meet,
Heigh-o! heigh-o! heigh-o!

Rig-a-jig-jig, and away we go,
Away we go, away we go,
Rig-a-jig-jig, and away we go,
Heigh-o! heigh-o! heigh-o!
Heigh-o! heigh-o! heigh-o! heigh-o!
Heigh-o! heigh-o! heigh-o! heigh-o!
Rig-a-jig-jig, and away we go,
Heigh-o! heigh-o! heigh-o!

WE'VE BEEN WORKING IN THE TRENCHES

(Tune: "I've been wukkin' on de Railroad.")

We've been working in the trenches, and
the livelong day,
We've been working in the trenches
Just to pass the time away.
Now we're sleeping on the feather
fresh milk from the cow;
It's a long, long way to Tipperary, but
we've got good billets now.



SOLOMON LEVI

My name is Solomon Levi,
At my store on Chatham Street,
There's where you'll find your coats and
vests

And everything that's neat;
I've second-handed ulsterettes,
And everything that's fine,
For all the boys they trade with me,
At a Hundred and Forty-nine.

Chorus:

O, Solomon Levi! Levi, tra, la, la, la.
Poor Solomon Levi, Tra, la, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, la. (Repeat first verse.)

But when a bummer comes inside
My store on Chatham Street,
And tries to hang me up for coat
And pants and vest complete,
I kicks that bummer out of my store,
And on him sets my pup,
For I won't sell clothes to any man,
Who tries to hang me up.

SOUP SONG

- 1: Today is Monday, Today is
Monday,
Monday bread and butter,
Everybody happy?
Well I should smile.
2. Today is Tuesday, Today is
Tuesday,
Tuesday string beans, Monday bread
and butter,
Everybody happy?
Well I should smile.
3. Wednesday SOUP,
4. Thursday roastbeef,
5. Friday fish,
6. Saturday pay day,
7. Sunday Church,

I DON'T WANT TO MARCH WITH THE INFANTRY

(Tune "The Old Gray Mare")

I don't want to march with the
Infantry,
March with the Infantry, march with
the Infantry;
I don't want to march with the
Infantry,
I'm in the King's Navee.

I'm in the King's Navee
I'm in the King's Navee;
I don't want to march with the
Infantry,
I'm in the King's Navee.

I don't want to ride with the Cavalry
Ride with the Cavalry, ride with the
Cavalry;
I don't want to ride with the Cavalry
I'm in the King's Navee.

I don't want to shoot with the Battery
Shoot with the Battery, shoot with the
Battery;
I don't want to shoot with the Battery
I'm in the King's Navee.

I don't want to fly over Germany,
Fly over Germany, fly over Germany,
I don't want to fly over Germany,
I'm in the King's Navee.

I don't want to march with the
Infantry,
Ride with the Cavalry, shoot with the
Battery;
I don't want to fly over Germany.
I'm in the King's Navee.

'NEATH THE CRUST OF THE OLD APPLE PIE

(Tune: "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree.")

'Neath the crust of the old apple pie
There is something for you and for I,
It may be a pin that the cook just
dropped in,
Or it may be a dear little fly.
It may be an old rusty nail,
Or a piece of a pussy cat's tail,
But, whatever it be, it's for you and for
me,
'Neath the crust of an old apple pie.

LI'L LIZA JANE

Ise got a gal and you got none, Li'l
Liza Jane.

Ohe, Liza, Li'l Liza Jane;
Ohe, Liza, Li'l Liza Jane.

Come, my love, and marry me, Li'l
Liza Jane,
I will take good care of thee, Li'l Liza
Jane.

Liza Jane done come to me, Li'l Liza
Jane,
Both as happy as can be, Li'l Liza Jane.

House and lot in Baltimo', Li'l Liza
Jane,
Lots of chilluns roun' de do', Li'l Liza
Jane.

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ALL YOU ET-A

(ALOUETTE)

All you et-a, think of all you et-a,
All you et-a, think of all you et.

Think of all the soup you et,
Think of all the soup you et,
Soup you et, Soup you et, Oh—

All you et-a, think of all you et-a,
All you et-a, think of all you et.

Think of all the corn you et,
Think of all the corn you et,
Corn you et, Corn you et,
Soup you et, Soup you et, Oh—

3. Potatoes you et. 5. Meat you et.
4. Salad you et. 6. Ice cream you et. etc.

OH! IT'S A LOVELY WAR

Oh! Oh! Oh! It's a lovely war,
Who wouldn't be a soldier, eh?
Oh! it's a shame to take the pay;
As soon as "Reveille" has gone,
We feel just as heavy as lead,
But we never get up till the sergeants
brings

Our breakfast up to bed,
Oh! Oh! Oh! It's a lovely war,
What do we want with eggs and ham?
When we've got plum and apple jam?
Form fours! Right turn! How shall
we spend the money we earn?
Oh! Oh! Oh! It's a lovely war.

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DOUGHNUT SONG

(Tune: "Turkey in the Straw.")

Oh, I went to—
And I walked around the block,
And I walked right into a baker shop,
I picked three doughnuts out of the
grease,
And I handed the lady a five-cent
piece.
She looked at the nickel and she looked
at me;
Said she, "This nickel's no good to me,
There's a hole in the middle and it's
the way through."
Said I, "There's a hole in your dough-
nuts, too."

THE SAILOR WITH THE NAVY BLUE EYES

Who's got girls in every port
Hangin' around like flies?
Yo ho ho ho Oh!
The sailor with the navy blue eyes.
Who's the guy they love to buy
Dozens of socks and ties?
Yo ho ho ho Oh!
The sailor with the navy blue eyes.
When the boat comes home after
crossing the foam
He's still at sea—Thinking, Wondering,
Who's he gonna take rowing on the
lake.
Who's the tar who's travelled far
wavin' the most good-byes?
Yo ho ho ho Oh!
The sailor with the navy blue eyes.

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A SMILE

(Tune: "Auld Lang Syne.")

A smile is quite a funny thing,
It wrinkles up your face,
And when it's gone you'll never find
Its secret hiding place.
But far more wonderful it is
To see what smiles can do,
You smile at one, he smiles at you,
And so one smile makes two
He smiles at someone, since you smiled.
And then that one smiles back,
And that one smiles until, in truth,
You fail in keeping track.
And since a smile can do great good
By cheering hearts of care,
Let's smile and smile and not forget
That smiles go everywhere

THE LITTLE BROWN JUG

My wife and I lived all alone,
In a little log hut we called our own
She loved gin and I loved rum,
I tell you what, we'd lots of fun.

Chorus:

Ha! ha! ha! you and me,
"Little Brown Jug," don't I love
thee!
Ha! ha! ha! you and me,
"Little Brown Jug," don't I love
thee!

'Tis you who makes my friends and
foes,
'Tis you who makes me wear old
clothes;
Here you are so near my nose,
So tip her up and down she goes.

When I go toiling to my farm,
I take "Little Brown Jug," under my
arm,
Place him under a shady tree,
"Little Brown Jug," 'tis you and me

MY OWN PAL POLLY

I'll have Polly, My own pal, Polly,
Polly of the dark gray eye
She can't knit a sock,
Her pies are like a rock,
But I don't care a bit,
For me she's "IT,"
I'll have Polly, I shall have Polly,
You think I'm aiming too high,
But I must have Polly,
O yes, by Golly,
I must have Polly or die!

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ALOUETTE

French Canadian Folk Song

- 1 Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette.
je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai la tête, je te plumerai la
tête,
(Leader) Et la tête, (Everybody) Et la
tête, O,
Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je
te plumerai.
2 *Et le bec* (nose)
3 *Et les yeux* (eyes)
4 *Et le dos* (back)
5 *Et les pattes*, (feet)
6 *Et le cou* (neck)

MY WILD IRISH ROSE

My wild Irish rose,
The sweetest flow'r that grows,
You may search ev'rywhere, but none
can compare
With my wild Irish rose.
My wild Irish rose,
The dearest flow'r that grows
And some day for my sake, she may
let me take
The bloom from my wild Irish rose.
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WHEN IRISH EYES ARE
SMILING

When Irish eyes are smiling,
Sure it's like a morn in Spring.
In the lilt of Irish laughter,
You can hear the angels sing.
When Irish hearts are happy,
All the world seems bright and gay.
And when Irish eyes are smiling,
Sure they steal your heart away.
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OLD MacDonald HAD
A FARM

- Old MacDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O
And on this farm he had some chick-
E-I-E-I-O!
With a chick, chick here, and a chick,
chick, there,
Here a chick, there a chick,
Everywhere a chick, chick.
2. Duck (quack, quack)
3. Turkey (gobble, gobble)
4. Pig (hoink, hoink)
5. Ford (rattle, rattle).

SWEETLY SINGS
THE DONKEY

(Round)
Sweetly sings the donkey
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!

THE LONG, LONG NAIL

(Tune: "Long, Long Trail.")
There's a long, long nail a-grinding
Up through the sole of my shoe,
And it's ground its way into my foot
For a whole mile or two.
There's a long, long hike before me,
And what I'm dreaming about
Is the time when I can sit me down
And pull that long nail out.

GINGER UP

(Tune: "Jingle Bells.")
Ginger up, ginger up,
Never pull a frown,
Trot your mile and wear a smile
And help the chap that's down.
Ginger up, ginger up,
Always face the foe.
Never fear, but raise the cheer.
Wherever you may go.

BEAUTIFUL DREAMER

Beautiful Dreamer, wake unto me
Starlight and dewdrops are waiting for
thee,
Sounds of the rude world heard in the
day,
Full'd by the moonlight have all passed
away;
Beautiful Dreamer, queen of my song,
List' while I woo thee with soft melody,
One are the cares of life's busy throng,
Beautiful Dreamer awake unto me.
Beautiful Dreamer, out on the sea,
Mermaids are chanting the wild lore-
lei,
Over the streamlet, vapors are born,
Waiting to fade at the bright coming
morn;
Beautiful Dreamer, beam of my heart,
Even as the morn on the streamlet and
sea,
When will all clouds of sorrow depart,
Beautiful Dreamer, awake unto me.

UNCLE NED

There was an old darkey and his name
was Uncle Ned,
And he died long ago, long ago,
He had no wool on the top of his head,
In the place where the wool ought to
grow.
When lay down the shovel and the hoe,
Hang up the fiddle and the bow;
For there's no more work for poor old
Ned,
He's gone where the good darkies go.
His fingers were long as the cane in the
bake,
And he had no eyes for to see;
And he had no teeth for to eat a hoe-
cake,
So he had to let the hoe-cake be.

One cold, frosty morning,
old Ned died,
Massa's tears they fell like the rain
For he knew when Ned was laid in the
ground
He'd never see his like again.

MY OLD CANADIAN
HOME

Oh! the grass grows greener, the wind
blows cleaner
In my old Canadian Home,
And the snow snows whiter, the moon
glows brighter
In my old Canadian Home.
In the foothills of the Rockies,
There we'll build a nest all our own,
Where your cares are fewer, 'cause
hearts are truer
In my old Canadian Home.

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ONE MAN WENT TO
MOW

One man went to mow,
Went to mow a meadow.
One man and his dog
Went to mow a meadow.
Two men went to mow,
Went to mow a meadow.
Two men, one man, and his dog
Went to mow a meadow.
Three men went to mow,
Went to mow a meadow,
Three men, two men, one man
and his dog
Went to mow a meadow.
(Sing up to "Ten men went to mow"
and then repeat backwards to "one
man and his dog".)

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG

Just a song at twilight,
When the lights are low,
And the flick'ring shadows
Softly come and go,
Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day
and long,
Still to us at twilight, comes Love's old
song,
Comes Love's old sweet song.

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HEIGH-HO! HEIGH-HO!

Heigh-Ho, Heigh-Ho, To make your
troubles go,
Just keep on singing all day long,
Heigh-Ho, Heigh-Ho, Heigh-Ho,
Heigh-Ho, Heigh-Ho!
For if you're feeling low,
You positively can't go wrong
With a Heigh, Heigh-Ho,
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VIVE LA COMPAGNIE

Vive la, vive la, Vive l'Amour,
Vive la, vive la, Vive l'Amour
Vive l'Amour, vive l'Amour
Vive la compagnie.

KEEP ON SMILING

Keep on smiling all through the day
And you'll find your troubles will
vanish away
Keep on smiling all through the year
And you'll find they'll all disappear.
Try to keep smiling though things do
go wrong
Try to keep cheerful and singing a song
Just keep on smiling and you will see
How happy this old world can be.

Capt. S. K. Neil

THE ROSE OF TRALEE

The pale moon was rising above
green mountain,
The sun was declining beneath
blue sea,
When I stray'd with my love to
pure crystal fountain
That stands in the beautiful vale
Tralee;
She was lovely and fair as the rose
the summer.
Yet 'twas not her beauty alone
won me,
Oh, no! 'twas the truth in her eye
dawning,
That made me love Mary,
The Rose of Tralee.

DOWN BY THE O-HI-O

Down by the O-Hi-O!
I've got the cutest little O, my O!
There ain't nobody half as pretty as
As sweet as can be,
And Jumpin' Jeepers Creepers!
She's crazy for me!
And what an O, my O!
The only one I've met who ever thrills
me so.
She is the cutest thing that I've ever seen
All milk and honey, if you know what
I mean!
With lots of O, my O!
Just wait till I get back to O-hi-O!
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MOTHER MACHREE

Sure I love the dear silver that shines
in your hair,
And the brow that's all furrowed,
and wrinkled with care.
I kiss the dear fingers so toil worn
me,
Oh, God bless you and keep you,
Mother Machree!
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I PASSED BY YOUR WINDOW

I passed by your window
When the morning was red,
The dew on the rose-bud,
The lark over-head,
And oh! I sang softly,
Though no one could hear,
To bid you good morning,
Good morning, my dear.

I passed by your window
In the cool of the night,
The lilies were watching
So still and so white,
And oh! I sang softly,
Though no one was near,
Good night and God bless you,
God bless you, my dear!

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MEMORIES

Memories, memories,
Dreams of love so true.
O'er the sea of Memory
I'm drifting back to you.
Childhood days,
Wildwood days.
Among the birds and bees
You left me alone
But still you're my own!
In my beautiful memories.

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OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE

Old soldiers never die,
Old soldiers never die,
Old soldiers never die,
They simply fade away.

Old soldiers never die,
Never die,
Never die,
Old soldiers never die,
Young ones wish they would.

This rain will never stop,
Never stop,
Never stop,
This rain will never stop,
No, oh! no, no, no.

THE COOKHOUSE LAMENT

They say we get milk in our coffee,
They say we get milk in our tea
They say we get milk in our porridge
But it looks more like whitewash to me.

Whitewash—whitewash—
It looks more like whitewash to me
to me
Whitewash—whitewash—
It looks more like whitewash to me.

"ROLL UP YOUR OLD UMBRELLA"

Key Bb

So then roll up your old umbrella,
And the rain clouds will soon roll away.
Wear a smile and park your frown
Don't let grey skies get you down,
But make this a happy day.
Can't you see there's a rainbow
a-comin'?
Can't you hear what the blue-birds
say?
Go on and roll up your old umbrella,
And you'll roll your cares away.

—T. Reg. Sloan

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Limited, Toronto.*

MADEMOISELLE FROM ARMENTIERES

Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
"Parley voo,"
Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
"Parley voo,"
Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
She hasn't been kissed for twenty years,
Inky, Pinky, "Parley voo."

Father, have you any good wine?
"Parley voo,"
Father, have you any good wine?
"Parley voo,"
Father, have you any good wine,
Fit for a soldier of the line?
Inky, Pinky, "Parley voo."

Daughter, I have very good wine,
"Parley voo,"
Daughter, I have very good wine,
"Parley voo,"
Daughter, I have very good wine,
Fit for a soldier of the line,
Inky, Pinky, "Parley voo."

MY GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

My grandfather's clock was too large
for the shelf,
So it stood ninety years on the floor;
It was taller by half than the old man
himself
Though it weighed not a pennyweight
more.
It was bought on the morn of the day
that he was born,
And was always his treasure and
pride;
But it stopped short, never to go again,
When the old man died.

Chorus:

Ninety years without slumbering,
tick, tock, tick, tock,
His life seconds numbering,
tick, tock, tick, tock,
It stopped short, never to go again,
When the old man died.

I DREAM OF JEANIE WITH THE LIGHT BROWN HAIR

I dream of Jeanie with the light brown
hair,
Borne, like a vapor, on the summer
air,
I see her tripping where the brook
streams play,
Happy as the daisies that dance on the
way.
Many were the wild notes her melody
voice would pour,
Many were the blithe birds
warbled them o'er;
I dream of Jeanie with the light brown
hair,
Floating like a vapor on the summer
air.

I sigh for Jeanie, but her light
strayed,
Far from the fond hearts round the
native glade;
Her smiles have vanished and her
songs flown,
Flitting like the dreams that
cheered us and gone.
Now the nodding wild flow'rs
wither on the shore,
While her gentle fingers will cull
no more;
I sigh for Jeanie with the light
brown hair,
Floating like a vapor on the summer
air.

CAMPTOWN RACES

Camptown ladies sing dis song
Doodah! Doodah!
Camptown racetrack five miles long
Doodah! doodah day!
Come down dah wid my hat caved in,
Doodah! Doodah!
Come back home wid a pocketful of tin,
Doodah! doodah day!

Chorus:

Come to run all night!
Gwine to run all day!
I bet my money on de bobtail nag,
Somebody bet on de bay.
Longtail filly and de big black hoss,
Doodah! Doodah!
Fly de track and dey both cut
across,
Doodah! doodah day!
Blind hoss stickin' in a big mud
hole,
Doodah! Doodah!
Don't touch de bottom wid a ten-foot
pole,
Doodah! doodah day!

Muley cow came on de track,
Doodah! Doodah!
Bobtail fling her ober his back,
Doodah! doodah day!
Fly along like a railroad car,
Doodah! Doodah!
Win a race wid a shootin' star,
Doodah! doodah day!
I am flyin' on a ten-mile heat
Doodah! Doodah!
And de race-track, den repeat,
Doodah! doodah day!
I bet my money on de bobtail nag,
Doodah! Doodah!
I bet my money in an old tow bag,
Doodah! doodah day!

WHEN THE WORK'S ALL DONE THIS FALL

A group of jolly cowboys discussing
plans at ease;
Says one I'll tell you something, boys,
if you will listen please.
I am an old cow puncher, and here I'm
dressed in rags,
I used to be a tough one, yes, and go on
great big jags
But I have got a home boys; a good one
you all know,
Although I haven't seen it since long,
long ago.
I'm going back to Dixie once more to
see them all,
I'm goin' to see my mother, when the
works all done this fall.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH A DRUNKEN SAILOR?

What shall we do with a drunken sailor?
What shall we do with a drunken sailor?
What shall we do with a drunken sailor?
Early in the morning.

Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Early in the morning.

Soak him with a hosepipe 'til he's
sober,
Soak him with a hosepipe 'til he's
sober,
Soak him with a hosepipe 'til he's
sober,
Early in the morning.

ANNIE LAURIE

Maxwelton's braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
Gied me her promise true,
Gied me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me down and dee.

Her brow is like a snowdrift,
Her throat is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on.
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying,
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet.
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL
THOSE ENDEARING
YOUNG CHARMS

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

It is not while beauty and youth are
thine own,
And thy cheek's unprofaned by a
tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can
be known,
To which time will but make thee
more dear,
Oh, the heart that has truly loved,
never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close:
As the sunflower turns on her god when
he sets,
The same look that she gave when he
rose.

—Davenant.

LOCH LOMOND

By yon bonnie banks and by yon
bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright in Loch
Lomond,
Where I and my true love were ever
wont to gae,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch
Lomond.

Chorus:

O! ye'll take the high road and I'll
take the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But I and my true love will never meet
again,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch
Lomond.

'Twas there that we parted in yon
shady glen,
On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomond,
Where in purple hue the Hieland hills
we view,
And the moon coming out in the
gloamin'.

BRING BACK MY
BONNIE TO ME

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.

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.

Oh! blow, ye winds, over the ocean,
And blow, ye winds, over the sea;
Oh! blow, ye winds, over the ocean,
And bring back my Bonnie to me.

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.

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET
AFTON

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.
Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds
from the hill,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon
thorny dell,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy
screaming forbear,
I charge you, disturb not my slumber-
ing fair.

COMIN' THRO' THE
RYE

Gin a body meet a body,
through the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body, Need
cry?

Chorus:

Every lassie has her laddie, Na
say hae I;
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
comin' through the rye.

Among the train there is a s
dearly lo'e mysel',
But whaur his hame, or w
name, I dinna care to tell.

Gin a body meet a body, Com
the town,
Gin a body greet a body, Need
frown?

Gin a body meet a body, Com
the well,
Gin a body kiss a body, Need
tell?

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be fo
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be fo
And days of auld lang syne?

Chorus:

For auld lang syne, my dear, F
lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty
And gi'es a hand o' thine,
And we'll tak' a richt gude
waught,
For auld lang syne.

COME BACK TO ERIN

Come back to Erin. Mavourneen.
Mavourneen,
Come back, Aroon, to the land of
thy birth,
Come with the shamrocks and spring-
time, Mavourneen,
And it's Killarney shall ring with our
mirth.
Sure, when we sent ye to beautiful
England,
Little we thought of the lone winter
days,
Little we thought of the hush of the
starling,
Over the mountain, the bluffs and
the bays!
Repeat first four lines

KILLARNEY

By Killarney's lakes and fells,
Emerald isles and winding bays,
Mountain paths and woodland dells.
Mem'ry ever fondly strays,
Bounteous nature loves all lands.
Beauty wanders ev'rywhere,
Footprints leaves on many strands.
But her home is surely there!
Angels fold their wings and rest.
In that Eden of the West,
Beauty's home, Killarney, ever fair
Killarney.

Music there for echo dwells,
Makes each sound a harmony:
Many voiced the chorus swells.
Till it faints in ecstasy.
With the charming tints below,
Seems the heaven above to vie.
All rich colors that we know,
Tinge the cloud-wreaths in that sky
Wings of angels so might shine,
Glancing back soft light divine,
Beauty's home, Killarney, ever fair
Killarney.

—Balfe.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN

Kathleen Mavourneen! the grey dawn
is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on
the hill;
The lark from her light wing the
bright dew is shaking,
Kathleen Mavourneen, what! slum-
b'ring still.
Oh! hast thou forgotten, how soon we
must sever?
Oh! hast thou forgotten, this day
we must part!
It may be for years, and it may be for
ever,
Oh! why art thou silent, thou voice
of my heart?
It may be for years, and it may be
for ever,
Then why art thou silent? Kathleen
Mavourneen.

WHEN I GET BACK TO TIPPERARY

But when I get back to Tipperary,
There'll be Irish eyes to greet me,
And a colleen there to meet me, just
a wild Irish rose.
Shure when I get back to Tipperary,
I'll be charmed wid all the blarney,
And the angels from Killarney will be
everywhere I go.
What a how-dy do an' a hul-la-ba-lou
when I meet them one an' all.
In among the mountains o' Mourne!
There'll be praty diggin' an' iligint
jiggin' at Mick McGinty's Ball.
Oh! ye're sure av a welcome there in
the land where I was born!
When I get back to Tipperary
I'll be welcome as the spring time.
For when I get back to Tipperary,
I'll be home.

—Copyright.



OH, MY DARLING CLEMENTINE

In a cavern, in a canyon,
Excavating for a mine,
Dwelt a miner, forty-miner,
And his daughter, Clementine.

Oh my darling, Oh my darling,
Oh my darling Clementine,
You are lost and gone for ever,
Dreadful sorry, Clementine.

Light she was, and like a fairy,
And her shoes were number nine;
Herring boxes, without topses,
Sandals were for Clementine.

Drove she ducklings to the water,
Ev'ry morning just at nine,
Hit her foot against a splinter,
Fell into the foaming brine.

Ruby lips above the water,
Blowing bubbles soft and fine,
Alas for me! I was no swimmer,
So I lost my Clementine.

DARLING NELLY GRAY

There's a low green valley on the old
Kentucky shore,
There I've whiled many happy hours
away,
A-sitting and a-singing by the little
cottage door,
Where lived my darling Nelly Gray.

Chorus:

Oh! my poor Nelly Gray, they have
taken you away,
And I'll never see my darling any
more,
I'm sitting by the river, and I'm
weeping all the day,
For you've gone from the old
Kentucky shore.

SWEET GENEVIEVE

Oh, Genevieve, I'd give the world
To live again the lovely past!
The rose of youth was dew impearled,
But how it withers in the blast.
I see thy face in ev'ry dream,
My waking thoughts are full of thee
Thy glance is in the starry beam
That falls along the summer sea.

Oh, Genevieve, Sweet Genevieve,
The days may come, the days may
go,
But still the hands of mem'ry weave
The blissful dreams of long ago.

I'VE BEEN WUKKIN' ON DE RAILROAD

I've been wukkin' on de railroad,
All de live-long day;
I've been wukkin' on de railroad,
To pass de time away.
Doan' yo' hyar de whistle blowin',
Rise up so early in the mawn;
Doan' yo' hyar de cap'n shoutin'
"Dinah, blow yo' hawn!"

I LOVE YOU TRULY

I love you truly, truly, dear,
Life with its sorrow, life with its tear,
Fades into dreams when I feel you ar
near,
For I love you truly, truly, dear.

Ah! love, 'tis something to feel you
kind hand,
Ah! yes, 'tis something by your side to
stand;
Gone is the sorrow, gone doubt and
fear,
For you love me truly, truly, dear.

—Carrie Jacobs Bond

JOHN PEEL

D' ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay,
 D' ye ken John Peel at the break of the day,
 D' ye ken John Peel when he's far, far away,
 With his hounds and his horn in the morning.

Chorus

'Twas the sound of his horn brought me from my bed,
 And the cry of his hounds which he oft-times led,
 Peel's "view-haloo" would waken the dead,
 Or the fox from his lair in the morning.
 D' ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay,
 He lived at Troutbeck once on a day;
 But now he's gone far away, far away,
 We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morning.

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH
THINE EYES

Drink to me only with thine eyes, and
 I will pledge with mine,
 Or leave a kiss within the cup, and I'll
 not ask for wine;
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
 doth ask a drink divine,
 But might I of Jove's nectar sip, I
 would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath, not so
 much hon'ring thee,
 As giving it a hope that there it could
 not withered be;
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 and send'st it back to me,
 Since when it grows, and smells, I
 swear, not of itself, but thee.

—Samuel Lover.

SILVER THREADS
AMONG THE GOLD

Darling I am growing old,
 Silver threads among the gold
 Shine upon my brow today,
 Life is fading fast away,
 But, my darling you will be, will be,
 Always young and fair to me,
 Yes! my darling you will be,
 Always young and fair to me.

When your hair is silver white
 And your cheeks no longer bright
 With the roses of the May,
 I will kiss your lips and say
 "Oh, my darling, mine alone, alone,
 You have never older grown;
 Yes, my darling, mine alone,
 You have never older grown."

Love can never more grow old,
 Locks may lose their brown and gold;
 Cheeks may fade and hollow grow,
 But the hearts that love will know
 Never, never winter's frost and chill,
 Summer warmth is in them still.
 Never winter's frost and chill,
 Summer warmth is in them still.

CARRY ME BACK TO OLD
VIRGINNY

Carry me back to old Virginny,
 There's where the cotton and the corn
 and 'tatoes grow,
 There's where the birds warble sweet in
 the springtime,
 There's where the old darkey's heart
 am longed to go.
 There's where I labored so hard for
 old massa,
 Day after day in the field of yellow
 corn,
 No place on earth do I love more
 sincerely,
 Than old Virginny, the state where I
 was born.

MY OLD KENTUCKY
HOME

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

Refrain:

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

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

—Stephen Foster.

THE SPANISH CAVALIER

Say, darling say, when I'm far away
 Sometimes you may think of me, dear,
 Bright sunny days will soon fade away,
 Remember what I say and be true, dear.

SHE'LL BE COMIN'
'ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

(When she comes)

1. She'll be comin' 'round the moun-
 tain when she comes,
 She'll be comin' 'round the mountain
 when she comes,
 She'll be steamin' and a puffin',
 Oh, Lawd, she won't stop for nothin',
 She'll be comin' 'round the mountain
 when she comes.
2. She'll be drivin' six white horses
 when she comes,
3. Oh, we'll all go out to meet her
 when she comes,
4. We will kill the old red rooster,

AFTER THE BALL

After the ball is over,
 After the break of morn,
 After the dancers leaving,
 After the stars are gone;
 Many a heart is aching,
 If you could read them all;
 Many the hopes that have vanished,
 After the ball.

RED RIVER VALLEY

From this valley they say you are
 going,
 I shall miss your sweet face and
 your smile (your smile).
 Just because you are weary and tired,
 You are changing your range for a
 while.

Then come sit here a while ere you
 leave us,
 Do not hasten to bid us adieu,
 Just remember the Red River Valley,
 And the cowboy who loved you so
 true.

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MAGGIE

I wandered today to the hill, Maggie,
To watch the scene below;
The creek and the creaking old mill,
Maggie,
As we used to long ago.
The green grove is gone from the hill,
Maggie,
Where first the daisies sprung;
The creaking old mill is still, Maggie,
Since you and I were young.

Chorus:

And now we are aged and grey, Maggie,
And the trials of life nearly done;
Let us sing of the days that are gone,
Maggie,
When you and I were young.

They say I am feeble with age, Maggie,
My steps are less sprightly than then,
My face is a well-written page, Maggie,
But time alone was the pen,
They say we are aged and grey, Maggie,
As sprays by the white breakers
flung;
But to me, you're as fair as you were,
Maggie.

When you and I were young.

—J. A. Butterfield.

MASSA'S IN DE COLD, COLD GROUND

'Round de meadows am aringing,
De darkies' mournful song,
While de mocking bird am singing,
Happy as de day am long.
Where de ivy am acreeping
O'er de grassy mound,
Dere old massa am asleeping,
Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.

Chorus:

Down in de cornfield,
Hear dat mournful sound;

All de darkies am aweeping,
Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

When de autumn leaves are falling,
When de days are cold,
'Twas hard to hear old massa calling
Cayse he was so weak and old.
Now de orange trees am blooming
On de sandy shore,
Now de summer days am coming,
Massa nebber calls no more.

—Stephen C. Foster.

LOVELY EVENING

(Round)

Oh, how lovely is the evening, is the
evening,
When the bells are sweetly ringing,
sweetly ringing!
Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong

JINGLE, BELLS!

Dashing through the snow, In a one-
horse open sleigh;
And o'er the fields we go, Laughing all
the way.
The bells on bobtail ring, Making
spirits bright;
What fun it is to ride and sing A
sleighing song tonight!

Chorus:

Jingle, bells! Jingle, bells! Jingle all the
way!

Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-
horse open sleigh!

Jingle, bells! Jingle, bells! Jingle all the
way!

Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-
horse open sleigh!

Now the ground is white; Go it while
you're young;

Take the girls tonight. And sing this
sleighing song.

Just get a bobtail'd bay, Two forty
for his speed.

Then hitch him to an open sleigh, And
crack! you'll take the lead.



LONG, LONG AGO!

Tell me the tales that to me
were so dear,

Long, long ago, long, long ago!

Sing me the songs I delighted to hear,

Long, long ago, long ago!

Now you are come, all my grief is
removed,

Let me forget, that so long you have
roved,

Let me believe, that you love, as you
loved,

Long, long ago, long ago!

WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME

The kettle will be singing in the same
old way,

We'll gather 'round the table, 'round
the old tea tray,

There'll be a great rejoicing on that
blessed day

When the boys come home.

The bells will all be ringing and the
flags will fly;

The crowds will line the streets and
toss their hats on high,

The planes will spread a "welcome"
sign across the sky

When the boys come home.

Can you fancy all the excitement,

All the cheers and welcome din,

Ev'ry anxious mother and sweetheart

As the ships come sailing in?

And when they start to light the lamps
at eventide

The hearts of ev'ry one of us will swell
with pride,

For we'll be re-united by the fireside,

When the boys come home.

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NELLY WAS A LADY

Down on de Mississippi floating,

Long time I trabble on de way,

All night de cottonwood a-toting,

Sing for my true lub all de day.

Chorus:

Nelly was a lady, last night she died;
Toll de bell for lubly Nell, my dark
Virginny bride.

Now I'm unhappy, an' I'm weeping,
Can't tote de cottonwood no more;
Last night, while Nelly was a-sleeping,
Death came aknockin' at de door.

When I saw my Nelly in de morning,
Smile till she open'd up her eyes,
Seem'd like de light of day a-dawning,
Jist 'fore de sun begin to rise.

Close by de margin ob de water,
Whar de lone weeping willow grows,
Dar lib'd Virginny's lubly daughter,
Dar she in death may find repose.

Down in de meadow, 'mong de clober,
Walk wid my Nelly by my side;
Now all dem happy days am ober,
Farewell, my dark Virginny bride.

—Stephen C. Foster.

THE WORLD IS WAITING FOR THE SUNRISE

Dear one, the world is waiting for the
sunrise;

Every rose is heavy with dew.

The thrush on high, his sleepy mate is
calling

And my heart is calling you!

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ARE YOU SLEEPING

(Round)

Are you sleeping, are you sleeping?

Brother John, Brother John,

Morning bells are ringing,

Morning bells are ringing,

Ding, ding, dong, Ding, ding, dong.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Way down upon de Swanee Ribber,
Far, far, away.
Dere's wha my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

Chorus:

All de world am sad and dreary,
Ebrywhere I roam,
Oh! darkeys, how my heart grows
weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

I'LL COME BACK TO YOU

I'll come back to you when it's over,
When it's over over there;
Sing a cheerful song when the day
seems long
And the skies are dark and drear.
I'll be true to you till it's over,
Till it's over over there;
Whistle all the while, wear a cheerful
smile,
I'll come back to you my dear.
Write me lots of letters,
Send one every day;
Tell me that you love me,
That you want me home to stay!
I'll come back to you when it's over,
So I'll wait and hope and pray.
Cross your finger tips,
Keep a smile upon your lips,
I'll come back to you some day.

OH BURY ME NOT ON THE LONE PRAIRIE

Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie,
Where the wild kiyotes will howl o'er
me,
Where the rattlesnakes hiss and the
wind blows free,
Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie.

HOME ON THE RANGE

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

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

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

Oh, air is so pure, the zephyrs so free
The breezes so balmy and bright,
That I would not exchange my home
on the range,
For all of the cities so bright.

HAND ME DOWN MY WALKIN' CANE

Hand me down my walkin' cane,
Hand me down my walkin' cane,
Oh! Hand me down my walkin' cane,
Gonna leave on that midnight train,
'Cause all my sins are taken away.

Hand me down my bottle o' corn,
Hand me down my bottle o' corn,
Oh! Hand me down my bottle o' corn,
Gonna get drunk just sure's you're
born,
'Cause all my sins are taken away.



O, CHARLIE IS MY DARLING

When first his standard caught the eye,
His pibroch met the ear,
Our hearts were light, our hopes were
high
For the young Chevalier!

Chorus:

O, Charlie is my darling, my darling,
my darling,
O, Charlie is my darling, the young
Chevalier.

Then plaidie chiefs cam' frae afar,
Girt in their fighting geir,
They nobly drew their swords for war
And the young Chevalier!

But they who trust in fortune's smile
Hae meikle cause to fear,
She blinket blithe, but to beguile
Their young Chevalier!

Wae on Culloden's bloody field,
Dark source o' mony a tear.
There Albyn lost her sword and shield,
And her young Chevalier!

Now Scotland flow'rs are wede away,
Her mountain pines are sere,
The Royal Oak is gone for aye
Our young Chevalier!

—Charles Gray.

OLD BLACK JOE

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

Chorus:

I'm coming, I'm coming, For my head
is bending low;
I hear those gentle voices calling,
"Old Black Joe."

Why do I weep, when my heart should
feel no pain?
Why do I sigh that my friends come
not again,
Grieving for friends now departed long
ago?
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old
Black Joe."

—Stephen C. Foster.

ALOHA OE!

Proudly sweeps the rainbow o'er the
cliff,
Borne swiftly by the western gale,
While the song of lover's parting grief,
Sadly echoes amid the flow'ring vale.

Chorus:

Farewell to thee, farewell to thee!
The winds will carry back my sad
refrain;
One fond embrace before good-bye
Farewell until we meet again.

I have fondly watched thy lovely face,
Bright rose of Mannawili's bow'r,
Where the birds sip honey from thy
lips,
Sweeter far than the dewy op'ning
flow'r.

Sweet the thoughts I fear away with
me,
Dear memories of the happy past,
And though now we whisper, fare
thee well,
Yet we know we shall meet again at
last.

—Queen Liliuokalani.

THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

There is a tavern in the town, in the town,
And there my dear love sits him down,
sits him down,
And drinks his wine 'mid laughter free,
And never, never thinks of me.

Chorus:

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,
Do not let the parting grieve thee,
And remember that the best of friends
must part, must part;
Adieu, adieu, kind friends adieu,
adieu, adieu.
I can no longer stay with you, stay
with you,
I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow
tree,
And may the world go well with thee.

He left me for a damsel dark, damsel
dark,
Each Friday night they used to spark,
used to spark,
And now my love, once true to me,
Takes that dark damsel on his knee.

There dig my grave both wide and
deep, wide and deep.
Put tombstones at my head and feet,
head and feet,
And on my breast carve a turtle dove,
To signify I died of love.

IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT

In the ev'ning by the moonlight,
You could hear those darkies singing,
In the ev'ning by the moonlight
You could hear those banjos ringing,
How the old folks would enjoy it,
They would sit all night and listen,
As we sang in the ev'ning by the
moonlight.

LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD

I'm dreaming now of Hally, sweet
Hally, sweet Hally,
I'm dreaming now of Hally,
For the thought of her is one that
never dies;
She's sleeping in the valley, the valley,
the valley,
She's sleeping in the valley,
And the mocking bird is singing
where she lies.

Chorus:

Listen to the mocking bird,
Listen to the mocking bird,
The mocking bird still singing o'er
her grave;
Listen to the mocking bird,
Listen to the mocking bird,
Still singing where the weeping
willows wave.

Ah! well I yet remember, remember,
remember,
Ah! well I yet remember,
When we gather'd in the cotton
side by side;
'Twas in the mild September, Septem-
ber, September,
'Twas in the mild September,
And the mocking bird was singing
far and wide.

OH JOHNNY, OH JOHNNY!

Oh, Johnny! Oh, Johnny, how you
can love!
Oh, Johnny! Oh, Johnny! Heavens
above!
You make my sad heart jump with joy,
And when you're near I just can't sit
still a minute, I'm so,
Oh, Johnny! Oh, Johnny! Please tell
me dear
What makes me love you so?
You're not handsome, it's true,
But when I look at you,
I just, Oh, Johnny! Oh, Johnny! Oh!

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HOME, SWEET HOME

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we
may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place
like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow
us there,
Which, seek through the world, is
ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home, there's no
place like home

An exile from home, splendor dazzles
in vain;
Oh! give me my lowly thatch'd
cottage again;
The birds singing gaily, that come at
my call;
Give me them, with that peace of mind,
dearer than all.
Home! home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home, there's no
place like home.

—Payne

SCATTERBRAIN

You're as pleasant as the morning and
refreshing as the rain,
Isn't it a pity that you're such a
scatterbrain?
When you smile it's so delightful, when
you talk it's so insane,
Still it's charming chatter, Scatterbrain
I know I'll end up apoplectic but there's
nothing I can do,
It's just the same as being in a
hurricane.
And though my life will be too hectic
I'm so much in love with you
Nothing else can matter you're my
darling Scatterbrain.

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MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE

Once I was happy, but now I'm forlorn,
Like an old coat that is tatter'd and
torn;
I'm left in this wide world to fret and
to mourn,
Betray'd by a maid in her teens.
Now this girl that I lov'd she was
handsome,
And I tried all I knew her to please,
But I never could please her a quarter
as well
As the man on the flying trapeze.
—Whoa!

He flies through the air with the
greatest of ease,
This daring young man on the flying
trapeze,
His movements are graceful, all girls
he does please,
And my love he has purloined away

THREE BLIND MICE (Round)

Three blind mice, Three blind mice,
See how they run, See how they run!
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
She cut off their tails with a carving
knife,
Did ever you see such a sight in your
life
As three blind mice?

LITTLE SIR ECHO

Little Sir Echo how do you do,
Hello (hello), Hello (hello).
Little Sir Echo I'm very blue.
Hello (hello), Hello (hello),
Hello (hello), Hello (hello),
Won't you come over and play (and
play)?
You're a nice little fellow.
I know by your voice,
But you're always so far away (away).
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THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

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

Chorus:

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

OH! SUSANNA

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

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

I had a dream the other night, when
everything was still,
I thought I saw Susanna, acomin'
down the hill;
The buckwheat cake was in her mouth,
The tear was in her eye,
Say I, I'm coming from the South,
Susanna, don't you cry.

JUANITA

Soft o'er the fountain, Ling'ring falls
the southern moon;
Far o'er the mountain, Breaks the day
too soon!
In thy dark eyes' splendor, Where the
warm light loves to dwell,
Weary looks, yet tender, Speak their
fond farewell.
Nita! Juanita! ask thy soul, if we
should part!
Nita, Juanita! Lean thou on my heart.

When in thy dreaming, Moons like
these shall shine again,
And daylight beaming, Prove thy
dreams are vain,
Wilt thou not, relenting, For thine
absent lover sigh,
In thy heart consenting, To a prayer
gone by?
Nita! Juanita! Let me linger by thy
side!
Nita! Juanita! Be my own fair bride!
—C. Norton.

OH! DEM GOLDEN SLIPPERS

Oh! dem golden slippers!
Ok! dem golden slippers!
Golden slippers I'm gonna wear because
dey look so neat.
Oh! dem golden slippers!
Oh! dem golden slippers!
Golden slippers I'm gonna wear, to
walk de golden street.

ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT

(Round)

Row, row, row your boat gently down
the stream;
Merrily, merrily, merrily, life
is but a dream.



TWILIGHT ON THE PRAIRIE

When it's twilight on the prairie
When the pale blue vi'lets hide,
I sit and long for you, dear,
Just to have you by my side.
In dreams I see you smiling
Through eyes of heav'nly blue,
When it's twilight on the prairie
I am thinking, dear, of you.

Chorus:

Twilight on the prairie,
Cattle cease to roam.
I'm swinging in my saddle
Down the trail to home sweet home.

As I'm riding in the twilight
On the rolling prairie wide,
I'm swaying in my saddle,
My guitar hangs by my side,
The air is filled with fragrance
From flowers in full bloom,
When it's twilight on the prairie
On a golden night in June.

I am thinking as I linger
Where once we used to stray,
Of songs we sang together,
Long before our parting day.
My lonely heart is aching
For days that once we knew,
When it's twilight on the prairie
I am dreaming, dear, of you.

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

Under the spreading chestnut tree,
When I held you on my knee;
Oh! how happy we would be—
Under the spreading chestnut tree.

MY SWISS MOON- LIGHT LULLABY

Rolling along in the moonlight,
By a mountain stream,
Oh! High upon a mountain
Lies my golden dream.

(Yodel after each verse.)

There lives my sweetheart,
Waiting day by day,
Watching from the doorstep
Of her moonlight Swiss chalet.

Roll along Oh, silvery moon,
Roll along on your way,
While I sing my yodeling
To my moonlight Swiss chalet.

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POLLY WOLLY DOODLE

Oh, I went down South for to see my
Sal,
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day;
My Sally am a spunky gal,
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.
Fare thee well, fare thee well,
Fare thee well, my fairy fay,
For I'm going to Louisiana
For to see my Susyanna,
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.

Oh, my Sal, she am a maiden fair,
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day;
With curly eyes and laughing hair,
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.
Fare thee well, fare thee well,
Fare thee well, my fairy fay,
For I'm going to Louisiana
For to see my Susyanna,
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.

FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT

Fight the good fight with all thy might.
Christ is thy strength and Christ thy
right.

Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

Run the straight race through God's
good grace;

Lift up thine eyes and seek His face.
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path and Christ the prize.

Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

O GOD OUR HELP IN AGES PAST

O God our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Under the shadow of Thy throne,
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

LEAD KINDLY LIGHT

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling
gloom,

Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from
home;

Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene, one step enough for
me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that
Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path, but
now

Lead Thou me on;
I loved the garish day, and, spite of
fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not
past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure
it still

Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and
torrent, till

The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces
smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile.

DEEP RIVER

Deep river, my home is over Jordan
Deep river, Lord I want to cross over
into camp-ground,

O don't you want to go to that gospel
feast,

That promised land where all is peace.
O don't you want to go to that
promised land,

That land where all is peace?



ABIDE WITH ME

Abide with me, 'fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens. Lord, with me
abide:

When other helpers fail and comforts
flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little
day,

Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass
away;

Change and decay in all around I see;
Oh, Thou, who changest not, abide
with me.

I need thy presence ev'ry passing hour:
What but thy grace can foil the
tempter's power?

Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay
can be?

Through clouds and sunshine, Lord,
abide with me.

Hold Thou the cross before my closing
eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point
to me the skies;

Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's
vain shadows flee;

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with
me.

—J. F. Lyte.

STEAL AWAY

Steal away, steal away, steal away to
Jesus!

Steal away, steal away home.
I ain't got long to stay here.

My Lord calls me. He calls me by the
thunder;

The trumpet sounds within my soul:
I ain't got long to stay here.

STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross,

Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;

From victory unto victory
His army He shall lead,

Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey,

Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day;

Ye that are men now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;

Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;

The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own;

Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer,

Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;

This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;

To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be,

He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

PRAISE GOD FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW

Praise God, from whom all blessings
flow;

Praise Him, all creatures here beow;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;

Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee, etc.

There let my way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee, etc.

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise,
So by my woes to be,
Nearer my God, to Thee, etc.

And if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forget,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer my God, to Thee, etc.

—Dr. L. Mason

JESUS SHALL REIGN

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does His successive journeys run:
His kingdom spread from shore to
shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no
more.

From north and south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at His feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend His word.

To Him shall endless pray'r be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their earthly blessings on His name

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

Faith of our fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword;
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word.
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death

Our fathers, chain'd on prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience
free;
How sweet would be their children's
faith,
If they like them could die for
Thee!

Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife;
And preach thee, too, as love knows
how.
By kindly words and virtuous life



ROCK OF AGES

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the waters and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save me from its guilt and power.

Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace:
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne:
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

—Dr. Thomas Hastings.

COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL

(Adeste Fidelis)

O come, all ye faithful
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem.
Come and behold him, Monarch of
Angels,
O come, let us adore him, O come, let
us adore him,
O come, let us adore him, Christ the
Lord.

Sing Alleluia, all ye choirs of angels;
O sing, all ye blissful ones of Heaven
above.
Glory to God In the highest, glory
O come, let us adore him, etc.

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
born this happy morning;
Jesus to Thee be the glory given.
Word of the Father, now in flesh
appearing,
O come, let us adore him, etc.

—J. Reading.

THE OLD RUGGED CROSS

On a hill far away stood an old rugged
cross,
The emblem of suffering and shame;
And I love that old cross where the
dearest and best
For a world of lost sinners was slain

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,
Till my trophies at last I lay down.
I will cling to the old rugged cross,
And exchange it some day for a
crown.

Oh, that old rugged cross, so despised
by the world,
Has a wondrous attraction for me;
For the dear Lamb of God left His
glory above
To bear it to dark Calvary.

In the old rugged cross, stained with
blood so divine,
A wondrous beauty I see;
For 'twas on that old cross Jesus
suffered and died,
To pardon and sanctify me.

To the old rugged cross I will ever be
true,
Its shame and reproach gladly bear;
Then He'll call me some day to my
home far away,
Where His glory for ever I'll share.

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY!

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord, God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty,
God in three persons, blessed Trinity.

Holy, Holy, Holy! All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shall be.

Holy, Holy, Holy! Though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord, God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea,
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty,
God in three persons, blessed Trinity.

—Bishop

BLEST BE THE TIE

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart.
And hope to meet again.

GLORY! GLORY! HALLELUJAH!

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

Chorus:

Glory! glory! Hallelujah! Glory!
glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! glory! Hallelujah! His truth
is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps.
His day is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat,
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him!
be jubilant my feet!
Our God is marching on.

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

—W. Steffe.



God Bless The King

By WALTER BROMBY

"God bless the King," loy-al hearts are sing-ing, "Long live the King" we pray; May God ex-alt him through his vast do-main, Grant him strength long years to reign! God bless the King! Long live the King! God save the King! D.C.

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